Pop Pre-1920

After You've Gone music by Turner Creamer and lyrics by Henry Layton (1918)

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

E   Ema7(¼) E7(¼) Am(¼) E(¼) Am(½)   C A G# G F#(on D chord)
  Don't say   that we   must part,

D9(½) A7(¼) D7(¼) G(¼) D7(¼) G7(½)   B B A G C(on C chord)
don't break your ba   by's heart

     C   D9(¼) G13(¼) G7(½)   B B A G C(on C chord)
    You know I've loved you for these man   y   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)   C C B Bb A(on F chord)
    Listen while I   say

    F(½)   Fma7(½) Fm(½)   Fm6(½)
    After you've gone,   and left me crying

    C(½)   Em(½) A7   C C B Bb A(on A7 chord)
    After you've gone,   there's no denying

    D7(½)   D9(½) G9(½)   G7(½)   B B A G C(on C chord)
    You'll feel blue, you'll feel sad

    C   C7
    You'll miss the bestest pal you've ever had

    F(½)   Fma7(½) Fm(½)   Fm6(½)
    There'll come a time,   now don't forget it

    C(½)   Em(½) A7(½)   C C B Bb A(on A7 chord)
    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 do   ing

    C(½)   E7(½)   Am(½)   Bm(¼) D7(¼)
    You know my love for you will drive me to ru   in

    C   G(¾)   Em+9(¼)   C B Bb A G(on G chord)
    After you've gone,   after you've gone a

    C(¾) Em+9(¼) C(½)   C7#5(½)
    way a   way

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(¾)   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(¾)   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(¼) 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.

'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

Aura Lee music by George R. Poulton and lyrics by W. W. Fosdick (1861

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F                  G7          C7           F
When the blackbird in the Spring, 'on the willow tree,
F                  G7              C7           F
Sat and rocked, I heard him sing, singing Aura Lea.
        F          A7        Dm(½)    Gm(½)  F (or A7)
        Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid with golden hair;
        F(½)          D7(½)  G7                   C7                  F
        Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.


                F          A7          Dm(½)    Gm(½)  F
                Aura Lea, Aura Lea, maid with golden hair;
                F(½)          D7(½)  G7                  C7                  F   C7  F(½) C7(½)   F
                Sunshine came along with thee, and swallows in the air.
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In thy blush the rose was born, music, when you spake,
Through thine azure eye the morn, sparkling seemed to break.
        Aura Lea, Aura Lea, birds of crimson wing,
        Never song have sung to me, as in that sweet spring.

Aura Lea! the bird may flee, the willow's golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air.
        Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart;
        For to me, sweet Aura Lea, is sunshine through the heart.

When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen, kissing lips of rose.
        Aura Lea, Aura Lea, take my golden ring;
        Love and light return with thee, and swallows with the spring.

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

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        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 . . .
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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
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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(½)   Cdim7(½) G7(½) C(½) C(½)   Cdim7(½)   Dm
Place park,   scene dark, silvery moon is shining through the trees;
Dm(½) E7(½) A7(½) Dm(½) G7(¼)   Dm7(¼) G7(¼)   Dm7(¼) C
Cast   two,   me,   you,   sound of kisses   floating on the   breeze.
C(½) Cdim7(½) G7(½) C(½) C(½)   Cm6(½)   G
Act   one,   be   gun. Dialogue, "Where would you like to spoon?"
D7   G(½) Em(½) Am(½)   A(¼) C(¼) D7(½)   C(¼) G7(¼)
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(½)   Gdim7(½) G7
        spoon,   to my honey I'll croon love's   tune,   Honey
            C   C   F(½)   A7(½) Dm(½)   A(¼) Dm(¼)
        moon   keep a-shining in June,   Your sil   v'ry
            C(½)   D7(½)   C(½)   Am(½)   E(½) A(½) D7(½)   C(¼) G7(¼)
        beams will bring love dreams, we'll be cuddling so   oo   n, by the sil   v' ry
            C   C
        moon.

C(½)   Cdim7(½)   G7(½) C(½)   C(½) Cdim7(½)   Dm
Act two, scene new, roses blooming all   around the place;
Dm(½) E7(½) A7(½) Dm(½) G7(¼)   Dm7(¼) G7(¼)   Dm7(¼) C
Cast   three, you,   me,   Preacher with a   solemn looking face.
C(½) Cdim7(½) G7(½) C(½) C(½)   Cm6(½)   G
Choir sings,   bell   rings, Preacher: "You are wed for evermore."
D7   G(½) Em(½)   Am(½)   A(¼) C(¼) D7(½)   C(¼) G7(¼)
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.

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        C   C                D7   D7
By the light   of the silvery moon,     I want to
G     G7                 C(½)  C#dim(½)   G7
spoon,    to my honey I'll croon love's       tune,   honey
C     C                      F(½)  A (½)  Dm(½)
moon     keep a shining in Ju     uu    une,   your
A(¼)   Dm(¼)  C(½)        D7(½)        C(½)            Am(½)
silve ry       beams will bring love dreams, we'll be cuddling
E(½)  A(½)  D7(½)         C(¼)  G(¼)
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(¼)  Dm(¼)  C(½)        D7(½)        C(½)            Am(½)
Your silver  y       beams will bring love dreams, we'll be cuddling
E(½)  A(½)  D7(½)        C(¼)  G(¼)  C       C
so    oo   oon, by the silvery       moon.
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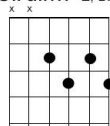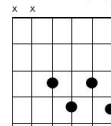
D,G#,B,Fdim7
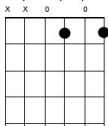
Cdim7 Eb, A, C, F#
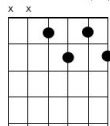
C#dim7 E, Bb, C#, G

Ddim7 F, B, D, G#

Each dimished 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(¾) *Bb(¼)* *F(¾)* *A7(¼)* *Bb*   *F*
Carry me   back to   old Virginny,
F   *F*   *G7*   *C7*
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
F(½)   *Bb(½)*   *F(½* *A7(½)* *Bb*   *F*
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
F   *F(½)* *D7(½)*   *G7(½)*   *C7(½)*   *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(½) *C7(½)* *F(½)* *A7(½)* *G7*   *C7*
          Day after   day   in the field of yellow corn,
          F(½) *Bb(½)*   *F(¼)* *A7(½)* *Bb*   *F(½)*
          No   place on earth do I   love more sincerely
          F(½) *Dm(¼)* *C(¼)* *F7(½)* *D7(½)* *G7(½)*   *C7(½)* *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)

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            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.
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            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 Nelllie 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!
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     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(½)  Ama7(½)  A7         A(½)  Ama7(½)  A7
Oh, I wish  I        was in the land of        cotton,
D(½)  Dma7(½)  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(½)  Ama7(½)  A7           A(½)  Ama7(½)  A7
    In Dix  ie        Land, where I    was     born in,
        D(½)  Dma7(½)  D7      D6      D7
    Ear   ly        on one frosty mornin',
          A    A       F#m  F#m    Bm  E     A     A
    Look away,  look away,     look away  Dixie Land.


