

Oldies Pre-1920

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After You've Gone

music by Turner Creamer and lyrics by Henry Layton (1928)

C **D9**^(¼) **G13**^(¼) **G7**^(½)
 Now won't you listen honey while I say,
C **D9**^(¼) **G13**^(¼) **G7**^(½)
 How could you tell me that you're goin' a way?
E **Ema7**^(¼) **E7**^(¼) **Am**^(¼) **E**^(¼) **Am**^(¼)
 Don't say that we must part,
D9^(½) **A7**^(¼) **D7**^(¼) **G**^(¼) **D7**^(¼) **G7**^(½)
 don't break your baby's heart
C **D9**^(¼) **G13**^(¼) **G7**^(½)
 You know I've loved you for these many years,
C9^(¼) **C7**^(¼) **C9**^(¼) **C7**^(¼) **F**
 Loved you night and day
F#dim7^(¾) **D7**^(¼) **C**
 Oh honey baby can't you see my tears?
D9^(½) **G9**^(¼) **G7**^(¼) **C**^(½) **C7#5**^(½)
 Listen while I say

G B Bb A G#_(on E chord)

C A G# G F#_(on D chord)

B B A G C_(on C chord)

B B A G C_(on C chord)

C C B Bb A_(on F chord)

F^(½) **Fma7**^(½) **Fm**^(½) **Fm6**^(½)
 After you've gone, and left me crying
C^(½) **Em**^(½) **A7**
 After you've gone, there's no denying
D7^(½) **D9**^(½) **G9**^(¼) **G7**^(½)
 You'll feel blue, you'll feel sad
C **C7**
 You'll miss the bestest pal you've ever had

C C B Bb A_(on A7 chord)

B B A G C_(on C chord)

F^(½) **Fma7**^(½) **Fm**^(½) **Fm6**^(½)
 There'll come a time, now don't forget it
C^(½) **Em**^(½) **A7**^(½)
 There'll come a time, when you'll regret it
Dm^(½) **A7**^(½) **Dm**^(½) **Fm(ma7)**^(¼) **Fm6**^(¼)
 Oh, Babe! Think what you're doing
C^(½) **E7**^(½) **Am**^(½) **Bm**^(¼) **D7**^(¼)
 You know my love for you will drive me to ruin
C **G**^(¾) **Em+9**^(¼)
 After you've gone, after you've gone a
C^(¾) **Em+9**^(¼) **C**^(½) **C7#5**^(½)
 way a way

C C B Bb A_(on A7 chord)

C B Bb A G_(on G chord)

Don't you remember how you used to say
 You'd always love me in the same old way
 And now its very strange
 That you should ever change
 Perhaps some other sweetie's won your heart
 Tempted you away
 But let me warn you tho' we're miles apart
 You'll regret some day

C .G7 F#7 G7

C(/g) .D9 G7 * (a)
Now listen honey while I say
C .D7 G7 * (b)
How could you tell me that you're going away
E7 .Am E7 Am * (c)
Don't say that we must part
D7 .G7 D7 G7 * (d)
Don't break my aching heart

C .D7 G7 * (d)
You know I've loved you true for many years
C(7) .F * (e)
Loved you night and day
F Fm .C
How could you leave me, can't you see my tears
D7 G7 .C (C7) * (f)
Now listen while I say

F .Fm
After you've gone, and left me cryin'
C * A7 (g)
After you've gone, there's no denyin'
D9 . G7 * (d)
You feel blue, you feel sad
C/G * - - - - - C7 (h)
You miss the bestest pal you ever had
F Fm
There'll come a time, now don't forget it
C * A7 (g)
There'll come a time, when you'll regret it
Dm(½) A7(½) .Dm(½) Fm(½)
Some day when you grow lonely
C(½) E7(½) .Am(½) Cdim(½)
Your heart will break like mine and you'll want me only
C * .G7 C C7 (i)
After you've gone, after you've gone away

After you've gone, after the break up
After you've gone, you are gonna wake up
And you will find that you were blind
To let somebody come and change your mind

After the years that we've been together
The joy and all the tears, in all types of weather
Someday when you're down-hearted
You'll long to be with me right back where we started
After you've gone, after you've gone away

...(instr.)

...

Oh babe think what you're doin'
You know my love for you will drive me to ruin
After you've gone, after you've gone away

America the Beautiful

new lyric and arrangement by Noel Paul Stookey(2011), original music by Samuel Ward (1882), original lyric by Katharine Lee Bates (1895), published as *America the Beautiful* in 1910)

*F*_(¼) *F#dim7*_(¼) *C7* *Gm7*_(½) *C7*_(½) *F*_(¼) *F#dim7*_(¼) *C7*_(½)
 O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain,
*F*_(¼) *Fm6*_(¼) *C* *Cdim7*_(¼) *C*_(¼) *Dm*_(¼) *G7*_(¼) *C*_(¼) *G7*_(¼) *C7*_(½)
 For purple mountain majesties, a bove the fruit ed plain!
*F*_(½) *Am7*_(¼) *Fdim7*_(¼) *Gm7*_(½) *C7*_(¼) *Gm7*_(¼) *C7*_(½) *Bb*_(¼) *C7*_(¼) *F*_(¼) *Bb*_(¼) *F7*_(½)
 America! A meri ca! God shed His grace on thee
*Bb*_(¾) *Fdim7*_(¼) *F*_(½) *Dm7*_(½) *Gm*_(½) *C*_(¼) *C7*_(¼) *F*
 And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shin ing sea!
*Bb*_(½) *Gm7*_(¼) *C7*_(¼) *F*_(hold)

Oh, nation of the immigrant, the slave and native son
 Whose loyal families labor still that we may live as one
 America, America, renew thy founder's call
 Let liberty and justice be the right of one and all

Oh bountiful of forest green, of lake and fertile lands
 Where seeds of hope are tended by Thy sons and daughters hands
 America, America, the earth still calls to thee
 Where human life and nature strive to live in harmony

Original poem Katharine Lee Bates

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 impassioned 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
 Til all success be nobleness and ev'ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears
 America! America! God shed his grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

Band Played On

lyrics by John F. Palmer and music by Charles B. Ward (1895)

A *A* *Bm* *Bm*
 Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the town for style,
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
 And hired for a meeting place a hall.
 A *A* *Bm* *Bm*
 When pay day came around each week, they greased the floor with wax.
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
 And danced with noise and vigor at the ball.
 F#m *Bm* *C#7* *F#m*
 Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes,
B7 *B7* *E(½)* *B7(½)* *E7*
 Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side.
 A *A* *Bm* *Bm*
 When Casey led the first grand march they all would fall in line.
 A *A* *Bm* *Bm* *E(hold)* *B7(hold)* *E7(hold)*
 Behind the man who was their pride and joy. For . . .

A *Ama7* *A6* *A* *E7* *E7* *E7* *E7*
 Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde, and the band played on.
E7 *E9* *E7* *E* *A* *A* *A* *A*
 He'd glide cross the floor with the girl he adored, and the band played on.
 A *Ama7* *A7* *D* *D* *D* *Bm* *Bm*
 But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded, the poor girl would shake with alarm.
 Bm *Adim7* *A* *F#m* *B7* *E7* *A(1)* *Dm6(2)* *A(hold)*
 He'd ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls, and the band played on

Such kissing in the corner
 And such whisp'ring in the hall,
 And telling tales of love behind the stairs.
 As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball,
 Of kissing and lovemaking did his share,
 At twelve o'clock exactly they all would fall in line,
 Then march down to the dining hall to eat.
 But Casey would not join them although everything was fine,
 But he stayed upstairs and exercised his feet. For . . .

Now when the dance was over and the band played home sweet home,
 They played a tune at Casey's own request.
 He thank'd them very kindly for the favors they had shown,
 Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best.
 Most all the friends are married that Casey used to know,
 And Casey too has taken him a wife.
 The blond he used to waltz and glide with on the ball room floor,
 Is happy Misses Casey now for life. For . . .

Beautiful Dreamer

by Stephen Collins Foster (1864)

A *Bm/A*
Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
E7 *A*
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee;
A *Bm/A*
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day,
E7 *A*
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!

E7(2) *E9(1)* *A*
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
B7 *E*
List while I woo thee with soft melody;

A *Bm/A*
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng.
E7 *A(1)* *C#/G#(1)* *F#m(1)*
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
D(1) *A/E(1)* *E7(1)* *A*
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
Mermaids are chaunting the wild Lorelie;
Over the streamlet vapors are borne,
Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.

Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;

Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home

by Hughie Cannon, a popular ragtime song of 1902

D *D* *D* *D*
Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home
D *D*_(½) *Cdim7*_(½) *A7*
I moan the whole night long
A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
I'll do the cookin', honey, I'll pay the rent
A7 *A*_(½) *Aaug* *D* *D*
I know I done you wrong

D *D* *D* *D*
Remember that rainy eve' that I drove you out
D *D7* *G* *G*
With nothin' but a fine tooth comb
G *Gm* *D* *B7*
Yes, I know that I'm to blame, and ain't that a shame
E7 *A7* *D*_(½) *A*_(½) *D*
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home
I moan the whole night long
I'm-a gonna do your cookin', honey, I'm-a gonna pay your rent
I know that I've done you wrong

Remember that rainy eve' that
I drove you out with nothin' but a fine tooth comb
Well, I know that I'm to blame, and ain't that a dirty, low-down shame
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home

Come home, come home, Bill Bailey
Bill Bailey, won't you please come on home
Come home, Bill Bailey
Bill Bailey, won't you please come on home
Come on home

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

by Bill Murray
(1910)

C^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *Dm*
 Place park, scene dark, silvery moon is shining through the trees;
Dm^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/4) *Dm7*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4) *Dm7*^(1/4) *C*
 Cast two, me, you, sound of kisses floating on the breeze.
C^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *Cm6*^(1/2) *G*
 Act one, be gun. Dialogue, "Where would you like to spoon?"
D7 *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *Am*^(1/2) *A*^(1/4) *C*^(1/4) *D7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4)
 My cue, with you, underneath the sil v'ry moon.

C *C* *D7* *D7*
 By the light of the silvery moon, I want to
G7 *G7* *C*^(1/2) *Gdim7*^(1/2) *G7*
 spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune, Honey
C *C* *F*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *A*^(1/4) *Dm*^(1/4)
 moon keep a-shining in June, Your sil v'ry
C^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *Am*^(1/2) *E*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4)
 beams will bring love dreams, we'll be cuddling so oo n, by the sil v' ry
C *C*
 moon.

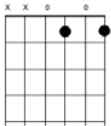
C^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *Dm*
 Act two, scene new, roses blooming all around the place;
Dm^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *A7*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/4) *Dm7*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4) *Dm7*^(1/4) *C*
 Cast three, you, me, Preacher with a solemn looking face.
C^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *Cm6*^(1/2) *G*
 Choir sings, bell rings, Preacher: "You are wed for evermore."
D7 *G*^(1/2) *Em*^(1/2) *Am*^(1/2) *A*^(1/4) *C*^(1/4) *D7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4)
 Act two, all through, every night the same en core.

By the light, (by the light, by the light), of the silvery moon, (the silvery moon).
 I want to spoon, (Want to spoon) to my honey I'll croon love's tune. (Want to spoon)
 Honeymoon, (honeymoon, honeymoon), Keep a-shining in June. (Keep a-shining in June)
 Your silvery beams will bring love dreams, We'll be cuddling soon, by the
 silvery moon.
 Your silvery beams will bring love dreams, We'll be cuddling soon, by the
 silvery moon.

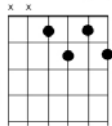
C C D7 D7
 By the light of the silvery moon, I want to
 G G7 C(1/2) C#dim(1/2) G7
 spoon, to my honey I'll croon love's tune, honey
 C C F(1/2) A(1/2) Dm(1/2)
 moon keep a shining in Ju uu une, your
 A(1/4) Dm(1/4) C(1/2) D7(1/2) C(1/2) Am(1/2)
 silver y beams will bring love dreams, we'll be cuddling
 E(1/2) A(1/2) D7(1/2) C(1/4) G(1/4)
 so oo oon, by the silver y
 C C
 moon.

C Cdim7 C
 By the light, (not the dark, but the light),
 C D7 Ddim D7
 Of the silvery moon, (not the sun but the moon.)
 D7 G7 C#dim7 G7
 I want to spoon, (not knife but spoon)
 G7 C C#dim7 G7
 To my honey I'll croon love's tune.
 C C#dim7 C
 Honeymoon, (not the sun but the moon),
 C F A7 Dm
 keep a shining in Ju uu une,
 A(1/4) Dm(1/4) C(1/2) D7(1/2) C(1/2) Am(1/2)
 Your silver y beams will bring love dreams, we'll be cuddling
 E(1/2) A(1/2) D7(1/2) C(1/4) G(1/4) C C
 so oo oon, by the silvery moon.

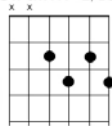
D, G#, B, Fdim7



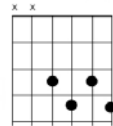
Cdim7 Eb, A, C, F#



C#dim7 E, Bb, C#, G



Ddim7 F, B, D, G#



Each diminished 7th chord shape is four chords!

Casey Jones

lyrics by T. Lawrence Seibert and music by Eddie Newton
(1909)

A *D* *A* *D*
Come, all you rounders, that want to hear
A *F#m* *B7* *D7*
The story of a brave engineer;
A *D* *A* *C#m*
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
A *A* *A(½)* *E7(½)* *A*
On the big eight wheeler boys he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at half-past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
He mounted to the cabin with the orders in his hand,
And he took his farewell journey to the promised land.
A *A* *A* *D*
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin
A *A* *A* *D*
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand
A *A* *A* *Bm*
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin and he
A *A* *A(½)* *E7(½)* *A*
And he took his farewell trip to that Promised Land.

