

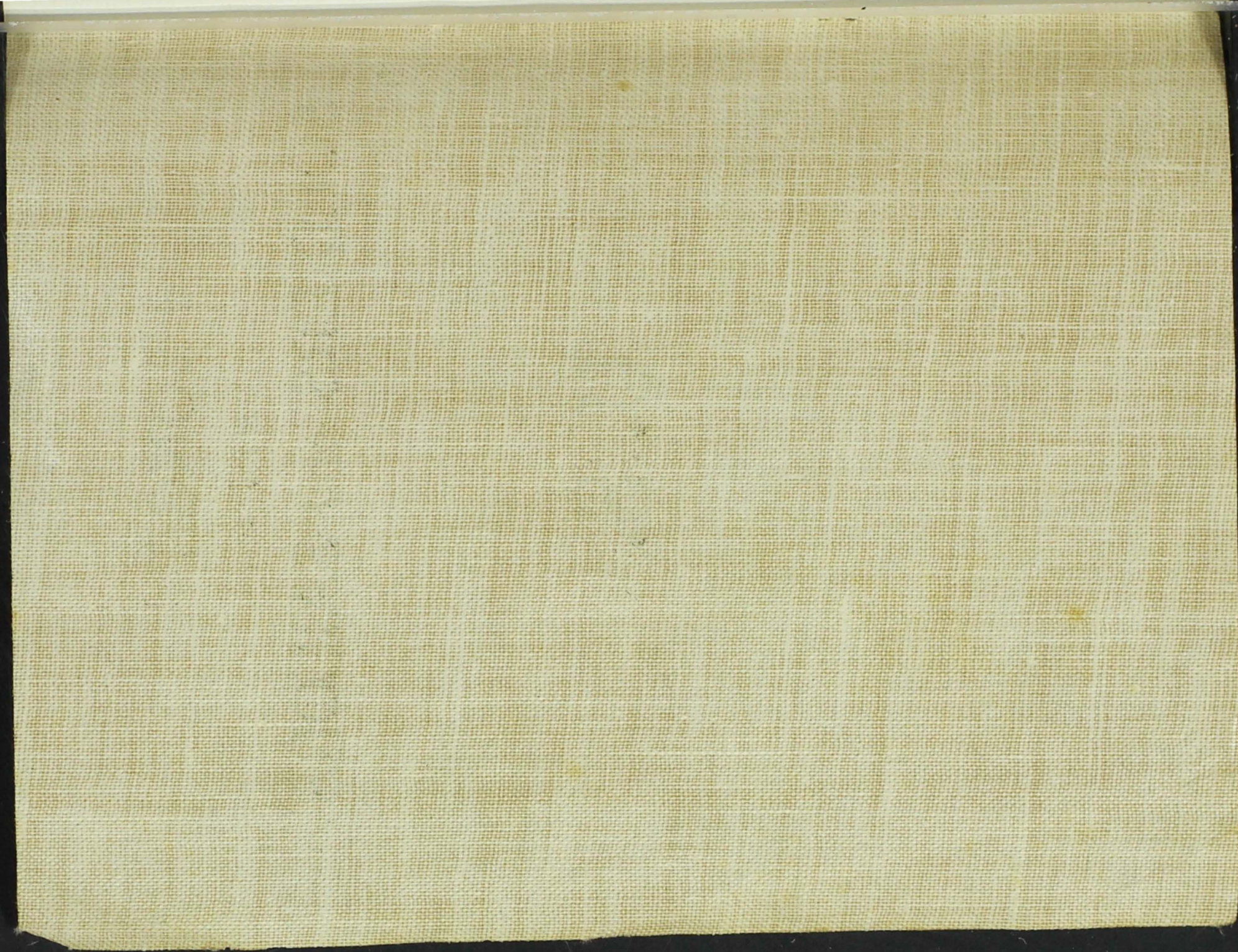
SONGS
of the
SOLDIERS *and* SAILORS

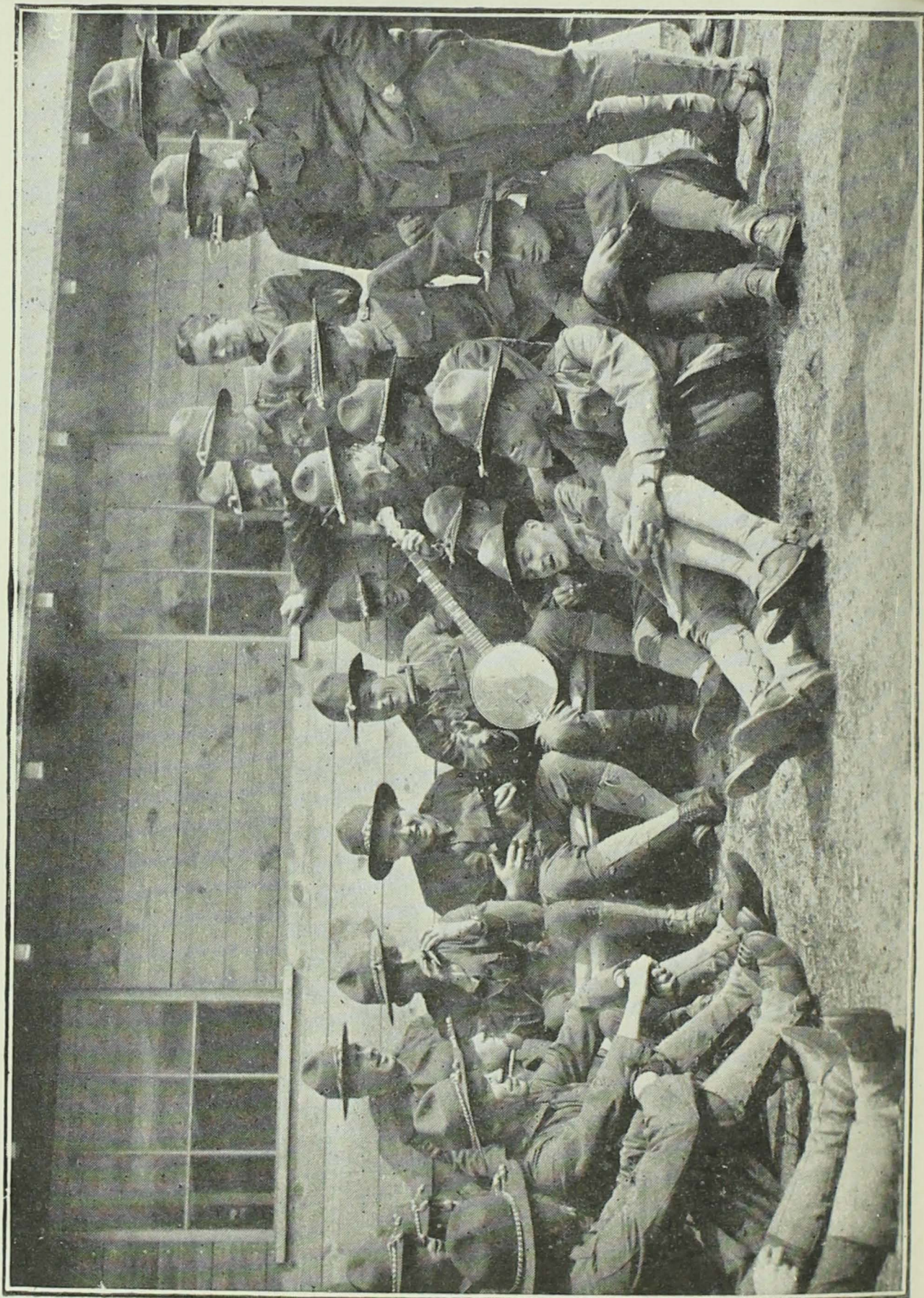
U. S.

WWI "SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND
SAILOR U.S." BOOKLET – 1917