 A(½)  Ama7(½)  A7     D     D     B  B7    E   E7
I wish I       was in Dixie,  Hooray!  Hooray!
  A(½)  Ama7(½)  A7       D(½)  Dma7(½)  D7      F#m    F#m  Bm     E
In Dix  ie        Land I'll take my       stand to live and die in Dixie.
  A    A    E    A       A      E     E
Away,   away,  away down south in Dixie.
  A    A   E    E    A           Dma7  E7(½)  A(½)   A
Away,   away,  away down south in Dix    ie
```

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(½) C7(½)   F   Bb((½)) C7(½)
Oh Donna, oh   Donna, oh Donna, oh   Donna

F   Bb((½))   C7((½)) F   Bb(½)   C7(½)
  I had girl, Donna was her name.   Since she left me, I've never been the same.
     F   Bb(½) C7(½)   F Bb(½)   C7(½)
Cause I love my girl, Donna,   where can you be? Where can you be?

F   Bb(½) C7(½) F   Bb(½)   C7(½)
  Now that your gone, I'm left all alone.   All by myself, to wonder and groan.
     F   Bb(½) C7(½)   F(½) Bb(½)   F(½) F7(½)
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.

Fill My Way with Love by George Washington Sebren (1910)

```
        D                        G(½)           D(½)
Let me walk, blessed Lord, in the way Thou hast gone,
        D                    E7(½)       A7(½)
Leading straight to the land above;
        D                        G(½)           D(½)
Giving cheer everywhere to the sad and the lone,
        D(½)          A(¼)  A7(¼)   D
Fill my way every day with      love.
```

```
          D                    D
    Fill my way every day with love
          D                        E7(½)       A7(½)
    As I walk with the heavenly Dove
          D                        G(½)           D(½)
    Let me go all the while with a song and a smile
          D(½)          A(¼)  A7(¼)   D
    Fill my way every day   with     love
```

```
          D                    G(½)           D(½)
Keep me close to the side of my Savior and guide
          D                    E7(½)       A7(½)
Let me never in darkness rove
          D                        G(½)           D(½)
Keep my path free from wrath and my soul satisfied
          D(½)          A(¼)  A7(¼)   D
Fill my way every day with      love.
```

```
          D                    G(½)           D(½)
Soon the race will be o'er and I'll travel no more
          D                    E7(½)       A7(½)
but abide in my home above
          D                        G(½)           D(½)
Let me sing, blessed King, all the way to that shore
          D(½)          A(¼)  A7(¼)   D
Fill my way every day with      love.
```

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(¼)  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)  Am7½)  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)
```

Dma7#5
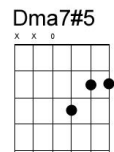
```
D7                    G7  G7                C
  See the relatives there,   looking over the pair!
C                E7(½) B7(¼) Ddim7(¼)  A7              D7(½) Gdim7(¼)  G#dim7(¼)
  They can tell at a glance,               it's a loving romance.
D7                G7  G7                C
  It's a wonderful 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$_{(¼)}$ C#7$_{(¼)}$ D7$_{(¼)}$ C#7$_{(¼)}$ D7   C$_{(¼)}$ Cdim7$_{(¼)}$ G7
May be you can do it in the same old   way.

    C$_{(½)}$ B7$_{(½)}$ C7   F A7
While strolling through the park one day, in the
  D7$_{(½)}$) C#7$_{(½)}$ D7   G G7
Merry merry month of May
   C$_{(½)}$ B7$_{(½)}$ C7   F$_{(½)}$ Ddim7$_{(½)}$ D7
I was taken by surprise by a pair of roguish eyes
   G7   G7   C$_{(½)}$ B7$_{(½)}$ C
In a moment my poor heart was stole away

   E7   E7   Am$_{(½)}$ E7$_{(½)}$ Am
A smile was all she gave to   me
 E7   E7   Am$_{(½)}$ E7$_{(½)}$ Am
La la la la la la la la La la la la la la la Of
   D7$_{(½)}$ Ddim7$_{(½)}$ D7   G$_{(½)}$ D$_{(½)}$ G
Of course it made me happy as could be
 D7   D7   G7$_{(½)}$ A7$_{(½)}$ G7
La la la la la la Oh you see   I im

    C$_{(½)}$ B7$_{(½)}$ C7   F A7
I immedi ately raised my hat and
    D7$_{(½)}$ C#7$_{(½)}$ D7 G7   G7
And final ly   she remarked "Oh I
 C$_{(½)}$ B7$_{(½)}$ C7   F$_{(½)}$ Ddim7$_{(½)}$ 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.

B7

Ddim7 D, G#, B, F

C#7

D7
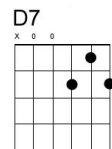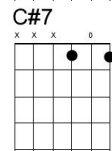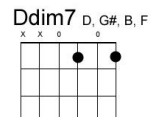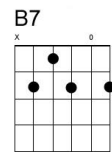
Funiculi Funicula lyrics by Peppino Turco and music by Luigi Denza
(1880)

          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   I!   And so do   I!
          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]

Freight Train by Elizabeth "Libba" Cotten (1907)

<pre>
C   C   G   G7
Freight train, freight train, run so fast
G7   G7   C   C
Freight train, freight train, run so fast
E7   E7   F   F
Please don't tell   what train I'm on
            C   G7   C
So they won't know where I'm gone
</pre>

Interlude: E   E7   F   F   C   G7   C   G7

When I'm dead and in my grave
No more good times here I crave
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

      When I die, oh bury me deep
      Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
      So I can hear old Number Nine
      As she comes rolling by

Chorus and interlude

There's one more train, I'm bound to ride
One more time, before I die
So that I can see those Blue Ridge Mountains rise
Come ridin' in old number nine.

      Freight train, freight train, goin' round the bend
      Freight train, freight train, comin' back again
      One of these days I'll turn that train around
      And go back to my home town.

Chorus and interlude

When I die, oh bury me deep
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street
Place the stones at my head and feet
And tell them all I've gone to sleep

      Freight train, freight train, run so fast
      Freight train, freight train, run so fast
      Please don't tell what train I'm on
      So they won't know where I'm gone

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 molestam 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.

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 for   eign shore
          G   G   B7(½) Em(½)   B7(½) Em(½)
When the good ship's just a   bout 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 Broad way, remember me to Her   ald   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   For   ty-   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 yearn ing 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   Broad way, 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 ev'   ry   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.
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```
           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(½)* *Dm*
As long as deep with in the   heart
     Edim(½)   *Dm(½)* *Gm(¼)* *Am(¼)*   *Dm(½)*
the soul of Judea is   turbu   lent and strong.
    Dm   *Gm(½)* *Dm(½)*
As long as to the East, forwardly,
     Edim(½)   *Dm(½)* *Gm(¼)*   *Am(¼)*   *Dm(½)*
the eye toward Zion   constantly is   turned.

      Dm   *Am(½)* *D(½)*
      Then our hope it is not   dead,
        Dm   *Am(½)* *D(½)*
      the ancient longing will be ful   filled,
       Edim(½)   *Dm(½)*   *C7(½)*   *F(½)*
      To return to the land, the land of our fathers
        Edim(½) *Dm(½)*   *Gm(¼)* *A7(¼)* *Dm(½)*
      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.

His Eye is on the Sparrow lyrics by Civilla D. Martin and
music by Charles H. Gabriel (1905)

C   G(1) C(5)   F   C
Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come
A7   Dm(1)   Fm6(5)   Dm7(3)   G7(3)   C(5)   G7(1)
Why should my heart be lone   ly,   and long for heaven and home,   When
C   C(3)   G7(3) C(3)   C7(3)   F(2)   A7(1)   Dm(3)
Jesus is my portion?   My constant friend is He: His
     G(3)   G7(3)   C   G(3)   G7(3)   C(5)   G7(1)
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
     C(3)   C7(3)   F(3)   Fm(3)   C(3)   G7(3)   C(5)   G7(1)
His eye is on the sparrow,   and I know He watches me.   I

       G(3)   G7(3)   C   G(3)   G7(3)   C(5)   G7(1)
     I sing because I'm happy,. I sing because I'm free,   for His
              C(3)   C7(3)   F   C(3)   G7(3)   C   D
     For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Home Sweet Home lyrics by John Howard Pyne and music by Sir Henry Bishop (1823) (from the opera *The Maid of Milan* 1823)

```
     D(½)  G(½)      D       A7             D
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
      D(½)  G(½)  D              A7          D
Be it ev    er so humble there's no place like home!
   G(½)    A7(½)    D              A7          D
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
        G(½)      A7(½)      D              A7              D
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere:


