

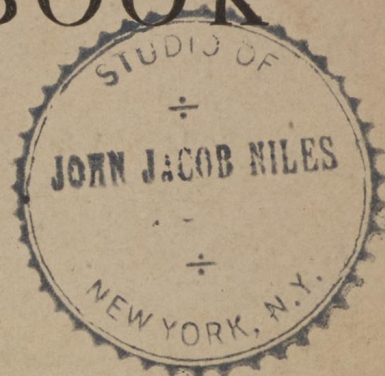
NAVY
SONG BOOK

U. S.

NAVY SONG BOOK

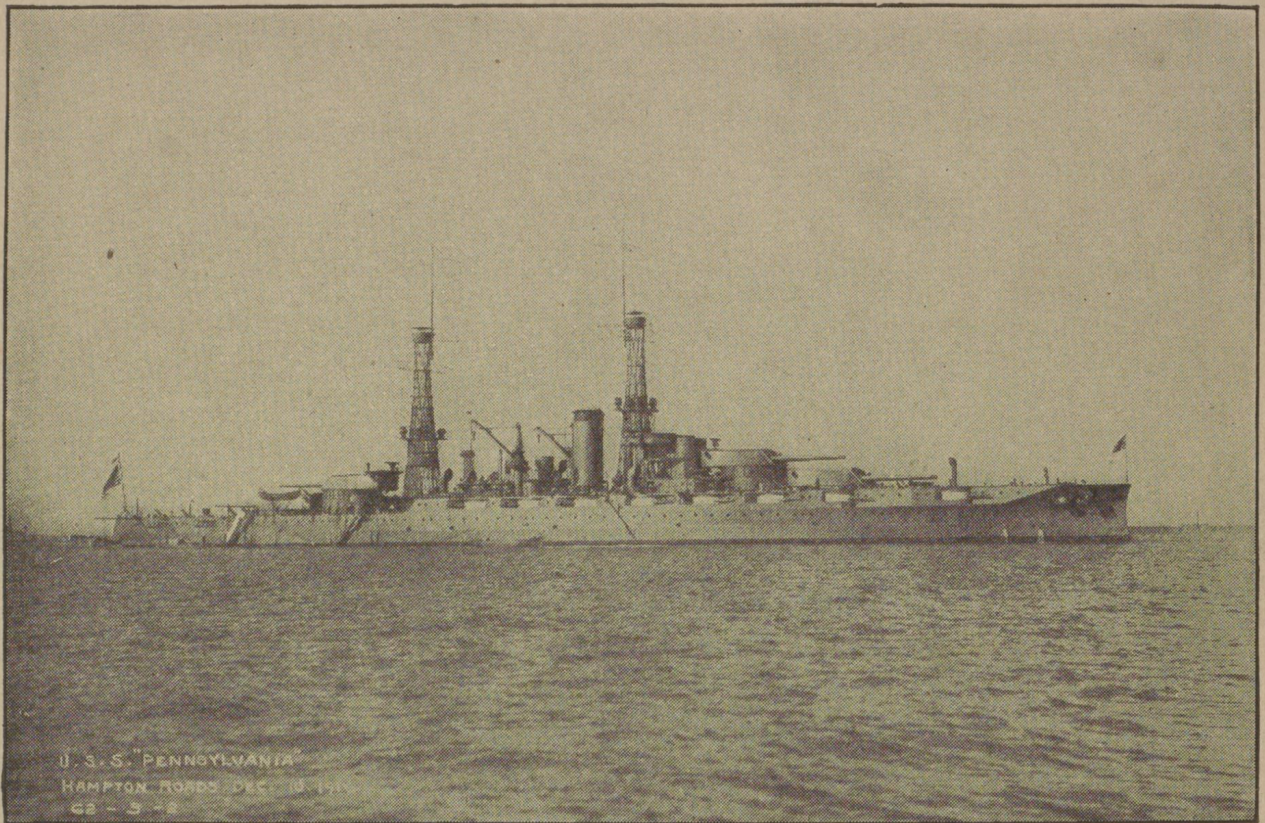


For free distribution to all
Officers and Men of the Navy



Issued by the Navy Department Commission on Training Camp
Activities and compiled with the assistance of the National
Committee on Army and Navy Camp Music

WASHINGTON : 1919



U. S. S. "PENNSYLVANIA"

FRANC



In the
30 Es is

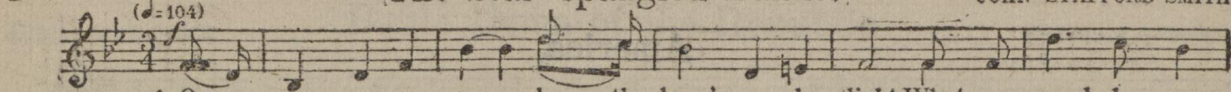
957

** Spec. Coll. 1982 gift Mrs. Pinsky*

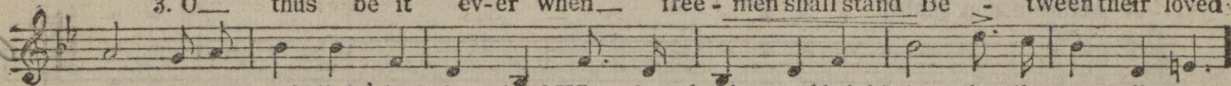
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY
(d:104)

The Star-Spangled Banner

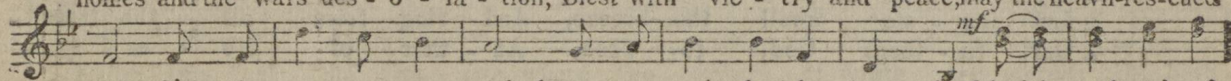
JOHN STAFFORD SMITH



1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
 3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their loved



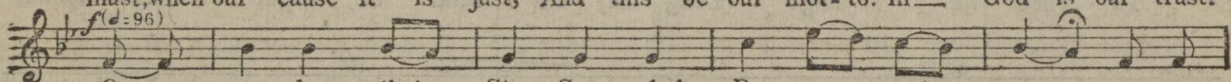
haled at the twi-ght's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous
 host indread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing
 homes and the wars des-o-la-tion; Blest with vic-try and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued



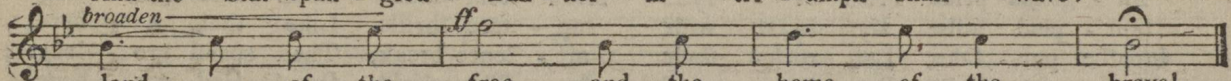
fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red
 steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the
 land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion. Then con-quer we



glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed now, shines on the stream:
 must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!"



O say, does that	Star-Span-gled	Ban-ner	yet	wave	} O'er the
'Tis the	Star-Span-gled	Ban-ner: oh,	long may it	wave	
And the	Star-Span-gled	Ban-ner in	tri-umph shall	wave	



land of the free and the home of the bravel

In the band book of accompaniments the Star Spangled Banner is given in two keys, B \flat and A \flat . The key of A \flat is optional for singing only, B \flat is the generally accepted key for bands and ceremonial use.

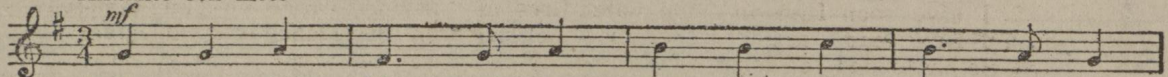
*Spec. Coll. 1982.giff. 1165. Family

America

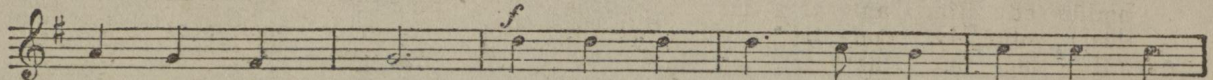
S. F. SMITH

HENRY CAREY

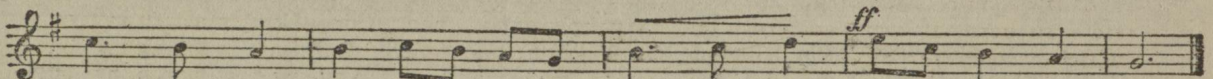
Andante con moto



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, An - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet Free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

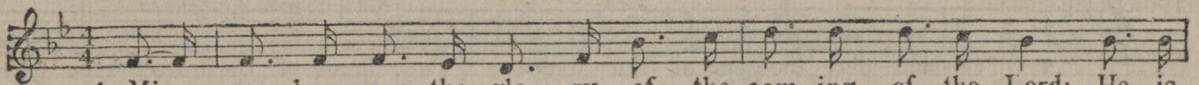


Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

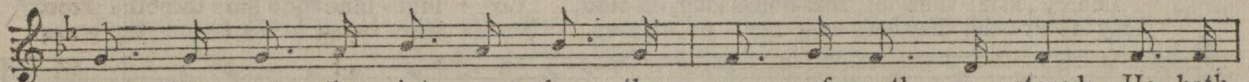
JULIA WARD HOWE

Battle Hymn of the Republic

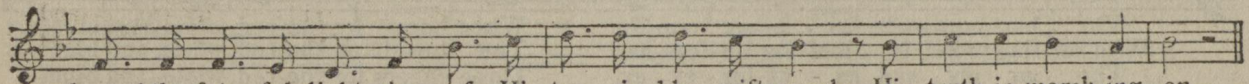
WILLIAM STEFFE



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burn - ished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

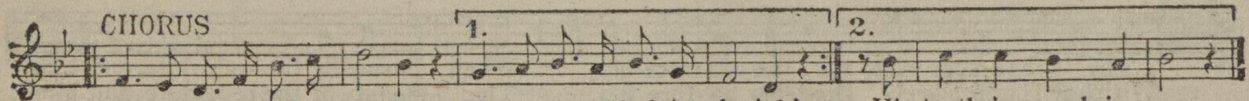


tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal": Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment - seat. Oh, be
 glo - ry in His b6s - om that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march ing on.
 read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march ing on.
 He - ro born of wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march ing on.

CHORUS



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

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
 The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm:
 May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy man-dates make he-roses as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With her gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew;
 May their serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

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

CHORUS

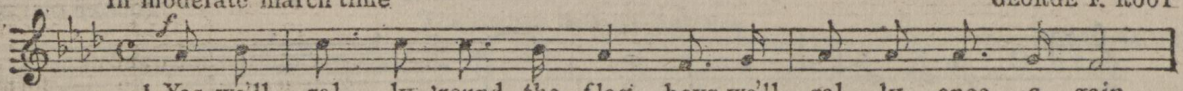
When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
 The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

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

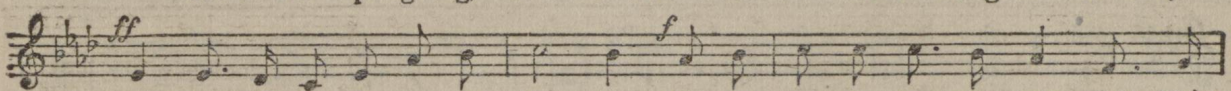
The Battle Cry of Freedom

Words & Music by
GEORGE F. ROOT

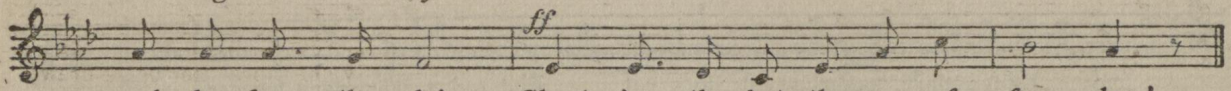
In moderate march time



1. Yes, we'll ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,



Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! We will ral - ly from the hill - side, We'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom! And we'll fill the va - cant ranks With a

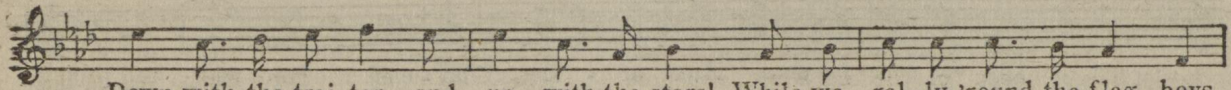


ral - ly from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom!
mil - lion free men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom!

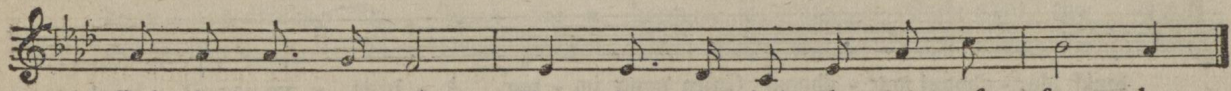
CHORUS



The U - nion for - ev - er, Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah!



Down with the trai - tor and up with the stars! While we ral - ly 'round the flag, boys,



Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of free - dom.

By Permission, The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

La Marseillaise
The French National Anthem

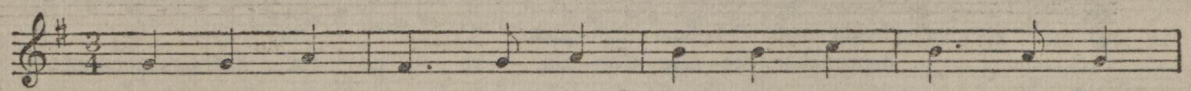
Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

Al-lons en-fants de la pa-tri-e, Le jour de gloire est ar-ri-
vé Con-tre nous de la ty-ran-ni-e Lé-ten-dard sang-lant est le-
vé Lé-ten-dard sang-lant est le-vé! En-ten-dez-vous dans les cam-pa-gnes mu-
gir ces fé-ro-ces sol-dats? Ils vien-ent jus-que dans nos bras É-gor-
ger vos fils, vos com-pa-gnes Aux ar-mes, ci-toy-ens! For-mez vos ba-tail-
lons! Mar-chons! mar-chons! Qu'un sang im-pur A-breuve nos sil-lons!

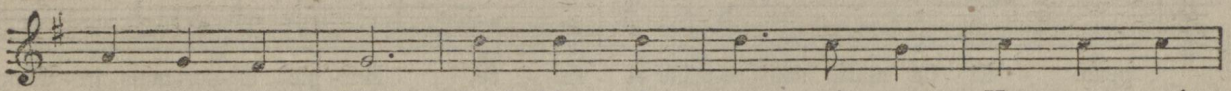
God Save the King

The British National Anthem

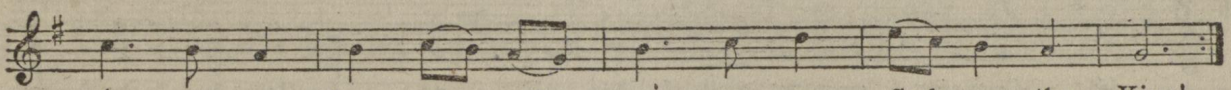
HENRY CAREY



1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
 2. O Lord our God, a - risel Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
 3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour;



God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
 And make them fall! Con - found their pol - i - tics; Frus - trate their
 Long may he reign, May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er



glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us: God save the King!
 knav - ish tricks; On Thee our hopes we fix: God save the King!
 give us cause To sing with heart and voice; God save the King!

LOUIS DECHEZ

La Brabançonne

The Belgian National Anthem

FRANÇOIS VAN CAMPENHOUT

Allegro marziale

Après des siècles des-cla - va - ge Le Bel-ge sor-tant du tom-
beau, A re-con-quis par son cou-ra - ge Son nom ses droits et son dra-
peau. Et ta main sou-ve-raine et fiè - re, Peu-ple dé-sor-mais in - domp-
té, Gra-va sur ta vieil - le ban - nié - re Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber-
té, Gra-va sur ta vieil - le ban - nié - re Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber-
té, Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té, Le Roi, la loi, la li - ber - té.