2015.19.60

In Memory of Lester Harry Shay
Gift of Marilyn Shay
September 2015





Name

Lester B. Ray

Company

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Regiment

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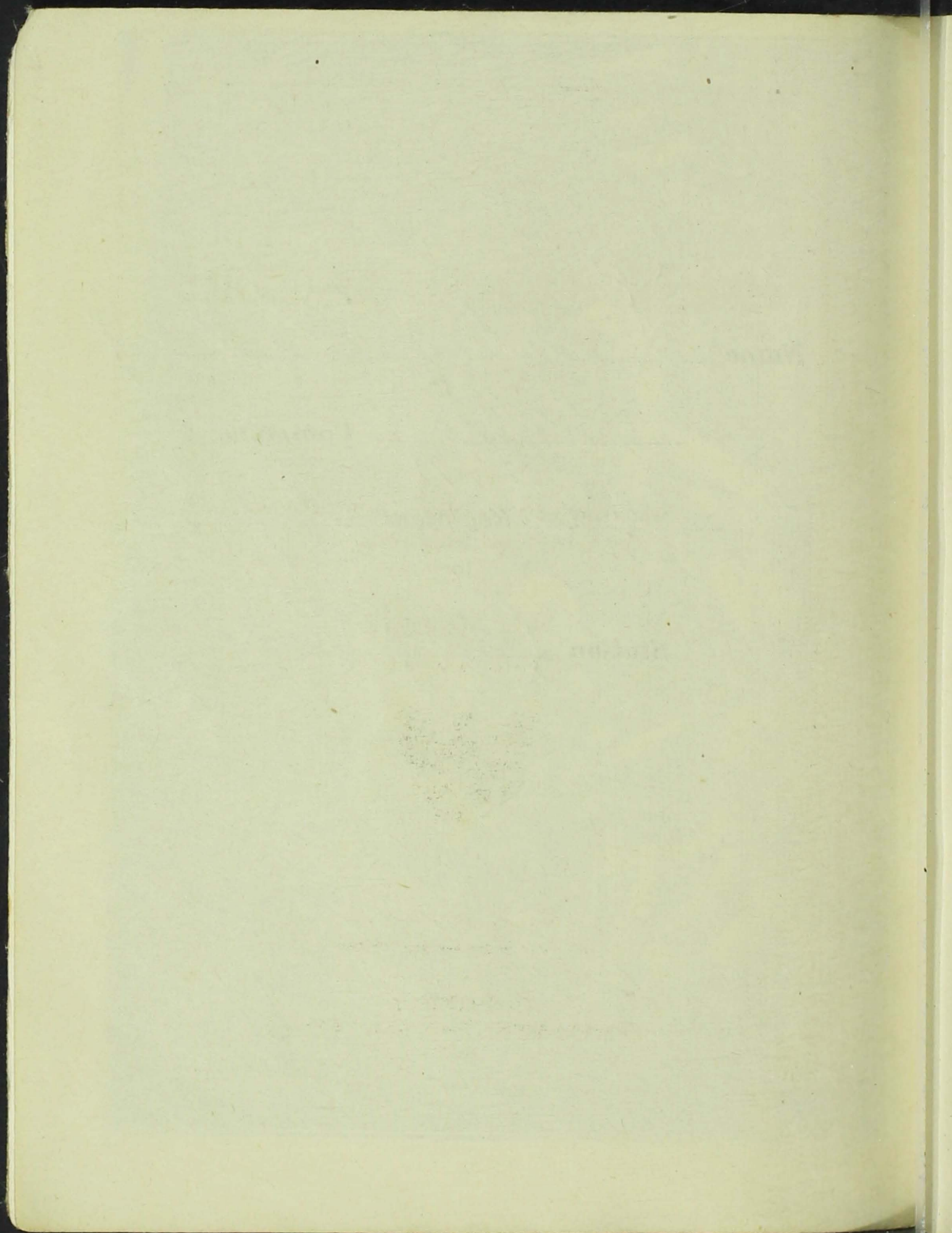
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Station

Camp Pike

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SONGS
of the
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
U. S.

*Issued by the
Commissions on Training Camp Activities
of the Army and Navy Departments*

FIRST EDITION

"Copyright applied for"



PRICE, 25 CENTS
To those in the service, 15 cents

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
1917

SONGS
of the
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
U. S.

"I see America go singing to her Destiny."

WALT WHITMAN.

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1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the world from the beginning of time to the present day. It is divided into three main periods: the prehistoric period, the classical period, and the modern period. The prehistoric period covers the time from the beginning of the world to the invention of writing. The classical period covers the time from the invention of writing to the fall of the Roman Empire. The modern period covers the time from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day.

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Issued by the Commissions on Training Camp Activities of
the Army and Navy Departments.

1. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

(*B flat.*)

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the clouds
of the fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

Oh, thus be it ever when freedmen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
tion;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued
land

Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us
a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

2. AMERICA.

(F.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. 9

3. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

(*B flat.*)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaming lamps;

His day is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment seat.

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

4. THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.]

(*A flat.*)

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

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
 O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave,
 May the wreaths they have won never wither,
 Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:
 May thy service, united ne'er sever,
 But hold to their colors so true;
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
 The army and navy forever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

5. BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

(*A flat.*)

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once
again,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

We will rally from the hillside, we'll rally from the
plain,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the traitor and up with the stars!

While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once
again,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone
before,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free-
men more,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom!

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! etc.

6. LA MARSEILLAISE.

(*A flat.*)

Arise, ye children of the nation,
The day of glory now is here!
See the hosts of dark oppression
Their blood-stained banners rear,
Their blood-stained banners rear!
Do ye not heed? roaring the tyrants go,
Scattering homes and peace;
Our sons, our comrades face the foe,
The wounds of war increase.
To arms! Ye warriors all!
Your bold battalions call!
March on, ye free!
Death shall be ours,
Or glorious liberty!