     D       A7     Bm(½)  A7(½)  D
   Home! sweet, home sweet  home!  There's
   G(½)  A7(½)       D              A7              D
   no     place like Home! There's no place like home
```

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on the moon from our own cottage door
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain
Oh, give me my low, thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all.

How sweet 'tis to sit neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh give me the pleasures of home.

 To thee I'll return overburdened with care,
The hearts dearest solace will smile on me there
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

I Ain't Got Nobody (and Nobody Cares for Me)

lyrics by Roger Graham, music by Spencer Williams and Dave Peyton (1915)

A7b5 G major
Daug

G   G(¼) F#7(¼)   F7(¼)   E7(¼) A7   A7(½) A7b5(½)
Say, I   ain't   got   no   bod   y,   and
G   A7(½) D7(½) G(½)   Daug(½) G(½)   D7(½)
nobody cares   for   me! I got the blues   the weary blues
G   G(¼) F#7(¼) F7(¼) E7(¼) A7   A7(½) Adim7(½)
That's why   I'm   sad   and   lonely,
A7   A7   D(½)   C7(¼) Ddim7(¼) D7
   Won't somebody come and take a chance with me?

Daug
Adim7 G6

G7   G7   Csus2(½) A7½) C
   I'll sing sweet   love songs, honey,   all   the   time,
E(½) E7+(¼) E7(¼) E7+(¼) E7(¼) E7+(¼) E7(¼) A7   D7
      If   you'll come   and   be   my   sweet baby mine,

G   G(¼) F#7(¼)   F7(¼)   G(¼)   A7   A7(½) A7b5(½)
Cause, I   ain't   got   no   bod   y,   and
G   A7(½) D7(½) G(½)   Daug(½) G
nobody cares   for   me!

Ddim7 D, G#, B, F   Csus2

G(½)   G+(½)   G6(½) G+(½)   G(½)   A7(¼)   D7(¼) G(½)   G(¼) B7(½)
Well there's a sayin' been goin'   round, and I began to think   it's   true: It's
Em(½) B7(½) Em(½)   Bm7(½)   A7(½)   A7b5(½)   D7(½)   D7+5(½)
awful hard to love someone,   when they don't care about you.

E7+5

Wish I only had someone that I could really call my own. For
I would marry her at once, and take her to my home.

G(½)   G+(½) G6(½) G(¼) B7(¼) G(½)   A7(¼) D7(¼) G(½) G(¼) G#dim7(¼)
Once I had a lovin' gal, As   good as any in   this   town.   but
D(½)   Ddim7(½) D(½)   D#dim7(½) A7(½) A7b5(½)   D7(¼) C(¼) D(¼) D7+5(¼)
now I'm sad and   lonely for she   done turned me down.

D7+5

Every night I sigh and cry, no happiness at all I find, I
have no one to love me, no one to content my mind. Because
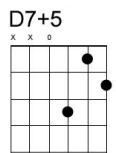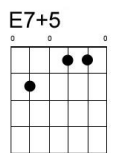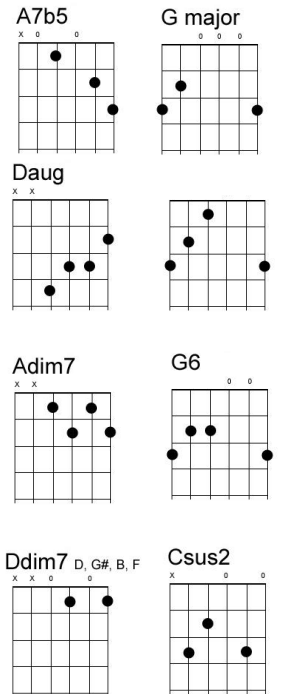
I Love You Truly byCarrie Jacob-Bond(1906)

D   D9(½)   D7(½)   G(½)   Abma7(½)   G

G   C6(½) D7(½)   Am6(½) D9(¼) F#dim7(¼) G
  I love you tru   ly,   tru   ly,   dear,
G   C6(½) D7(½)   Am6(½) D9(¼) F#dim7(¼) G
  life with its sor   row,   life   with   its   tear
B7   Em   Em   Edim7
fades into dreams when I feel you are near,
G(½) Em(½)   G   D9(½)   D9(¼) D7b9(¼) G
for I love you truly, tru   ly,   dear.

D   D9(½)   D7(½)   G(½)   Abma7(½)   G

G   C6(½) D7(½)   Am6(½) D9(¼) F#dim7(¼) G
  Ah, love, 'tis some thing to feel   your   kind   hand,
G   C6(½) D7(½)   Am6(½) D9(¼) F#dim7(¼) G
  ah, yes, 'tis some thing by your   side   to   stand.
B7   Em   Em   Edim7
Gone is the sorrow, gone doubt and fear,
G(½)   Em(½) G   D9(½) D9(¼) D7b9(¼) G(½) Abma7(½)   G6(hold)
for you love me truly, tru   ly,   dear.

If You Were the Only Girl in the World *by*

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
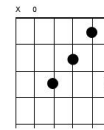
Fsus2   Gm6(Em7b5)
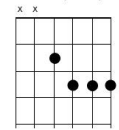
C   A7   D7(2)   Am7(1)   D(2)   D7(1)
*y*ou were the only girl   in the   world, and
G7   G6(2)   G7(1)   C(2)   F#dim(1)   F9(2)   G7(1)
I were the on   ly   boy,
C   C   Dm7   Dm7
Nothing else would matter in the world today,
G7   G7#5   C   C(1)   Fdim(1) G7(1)
We could go on loving in the same old way.   A
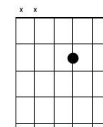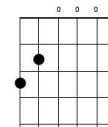
D6   G6   A6
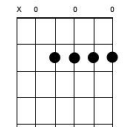
C   A7   D7(2)   Am7(1)   D(2)   D7(1)
garden of Eden just   made for two, with
G7   G6(2)   G7(1)   C(2)   F#dim(1)   G7
nothing to mar   our   joy.
Am   Am   Em   Em
I would say such wonderful things to you,
F(2)   Faug(1)   G7(2)   Gaug(1)   C(2)   Gm6(1)   A7
There would   be   such   wonderful things to do; if
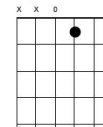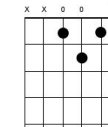
Fdim7   F#dim D#, A, C, D#   Edim7 C#, G, A#
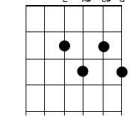
Dm   Fm   Cma7   Aaug(2)   A7(1)
you were the only girl in the world,
D7   Fsus2(2)   G6(1)   C(2)   Edim7(1)   D7(2)   G7(1)
And I were the on   ly   boy.
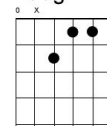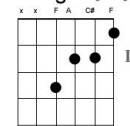
Eaug   Faug C#aug Aaug   Gaug   Aaug (F, C#)
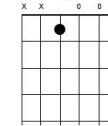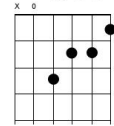
In Apple Blossom Time words by Neville Fleeson and music
by Alvert Von Tilzer (1920) 4/4 time

   C   C(2)   Gaug(1) C6   C6(1) Gaug7(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(¼)* *Em7(½)* *C(¼)* *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(¼)* *Em7(½)* *C(¼)* *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)

```
         A          A          A          A
There's a time in each year that we always hold dear,
A        Cdim      E7    E7
Good old summertime.
         A          A         A             A
With the birds and the trees and sweet scented breezes,
E        A7       E7    E7
Good old summertime.


