

*Charles G. ...*

# SONGS of KIWANIS



"WE BUILD"

THE OFFICIAL  
SONG BOOK  
of  
THE INTERNATIONAL  
ORGANIZATION OF  
KIWANIS CLUBS

# SONGS *of* KIWANIS

With Words and Music of  
SONGS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

*A Treasury of*  
The Best Songs of the  
United States and Canada

Compiled and Edited  
— by —  
CHARLES A. GAGE  
*Chairman of*  
*International Committee on Music*

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# PREFACE

"SONGS OF KIWANIS" is a serious effort on the part of the editor to present a song collection that will fill a long felt need for community and club singing.

Great care has been exercised to secure all the very best folk songs, negro spirituals, male choruses, hymns and standard songs. It will be noticed that songs by the Masters also appear. Then again, there are numbers that have gained everlasting popularity for their beauty. To these have been added certain stunt songs for variety and spice. Thus in this one handy volume may be found songs for all occasions.

Following the conviction that mass or community singing is only in its infancy, this book is an appeal to the singing folks and the leaders of song to strive for the highest and best results, with a definite aim to create a taste for good singing on the part of the whole of our citizenry.

There is a double value in mass singing. The real worth of it lies in its power to lift all classes out of the common rut of sordid and selfish thinking, and to create an atmosphere of courage, good cheer and receptivity.

The psychology of singing has been amply and ably demonstrated. Therefore, a leader who has a sense of proper songs for proper places is an inestimable asset to any meeting, irrespective of its character.

Either for inspiration or entertainment, this little volume has within its covers the needed material. Special attention is called to the Male Chorus section. It offers a grade of songs easily sung and full of cheer.

The Words section is one of the best and contains a new departure in the songs and parodies presented. The intention is to inspire good fellowship. These include many of the so-called Town Songs.

The publishers and owners of the copyright songs were very gracious in granting us the use of their publications. Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made. Your attention is called to these gratuities. Full sheet copies of all these songs may be obtained from the publishers as indicated throughout the book.

Every song is a singable one, thus avoiding a defect common to many song collections; hence it is confidently believed that this is the best collection of songs of its kind ever compiled in so handy and yet so inexpensive a form.

LET US ALL SING!

CHARLES A. GAGE, Editor,  
Chairman, Committee on Music,  
The Kiwanis Club, International.

August 1, 1921.

S. F. Smith.

English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the -no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor-tal  
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au- thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountainside, Let freedom ring!  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

The National Song of Britain.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. God save our gracious King,<br>Long live our noble King,<br>God save the King;<br>Send him victorious,<br>Happy and glorious,<br>Long to reign over us,<br>God save the King                  | 2. Thro' every changing scene,<br>O Lord, preserve our King,<br>Long may he reign;<br>His heart inspire and move<br>With wisdom from above,<br>And in a nation's love<br>His throne maintain. |
| 3. Thy choicest gifts in store,<br>On him be pleased to pour,<br>Long may he reign;<br>May he defend our laws,<br>And ever give us cause,<br>To sing with heart and voice,<br>God save the King. |   |

## GOD SAVE THE KING

Dieu protege le Roi,  
En lui nous avons foi,  
Vive le Roi.  
Qu'il soit victorieux,  
Et que son peuple heureux  
Le comble de ses vœux;  
Vive le Roi

Qu'il règne de longs jours  
Que son nom soit toujours  
Notre secours.  
Protecteur de la loi  
Et défenseur des droits,  
Notre espoir est en toi,  
Vive le Roi.

(Version by Benj. Sulte of "God Save the King")

Alexander Muir

With spirit

1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe, the daunt-less he-ro came, And  
2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For  
3. On mer-ry Eng-land's far famed land May kind heav-en sweet-ly smile; God

plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag On . . Can-a-da's fair . . do-main. Here  
free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And  
bless old Scot-land ev-er-more, And . Ire-land's em-'rald isle! Then

may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to-gether, The Li-ly, This-tle,  
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er! Our watch-word ev-er-  
swell the song, both loud and long, 'Till rocks and for-ests quiv-er, God save our King, and

Sham-rock, Rose, and Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The  
more shall be, the Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The  
Heav-en bless the Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The

Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! God save our King, and Heaven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er!

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

*The National Song of America, Francis Scott Key.*

M. 108 =

1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the  
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the  
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the  
silence re-poses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it  
bat-tle's confusion, A home and a country should leave us no more? Their  
war's desolation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs  
fit-ful-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-closes? Now it catches the gleam of the  
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No refuge could save the  
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion. Then con-quer we must, when our

## CHORUS.

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that  
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled  
hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled  
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

# The Star-Spangled Banner.

star-spangled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
ban-ner; Oh long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!  
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!  
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

# Rule, Britannia

James Thomson

Dr. Thomas Arne

1. When Bri-tain first, at Heav'n's com-mand, A-rose . . . . . from out the  
2. The mus-es, still with free-dom found, Shall-to . . . . . thy hap-py

az-ure main, A-rose from out . . . the az-ure main,  
coast . . . re-pair, Shall to thy hap-py coast re-pair;

This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And guardian an-gels sang this strain:  
Blest Isle of free-dom, with matchless beauty crown'd, And man-ly hearts . . . to guard the fair.

nev-er, nev-er, nev-er

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Britannia rule the waves! Britons nev-er shall be slaves! shall be slaves!

## O CANADA!

("That True North" Tenneyson)

Written by His Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.

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C. Lavallée.

1. O Can-a - da! Our home our na-tive land, True pa-triot- love in  
2. O Can-a - da! Where Pines and Maples grow, Great prai-ries spread and  
3. O Can-a - da! Be-neath thy shin-ing skies May stalwart sons and

all thy sons command. With glowing hearts we see thee rise, The True North strong and  
lordly riv-ers flow. How dear to us thy broad domain, From East to Western  
gentle maidens rise; To keep thee steadfast thro' the years From East to Western

free; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, We stand on guard for thee.  
sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou True North, strong and free!  
sea, Our Fa-ther land our Mother land! Our True North strong and free!

Chorus. *ad lib.*

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

guard for thee. O Can - a - da, we stand on guard for thee.  
guard for thee. O Can - a - da, we stand on guard for thee.  
guard for thee. O Can - a - da, we stand on guard for thee.

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H. C. W.

Henry C. Work.

1. Lift up your eyes, des-pond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your need-less fears!  
2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-ment, Hide the blue sky where morn-ap-pears;  
3. En-vi-ous foes, be-yond the o-cean, Lit-tle we heed your threat'ning sneers;  
4. Haste thee a-long, thou glo-rious noon-day! Oh, for the eyes of an-cient seers!

He who un-furled your beau-teous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!  
When the bright sun, that tints them crim-son, Ris-es to shine a thou-sand years!  
Lit-tle will they—our chil-dren's chil-dren—When you are gone a thou-sand years.  
Oh, for the faith of Him who reck-ons Each of His days a thou-sand years.

CHORUS.

"A thou-sand years," my own Co-lum-bi-a! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told!

'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

## It's a Long Way to Tipperary

(Key of G)

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Tipperary,  
To the sweetest girl I know.  
Good-by, Piccadilly,  
Farewell, Leicester Square,  
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
But my heart's right there.

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## Keep the Home Fires Burning

(Key of G)

Keep the home fires burning,  
While your hearts are yearning,  
Though your lads are far away,  
They dream of home.  
There's a silver lining  
Through the dark cloud shining;  
Turn the dark cloud inside out  
Till the boys come home.

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City, N. Y.)

## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have  
 3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is  
 4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea; With a

tramp-ing out the vin-tage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
 build-ed Him an al-tar in the even-ing dews and damps; I can  
 sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be  
 glo-ry in His bo-som, that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He

loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.  
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His truth is marching on.  
 swift my soul to answer Him! be ju-bi-lant my feet! Our God is marching on.  
 died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.

## CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.

## SUSSEX BY THE SEA

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W. Ward-Higgs

March time. Unison.

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1. Now is the time for march-ing, Now let your hearts be gay, Hark to the mer-ry  
 2. Up in the morning ear-ly, Start at the break of day; March till the ev'ning  
 3. Some-times your feet are wea-ry Some-times the way is long, Some-times the day is

bu-gles Sounding a-long our way, So let your voices ring my boys, And  
 sha-dows Tell us its time to stay, We're always moving on my boys, So  
 drea-ry Some-times the world goes wrong; But if you let your voices ring, Your

take the time from me, And I'll sing a song as we march along Of Sussex by the sea!  
 take the time from me, And sing this song as we march along Of Sussex by the sea!  
 care will fly a-way, So we'll sing a song as we march along Of Sussex by the sea!

## Chorus

For were the men from Sussex, Sussex by the sea. We plough and sow and

reap and mow, And use-ful men are we; And when you go to Sus-sex, Who

ev-er you may be, You may tell them all that we stand or fall For Sus-sex by the

*Fine.* *mf* Oh Sussex, Sussex by the Sea! *D.S.* *mf* Good old Sus-sex by the Sea!

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# 12 God of our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

DANIEL C. ROBERTS

NATIONAL HYMN

GEORGE W. WARREN

VOICES ALONE

*ff* *Trumpets, before each verse.*

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand  
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,  
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,  
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

*ff*

WITH ORGAN

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band  
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
 Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense,  
 Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

*cres.*

Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,  
 Be Thou our rul - er, guar - dian, guide, and stay,  
 Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,  
 Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,

Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.  
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.  
 Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.  
 And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine. A - men.

*ff*

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# GIVE ME THE OPEN ROAD

13

Words by  
Frederick Delmar

Cop't. Canada, MCMXXI, by The Anglo-Canadian Music Co.  
Cop't. U. S. A., MCMXXI, by Enoch & Sons, N. Y.

Music by  
Victor Ambrose

Marching along at the break of day, Over the hills and far away,  
 Earth seems a garden, fresh and gay, Glad with the sun and rain,  
 Where are the cares I used to know? Life is a path with hope aglow,  
 On thro' the morn I bravely go, Singing this glad refrain!

Give me a life in the open air, Far from the world's dark strife and care,  
 Let it lead on to anywhere, Hold any fate in store!  
 Sorrow and sighs I'll leave behind, Joy in each moment I will find,  
 Hope in the song of ev'ry wind, Till my long march is o'er.

CHO. *a tempo*

Give me the o - pen road And a life that is good and free, And I'll march a - long with a

happy song, What - ever the weather may be! Then give me a trusty friend Who'll help me to bear my

*Broadly* *ten.*

load, And I'll be a ro - ver till the jour - ney's o - ver, On the great broad o - pen road!

*Broadly*

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## April Showers

Though April Showers may come your way  
 They bring the flowers that bloom in May.  
 So if it's raining have no regrets  
 Because it isn't raining rain you know  
 It's raining violets.  
 And where you see crowds upon the hills,  
 You soon will see fields of daffodils,  
 So keep on looking for the bluebird, and  
 listening for his song  
 Whenever April Showers come along.  
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## The Love Nest

Just a love nest, Cozy and warm,  
 Like a dove rest down on a farm.  
 A veranda with some sort of clinging  
 vine,  
 Then a kitchen where some Rambler roses  
 twine,  
 Then a small room, Tea set of blue  
 Best of all room, Dream room for two  
 Better than a palace with a gilded dome  
 Is a love nest you can call home.  
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## Dixie Land.

Daniel D. Emmett, 1859. Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.  
*Allegretto. p*Dan. Emmett.  
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.

1. I wish I was in the land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-get-ten, Look a-  
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Wil-lium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a-  
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a-

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in,  
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er He  
way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And

Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land,  
smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land,  
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in

Dix-ie: A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

## The U. S. A. Forever

1. Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,  
Join in our song and sing today,  
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;  
United, firm, with every state,  
To make a nation good and great,  
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.
2. The North and South, the East and West,  
We love them all, for all are best,  
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;  
United States and hearts and hands  
Will make the greatest of all lands,  
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS:- The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!  
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above  
The U. S. A. forever.  
Hurray! hurray! the U. S. A. forever!  
Hurray! hurray! the Stars and Stripes forever.

## Yankee Doodle.

Dr. SCHACKBURG

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A-long with Captain Good-'lu, And there we saw the  
2. And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And what they wasted  
3. And there was Captain Washing-ton Up-on a slap-ping stallion, A-giv-ing or-ders  
4. And then the feathers on his hat, They looked so-ber-y fine, ah! I want-ed pesk-i-

## CHORUS

men and boys As thick as has-ty pud-din'. Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up, Yan-  
ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.  
to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.  
ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.

kee Doo-dle dan-dy, Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be han-dy.

- 5 And there I see a swamping gun,  
Large as a log of maple,  
Upon a mighty little cart;  
A load for father's cattle.
- 6 And every time they fired it off,  
It took a horn of powder;  
It made a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.
- 7 And there I see a little keg,  
Its head all made of leather,  
They knocked upon't with little sticks,  
To call the folks together.
- 8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,  
He kiud o' clapt his hand on't  
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron  
Upon the little end on't
- 9 The troopers, too, would gallop up  
And fire right in our faces;  
It scared me almost half to death  
To see them run such races.
- 10 It scared me so I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

## MERRILY MERRILY. (Round.)

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, greet the morn; Cheer-ly, cheer-ly; sound the horn.

Back to the cob-ces, hear them play O'er hill and dale far, far a-way!

