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B. E. KENT



FELLOWSHIP SONG BOOK

Revised

Produced by
INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN YOUTH
FELLOWSHIP COMMISSION
of the
DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION
2700 Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 3, Missouri

20c per copy

First Edition—1946
Second Edition—1948

At Worship

Evelyn Thompson Towle

pp

Eve-ningskies! Sun-rise! Lakes and rush-ing wa-ter;
Star-ry skies! Moon-rise! Far, e-ter-nal heav-ens;

Make all things un-love-ly From my soul de-part;
Take a-way my small-ness, Make me long to grow;

With grandeur *pp*

Pur-ple moun-tains ris-ing high! Trees a-gainst the sky;
Vast-ness of the u-ni-verse! Time-less-ness of space;

Thoughtfully *pp*

Life is beau-ti-ful be-cause God speaks with-in my heart!
Life is won-der-ful be-cause God speaks with-in my soul!

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TALLIS CANON

Thomas Ken, 1695

Thomas Tallis, 1565

With dignity *Succeeding voices enter here

Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep
me, oh keep me, King of Kings, Be-neath Thine own Al-might-y wings.

Spirit of the Living God

D. I.

Daniel Iverson
Arr. by Herbert G. Tovey

1

Spir - it of the liv - ing God, Fall a - fresh on me.

2

fresh on me. Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me.

rit

Spir - it of the liv - ing God, Fall a - fresh on me.

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Two Wings

LEADER CHORUS LEADER

{ Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face;
Oh, Lord, I want two wings to fly a - way; Oh, Lord, I

CHORUS ALL *Fine*

want two wings to veil my face, So the dev - il can't do me no harm

LEADER CHORUS LEADER

{ My Lord, did he come at the break - of day? No!
My Lord, did he come in the heat - of noon? No! My

Lord, did he come in the cool of the

ALL D. C.

ev - nin' Yes! And he washed my sins a - way.

America the Beautiful

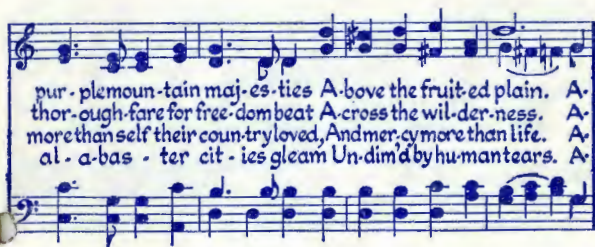
MATERNA

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward



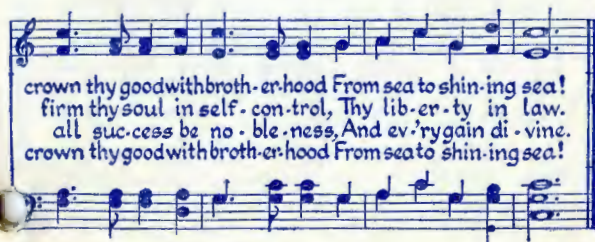
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress A
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine



pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain. A-
 thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-
 more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life. A-
 al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Un-dim'd by hu-man tears. A-



mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
 mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev'-ry flaw, Con-
 mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
 mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And



crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
 firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
 all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev'-ry gain di-vine.
 crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

O Canada!

THAT TRUE NORTH—Tennyson

C. Lavalles

R. Stanley Weir
mf Maestoso

Arr. by R. Stanley Weir

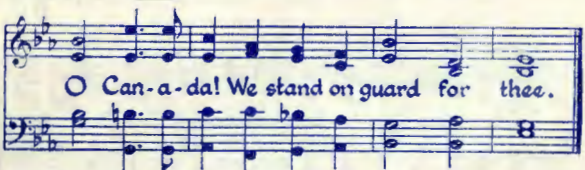
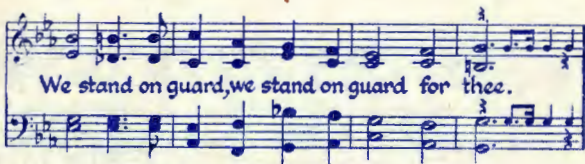
O Can-a-da! Our home and na-tive land! True pa-triot
O Can-a-da! Where pines and ma-ples grow. Great prai-ries
O Can-a-da! Be-neath thy shin-ing skies May stal-wart
Ru-ler su-preme Who hear-est hum-ble pray'r, Hold our Do-