          A          A          A         A
When your day's work is over then you are in clover,
     D        D         A      A
And life is one beautiful rhyme,
   D        A            D(2)    Cdim7(1)  A(2)    F#7b5(1)
No trouble annoying, each one is en         joying the
E        B7      E7    E7
Good old summertime.
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F#7b5 (C7b5)
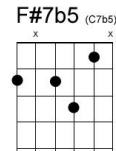
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         A        A        A   A7       D         D        A(2)    Gdim7(1)   E7
   In the good old summertime,      in the good old summertime,
   A        A        A(2)   C#7(1)   F#m  B7        B7    E7    E7
   Strolling thro' the sha    dy       lanes with that baby mine
       A        A        A          A7        D         D          A(2)   Gdim7(1)  E7
   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(½)   Bdim7(¼) Cdim7(¼) C(½)   Cdim7(½) G7(¼) Gdim7(¼) G7(¼) Gdim7(¼) G7
When I was   a   boy my mother of   ten   said   to   me,

    Dm(½) Dmma7(½) Dm(½) G7(½) C(½)   Gdim7(½) G7
Get married boy and see,   how happy you will   be,

C(½)   Bdim7(¼) Cdim7(¼) C(½) Am7(½) G7(¼) D7(¼)   G7(¼) D7(¼)   G7
I have looked   all   over, but no gir   lie   can   I   find,

    D7(½)   Ddim7(¼) D7(¼) Em(¼) G(¼) Edim7(¼) E7(¼) Am(½) D7(½)   G
Who seems to be   just   like   the lit   tle   girl, I have in mind,

G7(½) Bb7(½) Dm(½) Bb7(½)   G7(½) Dm7(½)   Bbdim(½) G7
I will   have to look a round until the right one I have   found.

    C C(½)   C7(½) F   F
I   want a girl,   just like the girl

     C(½) Am(½)   D7(½) G7(½) C   C7
That mar ried   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(½)   Fdim7(½)
A good old fashioned girl with heart so true,

Am   F7   E7   G7
One who loves nobody else but you,

C C(½)   C7(½) F   F
I   want a girl,   just like the girl

     C(½) Am(½)   D7(½) G7(½) C   C
That mar ried   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' splen   dor, where the warm night loves to dwell,
D(1)   Bm(2)   F#7(1) G(2) A7   D
Weary looks, yet ten   der, 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! Tue res mi angel, mi illusión
       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.

Just Over in the Gloryland lyrics by James W. Acuff and music by Emmett S. Dean (1905)

```
     A(½)  D(½)  A                  D      A
I've a home pre   pared, where the saints abide,
     F#m         B7   E    E7
Just over in the Gloryland!
     A(½)  D(½)  A         D         A
And I long  to    be by my Savior's side
     F#m          A(½)  E7(½)   A      A
Just over in the Glo   ry        land!


        A   A           A    A7
     Just o     ver in the Gloryland, I'll
     D       D     D    A           the
     join the happy angel band, Just
     A          A    E7   E7
     over in the Gloryland!


        A   A           A    A7
     Just o     ver in the Gloryland, There
     D   D             D      A
     with,     the mighty host I'll stand, Just
     A           E7   A   A
     over in the Gloryland!
```

I am on my way to those mansions fair, Just over in the Gloryland!
There to sing God's praise and His glory share, Just over in the Gloryland!

What a joyful thought that my Lord, I'll see, Just over in the Gloryland!
And with kindred saved, there forever be, Just over in the Gloryland!

With the blood-washed throng, I will shout and sing, Just over in the Gloryland!
Glad hosannas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just over in the Gloryland!

Keep on the Sunny Side
lyrics by Eda Blenkhorn and music by J. Howard Entwisle (1899)

```
        C          G7              C    C
There's a dark and a troubled side of life
        C          C         G    G
There's a bright and a sunny side, too
      G7          G7          C    C
Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife
        G     G        C       C
The sunny side we also may view
```

```
    C           C         F            F
Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side
    C           C         G    G
Keep on the sunny side of life
      C           C       F          C
It will help us every day, it will brighten all the way
      C(½)    F(½)    C(½)    G7(½)  C
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(½)   C9(½)   F   F(½)   Bbm(½)   F

They were summoned from the hillside They were called in from the glen,

    C(½)   C9(½)   F(½) Dm(½) C(½)   G9(½)   C   C7

And the country found them ready at the   stirring call for men.

F(½)   C9(½)   F   F(½)   Bbm(½)   F

 Let no tears add to their hardships as the soldiers pass   along, and

  Am(½)   Cma7(½) Dm(½)   F(½)   C(¼) Em(¼) Dm7(¼) G7(¼) C   C7

although your heart is   breaking make it sing this   cheer   y   song.

F   C7   Dm   Aaug(½) A(½)

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearn   ing,

Bb(½)   Bb6(½) F   G7   C7

Though your lads are far away, they dream of home.

F   C7   Dm   Aaug(½) A(½)

There's a silver lining, through the dark clouds shin   ing,

Bb(½)   Bb6(½)   F   F(½) C7(½) F

Turn the dark cloud inside out 'til the boys   come home.

F(½)   C9(½)   F   F(½)   Bbm(½) F

Overseas there came a pleading, "Help a nation in dis   tress."

    C(½)   C9(½   F(½) Dm(½) C(½)   G9(½) C   C7

And we gave our glorious ladies honour bade us do no   less,

  F(½)   C9(½) F   F(½)   Bbm(½)   F

For no gallant son of freedom to a tyrant's yoke should bend,

  Am(½) Cma7(½)   Dm(½)   F(½) C(¼) Em(¼) Dm7(¼) G7(¼) C   C7

And a noble heart must answer to the sac red   call   of   "Friend."

La Paloma by Sebastián Iradier (later Yradier) (1863)

```
     C  C          C          G7
Cuando   salí de la Habana Válgame Dios!
   G7            G7        C    C
Nadie me ha visto salir,si no fui yo.
  C           C            G7     G7
Y una linda guachinanga ¡allá voy yo!
    G7          G7         C          C
que se vino tras de mí, que sí señor.


    C            C          G7        G7
  Si a tu ventana llega una paloma,
  G7         G7              C      C
  trátala con cariño que es mi persona.
  C          C              G7        G7
  Cuéntale tus amores, bien de mi vida,
  G7        G7              C    C
  corónala de flores, que es cosa mía.


    C                  C
  Ay, chinita que sí!
  C                  G7
  Ay, que dame tu amor!
  G7                G7            G7          C   C
  Ay, que vente conmigo, chinita, a donde vivo yo!
```

Ay, chinita que sí!
Ay, que dame tu amor!
Ay, que vente conmigo, chinita, a donde vivo yo!

When I left Havana, help me God!
nobody saw me leaving, it was just I.
And a pretty artful-flatterer, there I go!
she just was after me, yes sir, she was.

If to your window happens to come a dove,
treat it with loving care, for it's my own.
Tell her your love affairs, my loving one,
and crown her with flowers, for she is mine.

Ay, chinita, that's right, 3.
Ay, please give me your love,
Ay, you come with me, chinita, to wherever is my home.

Ay, chinita, that's right, 4.
Ay, please give me your love,
Ay, you come with me, chinita, to wherever is my home.

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
Long ing   for   the sunny smile, I   a   dore;
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 won    der    ful        west,    A
E        B7       E7    Eaug7
cross the Great Divide?
```

Life's Railway to Heaven music by Charles D. Tillman and

lyrics by M.E. Abbey (1890)

```
        G           G           C           G
Life is like a mountain railway with an Engineer that's brave
          G           G           A7          D
We must make the run successful from the cradle to the grave
          G           G           C           G
Heed the curves the hills the tunnels, never falter, never fail
          G           G(Em)           C(½)  D7(½)       G
Keep your hand upon the throttle and your eye      upon the rail


          C           G           A7            C
    Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us, till we reach that blissful shore
            G           C           G(½)  D7(½)       G
    Where the angels wait to join us in God's praise    forevermore


        G           G           C           G
As we roll along the mainline, there'll be storms and there'll be night
          G           G           A7          D
There'll be sidetracks unexpected on the left and on the right
          G           G           C           G
But with the straight always before us and our hearts upon the prize
          G           G(Em)           C(½)  D7(½)   G
There'll be no disembarkation until we reach     paradise


        G           G           C           G
As you roll across the trestle, spanning Jordon's swelling tide.
          G           G       A7               D
You'll behold the Union Depot into which your train will glide.
            G           G           C           G
There you'll meet the superintendent, God the Father, God the Son.
        G           G(Em)           C(½)       D7(½)       G
With hearty joyous greetings: "Weary Pilgrims Welcome Home"
```

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(½)   Dm(½)   C7
Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
Bb(½)   C7(½)   F
When on the world the mists began to fall,
F(½)   C7(½)   C7(½)   F(½)
Out of the dreams that rose in happy thrall,
Dm   G7(½)   C(½)
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
Gm   F
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
G7(½)   Am(¼) F(¼) C(½) G7(½) 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.