## FLAG OF THE FREE.

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see, Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war;  
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos - en of God while His might we a - dore; In

*Fine.*  
Ban - ner so bright with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore.  
Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man, Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

*D. S.* - While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

*D. S.*  
Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,  
Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,

## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

1. There's mu - sic in the air When the infant morn is high, And faint its blush is seen  
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noontide's sultry beam Re - flects a gold - en light  
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's breast,

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of  
On the dis - tant moun - tain stream: When be - neath some grateful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing  
As its pen - sive beau - ties die. Then, oh, then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -

joy pro - found, While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic 'in the air.  
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic 'in the air.  
les - tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

## MARSELLAISE HYMN

Rouget de Lisle, 1772

1. Ye sons of France a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what my - riads bid you  
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots  
Al - lons, en - fans de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri -

*mf* rise! Your chil - dren, wives and grandsires hoary, Be - hold their tears and hear their  
*p* dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and vend the light and  
vé. - Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e. - L'e - ten - dard sanglant est le

cries! Be - hold their tear and - hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants mis - chief  
air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of bur - den would they  
vé, - L'e - ten - dard sanglant est le - ve! En - ten - dez - vous dans les cam -

breed - ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the  
load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is  
pa - gnes Mu - - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils viennent jusque dans nos

land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing?  
more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Tha -  
bras E - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa - gnes: Aux ar - mes Ci - toy - ens! For -

venging sword unsheath! March on, march on! all hearts resolv'd On vic - to - ry or death!  
mez vos ba - tail - lons! Marchons! Marchons! Qu'un sang impur! A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

# Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

*Spirited*

O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the free.  
When war winged its wide des-o - la-tion, And threatened the land to de - form,  
The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Co - lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each patriot's de - vo-tion, A world of-fers homage to thee.  
The ark then of freedoms foun-da-tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm;  
May the wreaths they have won never with-er. Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.

Thy mandates make heroes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;  
With the gar-lands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,  
May the ser-vice, u - ni - ted, ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true;

Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue;  
With her flag float-ing proud-ly be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue;  
The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

When borne by the red white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue,  
The boast of the red white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue,  
Three cheers for the red white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

Thy ban ners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
The ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

# HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Joseph Hopkinson.

1. Hail, Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band! Who fought, and bled in
2. Im - mor - tal pa-triots! rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore; Let no rude foe with
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring thro' the world with
4. Be - hold the Chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands, The rock on which the

Freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En  
im - pious hand; Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where sa-cred lies, Of  
loud ap-prise, Ring thro' the world with loud ap-prise; Let ev - ry clime to free-dom dear  
storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat; But armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His

joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful  
toil and blood the well-earned prize. While off'ring peace, sin-cere and just, In heav'n we place a  
Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill, with God - like pow'r, He gov-erns in the  
hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was sink-ing in dis-may, When gloom obscured Co-

CHORUS.  
what it cost; Ev - er grate-ful for the prize. Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
man-ly trust. That Truth and Justice will prevail, And ev - ry scheme of bondage fail.  
fear-ful hour Of horrid war; or guides with ease The hap-pier times of hon-est peace. } Firm, u - ni - ted,  
lumbia's day, His steady mind, from changes free, Resolved on death or lib - er - ty.

let us be, Rallying round our liberty; As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safety we shall find.

## THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of  
 2. We are springing to the call of our brothers gone be - fore, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of  
 3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al, true and brave, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of  
 4. So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of

Freedom; We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.  
 Freedom; And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.  
 Freedom; And al-though they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.  
 Freedom and we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best, Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

## CHORUS.

The Un - ion for - ev - er, hur - rah, boys, Hurrah! Down with the traitor, Up with the star; While we

ral - ly round the flag, boys, ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.

## THE EVENING BELL.

Soft and slow.

1. Hark! the peal - ing, soft - ly steal - ing, Eve - ning bell, Sweet - ly ech - oed down the dell.  
 2. Wel - come, wel - come is thy mu - sic, Sil - very bell, Sweet - ly tell - ing day's fare - well.

Katharine Lee Bates.

(Tune—"MATERNA.")

Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spacious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For pur - ple mountain  
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern impassioned stress A thor - ough - fare for  
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved in lib - er - a - ting strife, Who more than self their  
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years Thine al - a - bas - ter

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain. 'A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God  
 free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness. A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God  
 coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life. A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal May  
 cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears. A - mer - i - cal A - mer - i - cal God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.  
 mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.  
 God thy gold re - fine Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.  
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

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## Our Boys Will Shine To-Night American

Our boys will shine to-night, Our boys will shine, Our boys will shine to-night, All down the line;

Our boys will shine tonight, Our boys will shine, When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our boys will shine.

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## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

*rit. slow.*

1. { 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; } No flow-er of her kin-dred.  
 2. { All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad-ed and gone; }  
 3. { I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; }  
 4. { Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter  
 5. { So soon may I fol-low, When friend-ships de-cay, }  
 6. { And from love's shining cir-cle The gems drop a-way; } When true hearts lie with-ered,

No rose-bud is nigh, To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent-less and dead.  
 And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in-bab-bit This bleak world a - lone!

N. S. W.

## THE VACANT CHAIR.

Geo. F. Root.

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall lin-ger to ca-  
 2. At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bos-om swell At remem-brance of the  
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo-ry Ev-er-more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish

D. C. - We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-

*Fine*

ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer. When a year a-go we gath-ered, Joy was  
 sto-ry How our no-ble Wil-lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban-ner Thro' the  
 on-ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-ly fall-en, In thy

*ress him, When we breathe our evening prayer.*

D. C.

in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru-in lie.  
 thick-est of the fight, And up-hold our coun-try's hon-or, In the strength of man-hood's might.  
 green and nar-row bed, Dir-ges from the pine and cy-press Min-gle with the tears we shed.

## JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER. 25

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

1. { Just be-fore the bat-tle, Moth-er, I am think-ing most of you, }  
 2. { While up-on the field we're watch-ing, With the en-e-my in view, }  
 3. { Hark! I hear the bu-gles sound-ing, 'Tis the sig-nal for the fight; }  
 4. { Now may God pro-tect us, Moth-er, As He ev-er does the right. }

Com-rades brave are round me ly-ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God;... For  
 Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Free-dom," How it swells up-on the air;... Oh,

well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be-neath the sod....  
 yes, we'll ral-ly round the stand-ard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there....

CHORUS.

Fare-well, Mother, you may nev-er you may never, Mother, Press me to your heart a-gain; But

oh, you'll not for-get me, Mother, (you will not forget me) If I'm numbered with the slain.

## Till We Meet Again

(Key of A flat)

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,  
 When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.  
 Then the skies will seem more blue,  
 Down in lover's lane, my dearie,  
 Wedding bells will ring so merrily,  
 Every tear will be a memory;  
 So wait and pray each night for me,  
 Till we meet again.

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## Where the River Shannon Flows

(Key of G)

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,  
 Where the three-leaved shamrock  
 grows,  
 Where my heart is I am going  
 To my little Irish Rose.  
 And the moment that I meet her  
 With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,  
 For there's not a colleen sweeter  
 Where the River Shannon flows.

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## The Spanish Cavalier.

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Wm. 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 sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re - mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.

## March Of The Men Of Harlech

WELSH PATRIOTIC SONG

*Con fuoco mf*

1. Men of Har - lech! hon - or calls us, No proud Sax - on e'er ap - palls us!  
2. Tho' our mothers may be weep - ing, Tho' our sis - ters may be keep - ing

*rit.*

On we march! what - e'er be - falls us, Nev - er shall we fly! For - ward, light - ly  
Watch for some who now are sleep - ing On the bat - tle field, Still the trumpet's

*cresc.*

bounding, To the trumpet's sound - ing; For - ward ev - er, back - ward ne'er, The  
bray - ing Sounds on, ev - er say - ing, Let each bow - man pierce a foe, And

*f*

haugh - ty foe as - tound - ing; Fight for father, sis - ter, mother, Each is bound to  
nev - er stop they slay - ing, Till in - vad - ers learn to fear us, And no Sax - on

*ff*

each as brother; And with faith in one an - oth - er, We will win or die!  
lin - ger near us; Men of Wales! our God doth hear us, Nev - er will we yield!

## TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.



1. In the pris - on cell I sit; Think - ing Mother, dear of you, And our.
2. In the bat - tle front we stood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they
3. So with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of  
swept us off, a hundred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were  
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the  
*D.S.* neath the star - ry flag We shall



all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.  
beat - en back dismayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.  
poor heart almost gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.  
breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.



Chorus.

*D.S.*

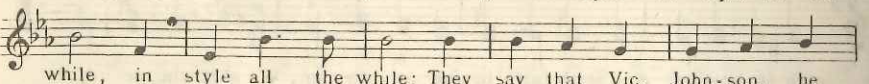
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be -  
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



## IN STYLE ALL THE WHILE

*mf Moderately fast*

They say that Vic. John - son, he ain't got no style In style all the



while, in style all the while; They say that Vic. John - son, he



ain't got no style In style all the while, all the while.

\*Use any name, as occasion demands.

## WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Walter Kittredge.



1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
2. We've been tenting to - night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man - y are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fighting to - day on the old camp ground, Man - y are ly - ing near;



wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.  
loved ones at home that gave us the band, And the tear that said "good - bye!"  
brave and true who've left their homes, Oth - ers been wound - ed long.  
Some are dead and some are dy - ing, Man - y are in tears.



CHORUS



Man - y are the hearts that are wear - y to - night, Wish - ing for the war to cease,



Man - y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent - ing to - night,  
*Last v.* - Dy - ing to - night,



Tent - ing to - night, Tent - ing on the old camp ground.  
Dy - ing to - night, (*Omit.*) Dy - ing on the old camp ground.



## There's a Long, Long Trail

(Key of G)

There's a long, long trail a - winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingale is singing  
And the white moon beams.

There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going  
Down that long, long trail with you.

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LOUIS LAMBERT

With spirit SOLO CHORUS SOLO

1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give him a hearty  
 2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hur-rah! To welcome home our  
 3. Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah, hur-rah! We'll give the hero

wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer the boys will shout, The  
 dar-ling boy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With  
 three times three, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The lau-rel wreath is rea-dy now To

CHORUS Repeat ad lib.

la-dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home.  
 roses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home.  
 place up-on his loyal brow; And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home.

**Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You**  
 (Key of B Flat)

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy,  
 Then go back to your home o'er the sea,  
 To the land from where you came,  
 Whatever be its name;  
 But don't be ungrateful to me!  
 If you don't like the stars in Old Glory,  
 If you don't like the Red, White and Blue,  
 Then don't act like the cur in the story;  
 Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.  
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**Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip!**  
 (Key of G)

Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,  
 With your hair cut just as short as mine.  
 Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,  
 You're surely looking fine;  
 Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,  
 If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must.  
 Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,  
 With your hair cut just as short as,  
 Your hair cut just as short as,  
 Your hair cut just as short as mine.  
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1. It was one Sun-day bright and clear, The love-li-est in all the  
 2. We walked in si-lence, arm in arm; My heart so full, my heart so  
 3. Till by the heath my heart, un-heard, At last found out the prop-er

year; We wan-dered thro' the gold-en grain, O'er bloom-ing hill and grass-y  
 warm; Those deep blue eyes of thine, O maid, A lus-ter gave to paths we  
 word! My lips met thine, where none might see, And then I said: "Dost thou love

plain. The lark it sang; the sun it beamed: Its rays o'er mount and valley gleamed.  
 strayed! Deep in my heart, those glances true Outshine the sun in heaven's blue!  
 me?" Thy answer came, so sweet and low: "O sighing heart, dost thou now know?"

REFRAIN.

O hap-py day, So sweet, so dear! Thou art so far, and yet so near! O  
 hap-py day! So sweet, so dear! Thou art so far, and yet so near!



# 32 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not  
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not  
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure-ly find a need, Here re-

wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you  
nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your  
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum - ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.  
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner  
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from  
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har - bor you may guide a - cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

# HOME, SWEET HOME

33

John Howard Payne

H R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my  
3. An ex - ile from home splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh give me my

humble there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there,  
mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
low-ly thatch'd cottage a - gain; The birds singing gai-ly, that came at my call,

*Fine* Refrain

Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

D. S. There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

# HOWDY DO?

How - dy do, Bil - ly Boy - er, How - dy do? Is there an - y - thing that  
we can do for you? We'll do ev - ry - thing we can, We're  
with you to a man, How - dy do, Bil - ly Boy - er, How - dy do?

\* Substitute any name desired.

Thomas Dunn English.

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice whose hair was so  
 2. X Un-der the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the  
 3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so  
 4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the

brown, Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your  
 hill, To-gether we've lain in the noon-day shade, And lis-tened to Ap-ple-ton's  
 true, And the shad-ed nook by the run-ning brook Where the fair-est wild flow-ers  
 new; But I feel in the depths of my spir-it the truth—There nev-er was change in

frown? In the old church-yard in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor-ner ob-scure and a-  
 mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The raf-ters have tum-bled  
 grew? Grass grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is  
 you. Twelve months twen-ty times have-past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends, yet I

lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the  
 in, And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en  
 dry, And of all the boys that were school-mates then, There are on-ly you and  
 hail Thy pres-ence a bless-ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt-sea

*ad lib.*  
 stone; They have fitted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone.  
 din; And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old-en  
 I; And of all the boys that were school-mates then, There are on-ly you and I.  
 gale; Thy pres-ence a bless-ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

## All Through the Night

Walter Maynard Cprt 1922 C. A. Gage  
May be used as Male Quartet. First Tenor will sing Alto octave high. Wallace Hobart

1. Sleep my love and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night; Guard ian an-gels,  
 2. Though I roam a min-strel lone-ly, All thro' the night; My true harp shall  
 3. Hark! a so-lemn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art

God will send thee, All thro' the night. Soft the draw-sy hours are creeping,  
 praise thee on-ly, All thro' the night. Love's young dream, a-las! is o-ver,  
 heavn-ward winging Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from off thee sha-ken,

*rit*  
 Hill and vale in slumber sleeping; Love alone his watch is keeping, All thro' the night.  
 Yet my strains of love shall hover, Near the presence of my lover, All thro' the night.  
 Soul immortal, thou shalt waken, With thy last dim journey taken, Home thro' the night.