The Garibaldi Hymn

LUIGI MERCANTINI
Marziale

The Italian National Hymn

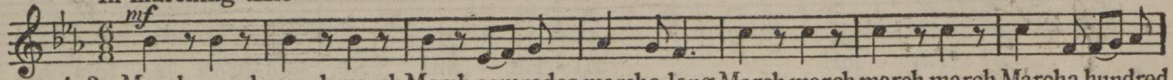
ALESSIO OLIVIERI

Al - lar - mi! Al - lar - mi! Si sco - pron le tom - be, si
le - va - noi mor - ti, I mar - ti - ri no - stri son tut - ti ri - sor - ti! Le
spa - de nel pu - gno, gli al - lo - ri al - le chio - me, La fiam - ma ed il no - me d'I -
ta - lia sur cor! Ve - nia - mo! ve - nia - mo! su, o gio - va - ni schie - re! Su al
ven - to per tut - to, le no - stre ban - die - re! Su tut - ti col fer - ro, su
tut - ti col fuo - co, Su tut - ti col fuo - co d'I - ta - lia nel cor. Va
fuo - ra d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ra, ch'è l'or - a, va fuor d'I -
ta - lia, va fuor d'I - ta - lia, va fuo - ra, o stra - nier!

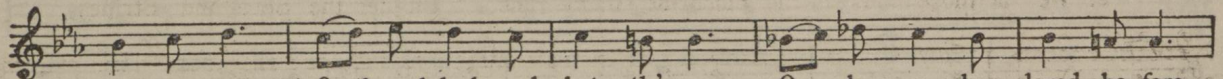
March! March!

Words and Music by
ARTHUR FARWELL

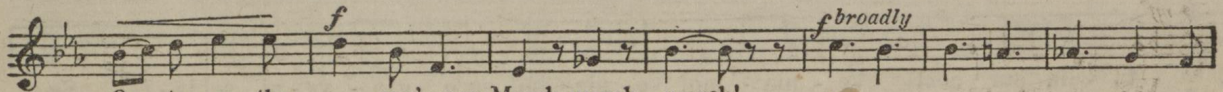
In marching time



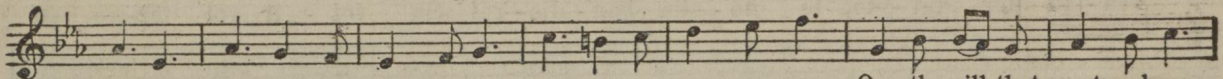
1-3. March, march, march, march, March, comrades, march-a-long, March, march, march, march, March a hundred



mil - lion strong! { 1. On through dark and, bat - tle's roar, On where none has dared be - fore,
2. Prince of Peace, up - hold our trust, Tho' we face the bat - tle thrust;
3. One in vi - sion, one in will, We shall car - ry Zi - on's hill,



On to pay the a - ges' score: March, march, march!
Fight we shall while fight we must: March, march, march! 1-3. For - ward, com - rades, March, march for -
God is in His heav - en still: March, march, march!



ev - er, Up with the break of day, Out on the track - less way, Ours the will that must and can,
Love to hate shall nev - er yield
Ours the heart to dare and do,



Ours to crown cre - a - tion's plan, Ours to win the world for man: March, com - rades march!
While the sword of God we wield, On to Ar - ma - ged - don's field: March, com - rades march!
Ours the Promised Land to view, Ours to build the world a - new: March, com - rades march!

Under the Stars and Stripes

MADISON CAWEIN

F. S. CONVERSE

In march time

1. High on the world did our fa - thers of old, Un - der the Stars and Stripes,
 2. We in whose bod - ies the blood of them runs, Un - der the Stars and Stripes,

Bla - zon the name that we now must up - hold, Un - der the Stars and Stripes.
 We will ac - quit us as sons of their sons, Un - der the Stars and Stripes.

Vast in the past they have build - ed an arch O - ver which Free - dom has light - ed her
 Ev - er for jus - tice, our heel up - on wrong, We in the light of our ven - geance thrice

torch, Fol - low it! Fol - low it! Come let us march Un - der the Stars and Stripes!
 strong, Ral - ly to - geth - er! Come tramp - ing a - long, Un - der the Stars and Stripes!

CHORUS

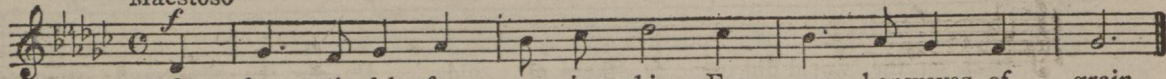
Un - der the Stars and Stripes! Un - der the Stars and Stripes! Fol - low it, fol - low it, Come let us march
 Un - der the Stars and Stripes! Fol - low it, fol - low it, Come let us march Un - der the Stars and Stripes!

America the Beautiful

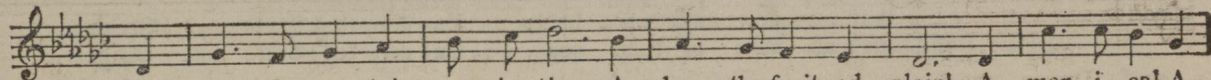
KATHARINE LEE BATES

WILL C. MACFARLANE

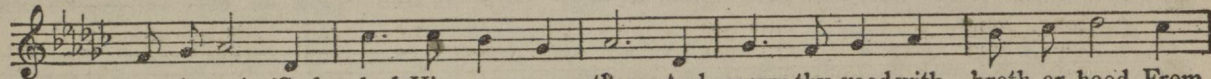
Maestoso



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sion'd stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved, In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A - mer - i - ca! A -
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness! A - mer - i - ca! A -
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life! A - mer - i - ca! A -
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimm'd by hu - man tears! A - mer - i - ca! A -



mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From
 mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy
 mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine, Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And
 mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From



REFRAIN. *Molto maestoso* *ritard.*
 sea to shin - ing sea!
 lib - er - ty in law!
 ev - 'ry gain - di - vine!
 sea to shin - ing sea!
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee!

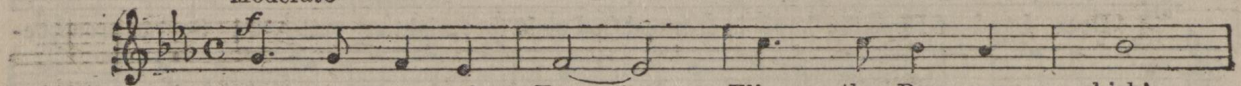
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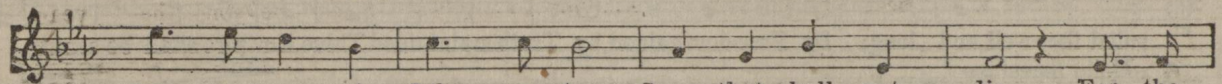
The Home Road

Words and Music by JOHN A. CARPENTER

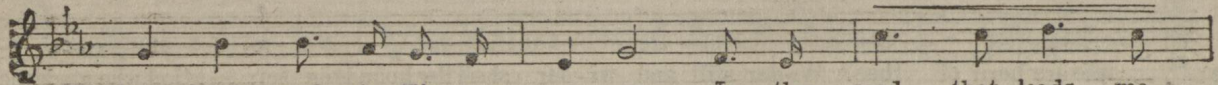
Moderato



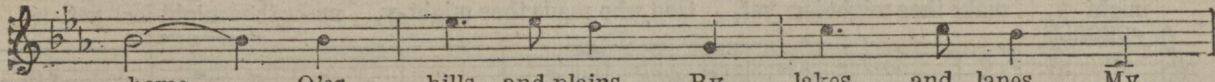
1. Sing A Hymn of Free - dom, Fling the Ban - ner high!
 2. In the qui - et hours— Of the star - ry night
 3. Sound the great Thanks - giv - ing! Ring the Bells of Joy!



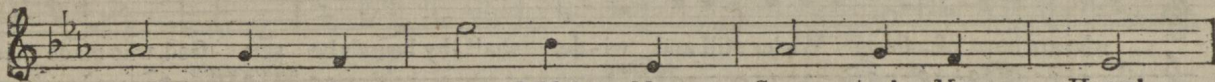
Sing the Songs of Lib - er - ty, Songs that shall not die. For the
 Dream the dreams of far a - way Home-fires burn - ing bright! For the
 Sing the an - them, Song of Songs, As our Boys march by. For the



long, long road to Tip - per - a - ry Is the road that leads me
 long, long road to Tip - per - a - ry Is the road that leads me
 Sons of Free - dom come re - joic - ing, On the road that leads them



home— O'er hills and plains, By lakes and lanes, My
 home— O'er hills and plains, By lakes and lanes, My
 home— O'er hill and plain, they sing a - gain, My



Wood - lands! My Corn - fields! My Coun - try! My Home!
 Wood - lands! My Corn - fields! My Coun - try! My Home!
 Wood - lands! My Corn - fields! My Coun - try! My Home!

ARTHUR C. BENSON

Land of Hope and Glory

EDWARD ELGAR

Maestoso
mf a tempo

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned, God make thee mightier yet! On Sovran brows, be-
 loved, re-nowned, Once more thy crown is set. Thine e - qual laws, by Free-dom gain'd, Have
largamente
 ruled thee well and long; By Free-dom gained, by Truth maintained, Thine Em-pire shall be strong.

Molto maestoso

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex - tol thee,
cresc.
 — who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
allargando
 might-y, make thee might-ier yet, God, who made thee might-y, make thee might-ier yet.

CHORUS

Land of Hope and Glo - ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex - tol thee,
cresc.
 — who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
solenne *allargando*
 might-y, make thee might-ier yet; God, who made thee might-y, make thee might-ier yet.

Land of Hope and Glory (Continued)

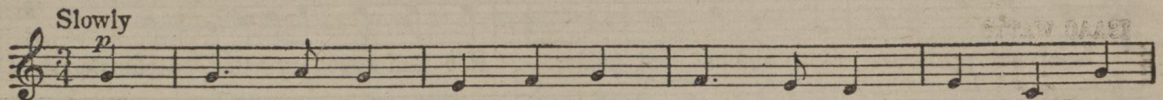
mf
 Thy fame is an-cient as the days, As O-cean large and wide; A pride that dares, and
largamente
 heeds not praise, A stern and si-lent pride; Not that false joy that dreams content With
risoluto
 what our sires have won; The blood a he-ro sire hath spent Still nerves a he-ro son.

p **Molto maestoso**
 Land of Hope and Glo-ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex-tol thee,
cresc.
 — who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
allargando
 might-y, make thee might-ier yet; God, who made thee might-y, make thee might-ier yet.

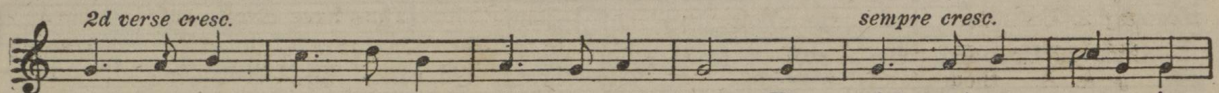
CHORUS
 Land of Hope and Glo-ry, Mo-ther of the Free, How shall we ex-tol thee,
cresc.
 — who are born of thee? Wi-der still and wi-der shall thy bounds be set; God, who made thee
solenne *allargando*
 might-y, make thee might-ier yet; God, who made thee might-y, make thee mightier yet.

Prayer of Thanksgiving

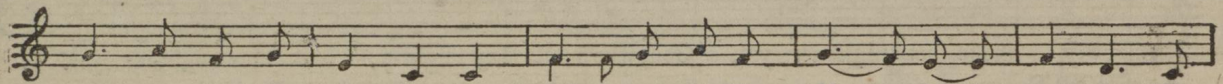
Folk Song of the Netherlands



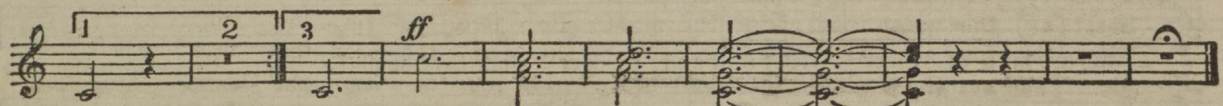
1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing, He
 2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or -
 ff 3. We all do ex - tol Thee Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And



chas - tens and has - tens His will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing
 dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the
 pray that Thou still our De - fend - er wilt be, Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion e -



cease them from dis - tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His Name, - he for - gets not His
 fight - we are win - ning; Thou, Lord, wast at our side, - all - glo - ry be
 scape - trib - u - la - tion: Thy name be for - ev - er praised! O - Lord, make us



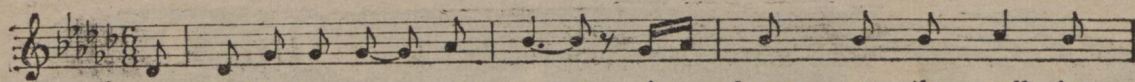
own.
 Thine.

free. Lord, make us free! _____

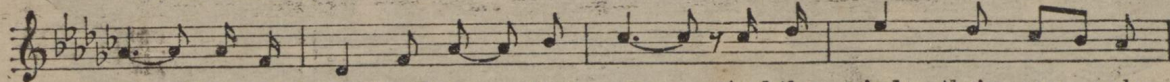
EPES SARGENT

A Life on the Ocean Wave

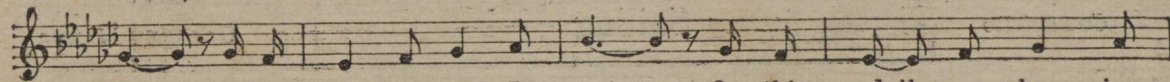
HENRY RUSSELL



1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
 2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own - swift glid - ing
 3. The land is no long - er in view, The clouds have be - gun - to



deep, Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els
 craft, Set sail! fare - well to the land, The gale fol - lows far a -
 frown, But with a stout ves - sel and crew, We'll say let the storm come



keep! Like an ea - gle caged, I pine On this dull, un - chang - ing
 bait! We shoot thro' the spark - ling foam, Like an o - cean bird set
 down! And the song of our heart shall be, While the winds and the wat - ers

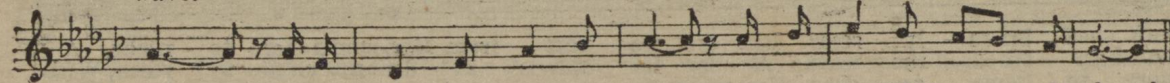


shore; Oh, give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the temp - est
 free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find far cut on the
 rave, A life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing

CHORUS:



ro - ar! - A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing
 sea! -
 wave! -



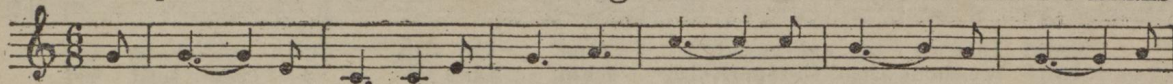
deep! Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave: And the winds their rev - e's keep!