Madamoiselle 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 tra    peze
          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 o   ver   when the music waned
G7       G7    C    F       Dm7 G7 C(hold)     C
That was oh! So long ago but love   re    mained
```

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$_{(½)}$ 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 ba   by,
Bm$_{(¼)}$ F#7$_{(¼)}$ Bm$_{(½)}$ 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 fool ish   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 lin   ing;
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   melan   choly   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 Melancholy Baby
lyrics 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(½)   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 ba   by,
Bm(¼)   F#7(¼) Bm(½) 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 fool ish   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 lin   ing;
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   melan   choly   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 Fosters 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(½)  F#7(½)  Bm      G        D
Weep no more, my lady,     oh!  weep no more to-day!
              D        D7        G          (A7) D(½) )  Bm(¼ )   Em7(¼ )
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 Mother Was a Lady lyrics by Edward. B. Marks and music by Joseph W. Stern (1897

4/4 time

$\quad$ F $\qquad$ $F_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $C7_{(½)}$
Two drummers sat at dinner in a grand hotel one day

$\qquad$ $Gm_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $G7_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $G7_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $C7_{(½)}$
While dining they were chatting in a jolly sort of way

$\quad$ F $\qquad$ $D_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $Gm_{(½)}$
And when a pretty waitress brought them a tray of food

$\qquad$ $Gm_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $Gdim7_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $F_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $G7_{(¼)}$ $\qquad$ $C7_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $F_{(½)}$
They spoke to her fa $\qquad$ miliarly in a manner rather rude

$\qquad$ $Dm_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $A7_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $A7_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $Dm_{(½)}$
At first she did not notice nor make the least reply

$\qquad$ $G7_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $C_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $F_{(¼)}$ $\qquad$ $G7_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $C7_{(½)}$
But one remark was passed that brought the teardrops to her eyes

$\qquad$ F $\qquad$ $D7_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $Gm_{(½)}$
She turned on her tormentor, with cheeks now burning red

$\qquad$ $Gm_{(¼)}$ $\qquad$ $Gdim7_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $F_{(½)}$ $\qquad$ $G7_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $C7_{(¼)}$ $\quad$ $F_{(½)}$
She looked a perfect $\qquad$ picture as appealingly she said

¾ time

$_{C7}$ $\;$ F $\qquad$ F $\qquad$ Bb $\quad$ Gm $\quad$ C7 $\qquad$ $C_{(2)}$ $\;$ $Caug_{(1)}$ $\;$ F $\quad$ F $\qquad$ G7
"My Mother was a lady $\qquad$ like yours you will allow

$\qquad$ A7 $\qquad$ A7 $\quad$ Dm $\;$ Dm $\qquad$ G7 $\qquad$ G7 $\qquad$ C $\;$ $Cdim7_{(1)}$ $\;$ $C7_{(1)}$ $\;$ $C9_{(1)}$
And you may have a sister $\qquad$ who needs protection now. $\qquad$ I've

F $\qquad$ F $\qquad$ Gm $\;$ Gm $\;$ C7 $\qquad$ $C_{(2)}$ $\;$ $Caug_{(1)}$ $\;$ F $\qquad$ $F_{(2)}$ $\qquad$ $Cm7_{(1)}$
come to this great city $\qquad$ to find my broth $\qquad$ er $\qquad$ dear. and you

D7 $\qquad$ D7 $\qquad$ Gm $\quad$ $D7_{(2)}$ $\;$ $Bbm_{(1)}$ $\;$ F $\qquad$ C7 $\quad$ F $\qquad$ F
wouldn't dare insult me sir $\qquad$ if $\qquad$ Jack were only here"

It's true one touch of nature, it makes the whole world kin, and
Ev'ry word she uttered seemed to touch their hearts within,   They
Sat there stunned and silent, until one cried in shame, "or
Give me, Miss! I meant no harm, pray tell me what's your name?"
$\qquad$ She told him and he cried again, "I know your brother, too. Why
$\qquad$ We've been friends for many years and he often speaks of you
$\qquad$ He'll be so glad to see you, and if you'd only wed,
$\qquad$ I'll take you to him as my wife, for I love you since you said:

My Wild Irish Rose by Chauncey Olcott (1899)

```
        A       Aaug5    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         Aaug5       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)
Twas 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       Aaug5    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  I         rish   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 I  rish  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 slipyers 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.

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.

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;

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.

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$_{(½)}$ A$_{(½)}$ E$_{(½)}$ Cm7$_{(½)}$ E$_{(½)}$ Bdim7$_{(½)}$
nestle close   up to my side,   my heart's a
B7 B7   E$_{(½)}$ Edim7$_{(½)}$ 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$_{(½)}$ A$_{(½)}$ E$_{(½)}$ Cm7$_{(½)}$ E$_{(½)}$ Bdim7$_{(½)}$
'till I met you,   some time a go,   But now you
B7   B7   E$_{(½)}$ A$_{(½)}$ E$_{(½)}$ E7$_{(½)}$
know,   I love you so.

 A   A$_{(¾)}$ F#7$_{(¼)}$ B7   B7
Oh! you beautiful doll, you   great big beautiful doll
E7   E7   A$_{(¾)}$ E7$_{(¼)}$ A$_{(½)}$ Bm7$_{(¼)}$ E7$_{(¼)}$
Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without   you.
A   A$_{(¾)}$ F#7$_{(¼)}$ B7   B7$_{(¾)}$ E7$_{(¼)}$
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$_{(½)}$ C#7$_{(½)}$ F#m$_{(½)}$ F#m7$_{(½)}$ B7$_{(½)}$ E7$_{(½)}$ A$_{(½)}$ E7$_{(½)}$
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(½)           G(½)      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(½)      G(½)        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(½)        G(½)        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 g*lo*wing,
        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 the Sea to Skye lyrics by Sir Harold Boulton and music by
Anne Campbelle MacLeod (1884)

Outlander lyrics

D   D   Em   A7   D   G   D   A7
Sing me a song of a lass that is gone; Say, could that lass be I?
D   D   Em   A7 D   G   D   A7
Merry of soul she sailed on a day   over the sea to Skye

*   Bm   Bm   Em   Em Bm   G   Bm   Bm*
Mull was astern, Rùm on the port,   Eigg on the starboard bow
*   Bm   Bm   Em   Em Bm   G   Bm   Bm*
Glory of youth glowed in her soul. Where is that glory now?

Give me again all that was there; give me the sun that shone
Give me the eyes, give me the soul; give me the lass that's gone

Billow and breeze, islands and seas, mountains of rain and sun
All that was good, all that was fair, all that was me is gone

Original lyrics

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing. "Onward!" the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that's born to be king, over the sea to Skye

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thuderclaps rend the air;
Baffled our foe's stand by the shore, follow they will not dare

Though the waves leap, soft whall ye sleep, oceans's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, gently I'll keep watch by your weary bed.

Many's the lad fought on that day, well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay dead in Culloden's field.

Burned are their homes, exile and death scatter the loyal men;
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come again.