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## For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!

1. For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a  
 1. We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go  
 1. The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went o-ver the moun-tain, The bear went  
 2. Was the oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er side of the moun-tain, The oth-er

*Fine.* *D. C.*  
 jol-ly good fel-low, Which no-bod-y can de-ny! Which no-bod-y can de-ny,  
 home un-til morn-ing, Till day-light doth ap-pear! Till day-light doth ap-pear!  
 o-ver the mountain, To see what he could see! (Yell) And all that he could see—  
 side of the mountain, Was all that he could see! *To versa 2.*

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## How Are You?

C. A. Gage

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Adapted from Woodbury

Charles A. Gage

1. "How do you do?" Sounds cold to me, I nev- er did quite like it, Ex -  
2. "Good morning" is a common phrase And ver- y oft you'll hear it; Es -  
3. It is a Yan- kee term of old And has a wholesome meaning; And

cept, per chance a stranger be The one who cool- y says it, But  
pe - cial- ly on pleasant days, Then ev - 'ry one will say it. But  
tho' some times it is not told There is no word so cheering. And

dear - er far when friends I meet These words that warmly cheer me.  
Oh give me the welcome warm From friends that warmly cheer me. } When  
so wher - ev - er friends may meet These words will warmly cheer me. }

face' to 'face, when face to face, we fond - ly greet, we fond - ly greet With

friendship strong and hearty. How are ye? How are ye? With  
How are ye? How are ye?

friend - ship strong and heart - y How are ye?

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## UNCLE NED.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long ago, long a - go;  
2. His fingers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;  
3. One cold, frosty morning, old Ned died, Massa's tears they fell like the rain;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.  
And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe - cake be.  
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a - gain.

Refrain. Bass Solo. Harmony.  
Then lay down the shovel and the hoe, Hang up the fid - dle and the bow;

For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

## PRAIRIE FLOWER

*mf* Moderato

1. I'm a lit - tle prair - ie flow'r, Grow - ing wild - er ev - 'ry hour;  
2. I'm a lit - tle wrink - led prune, May get stewed, and ver - y 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.

Directions: Stand while singing. The last "I'm as wild as wild can be, Tu-ra-lu-ra, Tu-ra-le" should be sung with fore finger of right hand on center of top of head, slowly turning a "pivot" while singing.

# 38 Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore  
Andantino

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C. C. Birchard & Co., owners of copyright.

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so  
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro -

fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like  
faded by a 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 love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear  
nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er

ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still! .  
turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose! .

# Far Away.

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M. Lindsay.  
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.

1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a - go,  
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with strangers made their home;  
3. There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the past,

Laughing round the Christmas fire - side, Brightened by its rud - dy glow:  
Some up - on the world of wa - ters All their lives are forced to roam;  
But they change, as all things change here, - Noth - ing in this world can last.

Or in summer's balm - y eve - nings, In the field up - on the hay?  
Some are gone from us for - ev - er, - Lon - ger here they might not stay;  
Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com - ing, who can say?

They have all dis - persed and wan - dered Far a - way, far a - way;  
They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way;  
Ere this clo - ses man - y may be Far a - way, far a - way;

They have all dis - persed and wan - dered Far a - way, far a - way.  
They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way.  
Ere this clo - ses man - y may be Far a - way, far a - way.

## LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

C. Clifton Bingham. Property of Boosey &amp; Co., London, Eng.

J. L. Molloy.

1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to  
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er-

fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an  
more, Foot-steps may fal-ter, wear-y grow the way, Still we can hear it at the

old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it  
close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be

## REFRAIN.

wove it - self in - to our dream. } Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are  
found the sweetest song of all.

low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wear-y,

sad the day and long, Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

## Sweet and Low.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

J. BARNEY.

*pp* Larghetto.

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

breathe and blow, Wind of the west-ern sea; *mf* O-ver the roll - ing  
O - ver the  
moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Father will come to  
Fa - ther will

*pp* wa - ters go, Come from the dying moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil - ver  
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

*p* *Rall. e dim.* *pp*  
mc, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....  
moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

## LOCH LOMOND

Old Scotch Song

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines  
2. 'Twas then that we part-ed In yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep  
3. The wee bir-die sang, And the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun-shine the

bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where me—and my true love Were  
side of Ben Lo-mond, Where in—pur-ple hue—The  
wa-ters are sleep-ing, But the bro-ken heart it kens—Nae

ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.  
High-land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing.  
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-ful mae cease frae their—greet-ing.

CHORUS *Brisker*

Oh! ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, And

I'll be in Scot-land a-fore-ye, But me and my true love we'll

nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;  
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;  
3. Tho' by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go.

*Fine.*  
Sing me the songs I de-light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
You by more el-o-quent lips have been praised, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

*D.S.*—Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
*D.S.*—Still my heart treas-ures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a-go, long a-go.  
*D.S.*—Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a-go.

*D.S.*  
Now you are come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,  
Then, to all oth-ers, my smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac-cents I hist-en with pride,

## ROBIN ADAIR.

1. { What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near; } Where's all the joy and mirth  
{ What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? }  
2. { What made th'as-sen-bly shine? Rob-in A-dair; }  
{ What made the ball so fine? Rob-in was there; } What, when the play was o'er,  
3. { But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; } Yet him I loved so well,  
{ But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob-in A-dair; }

That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A-dair.  
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A-dair.  
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A-dair.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nes riv - er, Far, far a - way,  
 All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - dered, When I was young;  
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;  
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,  
 When will I see de becs a - hum - ming All roun' de comb?

8 *Fine.*  
 Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay,  
 Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.  
 Den man - y hap - py days I squan - dered, Man - y de songs I sung,  
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die.  
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.  
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?

D.S.—Oh! darkies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.  
 REFRAIN.

D. S.  
 All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Longfellow.

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your  
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in  
 3. Dreams of the sum - mer night, Tell her, her lov - er keeps Watch while, in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.  
 slum - bers light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

My Old Kentucky Home.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

*Rather slow.*  
 1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the  
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - ey may

gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the  
 shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in  
 go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the su - gar - canes

day. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright;  
 door. The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was de - light;  
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, — No matter, 'twill nev - er be light;

By'm - by hard times comes a - knocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good - night!  
 The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good - night!  
 A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky home, good - night!

CHORUS.

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

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

## OLD BLACK JOE.

Stephen C. Foster.



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I



cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,  
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,  
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,



## CHORUS.



I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my



head is bend-ing low; I hear these gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"



## Can't You Hear Me Calling?

(Key of F)

Can't you hear me callin' Caroline?  
 It's my heart a-callin' dine;  
 Lordy, how I miss you, gal of mine.  
 Ain't no use now for de sun to shine,  
 Caroline! Caroline!  
 Can't yo' hear my lips a-sayin',  
 Can't yo' hear my soul a-prayin',  
 Can't you hear me callin', Caroline?

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## The Bells of St. Mary's

(Key of E flat)

The Bells of St. Mary's, ah, hear, they  
 are calling  
 The young loves who come from the  
 sea;  
 And so, my beloved, when red leaves are  
 falling,  
 The love bells shall ring out, ring out  
 for you and me.  
 The Bells of St. Mary's, ah, hear, they  
 are calling,  
 The young loves, the true loves who  
 come from the sea,  
 And so, my beloved, when red leaves are  
 falling,  
 The love bells shall ring out, ring out  
 for you and me.

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## DARLING NELLIE GRAY



1. There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore, Where I've whiled many happy hours away,  
 2. When the moon had clim'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my darling Nellie Gray,  
 3. My eyes are getting blinded, and I can not see my way, Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door,



A sit-ting and a-sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage door Where lived my dar-ling Nel-lie Gray  
 And wed float down the river in my lit-tle red can-oe, While my ban-jo sweet-ly I would play  
 O I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray, Fare - well to the old Ken-tucky shore



## CHORUS



1-2. O my poor Nel-lie Gray, they have taken you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling an-y more,  
 3. O my dar-ling Nellie Gray, up in heav-en there, they say, That they'll never take you from me any more,



I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tucky shore.  
 I'm a com-ing-com-ing-com-ing, as the an-gels clear the way, Fare-well to the old Ken-tucky shore.



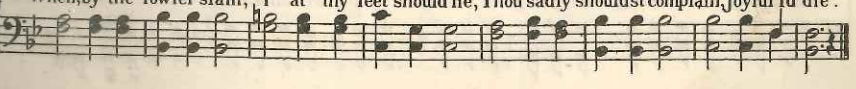
## HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE



1. How can I leave thee How can I from thee part! Thou on-ly hast my heart, Dear one, be-lieve  
 2. Blue is a flow'r-et Called the For-get-me-not, Wear it up-on thy heart, And think of me!  
 3. Would I a bird were Soon at thy side to be, Fal-con nor hawk would fear, Speeding to thee



Thou hast this soul of mine So closely bound to thine, No oth-er can I love Save thee a-lone!  
 Flow'r-et and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Dear one, be-lieve.  
 When, by the fowler slain, I at thy feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die.





# MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND

Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de meadows am a-ring-ing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing-ing,  
2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,  
3. Massa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sadly weep a-bove him.

Hap-py as de day am long. Where de i-vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound  
Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am blooming, On de san-dy shore,  
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can-not work before to-mor-row, Cayse de tear-drop flow;

CHORUS

Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.  
Now de summer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more. } Down in the corn-field  
I try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-ing on de old ban-jo.

Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

## GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

1. Good-night, ladies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.  
2. Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, ladies! We're going to leave you now.  
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Roll a-long, roll a-long, Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O-ver the dark blue sea.

# Last Night The Nightingale Woke Me. 49

Property of Lengick, London, Eng.

*Allegretto*

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still;  
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night;  
3. O think not I can for-get you; I could not tho' I would;

*rit.*

It sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out the wood-land hill  
I wake, and would you were here, love, And tears are blind-ing my sight.  
I see you in all a-round me, The stream, the night, the wood.

*pp a tempo dolce* *pp*

I o-pen'd my win-dow so gent-ly, I look'd on the dream-ing dew,  
I hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind is float-ing thro'  
The flowers that slum-ber so gent-ly, The stars a-bove the blue,

*cresc.* *rit.*

And oh, the bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you  
And oh, the night, my dar-ling, Is sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you  
O heavn-it-self, my dar-ling, Is pray-ing, pray-ing for you, for you

## Pack Up Your Troubles

(Key of B flat)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, What's the use of worrying?  
It never was worth while, so  
And smile, smile, smile; Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,  
While you've a lucifer to light your fag, And smile, smile, smile!  
Smile boys—that's the style.

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1. In the gloam-ing oh, my dar-ling! when the lights are dim and low,  
2. In the gloam-ing oh, my dar-ling! think not bit-ter-ly of me!

*rall.*

And the qui-et shad-ows, fall-ing, soft-ly come and soft-ly go,  
Though I passed a-way in si-lence, left you lone-ly, set you free,

*agitato.*

When the winds are sob-bing faint-ly with a gen-tle, un-known woe,  
For my heart was crushed with long-ing; what had been could nev-er be.

*con anima.*

Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a-go?  
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (Omit)

*2 rall. — cres.*

me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

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**Silver Threads**

(Key of G)

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.

Darling I am growing, growing old, sil-  
ver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow today; life is fading  
fast away.

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*Moderato.*

1 I'm dreaming now of Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, sweet Hal-lie, I'm  
2 Ah! well I yet re-member, re-member, re-member, Ah!  
3. When the charms of spring a-waken, a-waken, a-waken, When the

dream-ing now of Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that never dies; She's  
well I yet re-member, When we gathered in the cotton, side by side; 'Twas  
charms of spring a-waken, And the mock-ing-bird is singing on the bough, I

sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's  
in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas  
feel like one for-sak-en, for-sak-en, for-sak-en, I

sleep-ing in the val-ley, And the mock-ing-bird is singing where she lies.  
in the mild Sep-tem-ber, And the mock-ing-bird was singing far and wide.  
feel like one for-sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no long-er with me now.

## Chorus.

Listen to the mock-ing-bird, Listen to the mock-ing-bird, The mock-ing-bird still sing-ing o'er her  
grave;

Listen to the mock-ing-bird, Listen to the mock-ing-bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing willows  
wave.

## I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

From "The Bohemian Girl."

Moderato.

M. W. BALFE.

1. I dreamt that I dwell in mar - ble halls, With vas sals and serfs at my side,  
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That knights up-on bend - ed knee,

And of all who as - sem - bled with - in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride,  
And with vows no maid - en... heart could withstand, They pledg'd their faith to me;

I had rich - es too great to count, could boast, Of a high an - ces - tral name;  
And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim,

But I al - so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you  
But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you

lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same,  
lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.

## ROW YOUR BOAT.

1. (Round.)

2.

E. O. LYTT.

Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream;  
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

R. KAILLMARK.  
SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond rec - ol -  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tangled wildwood, And ev - 'ry loved

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood  
spot which my in - fan - cy knew, } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell, } The old oak - en  
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well, }

buck - et; the i - ron - bound bucket, The moss - covered buck - et that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose 'from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,  
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!  
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

## Alabama Lullaby

(Key of F)

Down in Alabama when the breeze begins  
to sigh,  
Seems to softly murmur just the sweetest  
lullaby,  
Each dear old mammy in old Alabam',  
Huddles and cuddles her own honey lam',

"Little pickaninny, close your eyes and  
go to sleep.  
Moon am swingin' low and spooky shad -  
ows 'gin to creep."  
This melody brings a fond memory,  
Takes me back again to dear old Ala -  
bam'.