Con spirito

Sailing

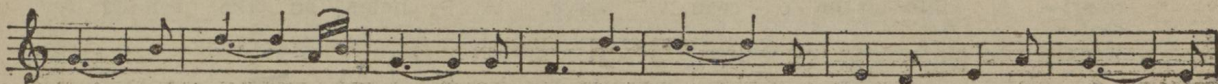
GODFREY MARKS



1. Y'heave ho!— my lads,— the wind blows free,— A pleas - ant gale— is
 2. The sail - or's life— is bold and free,— His home— is on— the
 3. The tide— is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho!— my lads,— set



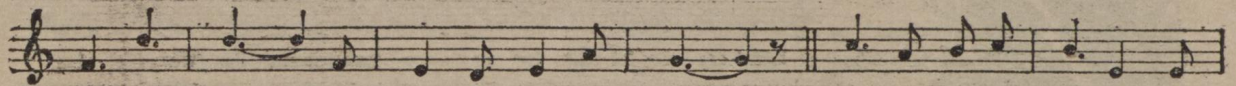
on our lee;— And soon— a - cross— the o - cean clear Our gal - lant
 roll - ing sea;— And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his— who
 ev - 'ry sail;— The har - bor bar— we soon shall clear; Fare - well,— once



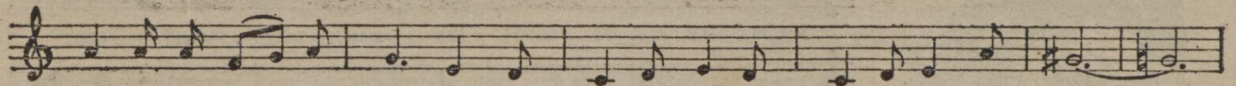
bark shall brave - ly steer, But ere we part— from Eng-land's shore to - night, A
 launch-es on— the wave; A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With
 more, to home so— dear, For when the tem - pest rag-es loud and long, That

Sailing—(Continued)

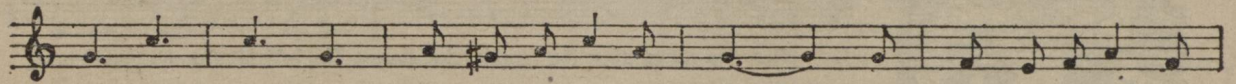
CHORUS:



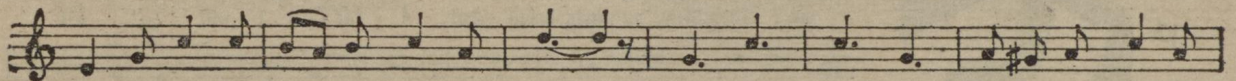
song we'll sing— for home and beau - ty bright. }
 joc - und song— he rides the spark - ling foam.— } Then here's to the sail - or, and
 home shall be— our guid - ing star and song.— }



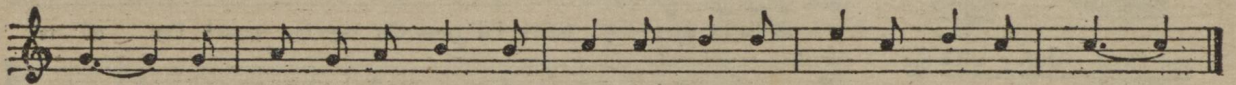
here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue!—



Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bound - ing main;— For ma - ny a storm - y



wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain! Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bound - ing



main;— For ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.—



and fired salutes with the
captain's boots

A Capital Ship

1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip was the Wal - lop - ing
Win - dow Blind! No wind that b'ew dis - mayed her crew or
troubled the captain's mind; The man at the wheel was
made to feel Con - tempt for the wildest blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
often ap - peared when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be -

CHORUS

low! Then blow, ye winds, heigh - he! A - roy - ing I will go! I'll
stay no more on England's shore, so let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm
off for the morn - ing train! I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to
my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way!

A Capital Ship—(Continued)

2. The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
 Yet fond of amusement, too;
 He played hopscotch with the starboard watch,
 While the captain, he tickled the crew!
 And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
 For he sat on the after ra-a-ail,
 And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
 In the teeth of the booming gale!
3. The captain sat on the commodore's hat
 And dined, in a royal way,
 Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
 And gunnery bread each day.
 And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
 For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
 Was a number of tons of hot cross-buns
 Served up with sugar and glue.
4. All nautical pride we laid aside,
 And we ran the vessel ashore
 On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
 And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
 And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
 And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
 And the cinnamon bats were waterproof hats
 As they dipped in the shiny sea.
5. On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
 We dined till we all had grown
 Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk
 Came up from the Torriby Zone.
 She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
 So we cheerily put to see-ee-ee;
 And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
 On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

Nancy Lee

FRED. E. WEATHERLY, M. A.
Con spirito

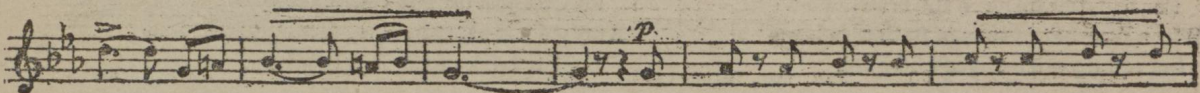
STEPHEN ADAMS



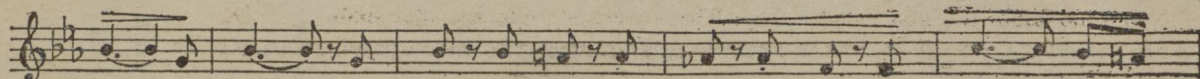
1. Of all— the wives as e'er you know, ——— Yeo ho!— lads! ho! Yeo
 2. The har-bor's past, the breez-es blow, ——— Yeo ho!— lads! ho! Yeo
 3. The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be - low, ——— Yeo ho!— lads! ho! Yeo



ho!— yeo ho!— There's none like Nan - cy Lee, I trow, ——— Yeo
 ho!— yeo ho!— 'Tis long e'er we come back, I know, ——— Yeo
 ho!— yeo ho!— Then here's a health be - fore we go, ——— Yeo

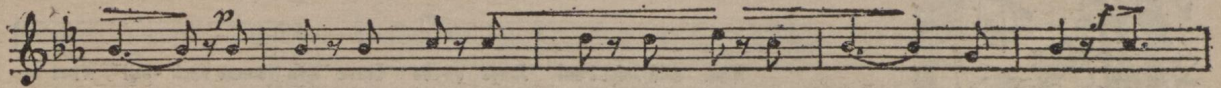


ho!— yeo ho!— yeo ho!— See there she stands an' waves her hand up-
 ho!— yeo ho!— yeo ho!— But true an' bright from morn till night my
 ho!— yeo ho!— yeo ho!— A long, long life to my sweet wife and



on— the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way she'll watch for—
 home will be,— An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet, for Jack - at—
 mates at sea,— An' keep my bones from Da - vy Jones wher - c'er— we—

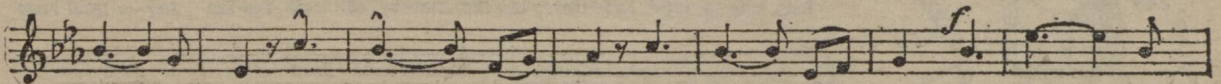
Nancy Lee—(Continued)



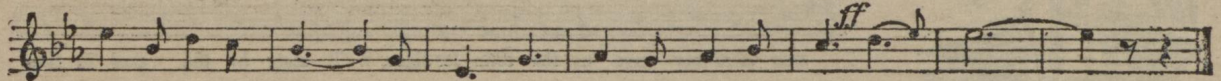
me,— An' whis - per low when tem - pests blow, for Jack - at sea; Yeo
 sea,— An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo
 be,— An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo



ho!— lads! ho!— yeo ho!— } The sail - or's wife the sail-or's
 ho!— lads! ho!— yeo ho!— }
 ho!— lads! ho!— yeo ho!— }



star—shall be, Yeo ho!— we— go a - cross the— sea, The sail - or's



wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.—



New words by
M. A. DeWolfe Howe

The Countersigns

Chantey:
"Farewell and adieu,
to you, Spanish ladies"

What said John Paul Jones on the brave "Bon Homme Rich - ard"; What
said that good fight - ing man, lashed foe to foe? "You bid me sur-
ren - der! I've not yet be - gun to fight!" And that was the Na - vy of

CHORUS.

long, long a - go! And that is the Na - vy of all Yan-kee sail - or men! From
sea-board and in - land, from moun-tains and lakes; The an - cient com-
man - ders they gave us the coun-ter signs, We'll steer by the card in their
gal - lant old wakes!

The Countersigns—(Continued)

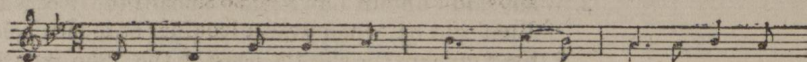
2. What said Captain Lawrence on board the doomed "Chesapeake";
 What said he, when wounded, they bore him below?
 "Don't give up the ship!"—though the "Shannon" had beaten him!
 And that was the Navy of long, long ago!
3. And once on the "Hartford", what said the great Farragut;
 When death for his fleet swam hid 'neath the flow?
 Why, "Damn the torpedoes!" he ordered—"full speed ahead!"
 And that was the Navy of long, long ago!
4. And what say we now?—Has the Navy begun to fight—
 Will it give up a ship?—By the Great Horn Spoon, no!
 So it's full speed ahead, and down, down with the submarines!
 For such was the Navy of long, long ago!

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

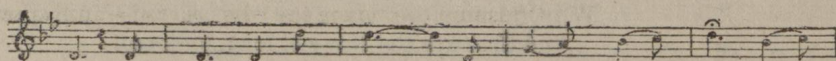


High Barbaree

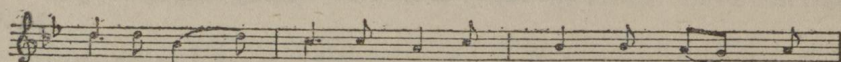
(OLD SEA SONG)



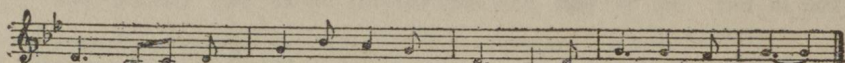
1. There were two loft - y ships from old Eng-land
2. "A - loft there, a - loft!" our joi - ly bos'n
3. "There's nought up-on the stern, there's nought upon the
4. "O hail - her, O hail her," our gal-lant cap-tain



came, Blow high, blow low— and so— sail'd we; One
cries, Blow high, blow low— and so— sailed we; "Look a-
lee," Blow high, blow low— and so— sailed we; "But"
cried, Blow high, blow low— and so— sailed we; "Are



was the Prince— Ru-pert, and the oth - er Prince of
head, look a - stern, look a - weath - er and a -
there's a loft-y ship to windward, sail - ing fast and
you a man-o' - war or a priv - a - teer," said



Wales, Cruis-ing down a-long the coast of the High Bar-bar--ee.
lee, Look a - long down the coast of the High Bar-bar--ee."
free, Sail-ing down a-long the coast of the High Bar-bar--ee."
he, "Cruising down a-long the coast of the High Bar-bar--ee?"

High Barbaree—(Continued)

5. "Oh, I am not a man-o'-war nor privateer," said he;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
"But I'm a salt-sea pirate a-looking for me fee,
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree."
6. Oh, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay;
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
Until the Prince Rupert shot the pirate's masts away;
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.
7. "O quarter, O quarter," those pirates then did cry,
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we;
But the quarter that we gave them—we sunk them in the sea;
Cruising down along the coast of the High Barbaree.

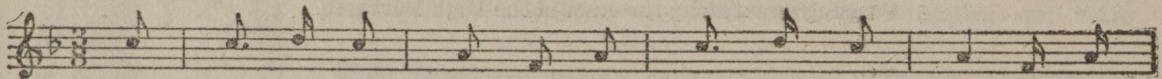
j.h.



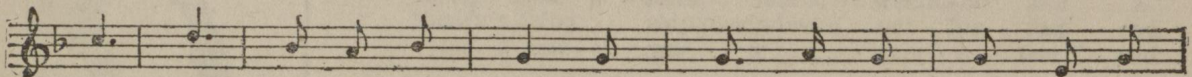
With the
 toe of
 my hoot

Blow the Man Down

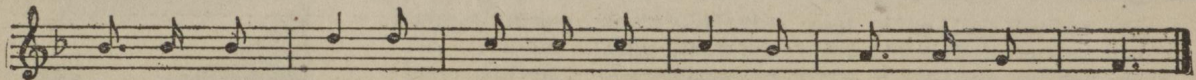
(A BLACK BALL LINER CHANTEY)



1. Come all ye young fel - lows that fol - low the sea, With a
 2. 'Twas on board a Black Ball - er, I first served me time, To my



yeo, ho! blow the man down; And pray pay at - ten - tion, and
 yeo, ho! blow the man down; And in the Black Ball - er I



lis - ten to me, Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!
 wast - ed my prime, Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

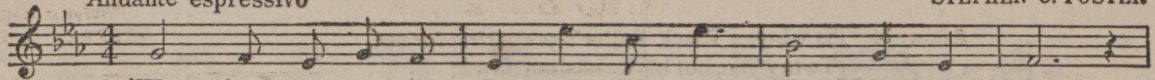
Blow the Man Down—(Continued)

3. 'Tis when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,
To my yeo, ho! blow the man down;
You'd split your sides laughing at the sights you would see,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!
4. With the tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,
To my yeo, ho! blow the man down;
That ship for good seamen on board a Black Ball,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!
5. 'Tis when a Black Baller is clear of the land,
To my yeo, ho! blow the man down;
Our boatswain then gives us the word of command,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!
6. "Lay aft!" was the cry "to the break of the poop!"
To my yeo, ho! blow the man down;
"Or I'll help you along with the toe of my boot,"
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!
7. 'Tis larboard and starboard on the deck you will sprawl,
To my yeo, ho! blow the man down;
For "Kicking Jack Williams" commands the "Black Ball,"
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!
8. 'Tis when a Black Baller comes back to her dock,
To my yeo, ho! blow the man down,
The lassies and lads to the pierhead do flock,
Oh, give me some time to blow the man down!

Swanee River

Words & Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

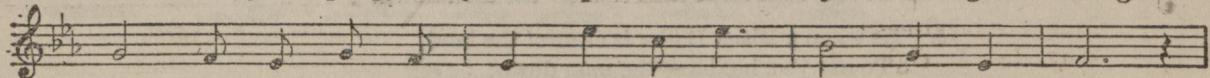
Andante espressivo



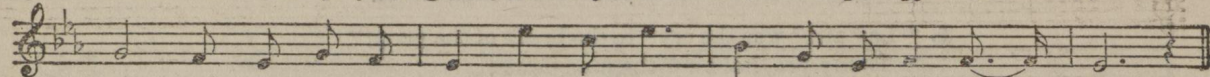
1. 'Way down up - on the Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
2. All 'round de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd, When I was young,



Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan - der'd, Man - y de songs I sung.

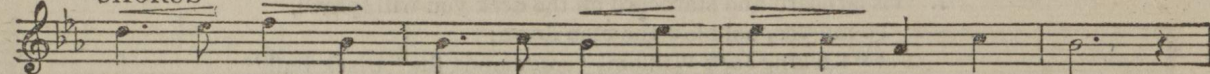


All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;

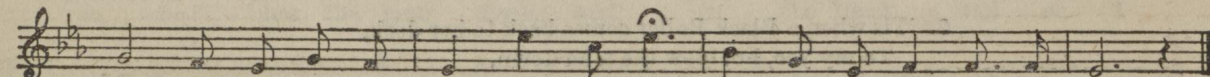


Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and — die

CHORUS



All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam,

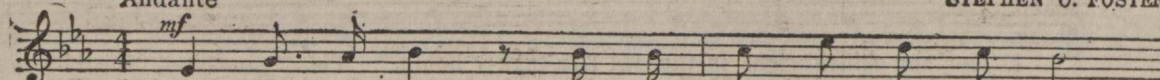


Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

Old Black Joe

Words & Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

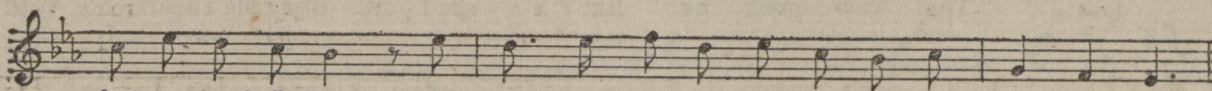
Andante



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?

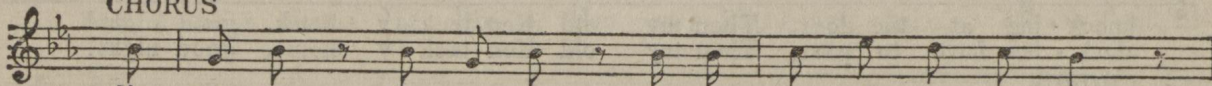


Gone are my friends from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-



bet-ter land I know, I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part-ed long a-go, I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS



I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low;



I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

My Old Kentucky Home

Words & Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
 gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
 mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a
 sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the
 knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!
 dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night!