When he pulled up that Reno hill,
He whistled for the crossing with an awful shrill;
The switchman knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones
He looked at his water and his water was low;
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow;
He turned to his fireman and this is what he said,
"Boy, we're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead
Casey Jones—going to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones—but we'll all be dead,
Casey Jones—going to reach Frisco,
We're going to reach Frisco, but we'll all be dead

So turn on your water and shovel in your coal
Stick your head out the window, watch those drivers roll;
I'll drive her till she leaves the rail,
For I'm eight hours late by that Western Mail.
When he was within six miles of the place,
There Number Four stared him straight in the face.
He turned to his fireman, said, "Jim, you'd better jump,
For there're two locomotives that are going to bump."
Casey Jones—two locomotives,
Casey Jones—going to bump
Casey Jones—two locomotives,
There're two locomotives that are going to bump

Casey said just before he died
"There're two more roads I would like to ride."
The fireman said, "Which ones can they be?"
"Oh, the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Jones sat at her bed a-sighing,
Just to hear the news that her Casey was dying.
"Hush up children, and quit your cryin',
For you've got another poppa on the Salt Lake Line."
Casey Jones—got another poppa,
Casey Jones—on the Salt Lake line,
Casey Jones—got another poppa,
For you've got another poppa on the Salt Lake line

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

by James A. Bland
(1871)

$F_{(3/4)}$ $Bb_{(1/4)}$ $F_{(3/4)}$ $A7_{(1/4)}$ Bb F
Carry me back to old Virginny,
 F F $G7$ $C7$
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
 $F_{(1/2)}$ $Bb_{(1/2)}$ $F_{(1/2)}$ $A7_{(1/2)}$ Bb F
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 F $F_{(1/2)}$ $D7_{(1/2)}$ $G7_{(1/2)}$ $C7_{(1/2)}$ F
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go,

C $C7$ F F
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,
 $F_{(1/2)}$ $C7_{(1/2)}$ $F_{(1/2)}$ $A7_{(1/2)}$ $G7$ $C7$
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
 $F_{(1/2)}$ $Bb_{(1/2)}$ $F_{(1/4)}$ $A7_{(1/2)}$ Bb $F_{(1/2)}$
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 $F_{(1/2)}$ $Dm_{(1/4)}$ $C_{(1/4)}$ $F7_{(1/2)}$ $D7_{(1/2)}$ $G7_{(1/2)}$ $C7_{(1/2)}$ F
Than old Vir ginny, the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live 'till I wither and decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wander'd,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.

Massa and missis have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more

Cradle Song (Wiegenlied) by Johannes Brahms (Opus 49 #4, 1868)

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt, schlüpf unter die Deck!
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt

Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traum 's Paradies
Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traum 's Paradies
Guten Abend, gute Nacht, von Englein bewacht
Die zeigen im Traum, dir Christkindleins Baum

 A A
Lullaby and goodnight,
 D A
With roses bedight,
 E7 E7
With lilies bespread,
 E7 A
Is baby's wee bed;
 D A
Lay thee down now and rest,
 D A
May thy slumber be blessed.
 D A
Lay thee down now and rest,
 D₍₁₎ A₍₁₎ E7₍₁₎ A
May thy slumber be blessed.

Lullaby and good night, thy mother's delight.
Bright angels around, my darling, shall guard.
They will guide thee from harm, thou art safe in my arms.
They will guide thee from harm, thou art safe in my arms.

Darling Nellie Gray

by Benjamin Russell Hanby (1856)

D *G*
There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
D *A7*
There I've whiled many happy hours away.

*D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G*_(½) *Ddim7*_(½)
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
*D*_(½) *A*_(½) *D*
where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

A7 *D*
Oh! My poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
*D*_(¾) *E7*_(¼) *A*_(¼) *E7*_(¼) *A7*_(½)
And I'll never see my darling any more.
*D*_(½) *D7*_(½) *G*_(½) *Ddim7*_(½)
I'm a sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
*D*_(½) *A*_(½) *D*
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

One night I went to see her but "she's gone," the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain,
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Oh my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away
And I'll never see my darling any more.
I'm a sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see the way
Hark! There's somebody knocking at the door
Oh! I hear the angels calling and I see my Nellie Gray
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

Oh my darling Nellie Gray, up in heaven there they say
that they'll never take you from me any more
I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore

De Camptown Races

by Stephen Collins Foster (1850)

D *D* *A* *A*
De Camptown ladies sing dis song, doo-dah! doo-dah!
D *D* *A* *D*
De Camp-town race-track five miles long, oh! doo-dah day!
D *D* *A* *A*
I come down dah wid my hat caved in, doo-dah! doo-dah!
D *D* *A* *D*
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin, oh! doo-dah day!

D *G* *G* *D*
Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day!
D *D* *A7* *D*
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag, somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss, doo-dah! doo-dah!
dey fly de track and dey both cut across, oh! doo-dah-day!
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole, doo-dah! doo-dah!
can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole, oh! doo-dah-day!

Old muley cow come on to de track, doo-dah! doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back, oh! doo-dah-day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car, doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star, oh! doo-dah-day!

See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat, doo-dah doo-dah!
Round de race track, den repeat, oh! doo-dah-day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag, doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag, oh! doo-dah-day!

Dixie

by Daniel Decatur Emmett (1859)

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$
Oh, I wish I was in the land of cotton,
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7$ $D6$ $D7$
Old times there are not forgotten, (originally "Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom")
 A A $F\#m$ $F\#m$ Bm $E7$ A A
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$
In Dixie Land, where I was born in,
 $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7$ $D6$ $D7$
Early on one frosty mornin',
 A A $F\#m$ $F\#m$ Bm E A A
Look away, look away, look away Dixie Land.

$A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ D D B $B7$ E $E7$
I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
 $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ama7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7$ $D_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7$ $F\#m$ $F\#m$ Bm E
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand to live and die in Dixie.
 A A E E A A E E
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.
 A A E E A $Dma7$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A
Away, away, away down south in Dixie

Ole Missus marry "Will the weaver"
Willum was a gay deceiver
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver
But that did not seem to grieve 'er
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

Ole Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

Now here's a health to the next ole Missus
An' all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow
Come and hear this song tomorrow
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

There's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land

Donna

by Ritchie Valens (1956)

F *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F* *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2)
Oh Donna, oh Donna, oh Donna, oh Donna

F *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F* *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2)
I had girl, Donna was her name. Since she left me, I've never been the same.
F *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F* *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2)
Cause I love my girl, Donna, where can you be? Where can you be?

F *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F* *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2)
Now that your gone, I'm left all alone. All by myself, to wonder and groan.
F *Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *Bb*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *F7*_(1/2)
Cause I love my girl, Donna, where can you be? Where can you be

Bb *Bb* *F* *F*
Well darling now that your gone. I don't know what I'll do.
Bb *Bb* *C* *C7*
Any smiles and all my love, for you.

I had girl, Donna was her name. Since she left me, I've never been the same.
Cause I love my girl, Donna, where can you be? Where can you be?

Down by the Old Mill Stream

by Tell Taylor (1910)

G₍₁₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *G*₍₁₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Bm*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₃₎ *D*₍₁₎ *G#dim7*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₂₎ *G*₍₃₎ *Bm*₍₁₎
My dar ling I am dream ing, of the days gone by when
C *G* *A7* *D7*

you and I were sweethearts, beneath the summer sky

G₍₁₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *G*₍₁₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Bm*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₃₎ *D*₍₁₎ *G#dim7*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₁₎ *F7b5*₍₁₎ *B7*
Your hair has turned to sil ver, the gold has fad ed too but
E7 *A7* *A9*₍₃₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *D7*

still I will remember, where I first met you

G *C#dim7* *D7* *D7* *Am9* *D7* *G* *G*

Down by the old mill steam where I first met you

G *Bm* *C*₍₂₎ *E7*₍₁₎ *Am* *D7* *D9*₍₂₎ *Daug*₍₁₎ *G* *G*
With you're eyes of blue dressed in ging ham too

G *C#dim7* *D7* *D7* *D6* *B7* *Em* *Em*
It was there I knew that you loved me true

Eb7 *Eb7* *G*₍₂₎ *Dm6*₍₁₎ *E7*_(hold) *Eaug*_(hold) *E7*_(hold)
You were sixteen my village queen by the

A7 *Bm* *G* *G*
old mill stream

ending

A7 *Bm* *G*₍₁₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *Cm*₍₁₎ *G*_(hold)
old mill stream

G₍₁₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *G*₍₁₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Bm*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₃₎ *D*₍₁₎ *G#dim7*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₂₎ *G*₍₃₎ *Bm*₍₁₎
The old mill wheel is si lent, and has fallen down
C *G* *A7* *D7*

The old oak tree has withered, and lies there on the ground

G₍₁₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *G*₍₁₎ *C*₍₁₎ *Bm*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₃₎ *D*₍₁₎ *G#dim7*₍₁₎ *D7*₍₂₎ *B7*
While you and I are sweet hearts, the same as days of yore;
E7 *A7* *A9*₍₃₎ *C#dim7*₍₁₎ *D7*

Although we've been together, forty years or more.

For Me and My Gal

lyrics by Edgar Leslie and Ray E. Goetz,
music by George W. Meyer (1917)

D7 *G7 G7* *C*
 What a beautiful day, For a wedding in May!
C *E7(½) B7(¼) Ddim7(¼) A7* *D7(½) Gdim7(¼) G#dim7(¼)*
 See the people all stare, At the loveable pair.
D7 *G7 G7* *C*
 She's a vision of joy, He's the luckiest boy.
C *E7(½) B7(¼) Ddim7(¼) A7*
 In his wedding array, Hear him smilingly

D7(½) N.C *D7 D7* *G*
 say: "The bells are ringing for me and my gal,
D7(½) C(¼) D(¼) Am7(½) D7(½) D7(¾) Dma7+5(¼) G
 The birds are singing for me and my gal.
G *B7 B7* *Em*
 Everybody's been knowing, to a wedding they're going,
Em *A A7(¾) A9(¼) D7(½) Gdim7(¼) G#dim7(¼)*
 And for weeks they've been sewing, every Susie and Sal.

D7(½) N.C *D7 D7* *G*
 They're congregating for me and my gal,
D7(½) C(¼) D(¼) Am7(½) D7(½) D7(¾) C7sus4(¼) B(½) C#dim7(¼) Ddim7(¼)
 The par son's wait ing for me and my gal.
B7(½) D7(¼) Gdim7(¼) G7 *G7(¾) G7#5(¼)*
 And some time I'm goin' to build a little home for two, for
C(¾) Am7(¼) Gdim7(¾) G#dim7(¼)
 three or four or more, In
D7 D7 G(½) Em(¼) D7(¼) G(¼) D(¼) C(¼) D7(¼)
 Love-land for me and my gal." The bells are
G(hold to end)



D7 *G7 G7* *C*
 See the relatives there, looking over the pair!
C *E7(½) B7(¼) Ddim7(¼) A7* *D7(½) Gdim7(¼) G#dim7(¼)*
 They can tell at a glance, it's a loving romance.
D7 *G7 G7* *C*
 It's a wonderful sight, as the families unite.
C *E7(½) B7(¼) Ddim7(¼) A7*
 Gee! It makes the boy proud, as he says to the
D7(¼) D(¼) C(¼) D(¼)
 crowd: "The bells are

Fountain in the Park

by Robert A. Keiser (a.k.a. Ed Haley)
(1884)

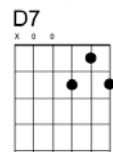
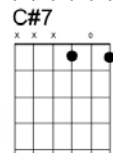
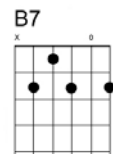
C E7 Am A7
How can a guy find a girl today?
D7(1/2) C#7(1/2) D7(1/2) C#7(1/2) D7 C(1/2) Cdim7(1/2) G7
May be you can do it in the same old way.

C(1/2) B7(1/2) C7 F A7
While strolling through the park one day, in the
D7(1/2) C#7(1/2) D7 G G7
Merry merry month of May
C(1/2) B7(1/2) C7 F(1/2) Ddim7(1/2) D7
I was taken by surprise by a pair of roguish eyes
G7 G7 C(1/2) B7(1/2) C
In a moment my poor heart was stole away

E7 E7 Am(1/2) E7(1/2) Am
A smile was all she gave to me
E7 E7 Am(1/2) E7(1/2) Am
La la la la la la la la La la la la la la la la Of
D7(1/2) Ddim7(1/2) D7 G(1/2) D(1/2) G
Of course it made me happy as could be
D7 D7 G7(1/2) A7(1/2) G7
La la la la la la Oh you see I im

C(1/2) B7(1/2) C7 F A7
I immedi ately raised my hat and
D7(1/2) C#7(1/2) D7 G7 G7
And final ly she remarked "Oh I
C(1/2) B7(1/2) C7 F(1/2) Ddim7(1/2) D
never shall forget the lovely after noon
G7 G7 C C

We linger'd there beneath the trees,
Her voice was like the fragrant breeze.
We talked of happy love until the stars above
When her loving "yes" she gave my heart to please.



Funiculi Funicula

lyrics by Peppino Turco and music by Luigi Denza
(1880)

D D D D
 Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
D_(½) A7_(½) D D_(½) A7_(½) D D
 And so do !! And so do !!
D D D D
 Some think it well to be all melancholic,
D_(½) A7_(½) D D_(½) A7_(½) D D
 To pine and sigh; to pine and sigh;
F#m F#m_(½) C#7_(½) F#m_(½) C#7_(½) F#m
 But I, I love to spend my time in singing,
F#m_(½) C#7_(½) F#m F#m_(½) C#7_(½) F#m F#m
 Some joyous song, some joyous song,
A A_(½) E7_(½) A_(½) E7_(½) A
 To set the air with music bravely ringing
A_(½) E7_(½) A A_(½) E7_(½) A A
 Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
A7 A7 A7 A7
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!
A7 A7 A7 D
 Listen, listen, echoes sound afar!
F#7 Bm F#7 Bm
 Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà!
G D A7 D
 Echoes sound afar, funiculì, funiculà!

Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,
 And like it well! And like it well!
 For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
 So cannot tell! So cannot tell!
 With laugh, with dance and song the day soon passes
 Full soon is gone, full soon is gone,
 For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
 To call their own! To call their own!
 Listen, listen, hark the soft guitar!
 Listen, listen, hark the soft guitar!
 Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà!
 Hark the soft guitar, funiculì, funiculà!^[5]

Gaudeamus Igitur

original lyric from a 1287 manuscript, original music 18th century, from the “Student Prince” operetta with music by Sigmund Romberg and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly.

Latin pronunciations: **A** is short ‘a’, **AU** is ‘ow’, **A**, **E** is long ‘i’, **E** is short ‘e’, **I** is long ‘e’, **O** is long ‘o’, **U** is long ‘u’.