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WAT BURNS  
Lively.

Comin' Thro' the Rye.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y  
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y  
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry? } Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,  
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? } where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When comin' thro' the rye.

AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And never brought to mind? Should  
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine; But we've  
3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But  
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

**CHORUS.**  
auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne? }  
wan-dered mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang  
scas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne. }  
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne. }

Repeat Chorus ff.  
sync, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o - cean, My Bon-nie is o - ver the sea, My Bon-nie is  
2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o - cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds,  
3. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I  
4. The winds have blown over the o - cean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown

**CHORUS.**  
o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.  
lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead. } Bring back, bring back,  
o - ver the o - cean, And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.

Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

*Tenderly.*  
1. Scenes that are brightest may charm for a while, Hearts that are lightest, and  
2. Words cannot scat-ter the thoughts we fear, For tho' they flat-ter, they

*tim.*  
eyes that smile; Yet o'er them, a-bove us, though na-ture beam, With none to  
mock the ear; Hopes will still deceive us with tearful cost, And when they

love us, how sad they seem! With none to love us, how sad they seem!  
leave us the heart is lost! And when they leave us the heart is lost

THE DEAREST SPOT.

W. T. A.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; The fair - y land I've  
 2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. O. - The dear - est spot on earth to me Is home, sweet home; - The fair - y land I've  
*Fine.*

longed to see Is home, sweet home; There how charmed the sense of hearing, There where hearts are  
 lov - er's eyes On home, sweet home; There where vows are tru - ly plighted, There where hearts are

longed to see Is home, sweet home.

so en - dear - ing; All the world is not so cheer - ing As home, sweet home.  
 so u - ni - ted; All the world be - sides I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

D. C.

Mrs. Norton.

JUANITA.

Spanish Melody.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,  
 2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
 Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh?

Wear - y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well. Ni - ta! Jua - ni - tal  
 In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by? Ni - tal Jua - ni - tal

JUANITA - Con.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.  
 Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - tal Be my own fair bride!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm - y winds sweep o'er the brine,

Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save,  
 Or though the tempest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death, -

I know Thou wilt not alight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall;  
 In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep;

And calm and peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

## Bonnie Doon.

Robert Burns.

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Arr. by Harold Spencer.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
2. Oft hae I roved by bon-nie Doon To see the rose and wood-bine twine;

How can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wear-y, fu' o' care?  
And il-ka bird sang. o' its love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine.

Thou't break my heart, thou war-bling bird, That wan-tons thro' the flow-er-ing thorn;  
Wi' light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn-y tree;

Thou mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.  
But my fause lov-er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a  
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of  
3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy mur-muring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet  
clear wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my  
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath-ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech-o re-sounds from the  
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-  
flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed  
low. Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild  
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-

lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair,  
eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea. The sweet-scented birch shades my Ma-ry and me,  
sleep by thy mur-muring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

## JINGLE, BELLS.

*Allegro.*

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go.  
 2. A day or two a - go I... thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was  
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

*rit.*

Laughing all the way;... Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright; What  
 seat-ed by my side,... The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot; He  
 sing this sleighing song... Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then

CHORUS.\*

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 - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. } Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!

\* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

## SEEING NELLIE HOME

*Andante*

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas  
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas  
 3. On my lips a whis - per trem-bled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas  
 4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have liv'd and grown; And 'twas

*cresc.* *dim.*

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

REFRAIN *cresc.*

I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas

*dim. e rit.*

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

## NOW THE DAY IS OVER

S. BARING-GOULD

J. BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,  
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,  
 3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.  
 With Thy ten-drest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.  
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.  
 eve-ning steal a - cross the sky.

# WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

1 I wander'd to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be-  
 2. A - ci - ty 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 creak - ing old mill, Mag - gie, As  
 best, In pol - ished white mansions of stone, Mag - gie, Have  
 then, My face is a well writ - ten page, Mag - gie, But

we used to long a - go: The green grove is gone from the  
 each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to  
 time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and

hill, Mag - gie, Where first the dai - sies sprung; The  
 play, Mag - gie, And join in the songs that were sung: For we  
 gray, Mag - gie, As sprays by the white breakers flung; But to

# WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE - Con.

creak - ing old mill is still, Mag - gie, Since you and I were young.  
 sang as gay as they, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.  
 and you're as fair as you were, Mag - gie, When you and I were young.

## The Girl I Left Behind Me

"Brighton Camp" 1760?

1. I'm lone - some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and  
 2. Oh! ne'er shall I for - get the night, The stars were bright a  
 3. The bee shall hon - ey taste no more, The dove be - come a  
 4. My mind her form shall still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in

val - ley; Such heav - y thoughts my heart do fill, Since part - ing with my  
 love me, And gent - ly lent their silv - 'ry light, When first she vowed she  
 ran - ger, The dash - ing waves shall cease to roar, Ere she's to me a  
 wak - ing, Un - til I see my love a - gain, For whom my heart is

Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gray, For each does but re -  
 loved me. But now I'm bound to Brigh - ton camp, Kind Heav'n may fa - vor  
 stran - ger; The vows we've reg - is - ter'd a - bove Shall ev - er cheer and  
 break - ing. If ev - er I should see the day, When Mars shall have re -

mind me How swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.  
 find me, And send me safe - ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.  
 bind me, In con - stan - cy to her I love The girl I've left be - hind me.  
 sign'd me, For ev - er - more I'll glad - ly stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.



## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

EVES SARGENT,  
HENRY RUSSELL.

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the scattered waters  
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift - gliding craft, Set sail! fare - well to the  
3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have begun to frown, But with a stout vessel and

rave, And the winds their rev - els keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I pine On this  
land, The gale fol - lows far a - baft: We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an  
crew, We'll say, let the storm come down! And the song of our heart shall be, While the

dull, unchanging shore; Oh, give me the flashing brine, The spray and the 'tempest' roar! A  
o - cean bird set free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea! A  
winds and the waters rave, A life on the heaving sea, A home on the bounding wave! A

life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep! Where the scattered wa - ters

rave; And the winds their rev - els keep! The winds, the winds, the

winds their revels keep, the winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep.

\* The part after asterisk, frequently omitted, is sung after each verse, after last verse, or not at all, as preferred.

## ALICE. WHERE ART THOU?

J. ASCHER,  
W. GUERNSEY.

*Andante con espressione.*  
1. The birds sleeping gen - tly. Sweet Lu - na gleameth bright, Her rays tinge the for - est, And  
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing just as it fall - eth now; And all things sleep gen - tly! Ah!

all seems glad - to - night. The wind sighing by me, Cool - ing my fever'd brow; The  
Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One year back this e - ven, And  
in the pleas - ant wildwood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for - est; I'm

thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side,  
look - ing heav'n - ward now, I'm look - ing heav'nward now,

Vow - ing . . . to love me; One year past this e - ven, And  
Oh! there 'mid the star - shine, - I've sought thee in for - est, I'm

thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.  
look - ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a - mid the star - shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

## AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

G. VERDI,  
"IL TROVATORE."*Andante Sostenuo.*

*dolce.*

1. Ah! I have sighed to rest..... me  
2. Out of the love I bear..... thee, Deep Yield in the qui-et I my life for

grave,— sigh'd to rest me, But all in vain I crave. O fare thee  
thee; Wilt thou not think, Wilt thou not think of me? O think of

well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare-thee-well! Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I

crave, O fare - thee-well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!

2 *a tempo.*

me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare - thee-well! Out of the love I

bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of me, ah! think of

## AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME—Continued

me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! Tho' I no more be - hold thee,

Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,

*cres - cen do.*

Cheering my last fare hour, Le - o - no - ra, fare - well!

## GOOD NIGHT.

FRANZ ABT.

1. In the west the sun de-clin-ing, Sinks beneath the mountaia height, Tints the clouds with  
2. Bleak-er, winds the flow'rs be- numbing, On the hearth the crick-et sings; Home the la - den  
3. In the wind the grass is bending, Flow'rs now slumber in the shade; Birds to seek their  
4. Man now seeks his peace-ful dwelling, Cir - cles round the rud - dy blaze; Of the sweets of

gold-en lin-ing, Sets the hills with ru-bies shining, Then bids all the world good night.  
bee flies humming, And the drow-sy bat is coming, Dart-ing on his leath-ern wings.  
nests are wending, Flocks in fold the shepherds tending, Homeward flies the mountain maid.  
la - bor tell - ing, Till his heart with rapture swelling, Grate - ful gives his Mak - er praise.

Good night, Good night! Good night, Good night! Good night, Good night!

# HALLELUJAH CHORUS

G. F. HANDEL

*Allegro maestoso*

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! For the Lord God Omnipotent

reign-eth! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! The

kingdom of this world is be-come, the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and of his

Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever, King of kings. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-

for-ev-er and ev-er.

# HALLELUJAH CHORUS - Con.

and Lord of lords, lu-jah! for-ev-er and ever, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! King of kings, and Lord of

lords! and he shall reign for-ev-er and ever, and he shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er, King of

for-ev-er and ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelujah! and he shall reign for-ev-er, for- kings, and Lord of lords! kings, for-ev-er and ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hallelu-jah!

and ev-er and ev-er, King of kings, and Lord of lords! King of kings, and Lord of lords! and he shall

he shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er, King of kings, and Lord of reign for-ev-er and ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and ev-er, for-ev-er and

lords! ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! *Adagio ff*

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

*Andante*

1. Kath-leen Ma-vourneen, the gray dawn is breaking, The horn of the hun-ter is  
2. Kath-leen Ma-vourneen, a-wake from thy slumbers; The blue mountains glow in the

*Small notes to be sung for 2d Verse*

heard on the hill; The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak-ing;  
sun's gold-en light; Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A-

Kath-leen Ma-vourneen, what! slum-bring still? Kath-leen Ma-vourneen, what!  
rise in thy beauty, thou star of my night; A-rise in thy beau-ty, thou

*con amore affetto*

slum-bring still? Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh!  
star of my night! Ma-vour-neen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To

hast thou for-got-ten this day we must part? It may be for years, and it  
think that from E-rin and thee I must part!

*semplice*

may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Con.

years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

## THE HEART BOWED DOWN

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling, To  
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair, Still pon-der o'er the past, On

thought and im-pulse while they flow, That can no com-fort bring, that can, that  
mo-ments of de-light that were Too beau-ti-ful to last, that were too

can no com-fort bring; To those ex-cit-ing scenes will blend, O'er  
beau-ti-ful to last; To long de-part-ed years ex-tend, Its

pleasure's path-way thrown; But mem-ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its  
vis-ions with them flown; For mem-ry is the on-ly friend That grief can call its

own, That grief can call its own, — That grief can call its own.

H. HEINE

## The Loreley

FR. SILCHER

*Moderato*

1. O tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful eye?  
 2. A bove, the maid-en sit-teth, A won-drous form and fair;  
 3. The boat-man on the riv-er Lists to the song, spell-bound;

'Tis mem-o-ry that re-tain-eth The tale of years gone by.  
 With jew-els bright she plait-eth Her shin-ing gold-en hair;  
 O what shall him de-liv-er From dan-ger threat-ning round?

The fad-ing light grows dim-mer, The Rhine doth calm-ly flow;  
 With comb of gold pre-pares it; The task with song be-guiled;  
 The wa-ters deep have caught them, Both boat and boat-man brave;

The loft-y hill tops glim-mer Red with the sun-set glow.  
 A fit-ful bur-den bears it That mel-o-dy so wild.  
 'Tis Lore-leys song hath brought them Be-neath the foam-ing wave.

## Blow the Man Down

*mf With swinging motion.*

Sailor's Chanty

1. Come, all ye young fellows that follow the sea, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And
2. On board the Black Baller I first served my time, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And
3. There were tinkers and tailors and sailors and all, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! That
4. 'Tislar-board and star-board, you jump to the call, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! When

please pay at-ten-tion and lis-ten to me, Give us some time to blow the man down!  
 in the Black Ball-er I wast-ed my time, Give us some time to blow the man down!  
 shipped for good seamen on board the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!  
 Kick-ing Jack Williams commands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!

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## IT'S MY FLAG, TOO.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

Lizzie DeArmond.

M. 84-2

1. The fair-est flag be-neath the sun, The flag that glo-rious freedom won, That
2. Up-lift the flag tri-um-phant-ly That makes us one from sea to sea! Un-
3. O flag that ty-rants have de-fied, For which brave men have bled and died! Un-

tells of deeds of val-or done, With pride we view; Its shin-ing folds of  
 stained for-ev-er may it be, Our em-blem true. From north to south, from  
 sul-lied wave, our hope our pride, For-ev-er new; And while to heav'n its

red and white Stream out like beams of morn-ing light: And 'er-stands firm for  
 east to west It waves a-bove a coun-try blest, Whose peo-ple well have  
 folds we fling, A-new, al-le-giance we will bring And ev-'ry voice u-

Chorus.

truth and right It's my flag, too.  
 stood the test- It's my flag, too. It's my flag too, the Red, White and Blue! The  
 nit-ed sing It's my flag, too.

flag that leads to vic-to-ry is my flag, too! It's my flag, too, the

Red, White and Blue! The glo-rious flag of Lib-er-ty is my flag, too!