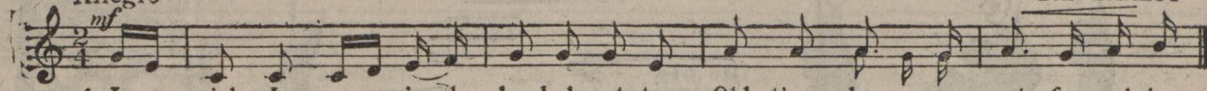
CHORUS

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will
 sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

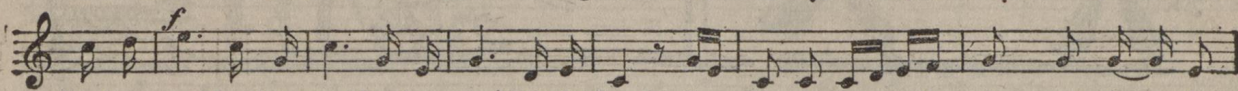
Dixie

Words and Music by
DAN EMMETT

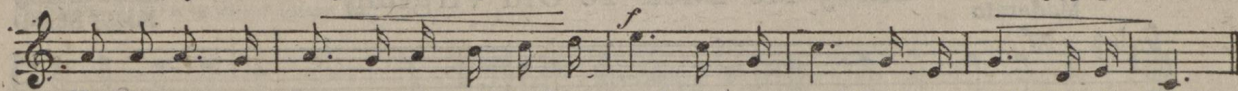
Allegro



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Dars buck-wheat cakes an' In-genbat-ter, Makes you fat, 'or a lit-tle fat-ter,

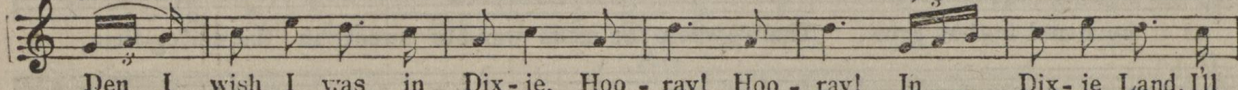


Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To

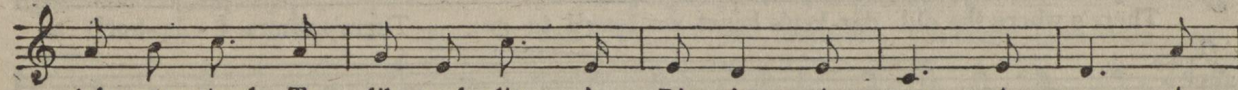


Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in' Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
Dix-ie Land in bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, Ill



take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-



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



Carry Me Back To Old Virginy

Words & Music by
JAMES BLAND

Moderato *mf*

Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
 corn and ta-ters grow, There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time,
 There's where the old dar-key's heart am long'd to go;. There's where I la-bor'd so
 hard for old mas-sa, Day af-ter day in the field of yel-low corn;
 No place on earth do I love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the

Carry Me Back to Old Virginy (Continued)

REFRAIN

State where I was born. Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny,
 There's where the cot-ton and the corn and ta-ters grow, There's where the birds war-ble
 sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart am long'd to go.

rit. *f* *rit.*

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Roll, Jordan, Roll

Negro Spiritual

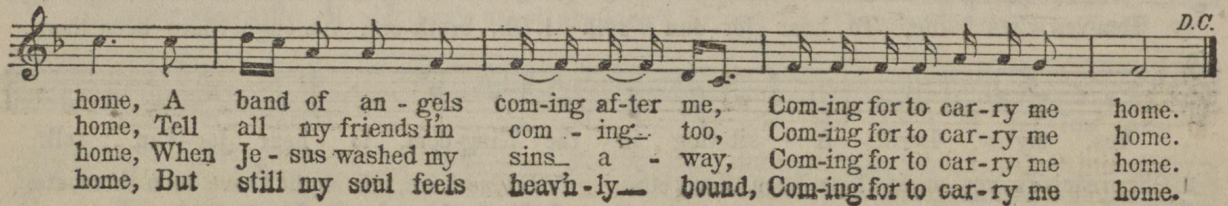
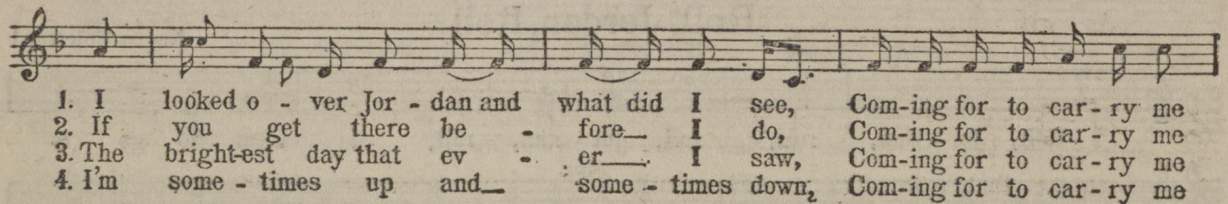
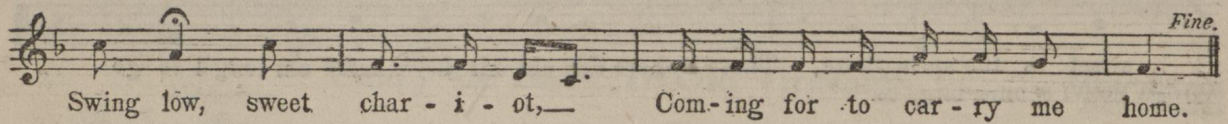
Roll, Jor-dan, roll, roll, Jor-dan, roll, I want to go to
 Hea-ven when I die, To hear Jor-dan roll. 1. Oh, broth-ers, you ought t'have been there,
 Yes, my Lord! A - sit-ting in the King-dom, to hear Jor-dan roll.

Fine. *D.C.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2. Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, etc. | 5. Oh, seekers, you ought t'have been there, etc. |
| 3. Oh, sinners, you ought, etc. | 6. Oh, mothers, you ought, etc. |
| 4. Oh, mourners, you ought, etc. | 7. Oh, children, you ought, etc. |

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Spiritual

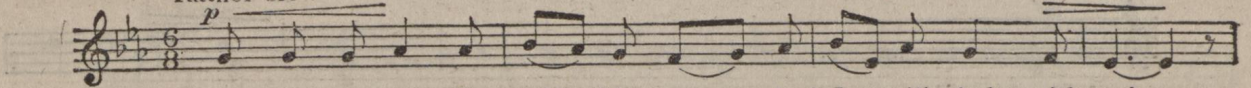


BEN JONSON

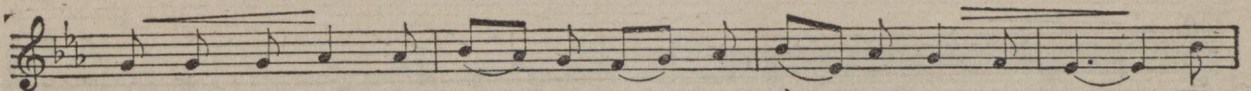
Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes)

OLD ENGLISH AIR

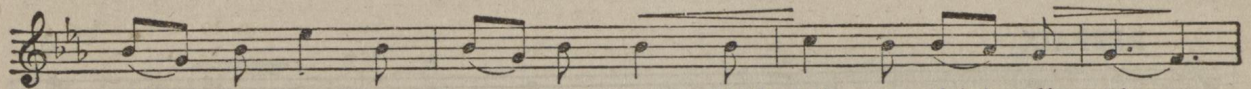
Rather slow



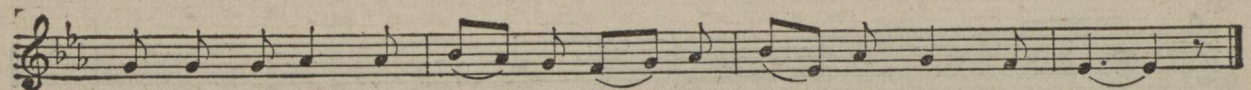
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine, —
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, —



Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; — The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; — But.



thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine; —
 thou there - on didst on - ly breathe And send'st it back to me; —

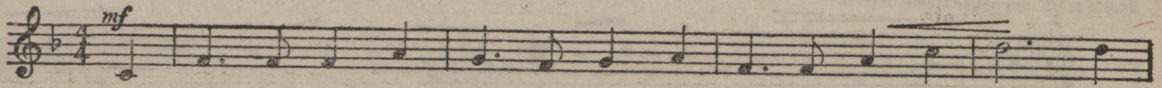


But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
 Since when it grows and smells I swear, Not of it self but thee. —

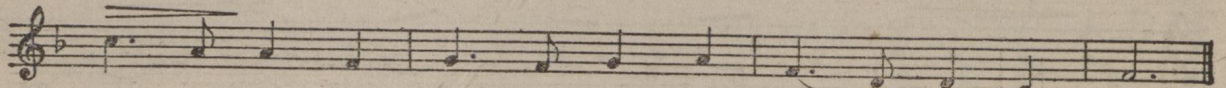
ROBERT BURNS

Auld Lang Syne

OLD SCOTCH AIR

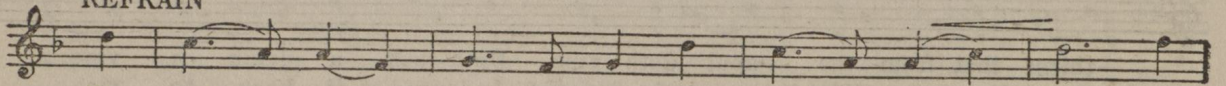


1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev-er bro't to mind? Should
 2. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
 3. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

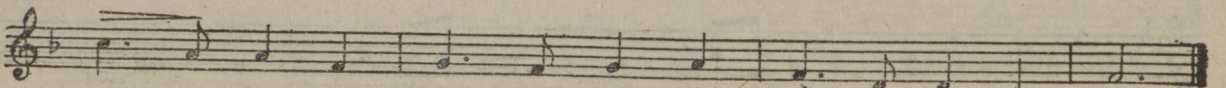


auld ac-quain tance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared, Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll

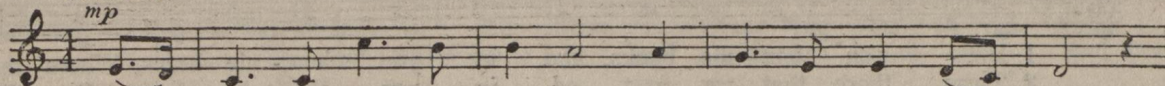


tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

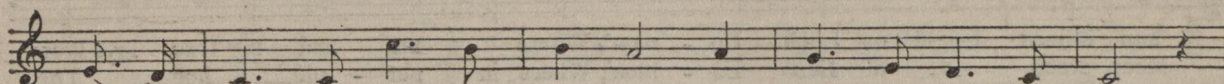
DOUGLASS OF FINLAND

Annie Laurie

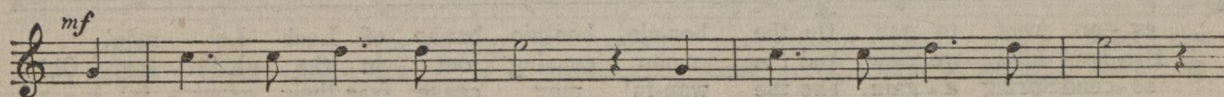
SCOTCH AIR

Andante
mp

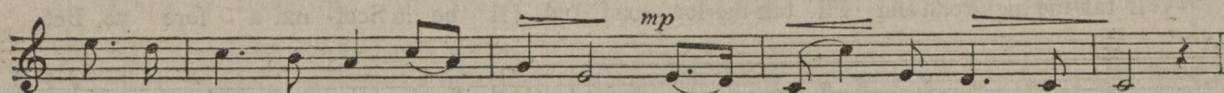
1. Max - well-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan,



And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gave me her prom - ise true,
 Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,



Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,

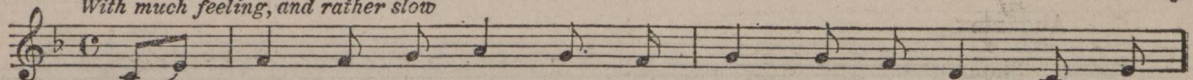


And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

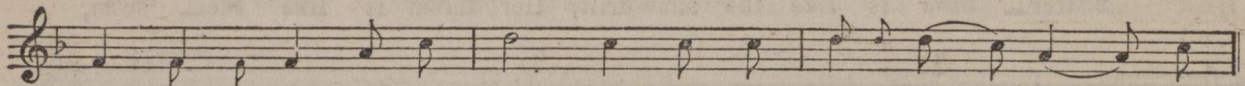
Loch Lomond

By Yon Bonnie Banks

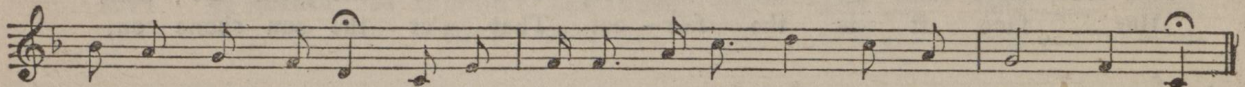
Old Scotch Melody

With much feeling, and rather slow

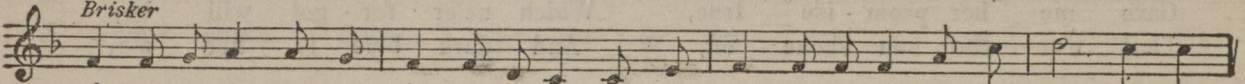
1. By— yon bon-nie banks, and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bir-dies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in



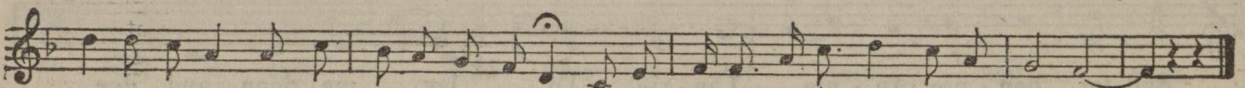
sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love Were
 steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where in pur-ple— hue— The
 sun-shine the wa-ters are sleep-in', But the brokenheart it kens— Nae



ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon',
 Hie-land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing. } Oh!
 se-cond Spring a-gain, Tho'the wae-fu' may cease frae their greet-in' }

Brisker

ye'll tak'the high-road and I'll tak'the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye, But



me and my true love will nev-er meet a-gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE

IRISH AIR

Andantino

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I
 2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy
 gaze on so fond - ly to - day, — Were to change by to - mor - row, and
 cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear, — That the fer - vor and faith of a
 fleet in my arms, Like — fair - y gifts fad - ing a way, — Thou wouldst
 soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! — No, the
 still be a - dored — as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
 heart that has tru - ly loved — nev - er for - gets, But as
 love - li - ness fade as it will; — And a - round the dear ru - in, each
 tru - ly loves on to the close; — As the sun - flow - er turns on her
 wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still! —
 god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose! —

On the Way to France

Words by
HOMER HOWELLS HARBOUR.

(Melody: "Marche Lorraine")

Here's an army of the Yankees
On the way to France;

Here's an army of the Yankees
On the way to France;

From New England down to Texas

We are marching on to join the Great
Advance,

On the way to France.

From New England down to Texas
On the way to France;

From New England down to Texas
On the way to France,

There's a million men in khaki

Drilling day and night to make the
Prussians dance

Over there in France.

There's a million men in khaki

On the way to France;

There's a million men in khaki,

On the way to France,

Who will join the gallant armies

Of our noble Allies in their Great Advance

Over there in France.



Over There

GEO. M. COHAN

CHORUS

O - ver there, — o - ver there, — Send the word, send the
 word o - ver there, — That the Yanks are: com - ing, the Yanks are
 com - ing, The drums, rum - tum - ming, ev - 'ry - where. — So pre -
 pare, — say a pray'r. — Send the word, send the word to be -
 ware, — We'll be o - ver, we're com - ing o - ver, And we
 won't come back Till it's o - ver o - ver there!