G **C**
 Gaudeamus igitur,
D7 **G**
 juvenes dum sumus;
G **C**
 Gaudeamus igitur,
D7 **G**
 juvenes dum sumus;

D **G₍₁₎ D₍₂₎**
 Post jucundam juventutem,
D **G₍₁₎ D₍₂₎**
 post molestim senectutem
G₍₁₎ C₍₁₎ Am₍₁₎ G₍₂₎ B7 Em
 Nos habe----bit hu mus,
G₍₁₎ C₍₁₎ Am₍₁₎ G₍₂₎ D7 G
 nos habe---bit hu mus.

Gaudeamus igitur

Studentenlied

G C D⁷ G D G D

Gaude-a - mus i - gitur iu - venes dum su - mus post iucundam iuventu-tem,

D G D G C Am G H⁷ Em G C Am G D⁷ G

post molestim senectutem, nos habe - bit hu - mus, nos habe - bit hu - mus.

Give My Regards to Broadway

by George M. Cohan
(1904)

G G^(½) D7^(½) G G7^(½) Gaug^(½)
 Did you ever see two Yankees part up
Am7 Am7^(½) D7^(½) G
 on a foreign shore

G G B7^(½) Em^(½) B7^(½) Em^(½)
 When the good ship's just about to start for
A7 A7 D7^(½) Am^(¼) F7^(¼) D7
 old New York once more?

G G^(½) D7^(½) G G7^(½) Gaug^(½)
 With tear-dimmed eye they say good-bye, they're
Am7 Am7^(½) D7^(½) G G
 friends without a doubt

G C^(½) Cm^(½) G
 When the man on the pier shouts; "Let them clear,"
C^(½) B^(¼) Gm^(¼) A7 A7 D^(½) Cmin6^(½) D7
 as the ship strikes out.

G G Cm6 D7 Am7 D7^(½) Daug^(½) G^(½) Ddim7^(½) D7
 Give my regards to Broadway, remember me to Herald Square,
G G^(½) Em7^(½) D^(½) A7^(½) D^(½) Bm^(½) Em7 F#m^(½) A7^(½) D^(½) Am^(¼) F7^(¼) D7
 tell all the gang at Forty-Second Street that I will soon be there.
G G Cm6 D7 Am7 D7^(½) Daug^(½) G^(½) Ddim7^(½) D7
 Whisper of how I'm yearning to mingle with the old time throng,
E7 F7^(½) E7^(½) Am^(½) E7^(½) Am^(½) Cm^(½) G^(½) Em7^(½) A7^(½) D7^(½) G G
 give my regards to old Broadway, and say that I'll be there e'er long.

G G^(½) D7^(½) G G7^(½) Gaug^(½)
 Say hello to dear old Coney Isle, if
Am7 Am7^(½) D7^(½) G
 there you chance to be,
G G B7^(½) Em^(½) B7^(½) Em^(½)
 when you're at the Waldorf have a smile, and
A7 A7 D7^(½) Am^(¼) F7^(¼) D7
 charge it up to me.

G G^(½) D7^(½) G G7^(½) Gaug^(½)
 Mention my name every place you go, as
Am7 Am7^(½) D7^(½) G G
 'round the town you roam,
G C^(½) Cm^(½) G C^(½) B^(¼) Gm^(¼)
 wish you'd call on my gal, now remember, old pal, when you
A7 A7 D^(½) Cmin6^(½) D7
 get back home :

Hard Times

by Stephen Collins Foster (1855)

^C ^C ^F ^C
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
^C ^G ^C ^C
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
^C ^C ^F ^C
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
^C ^G ^C ^C
Oh Hard times come again no more.

^C ^C ^F ^C
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
^C ^C ^D ^G
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
^C ^C ^F ^C
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door;
^C ^G ^C ^C
Oh hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh hard times come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er:
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh hard times come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more

Hatikvah (With Hope)

words by Bohemian poet, Naphtali Herz Imber (1886), and melody arranged by Samuel Cohen from a Moldavian folk song. This is the anthem of Zionism and the national anthem of Israel.

Dm *Gm*^(1/2) *Dm*
 As long as deep with in the heart
Edim^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *Gm*^(1/4) *Am*^(1/4) *Dm*^(1/2)
 the soul of Judea is turbu lent and strong.
Dm *Gm*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2)
 As long as to the East, forwardly,
Edim^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *Gm*^(1/4) *Am*^(1/4) *Dm*^(1/2)
 the eye toward Zion constantly is turned.

Dm *Am*^(1/2) *D*^(1/2)
 Then our hope it is not dead,
Dm *Am*^(1/2) *D*^(1/2)
 the ancient longing will be ful filled,
Edim^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *C7*^(1/2) *F*^(1/2)
 To return to the land, the land of our fathers
Edim^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *Gm*^(1/4) *A7*^(1/4) *Dm*^(1/2)
 The city of Jerusalem, where Da vid encamped.

Official Israeli lyric

*As long as the Jewish spirit is yearning deep in the heart,
 With eyes turned toward the East, looking toward Zion,
 Then our hope - the two-thousand-year-old hope - will not be lost:
 To be a free people in our land,
 The land of Zion and Jerusalem.*

If You Were the Only Girl in the World

lyrics by Nate Grey and music by Nathaniel Davis Ayer (1916)

C Em Dm7 G7 C D7 G G7

Sometimes when I feel bad and things look blue

C Edim7 Dm7 Eaug(2) E7(1) Am D7 G G

I wish a boy I had say one like you.

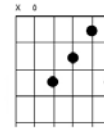
Em Am Em A6(2) A7(1) C D7 G G

Some one within my heart to build a throne

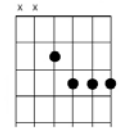
G B7 Em(2) C(1) A7 Am/D D6(2) D7(1) G G(2) G7(1)

Someone who'd never part, to call my own. If

Fsus2



Gm6(Em7b5)



C A7 D7(2) Am7(1) D(2) D7(1)

you were the only girl in the world, and

G7 G6(2) G7(1) C(2) F#dim(1) F9(2) G7(1)

I were the only boy,

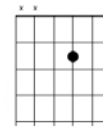
C C Dm7 Dm7

Nothing else would matter in the world today,

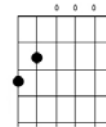
G7 G7#5 C C(1) Fdim(1) G7(1)

We could go on loving in the same old way. A

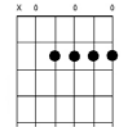
D6



G6



A6



C A7 D7(2) Am7(1) D(2) D7(1)

garden of Eden just made for two, with

G7 G6(2) G7(1) C(2) F#dim(1) G7

nothing to mar our joy.

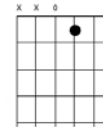
Am Am Em Em

I would say such wonderful things to you,

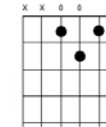
F(2) Faug(1) G7(2) Gaug(1) C(2) Gm6(1) A7

There would be such wonderful things to do; if

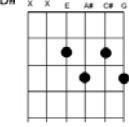
Fdim7



F#dim D#, A, C, D#



Edim7 C#, G, A#



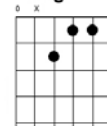
Dm Fm Cma7 Aaug(2) A7(1)

you were the only girl in the world,

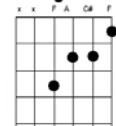
D7 Fsus2(2) G6(1) C(2) Edim7(1) D7(2) G7(1)

And I were the only boy.

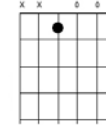
Eaug



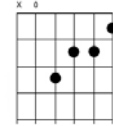
Faug C#aug Aaug



Gaug



Aaug (F, C#)



In Apple Blossom Time

words by Neville Fleeson and music
by Alvert Von Tilzer (1920) 4/4 time

C *C₍₂₎* *Gaug₍₁₎* *C6* *C6₍₁₎* *Gaug₍₂₎*
 I'm writing you dear, just to tell you in Sep
C6 *C6* *G9* *G9*
 tember, you remember, 'neath the
G7₍₂₎ *Cdim7₍₁₎* *G9* *G7₍₂₎* *Cdim7₍₁₎* *G7*
 old apple tree, you whispered to me, when it
G7 *Dm7₍₁₎* *G7* *Gaug7* *C* *C₍₂₎* *Edim7₍₁₎*
 blossomed again, you'd be mine I've

Bb7₍₁₎ *Gm7₍₁₎* *Bb7₍₁₎* *Bb7₍₁₎* *Gm7₍₁₎* *Bb7₍₁₎* *Eb* *Eb*
 Wait ed un til I could claim you I
F *Bb7₍₂₎* *Bbaug7₍₁₎* *Eb* *Eb*
 Hope I've not waited in vain For
G7 *D7₍₁₎* *Bm₍₁₎* *D7₍₁₎* *G₍₁₎* *Daug₍₁₎* *E7*
 When it's spring in the val ley I'm
Am7₍₁₎ *D7₍₂₎* *Am7₍₁₎* *D7₍₂₎* *G7₍₂₎* *Dm7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎* *Dm7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎*
 Com ing, my sweet heart again

C *C* *Em7* *F*
 I'll be with you in apple blossom time
F *F* *C* *C6₍₂₎* *Cdim7₍₁₎*
 I'll be with you to change your name to mine.
G7₍₂₎ *Gdim7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎* *Dm₍₁₎* *Ddim7₍₁₎* *C₍₁₎* *Cma7₍₁₎* *Ebm₍₁₎* *A7₍₁₎* *Em₍₁₎* *A7₍₁₎*
 One day in May, I'll come and say,
D7 *D7* *G7₍₁₎* *C7₍₁₎* *Cdim7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎* *Dm7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎*
 "Happy the bride the sun shines on to day."

C *C* *Em* *Em*
 What a wonderful wedding there will be.
F *F* *E* *E₍₁₎* *Ema7₍₁₎* *E7₍₁₎*
 What a wonderful day for you and me.
A7₍₂₎ *Adim7_(¼)* *A7* *D9₍₂₎* *C#7₍₁₎* *D7*
 Church bells will chime, you will be mine
Fm6₍₂₎ *G7₍₁₎* *D7₍₂₎* *G7₍₁₎* *C₍₁₎* *F7₍₁₎* *F#7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎* *Ab7₍₁₎* *G7₍₁₎*
 In ap ple blos som time.
Fm6₍₂₎ *G7₍₁₎* *D7₍₂₎* *G7₍₁₎* *C₍₁₎* *Fm₍₁₎* *Fm6₍₁₎* *C_(hold)*
 In ap ple blos som time.

In Apple Blossom Time

words by Neville Fleeson and music
by Alvert Von Tilzer (1920) 4/4 time

C^(½) *Caug*^(½) *F*^(½) *Dm7*^(¼) *G7*^(¼) *C*^(½) *G9*^(½) *C*^(½) *Gaug7*^(½)
 I'm writing you dear, just to tell you in Sep
C^(½) *G9*^(½) *Cdim7*^(½) *C*^(½) *Dm7* *Dm7*^(½) *G7*^(¼) *Cdim7*^(¼)
 tember, you re member, 'neath the
G7^(¼) *G9*^(½) *Cdim7*^(¼) *G9*^(½) *G7*^(½) *G7*^(¼) *G9*^(½) *G9*
 old ap ple tree you whis pered to me, when it
Am7 *D7* *G7*^(½) *Bb7*^(½) *Dm*^(½) *Bb7*^(¼) *G7*^(¼)
 blossomed again, you'd be mine

C^(¾) *Em7*^(¼) *C*^(¾) *Em7*^(½) *C*^(¾) *Em* *Em*^(½) *Gaug*^(¼) *Em7*^(¼)
 I'll be with you in apple blossom time
F *F* *C* *C*^(½) *A7*^(¼) *Gdim7*^(¼)
 I'll be with you to change your name to mine.
G7^(¾) *Gdim7*^(¼) *G7*^(¼) *Dm*^(¼) *Bb7*^(¼) *G7*^(¼) *C*^(½) *C7*^(¼) *D#m*^(¼) *A7*^(¼) *Em*^(¼) *G7*^(¼) *A7*^(¼)
 One day in May, I'll come and say,
D^(½) *C#7*^(¼) *D7*^(¼) *D9* *G7*^(½) *Dm7*^(¼) *Gdim7*^(¼) *G9*
 "Hap py the bride the sun shines on to day."

C^(¾) *Em7*^(¼) *C*^(¾) *Em7*^(½) *C*^(¾) *Em* *Em*^(½) *Gaug*^(¼) *Em7*^(¼)
 What a won der ful wedding there will be.
F *F* *E* *E*^(½) *B*^(¼) *E7*^(¼)
 What a wonderful day for you and me.
A7^(½) *A9*^(¼) *Cdim7*^(¼) *A9* *D9*^(¼) *D7*^(¼) *C#7*^(¼) *D7*^(¼)
 Church bells will chime, you will be mine
Dm7^(½) *G7*^(½) *Cdim7*^(½) *G7*^(½) *C*^(½) *Cdim7*^(½) *Dm7*^(½) *G9*^(½)
 In ap ple blos som time.
Dm7^(½) *G7*^(½) *Cdim7*^(½) *G7*^(½) *C*^(½) *Cdim7*^(½) *Dm7*^(¼) *Db7*^(¼) *C*^(½ hold)
 In ap ple blos som time.

In My Merry Oldsmobile

lyrics by Vincent Bryan and music by Gus Edwards (1905)

^{C C G G G7 G7 C C}
Young Johnnie Steele has an Oldsmobile. He loves a dear little girl.
^{C C G G G7 G7 C C}
She is the queen of his gas machine. She has his heart in a whirl.
^{D7 D7 G G D7 D7 G G}
Now when they go for a spin, you know, she tries to learn his auto, so
^{D7 D7 D7 D7 D7 D7 G G7}
He lets her steer while he gets her ear, and whispers soft and low;

^{C C C C D7 D7 D7 D7}
Come away with me Lucile, in my merry Oldsmobile
^{G7 G7 G7 G7 C C G7 G7}
Down the road of life we'll fly automo-bubbling you and I.
^{C C C C D7 D7 D7 D7}
To the church we'll swiftly steal, then our wedding bells will peal,
^{G G7 C C G7 G7 C C}
You can go as far you like with me, In my merry Oldsmobile.