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# KIWANIS IDEALS

Copyright 1921 Kiwanis Club International.  
(First Prize Song.)

Mary Huron Blair.

Gale Cameron.

*Intro. Marcato*

1. The high-est good in
2. In busi-ness clean no
3. To serve, to love, Where

brother-hood Is sought for in Ki-wan-is. Our na-tion's best with none oppres'd We  
tricking mean We teach it in Ki-wan-is. To serve our best meet ev'-ry test We  
e'er men move We seek this in Ki-wan-is. To hon-or God and live his Word The

**Chorus**

strive for in Ki-wan-is.  
learn it in Ki-wan-is. Come join hands and shout the cho-rus, Borne from sea to  
pur-pose of Ki-wan-is.

sea, Ris-ing to the heavens o'er us, Where e'er men may be.

# KIWANIS IDEALS-Con.

Shout it, breathe it, live it, do it, For Ki-wan-is men have will'd

*Broadly*

Shame that an-y man should rue it! For God and man WE BUILD.

# WE'RE FOR ROCKFORD

Tune. Rockford  
Copyright 1921 by C. A. Gage. Charles A. Gage.

**C. A. G**

We're for Rockford, We're for Rockford, Fin-est ci-tiy in the whole wide state

We have pep and we have snap, We know how to put her on the map

*To be shouted* *Shout* *rit*

Rah! Rah! Rockford, Rah! Rah! Rockford. Best old town in the whole wide state.

\*Substitute any other Town. Used by permission

## THE SONG OF KIWANIS

Will R. Hill.

Copyright 1921  
Kiwanis Club International  
(Second Prize Song)

Nevin Gaye.

Introduction Moderato

1. There's a name to me most dear, It is Ki-wan - is, It is Ki -  
 2. Build-ing for the fu-ture ycars, That is Ki-wan - is, That is Ki -  
 3. We're a grand u-ni-ted throng It is Ki-wan - is, It is Ki -

wan-is, There's a call I love to hear, It's from Ki-wan - is, Ki -  
 wan-is. Bring-ing smiles where once were tears, That is Ki-wan - is, Ki -  
 wan-is, Building with a pur-pose strong, In our Ki-wan - is; Ki -

wan-is There's a place I'm proud to be Where a common sym-pa -  
 wan-is Lend-ing all a help-ing hand, Loy - al to our na-tive  
 wan-is Far a -bove a-bound-ing greed Or the se-gre-gat-ed

## THE SONG OF KIWANIS—Cont.

thy Lives in true frater-ni - ty, It is Ki-wan - is Ki-wan - is.  
 land, Firm-ly to gether we stand, In our Ki-wan - is Ki-wan - is.  
 creed Stands the firm u-ni-ted deed Of our Ki-wan - is Ki-wan - is.

Chorus.

Ki-wan - is: Ki-wan - is: Thy prais-es I will sing, Ki - wan - is: Ki -

wan - is: Come make the welkin ring, Ki - wan - is: Ki - wan - is: With

pride my heart is filled, While shout-ing thy mot-to; Ki-wan-is, "WE BUILD!"

## I'LL SING OF KIWANIS

Copyright 1921

W. B. MILLARD

Kiwanis Club International.

IRENE L. BAST

*Strictly in time*

1. Ki - wan - is is the  
2. Ki - wan - is prin - ci -

name that fills my soul with pride, It stands for broth - er - hood, Thro  
ples have shap'd a no - ble guild It stands for e - qui - ty, Its

earth - ly time and tide Ki - wan - is keeps us true, In all we say and  
mot - to is, "We Build" Ki - wan - is spreads the scope Of love and faith and

CHORUS  
do I'll ev - er sing of Ki - wan is.  
hope I'll ev - er sing of Ki - wan is. Ki - wan - is, ring from

sea to sea, A bond of love 'twixt you and me, Its truth I'll ev - er own, In

mar - ket place or home, I'll ev - er sing of Ki - wan - is.

## BROTHER KIWANIANIS

Arr. Copyright 1919 Arr. by EDWIN M. STECKEL.  
Edwin M. Steckel.

E. M. S.

*with pep*

Come brothers let us sing, Tru - est Ki - wan - i - ans, Loud let our  
In all the coming days, Brother Ki - wan - i - ans, In smooth and

voi - ces ring Ki - wan - i - ans. Proud of our grow - ing fame,  
stony ways Ki - wan - i - ans. Al - ways we'll do our share,

all throughour lives the same, Honored to bear the name, Ki - wan - i - ans.  
Happy with - out a care, Ev - er we're on the square, Ki - wan - i - ans.

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## I Want a Girl

(Key of B flat)

I want a girl, just like the girl that mar-  
ried dear old Dad;  
She was a pearl, and the only girl that  
Daddy ever had.  
A good, old-fashioned girl, with heart so  
true,  
One who loves nobody else but you.  
I want a girl, just like the girl that mar-  
ried dear old Dad.

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## Somebody's Mother

(Key of B flat)

Somebody's mother is waiting for some-  
one each day,  
Somebody's mother is watching for some-  
one who went away;  
Somebody may have forgotten the time  
When two loving arms 'round her heart  
used to twine,  
But God in His goodness will make  
someone stray  
Back to somebody's mother some day.

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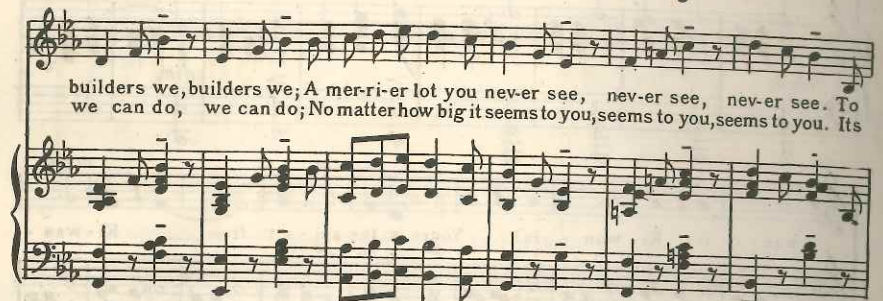


## BUILDERS

Copyright 1918 by L. J. Kaley. Words &amp; Music by L. J. KALEY

*Strict march time*

1. A jol-ly good bunch of builders we,
2. There's nev-er a job but we can do,



builders we, builders we; A mer-ri-er lot you nev-er see, nev-er see, nev-er see. To  
we can do, we can do; No matter how big it seems to you, seems to you, seems to you. Its



work and to play and boost affairs, boost affairs, boost affairs, Boost to the sky and no one cares,  
all in the way we lay the bricks, lay the bricks, lay the bricks, All in the way the mortar sticks,



CHORUS



no one ev-er cares. For we are on - ly helping a-long the way  
Goodness! how it sticks.



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## BUILDERS - Con.



Mak-ing it just a lit-tle eas-i-er ev -ry day To scat - ter sun-shine



while we are making hay And boost, boost, boost ev-e-ry build - er.

## Vive la Canadienne!

*Maestoso* Solo 1st time, repeat as CHORUS

Viv - e la Ca - na - dien - ne, Vol - e, mon cœur vo - le, Viv -  
Long live our bright Ca - na - dian girl; (Fly my heart, oh, fly to her!) Long



e la Ca - na - dien - ne; Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.  
live our bright Ca - na - dian girl, With eyes so soft and sweet



Et ses jo - lis yeux, doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lis yeux doux.  
With eyes so soft and sweet, sweet, sweet, With eyes so soft and sweet.

## We Come A Band Of Brothers

Edgar C. Ellis

Copyright 1921 by Charles A. Gage

Charles A. Gage

We come a band of brothers gay, With songs of joy and mirth; To hail with love and  
We build for friendship tried and true, And fill each heart with cheer. In right we strive to

loy - al - ty The land that gave us birth. And while we're gather'd here to day Let  
dare and do, And serve without a fear. We hold our precepts ev - er dear Nor

toil and care go free, And prove by hearty fel-low-ship Our true fra-ter-ni - ty.  
shirk our brothers need, We hail Ki-wa-nis far and near And live by word and deed.

## CHORUS

Here's to the flag we love boys {With field of a - zure blue} Bright as the stars a -  
As floats in heav - ens blue

bove, Boys, To keep us ev - er true. Then shout a - loud and sing Boys And

clasp each others hand, We'll make the wel - kin ring, Boys, As we to - geth - er stand.

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## ALOUETTE

Pretty Skylark

French Canadian Folksong

Arr. by C.A. Gage

English Words by Louis E. Elson

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1. A - lou - et - te, gen - tile Al - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te,  
1. Pret - ty sky - lark, pret - ty lit - tle sky - lark, Pret - ty sky - lark

*Fine.*  
je te plu - me - rai. Je te plu - me - rai la tete, Je te plu - me - rai la tete.  
I shall pluck you now. I shall pluck your head, Yes I mean to pluck your head,  
Je te plu - me - rai le bec, Je te plu - me - rai le bec.  
2. Yes I mean to pluck your beak, Yes I mean to pluck your beak,

Solo voice

(Response by Chorus.)

1. Et la tete, Et la tete,  
1. And your head, and your head, Oh!  
2. {Et le bec, Et le bec,  
2. {And your beak, and your beak, Oh!  
{Et la tete, Et la tete,  
{And your head, and your head,

3. Le nez; 4. Le dos; 5. Les pattes; 6. Le cou;  
8. Your nose. 4. Your back. 5. Your toes. 6. Your neck.

Repeat this measure after each verse, with the words in reverse order, for example, the last verse will be as follows:  
Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, 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 la tete, et la tete,  
Oh! Alouette, gentille Alouette, etc.

## Kind Words Can Never Die.

ABBY HUTCHINSON

1. Kind words can never die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,  
 2. Child-hood can never die - Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem-o-ry,  
 3. Sweet thoughts can never die, Though, like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly  
 4. Our souls can never die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,

*rall. tempo*

Lodged in the breast; Like childhood's simple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times  
 Bright to the last. Man-y a hap-py thing, Man-y a dai-sy spring,  
 In win-try hours. But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charm a-new,  
 Wrapt in its gloom. What though the flesh decay, Souls pass in peace a-way,

CHORUS

Go through all years and climes, The heart to cheer Kind words can never die,  
 Floats on time's cease-less wing, Far, far a-way. Child-hood can never die,  
 With many an add-ed hue, They bloom-a-gain. Sweet thoughts can never die,  
 Live through e-ter-nal day Whith Christ above Our souls can never die,

nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can never die, no, nev-er die.  
 nev-er die, nev-er die, Child hood can never die, no, nev-er die.  
 nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet thoughts can never die, no, nev-er die.  
 nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can never die, no, nev-er die.

## God Be With You Till We Meet Again.

J. E. RANKIN

W. G. TOMER

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick con-found you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

## God Be With You Till We Meet Again-Con.

1. With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 2. Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 3. Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 4. Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley

Felice Giardini

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all  
 2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Girt on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy  
 3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence ev-er-more: Thy sov'reign

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!  
 people bless, And give Thy word success; Spirit of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!  
 maj-es-ty, May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

# 88 The Son Of God Goes Forth To War

REGINALD HEBER, 1827

H. S. CUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner  
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Master  
 3. A glorious band, the chosen few, On whom the Spirit came: Twelve valiant saints, their  
 4. A no-ble ar-mey, men and boys, The matron and the maid, Around the Savior's

streams-a-far, Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-  
 in the sky, And call'd on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In  
 hope they knew, And mock'd the cross and flame: They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The  
 throne rejoice, In robes of light ar-rayed: They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n Thro'

umphant o-ver pain; Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train  
 midst of mortal pain; He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who follows in His train?  
 li-on's go-ry mane; They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who follows in their train?  
 per-il, toil and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To follow in their train!

## Speed Away

1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart a-  
 2. And, oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth-er hath  
 3. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing, fet-ter-less now, Stop not thy bright

wait-ing thy com-ing to-night; She will fon-dle thee close, she will ask for the  
 ev-er a sad song to sing; That she standeth a-lone in the still qui-et  
 pin-ions on yon mountains brow; But hie thee a-way o'er rock, riv-er, and

# SPEED AWAY—Con.

loved Who pine up - on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we  
 night, And her fond heart goes forth for the being of light, Who had slept in her  
 glen, And find our young "Day Star" o'er the night close a-gain; Up! on ward! let

miss her so long is her stay;  
 bo-som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!  
 noth-ing thy mis-sion de-lay:

## THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME

M. W. BALFE

*Andante cantabile*

1. When oth-er lips and oth-er hearts Their tales of love shall tell, In  
 2. When cold-ness or de- ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they prize, And

lan-guage whose ex-cess im-parts The pow'r they feel so well, There  
 deem it but a fad-ed light Which beams with-in your eyes; When

may, per-haps, in such a scene Some rec-ol-lec-tion be Of days that have as  
 hol-low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill break your own to see: In such a moment

hap-py been, And you'll remem-ber me, And you'll remember, you'll remember me.  
 I but ask, That you'll remem-ber me, That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

## The Blue-Bells of Scotland.

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad - die gone? O where, and O  
 2. O where, and O where does your High-land lad - die dwell? O where, and O  
 3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -

where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King  
 where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land, at the  
 pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, and I'd

George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
 sign of the Blue-Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.  
 lay - me down and cry; But it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

## Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Rev. J. B. DYKER.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cing gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r bath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and, spite of fears, .... Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years,  
 an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

## TO THE FRIENDS WE LOVE.

*lively*

1. Come, cheerful compan - ions, u - nite in our song, Here's to the friends we love!  
 2. May boun - ti - ful Heaven, their sweet lives prolong, Here's to the friends we love!  
 3. And first, the dear parents who watch o'er our youth, They are the friends we love!  
 4. And next are the teachers who tell us of truth, They are the friends we love!  
 5. Next, think of the ab - sent to all of us dear, They are the friends we love!  
 6. Oh, would they were with us we would they were here! They are the friends we love!  
 7. And here's to the good and the wise, and the true, They are the friends we love!  
 8. Their beau - ti - ful lives are for me and for you, They are the friends we love!