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When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Words & Music by
LOUIS LAMBERT

With spirit
Solo

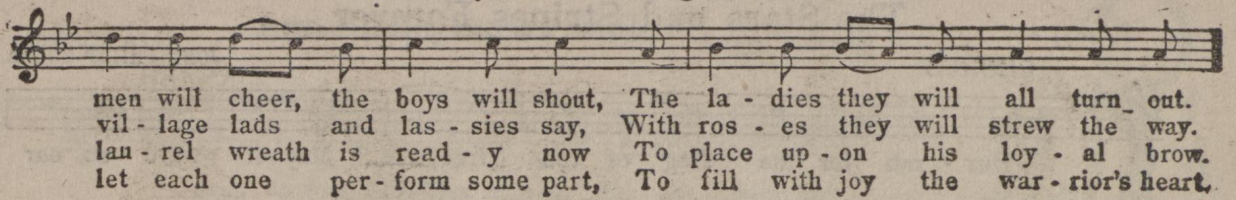


1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — We'll
 2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — To
 3. Get read - y for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — We'll
 4. Let love and friend-ship on that day, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — Their



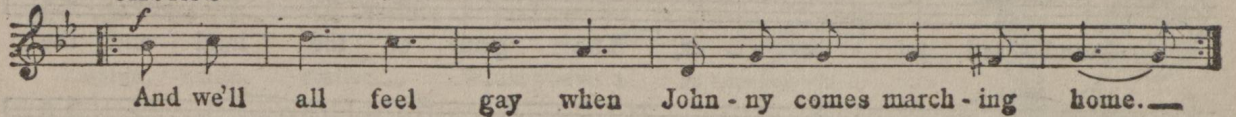
give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — The
 wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — The
 give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — The
 choic - est treas - ures then dis - play, Hur - rah! — hur - rah! — And

When Johnny Comes Marching Home (Continued)



men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out.
 vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ros - es they will strew the way.
 lau - rel wreath is read - y now To place up - on his loy - al brow.
 let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart.

CHORUS



And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes march - ing home. —

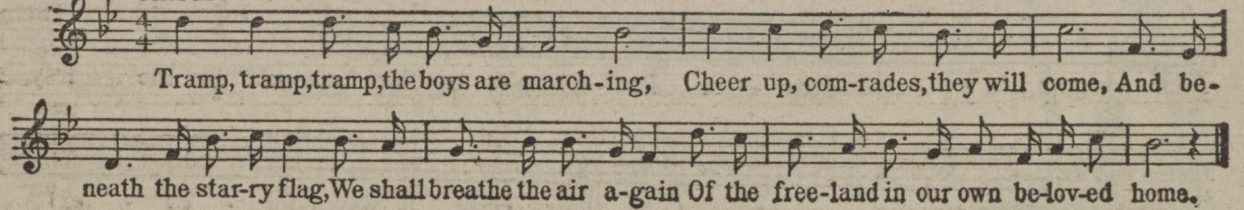
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

or

The Prisoner's Hope

Words and Music by
GEORGE F. ROOT

Chorus



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will come, And be -
 neath the star - ry flag, We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

By Permission The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

Music by
AMBERT

Solo

We'll
To
We'll
Their

Solo

The
The
The
And

The Stars and Stripes Forever

CHORUS

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Hur - rah for the flag of the free, — May it wave as our
stand - ard for - ev - er, The gem of the land and the
sea, — The — Ban - ner of the Right. — Let
des - pots re - mem - ber the day — When our fa - thers with
might - y en - deav - or Pro - claim'd as they march'd to the fray, —
— That by their. might, And by their right, It waves for . ev - er!

Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag And Smile, Smile, Smile

GEORGE ASAF

FELIX POWELL

REFRAIN

mp 2d time f

Pack up your trou- bles in your old kit - bag, And
 smile, smile, smile, — While you've a lu - ci - fer to
 light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. — What's the
 use of wor - ry - ing? — It nev - er was worth
 while, so Pack up your trou- bles in your old kit -
 bag, And smile, smile, smile, — smile. —



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Words and Melody
ascribed to
Private Hogan

Good Morning Mr. Zip

Camp Song from Fort Niagara
Adapted by
HERBERT E. HYDE
and ROBERT LLOYD

Moderato

Good Morn - ing Mis - ter Zip, Zip, Zip, with your
 hair cut just as short as mine. Good Morn - ing Mis - ter
 Zip, Zip, Zip, you're cer - tainly look - in' - fine, Ash - es to ash - es and
 dust to dust, if the Cam - els don't get - you the Fa -
 ti - mas must, Good Morn - ing Mis - ter Zip, Zip, Zip, with your
 hair cut just as short as, - your hair cut just as short as, - your
 hair cut just as short as - mine. — Good -

Giddy Giddap! Go On! Go On!

We're On Our Way To War

JACK FROST

CHORUS

Gid-dy Gid-dap! go on! go on! We're on our way to

war!— We're goin' to tell 'em to go to- well! That's

what we're fight-ing for!— We did-n't want to do it, boys, But

now they've made us sore;— Gid- dy Gid-dap! go

on! go on! We're on our way to war!— war!—

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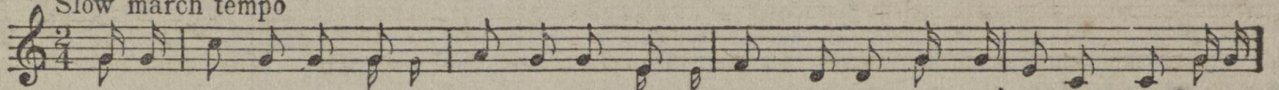


Long Boy

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

BARCLAY WALKER

Slow march tempo



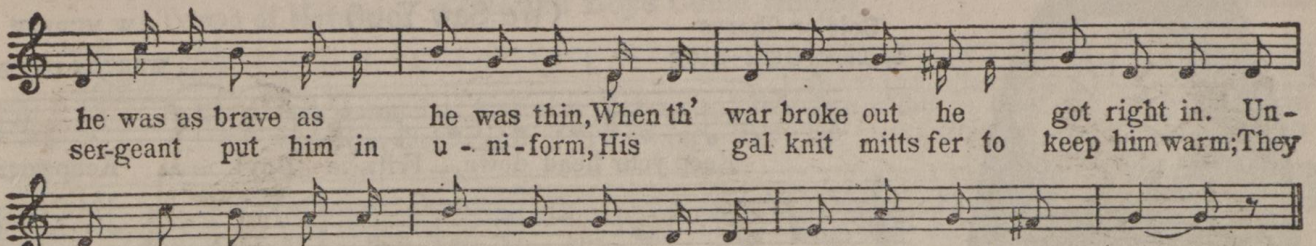
1. He was just a long, lean coun-try gink From 'way out West where th' hoptoads wink; He wa
2. One pair of socks was his on - ly load When he struck fer town by th' old dirt road. He



six feet two in his stock-in' feet, An' kept git-tin' thin-ner th' more he'd eat. But
went right down to th' pub - lic square An' fell in line with th' sol - diers there. Th'

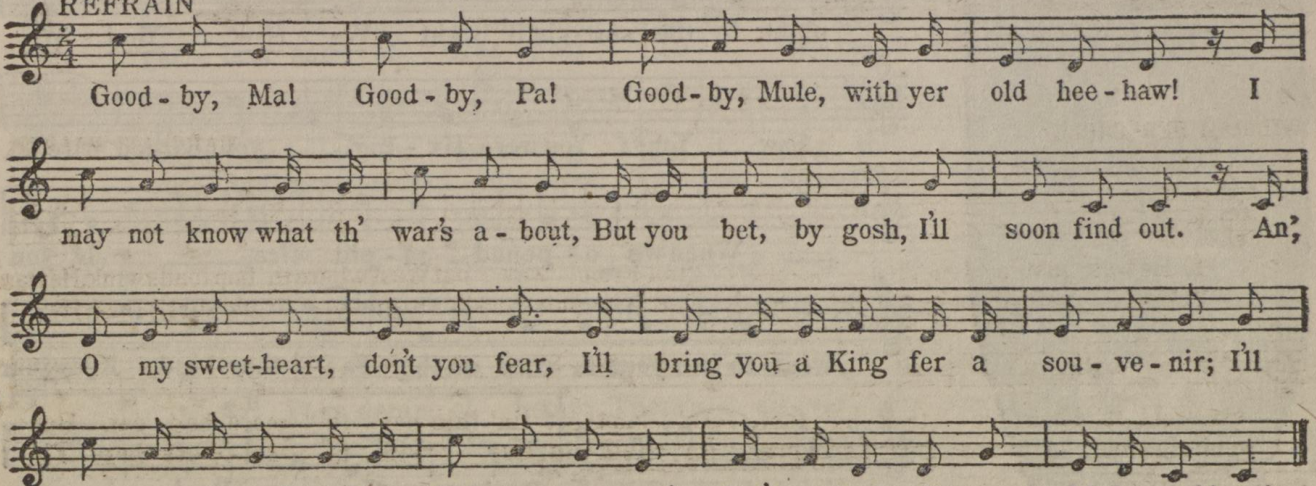
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Long Boy (Continued)

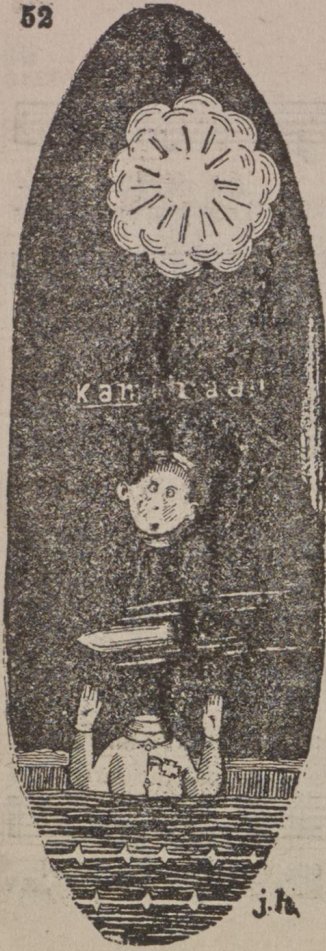


he was as brave as he was thin, When th' war broke out he got right in. Un-
ser-geant put him in u - ni - form, His gal knit mitts fer to keep him warm; They
hitch'd his plow, put th' mule a - way, Then th' old folks heard him say:—
drill'd him hard, they drill'd him long, Then he sang his fare - well song!—

REFRAIN



Good - by, Ma! Good - by, Pa! Good - by, Mule, with yer old hee - haw! I
may not know what th' war's a - bout, But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out. An?
O my sweet-heart, don't you fear, I'll bring you a King fer a sou - ve - nir; I'll
git you a Turk an' a Kai - ser, too, An' that's a - bout all one fel - ler could dol



Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy!

Soldier Chorus
by Lieut. GITZ RICE

(We Saw You!)

C.W. MURPHY
and
WORTON DAVID

Keep your head down, — Fritz-ie Boy! — Keep your
head down, — Fritz-ie Boy! — Late last
night by the "star-shell" light We Saw — You! We
Saw — You! You were fix - ing — your barbed wire, —
— When we o - pened — ra - pid fire, — If you
want to see your fa - ther in the Fa - ther-land, Keep your
head down, — Fritz-ie Boy! — Keep your Boy!

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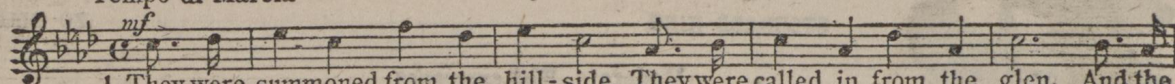
LENA GILBERT FORD

Keep the Home-Fires Burning

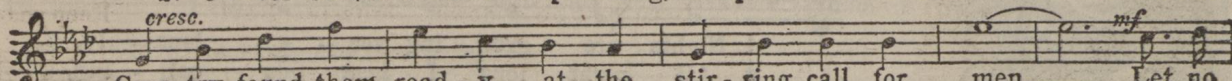
Tempo di Marcia

(Till the Boys Come Home)

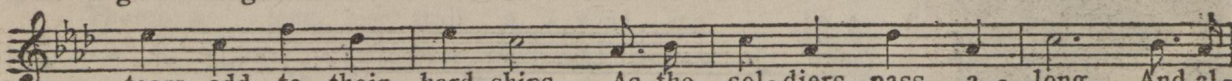
IVOR NOVELLO



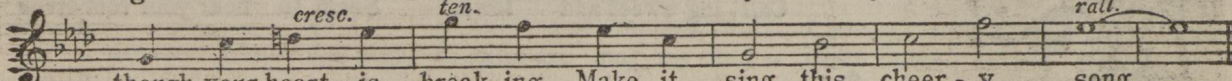
1. They were summoned from the hill-side, They were called in from the glen, And the
 2. O - ver seas there came a plead-ing, "Help a na - tion in dis-tress!" And we



Coun-try found them read - y at the stir - ring call for men. Let no
 gave our glor - ious lad - dies; Hon-our bade us do no less. For no

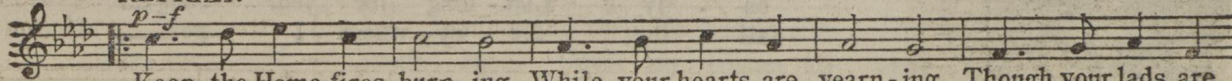


tears add to their hard-ships, As the sol-diers pass a - long, And al-
 gal - lant son of free - dom To a ty - rant's yoke should bend; And a

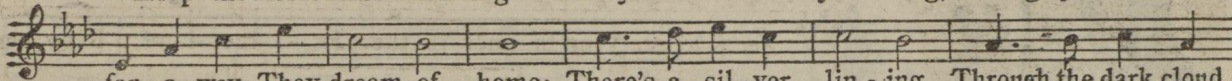


though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer - y song.
 no - ble heart must an - swer To the sa - cred call of "Friend."

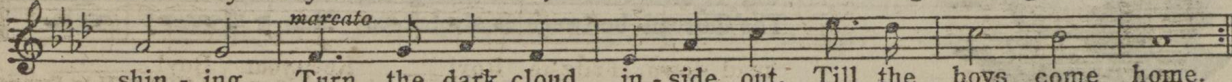
REFRAIN



Keep the Home-fires burn-ing While your hearts are yearn-ing, Though your lads are



far a-way They dream of home; There's a sil-ver lin - ing Through the dark cloud



shin - ing, Turn the dark cloud in - side out, Till the boys come home.

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There's A Long, Long Trail

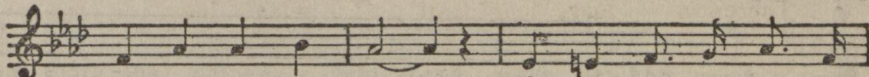
STODDARD KING

ZO ELLIOTT

Moderato. *With expression*



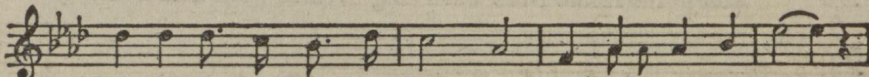
1. Nights are grow - ing ver - y lone - ly,
 2. All night long I hear you call - ing,



Days are ver - y long;— I'm a - grow-ing wear - y
 Call - ing sweet and low;— Seem to hear your foot-steps

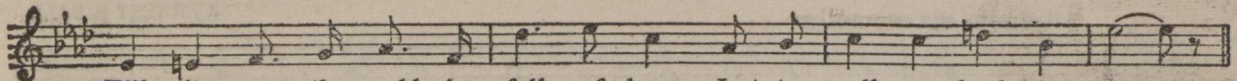


on - ly List - 'ning for your song.—
 fall - ing, Ev - 'ry where I go.—




Old re-mem-bran-ces are throng-ing Thro' my mem-o - ry.—
 Tho'the road be-tween us stretch-es Man-y a wear-y mile.