They love to spark in the dark old park, as they go flying along,
She says she knows why his motor goes; his sparker's awfully strong.
Each day they spoon to the engine's tune, their honeymoon will happen soon,
He'll win Lucile with his Oldsmobile and then he'll fondly croon;

Patter

Come away Lucile 'cause if I may Lucile I want to take you for my bride,
And we'll chug along and always sing a song as down the road of life we fly
Even though my car is old and squeaky now it's better than a horse or train.
When I pull the throttle out and put her into third you think you're in a plane.

To the church we're heading for a quiet wedding then I'll crank her up and take the wheel
And away we'll go my honey, they will know my honey that our love is real.
You can go as far you like with me, In my merry Oldsmobile,
My merry Oldsmobile.

In the Good Old Summertime

lyrics by Ren Shields
and music by George Evans (1902)

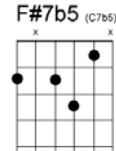
There's a time in each year that we always hold dear,
A Cdim E7 E7
 Good old summertime.

With the birds and the trees and sweet scented breezes,
E A7 E7 E7
 Good old summertime.

When your day's work is over then you are in clover,
D D A A

And life is one beautiful rhyme,

No trouble annoying, each one is enjoying the
D A D(2) Cdim7(1) A(2) F#7b5(1)
E B7 E7 E7
 Good old summertime.



In the good old summertime, in the good old summertime,
A A A A7 D D A(2) Gdim7(1) E7
A A A(2) C#7(1) F#m B7 B7 E7 E7

Strolling thro' the shady lanes with that baby mine

You hold her hand and she holds yours, and that's a very good sign,
A A A(2) C#7(1) F#m(2) A(1) B7 E7 A A

That she's your tootsey-wootsey in the good old summertime,

Oh to swim in the pool you'd play hooky from school
 Good old summer time

You would play "ring-a-rosie" with Jim, Kate and Josie
 Good old summer time

Those are days full of pleasure we now fondly treasure
 When we never thought it a crime
 To go stealing cherries with face brown as berries
 In good old summer time

I Want a Girl (Just Like the Girl) lyrics by William Dillon and music by Harry Von Tilzer (1911)

C^(1/2) *Bdim7*^(1/4) *Cdim7*^(1/4) *C*^(1/2) *Cdim7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/4) *Gdim7*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4) *Gdim7*^(1/4) *G7*
 When I was a boy my mother of ten said to me,
Dm^(1/2) *Dmma7*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C*^(1/2) *Gdim7*^(1/2) *G7*
 Get married boy and see, how happy you will be,
C^(1/2) *Bdim7*^(1/4) *Cdim7*^(1/4) *C*^(1/2) *Am7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/4) *D7*^(1/4) *G7*^(1/4) *D7*^(1/4) *G7*
 I have looked all over, but no girl lie can I find,
D7^(1/2) *Ddim7*^(1/4) *D7*^(1/4) *Em*^(1/4) *G*^(1/4) *Edim7*^(1/4) *E7*^(1/4) *Am*^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G*
 Who seems to be just like the little girl, I have in mind,
G7^(1/2) *Bb7*^(1/2) *Dm*^(1/2) *Bb7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *Dm7*^(1/2) *Bbdim7*^(1/2) *G7*
 I will have to look around until the right one I have found.

C *C*^(1/2) *C7*^(1/2) *F* *F*
 I want a girl, just like the girl
C^(1/2) *Am*^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C* *C7*
 That married dear old Dad,
F *Cdim7* *C* *A7*
 She was a pearl and the only girl
D7 *D7* *G7* *G7*
 That Daddy ever had,

C *C* *G7* *G7*^(1/2) *Fdim7*^(1/2)
 A good old fashioned girl with heart so true,
Am *F7* *E7* *G7*
 One who loves nobody else but you,
C *C*^(1/2) *C7*^(1/2) *F* *F*
 I want a girl, just like the girl
C^(1/2) *Am*^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G7*^(1/2) *C* *C*
 That married dear old Dad,

By the old mill stream there sits a couple old and gray
 Through years have rolled away their hearts are young today.
 Mother Dear looks up at Dad with love light in her eye
 He steals a kiss, a fond embrace while evening breezes sigh,
 They're as happy as can be, so that's the kind of love for me,

Juanita

music adapted from George Frideric Handel by T.G. May and English lyrics by Caroline Sheridan Norton (1855), often called "A Spanish Ballad"

D *D*₍₁₎ *A*₍₂₎ *A7* *D*
Soft o'er the fountain,, ling'ring falls the southern moon;
D *D*₍₁₎ *A*₍₂₎ *Em*₍₂₎ *A7*₍₁₎ *D*
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon!
D *Dma7*₍₁₎ *G*₍₂₎ *Em*₍₁₎ *A7*₍₂₎ *D*
In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm night loves to dwell,
D₍₁₎ *Bm*₍₂₎ *F#7*₍₁₎ *G*₍₂₎ *A7* *D*
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell!

D *A7* *A7* *D*
Nita! Juanita!, Ask thy soul if we should part.
D *A7* *A7* *D*
Nita! Juanita!, Lean thou on my heart!

When in thy dreaming, moons like thee shall shine again,
And, daylight beaming, prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting, for thine absent lover sigh?
In thy heart consenting to a pray'r gone by!

Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by thy side!
Nita! Juanita! Be my own fair bride!

Cae la tarde, lentamente sobre el mar;
Tiemblan las hojas del vasto pinar
Alla en la montana se oye voz de un pastor
Que con dulce acento, canta asi su amor
Nita! Juanita! Tve res mi angel, mi illusion
Nita! Juanita! Dame el corazón.

Late afternoon, slowly over the sea;
Tremble vast pine leaves
There in the mountain's voice is heard a shepardess,
What a sweet accent, so her love sings
Nita! Juanita! You're my angel, my illusion
Nita! Juanita! Give me your heart.

Keep on the Sunny Side

lyrics by Eda Blenkhorn and music
by J. Howard Entwisle (1899)

D *G* *D* *D*
There's a dark and a troubled side of life

D *D* *A* *A*
There's a bright and a sunny side, too

A *A* *D* *D*
Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife

A *A* *D* *D*
The sunny side we also may view

D *D* *G* *G*
Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side

D *D* *A* *A*
Keep on the sunny side of life

D *D* *G* *G*
It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way

D *A* *D* *D*
If we'll keep on the sunny side of life

The storm and its fury broke today
Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear
Clouds and storms will, in time, pass away
The sun again will shine bright and clear

Let us greet with the song of hope each day
Tho the moment be cloudy or fair
Let us trust in our Saviour always
Who keepeth everyone in His care

Keep the Home Fires Burning

music by Ivor Novello
and lyrics by Lena Ford (1915)

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
They were summoned from the hillside
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bbm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
They were called in from the glen,
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And the country found them ready at the
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C7$
stirring call for men.

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
Let no tears add to their hardships
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bbm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
As the soldiers pass a long,
 $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And although your heart is breaking
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C7$
Make it sing this cheer y song.

F $C7$
Keep the home fires burning,
 Dm $Aaug_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
While your hearts are yearning,
 $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
Though your lads are far away
 $G7$ $C7$
They dream of home.

F $C7$
There's a silver lining
 Dm $Aaug_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Through the dark clouds shining,
 $Bb_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bb6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
Turn the dark cloud inside out
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
'Til the boys come home.

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
Overseas there came a pleading,
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bbm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
"Help a nation in distress."
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And we gave our glorious laddies
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C7$
Honour bade us do no less,

$F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C9_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
For no gallant son of freedom
 $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bbm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ F
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
 $Am_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cma7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $F_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
And a noble heart must answer
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Dm7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C7$
To the sacred call of "Friend."

Let Me Call You Sweetheart

lyrics by Beth Slater Whitson
and music by Leo Friedman, (1910)

A₍₂₎ *C#m*₍₁₎ *C#m7* *G#7* *A* *A* *Adim7* *E7* *E7*
I am dreaming, Dear of you, day by day
E7₍₂₎ *Edim7*₍₁₎ *C#m*₍₂₎ *E*₍₁₎ *E7* *E7* *E7* *E7#5* *A* *A*
Dreaming when the skies are blue, when they're gray;
C#7 *C#7* *F#m* *F#m* *B7* *B7* *E7* *E7*
When the silv'ry moonlight gleams, still I wander on in dreams,
F#m *Am6* *E* *C#7* *F#7* *B7* *E7* *E7*
In a land of love, it seems, Just with you.

A *A* *A* *G#7*₍₂₎ *A*₍₁₎ *D* *F#7* *B7* *B7*
Let me call you "Sweetheart," I'm in love with you.
E7 *E7* *E7* *Bm7*₍₂₎ *G#7*₍₁₎ *A* *Edim7* *E7* *E7*
Let me hear you whisper that you love me too.
A *A* *A* *G#7*₍₂₎ *A*₍₁₎ *D* *F#7* *B7* *B7*
Keep the love light glowing in your eyes so true.
D6 *G#7* *A* *D* *B7* *E7* *A* *A*
Let me call you "Sweetheart," I'm in love with you.

A₍₂₎ *C#m*₍₁₎ *C#m7* *G#7* *A* *A* *Adim7* *E7* *E7*
Longing for you all the while, more and more;
E7₍₂₎ *Edim7*₍₁₎ *C#m*₍₂₎ *E*₍₁₎ *E7* *E7* *E7* *E7#5* *A* *A*
Longing for the sunny smile, I adore;
C#7 *C#7* *F#m* *F#m* *B7* *B7* *E7* *E7*
Birds are singing far and near, Roses blooming ev'rywhere
F#m *Am6* *E* *C#7* *F#7* *B7* *E7* *E7*
You, alone, my heart can cheer; You, just you.

Let the Rest of the World Go By

music by Ernest R. Ball and lyrics by J. Keirn Brennan (1919)

A₍₂₎ *F7*₍₁₎ *A* *A*₍₂₎ *F7*₍₁₎ *A*
 Is the struggle and strife we find in this life
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
 Really worth while, after all?
A₍₂₎ *F7*₍₁₎ *A* *C#m*₍₁₎ *G#7*₍₁₎ *C#m7*₍₁₎ *C#m*₍₂₎ *Am*₍₁₎
 I've been wishing to day I could just run a way Out
E *B7* *E7* *Eaug*
 where the west winds call

A *A* *E7* *E7*
 With someone like you, a pal good and true
E7 *E7* *A* *A7*
 I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find some
D *D* *A* *F#7*
 Some place that's known to God alone
B7 *B7* *E*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *E7*₍₂₎ *Eaug*₍₁₎
 Just a spot to call our own. We'll

A *A* *E* *E7*
 Find the perfect peace, where joys never cease
E7 *E7* *C#* *C#7*
 Out there beneath a kindly sky.
A *A* *E7* *E7*
 We'll build a sweet little nest, some where in the west
E7 *E7* *A*₍₂₎ *Cdim*₍₁₎ *E7*₍₂₎ *G#*₍₁₎
 And let the rest of the world go by.

A₍₂₎ *F7*₍₁₎ *A* *A*₍₂₎ *F7*₍₁₎ *A*
 Is the future to hold, just struggles for gold,
E7 *E7* *A* *A*
 While the real world waits outside, away
A₍₂₎ *F7*₍₁₎ *A* *C#m*₍₁₎ *G#7*₍₁₎ *C#m7*₍₁₎ *C#m*₍₂₎ *Am*₍₁₎
 out on the breast, of the wonder ful west, A
E *B7* *E7* *Eaug7*
 cross the Great Divide?

Listen to the Mocking Bird

by Alice Hawthorne (1855)

C7 *F* *C7* *F*
I'm dreaming now of Hallie, sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie;
C7 *F*^(½) *F7*^(½)
I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
Bb^(½) *C7*^(½) *F*
For the thought of her is one that never dies:

She's sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley;
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking bird singing where she lies.

F *(F) C7* *(C7) F*
Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
C^(½) *C7*^(½) *F*
The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave;
F *(F) C7* *(C7) F*
Listen to the mocking bird, listen to the mocking bird,
(D) Gm^(½) *C7*^(½) *F*
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.

Ah! well I yet remember, remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gather'd in the cotton side by side;

'Twas in the mild September, September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking bird was singing far and wide.

When the charms of spring awaken, awaken, awaken:
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking bird is singing on the bough.

I feel like one forsaken, forsaken, forsaken.
I feel like one so forsaken,
Since my Hally is no longer with me now.

Love's Old Sweet Song

lyrics by James L. Molloy and music by J. Clifton Bingham (1884)

*F*_(1/2) *Dm*_(1/2) *C7*
Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
*Bb*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F*
When on the world the mists began to fall,
*F*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *C7*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2)
Out of the dreams that rose in happy thrall,
Dm *G7*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2)
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
Gm *F*
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
*G7*_(1/2) *Am*_(1/4) *F*_(1/4) *C*_(1/2) *G7*_(1/2) *C7*
Softly it wove itself into our dream

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore.
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day.
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

F₍₂₎ *Fdim7*₍₁₎ *C7* *C7*₍₂₎ *Edim7*₍₁₎ *F*
Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
A7₍₂₎ *Edim7*₍₁₎ *Dm* *G7* *C7*
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go.
F₍₂₎ *Fdim7*₍₁₎ *C7* *C7*₍₂₎ *Edim7*₍₁₎ *A7*
Though the heart be weary, sad the day, and long,
F7 *Bb* *F7*₍₁₎ *C7*₍₂₎ *F*
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song, comes
Bb₍₂₎ *C7*₍₁₎ *F*
love's old sweet song.

Mademoiselle from Armentier

traditional French soldier's song of the 1830s and popular in WWI

G *G* *D7* *D7*
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous?
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez vous?
G *D7* *G* *D7*
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
G *D7* *G*
Hinky dinky Pa lee Voo.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
She got the palm and the croix de guerre,
For washin' soldiers' underwear,

The Colonel got the Croix de Guerre,
Parlez-vous
The Colonel got the Croix de Guerre,
The son-of-a-gun was never there!

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
You didn't have to know her long,
To know the reason men go wrong!

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
She's the hardest working girl in town,
But she makes her living upside down!

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
She'll do it for wine, she'll do it for rum,
And sometimes for chocolate or chewing gum!

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
The cooties rambled through her hair;
She whispered sweetly "C'est la guerre."

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
You might forget the gas and shell
But you'll nev'r forget the Mademoiselle!

Oh, Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
Parlez-vous
Where are the girls who used to swarm
About me in my uniform?