Oh, sym - pa - thy deepens whenever we sing; Friendship's the mystical word in our ring;  
 Here's to our friends! Here's to our friends! Here's to the friends we love!

## Safely Through Another Week.

1. Safely through another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless - ing  
 2. While we pray for pardoning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy reconcil - ed  
 3. Here we come thy name to praise; May we feel thy presence near; May thy glory meet our

seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day. Day of all the week the best, Emblem  
 face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we  
 eyes. While we in thy house ap - pear, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our

of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 rest this day in thee, From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.  
 ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

## I Need Thee Every Hour

Robert Lowry, D.D.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.  
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.  
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh make me Thine in - deed, Thou blessed Son.

## CHORUS

I need Thee, oh I need Thee, Ev-'ry hour I need Thee; Oh bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!

## Blest be the Tie.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGEL,

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain:

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, — Our comforts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

## Give Us A Speech

Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin  
(Key of A)

Give us a speech, make it a peach;  
 Let it be brief, brother; let it be  
 bright,  
 But be a sport, and cut it short,  
 Tomorrow I work—I must sleep some  
 tonight.

## Sweet Adeline

(Key of B Flat)

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,  
 At night, dear heart, for you I pine.  
 In all my dreams your fair face beams;  
 You're the flower of my heart, sweet

Adeline  
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## FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

ST. CATHERINE 8S. 61

JAMES G. WALTON, 1871  
HENRI F. HEMY, 1865

Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free,  
 How blest would be their children's fate,  
 If they like them, could die for thee:  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.
3. Faith of our fathers, God's great power  
 Shall win all nations unto thee;  
 And through the truth that comes from God,  
 Mankind shall then indeed be free:  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.
4. Faith of our fathers, we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our stri - e,  
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,  
 By kindly words and virtuous life:  
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
 We will be true to thee till death.

## ABIDE WITH ME

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

WILLIAM HENRY MONK

1. . . A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a-bide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joy grow dim; its glories pass away:  
 3. I need Thy presence ev-'ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r!  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me.  
 Where is death's sting? where grave thy victory? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus  
2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread-ing  
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus  
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic-es

Go-ing on be-fore! Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a- gainst the foe:  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,  
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;  
In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or Un-to Christ the King!

## CHORUS.

For-ward in-to bat-tle See His ban-ners go.  
One in hope, in doc-trine, One in char-i-ty. On-ward, Christian sol-diers,  
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.  
This thro' count-less a-ges Men and an-gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Sarah F. Adams

## Nearer, My God, to Thee

Lowell Mason

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,  
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me  
4. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

Fino.

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee, D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee.

## Silent Night

Joseph Mohr

Franz Gruber

1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round you vir-gin mother and Child!  
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo-ries stream from Heaven a-far,  
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra-diant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

Ho-ly In-fant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.  
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Sav-iour, is born! Christ, the Sav-iour, is born!  
With the dawn of re-deeming grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

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## TEACH US TO PRAY

C. A. G.

MALE VOICES

Moderato

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Charles A. Gage

Teach us to pray Teach us O Father Hear our humble plea Teach us to pray. A men.

## HEAR OUR PRAYER

C. A. G.

MALE VOICES

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Charles A. Gage

Heav-en-ly Fa-ther Hear our pray'r, Keep 'us ev-er in Thy care. A men.

## I Love the Name of Mary

(Key of F)

I love the name of Mary, gentle and  
sweet nor airy,Tender as e'er a fairy, just as true;  
And from my heart's glad singing,  
And from the hopes there springing,  
Future day's joys are bringing,

And you, too, Mary.

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## Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral

(Key of E flat)

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, hush, now, don't you  
cry;Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, Too-ra-loo-ra-li,  
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an Irish  
lullaby.(Copyright, M. Witmark & Sons and  
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## The Blossoms Close at Eve.

(SERENADE.)

C. G. ROWE.,

FRANZ ABT.

*pp* *p* *pp*

1. The blossoms close at eve, my love! The song-bird seeks its nest; And  
2. Its mel-o-dy is sweeter, love! When heard at silent night, When

*f* *pp* *p*

Nature, singing to re-pose, Woos all the world to rest. The  
meads and plains are faintly lit By stars' pale, trembling light. Its

*pp* *molto cres.*

sun is lost be-neath the wave, The sky has turned to gray, Then  
el-o-quence is deep-er still Beneath the moon's pale ray, Her

*f* *p*

come and hear thy lov-er's song. And what that song will say; Then  
crescent now is beaming, love! Then come, my love, a-way, Her

Then come and hear then  
Her crescent now her

*f* *ff* *p* *pp*

come and hear thy lov-er's song, And what that song will say.  
crescent now is beam-ing, love! Then come, my love, away.

## Come, Zephyr, Gently.

(SERENADE.)

JOHN GUARD.

HUGO JÜNGST.

*p* With rocking movement.

1. Come, zeph-yr, gen-tly, Breath-ing but faint-ly While I am  
2. Sweet be her dream-ing, Bright with the beam-ing On her from  
3. Think of me, dear-est, If now thou hear-est These notes of

ling'r-ing her dwell-ing a-round: Fly to her, bring-ing  
heav-en of ra-diance se-rene; An-gel hands guide her,  
love, on the night breez-es thrown; True love they of-fer,

*f* *p* *p*

This that I'm sing-ing, Tho' in soft slum-ber her sens-es are bound.  
Guard her, and hide her 'Neath your soft wings from the dangers un-seen.  
Scorn not the prof-fer Of a true heart that is ev-er thine own.

## SOUP SONG

Ev-ry bod-y hap-py! Well I should say. To-day is Mon-day! To-day is  
Mon-day. Monday wash-day Ev-ry bod-y hap-py Well I should say. To-day is  
Tues-day! To-day is Tues-day! Tuesday stringbeans Mon-day wash-day.

3. To-day is Wednesday. Sou-ooop etc. 4. To-day is Thursday. Roast Beef etc.  
5. To-day is Friday. Fish etc. 6. To-day is Saturday. Pay day etc.  
7. To-day is Sunday. Church etc. Everybody happy Well I should say.

Add on each day until all days are named as the strain is repeated.

## HELLO JOHNNY DEAR

Words by C. A. G.

STUNT SONG

Arr. CHARLES A. GAGE.

*Unison*

Hel - lo John - ny dear, We're glad you are here, The skies will be

bright - er, Our hearts will be light - er, Be - cause you are here A - men.

## What's The Matter With Billy Boy

Words by C. A. G.

STUNT SONG

Arr. CHARLES A. GAGE.

*Unison*

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

happy while he is here, What's the matter with Bil - ly Boy He's all right.

## MY DEAREST MAY

Francis Lynch.

Arr. Cprt 1921 C.A.Gage.

James Powers.  
Arr. C.A.Gage.

1. Now darkies' listen to me, A sto - ry I'll re - late It happend in the val - ley
2. Old Mas - sa give me hold' day I wish he'd give me more, I thank'd him very kind - ly
3. The trees a - long the riv - er, With branches hanging low, Have coon a - playing in them,

In the old Car'lina state, Way down in the meadow Where I used to mow the hay.  
As I shov'd my boat from shore, Then gently down the riv - er With heart so light and free,  
When the gentle breezes blow, O there in the moonlight My sweet - heart I will greet,

CHORUS

I always work'd the harder when I tho't of love - ly May.  
To the cottage of my dearest May, I long'd so much to see. Oh May, dearest May, you're  
Her eyes so bright they shine at night Her lips are red and sweet.

love ly as the day Your eyes so bright they shine at night When the moon am gone away.

## HELLO CHARLIE

STUNT SONG

Hel - lo Char - lie you are a friend of mine Hel - lo Char - lie you

are a friend of mine and you live down in our al - ley.

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STEPHEN B. FOSTER

Copyright 1921 C. A. Gage

Arr. C. A. GAGE

Way down up on the Swanee ribber Far far a way; Dars where my heart am  
All up and down the whole cre a tion Sad ly I roam; Still longing for de  
de Swanee, ribber

turn ing eb ber, Dars where de ole folks stay. All de world am sad and dreary  
old plan ta tion, And for de ole folks at home. so sad and dreary,

Ebry where I roam, O darkies! how my heart my heart grows weary, Far from de ole,  
grows weary

folks at home, sweet home; Weep no more my la-dy, O weep no more to-day;  
We will

Sing one song for my old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home far a-way. Oh  
sing one

Nel-lie was a la-dy, last night she died; Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell my dark Virginny  
rit.

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bride. Where are the hearts so hap-py and so free, Children so dear I  
love-ly bride. That

held up - on my knee? Long gone to where my soul has long'd to go,  
held up-on my knee? Goh to the shore where my

Car-ry me back to ole Vir-gin-ny, Dars where de cotton and de corn and tatters grow;

Dars where de birds warble sweet in de spring-time; Dars where dis darkey's heart am

longing for to go I hear their gentle their voic-es call-ing,  
I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing,

Old Black Joe. I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is  
Old Black Joe. I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is

bend-ing low I hear those gentle voices calling Old Black Joe. Old Black Joe.  
I hear those gentle voices call-ing, Old Black Joe.



## O Love that Will Not Let Me Go.

Rev. Geo. Matheson.  
1st Tenor. *mp*COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.  
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J. B. Herbert.



1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul on  
2. O Light that foll'w-est all my way, I yield my flick'-ring torch to  
2nd Tenor.



3. O Joy that seek-est methro' pain, I can - not close my heart to  
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from  
1st and 2nd Bass.

*mf**dim.*

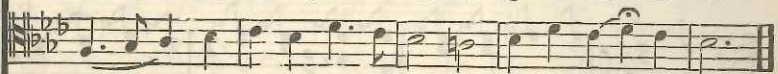
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its  
Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its



Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not  
Thee; I lay in dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms

*cres.*

flow May rich-er, full-er be, May rich-er full-er be.  
day May bright-er, fair-er be, May bright-er fair-er be.



vain That morn shall tearless be, That morn shall tear-less be.  
red Life that shall end-less be, Life that shall end-less be.



## Stars Of The Summer Night

WOODBURY.

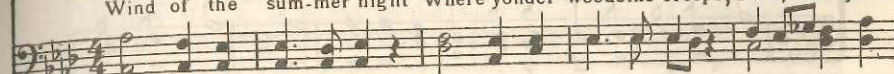
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Arr. by C. A. GAGE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



Stars of the sum-mer night Far in yon az-ure deeps Hide, hide your  
Moon of the sum-mer night Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in  
Wind of the sum-mer night Where yonder woodbine creeps; Fold, fold your



golden light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.  
pinions light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.



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## I'm Going Crazy

Arr. HOMER A. DRAKE

MALE VOICES

Arr. Copyright 1921 Gale Cameron.



I'm go-ing cra-zy — don't you want to come a-long — I'm go-ing



cra-zy — don't you want to come a-long — I live in a mad-house



o-ver the hills I play all day with the daf-fo-dils —



I'm go-ing cra-zy — don't you want to come a-long —



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Mrs. Norton.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921 BY C. A. GAGE.

Spanish Melody.  
Arr. C. A. Gage.

1. Soft o'er the fountain Ling'ring falls the southern moon, Far o'er the  
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again, And day-light

In thy dark eyes splen-dor,  
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing,  
mountain breaks the day too soon; In thy dark eyes splen-dor  
beaming, prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing,

Where the warm light loves to dwell; Wea - ry looks yet  
For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh; In thy heart con -  
Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks yet  
For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con -

ten - der speak their fond farewell, Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta ask thy  
sent - ing to a prayer gone by. Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta let me

soul if we should part! Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta Lean thou on my heart!  
lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta be my own fair bride.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.  
Arr. by C. A. Gage.

1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mercy From His light-house ev - er - more,  
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;  
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.  
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.  
Try-ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.--Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

## Softly Now the Light of Day.

G. W. Doane.

Gottschalk. Arr. by C. A. Gage.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;  
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.  
Par - don each in - fir - mi - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.  
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

## The Bull Dog on the Bank

(FOR MALE VOICES)

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College Song

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,  
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,  
3. Says the mon-key to the owl:

Oh! the bull-dog on the  
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to  
Says the monkey to the

SOLO, FIRST BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool,  
And the snap-per caught his paw,  
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"

*f* CHORUS. *Allegro*

bank, catch him, owl:      Air Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the  
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him And the  
Says the mon-key to the owl: "Oh!

SOLO, SECOND BASS. *rit. ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,  
And the snap-per caught his paw,  
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"

bull-frog in the pool; The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter fool.  
snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.  
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so ver-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."

Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

*Repeat pp*

## THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND

F. A. WHITE

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MARK M. JONES

*With expression*

1. I have heard of a land, On a far a-way strand, In the  
2. There are ev-er-green trees, That bend low in the breeze, And their  
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa-thers right hand; There are

Bi-ble the sto-ry is told,      Where cares nev-er come,  
fruit-age is bright-er than gold;      There are harps for our hands,  
man-sions whose joys are un-told;      And per-en-ni-al Spring,

Nev-er dark-ness nor gloom, And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.  
In that fair-est of lands, And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.  
Where the birds ev-er sing, And noth-ing can ev-er grow old.