There's A Long, Long Trail (Continued)

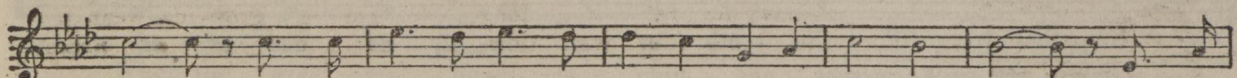


Till it seems the world is full of dreams Just to call you back to me—
I for - get that you're not with me yet, When I think I see you smile.


CHORUS. *Evenly with much expression*



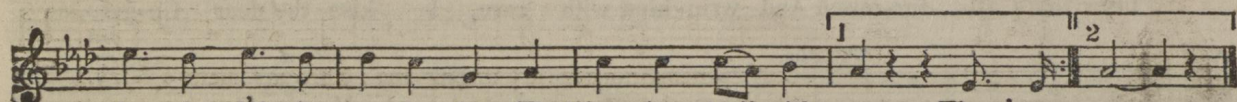
There's a long, long trail a - wind - ing In - to the land of my



dreams, Where the night-in-gales are sing-ing And a white moon beams: There's a



long, long night of wait - ing— Un-til my dreams all come true;— Till the



day when I'll be go-ing down That long, long trail with you. There's a you.

Mother Machree

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& ERNEST R. BALL

Allegretto, ma espressivo

There's a spot in me heart which no col - leen may own, There's a
 depth in me soul nev - er sound - ed or known; There's a place in my mem - ry, my
molto rall.
 life, that you fill, No oth - er can take it, no one ev - er will.
Tenderly with much expression.
 Sure, I love the dear sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the
 brow that's all fur - rowed And wrin - kled with care, I kiss the dear fin - gers, so
dim. *p ritard.* *pp*
 toil - worn for me, Oh, God bless you and keep you, Moth - er Ma - chree!

EDWARD LOCKTON

When The Great Red Dawn Is Shining

EVELYN SHARPE

Moderato

mf

Though I am far be - yond the o - cean blue, Each lone - ly
 hour my heart re - mem - bers you, Each ten - der look, each word I used to
dim. e rit.
 know, Comes back to me from out the long a - go. _____

REFRAIN

mf
a tempo

When the great red . dawn is shin - ing, _____ When the wait - ing
 hours are past, _____ When the tears of night are end - ed, _____ And I
cresc.
 see the day at last; _____ I shall come down the road of
poco rit. e cresc.
 sun - shine, _____ To a heart that is fond and true, _____ When the great red
f
 dawn is shin - ing, Back to home, back to love, and you! _____

In An Old-Fashioned Town

ADA LEONORA HARRIS

W. H. SQUIRE

Moderato

1. There's an old fash-ioned house in an old fash-ioned street In a
 quaint lit-tle old fash-ioned town;— There's a street where the cob-ble stones
 ha-rass the feet, As it strag-gles up hill and then down;— And,
 though to and fro, through the world, I must go, My
 heart while it beats in my breast,— Where e'er I may roam, To that
 old fash-ioned home Will fly back like a bird to its nest.—

In An Old-Fashioned Town (continued)

2. In that old fash-ioned house in that old fash-ioned street Dwell a

dear lit-tle, old fash-ioned pair. — I can see their two fa - ces, so

ten-der and sweet, And I love ev-'ry wrin - kle that's there. — I

love ev - 'ry mouse in that old fash - ioned house, In the

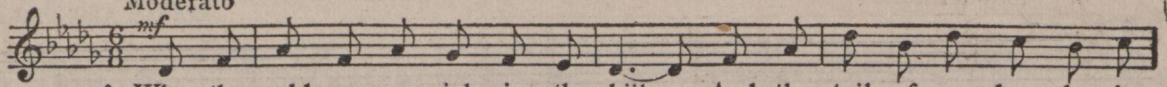
street that runs up hill and down, — Each stone and each stick, Ev - ry

cob - ble and brick, In that quaint, lit - tle, old fash-ioned town. —

Little Grey Home in the West

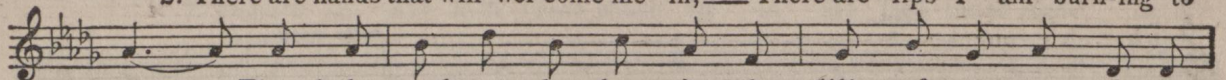
HERMANN LÖHR

Moderato

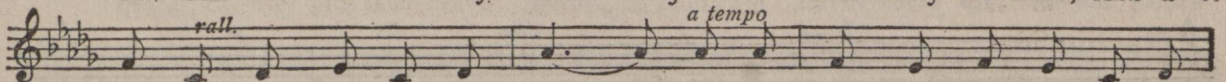


1. When the gold - en sun sinks in the hills, — And the toil of a long day is

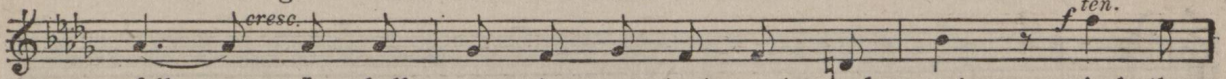
2. There are hands that will wel - come me in, — There are lips I am burn - ing to



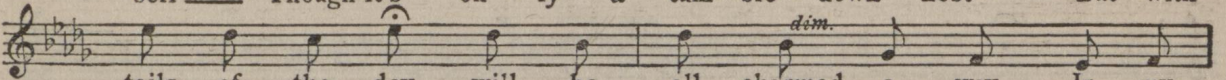
o'er — Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a song I for -
kiss — There are two eyes that shine just be - cause they are mine, And a ..



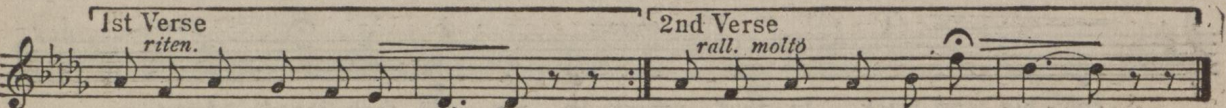
get I was wear - y be - fore. — Far a - head, where the blue shad - ows
thou - sand things oth - er men miss. — It's a cor - ner of heav - en it -



fall, — I shall come to con - tent - ment and rest; And the
self — Though it's on - ly a tum - ble - down nest — But with



toils of the day will be all charmed a - way In my
love brood - ing there, why, no place can com - pare With my



lit - tle grey home in the west. — lit - tle grey home in the west. —

BALLARD MACDONALD

Indiana

JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato

I have al-ways been a wan-d'rer, O ver land and sea,
 Yet a moon-beam on the wa-ter Casts a spell o'er me, A
 vis-ion fair I see, A-gain I seem to be: —

CHORUS

Back home a-gain in In-di-an-a, And it seems that I can
 see The gleam-ing can-dle light still shin-ing bright Thru the
 syc-a-mores for me, The new-mown hay sends all its fra-grance From the
 fields I used to roam, When I dream a-bout the moon-light on the
 Wa-bash, Then I long for my In-di-an-a home. Back home a-home. —

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ALFRED BRYAN
and
WILLIE WESTON

Joan of Arc
They Are Calling You.

JACK WELLS

CHORUS

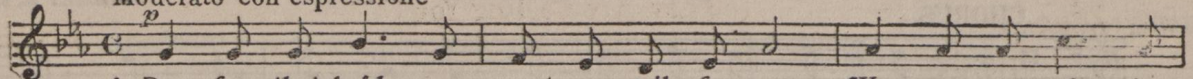
Joan of Arc, — Joan of Arc, — Do your eyes, from the skies, see the
foe? — Don't you see the droop - ing Fleur - de - lis? Can't you
hear the tears of, Nor - man - dy? Joan of Arc, — Joan of
Arc, — *con spirito* Let your spir - it guide us through; — Come lead your France to
vic - to - ry; Joan of Arc, they are call - ing you. — Joan of you,

LEONARD COOKE

The Sunshine of Your Smile

LILIAN RAY

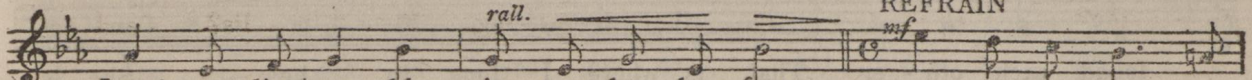
Moderato con espressione



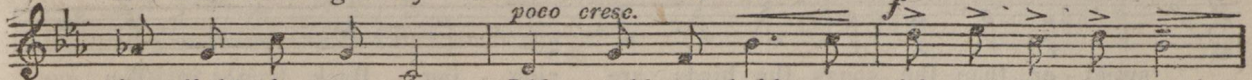
1. Dear face that holds so sweet a smile for me, Were you not mine how
 2. Shad-ows may fall up - on the land and sea, Sun-shine from all the



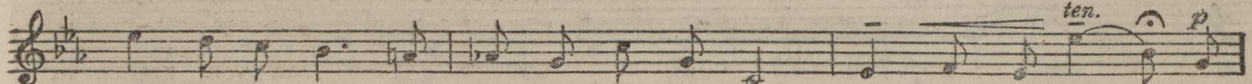
dark the world would be. I know no light a - bove that could re - place,
 world may hid - den be, But I shall see no cloud a - cross the sun,



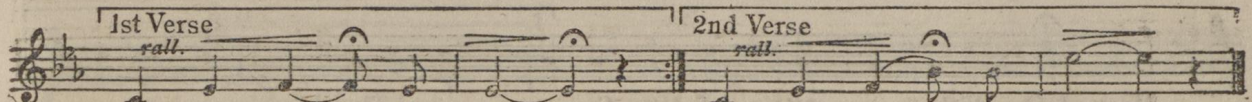
Love's ra - dant sun - shine in your dear, dear face. Give me your smile, The
 Your smile shall light my life 'till life is done.



love-light in your eyes, Life could not hold a fair - er Par - a - dise!



Give me the right to love you all the while, My world for - ev - er, the



sun - shine of your smile! sun - shine of your smile!

Lookout Mountain

JOE GOODWIN

HALSEY K. MOHR

CHORUS

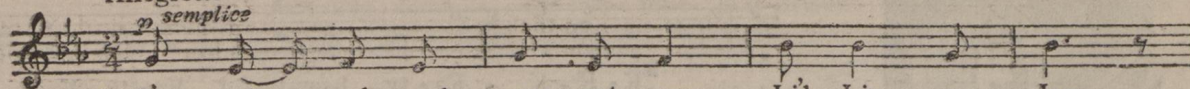
There's a girl I love who waits on Look-out Moun-tain, With a
 moun-tain of love for me, On the wind-ing path where first we
 found each oth-er That is where I long to be, She is
 sweet-er than the songs the birds are sing-ing Back home in Ten-nes-
 see, There's a girl I love who waits on Look-out
 Moun-tain, With a moun-tain of love for me. There's a me.

Lil Liza Jane

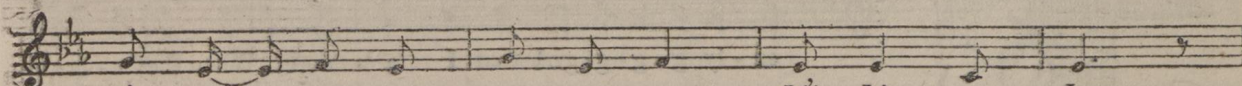
Southern Dialect Song

COUNTESS ADA De LECHAU

Allegretto
p semplice

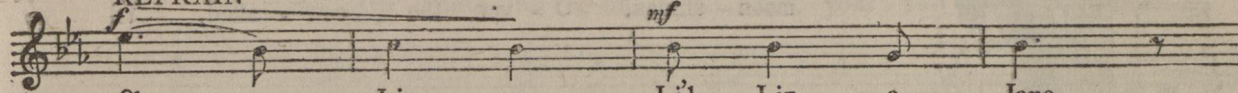


- | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------|------|------|-----|-----------------|------|-----|-------|-----|---------|-------|
| 1. Ise | got | a | gal | an' | you | got | none, | Lil | Liz - a | Jane. |
| 2. Come | my | love | an' | live | with | me | | Lil | Liz - a | Jane. |
| 3. Liz - a | Jane | done | cum | ter | me, | | | Lil | Liz - a | Jane. |
| 4. House | an' | lot | in | Balt - i - mo', | | | | Lil | Liz - a | Jane. |



Ise	got	a	gal	an'	you	got	none,	Lil	Liz - a	Jane.
I	will	take	good	care	uv	thee		Lil	Liz - a	Jane.
Bof	as	hap - py	as	can	be			Lil	Liz - a	Jane.
Lots	of	chil - luns	roun'	de	do',			Lil	Liz - a	Jane.

REFRAIN

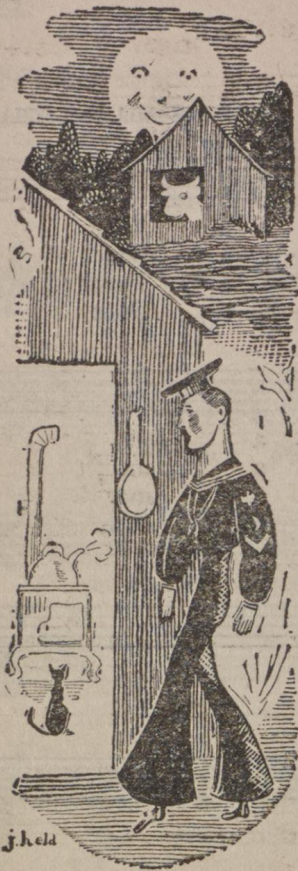


Ohe _____ Liz - a, Lil Liz - a Jane.



Ohe _____ Liz - a, Lil Liz - a Jane.

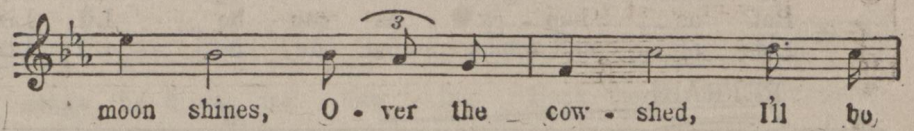
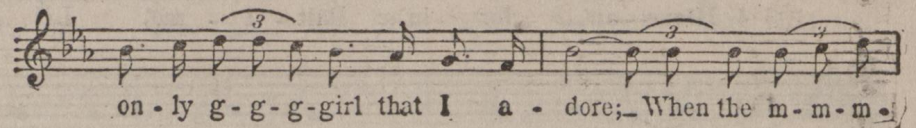
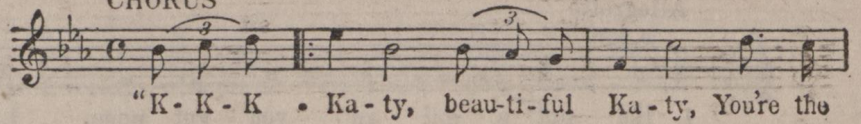
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K-K-K-Katy

GEOFFREY O'HARA

CHORUS



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RICHARD H. GERARD You're the Flower of My Heart, Sweet Adeline

HARRY ARMSTRONG

Andante

In the eve-ning when I sit a-lone a-dream-ing Of days gone
 by love to me so dear, There's a pic-ture that in fan-cy 'oft ap-
 pear-ing, Brings back the time love when you were near; It is
 then I won-der where you are my dar-ling, And
 if your heart to me is still the same, For the sigh-ing wind and night-in-gale a-
 sing-ing Are breath-ing on-ly your own sweet name.

CHORUS

Sweet A-del-ine, My A-del-ine At night, Dear
 heart For you I pine, In all my dreams Your fair face
 beams, You're the flow-er of my heart, Sweet A-del-ine.

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EBEN E. REXFORD

Silver Threads Among The Gold

H. P. DANKS

Andante cantabile

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing old, — Sil - ver threads a-mong the gold
 Shine up - on my brow to - day, — Life is fad-ing fast a - way;
 But, my dar-ling you will be, will be Al - ways young and fair to me,
 Yes! my dar-ling you will be — Al - ways young and fair to me.