Oh, Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
Parlez-vous
The Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
She never washed her underwear.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Aix-Les-Bains,
Parlez-vous
Mademoiselle from Aix-Les-Bains,
She gave the Yankees shooting pains!

Oh, Mademoiselle from Montparnasse,
Parlez-vous
As soon as she'd spy a Colonel's brass,
She'd take off her skirt and roll in the grass!

Man on the Flying Trapeze

by George Leybourn, 1868

G *G#dim7* *Am* *Am*
Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn
D7 *D7* *G* *Gdim7* *G*
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
G *E7* *Am* *Am*
Left on this wide world to fret and to mourn,
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

Em *B7* *Em* *Em*
The girl that I loved she was handsome and swell;
Em *B7* *Em* *Em*
I tried all I knew her to please.
B7 *Em* *B7* *Em* *Em*
But I could not please her one quarter so well
Am *Em* *B7* *Em* *D7*
As the man on the flying trapeze.

G *G* *Am* *Am*
He flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
D7 *D7* *G* *Adim7* *D7*
That daring young man on the flying trapeze
G *E7* *Am* *Am*
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was Signor Bona Slang,
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang.
Where'er he appeared the hall loudly rang
With ovation from all people there.

He'd smile from the bar on the people below
And one night he smiled on my love.
She wink'd back at him and she shouted "Bravo,"
As he hung by his nose up above.

Her father and mother were both on my side
And very hard tried to make her my bride;
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away.

'Twas all no avail, she went there every night,
And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her; how he ran me
down,
To tell you would take a whole page.

One night I as usual went to her dear home,
Found there her father and mother alone.
I asked for my love, and soon they made known,
To my horror that she'd run away.

She'd packed up her box and eloped in the night
With him, with the greatest of ease;
From two stories high he had lowered her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze@e.

Some months after this I went to the Hall;
Was greatly surprised to see on the wall
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.

He'd taught her gymnastics and dressed her in
tights,
To help him live at his ease,
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze.
She does all the work while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love

Memories

lyrics by Gustave Kahn and music by Ebet Van Alstyne (1916)

F *Gdim7(2)* *C7(1)* *F* *F*
 Round me at twilight come stealing
F *Gdim7(2)* *C7(1)* *F* *F*
 Shadows of days that are gone
Gm *Cdim7(2)* *D7(1)* *Gm* *Gm*
 Dreams of the old days re veiling
G9 *G7* *C* *C7*
 Mem'ries of love's golden dawn

F6(2) *Faug(1)* *F* *G9* *G7*
 Mem or ies, memories
Am/C *C7* *F* *F7*
 Dreams of love so true
Bb *Bb(2)* *Bbdim7* *F(2)* *C7(1)* *F(2)* *Cdim7(1)*
 O'er the sea of mem or y
 C *D(2)* *Em(1)* *C* *C7*
 I'm drifting back to you

F6(2) *Faug(1)* *F* *G9* *G7*
 Child hood days, wild wood days
Am/C *C7* *F* *Cdim7*
 Among the birds and bees
Gm *E* *Am2)* *Cm(1)* *D(2)* *D7(1)*
 You left me alone, but still you're my own ... in my
G7(2) *G9(1)* *C7* *F* *F*
 beautiful memories

F *Gdim7(2)* *C7(1)* *F* *F*
 Sunlight may teach me for getting
F *Gdim7(2)* *C7(1)* *F* *F*
 Noonlight brings thoughts that are new
Gm *Cdim7(2)* *D7(1)* *Gm* *Gm*
 Twilight brings sighs and re gretting
G9 *G7* *C* *C7*
 Moonlight means sweet dreams of you

Merry Widow Waltz (Love Remained) music

by Franz Lehar (1905) and lyrics by Sidney D. Mitchell (1925)

C C C C G7 C G7 G7
Long ago a belle and beau with hearts in tune
G7 G7 G7 G7 C G7 C C7
Met and danced became entranced and parted soon
F G7 C Am Dm Dm6 E7 E7
For the dance was over when the music waned
G7 G7 C F Dm7 G7 C_(hold) C
That was oh! So long ago but love remained

Slowly on chorus

Dm7 G7 C C
Although they said good-bye the parting made them sigh
Dm7 G7 C C
And soon they wondered why their lonesome hearts began to cry
Dm7 Dm7 C C_(sus6)
For tho' they were far apart, each had a sad and lonely heart
Dm7 G7_(sus6) C C
The kind of lonely heart that pained for love remained.

Lovers often hum this soft and sweet refrain
Even after youth and laughter cease to reign
It recalls a night when hearts were unrestrained
With the dawn that night was gone but love remained

Happy Birthday music by Franz Lehar (1905) and lyrics by Tom Chapin (1989)

Happy Birthday, Happy birthday, We love you.
Happy Birthday and may all your dreams come true.
When you blow out the candles, one light stays aglow.
It's the love light in your eyes, where'er you go.

My Melancholy Baby

words by George Norton and music by Ernie Burnett (1912)

A **G#7** **A** **G#7**
 Come, sweetheart mine, don't sit and pine;
A_(¼) **D9**_(¼) **A**_(¼) **Bm7-5**_(¼) **A**_(¼) **Cdim**_(½) **E7**
 Tell me of the cares that make you feel so blue.
Bm7 **Edim** **Bm7** **Edim**
 What have I done? Answer me, Hon;
B7_(¼) **Bm7-5**_(¼) **B7**_(¼) **Bm7-5**_(¼) **E7** **E**
 Have I ever said an unkind word to you?

My love is true, and just for you;
 I'd do almost anything at any time.
 Dear, when you sigh or when you cry,
 Something seems to grip this very heart of mine.

A_(¼) **Cdim**_(¼) **Bm7b5**_(½) **A**_(¼) **Amaj7**_(¼) **G7**_(¼) **F#7**_(¼)
 Come to me my melancholy baby,
Bm_(¼) **F#7**_(¼) **Bm**_(¼) **E7-9**_(¼) **Bm7**_(½) **Bm7/E**_(½)
 Cuddle up and don't be blue
E7_(¼) **Bm7**_(¼) **Bm7b5**_(¼) **Cdim**_(¼) **B9**_(½) **E7**_(½)
 All your fears are foolish fancies, may be
A_(¼) **Amaj7**_(¼) **C#m7b5**_(¼) **F#7**_(¼) **D9**_(½) **Bm7b5**_(¼) **E7**_(¼)
 You know dear, that I'm in love with you.

A_(¼) **Cdim**_(¼) **Bm7b5**_(½) **A**_(¼) **Amaj7**_(¼) **G7**_(¼) **F#7**_(¼)
 Ev'ry cloud must have a silver lining;
Bm_(¼) **F#7**_(¼) **Bm**_(¼) **E7b9**_(¼) **Bm7**_(½) **Bm7/E**_(½)
 Wait until the sun shines through.
D_(¼) **Cdim**_(¼) **B7**_(¼) **Bm7b5**_(¼) **A**_(¼) **C#m7-5**_(¼) **F#7**_(½)
 Smile my honey, dear, while I kiss away each tear,
Bm7_(¼) **Bm7/E**_(¼) **Bm7b5**_(¼) **E7-9**_(¼) **A** **Cdim7**_(¼) **E7**_(¼)
 Or else I shall be melancholy too.

Birds in the trees, whispering breeze,
 Could not fail to lull you into peaceful dreams.
 So tell me why sadly you sigh
 Sitting at the window where the pale moon beams.

You shouldn't grieve; try and believe

Life is always sunshine when the heart beats true.
 Be of good cheer; smile through your tears;
 When you're sad it makes me feel the same as you.

My Old Kentucky Home

by Stephen Collins Foster (1853)

Inspired by the loveliness of the Kentucky countryside, Foster is said to have written this famous song there in 1852 at Federal Hill in Bardstown, which was the home of Foster's relatives, the Rowans. It was made the state song of Kentucky in 1928.

D *D* *G* *D* (*A7*)
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'tis
D *Bm* *E7* *A7*
Summer, the darkies are gay.
D *D7* *G* *D* (*A7*)
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom while the
D *A7* *D* *D*
birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
all merry, all happy and bright.
By'n by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door,
then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

D *G* (*A7*) *D*($\frac{1}{2}$) *F#7*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Bm* *G* *D*
Weep no more, my lady, oh! weep no more to-day!
D *D7* *G* (*A7*) *D*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Bm*($\frac{1}{4}$) *Em7*($\frac{1}{4}$)
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, for that
D *A7* *D* *D*
old Kentucky Home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
on the meadow, the hill and the shore,
they sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
on the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
with sorrow where all was delight :
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
wherever the darkey may go:
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
in the field where the sugar-canes grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary load,
no matter 'twill never be light,
a few more days till we totter on the road,
then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

My Wild Irish Rose

by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

A Aug5 D A
 If you listen I'll sing you a sweet little song
 A B7 E7(2) Bm7(1) E7
 Of a flower that's now drooped and dead
 A Aug5 D A
 Yet dearer to me, yes than all of its mates,
 A E7(1) Dm(1) E7(1) A(2) D6(1) A
 Though each holds aloft its proud head.
 E7 E7 A(1) E7(1) A(1) A(2) C#7(1)
 T'was given to me by a girl that I know,
 F#m B7(1) B6(1) B7(1) E7(2) Bm7(1) E7
 Since we've met, faith I've known no re pose.
 A Aug5 D A
 She is dearer by far than the world's brightest star,
 A E7(1) Dm6(1) E7(1) A(2) D(1) A
 And I call her my wild Irish Rose.

A Dm A A D C#m A A(2) Edim7(1)
 My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows.
 E7 A(2) Edim7(1) E7 A
 You may search everywhere, but none can compare
 B7 B7 E7(2) Bm7(1) E7
 with my wild Irish Rose.
 A Dm A A D C#m A A(2) Edim7(1)
 My wild Irish Rose, the dearest flower that grows,
 E7 A(2) Edim7(1) E7 A
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take
 B7(2) A(1) B7(2) E7(1) A(2) D(1) A A
 the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

They may sing of their roses, which by other names,
 Would smell just as sweetly, they say.
 But I know that my Rose would never consent
 To have that sweet name taken away.
 Her glances are shy when e'er I pass by
 The bower where my true love grows,
 And my one wish has been that some day I may win
 The heart of my wild Irish Rose.

Oh Susanna by Stephen Foster (written in 1848, this became a nationwide hit—it was the unofficial anthem of the 49ers during the Gold Rush).

A *A* *B7* *E7*
 I came from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee
A *A* *F#m(½)* *E7(½)* *A*
 I'm g'wan to Louisiana, my true love for to see,
A *A* *B7* *E7*
 It rain'd all night the day I left de weather it was dry,
A *A* *F#m(½)* *E7(½)* *A*
 The sun so hot I frose to death Susanna don't you cry.

D *D* *A* *B7* *E7*
 Oh! Susanna Oh! Don't you cry for me
A *A* *F#m(½)* *E7(½)* *A*
 I've come from Alabama wid mi banjo on my knee.

A(½) *Ama7(½)* *A6* *C#m7* *F#m7* *B7* *B7* *Bm7* *E7*
 I came from Ala bama wid my banjo on my knee
A(½) *Ama7(½)* *A6* *C#m7* *F#m7* *Bm7* *E* *Asus2* *A6* *use Asus2 or A6*
 I'm g'wan to Louisi ana, my true love for to see,
A(½) *Ama7(½)* *A6* *C#m7* *F#m7* *B7* *B7* *Bm7* *E*
 It rain'd all night the day I left de weather it was bone dry,
A(½) *Ama7* *Bm7* *C#m7* *F#m7* *Bm7* *E* *Asus2* *A7*
 The sun so hot I frose myself, Susanna don't go on and cry.

D *Dma7* *D7* *D7* *A(½)* *Ama7(½)* *F#m7* *Bm7* *E7*
 Oh! Su sanna Now Don't you cry for me
A(½) *Ama7(½)* *A6* *C#m7* *F#m7* *Bm7* *E* *Asus2* *A*
 I've come from Ala bama wid mi banjo on my knee.

I had a dream de odder night,
 When ebery ting was still;
 I thought I saw Susanna,
 A coming down de hill.
 The buckwheat cake war in her mouth,
 The tear was in her eye,
 Says I, I'm coming from de South,
 Susanna, don't you cry.

I soon will be in New Orleans,
 And den I'll look all round,
 And when I find Susanna,
 I'll fall upon the ground.
 But if I do not find her,
 Dis darkie'l surely die,
 And when I'm dead and buried,
 Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh, Dem Golden Slippers!

Words and music by James A. Bland (1879)

G G
 Oh, my golden slippers are laid away,
G D7
 'Cause I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my wedding day
D7 D7
 And my long tail coat that I love so well,
D7 G
 I will wear up in the chariot in the morn.

And my long white robe that I bought last June
 I'm gonna get changed 'cause it fits too soon,
 And the old grey horse that I used to drive,
 I will hitch him to the chariot in the morn.

G G
 Oh, them golden slippers,
C C
 Oh, them golden slippers,
D7 D7
 Golden slippers I'm gonna wear,
G G
 Because they look so neat.

G G
 Oh, them golden slippers,
C C
 Oh, them golden slippers,
D7 D7
 Golden slippers I'm a- gonna wear
G G
 To walk the golden street.

Oh, my ol' banjo hangs on the wall,
 'Cause it ain't been tuned since' way last fall,
 But the folks all say we'll have a good time,
 When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

So, it's good-bye, children, I will have to go,
 Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
 And your ulster coats, why, you will not need,
 When you ride up in the chariot in the morn;

There's old Brother Ben an' his sister Luce,
 They will telegraph the news to Uncle Bacco Juice
 What a great camp meetin' there will be that day
 When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

But your golden slippers must be nice and clear
 And your age must be just sweet sixteen,
 And your white kid gloves you will have to we:
 When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.

The musical notation is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. Above the first staff are chord markers 'G' and 'D'. Above the second staff are 'D7', 'G', and 'G'. Above the third staff are 'G', 'C', and 'D7'. Above the fourth staff is 'G'. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and repeat signs with first and second endings. Measure numbers 6, 7, 13, and 24 are indicated at the end of their respective staves.