REFRAIN.

Aux armes, citoyens!
Formes vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

(Copyright, 1917, by G. Schirmer.)

7. THE HYMN OF FREE RUSSIA.

Young Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee!
Amid the nations, glorious,
Thou standest, proud and free!
No tyrant shall enslave thee,
Thy sun arises bright;
All hail to those who gave thee
New Freedom's sacred light.

Young Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee!
Amid the nations, glorious,
Thou standest, proud and free;
A song of countless voices
Resounds from shore to shore,
The Russian folk rejoices
With Freedom evermore.

Young Russia, hail, victorious!
All praise we chant to thee!
Amid the nations, glorious,
Thou standest, proud and free!

8. THESE THINGS SHALL BE.

(*A flat.*)

These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.
Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free,
In ev'ry heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

New arts shall bloom, of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies;
And ev'ry life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.
There shall be no more sin nor shame,
Tho' pain and passion may not die,
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

(Copyright, 1917, by G. Schirmer.)

9. AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassion'd stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!

God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

America! America!

May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And ev'ry gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimm'd by human tears!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

(Used by permission of Katherine Lee Bates.)

16 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

10. MARCH! MARCH!

(*E flat.*)

March, march, march, march!
March, comrades, march along,
March, march, march, march!
March, a hundred million strong!
On through dark and battle's roar,
On where none has dared before,
On to pay the ages' score:
March, march, march!
Forward, comrades,
March, march, forever,
Up with the break of day,
Out on the trackless way,
Ours the will that must and can,
Ours to crown creation's plan,
Ours to win the world for man:
March, comrades, march!

March, march, march, march!
March, comrades, march along.
March, march, march, march,
March, a hundred million strong!
Prince of Peace, uphold our trust,
Though we face the battle thrust;
Fight we shall while fight we must:
March, march, march!
Forward, comrades,
March, march, forever,
Up with the break of day,
Out on the trackless way,
Love to hate shall never yield
While the sword of God we wield;
On to Armageddon's field:
March, comrades, march!

March, march, march, march!
 March, comrades, march along,
 March, march, march, march,
 March, a hundred million strong!
 One in vision, one in will,
 We shall carry Zion's hill,
 God is in His heaven still:
 March, march, march!
 Forward, comrades,
 March, march, forever,
 Up with the break of day,
 Out on the trackless way,
 Ours the heart to dare and do,
 Ours the Promised Land to view,
 Ours to build the world anew:
 March, comrades, march!

(Copyright, 1916, by G. Schirmer.)

11. OFF FOR FRANCE.

(G.)

We're needed now in Europe, and we plan a little trip.
 We do not dare to give the date or mention name of
 ship.
 We'll take a loaf of bread with us for rations while
 we're gone,
 And Hoover will be pleased with us, because it's made
 of corn.
 So we must go away,
 We're off for France to-day.
 We're off for France to take a chance for the U. S. A.
 We're going to take a little chance,
 We're going to France!
 We're going to try a little run,
 To get our duty done,
 To have a little fun.
 We mean to clear it up, an' cheer it up, and then
 come home.

18 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

We're going to take a little chance,
We're going to France!
We're going to try a little run,
To get our duty done,
To have a little fun.
We mean to clear it up, and cheer it up, and then
come home.

On our way across the ocean, if we chance on sub-
marines,
We'll take the opportunity to fill 'em up with beans,
Or if we see a flier, we will catch it on the fly
By putting salt upon its tail, as it goes flying by.
So we must go away,
We're off for France to-day.
We're off for France to take a chance for the U. S. A.
We're going to take a little chance,
We're going to France!
We're going to try a little run,
To get our duty done,
To have a little fun.
We mean to clear it up, an' cheer it up, and then
come home.

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12. JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-lis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through,
Come lead your France to victory,
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

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13. THE HOME ROAD.

(*E flat.*)

Sing a hymn of Freedom;
 Fling the banner high;
 Sing the Songs of Liberty—
 Songs that shall not die.
 For "the long, long road to Tipperary"
 Is the road that leads me home—
 O'er hills and plains,
 By lakes and lanes,
 My Woodlands! My Cornfields!
 My Country! My Home!

In the quiet hours
 Of the starry night,
 Dream the dreams of Far-away—
 Home fires burning bright.
 For "the long, long road to Tipperary"
 Is the road that leads me home—
 O'er hills and plains,
 By lakes and lanes,
 My Woodlands! My Cornfields!
 My Country! My Home!