CHORUS

Dar-ling, I am grow-ing, grow-ing old, Sil - ver threads a-mong the gold
 Shine up - on my brow to - day; — Life is fad-ing fast a - way.

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G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

Love's Old Sweet Song

J. L. MOLLOY

Quietly
 Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
 mists be-gan to fall, *cresc.* Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng,
p Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
ritard. fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it-self in-to our dream.

CHORUS *Molto moderato*
 Just a song at twi-light, when the lights are low, And the flick-ring shad-ows
dim. soft-ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wear-y, *cresc.* sad the day and long,
f Still to us at twi-light, comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song. *rit.* *p*

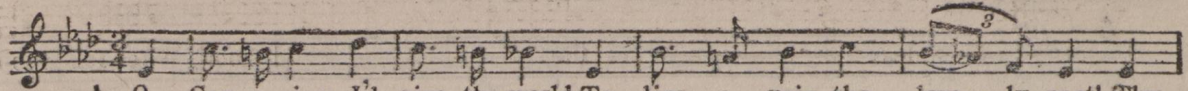
The Old Oaken Bucket

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
 lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep-tan-gled
 wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved spot which my in-fan-cy knew. The wide spread-ing
 pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the,
 cat-a-ract fell. The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house nigh it, And
 CHORUS
 e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The old oak-en buck-et, the,
 i-ron-bound buck-et The moss-cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

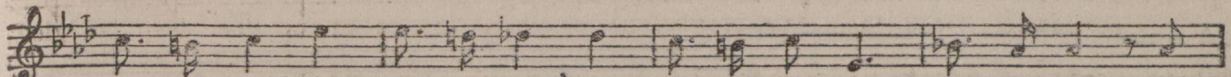
Sweet Genevieve

GEO. COOPER

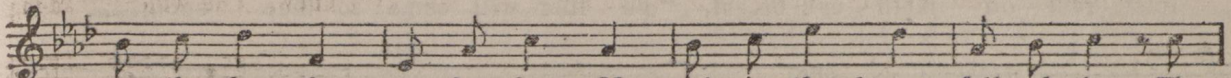
HENRY TUCKER



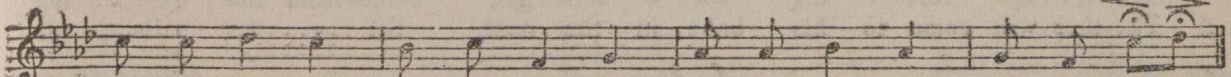
1. O Gen-e-vieve, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! Thy
 2. Fair Gen-e-vieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far! My



rose of youth was dew - im - pearld; But now it with - ers in the blast. I
 heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star. For

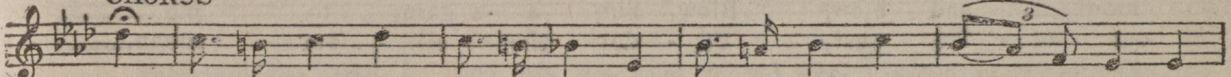


see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
 me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may bring to me; I

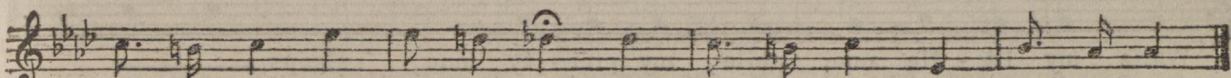


glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the Sum - mer sea.
 bless the hour when first we met The hour that gave me love and thee!

CHORUS



O Gen - e - vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve! The days may come, the days may go, But



still the hands of mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sweet and Low

(JOSEPH BARNEY)

Larghetto

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;—
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;—

Low, low, — breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;—
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;—

mf O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails — all

moon, — and blow, Blow him a - gain to me, ———
 out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon, ———

p While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. ———
 Sleep my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one sleep. ———

* Pro
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FRAN

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Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula

(Hawaiian Love Song)

E. RAY GOETZ,
JOE YOUNG and
PETE WENDLING

CHORUS

I'm com-ing back to you, — my Hu - la Lou, — Be - side the sea — at
 * Wai - ki - ki, — You'll play for me. — And once a - gain you'll sway — my heart your
 way, With your yaa - ka hu - la hick - ey du - la, 'tune. — I'm com - ing —

* Pronounced Wye - ka - kee
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English Lyric by
FRANK SHERIDAN

Aloha Oe

Farewell

Composed by
H. M. QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

CHORUS

A - lo - ha oe, A - lo - ha oe, E ke o - na - o - na no - ho i ka
 Fare - well dear friend, I love you so, That to say good - bye brings grief no words can
 li - po, A fond em - brace a ho - i a - e au. Un - til we meet a - gain. —
 tell, — My love is yours for weal or woe, Dear friend of mine fare - well. —

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Madelon

(Melody: "Quand Madelon")

A pace or two from the camp where
soldiers muster,
There is an inn that is called "The
Poilus' Rest"—
A modest house where the walls with ivy
cluster,
Between the wood and the field—a cozy
nest.

The girl who waits on us is pleasing,
Like sparkling wine, her eyes in fun.
She hardly halts to hear our teasing—
She's only known as Madelon.
All through our dreams at night, all
through our day's dull chance,
She's only Madelon, perhaps—but she's
Romance.

CHORUS

When Madelon comes tripping to our
table,
We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;
And each one invents a pretty fable,
Told to win her on the sly.

Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,
So, when we chuck her chin to lead her
on,
She just laughs, and feels she's done her
duty—
Madelon—Madelon—Madelon!

Well, ev'ry soldier has got at home his
dearest,
The girl who waits, knowing some day
she'll be his;
But she's so far, while our Madelon is
nearest
To catch the true, longing message of our
kiss.
Slow run the hours we pass here lonely,
And as the days drag on and on,
The words we meant to tell one only,
We tell instead to Madelon.
She chides our rough embrace and says
we muss her hair;
We laugh and think of her who's waiting
over there.—CHORUS:

English translation by MRS. F. C. FAY, copyright 1918.

Madelon (Continued)

Up came a corp'ral one morning bright
and early
All polished up, dressed in uniform so
grand;
Declared he loved only her, his dearest
girlie,
And boldly said that he came to ask her
hand.

Now, Madelon is not so simple:
"One man could not make me content,"

She laughed and showed a pretty
dimple,
"My heart is with the regiment!
"Be good. Your friends will come! One
hand I cannot spare:
"To serve the soldiers wine I need at
least a pair!"

CHORUS:

Back Home to Old America

Words by HOMER HOWELLS HARBOUR

(Melody: "Le Long du Missouri")

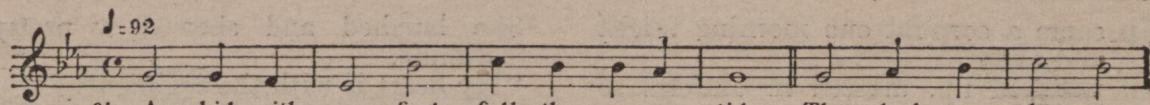
Over there in France will come a day,
A happy day, a happy day,
When the war at last is done,
When the victory is won;
We'll be sailing homeward to the West,
The Golden West, the Golden West,
To the land we love the best,
The U. S. A.

CHORUS:

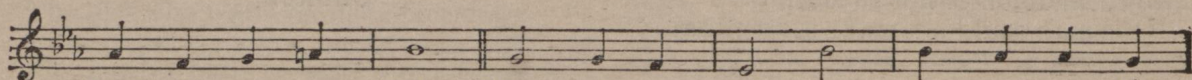
Home to old America,
Back home to old America,
The girls will sure be there to meet us,
All the people out to greet us,
Home to old America,
Back home to old America,
With joy we'll hail you—
Uncle Sam.

Abide With Me.

H. F. LYTE

"Eventide"
W. H. MONK

mf 1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; *p* The dark - ness deep - ens;
p 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
f 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour; *cr.* What but Thy grace can
f 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and
p 5. Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes: *cr.* Shine through the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts,
 glo - ries pass a - way, Change and de - cay in all a - round I
 foil the tempt - er's power? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can
 tears no bit - ter - ness. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to -
 point me to the skies: *f* Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows



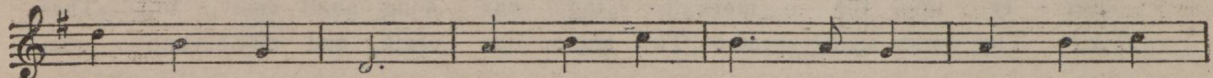
flee, *cr.* Help of the help - less, *p* O a - bide with me.
 see; *mf* O Thou who chang - est not, *p* a - bide with me.
 be? *f* Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, *p* a - bide with me.
 ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.
 flee: *dim.* In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. **A - men.**

Come, Thou Almighty King

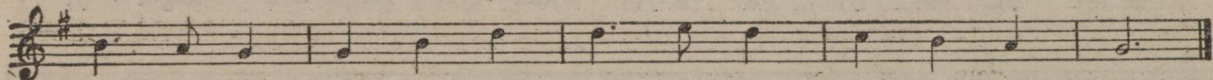
C. WESLEY

Italian Hymn
F. DE GIARDINI

f 1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
f 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
p 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,



Help us to praise! *mf* Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour! *cr.* Thou, Who al - might - y art, Now rule in

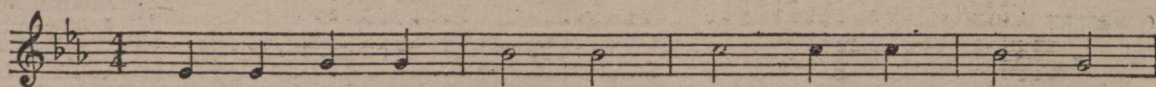


to - ri - ous, *cr.* Come and reign o - ver us, *ff* An - cient of days!
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

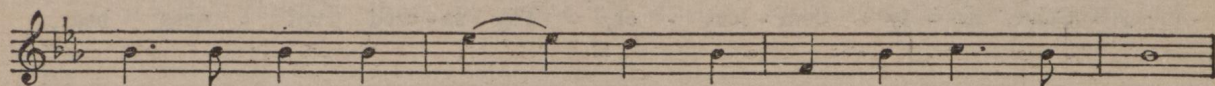
Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER

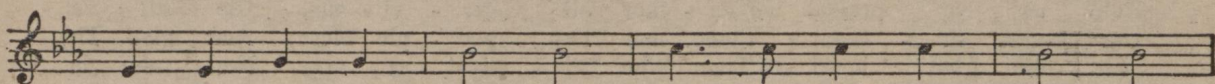
JOHN B. DYKES



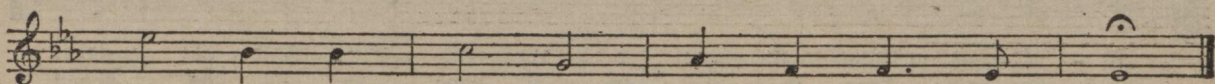
p 1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *cr.* Lord God Al - might - y!
p 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *mf* Lord God Al - might - y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
f All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;



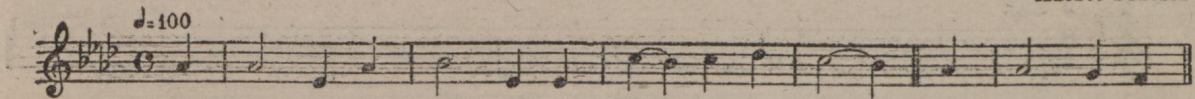
p Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, *mf* mer - ci - ful and might - y,
mf Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,



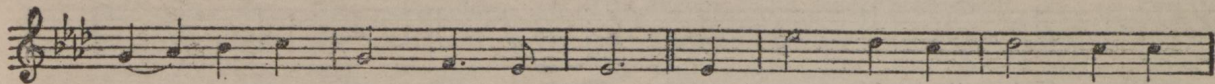
f God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
f God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

How Firm A Foundation

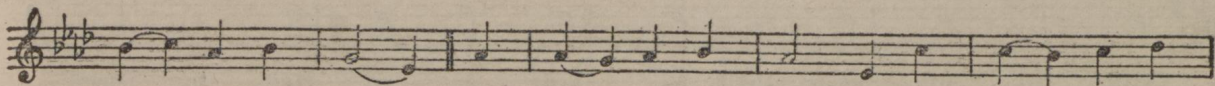
Adeste Fideles



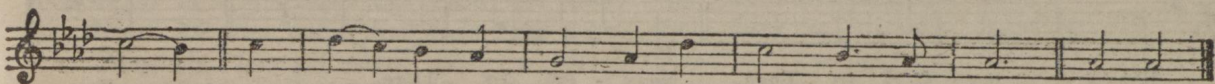
f 1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
mf 2. Fear not, I am with thee; O be - not dis - mayed! I, I am thy



faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and



you... He hath said, - You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent



fled, - You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 hand... Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand. A - men.

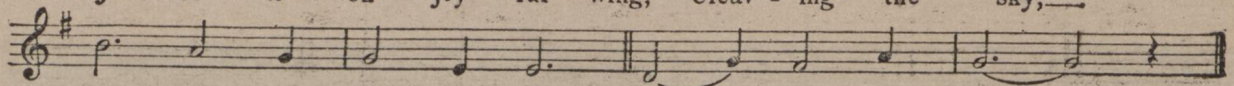
Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARA F. ADAMS

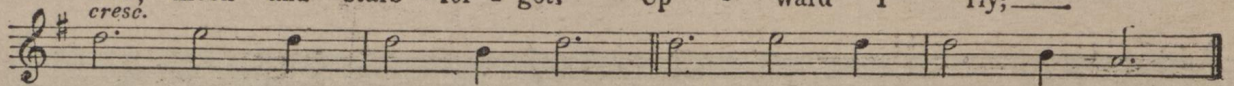
"Bethany"
LOWELL MASON



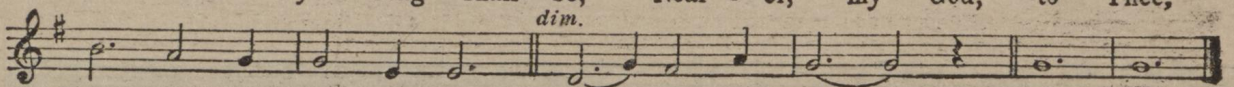
mf 1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee,
p 2. Though like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone,
f 3. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,



p E'en tho' it be a cross That — rais - eth me; —
 Dark - ness comes o - ver me, My — rest a stone; —
 Sun, moon and stars for - got. Up - ward I fly; —
cresc.