Over There by George Michael Cohan (1917)

Bb   Bb   F7   F7   Bb (½) Bb/A (½)   Bb/G (½)   Bb/F (½)   F7 (½)   F#7 (½)   F7 (½)   Cm(¼)   F7(¼)   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(½) F7(½) F6(½) F7(½) Bbma7(½) Bb7(½) Bb
Hear them call ing, you and me,
C(½) F(½) Cm(½) D7(½) G9(½) C7(½) 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(½) F7(½) F6(½) F7(½) Bbma7(½) Bb7(½) Bb
Tell your sweet heart not to pine,
C(½) F(½) Cm(½) D7(½) G9(½) C7(½) F7
to be proud her boy's in line.

Bb (½) Bb/A (½)   Bb/G (½)   Bb/F (½)   Bb (½)   Bb/A (½)   Bb/G (½)   Bb/F (½)
Over there,   over there,   Send the
Bb   Bb   Bb Bb7(½) F7(¼) Bb7(¼)
word, send the word over there that the
Eb (½) Cdim7(½) F7   Bb (½)   Cdim7 (½)   Gm (½) Bbm6(½)
Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, the
F (½) Cdim7 (½) C7   F7 (¼) Cm (¼) Ab7 (¼) F7 (¼)
drums rum- tumming ev'rywhere.
Bb (½) Bb/A (½)   Bb/G (½)   Bb/F (½)   Bb (½)   Bb/A (½)   Bb/G (½)   Bb/F (½)
So prepare,   say a pray'r,   send the
Bb   Bb   Bb Bb7(½) F7(¼) Bb7(¼)
word, send the word to beware. We'll be
Bb Bb   F7 F7 Cm(¼) F7 (¼)
o ver, we're coming o ver, and we
Bb(½) Bb7(½) Eb(½) Gb7(½) F7 (½) 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　　　　　　　　*C*
Over the river and through the woods
　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 Thanskgiving 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 Grandmothers cap I spy!
　　　Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?
　　　Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Pass Me Not
lyric by Francis J. Crosby (1868) and music by William H. Doane (1880)

C   F   C   Am
Pass me not O gentle Saviour,
G7   C(½) G(½) C(½)   F(½)   C
Hear my hum ble   cry!
C   F   C   Am
While on others Thou art cal ling.
G7   C(½) G7(½)   C
Do not pass me   by   (I'm calling)

    C   C   Dm F
    Saviour, Saviour,
    C   C   G   G7
    Hear my humble cry!
    C   F   C   Am
    While on others Thou art calling,
    G7   C(½) G7(½)   C(½)   F(½)   C
    Do not pass me   by.

Let me at Thy throne of mercy,
find a sweet relief:
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
would I seek Thy face;
Heal my broken wounded spirit;
save me by Thy grace

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
more than life to me.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Plaisir d'Amour music by Jean-Paul Egide Martini (Martini il Tedesco) and lyrics by Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian (1785) (also: I Can't Help Falling in Love with You)

    F C7 F   F   Bb   F   C7 C7
Plaisir d'….amour   ne dure qu'un moment
    Bb (Ddim7) C7 F   Gm   F C7 F   F
Chagrin   d'a   mour dure toute la vie

J'ai tout quittée pour l'ingrate Sylvie
Elle me quitte et me prend un autre amant

"Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Ves ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie

Je t'aimerai", me, répétait Sylvie
Mai l'eau coule encore, elle a changé pourtant

The Pleasure Of Love

Love's pleasure lasts but a moment
Love's sorrow lasts all throughout life.

    I would have left everything for faithless Sylvia,
    But she left me and took another lover.

Love's pleasure lasts but a moment
Love's sorrow lasts all throughout life.

    "As long as the water flows gently
    To the stream that borders the meadow,

    I will love you", repeated Sylvia to me.
    The water still flows, but she has changed.

Love's pleasure lasts but a moment
Love's sorrow lasts all throughout life.

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

Ragtime Cowboy Joe by Lewis F. Mujir, Grant Clarke, and Majurice Abrahams (1912)

C(½)   Cdim(½)   Gm7(½)   B7(½)
Out in Arizona where the bad men are, and the
C(¼) Gm6(¼) A7(½)   D7(½)   G7(½)
only thing to guide you is an Eve'ning star
      C(½)   B7dim(½) C(¼) E7b5(¼) Am(½)
The roughest, toughest man by   far is
D7(½)   G7(½)   C(½)   C(½)
Ragtime Cowboy Joe
G(½)   F#7(½)   G(½)   Edim7(½)
Got his name from singin' to the cows and sheep
G(¼) Dm6(¼)   E7(½)   A9(¼) D7(¼) D7(½)
Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd   to   sleep
C(½)   B7(½) C7(½)   Am(½)   B7(½)   B7(½)   E(¼) B7(¼) G7(½)
In a   basso rich and deep   croonin' soft and low.

                      C   C(¾)   Am7(¼)
      He always sings raggy music to the cattle, as he
      D7   D7
      swings back and forward in the saddle on a
      G7   G7
      horse that is syncopated, gaited, and there's
      C(¼)   Caug5(¼) Am7(½)   D7(½)   G7(½)
      such a funny   meter to the roar of his repeater. How they
      C   C(¾)   Am7(¼)
      run when hear that fellow's gun because the
      D7   D7
      Western folks all know he's a
      Am(¼) Dm(¼) Cdim7(¼) Ddm(¼)   Am(¼)   Dm(¼)   Am(¼) D7b5(¼)
      high-faluting,   scooting, shooting son-of-a-gun from Ari   zona
      C(¼)   A7(¼) D9(¼) G7 C
      Rag   time Cowboy   Joe.

He dressed up ev'ry Sunday in his Sunday clothes
He beats it for the village where he always goes
And ev'ry girl in town is Joe's 'cause he's a ragtime bear.
When he starts aspieling on the dance hall floor
No one but a lunatic would start a war
Wise men know his forty four makes men dance for fair.

Rising of the Moon traditional (tune of *Wearing of the Green* and
lyrics by J.K. Casey in 1865, a Fenian from Mullingar) (bhuachaill is pronounced "VOO-uh-{k}hill" and
means 'my boy')

          D5   *D5*   *A*   *A*
And come, tell me Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?
      G   *D6*   *A7sus4*   *D5*
"Hush mo bhuachaill, hush and listen", and his cheeks were all aglow,
    D5   *D5*   *A*   *A*
"I bear orders from the captain: get you ready quick and soon,
     G   *D6*   *A7sus4* *D5*
for the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon"

        D5   *D5*   *A*   *A*
By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,
    G   *D6*   *A7sus4* *D*
for the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon
(repeat last line of each stanza)

"And come tell me Sean O'Farrell, where the gath'rin is to be?
"In the old spot by the river, quite well known to you and me.
One more word for signal token: whistle out the marchin' tune,
with your pike upon your shoulder, at the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud wall cabin eyes were watching through the night,
many a manly heart was beatin, for the blessed morning light.
Murmurs ran along the valleys to the banshee's lonely croon,
and a thousand pikes were flashing by the rising of the moon.

All along that singing river that black mass of men was seen,
high above their shining weapons, flew their own beloved green.
"Death to every foe and traitor! Whistle out the marching tune."
And hurrah my boys for freedom; 'tis the rising of the moon".

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate,
oh what glorious pride and sorrow, fills the name of ninety-eight!
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood burning noon,
who would follow in their footsteps, at the risin' of the moon

'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

Salve Regina traditional 11th century (often attributed to the monk Hermann of Reichenau.

D   *D*   *G(½) D(½) A(½) D(½)*   *D*   *D*   *G(½) D(½) A(½) D(½)*
Hail holy Queen enthroned above, Oh Ma ri   a.   Hail mother of Mercy and of Love, Oh Ma ri   a.
Bm(½)   D(½) A(½) Bm(½) D   *A*   *D(½)*   *Bm(½) G(½)*   *D(½)*
Triumph all ye cherubim!   Sing with us ye seraphim! Heaven and Earth, resound the hymn!
D(½) Bm(½) G(½) A(½) D(½) Bm(½)   A(½) D(½)
Sal ve,   sal ve, sal ve Regi   na!