(Copyright, 1917, by G. Schirmer.)

14. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL.

(*A flat.*)

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory.
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are 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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15. KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.

(G.)

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.
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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16. PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG.

(G.)

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

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22 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

17. WHEN THE GREAT RED DAWN IS SHINING.

(*B flat.*)

Tho' I am far across the ocean blue,
Each lonely hour my heart remembers you;
Each tender look, each word I used to know,
Comes back to, back to me,
From out the long ago.

When the great red dawn is shining,
When the waiting hours are past,
When the tears of night are ended
And I see the day at last,
I shall come down the road of sunshine,
To a heart that is fond and true,
When the great red dawn is shining,
Back to home, back to love, and you.

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18. OVER THERE.

(*B flat.*)

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.

(Used by permission of William Jerome Publishing Corporation.)

19. I MAY BE GONE FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.

I may be gone for a long, long time,
Long, long time; long, long time;
But when I go
You will know
That I'll always pine
For the day when you'll be mine.
Be true to me for a long, long time,
Rain or shine, sweetheart mine,
And I'll be just as true to you
As to the Red, White, and Blue,
Though I'm gone for a long, long time.

(Copyright, 1917, by Broadway Music Corporation, Will Von Tilzer, president,
145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.)

20. SEND ME A CURL.

There's a corner in my heart
That I'm keeping all apart
For the little girl I left behind.
I can see her waiting there
With the flowers in her hair
And the roses in her cheeks entwined;
So when you're thinking of me over yonder,
When you wonder what I want to wear,
Send a pretty little curl
From the sweetest little girl in my home town.

(Used by permission of Huntzinger & Dilworth, publishers.)

21. THE STAMMERING SONG.

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines over the c-c-c-cow shed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

24 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

22. GOING BACK H-O-M-E.

Going back, going back,
Going back h-o-m-e.
Going back, going back,
From the lands across the sea.
Going back, going back,
When we've made the whole world free;
We'll clear the track till we get back,
Going back h-o-m-e.

(Copyrighted by The John Church Co., 1917.)

23. I'LL WED THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND.

I can picture to-night by the dim candle light
The girl I left behind.
I can see her once more by the old cabin door,
Watching with love divine.
Oh, I gave her the ring and I promised to bring,
Bring the parson back and make her mine,
So I'm going right back, hang my hat on the rack,
And wed the girl I left behind.

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24. I DON'T CARE WHERE THEY SEND ME.

Oh, I don't care where they send me,
Or what it is I have to do;
And I don't care what may happen
Or where I am when I get thru;
But I do care for you, Dearie,
With your dreaming eyes of blue;
So while I'm fighting over here,
My heart is home with you.

(Used by permission of T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter.)

25. INDIANA.

(G.)

I have always been a wand'rer,
Over land and sea,
Yet a moon-beam on the water
Casts a spell o'er me,
A vision fair I see,
Again I seem to be:
Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light still shining bright
Through the sycamores for me.
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam;
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash,
Then I long for my Indiana home.

(Used by permission of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.)

26. WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

(G *minor.*)

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah,
hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah,
hurrah!
The men will cheer, and the boys will shout,
And the ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay, when Johnny comes marching
home.

27. LI'L LIZA JANE.

I'se got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you got none, Li'l Liza Jane.
Ohe, Li'l Liza Jane
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

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

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

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

(Used by permission of Sherman, Clay & Co.)

28. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

(*B flat.*)

There's a girl I love who waits on Lookout Mountain
with a mountain of love for me;
On the winding path where first we found each
other, that is where I long to be;
She is sweeter than the songs the birds are singing
back home in Tennessee,
There's a girl I love who waits on Lookout Mountain
with a mountain of love for me.

(Used by permission of Shapiro, Bernstein & Co.)

29. MOTHER MACHREE.

(C.)

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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30. 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.

(Used by permission of Carrie Jacobs Bond & Sons, publishers.)

31. THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE.

(*E flat.*)

Dear face, that holds so sweet a smile for me,
Were you not mine, how dark the world would be!
I know no light above that could replace
Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear face.

Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes,
Life could not hold a fairer paradise.
Give me the right to love you all the while
My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

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32. MY HERO.

(*D.*)

Come! Come! I love you only,
My heart is true,
Come! Come! my life is lonely,
I long for you,
Come! Come! Naught can efface you,
My arms are aching now to embrace you,
Thou art divine!
Come! Come! I love you only,
Come, hero mine.