Oh, Promise Me

words by Clement Scott and music by Reginald de

Koven (1887)

F *F* *F* *F*
Oh promise me that some day you and I,
Gm7 *Bbm* *F* *C7*
Will take our love together to some sky.
Gm *Gm* *Gm* *Gm*
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
Bb *Bb* *A6* *C7*
And find the hollows where those flowers grew.

F *Dm* *Am9* *C*
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Bb *Gm7* *D9* *A7*
Which come in whispers thrill us both and sing
Bb *C7* *Dm7* *Gm7*^(½) *C7#5*^(½)
Of love unspeakable that is to be,
F *C7* *F* *Dm7* *Gm7* *C7*
Oh promise me, oh promise me.

F *F* *F* *F*
Oh promise me that you will take my hand,
Gm7 *Bbm* *F* *C7*
The most unworthy in this lonely land.
Gm *Gm* *Gm* *Gm*
And let me sit beside you in your eyes,
Bb *Bb* *A6* *C7*
Seeing the vision of our paradise.

F *Dm* *Am9* *C*
Hearing God's message while the voices roll,
Gm7 *Gm7* *D7* *A7*
They're mighty music to our very souls.
Bb *C7* *Dm7* *Gm7*^(½) *C7#5*^(½)
No love less perfect than a life with thee,
F *C7* *F* *Dm7*
Oh promise me, oh promise me.

Oh, You Beautiful Doll

lyrics by Seymour Brown and music by Nat D. Ayer (1911)

E *E* *E* *E*
 Honey dear, Want you near, Just turn out the light and then come over here;
A *Adim7*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *E*^(1/2) *Cm7*^(1/2) *E*^(1/2) *Bdim7*^(1/2)
 nestle close up to my side, my heart's a
B7 *B7* *E*^(1/2) *Edim7*^(1/2) *B7*
 fire, with love's desire.

E *E* *E* *E*
 In my arms rest complete, I never thought that life could ever be so sweet,
A *Adim7*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *E*^(1/2) *Cm7*^(1/2) *E*^(1/2) *Bdim7*^(1/2)
 'till I met you, some time a go, But now you
B7 *B7* *E*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *E*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2)
 know, I love you so.

A *A*^(3/4) *F#7*^(1/4) *B7* *B7*
 Oh! you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll
E7 *E7* *A*^(3/4) *E7*^(1/4) *A*^(1/2) *Bm7*^(1/4) *E7*^(1/4)
 Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without you.
A *A*^(3/4) *F#7*^(1/4) *B7* *B7*^(3/4) *E7*^(1/4)
 Oh! you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll If you
A *A* *F7* *F7*
 Ever leave me, how my heart will ache, I want to hug you but I fear you'd break
A^(1/2) *C#7*^(1/2) *F#m*^(1/2) *F#m7*^(1/2) *B7*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2)
 Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! you beautiful doll!

Precious prize, close your eyes, Now we're gonin' to visit lover's paradise
 Press your lips, again to mine, for love is
 king of ev'rything

Squeeze me dear, I don't care! Hug me just as if you were a grizzly bear
 This is how I'll go through life; no care or
 strife when you're my wife

Old Black Joe

by Stephen Collins Foster (1860)

C *C* *F* *C*
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
C *C* *Dm* *G*
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away.

C *C* *F* *C*
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
G *C*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *C*
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

C *C* *F* *C*
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
G *C*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *C*
I hear their 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!"

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Old Folks at Home

by Stephen Collins Foster (1851)

C F C G
Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away,
 C F $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
dere`s where my heart is turning ever, dere`s where my old folks stay.

C F C G
Up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
 C F $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
still longing for the old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

G C F C
All de world am sad and dreary, ev`rywhere I roam,
 C F $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered, when I was young,
den many happy days I squander`d, many de 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.

All de world am sad and dreary, ev`rywhere I roam,
Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.

One little hut among the bushes, one that I love,
still sadly to my mem`ry rushes, no matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a-humming, all round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming, down in my good old home.

All de world am sad and dreary, ev`rywhere I roam,
Oh! Darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.

Old Oaken Bucket

lyrics by Samuel Woodworth (1818) and set to the tune "Flower of Dunblane" by George Kiallmark in 1879.

G G D7 G
 How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
C G D7 G
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
G G D7 G
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
C G D7 G
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
D7 G D7 G
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
D7 G D(2) A7(1) D
 The bridge, and the rock where the cata ract fell.
G G D7 G(2) G7(1)
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, and
C G D7 G
 e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well-
G G D7 G(2) G7(1)
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the
C G D7 G
 moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel 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,
 The brightest that beauty or revelry 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 hangs in the well
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

Over There

by George Michael Cohan (1917)

Bb Bb F7 F7 Bb (1/2) Bb/A (1/2) Bb/G (1/2) Bb/F (1/2) F7 (1/2) F#7 (1/2) F7 (1/2) Cm(1/4) F7(1/4) Bb

Bb Bb6 Bb6 Gm

Johnnie, get your gun, Get your gun, get your gun,

Cm Cm Cm Cm

Take it on the run, On the run, on the run.

Fdim7(1/2) F7(1/2) F6(1/2) F7(1/2) Bbma7(1/2) Bb7(1/2) Bb

Hear them call ing, you and me,

C(1/2) F(1/2) Cm(1/2) D7(1/2) G9(1/2) C7(1/2) F7

Ev' ry son of li ber ty.

Bb Bb6 Bb6 Gm

Hurry right away, No delay, go today,

Cm Cm Cm Cm

Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad.

Fdim7(1/2) F7(1/2) F6(1/2) F7(1/2) Bbma7(1/2) Bb7(1/2) Bb

Tell your sweet heart not to pine,

C(1/2) F(1/2) Cm(1/2) D7(1/2) G9(1/2) C7(1/2) F7

to be proud her boy's in line.

Bb (1/2) Bb/A (1/2) Bb/G (1/2) Bb/F (1/2) Bb (1/2) Bb/A (1/2) Bb/G (1/2) Bb/F (1/2)
Over there, over there, Send the

Bb Bb Bb Bb7(1/2) F7(1/4) Bb7(1/4)

word, send the word over there that the

Eb (1/2) Cdim7(1/2) F7 Bb (1/2) Cdim7(1/2) Gm (1/2) Bbm6 (1/2)

Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, the

F(1/2) Cdim7(1/2) C7 F7(1/4) Cm(1/4) Ab7(1/4) F7(1/4)

drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere.

Bb (1/2) Bb/A (1/2) Bb/G (1/2) Bb/F (1/2) Bb (1/2) Bb/A (1/2) Bb/G (1/2) Bb/F (1/2)
So prepare, say a pray'r, send the

Bb Bb Bb Bb7(1/2) F7(1/4) Bb7(1/4)

word, send the word to beware. We'll be

Bb Bb F7 F7 Cm(1/4) F7(1/4)

o ver, we're coming o ver, and we

Bb(1/2) Bb7(1/2) Eb(1/2) Gb7(1/2) F7(1/2) Bb

won't come back till it's over, over there.

Johnnie, get your gun, Get your gun, get your gun,
Johnnie show the Hun who's a son of a gun.
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Yankee Doodle do or die.

Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit.
Yankee to the ranks, from the towns and the tanks.
Make your mother proud of you,
and the old Red, White and Blue.

Over the River and Through the Woods (A Boy's Thanksgiving Day)

poem by Lydia Maria Child
(1844) and music by unknown

C
 Over the river and through the woods
F C
F F
 to grandfather's house we go.
G C
 The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
D7 G7
 through white and drifting snow
C C
 Over the river and through the woods
F(½) G7(½) C
 oh how the wind doth blow
F C(½) Am(½)
 It stings the nose, it bites the toes
C(½) G7(½) C
 as over the hills we go

Over the river, and through the wood,
 To have a first-rate play.
 Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding",
 Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!
 Over the river, and through the wood
 Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
 Spring over the ground like a hunting-hound,
 For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood—
 And straight through the barnyard gate,
 We seem to go extremely slow,
 It is so hard to wait!
 Over the river, and through the wood—
 Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Over the river, and through the wood,
 to Grandfather's house we go;
 the horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
 through the white and drifted snow.

 Over the river, and through the wood,
 to Grandfather's house away!
 We would not stop for doll or top,
 for 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood—
 oh, how the wind does blow!
 It stings the toes and bites the nose,
 as over the ground we go.

 Over the river, and through the wood.
 with a clear blue winter sky,
 The dogs do bark and the children hark,
 as we go jingling by.

Over the river, and through the wood,
 to have a first-rate play.
 Hear the bells ring, "Ting a ling ding!"
 Hurray for Thanksgiving Day!

 Over the river, and through the wood—
 no matter for winds that blow;
 Or if we get the sleigh upset
 into a bank of snow.

Over the river, and through the wood,
 to see little John and Ann;
 We will kiss them all, and play snowball
 and stay as long as we can.

 Over the river, and through the wood,
 trot fast my dapple gray!
 Spring over the ground like a hunting-
 hound!

 For 'tis Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river, and through the wood
 and straight through the barnyard gate.
 We seem to go extremely slow—
 it is so hard to wait!

 Over the river, and through the wood—
 Old Jowler hears our bells;
 He shakes his paw with a loud bow-wow,
 and thus the news he tells.

Over the river, and through the wood—
 when Grandmother sees us come,
 She will say, "O, dear, the children are here,
 bring pie for everyone."

 Over the river, and through the wood—
 now Grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet

lyric by Stanley Murphy
and music by Percy Wenrich (1909)

G G A7 A7
 On the old farm house veranda, there sat Silas and Miranda, thinking
D7 D7 G(½) Gm(½) D7
 of the days gone by. Said he
G G A7 A7
 "Dearie, don't be weary, you were always bright and cheery, but a
D7 D7 G G
 Tear, dear, dims your eye." Said
A7 D A7 D
 she "They're tears of gladness, Silas, they're not tears of sadness, it is
E7 A7 D D7
 fifty years today that we were wed." Then the
G G A7 A7
 old man's eyes they brightened, and his stern old heart it lightened as he
D7 D7 G G7
 turned to her and said

C C F F
 Put on your old grey bonnet, with the blue ribbon on it, and I'll
C D7 G7 G7
 hitch old Dobbin to the shay, And through the
C(½) E(½) Am F C
 fields of clover, we'll drive up to Dover on our
C D7(½) G7(½) C C(½) G7(¼) Cdim7(¼)
 golden wed ding day

It was in that same grey bonnet, with the same blue ribbon on it, in the
 old shay by his side. That he
 drove her up to Dover, through the same old fields of clover, to be-
 come his happy bride. The
 birds were sweetly singing, the old church bells were ringing, as they
 pass'd the quaint old church where they were wed. And that
 night when stars were gleaming, the old couple lay a dreaming dreaming
 of the words he said

'Round Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon

traditional (copyrighted version by George A. Norton (1917))

C C C C
Around her hair she wore a yellow ribbon
Am C D7 G7
She wore it in the springtime and in the month of May
C C C C
And if you asked her why the heck she wore it
C½ Em½ Am½ Fm6½ C½ G7½ C
She wore it for her soldier who was far, far away

F F F F
Far away, far away
C½ Em½ Am½ Fm6½ C½ G7½ C
She wore it for her soldier who was far, far away
F F F F

Around the block she pushed a baby carriage
She pushed it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you ask her why the heck she pushed it
She pushed it for her soldier who was far, far away
Far away, far away
She pushed it for her soldier who was far, far away

Behind the door her daddy kept a shotgun
He kept it in the springtime and in the month of May
And if you ask him why the heck he kept it
He kept it for her soldier who was far, far away
Far away, far away
He kept it for her soldier who was far, far away

On the grave she laid the pretty flowers
She laid them in the springtime
In the merry month of May
And if you asked her why the heck she laid them
She laid them for her soldier who was far, far away
Far away, her soldier who was far, far away

School Days

lyrics by Will D. Cobb and music by Gus Edwards (1907)

Bb Bb Bbsus2 Bbsus2 Bb Bbdim7 C7sus4 F7
 School days, school days, dear old golden rule days
F7 F7 F7 F7 Gm7 Gm7 Bb6 Bb6
 Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick
Bb G7 C9 C7 F7 F7(2) F7sus6(1) Bbsus2 Bb(2) Bbaug(1)
 You were my queen in cali co, I was your bash ful barefoot beau. And you
Eb A9(2) Bbdim7(1) Bb D(2) Gm(1) C7 F7 Bb F7(2) Faug(1)
 wrote on my slate; "I love you, so," when we were a couple of kids

Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7
 Nothing to do, Nellie Dar ling,
F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(2) Faug(1) Bb(2) Fdim7(1) F7
 No thing to do, you say
Gm Gm(2) Fdim7(1) Fdim7(1) Cm6(2) F9
 Let's take a trip on mem ory's ship
F7 F9 F7 F9 Bb Bb
 back to the by gone days
Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7
 Sail to the old village school house,
F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(1) Eb(1) Bbdim7(1) Bb Bb
 an chor out side the school door
C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1) C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1)
 Look in and see there's you and there's me a
C(1) C9(1) C7(1) Am7(2) Em(1) F Faug
 couple of kids once more

Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7
 'Member the hill, Nellie Dar ling and the
F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(2) Faug(1) Bb(2) Fdim7(1) F7
 oak tree that grew on its brow They've
Gm Gm(2) Fdim7(1) Fdim7(1) Cm6(2) F9
 They've built forty stories up on that old hill and the
F7 F9 F7 F9 Bb Bb
 oak's an old chestnut now
Bb Bbaug Cm7 F7
 'Member the meadows so green, dear, so
F7(1) Cm7(1) F7(1) F7(1) Eb(1) Bbdim7(1) Bb Bb
 Fra grant with clo ver and maize into
C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1) C(1) C7(1) C9(1) F(2) Faug(1)
 New cit y lots and pre ferred bus' ness plots, they've
C(1) C9(1) C7(1) Am7(2) Em(1) F Faug
 Cut them up since those days

Shine (That's Why They Call Me Shine)

lyrics by Ceceil Mack and music by Ford Dabney. Later lyrics by Lew Brown (1910)

C Cm_(1/2) F#dim7_(1/2) G7 G7
'Cause my hair is curly
C Cm_(1/2) F#dim7_(1/2) G7 G7
'cause my teeth are pearly
Em_(1/2) Bm_(1/2) E7 Am7 Am7
Just be cause I always wear a smile
D7_(1/2) Am_(1/2) D7 G7 G7
Like to dress up in the latest style

C Cm_(1/2) F#dim7_(1/2) G7 G7
Cause I'm glad I'm livin'
E7 E7 Am7_(1/2) E_(1/2) Am7
Take my troubles always with a smile
Dm6 Dm6 C A7
Just because my color's shady, is a wee bit diff'rent maybe
Dm_(1/4) A7_(1/2) Dm_(1/4) G7_(1/2) Gaug_(1/2) C
that's why they call me Shine

Shine, sway your blues'ies.