CHORUS *p*

In that beau-ti-ful land On the far a-way strand, No

storms with their blasts ev-er frown;      The streets I am told, Are

paved with pure gold, And the sun shall nev-er go down.

## Larboard Watch.

T. Williams.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1921 C. A. GAGE.

Arr. James C. Lorraine.

1. At drear-y mid-night's cheerless hour, De-sert-ed e'n by Cynthia's beams,  
2. With anxious care He eyes each wave, That swelling threatens to o'er-whelm,

*f* *rit.*  
When tempests beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no longer gleam,  
And His storm beat-en bark to save, Directs with skill the faith-ful helm,

The wear-ied sail-or, spent with toil, clings firm-ly to the weath-er shrouds,  
With joy he drinks the cheering grog, 'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse,

And still the lengthened hour to guile, And still the lengthened hour to guile,  
With joy he heaves the reel-ing log, With joy he heaves the reel-ing log,

*f*  
Sings as he views the gath-ring clouds, Sings and views the gath-ring clouds.  
And marks the lee-way and the course, Marks the lee-way and the course.

## Larboard Watch.

*cres.*  
Lar-board watch, A - hoy! Lar-board watch, A-hoy! Lar-board watch, A-hoy!

REFRAIN. *rit. ad lib.*  
But who can speak the joy he feels, While o'er the foam his ves-sel reels,

*p* *f*  
And his tired eye-lids slumb'ring fall, He rous-es at the wel-come

*rit.* *cres.* *rit.*  
call of Lar - board watch, A - hoy! Lar - board watch,

*p*  
Lar - board watch, Lar-board watch, A - hoy! watch, A - hoy!



## Sweet Genevieve

George Cooper

Arr. Copyr. 1921 by Charles A. Gage

Henry Tucker

1. Oh Gen - e-vieve I'd give the world to live a-gain the love - ly past The  
2. Fair Gen - e-vieve my ear - ly love The years but make you dear - er far My

rose of youth was dew im-pearl'd But now it with - ers in the blast I  
heart shall nev - er nev - er rove Thou art my on - ly gurd - ing star For

see thy face in ev - ry dream My wak - ing thoughts are full of thee Thy  
me the past has no re - gret What - e'er the years may bring to me I

glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum - mer sea  
bless the hour when first we met The hour that gave me love and Thee

CHORUS  
Oh Gen - e-vieve, Sweet Gen - e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

CODA  
till the hand of mem - ry weaves, The blissful dreams of long a - go. Oh Gen - e - vieve.

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## Soldiers Farewell

Joanna Kinkel

1. Ah love how can I leave Thee, The sad thought deep doth grieve me  
2. No more shall I be - hold Thee Or to my heart en - fold Thee  
3. I'll think of Thee with long - ing When thoughts with tears come throng - ing

But know what - e'er be - falls me I go where hon - or calls me  
In wars ar - ray ap - pear - ing The foes stern - hosts are near - ing  
And on the field if ly - ing I'll breathe thy dear name dy - ing

CHORUS  
Fare-well! Fare-well! My own true love! Fare-well! Fare-well! My own true love!

## The Stars And Stripes

Andantino

Copyright 1921 by Edgar C. Ellis.

James C. Lorraine

1. O Star-span-gled Ban-ner! O red, white and blue! The heart of all  
2. In vin - ci - ble ban-ner! the flag of the free! O where treads the  
3. O God of our Fa - thers this ban-ner must shine! Where bat - tle is

*cresc.*  
free-men turn fond - ly to you; And strong arms are read - y to  
foot that would fal - ter for thee? Give tears for the part - ing, a  
hot - est in war fare di - vine. O lead us till wide from the

strike with a will Till foes of our free - dom are hum - bled and still.  
mur - mur of pray'r, Then for - ward the fame of our stand - ard to share  
gulf to the sea, The land shall be sa - cred to free - dom and thee.

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## I've Been Working On De Railroad

Arr. Copyright 1922, Charles A. Gage. Southern Melody  
Used by permission Arr. by Charles A. Gage

## Levee Song

1. { Oh I was bo'n in Mo-bile town I'm working on de rail-road  
All day I roll de cot-ton down while working on de rail-road

2. { I used to sing de Levee song while working on de rail-road  
It made de day not half so long while working on de rail-road

3. { Oh how I loved dat brown corn pone while working on de rail-road  
And licked de fat off dat ham bone while working on de rail-road

4. { When night time come I'd crawl in bed while working on de rail-road  
And sometimes wish dat I was dead while working on de rail-road

I've been working on de rail-road All de live-long day

I've been working on de rail-road To pass de time a-way

*cresc.*  
Doan' yo' hyar de whis-tle blow-in' Rise up so ear-ly in de mawn

*rit.*  
Doan' yo' hyah de cap-tain shou-tin' Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!

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Charles A. Gage

## Slave Song

1. Way down in Al-a-bam-a Be-fore I was set free I loved a dark-eyed  
2. I had not much to give her And all I got I gave For wealth and for-tune

yel-low gal And thought that she loved me But she has provd un-con-stant and  
don't be-long to one that's born a slave A white man came with dol-lars with

left me here to tell, The sor-row that my heart do feel for pret-ty Sarah Bell.  
him she went to dwell, She broke the vow she made to me my pret-ty Sarah Bell.

Oh Sar-ah Bell Sweet Sarah Bell Fare-well, Fare-well sweet Sar-ah Bell—

I loved thee once so ten-der-ly There was no one so dear to me. But  
now I'se gwine a-way from thee So fare thee well my Sar-ah Bell.—

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# 116 GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE

SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS American Song

1. The ship is sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye,  
My heart will ev - er more be true, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye,  
2. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye,  
Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, Good-bye, my lov - er, good - bye.

SOLO CHORUS

We may not meet for man - y a day, Good-bye, my lov - er Good - bye!  
Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu, Good-bye, my lov - er Good - bye!  
I'll try to bear my wea - ry pain, Good-bye, my lov - er Good - bye!  
My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be, Good-bye, my lov - er Good - bye!

*rit.*

By - low, my ba - by, By - low, my ba - by, By - low, my ba - by, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

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# SERENADE SOLEMN MIDNIGHT

Arr. Copyright 1921 C.A. Gage Collin Coe

*Moderato mf p pp*

1. O sol - emn mid - night! O sol - emn mid - night! O dark - some mid - night!  
2. O star - ry mid - night! Bright shining mid - night! Call forth the fair - ies

What canst thou tell? How fares the wan - der - er, Where is the  
With mu - sic rare! Wake now with ten - der voice, Flow - rets that

*mf p*

sail - or? Sleeps now my own true love 'Neath thy soft spell.  
slum - ber, And bid them greet my love In dream - land fair.

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# Annie Laurie.

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117  
LADY JOHN SCOTT.  
Arr. by PHILIP SWEeley.

DOUGLAS

Max wel - tons braes are bonnie Where ear - ly falls the dew, And twas there that Annie  
Her brow is like the snowdrift Her throat is like the swan And her face it was the

Laurie gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise true Which neer forgot will  
fairest that e'er the sun shone on That e'er the sun shone on And dark blue is her

be eie And for bon - nie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee.  
I'd lay me down and dee. Like

dew on the gowan ly - ing Is the fall of her fai - ry feet And like winds in summer

*rit.*

Her voice is low Yes low and sweet Yes low and sweet  
sighing Her voice is low and sweet Her voice is low and sweet She's

all She's all the world to me; the world to me  
all the world to me And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee.

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# 118 Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

OLD ENGLISH AIR

Arr. Copyr. 1921 by C.A. Gage

Arr. by C.A. Gage

*Moderato mf*

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

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

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

*rit.*

But might I of love's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.  
Since when the fra - grance it ex - hales Is not of it - self, but thee.

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# Go Wash In The Beautiful Stream

C.A. TINDLEY

Copyright 1901 by C.A.T

NEGRO SPIRITUAL

Arr. by Philip Sweeely

Go wash in the beau - ti - ful stream, Go wash in the beau - ti - ful stream, O

Naa - man O Naa - man Go down and wash, Go wash in the beau - ti - ful stream.

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# 119 THE TWO ROSES

Arr. Copyr 1921 by Edgar C. Ellis.

Arr. PHILIP SWEeley.

*Moderato*

On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morning showers Filled with dew in  
This in leaves of white ar - rayed Not a speck to dim them So I find the  
Like her cheeks the blushing ray Which thy bud en - clo - ses Brighter far than

fragrance grew. As I pen - sive full of care Gathered two sweet flowers  
spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid In no cen - ces emblem  
you they are But her charms if I should say You'd be jeal - ous Roses.

## CHORUS

Tell me ro - ses tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well

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# By And By

C. A. TINDLEY.

Negro Spiritual

Copyright 1905 C.A.T.

Arr. JAMES C. LORRAINE.

By and By when the morn - ing comes And all the saints of

God are gathered home We'll tell the sto - ry how they o - ver - come

And we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter By and By.

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## Sleep Lady Sleep

Arr. Cprt 1922 C.A. Gage

I. B. Woodbury. Adapted.

Woodbury  
C. A. Gage

1. Sleep la - dy sleep the plan - ets weep, Their star - dew on the might - y  
2. On fav - ring tides the ves - sel glides, The sea - fire spar - kles 'round her  
3. But hark! the cry, from top - mast high, Its ac - cents fell that land is

deep, The moon - light beam shines on the stream And lights the wa - ter  
sides, And in the sail the eve - ning gale, Is whis - ping low a  
nigh, And dim - ly seen the head - land green, Is break - ing through the

spirits dream; Ah, soft - ly thus shall slum - ber shed, Her lull - ing dews a -  
soothing tale; Ah, la - dy sleep in vi - sions sweet, A dream - y scene thy  
midnight screen; Then wake, then wake, our home is nigh, And ne'er can rise on

round thy head, And fan - cy's beam - ing spar - kle nigh And fall up - on thy  
gaze shall meet, And while the tall ship slow - ly moves Thy heart shall fly to  
fan - cy's eye, A spot be - neath yon a - zure dome, So love - ly as the

dreaming eye, And fan - cy's beam - ing spar - kle nigh And fall up - on thy  
friends it loves, And while the tall ship slow - ly moves, Thy heart shall fly to  
land of home, A spot be - neath yon a - zure dome, So love - ly as the

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## Sleep Lady Sleep. (Concl)

dream - ing eye  
friends it loves. } Then sleep, la - dy sleep. Sleep la - dy sleep.  
land of home. }

## Nellie Was a Lady

Arr. Cprt 1922 C.A. Gage

Stephen B. Foster

Arr. Charles A. Gage

1. Down on de Missis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab - ble on de way,  
2. Now I'se un - happy and I'se weeping, Can't tote de cot - ton - wood no more,  
3. Down in de meadow mongst de clover, With Nel - lie walking by my side,

All night de cotton - wood I'se tot - ing, Sing for my true love all de day.  
Last night while Nellie was a - sleep - ing, Death came a - knock - ing at de door.  
Now all dose happy days are o - ver, Fare well my dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

Oh Nel - lie was a la - dy Last night she died,

Toll de bell for lub - bly Nell, My Dark Vir - gin - ny Bride.

Toll de bell for lub - bly Nell My Dark Vir - gin - ny Bride.

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# CORNFIELD MEDLEY.

Plantation Choruses. Arr. Copyright 1921 by C.A.Gage.

Arr. C. A. GAGE

Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong Bell, from a way down yonder in the corn-field. O Hear dem bells don't you hear dem bells Days a ring-ing out de glo - ry of de Lam from way down yon-der in de cornfield my cornfield. In the evening by the moonlight you could hear the darkies sing-ing, In the evening by the moonlight you could hear the banjos ringing to the Ding dong bell. Down in Mo-bile Down in Mo-bile How I loved that pretty yel-low gal Down in the corn-field When the bells be-gan to ring

*slow and sustained*

Way down yonder in the corn-field. Ding Dong Bell Ding Dong Bell Ding Dong Ding Dong Bell.

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# Some o' These Days.

1. I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - - ry,  
 2. I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout fer ev - - er,  
 3. I'm a - go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - - er,  
 4. I'm a - go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - - ior,

I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days,  
 I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout fer ev - er some o' these days,  
 I'm a - go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - er some o' these days,  
 I'm a - go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days,

hal - le - lu - yah! I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry,  
 hal - le - lu - yah! I'm a - go - na sing an' a - shout fer ev - er,  
 hal - le - lu - yah! I'm a - go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - er,  
 hal - le - lu - yah! I'm a - go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior,

Gon-na walk on the streets of glo - ry some o' these days.....  
 Gon-na sing an' a - shout fer ev - er some o' these days.....  
 Gon-na see my a - saint - ed moth - er some o' these days.....  
 Gon-na see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior some o' these days.....

## 124 Mother Machree

(Key of D)

There's a spot in my heart which no  
colleen may own;  
There's a depth in my soul never sounded  
or known;  
There's a place in my mem'ry, my life,  
that you fill,  
No other can take it, no one ever will.  
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 for  
me;

Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother  
Machree.

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### Look for the Silver Lining

Look for the silver lining,  
When'er a cloud appears in the blue.  
Remember somewhere the sun is shining,  
And so the right thing to do is make  
it shine for you.

A heart full of joy and gladness,  
Will always banish sadness and strife.  
So always look for the silver lining,  
And try to find the sunny side of life.  
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### 'Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon

(E flat)

'Round her neck she wears a yeller  
ribbon,  
She wears it in the winter and the sum-  
mer, so they say,  
If you ask her, "Why the decoration?"  
She'll say: "It's fur my lover who is  
fur, fur away."  
Fur away! (fur away). Fur away! (fur  
away).