(Used by permission of Jerome H. Remick & Co.)

33. "YAACA HULA."

(A flat.)

I'm coming back to you, my Hula Lu.
Beside the sea at Waikiki I'll wait for you;
And once again you'll sway my heart away
With your Yaaka Hula, Hickey Dula tune.

(Used by permission of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder.)

34. "ALOHA OE."

(A flat.)

Aloha Oe, farwell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers;
One fond embrace before I now depart
Until we meet again.

(Used by permission of The John Franklin Music Co., New York.)

NOTE.—These two songs are to be sung simultaneously
as a vocal combat.

35. TULIP AND ROSE.

(B flat.)

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose;
When you caressed me, it was then Heaven blessed
me—
What a blessing, no one knows.
You made life cheery when you called me "dearie";
'Twas down where the blue grass grows;
Your lips were sweeter than julep when you wore a
tulip
And I wore a big red rose.

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30 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

36. THEY MADE IT TWICE AS NICE AS PARADISE AND
THEY CALLED IT DIXIELAND.

(A PARODY.)

We're mighty proud that we are southern,
And mighty glad we are to know
That our fathers always did their part
In the days of long ago;
And now when world-wide war clouds gather
O'er the land of the brave and the free,
Keep your "eagle" eye on Dixie,
And I'll tell you what you're bound to see:
When the bugle sounds the call to arms,
They will hear from Dixieland,
From all the offices and stores and farms,
They will come from Dixieland.
You can take this tip from me,
That the soul of "Sixty-three,"
Will never be forgotten in the land of cotton,
By the sons of the men of Lee;
And you will see us rebels marching forth,
Arm in arm and breast to breast,
With all the gallant sons of the Yankee North,
And those from the East and West;
For we are hard to stop, and we're quick to
start,
When glory joins with duty in the Southern
heart,
Let anyone get gay with the U. S. A.
And the South will do her part.

SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. 31

37. GOOD MORNING, MR. ZIP-ZIP-ZIP.

Fort Niagara song.

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine,
Good moring, Mr. 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, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Hair cut just as short as mine.

38. WORDS TO THE ARMY TRUMPET CALLS.

(*A flat.*)

REVEILLE.

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up
at all.

Corp'rals worse than the privates;
Sergeants worse than the corporals;
Lieutenants worse than the sergeants,
An' the capt'ns worst of all.

Chorus: I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, etc.

MESS CALL.

Soup-y, soup-y, without a single bean;
Pork-y, pork-y, pork, without a streak of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, without any cream, (or, the
weakest ever seen.)

32 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

SICK CALL.

Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills,
Oh! come and get your quinine, come and get your
pills.

STABLE CALL.

Come all who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and give 'em some corn;
For if you don't do it, the Col'nel will know it,
And then you will rue it, sure as you're born.

TAPS.

Fading light
Dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky,
Gleaming bright,
From afar drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Dear one, rest!
In the west
Sable night
Lulls the day on her breast,
Sweet, goodnight!
Now away
To thy rest.

Love, sweet dreams!
Lo, the beams
Of the light
Fairy moon kiss the streams,
Love, good night!
Ah, so soon!
Peaceful dreams!

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39. NANCY LEE.

(E flat.)

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho; yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
 There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
 See there she stands and waves her hands upon the
 quay,
 An' ev'ry day when I'm away she'll watch for me
 An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea.
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
 Yeo-ho! we go across the sea;
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
 The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho; yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
 But true and bright, from morn till night, my home
 will be,
 An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack at sea,
 An' Nancy's face to bless the place an' welcome me;
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

The bos'n pipes the watch below,
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
 Then here's a health before we go,
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
 A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea;
 An' keep our bones from Davy Jones where'er we be;
 An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee;
 Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

40. OUT ON THE DEEP.

(*A flat.*)

Out on the deep, when the sun is low,
 And the sea with splendor burns,
 With his scaly spoil, from his evening toil,
 The fisher homeward turns;
 And his oars flash bright in the ocean light,
 And he knows that eyes on shore
 Look out on the deep for his bright oar sweep,
 And he sings as he swings his oar:
 "A long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys,
 And a song as along we go,
 For the hearts that yearn for our home return,
 When the evening sun is low,
 When the evening sun is low."

Out on the deep, when the sun is dead,
 And the first sweet star doth gleam,
 Of a day that is dead, and a love that is fled,
 The fisher oft will dream;
 And he thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star,
 She is still beside as of yore,
 And his oars gleam bright in its sweet pale light,
 And he sighs as he plies his oar:
 "A slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys,
 And a song as along we go,
 For the hearts of Love that is bright above,
 And its gleam in the wave below,
 And its gleam in the wave below."