Why don't you shine?

Start with your shoes'ies.

Shine each place up, make it look like new.

Shine your face up, I want to see you wear a smile or two.

Why don't you shine your these and thoseies?

You'll find everything gonna turn out right fine

Folks will shine up to ya'

Everybody's gonna howdy doody do-ya'

You'll make the whole world shine

Cause my hair is curly, (man's got curly hair)

Now just because my teeth are pearly, (also got pearly teeth)

Just because I always wear a smile, (oh keep on smiling)

Like to dress us, babe, in the latest style.

Cause I'm glad I'm livin'

I take these troubles all with a smile

Now just because my color's shady (you's a shady baby)

That's the difference, maybe, why they call me...

When I was born they christened me plain Samuel Johnson Brown.

I hadn't grown very big 'fore some folks in the town

Had changed it 'round to "Sambo"; I was "Rastus" to a few.

Then "Chocolate Drop" was added by some others that I knew.

And then to cap the climax, I was strolling down the line

When someone shouted, "Fellas, hey! Come on and pipe the shine!"

But I don't care a bit. Here's how I figure it:

A rose they say by any other name would smaell as sweet,

If that's not right why should a nick name take me offy feet?

Ev'ry thing that's precious from a gold piece to a dime

And diamond, pearls and rubies ain't no good unless they shine

So when these clever people call me shone or coon or smoke,

I simply smile then smile some more and vote them all a joke

I'm thinking just the same; what is there in a name?

'Cause my hair is curly

'Cause my teeth are pearly

Just because I always wear a smile

Like to dress up in the latest style*

'Cause I'm glad I'm livin'

Take troubles smiling, never whine

Just because my color's shaded

Slightly diff'rent maybe

That's why they call me shine.

Shine On, Harvest Moon

lyrics by Jack Norworth and music by Nora Bayes-Norworth, 1908)

Em C#m7b5(Em6) B7 B7

Em B7/F# Em/G Am
 The night was mighty dark so you could hardly see,
Em/B C7 B7 B7

For the moon refused to shine.

Em B7/F# Em/G A7

Couple sitting underneath a willow tree,

D(1/2) F#dim7(1/2) A7(1/2) A9(1/2) D7(1/2) F7(1/2) Am(1/2) F7(1/2)

For love they did pine.

D7(1/2) F7(1/2) Am(1/2) F7(1/2) D D

Little maid was kind-a 'fraid of darkness, so she

G G G(1/2) Em7(1/2) D7(1/2) G(1/2)

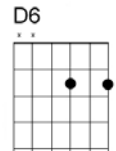
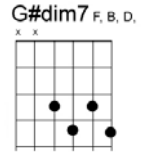
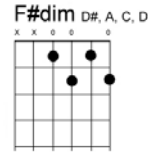
said, "I guess I'll go."

A7 Bm7 A7 Bm(1/2) B7(1/2)

Boy began to sigh, looked up at the sky, and

Em A7 D G#dim7(1/2) G(1/2)

told the moon his little tale of woe. Oh!



Eaug E7 Eaug E7 A7 A7 A7 A7

Shine on, shine on harvest moon, up in the sky;

D6(1/2) D7(1/2) D6(1/2) D7(1/2) D6(1/2) D7(1/2) D6(1/2) D7(1/2)

I ain't had no lovin' since

G(1/2) D7(1/2) C#dim7(1/2) Bm(1/2) C(1/2) G(1/2) C#dim7(1/2) G(1/2)

April, Janu ary, June or Ju ly.

Eaug E7 Eaug E7 A7 A7 A7 A7

Snow time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon,

D6 D7 D6 D7 G C G(1/2)

So shine on, shine on harvest moon, for me and my gal. *B7(1/2)(turnaround) or G(end)*

Oh, can't see why a boy should sigh, where by his side

Is the girl he loves so true.

All he has to say is: "Won't you be my bride,

For I love you"

Why should I be telling you this secret,

When I know that you can guess?

Harvest moon will smile, shine on all the while,

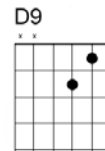
If the little girl should answer "yes."

Sidewalks of New York

by James W. Blake and Charles E. Lawlor (1894)

G D7 G G C C G G7
 Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop,
C C G G A9 A9 D D7
 On a summer's evening we formed a merry group;
G D7 G G C C G G7
 Boys and girls together we would sing and waltz
C C G Eaug7(2 hold) E7(1) A7 D9 G G
 While Giuseppe played the organ on the sidewalks of New York.

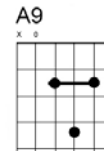
G G D7 G C6 D9 G G7
 East side, west side, all around the town,
C C G Eaug7 A9 A9 D(1)Am(1)F7(1) D7
 The tots sang "ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down."
G D7 G G C C G G7
 Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
C C G Eaug7(2 hold) E7(1)
 Tripped the light fantastic on the
A7 D9 G G
 sidewalks of New York.



That's where Johnny Casey, little Jimmy Crowe
 Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough,
 Pretty Nellie Shannon with a dude as light as cork
 She first picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of New York.



Things have changed since those times, some are up in "G"
 Others they are on the hog (wand'rers) but they all feel just like me
 They'd part with all they've got, could they once more walk
 With their best girl and have a twirl on the sidewalks of New York.



Silver Threads Among the Gold

poem by Eben E.

Rexford, music by Hart Pease Danks (1873s)

G G^(1/2) D7^(1/2) G G
Darling, I am growing old,
D7 D7 G G
Silver threads among the gold
G G^(1/2) D7^(1/2) G G
Shine upon my brow today,
D7 D7 G G
Life is fading fast away.

D7 D7 G G
But, my darling, you will be, will be,
D A7 D D7
Always young and fair to me,
G G^(1/2) D7^(1/2) G G
Yes, my darling, you will be,
D7 D7 G G
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading fast away.

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

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

Love is always young and fair.
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown;
Since I kissed you, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

Smile, Smile, Smile (Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag)

lyrics by George Henry Powell (pseudonym is George Asaf) and music by Felix Powell (1915)

G G C G G G(½) Dm7(½) G G
 Private Perks is a funny little codger with a smile a funny smile.
B7 B7 Em Em A9 A7 D D7
 Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger with a smile a funny smile.
Gm Gm Bb Bb D G(½) A7(½) D D7
 Flush or broke he'll have his little joke, he can't be sup press'd.
D B7 Em Em A9 A7 D D7
 All the other fellows have to grin, when he gets this off his chest, Hi!

G G G G(½) Cdim7(½) Em C G G
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile,
G G G(½) B7(½) Em A9 A7 D7 D7
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.
G G D7 D7(½) G7(½) C(½) D7(½) G(½) A7(½) D D7
 What's the use of worrying? It nev er was worth while, so!
G G G G(½) C(½) G D7 G G
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile.

Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders wWith his smile his funny smile.
 He was lov'd by the privates and commanders fFor his smile his funny smile.
 When a throng of Bosches came along wWith a mighty swing,
 Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine! Keep your heads down, boys and sing, Hi!

Private Perks he came back from Bosche-shooting with his smile his funny smile.
 Round his home he then set about recruiting with his smile his funny smile.
 He told all his pals, the short, the tall, what a time he'd had;
 And as each enlisted like a man, Private Perks said 'Now my lad,' Hi!

Smiles

lyrics by J. Will Callahan and music by Lee S. Roberts (1917)

$G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A D G
 Dear ie, now I know just what makes me love you so,
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#/G\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D7
 Just what holds me and enfolds me in its golden glow;

$G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A D G
 Dear ie, now I see 'tis each smile so bright and free,
 $D/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#/G\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ebdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(hold)}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 For life's sadness turns to gladness when you smile on me

$D7$ $D7_{(\frac{3}{4})}$ $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $D7$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
 There are smiles that make us happy, there are
 $G7$ $G7$ $G7$ $G7$
 smiles that make us blue, There are
 $B7$ $B7$ Em Em
 smiles that steal away the teardrops as the
 $A7$ $Em7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cm6_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7$
 sunbeams steal away the dew; There are
 $G7$ $G7$ $G7$ $G7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Gaug_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 smiles that have a tender meaning that the
 $Cma7$ $Cma7$ $Cma7$ $Cma7$
 eyes of love alone may see, and the
 $A\#dim7$ $A\#dim7$ G $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C7sus2_{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{4})}$
 smiles that fill my life with sunshine are the
 $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 smiles that you give to me.

$G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A D G
 Dearie, when you smile, everything in life's worthwhile,
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Bbdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#/G\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#dim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D7
 Love grows fonder as we wander, down each magic mile.
 $G_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $E7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ A D G
 Cheery melodies seem to float up on the breeze,
 $D/A_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C\#/G\#_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Ebdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Em_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D_{(hold)}$ $D7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$
 Doves are cooing while they're wooing in the leafy trees.

Solidarity Forever

music traditional, words by Ralph Cahplin
(1915)

G *G*
When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run

C *G*($\frac{1}{2}$) *D7*($\frac{1}{2}$)
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun

G *B7*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Em*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one

Am($\frac{1}{2}$) *D7*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*
For the Union makes us strong

G *G* *C* *G*
Solidarity forever, solidarity forever

G *B7*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Em*($\frac{1}{2}$) *Am*($\frac{1}{2}$) *D7*($\frac{1}{2}$) *G*
Solidarity for ever, for the Union makes us strong

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the union makes us strong

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid
Now we stand outcast and starving 'mid the wonders we have made
But the union makes us strong

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own
While the union makes us strong

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn
We can break their haughty power gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousandfold
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old
For the Union makes us strong

Spinning Wheel Song

by John Francis (1884)

Mel-low the moon-light to shine is be - gin-ning, _ Close by the win-dow young Ei - leen is spin-ning, _ Bent o'er the fire her blind grand-mo-ther sit-ting, _ Croo-ning and moa-ning and drow-si - ly knit-ting, _ Mer - ri - ly chee - ri - ly noise-less - ly whir-ring, _ Spins the wheel, rings the wheel while the foot's stir-ring: _ Light - ly and bright - ly and ai - ri - ly rin-ging, Sounds the sweet voice of the young mai - den sin - ging, ___

E *E* *E* *B7*
 Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
B7 *B7* *B7* *E*
 Close by the window young Eileen is spinning
E *E7* *A* *E*
 Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting
B7 *E* *B7* *E*
 crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.
E *E* *E* *B7*
 Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping
B7 *B7* *B7* *E*
 'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
E *E7* *A* *E*
 Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing
B7 *E* *B7* *E*
 'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying.
E *E* *E* *B7*
 Merrily cheerily noiselessly whirring
B7 *B7* *B7* *E*
 Swings the wheel spins the wheel while the foot's stirring
E *E7* *A* *E*
 Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing
F#m7 *Cm7* *B7* *E*
 Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting:

“Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping.”
“’T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.”
“Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing.”
“’T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

“What ’s that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?”
“’T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush under.”
“What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong, that old song of ‘The Coolun?’”

There’s a form at the casement—the form of her true-love—
And he whispers, with face bent, “I’ m waiting for you, love;
Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We’ll rove in the grove while the moon’s shining brightly.”

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frighten’d glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and slowly is heard now the reel’s sound’
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower—and slower—the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stopp’d their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving

Streets of Cairo (Poor Little Country Maid)

by James Thorton (1893)

*Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm* *Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm*
I will sing you a song, and it won't be very long,
*Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm* *Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm*
'Bout a maid en sweet, and she never would do wrong,
Dm *Gm6*_(½) *A7* *Dm*
Ev'ryone said she was pretty, she was not long in the city,
Dm *Bb6* *Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm*
All alone, oh, what a pity, poor little maid.

F *Bb* *F* *Bb*_(½) *C7*_(½)
She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,
F *Bb* *F*_(½) *C7*_(½) *F*
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy, poor little country maid.
*Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm* *Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm* *Dm*

She went out one night, did this innocent divine,
With a nice young man, who invited her to dine,
Now he's sorry that he met her, and he never will forget her,
In the future he'll know better, poor little maid.

F *Bb* *F* *Bb*_(½) *C7*_(½)
She never saw the streets of Cairo, on the Midway she had never strayed,
F *Bb* *F*_(½) *C7*_(½) *F*
She never saw the kutchy, kutchy, poor little country maid.
*Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm* *Dm*_(½) *A7*_(½) *Dm* *Dm*

She was engaged, as a picture for to pose,
To appear each night, in abbreviated clothes,
All the dudes were in a flurry, for to catch her they did hurry,
One who caught her now is sorry, poor little maid.

F *Bb* *F* *Bb*_(½) *C7*_(½)
She was much fairer far than Trilby, lots of more men sorry will be,
F *Bb* *F*_(½) *C7*_(½) *F*
If they don't try to keep away from this poor little country maid.

Sweet Violets

by Joseph Emmet (1882)

C C C G7 G7 G7 G7
 There once was a farmer who took a young miss In back of the barn where he gave her a
 C C C G7 G7 G7 G7
 Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs And told her that she had such beautiful
 C C C G7 G7 G7 G7
 Manners that suited a girl of her charms, a girl that he wanted to take in his
 C C C G7 G7 G7 G7
 Washing and ironing and then if she did, they could get married and have lotsa

C C C C C C G7 G7
 Sweet Violets, sweeter than all the roses,
 G7 G7 G7 G7
 Covered all over from head to toe
 G7 G7 C C C C C G7 G#7 second time
 Covered all over with sweet violets. (C# C# G#7 A7 D)

C# G#7
 The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop and she called for her father and he called a
 C# G#7
 Taxi and got there before very long 'cause someone was doing his little girl
 C# G#7
 Right for a change and that's why he said, "If you marry her son you're better off
 C# G#7
 Single 'cause it's always been my belief that marriage will bring a man nothing but

D A7
 The farmer decided he'd wed anyway and started in planning for his wedding
 D A7
 Suit which he purchased for only one buck but then he found out he was just out of
 D A7
 Money and so he got left in the lurch standing and waiting in front of the
 D A7
 End of this story which just goes to show, all a girl wants from a man are his

All year long I waited for the chance,
 To ask if she'd go with me to the dance
 She said what kind of flowers will I get,
 And all I could afford to buy were sweet violets.