B B

B   *B*   *E(½) B(½) F#(½) B(½)*   *B*   *B*   *E(½) B(½) F#(½) B(½)*
Hail holy Queen enthroned above, Oh Ma ri   a.   Hail mother of Mercy and of Love, Oh Ma ri   a.
B(½)   G#m(½) F#   *B(½)*   *G#m(½) F#(½)*   *B(½)*   *G#m(½) E*   *B*
Triumph all ye   cherubim! Sing with us ye   seraphim! Heaven and Earth, resound the hymn!
D(½) Bm(½) G(½) A(½) D(½) Bm(½)   A(½) D(½)
Sal ve,   sal ve, sal ve Regi   na!

interlude: B   B   E(½) B(½) F#(½) B(½)

Our life our sweetness here below, O Maria. Our hope in sorrow and in woe, O Maria
Triumph all ye cherubim, (cherubim).   Sing with us ye seraphim (seraphim).
Heaven and earth resound the hymn
Salve, Salve, Salve Regina

F#   F#
Hallelujah!!

(rapping)

Mater ad mater inter marata. Sanctus sanctus dominus.
Virgo respice mater ad spice. Sanctus sanctus dominus.

F#   F#
Hallelujah! (hallelujah)

Our life our sweetness here below, O Maria. Our hope in sorrow and in woe, O Maria.
Triumph all ye cherubim, (cherubim). Sing with us ye seraphim (sweet seraphim).
Heaven and earth resound the hymn
Sal-ve, Sal-ve, Sal-ve Re-gi-na
Sa-alve Regi-ina, Sa-alve Re-gi-iina!

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(½) F#dim7(½) G7   G7
'Cause   my   hair is   curly
C   Cm(½) F#dim7(½) G7   G7
'cause   my teeth are   pearly
Em(½) Bm(½) E7   Am7   Am7
Just   be   cause I always wear a smile
D7(½) Am(½) D7   G7   G7
Like   to   dress up in the latest style

        C   Cm(½) F#dim7(½) G7   G7
        Cause   I'm   glad I'm   livin'
        E7   E7   Am7(½) E(½) 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(¼) A7(½) Dm(¼) G7(½) Gaug(½) C
        that's   why   they   call   me   Shine

Shine, sway your blues'ies.
Why don't you shine?
Start with your shoes'ies.   Cause my hair is curly, (man's got curly hair)
Shine each place up, make it look like new.   Now just because my teeth are pearly, (also got pearly teeth)
Shine your face up, I want to see you wear a smile or two.   Just because I always wear a smile, (oh keep on smiling)
Why don't you shine your these and thoseies?   Like to dress us, babe, in the latest style.
You'll find everything gonna turn out right fine   Cause I'm glad I'm livin'
Folks will shine up to ya'   I take these troubles all with a smile
Everybody's gonna howdy doody do-ya'   Now just because my color's shady (you's a shady baby)
You'll make the whole world shine   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   'Cause my hair is curly
Had changed it 'round to "Sambo"; I was "Rastus" to a few.   'Cause my teeth are pearly
Then "Chocolate Drop" was added by some others that I knew.   Just because I alway wear a smile
And then to cap the climax, I was strolling down the line   Like to dress up in the latest style*
When someone shouted, "Fellas, hey! Come on and pipe the shine!"   'Cause I'm glad I'm livin'
But I don't care a bit. Here's how I figure it: Take troubles smiling, never whine
                                                                            Just because my color's shaded
                                                                            Slightly diff'rent maybe
A rose they say by any other name would smaell as sweet,   That's why they call me shine.
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?

Shine On, Harvest Moon lyrics by Jack Norworth and music
by Nora Bayes-Norworth, 1908)

Em   C#m7b5(Em6)   B7   B7

F#dim D#, A, C, D#   C#dim7 E, G, A#   G#dim7 F, B, D,

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(½)   F#dim7(½)   A7(½)   A9(½)   D7(½)   F7(½)   Am(½)   F7(½)*
For love   they did pine.
D7(½)   F7(½)   Am(½)   F7(½)   D   D
Little   maid was kind-a 'fraid of darkness, so she
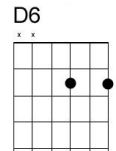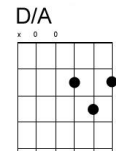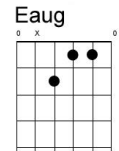*G   G   G(½)   Em7(½)   D7(½)   G(½)*
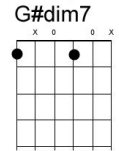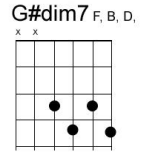said,   "I guess I'll go."
A7   Bm7   A7   Bm(½)   B7(½)
Boy began to sigh,   looked up at the sky,   and
Em   A7   D   G#dim7(½)   G(½)
told the moon his little tale of woe.   Oh!

G#dim7
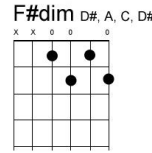
Eaug

Eaug   E7   Eaug   E7   A7   A7   A7   A7
Shine   on, shine on harvest moon,   up in the sky;
D6(½)   D7(½)   D6(½)   D7(½)   D6(½)   D7(½)   D6(½)   D7(½)
I   ain't   had   no   lovin' since
G(½)   D7(½)   C#dim7(½)   Bm(½)   C(½)   G(½)   C#dim7(½)   G(½)
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(½)   B7(½)(turnaround)*
So shine on, shine on harvest moon, for me and my gal.   *or G(end)*

D/A   D6

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.

D9

Eaug7
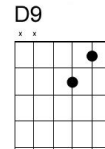
That's where Johnny Casey, little Jimmy Crowe
Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough,
Pretty Nellie Shannon with a dude as light as cork
She first picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of New York.
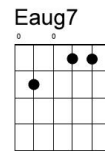
Things have changed since those times, some are up in "G"
Others they are on the hog (wand'rers) but they all feel just like me
They'd part with all they've got, could they once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl on the sidewalks of New York.

A9
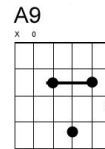
Simple Gifts by Joseph Bracket (1848)

E7 A F#m   Bm7   E7   AM7   F#m
        D   A(½)   D(½)
'Tis a gift to be simple; 'tis a gift to be free;
        A   A
'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be.
        D   A(½)   D(½)
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
        A   D
Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

D   D
When true simplicity is gained,
    D   A
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed;
    D   A(½)   Bm(½)
To turn, turn will be our delight,
        A   D
Till by turning, turning, we come 'round right.

Simple Gifts

Joseph Brackett, Jr., 1848

Silver Threads Among the Gold poem by Eben E.

Rexford, music by Hart Pease Danks (1873s)

G *G(½)* *D7(½)* *G* *G*
Darling, I am growing old,
D7 *D7*   *G* *G*
Silver threads among the gold
G *G(½)* *D7(½)* *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(½)* *D7(½)* *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(½) E7(½) A   D   G
Dear ie,   now I know just what makes me love you so,

G(½)   Bbdim7(½) D/A(½)   C#/G#(½)   C#dim7(½) A7(½)   D7
Just what holds me   and en   folds me   in its   golden glow;

G(½) E7(½) A   D   G
Dear ie,   now I see 'tis each smile so bright and free,

D/A(½)   C#/G#(½) A7(½)   Ebdim7(½) Em(½)   A7(½)   D(hold) D7(½)
For life's sadness   turns to gladness   when you smile on me

                        D7   D7(¾)   C#dim7(¼)   D7   D7(½) Am7(¼)   D7(¼)
            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(½)   A7(½)   D7(½)   Cm6(½)   D7
            sunbeams steal   away the dew; There   are
            G7   G7   G7   G7(½)   Gaug(½)
            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(½) C7sus2(¼) A7(¼)
            smiles that fill my life with sunshine   are   the
            D7(½)   Am7(½) Am7(½) D7(½)   G(½)   D7(½)
            smiles that you   give   to   me.