41. A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

(G.)

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep.
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore,
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep!
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep
The winds, the winds, the winds their revels
keep!
The winds, the winds, the winds their revels
keep!

42. SAILING.

(C.)

The sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea ;
And never heart more true or brave
Than he who launches on the wave ;
Afar he speeds in distant climes to roam,
With jocund song he rides the sparkling foam.

Then here's to the sailor and here's to the hearts
so true
Who will think of him upon the waters blue !
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack
comes home again.
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack
comes home again.

43. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

(E.)

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
 And o'er the moor and valley,
 Such heaviness my bosom fills,
 Since parting with my Sally.
 I seek for one as fair and gay,
 But find none to remind me,
 How blest the hours passed away
 With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I do remember well,
 When first she owned she loved me;
 A pain within my breast doth tell
 How constant I have proved me;
 But now I'm on the ocean blue,
 Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me,
 And send me home safe back again,
 To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
 Asleep or sadly waking,
 I long to see my love again,
 For her my heart is breaking;
 Whene'er my steps return that way
 Still faithful she shall find me,
 And never more again I'll stray
 From the girl I left behind me.

44. PULL AWAY.

(G.)

Pull away, pull away, pull away, brave boys,
Pull away, pull away, the vict'ry's ours;
Pull away, pull away to the distant mark,
To the prize, our bonny bark.
Pull away, pull away, 'mid the waters foaming,
sparkling, dashing all around;
Pull away, pull away, 'mid the wild confusion onward
to the wished-for bound.
Pull away, pull away, pull away, brave boys,
Pull away, pull away, the vict'ry's ours;
Pull away, pull away to the distant mark,
To the prize, our bonny bark.

45. THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

(C.)

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down.
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town:

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's a little to earn, and many to keep,
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives, they sat up in the lighthouse tow'r,
And trimmed their lamps as the sun went down.
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
show'r,
And the night rack came rolling up rugged and
brown!

But men must work, and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters be deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

40 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

46. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

(*A flat.*)

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide spreading pond and the mill that stood by it
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

47. OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(*E flat.*)

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folk's stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.
All the world am sad and dreary, everywhere I
roam
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All around the little farm I wandered, when I was
young;
Then many days I squandered, many the songs I
sung.
When I was playing with my brother, happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mother, there let me live
and die.

48. OLD BLACK JOE.

(*E flat.*)

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

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending
low.

I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black
Joe."

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

49. OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

(*F.*)

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
Bye and bye "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the
door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.
Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more to-day.
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky
home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

50. DIXIE.

(C.)

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten.

Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',

Look away! Look away! Look away, Dixie Land!

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie Land I'll take my stand

To lib and die in Dixie;

Away, away, away down South in Dixie,

Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

51. ANNIE LAURIE.

(C)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,

Where early fa's the dew,

And it's there that Annie Laurie

Gave me her promise true.

Gave me her promise true,

Which ne'er forgot will be,

And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,

Her throat is like the swan,

Her face it is the fairest

That e'r the sun shown on.

That e'r the sun shown on,

And dark blue is her e'e,

And for bonnie Annie Laurie,

I'd lay me doon and dee.

52. AULD LANG SYNE.

(F)

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

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

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

53. LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

(F)

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the worlds the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old, sweet song.
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight's gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

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

44 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

54. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

(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 spring-
time,
There's where the old darkey's heart has long'd to
go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.
Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and
tatoes grow.
There's where the birds warble sweet in the
springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart has long'd
to go.

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55. SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

(B flat.)

Darling, I am growing old;
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day,
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,
Silver threads among the gold.
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away.

56. HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE.

(*B flat.*)

How can I leave thee,
 How can I from thee part?
 Thou only hast my heart,
 Dear one, believe.
 Thou hast this soul of mine
 So closely bound to thine,
 No other can I love,
 Save thee alone.

57. SWEET GENEVIEVE.

(*F.*)

O, Genevieve, I'd give the world
 To live again the lovely past!
 The rose of youth was dew im-pearled;
 But now it withers in the blast.
 I see thy face in every dream
 My waking thoughts are full of thee;
 Thy glance is in the starry beam
 That falls along the summer sea.
 O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
 The days may come, the days may go,
 But still the hands of mem'ry weave
 The blissful dreams of long ago.
 Fair Genevieve, my early love,
 The years but make thee dearer far!
 My heart shall never, never rove;
 Thou art my only guiding star.
 For me the past has no regret,
 Whate'er the years may bring to me;
 I bless the hour when first we met,
 The hour that gave me love and thee!

58. SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

(*B flat.*)

How can I bear to leave thee?
 One parting kiss I give thee;
 And then, whate'er befalls me,
 I go where honor calls me,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
 Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

59. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(*A flat.*)

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee;
 E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me.
 Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

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

60. ABIDE WITH ME.

(*E flat.*)

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
 Where is death's sting; where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

61. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(*E flat.*)

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see his banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army moves the church of God,
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

62. THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

(*E flat.*)

The Son of God goes forth to war, a kingly crown
to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar; who follows in
his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, and triumph
over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—he follows in
His train.

A glorious band the chosen few, on whom the spirit
came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, and
mocked the cross and flame.
They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n, thro' peril,
toil and pain:
O God! to us may grace be giv'n to follow in their
train.

48 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

63. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

(F.)

Come, Thou Almighty King, help us Thy name to
sing;
Help us to praise, Father all glorious, o'er all vic-
torious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
Come, Thou Incarnate Word, gird on Thy mighty
sword;
Come and Thy people bless, and give Thy word
success,
Spirit of holiness, on us descend.

64. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

(B flat.)

Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.
Thro' the long night-watches may Thy Angels spread
Their white wings above us, watching 'round each bed.

65. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

(E flat.)

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

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

66. RISE, CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

(*E flat.*)

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise;
Exalt thy tow'ring head and lift thine eyes;
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While ev'ry land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving pow'r remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

67. O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

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

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

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

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

68. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

(*A flat.*)

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

“Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.”

69. FAREWELL TO THE WARRIORS.

CHIPPEWA WAR SONG.

Poem by Frances Densmore. Arranged by Alberto Bimboni.

(Chippewa words—

Umbe.

Animadjag.

Wasugidijamin.

Translation by Mary Warren English—

Come.

It is time for you to depart.

We are going a long journey.

Slow

1. Fare thee well, The time is come For our
 2. Fare thee well, The warrior's eyes must not
 3. Fare thee well, We go to fight For our

sad. de- part-ing, We who take the road to war
 look be- side him, in de-part-ing he must see
 home's pro-tec-tion; Yet we know the road to war

Tra-vel on a long jour-ney.
 On-ly the campfires of the ene-my.
 Ev-er U a. long— Journey.

This melody, taken from the collection of Miss Frances Densmore, is reproduced by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

SUGGESTED SONGS.

America, Here's My Boy.
 America, I Love You.
 Aunt Dina's Quilting Party.
 Ben Bolt.
 B-i-n-g-o.
 Bluebell,
 By the Light of the Silvery Moon.
 Carolina.
 Casey Jones.
 Dear Old Girl.
 Didn't He Ramble.
 Down by the Old Mill Stream.
 Down on the Farm.
 Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.
 Eveline.
 Good-by, Broadway, Hello, France.
 Good-by, Good Luck, God Bless You.
 Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by.
 Good Night, Ladies.
 Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?
 Honey Boy.
 Honey, Dat I Love So-Well.
 I Love You, California.
 I Love a Lassie.
 I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark.
 I'm on My Way to Mandalay.
 If I Knock the "l" Out of Kelly.
 In the Good Old Summer Time.
 It Looks Like a Big Night To-night.
 It Was Not Like That in the Olden Days.
 I've Been Working on the Railroad.

I've Got Rings on My Fingers.
 I Wish I Had a Girl.
 Juanita.
 Just a Dream of You, Dear.
 Killarney.
 Lindy.
 Little Annie Rooney.
 Little Bit of Heaven, A.
 Little Grey Home in the West.
 Loch Lomond.
 Love Me and the World Is Mine.
 Mandy Lee.
 Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.
 Mother.
 My Bonnie.
 My Darling Nellie Gray.
 My Little Girl.
 Nellie was a Lady.
 Nobody.
 On the Banks of the Wabash.
 One, Two, Three, Four.
 Poor Butterfly.
 Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet.
 Pretty Baby.
 Rainbow.
 Road to Mandalay, The.
 Rosary, The.
 School Days.
 She Is My Daisy.
 Stein Song.
 Sweet Adeline.
 Sweet and Low.
 Sweet Rosie O'Grady.
 Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.
 Tammany.

54 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Tenting To-night.

There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland.

There's a Quaker Down in Quaker Town,

Tipperary.

Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Waltz Me Around Again, Willie.

'Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield.

When I Dream of Old Erin.

Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay.

58 SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.



2015.19.60