Sweeter than all the roses, Covered all over with
 teardrops
 She laughed at my sweet violets.

That night another stole my love away
 He promised long stemmed roses everyday
 She broke my heart and still I can't forget

The time she laughed and left me with my sweet
 violets.

Her tear stained letter came to me today
 Now someone buys her orchids everyday
 She has the world at her command and yet
 She wants the boy who offered love and sweet
 violets.

Sweeter than all the roses
 Covered all over with teardrops
 She cries for my sweet violets..

Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay! By Henry J. Sayers (1891)

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
 A sweet tuxedo girl you see. Queen of swell so ciety
 C $G7$ $G7$ C
 Fond of fun as fond can be, when it's on the strict Q.T.
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
 I'm not too young, I'm not too old, not too timid, not too bold.
 C $G7$ $G7$ C
 Just the kind you'd like to hold. Just the kind for sport I'm told.

$C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
 Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
 C $G7$ $G7$ C
 Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
 $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C $C_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Cdim7_{(\frac{1}{2})}$ C
 Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
 C $G7$ $G7$ C
 Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

I'm a blushing bud of innocence. Papa says at big expense.
 Old maids say I have no sense. Boys declare, I'm just immense.
 Before my song I do conclude. I want it strictly understood.
 Though fond of fun, I'm never rude. Though not too bad, I'm not too good.

Lyrics by Joe Hill, 1916

I had a job once threshing wheat, worked sixteen hours with hands and feet.
 And when the moon was shining bright, they kept me working all the night.
 One moonlight night, I hate to tell, I "accidentally" slipped and fell.
 My pitchfork went right in between some cog wheels of that thresh-machine.
 Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! It made a noise that way. And wheels and bolts and hay, Went flying every way.
 That stingy rube said, "Well! A thousand gone to hell. But I did sleep that night, I needed it all right.
 Next day that stingy rube did say, "I'll bring my eggs to town today;
 You grease my wagon up, you mutt, and don't forget to screw the nut.
 I greased his wagon all right, but I plumb forgot to screw the nut,
 And when he started on that trip, the wheel slipped off and broke his hip.
 Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! It made a noise that way, That rube was sure a sight, And mad enough to fight;
 His whiskers and his legs Were full of scrambled eggs; I told him, "That's too bad -- I'm feeling very sad"
 And then that farmer said, "You turk! I bet you are an "I Won't Work".
 He paid me off right there, By Gum! So I went home and told my chum.
 Next day when threshing did commence, my chum was Johnny on the fence;
 And 'pon my word, that awkward kid, he dropped his pitchfork, like I did.
 Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! It made a noise that way, And part of that machine Hit Reuben on the bean.
 He cried, "Oh me, oh my; I nearly lost my eye" My partner said, "You're right -- It's bedtime now, good night"
 But still that rube was pretty wise, these things did open up his eyes.
 He said, "There must be something wrong; I think I work my men too long"
 He cut the hours and raised the pay, gave ham and eggs for every day,
 Now gets his men from union hall, and has no "accidents" at all.
 Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! That rube is feeling gay; He learned his lesson quick, Just through a simple trick. For
 fixing rotten jobs And fixing greedy slobs, This is the only way, Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

Take Me Out to the Ball Game

lyrics by Jack Norworth
and music by Albert Von Tilzer (1908)

D Bm7 D Bm7 G Em G Em
Katie Casey was baseball mad, had the fever and had it bad.
A7 A7 Em Em A9 A7 D D
Just to root for the hometown crew, every sou Katie blew.
D Bm7 D Bm7 G Em G Em
On a Saturday, her, young beau, asked young Katie if she would go,
E7 E7 A A B7 E7 A7 A7
To see a show; but young Kate said, "No. I'll tell you what you can do..."

D Bm7 A7 A7 D Bm7 A7 A7(2) C7(1)
"Take me out to the ball game. Take me out with the crowd.
B7 B7 Em Em E E7 A7 B7(1) F#m(1) A7(1)
Buy me some peanuts and Crackerjack. I don't care if I never get back! So it's
D Bm7 A7 A7 D D7(1) A7(1) D7(1) G G
Root, root, root for the home team. If they don't win, it's a shame.
Em/B Bb7 D(1) A(1)\ G(1) D/F#(1) Fdim(1) D/F#(1) E7 A7 D D
For it's one, two--, three strikes you're out at the old ball game!"

Katie Casey loved baseball games; knew the players, knew all their names.
You could see her there ev'ry day shout "Hurray!" when they'd play.
Her boyfriend by the name of Joe said, "To Coney Isle, dear, let's go,"
Then Katie started to fret and pout and to him I heard her shout:

Katie Casey was sure some fan, she would root just like any man,
Told the umpire he was wrong all along, good and strong.
When the score was just two to two, Katie Casey knew what to do,
Just to cheer up the boys she knew, she made the game sing this song:

Tavern in the Town

by William H. Hills (1883)

^C There is a tavern in the town, in the town
^C And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
^C And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
^{G7} And never, never thinks of me.

^{G7} Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let this parting grieve thee,
^{G7} And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
^{C(½) F(½) C(½)}

^C Adieu, adieu kind friends adieu, yes, adieu
^C I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
^C I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
^{G7} And may the world go well with thee.

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

And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
He never knocks upon my door, on my door;
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note,
And these were all the words he wrote:

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

Tenting Tonight

by Walter Kittredge (1863)

G
We're tenting tonight on the old campground, give us a song to cheer
 G $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G
 G $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7$ G
Our weary hearts, a song of home and friends we love so dear.

G C $G^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $C^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $Em^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $Am7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, wishing for the war to cease,
 G $C^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $D7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ G
Many are the hearts looking for the right, to see the dawn of peace.
 G C $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $C^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ $D7^{(\frac{1}{4})}$ G
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by !"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground, .
Many are lying near ;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

final chorus

There's a Long, Long Trail

lyrics by Stoddard King and
music by Zo Elliot (1915)

G *B7* *Em* *C*
There's a long long trail a'winding, into the
G *D7* *G* *G*
land of my dreams
C+2 *C* *G* *Em*
where the nightingales are singing and a
A+2 *A7* *D* *D7*
white moon beams

G *B7* *Em* *C*
There's a long long night of waiting until my
G *D7* *G* *G*
dreams all come true; till the
C+2 *C* *G* *Em*
day that I'll be going down that
A+2 *D7* *G*_(hold)
long long trail with you

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

All night long I hear you calling,
Calling sweet and low;
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
Ev'ry where I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile.
I forget that you're not with me yet,
When I think I see you smile.

Till We Meet Again

lyrics by Raymond B. Egan and music by Richard A. Whiting (1918)

Em D Em Em
There's a song in the land of the lily,
G D7 G G
Each sweetheart has heard with a sigh.
B7 B7 Em Em
Over high garden walls this sweet echo falls
D A7 D Daug
As a soldier boy whispers goodbye:

G G D7 D7
Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu
D7 D7 G G
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
C C G E7
Then the skies will seem more blue,
A7 A7 D7 D7
Down in Lover's Lane, my dearie.

G G D7 D7
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
D7 D7 G G
Ev'ry tear will be a memory.
C C G E7
So wait and pray each night for me
A7 D7 G G
Till we meet again.

Tho' goodbye means the birth of a tear drop,
Hello means the birth of a smile.
And the smile will erase the tear blighting trace,
When we meet in the after awhile.

Where We'll Never Grow Old

by James C. Moore
(1914)

D *Ddim* *D* *D* *D* *A7* *D* *Ddim* *D* *D*
 I have heard of a land on the far a way strand
G *D*₍₂₎ *E7*₍₁₎ *A* *A*₍₂₎ *A7*₍₁₎
 'Tis a beautiful home of the soul. Built by
D *Ddim* *D* *D* *D* *A7* *D* *Ddim* *D* *D*
 Jesus on high, there we never shall die
G *D*₍₂₎ *A7*₍₁₎ *D* *D*
 'Tis a land where we never grow old

D *D* *G* *D*
 Never grow old, never grow old
D *A*₍₂₎ *E*₍₁₎ *A* *A*₍₂₎ *A7*₍₁₎
 In a land where we'll never grow old
D *D* *G* *D*
 Never grow old, never grow old
D₍₂₎ *E7*₍₁₎ *D*₍₂₎ *A7*₍₁₎ *D* *D*
 In a land where we'll never grow old

In that beautiful home where we'll never more roam
 We shall be in the sweet by and by
 Happy praise to the king thru eternity sing
 'Tis a land where we never shall die

When our work here is done and the life crown is won
 And our troubles and trials are o'er
 All our sorrows will end and our voices will blend
 With the loved ones who've gone on before

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

The lyrics to *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* were written by Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr. and set to the music of Enerst Ball for Olcott's production of *The Isle O' Dreams*. The music was published in 1912.

D D D A7
 There's a tear in your eye and I'm wondering why
D D D D
 For it never should be there at all
A7 A7 D B7
 With such power in your smile, sure a stone you'd beguile
E7 E7 A A7
 So there's never a teardrop should fall

D D D A7
 When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song
D D7 G G
 And your eyes twinkle bright as can be
E7 E7 A A
 You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile
E7 E7 A A7
 And now smile a smile for me

D D D D7 G G D D
 When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring
G G D B7 E7 E7 A A7
 In the lilt of Irish laughter, you can hear the angels sing
D D D D7 G G D D
 When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay
G G#dim D B7 E7 A7 D D
 And when Irish eyes are smi - ling, sure they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart,
 And it makes even sunshine more bright.
 Like the linnet's sweet song, crooning all the day long,
 Comes your laughter and light.

For the springtime of life is the sweetest of all
 There is ne'er a real care or regret;
 And while springtime is ours throughout all of youth's hours,
 Let us smile each chance we get.

When You and I Were Young, Maggie

lyrics by

George W. Johnson and music by J.A. Butterfield (1866)

^D I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
^D To watch the scene below;

^D The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,

^{D(½)} As we used to, long a ^{A7(½)} go.

^G The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,

^{A(½)} Where first the daisies sprung;

^{D(½)} The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,

^{D(½)} Since you and I were young.

^G And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,

^{A(½)} And the trials of life nearly done,

^{D(½)} Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,

^{D(½)} When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young, and the gay, and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that we sung;
For we sang as lovely as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

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

Wildwood Flower (I'll Twine 'Mid the Ringlets)

words by Maud Irving and music by Joseph Philbrick Webster (1860)



I will twine and will min - gle my wav - ing black hair with the ros - es so red and the



li - ly so fair. The myr - tle so green of an em - er - ald hue, the pale em - a - nit - a and vi' - let of blue.

$C_{(1/2)}$ $F_{(1/2)}$ C G C $C_{(1/2)}$ $G7_{(1/2)}$
 Oh, I will twine 'mid the ringlets of my raven black hair
 $C_{(1/2)}$ $F_{(1/2)}$ C G C C
 The li lies so pale and the roses so fair
 $C_{(1/2)}$ G C F C
 the myr tle so bright with an emerald hue
 C C G C $C_{(1/2)}$ $G7_{(1/2)}$
 The pale aronatus and eyes of bright blue.

I'll sing and I'll dance, my laugh shall be gay
 I'll cease this wild weeping, drive sorrow away.
 Tho' my heart is now breaking, he never shall know
 That his name made me tremble and my pale cheeks to glow.

I'll think of him never, I'll be wildly gay
 I'll charm ev'ry heart, and the crowd I will sway.
 I'll live yet to see him regret the dark hour
 When he won, then neglected, the frail wildwood flower.

He told me he loved me, and promised to love
 Through ill and misfortune, all others above
 Another has won him, ah! mis'ry to tell
 He left me in silence, no word of farewell.

He taught me to love him, he call'd me his flower
 That blossom'd for him all the brighter each hour
 But I woke from my dreaming, my idol was clay
 My visions of love have all faded away.

Yankee Doodle Boy

by George M. Cohan (1904)

D *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *D* *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2)
I'm the kid that's all the candy, I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy.

E7 *E7* *A7* *A7*

I'm glad I am, So's Uncle Sam.

D *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *D* *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2)
I'm a real live Yankee Doodle, made my name and fame and boodle

D^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *Gm*^(1/2) *A7* *D*
Just like Mister Doodle did, by riding on a pony.

D *D* *D* *E7*
I love to listen to the Dixie strain, I long to see the girl I left behind me.

A7 *A7* *D* *D*
And that ain't a josh, she's a Yankee, by gosh!

D *D* *D* *D*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *A7* *A7* *A7* *D*
Oh, say can you see any thing about a Yankee that's a phony?

D *D* *D*^(1/2) *Ddim7*^(1/2) *D7*

G *G* *A7* *A7* *D7* *D7* *G* *G*
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy! A Yankee Doodle, do or die!

E7 *E7* *Am*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *Am* *A7* *A7* *D*^(1/2) *Am*^(1/4) *F7*^(1/4) *D7*
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam, born on the Fourth of July.

G *G* *A7* *A7* *D7* *D7* *G* *G*
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart, she's my Yankee Doodle joy!

G *G*^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G* *G* *A7* *D7* *G* *G*
Yankee Doodle came to London just to ride the ponies. I am a Yankee Doodle Boy!

G *G*^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G* *G* *A7* *D7* *G* *G*

D *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *D* *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2)
Father's name was Hezekiah, mother's name was Ann Maria [pronounced "Muh-rye-uh"].

E7 *E7* *A7* *A7*
Yanks through and through - Red, White and Blue

D *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2) *D* *D*^(1/2) *A*^(1/2)
Father was so Yankee-hearted, when the Spanish war was started,

D^(1/2) *D7*^(1/2) *G*^(1/2) *Gm*^(1/2) *A7* *D*
He slipped on his uniform and hopped upon a pony.

D *D* *D* *D* *E7*
My mother's mother was a Yankee true, my father's father was a Yankee too: and

A7 *A7* *D* *D*
That's going some for the Yankees, by gum.

D *D* *D* *D*^(1/2) *E7*^(1/2) *A7* *A7* *A7* *D*
Oh, say can you see any thing about my pedigree that's phony?

D *D* *D*^(1/2) *Ddim7*^(1/2) *D7*