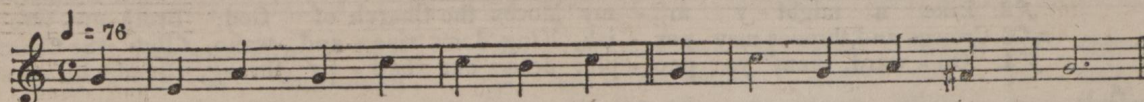
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,



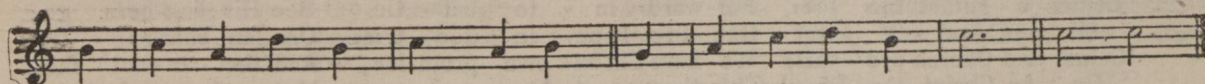
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. —
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. — **A - men**
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. —

O God, Our Help In Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS

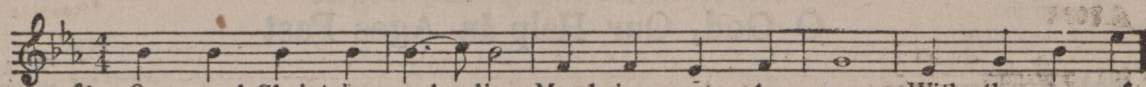
"St. Anne"
W. CROFT

- f* 1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
mf 2. Un - der the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
mf 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
p 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an even - ing gone:
p 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
f 6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

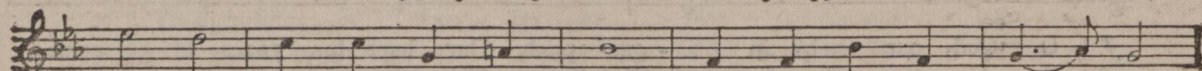


- Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast And our e - ter - nal home:
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
or. From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.
 Be Thou our Guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home. A - men

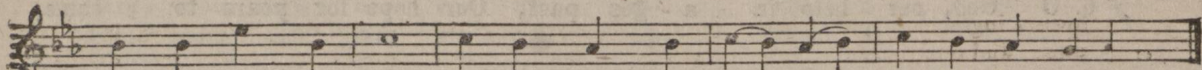
Onward, Christian Soldiers



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



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! *mf* Christ the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 (voi - ces) In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or

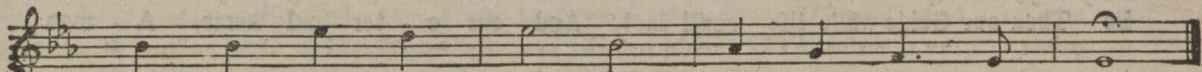


Leads a - gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go,
 All one bod - y we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty,
 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail,
 Un - to Christ the King! This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing,

CHORUS



f On - ward, Christ - ian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

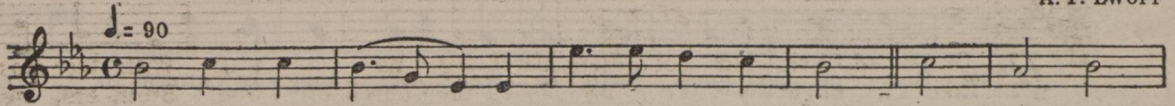


With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

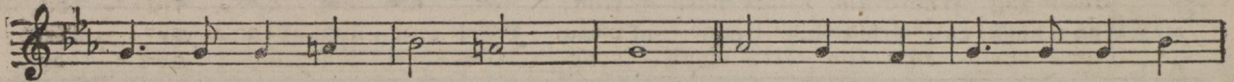
Rise, Crowned With Light.

"Russian Hymn"
A. T. LWOFF

A. POPE



f 1. Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy
mf 2. See a long race thy spa - cious courts a - dorn; See fu - ture
mf 3. See bar - barous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy
p 4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks fall to



tower - ing head and lift thine eyes! See heaven its spark - ling por - tals
 sons, and daugh - ters yet un - born, In crowd - ing ranks on eve - ry
 light, and in thy tem - ple bend: See thy bright al - tars thronged with
 dust, and moun - tains melt a - way; *cr.* But fixed His word, His sav - ing



wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.
 side a - rise, De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.
 pros - trate kings, While eve - ry land its joy - ous tri - bute brings.
 power re - mains; *f* Thy realms shall last, thy own Mes - si - ah reigns. A - men

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

R. HEBER

"All Saints"
H. S. CUTLER

f 1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain:
His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far, Who fol-lows in His train!

mf 2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, *f* Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

mf A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

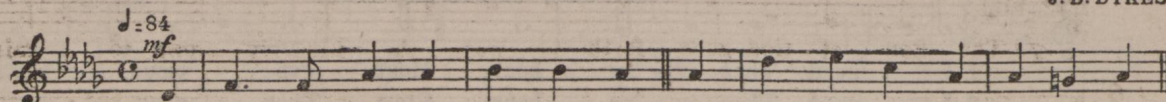
mf They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
p They bowed their necks the death to feel:
cr. Who follows in their train?

f A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice.
In robes of light arrayed.

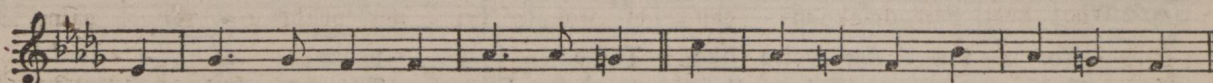
mf They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Eternal Father! Strong To Save

W. WHITING

"Melita"
J. B. DYKES

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the rest-less wave,
2. O Christ! Whose voice the wa - ters heard,^p And hush'd their rag - ing at Thy word,
3. Most Ho - ly Spir - it! Who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude,
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and pow'r! Our breth - ren shield in dan - ger's hour;



Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:
 cr. Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, ^p And calm a - midst its rage didst sleep;
 And bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, And give, for wild con - fu - sion, ^p peace;
 From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro - tect them where - so - e'er they go,

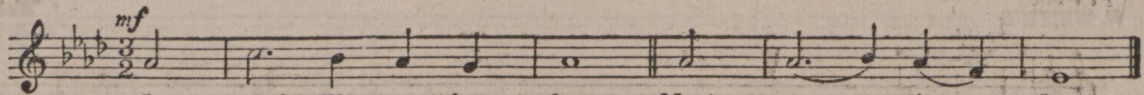


O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 O hear us when we cry to Thee ^p For those in per - il on the sea.
^p O hear us when we cry to Thee ^p For those in per - il on the sea.
 cr. Thus ev - er - more shall rise to Thee ^p Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. A - men.

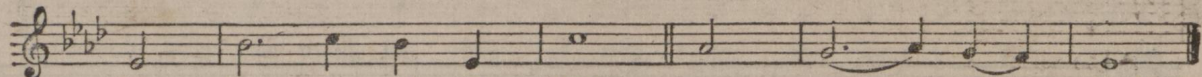
I Need Thee Every Hour

A. S. HAWKS

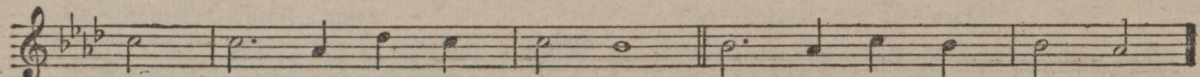
R. LOWRY



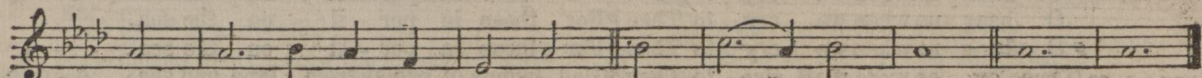
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will;
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;



No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide. Or life is vain.
 And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fil.
 cr. O make me Thine in - deed. Thou bless - ed Son!



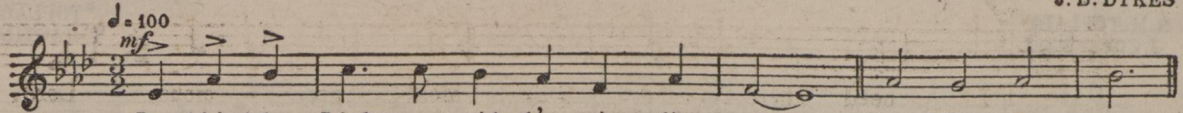
cr. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;



f O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee! A - men.

Lead, Kindly Light

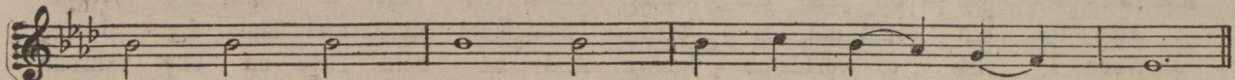
S. H. NEWMAN

"Lux Benigna"
J. B. DYKES

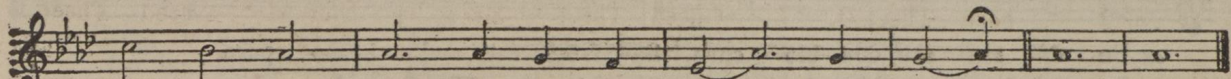
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid then - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me on:
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



p The night is dark, and I am far from home, *p* Lead Thou me on!—
 I loved to choose and see my path; *p* but now— Lead Thou me on!—
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, *p* till— The night is gone;

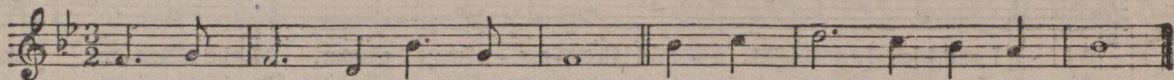


cr. Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask— to— see
cr. I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of— fears,
cr. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,

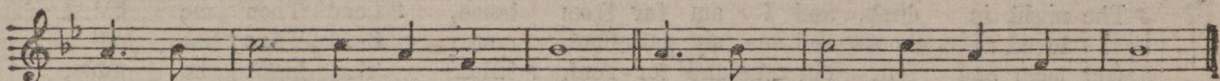


dim. The dis - tant scene; *p* one step e - nough for me—
 Pride ruled my will: *p* re - mem - ber not— past years.
 Which I have loved long since, *p* and lost— a - while. A - men.

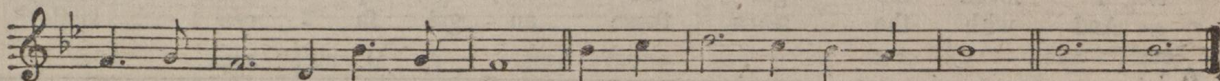
Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

A. M. TOPLADY
J. COTTERELL"TOPLADY"
T. HASTINGS

mf 1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee;
p 2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,
pp 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,



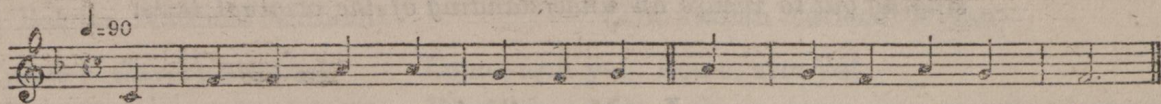
dim. Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood
 All for sin could not a - tone, *or.* Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
or. When I rise to worlds un - known. And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



or. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy Cross I cling.
mf Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, *p* Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - men.

All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name!

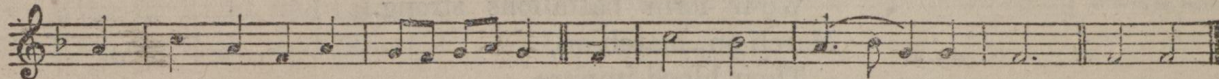
EDWARD PERRONET

"Coronation"
O. HOLDEN

f 1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
p 2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall,
ff 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, Be - fore Him pros - trate fall!



cr Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
cr Go, spread your tre - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!



cr Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all:
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

The English translations of "La Marseillaise," "La Brabançonne," and the "Garibaldi Hymn" are not intended for singing but to insure an understanding of the original texts.

La Marseillaise

(The French National Anthem)

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
 The sun of victory soon will rise,
 Tho' the tyrant's standard all gory
 Is upreared in pride to the skies,
 Is upreared in pride to the skies.

Do ye not hear in every village
 Fierce soldiers who spread war's alarms,
 Who even in our sheltering arms
 Slay our sons and give our homes to
 pillage.

To arms, ye brave, to arms;
 We'll form battalions strong.
 March on, march on,
 Their blood impure
 Shall bathe our threshold soon.

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La Brabançonne

(The Belgian National Anthem)

The years of slavery are past,
 The Belgian rejoices once more;
 Courage restores to him at last
 The rights he held of yore!
 Strong and firm his clasp will be
 Keeping the ancient flag unfurl'd
 To fling its message on the watch-
 ful world;
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!
 To fling its message on the watch-
 ful world:
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!
 For King, for Right, and Liberty!

The Garibaldi Hymn

(The Italian National Hymn)

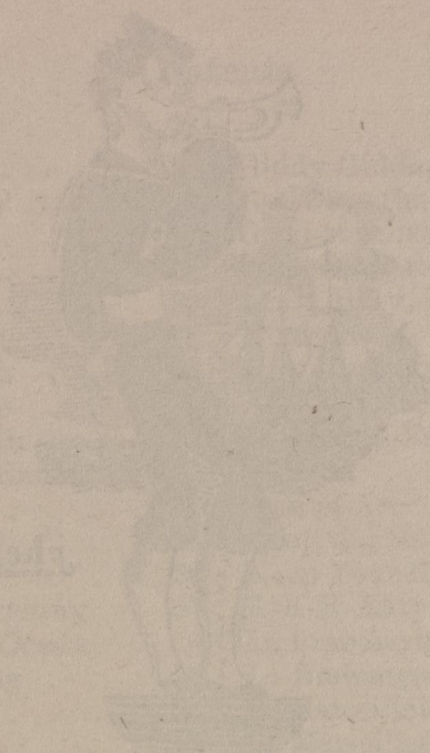
Come, arm ye! Come, arm ye!
 From vineyards of olives, from grape-mantled bowers,
 Where landscapes are laughing in mazes of flowers;
 From mountains, all lighted by sapphire and amber,
 From cities of marble, from temples and marts,
 Arise, all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming,
 Whilst thunders are meeting and sabres are flaming.
 For honor, for glory, the bugles are sounding,
 To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts.
 Then hurl our fierce foemen far from us, forever,
 The Day is dawning, the Day is dawning which shall
 be our own.

The English words of "La Brabançonne" and the "Garibaldi Hymn" are by Florence Attenborough; used by permission of G. Schirmer, Inc.

The Carolina Hymn

(The Hymn Book, 1855)

Faint, mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, including the title 'The Carolina Hymn' and other illegible words.



two bright



lights out

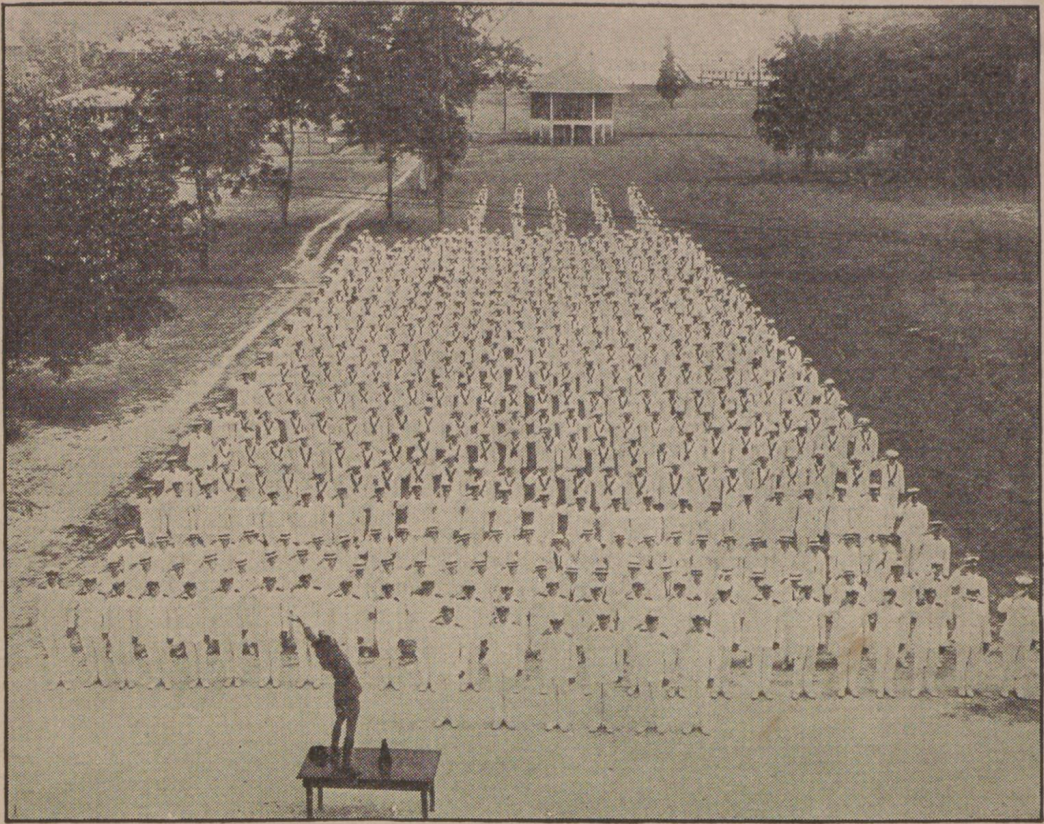
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