G(½) E7(½) A   D   G
Dearie,   when ;you smile, everything in life's worthwhile,
G(½)   Bbdim7(½) D/A(½) C#/G#(½) C#dim7(½) A7(½)   D7
Love grows fonder   as we   wander,   down each magic mile.
G(½) E7(½) A   D   G
Cheery   melodies seem to float up on the breeze,
D/A(½)   C#/G#(½) A7(½)   Ebdim7(½) Em(½)   A7(½) D(hold) D7(½)
Doves area 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(½)              D7(½)
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun
            G                              B7(½)  Em(½)       G
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one
        Am(½)   D7(½)        G
For the Union   makes us strong


                G         G   C        G
            Solidarity forever, solidarity forever
            G             B7(½)  Em(½)      Am(½)  D7(½)      G
            Solidarity for e        ver, 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 Waller (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
          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        C#m7      B7           E
          Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.


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.
```

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 crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's stirring
Spritely and lightly and merrily ringing
Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"Eileen, *a chara*, I hear someone tapping"
"'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping"
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing"
"'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying."

"What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder"
"'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under"
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on
And singing all wrong the old song of 'The Coolin'?"

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
And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers
Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round
Slowly and lowly 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 and slower the wheel rings
Lower and lower and lower the reel rings
E're the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving
Throughh 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(½)      Cdim7(½) C          C(½)      Cdim7(½) 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(½)     Cdim7(½)  C           C(½)     Cdim7(½)  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(½)  Cdim7(½)  C           C(½)  Cdim7(½)  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(½)  Cdim7(½)  C           C(½)  Cdim7(½)  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   *C*
There is a tavern in the town, in the town
     C   *G7*
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
     C   *F*
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
    G7   *C*
And never, never thinks of me.

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

     C   *C*
Adieu, adieu kind friends adieu, yes, adieu
     C   *G7*
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
      C   *F*
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
      G7   *C*
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                    C(½)     G(½)     G(½)     D7(½)    G
We're tenting tonight on the old campground,  give us a song to cheer
    G               C(½)    G(½)        D7                G
Our weary hearts, a song of home and friends we love so dear.
```

```
    G                        C              G(¼)    C(¼)    Em(½)   Am7(½) D7(½)
    Many are the hearts that are weary tonight, wishing for the war to  cease,
    G                 C(½)            G(½)    G(½)      D7(½)   G
    Many are the hearts looking for the right, to see the dawn of peace.
    G           C              G(½)            C(¼)   D7(¼) 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,   *final chorus*
    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.

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 out 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 Johnny Comes Marching Home by

Patrick Gilmore (whose pseudonym was Louis Lambert (1863) The song appealed to families on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line by offering hope that their sons and brothers and fathers would return safely from the combat.

     Em   *Em*   *Bm*   *Bm*
When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!
    Em   *Em*   *G*   *B7*
We'll give him a hearty welcome then!   Hurrah! Hurrah!
    Em   *D*   *C*   *B7*
The men will cheer and the boys will shout; the ladies they will all turn out
     Em(½) *D*(½) *C*(½) *B7*(½) *Em*(½)   *D*(½)   *Em*(½) *Em*(½) *Em Em*
And we'll all   feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say with roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now to place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day, Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest pleasures then display, Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part, to fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

When You and I Were Young, Maggie lyrics by

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

```
  D                   G
I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
    D                    A
To watch the scene below;
      D                       G
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
D(½)              A7(½)    D
As we used to, long a    go.
              G                         D
        The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
          A(½)      E7(½)    A
        Where first the daisies sprung;
          D(½)           D7(½)  G
        The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
          D(½)        A(½)    D
        Since you and I were young.
                G                 D
          And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
            A(½)     E7(½)         A(½)    A7(½)
          And the trials of life nearly done,
            D(½)             D7(½)        G
          Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
            D(½)        A(½)      D
          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

When You Wore A Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose lyrics by Jack Mahoney and music by Percy Wenrich (1914)

Bb(½)   Bb7(½) G7   C7   C7
I met you in a   garden in an old Kentucky town, the
F7   F9   Bb(½) C#dim7(½) Bb(¾)   F7(¼)
sun was shining down, you wore a gingham   gown. I
Bb(½)   Bb7(½) G7   C7   C7
kissed you as I   placed a yellow tulip in your hair,
  F7   F7   Bb   Bb(½) D7(½)
Upon my coat you pinned a rose so rare.   Time
Cm(¾)   G7(¼) Cm(¾) F(¼)   F+(¼) Bb   Bb
has not changed your   lovely ness, you're   just as sweet to me, I
C7   C7(½) D#dim7(¼) C7(¼) C7   F7
love you yet I can't forget   the   days that used to be;

        Bb   Bb   Dm(¾)   F7(¼) Bb(¾) Bb9(¼)
When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow   tulip,   and
Eb   Eb   Eb(½) F7(½) Bb(½) F7(¼) Bb7(¼)
I wore a big red rose,
Eb   Eb(¾)   Ebm(¼) Bb(¾)   C#dim7(¼) Bb(½)   G7(½)
When you caressed me, 'twas   then heaven   blessed me,   What a
C7   C9   F(½)   C7(½) F7(½) Cm(¼) Adim7(¼)
blessing no one knows.
Bb   Bb   Bb(¾)   F7(¼) Bb(¾)   Bb9(¼)
You made life cheery when you called me   "dearie," 'twas
Eb(¾)   F#(¼) Eb(½) Cm6(½) D7(½)   Cm6(½)
down where the   blue   grass   grows,
D7   G7   G7   C7   C7
  Your lips were sweeter than julep, when you wore that tulip, and
F7   F7   Bb(½) G#dim7(½) F7
I wore a big red rose
          Bb(½)   G#dim7(½) Bb to end

The love you vowed to cherish has not faltered thro' the years
You banish all my fears, your voice like music cheers,
You are the same sweet girl I knew in happy days of old,
Your hair is silver, but your heart is gold.
Red roses blush no longer in your cheeks so sweet and fair,
It seems to me, dear, I can see white roses blooming there.

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(½)  F(½)   C          G         C     C(½)  G7(½)
Oh, I will twine 'mid the ringlets of my raven black hair
    C(½) F(½)   C          G      C     C
The li    lies so pale and the roses so fair
    C(½) G    C              F        C
the myr   tle so bright with an emerald hue
    C      C      G           C     C(½)  G7(½)
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(½)  A(½)   D              D(½)      A(½)
```
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(½)  A(½)    D                    D(½)        A(½)
```
I'm a real live Yankee Doodle, made my name and fame and boodle
```
D(½)      D7(½)  G(½)    Gm(½)  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(½)  E7(½)  A7             A7               A7   D
```
Oh, say can you see   any   thing about a Yankee that's a phony?
```
D   D   D(½)   Ddim7(½)   D7
```

```
     G     G               A7  A7   D7      D7           G   G
```
I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy! A Yankee Doodle, do or die!
```
     E7        E7              Am(½)  E7(½)  Am   A7          A7         D(½) Am(¼)  F7(¼)   D7
```
A real live nephew of my Un   cle   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(½)    D7(½)   G              G      A7    D7            G   G
```
Yankee Doodle came to London just to ride the ponies. I am a Yankee Doodle Boy!

```
D                  D(½)  A(½)   D              D(½)      A(½)
```
Father's name was Hezikiah, mother's name was Ann Maria *[pronounced "Muh-rye-uh"]*.
```
E7                 E7       A7            A7
```
Yanks through and through - Red, White and Blue
```
D            D(½)     A(½)     D              D(½)      A(½)
```
Father was so Yankee-hearted, when the Spanish war was started,
```
D(½)         D7(½)  G(½)  Gm(½)     A7              D
```
He slipped on his uni   form and hopped upon a pony.
```
       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(½)  E7(½)  A7             A7               A7   D
```
Oh, say can you see   any   thing about my pedigree that's pho ny?
```
 D   D   D(½)   Ddim7(½)   D7
```