If she is milking cows or mowing hay;  
'Round her neck she wears a yeller  
ribbon,  
She wears it fur her lover who is fur,  
fur away.

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### Mistress Shady

(Key of A)

O Mistress Shady, she is a lady;  
She has a daughter whom I adore.  
Each day I court her,  
I mean the daughter, every Sunday, Mon-  
day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thurs-  
day, Friday, Saturday, Sunday  
afternoon at half past four.

## Old Fashioned Garden

(Key of E Flat)

It was an old fashioned garden,  
Just an old fashioned garden,  
But it carried me back  
To that dear little shack  
In the land of long ago.  
I saw an old fashioned Missus  
Getting old fashioned kisses  
In that old fashioned garden  
From an old fashioned beau.  
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### Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows

(Key of B Flat)

Where the lazy Mississippi flows into  
the sea;  
There my lil' curly headed baby waits  
for me.  
And tho' I'm far away from my old  
home,  
My thoughts will ever be  
Where the lazy Mississippi flows into the  
sea.  
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### Smiles

(Key of A Flat)

There are smiles that make us happy,  
There are smiles that make us blue,  
There are smiles that steal away the tear-  
drops,  
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.  
There are smiles that have a tender  
meaning  
That the eyes of love alone may see,  
But the smiles that fill my life with sun-  
shine,  
Are the smiles that you give to me.  
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### Humming

(Key of E Flat)

Keep on humming  
Although the skies are gray;  
Keep on humming  
Till trouble flies away.  
Bright days are coming  
Sunshine and cheer  
Just keep on humming,  
Sadness will disappear.

Keep on humming,  
The world will smile at you;  
Sunbeams your love-dreams will be—  
Just hum a song as you travel along;  
Keep right on humming with me.  
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## Peggy

(Key of A flat)

Peggy, come out and meet me dear,  
For you know in the spring it's ring-time  
weather.

Peggy, come out and greet me, dear,  
We'll roam the plains and country lanes  
together

(Sweet girlie),  
We'll play along the moonlit way,  
And as we swing along we'll sing a song  
or two.

Peggy, you've knocked my heart  
a-twister, little sister,  
I love you.

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## Tripoli

(Key of A flat)

Floating on the bay of Tripoli,  
Sweethearts, you and I.  
Just a little paradise for two  
'Neath the starlit sky.  
Vesper bells were a-ringing,  
Choir voices were singing,  
While the moon above just spoke of love  
On the bay of Tripoli.  
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## Let the Rest of the World Go By

(Key of A flat)

With someone like you,  
A pal good and true,  
I'd like to leave it all behind  
And go and find  
Some place that's known  
To God alone—  
Just a spot to call our own.  
We'll find perfect peace,  
Where joys never cease;  
Out there beneath a kindly sky,  
We'll build a sweet little nest,  
Somewhere in the West,  
And let the rest of the world go by.  
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## My Own United States

(Key of G)

I love ev'ry inch of her prairie land,  
Ev'ry stone on her mountain's side;  
I love ev'ry drop of the water clear,  
That flows in her rivers wide.  
I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass,  
Within Columbia's gates!  
The Queen of the earth is the land of  
my birth,  
My own United States.  
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## I Love a Lassie

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(Key of D)

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie;  
She's as pure as the lily in the dell;  
She's as sweet as the heather,  
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,  
Mary, ma' Scotch bluebell.  
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## Roamin' in the Gloamin'

(Key of F)

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie  
banks o' Clyde,  
Roamin' in the gloamin' wae my lassie by  
my side.

When the sun has gone to rest,  
That's the time that we love best—  
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!  
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## Peggy O'Neil

(Key of C)

If her eyes are blue as skies,  
That's Peggy O'Neil;  
If she's smiling all the while,  
That's Peggy O'Neil;  
If she walks like a sly little rouge,  
If she talks with a cute little brogue,  
Sweet personality, full of rascality,  
That's Peggy O'Neil.  
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## A Perfect Day

(A flat)

When you come to the end of a perfect  
day,  
And you sit alone with your thought,  
While the chimes ring out with a carol  
gay,  
For the joy that the day has brought.  
Do you think what the end of a perfect  
day  
Can mean to a tired heart,  
When the sun goes down with a flaming  
ray  
And the dear friends have to part?  
Well, this is the end of a perfect day,  
Near the end of a journey, too;  
But it leaves a thought that is big and  
strong  
With a wish that is kind and true.  
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day  
With colors that never fade,  
And we find at the end of a perfect day  
The soul of a friend we've made.  
(By permission, Carrie J. Bond & Son.)

**Land of Mine**

(Key of B flat)

Land of mine, mine, mine!  
 Oh, land of mine, mine, mine!  
 From Atlantic to Pacific,  
 From the palm-tree to the pine,  
 With the old flag waving o'er you,  
 There's no foe can stand before you,  
 Land of mine! Land of mine!  
 Land of mine, mine, mine!  
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 Dermid. Used by special permission of  
 Forster Music Co.)

**When You Look in the Heart  
of a Rose**

(Key of D flat)

Dear little rose, with your heart of gold,  
 Dear little rose, may your petals fold,  
 My secret sweet I will trust you to keep,  
 Deep in your heart 'twill repose.  
 No one will know what your leaves con-  
 ceal,  
 No one will guess what they could reveal;  
 You will know then that I love you, dear,  
 When you look in the heart of a rose.  
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**My Wild Irish Rose**

(Key of B flat)

My wild Irish Rose,  
 The sweetest flower that grows.  
 You may search everywhere, but none can  
 compare  
 With my wild Irish Rose.  
 My wild Irish Rose,  
 The dearest flower that grows,  
 And some day for my sake, she may let  
 me take  
 The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.  
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**Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay**

(Key of B flat)

Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay-I-Ay.  
 Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay.  
 I don't care what becomes of me  
 When you sing me that sweet melody,  
 Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay-I-Ay.  
 My heart wants to holler horray (hur-  
 ray).  
 Sing of joy, sing of bliss;  
 Home was never like this.  
 Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay.  
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**Li'l Liza Jane**

(Key of E flat)

I've got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza  
 Jane,  
 I've 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 chillun roun' de do', Li'l Liza  
 Jane.

(Copyright by Sherman, Clay & Co., and  
used by special permission.)**Old MacDonald Had a Farm**

(Key of G)

Old MacDonald had a farm,  
 Eeigh, Eeigh, O,  
 And on this farm he had some chicks,  
 Eeigh, Eeigh, O,  
 With a chick, chick here,  
 With a chick, chick there,  
 Here a chick,  
 There a chick,  
 Everywhere a chick, chick,  
 Old MacDonald had a farm,  
 Eeigh, Eeigh, O—  
 And on this farm he had some ducks,  
 Eeigh, O, Eeigh, O—  
 With a quack, quack here,  
 With a quack, quack there, etc.  
 Also add and repeat duck (quack,  
 quack), turkeys (gobble, gobble), pigs  
 (hoink, hoink), Ford (rattle, rattle).

**Feather Your Nest**

(Key of G)

The birds are humming, "go feather your  
 nest,"  
 Tomorrow's coming, so feather your nest.  
 It's time for mating,  
 No use hesitating,  
 The parson is waitin',  
 He knows just whether it's best.  
 In a home for two, love, together we'll  
 rest,  
 Where only true love can weather the  
 test.  
 Don't be delaying,  
 The organ is playing,  
 The whole world is saying  
 "Go feather your nest."  
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Herewith is submitted a sample of parodies that may be used to splendid advan-  
 tage by the clubs, on local members. Find a verse for each fellow.

**No. 1**

(Key of F)

(Tune: "Just a Wee Deoch and  
 Doris")  
 (One on the fellow who boasts of his  
 Scotch.)  
 He's a braw lad is Oscar,  
 And he's Scotch to the core;  
 But a wee deoch and doris  
 He now can have no more.  
 So he must be contented  
 With a song now and then.  
 He's a second Harry Lauder—and  
 He's all richt—ye ken?

**No. 2**

(Key of D)

(Tune: "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been  
 Thinking")  
 (One on the oil man)  
 Ernest, Ernest, we've been thinking  
 What would you and John D. do  
 If the flivvers and the autos  
 Used Peruna or home brew?

(One on a parson)  
 Johnnie Gordon, we've been thinking,  
 Though from grace we've often fell,  
 If it wasn't for your preaching  
 Some of us would go to ———.

**No. 3**

(Tune: "Wearin' of the Green")

(Key of E Flat)  
 (One on the coal man)  
 Oh, (Patrick) dear, and did you hear  
 The news that's goin' around,  
 The dealers are forbid by law  
 To mix coal with the ground.

**The Mummy Song**

(Key of A Flat)

(Tune: "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.

**Carry Me Back to Old Virginny**

(Key of A flat)

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 this old darkey's heart  
 does long to go.  
 There's where I labored so hard for old  
 Massa

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It's a poor distressful country  
 As ever you did see,  
 Since coal was mined from stone quar-  
 ries  
 And sold at twenty-three.

**No. 4**

(Tune of "Old Black Joe")

(One on a singing preacher)  
 Gone are the days when the preacher's  
 face was long;  
 Gone are the days when he dare not  
 sing a song.  
 Now we are come to a brighter, better  
 age,  
 When we have preachers who are men  
 like Charlie Gage.

Chorus:

Some preacher—some singer,  
 We could listen for an age;  
 When he's around we always call for  
 Charlie Gage.

We've heard him—we've heard him,  
 And we'll tell you he's no sage.  
 You'll never, never hear us knocking  
 Charlie Gage.

**No. 5****Boola Song**

(Key of C)

Boola, Boola, Brother Billy,  
 Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola;  
 When we greet you, Brother Billy,  
 Then we sing our Boola song.

What's the use of looking gloomy,  
 Or what's the good of our tears,  
 When we know a mummy's had no fun  
 The last three thousand years.

Day after day in the fields of yellow  
 corn.

No place on earth do I love more sin-  
 cerely

Than old Virginny, the place where I  
 was born.



## 128 Kiwanis Smile Song

(Key of B Flat)

(Tune "John Brown's Body")

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

Other verses substituting following:

G-r-i-n Grin  
G-i-Giggle-e  
L-a-u-g-h  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Repeat last verse and instead of spelling the word simulate a hearty, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.)

## Boost Kiwanis

(Key of G)

(Tune: "Wisconsin")

Boost Kiwanis, Boost Kiwanis,  
Boost it every day.  
Boost Kiwanis and our home town;  
Boost in every way.  
Boost Kiwanis, Boost Kiwanis,  
Boost, and never stop.  
Boost, Brothers, Boost, and we will be  
on top.

## Kiwanis Luncheon Song

(Key of A Flat)

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

Smile the while you greet the boys  
again,  
Join the songs that ring with glad  
refrain.  
Let GOODFELLOWSHIP obtain,  
While we give our "K, K-K".\*  
We are out to bring prosperity,  
Every deal shall ring of quality;  
Fairness shall our watchword be,  
Till we meet again.

\*Not sung—cheer.

## It's a Hard Thing to Beat Kiwanis

(Key of G)

(To the tune of Tipperary)

It's a hard thing to beat Ki-wan-is,  
It's a hard thing to do;  
You'll go a long way to beat the big  
chiefs;  
Its a job you can't get through.  
Then come, fellow boosters,  
I am telling you,  
You'll go a long way to beat Ki-wan-is.  
Its a big job to do.

## There Are Times

(Key of A Flat)

(Tune: Smiles)

There are times that makes us happy,  
There are times that make us blue,  
There are times when there is some-  
thing stirring,  
And we have a lot of work to do.  
There are times when there is no one  
knocking.  
It's right here, now let me tell you  
this;  
It's the hour that fills our week with  
sunshine,  
When we all come to Ki-wan-is.

## My Kiwanis

By Edmund F. Arras

(Key of D)

(Tune of "Old Black Joe")

Our banner makes Ki-wan-is known to  
thee,  
Brightly gleams our flag of energy,  
Emblem of right and great prosperity.  
Club men of loyal hearts and true;  
My Ki-wan-is.

Refrain:

Ki-wan-is! Ki-wan-is! The club I  
hold so dear;  
I praise thy name and sing thy fame,  
My Ki-wan-is.

Club fellowship, entwined with business  
gain,  
Smiles, handclasps, and all in happiest  
vein;  
Festive board, enriched by men of  
fame,  
Club men of loyal hearts and true;  
My Ki-wan-is.

Club of sunshine, does its membership  
bless;  
Leader of men in all paths of business,  
Helpful in life, a club of happiness,  
Club men of loyal hearts and true;  
My Ki-wan-is.

## K-K-Katy Kiwanis

(Key of D)

(Tune: Katy)

Ki-Ki-Kiwanis, lovely Kiwanis,  
You're the only k-k-k-klub that I adore.  
When it's n-n-n-noon time at the k-klub  
room,  
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-klub room  
door.

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CHARLES A. GAGE, Editor.

**K**IWANIS began in Detroit, Michigan, in January, 1915, at which place and time the first Kiwanis Club was organized

The potentialities of the movement became evident early and as the high purposes of the institution became more and more apparent to the business world, a development began which is almost unparalleled in the history of business men's clubs. Kiwanis is now represented in a great majority of the most progressive communities of the United States and Canada.

Kiwanis membership is composed of leading business and professional men, including one man and his competitor from each line in a given city. This dual representation makes for a democracy and integrity within business and professional circles which are automatically communicated to every phase of social and civic activity. Hence, by virtue of the choice leaderships and powerful influence which can thus be concentrated on any community need. Kiwanis Clubs are achieving an international reputation as "Doers of Good."