love in all thy sons com-mand. With glow-ing hearts we
spread and lord-ly riv-ers flow. How dear to us thy
sons and gen-tle maid-ens rise To keep thee stead-fast
min-ion in Thy gen-tle care. Help us to find O

see thee rise The True North strong and free; And stand on
broad do-main, From East to West-ern sea! Thou land of
thro' the years From East to West-ern sea, Our own be-
God in Thee A last-ing rich re-ward, As wait-ing

guard, O Can-a-da, We stand on guard for thee.
hope for all who toil! Thou True North strong and free.
lov-ed na-tive land, Our True North strong and free.
for the bet-ter day, We ev-er stand on guard.

O Canada! — continued

CHORUS *ad lib*

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WERE YOU THERE?

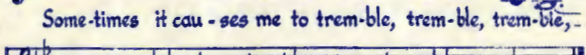
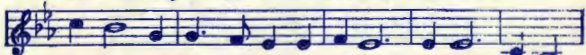
Spiritual

Slowly

2. Were you there when the sun re-fused to shine? Were you
 3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you



there when the sun re-fused to shine? Oh!
 there when they laid Him in the tomb?



- Were you there when the sun re-fused to shine?
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

ONWARD BROTHERS

H. Havelock Ellis

Beethoven

On-ward, broth-ers, march still on-ward, Side by side and hand in hand;

We are bound for man's true king-dom, We are an in-creas-ing band

Tho' the way seems of-ten doubt-ful, Hard the toil which we en-dure,

Tho' at times our cour-age fal-ters, Yet the prom-ised land is sure. A-men

Olden sages saw it dimly,
 And their joy to madness wrought;
 Living men have gazed upon it
 Standing on the hills of thought.
 All the past has done and suffered,
 All the daring and the strife,
 All has helped to mold the future,
 Make man master of his life.
 Still brave deeds and kind are needed.
 Noble thoughts and feelings fair;
 Ye, too, must be strong and suffer,
 Ye, too, have to do and dare.
 Onward, brothers, march still onward,
 March still onward, hand in hand;
 Till ye see at last man's kingdom,
 Till ye reach the Promised Land.

STUDY WAR NO MORE

Negro Spiritual

LEADER CHORUS

Gwine to lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,

LEADER

Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the riv-er-side, Gwine to lay down my

CHORUS

bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side to stud-y war no more.

REFRAIN

I aint gwine stud-y war no more, aint gwine stud-y war no

more, aint gwine stud-y war no more. Aint gwine stud-y warno

stud-y war no more

more, aint gwine stud-y warno more, aint gwine stud-y war no more.

Steal Away

Negro Spiritual

REFRAIN
ALL

pp *p*

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus,

tempo rubato *poco rit.* *Fine*

Steal a-way, steal away home, I ain't got long to stay here.

SOLO *ff* con molto espressione

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The
2. Greentrees are bend-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a trem-bling; The
3. Tomb-stones are burst-ing, Poor sin-ner stands a trem-bling; The
4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light-n-ing; The

molto morendo *ALL mf* *a.c.*

trump-et sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

Jacob's Ladder

Negro Spiritual

✓

We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are

climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are climb-ing

Ja-cob's lad-der, Sol-diers of the cross.

2—Every round goes higher, higher,
Every round goes higher, higher,
Every round goes higher, higher
Soldiers of the cross.

3—Sinner, do you love my Jesus?

4—If you love Him, why not serve Him?

5—We are climbing higher, higher

Lord, I Want to Be a Christian

Negro Spiritual

Solo *mf* *CHORUS*

Lord, I want to be a Christ-ian, In-a my heart, in-a my

Solo *mf* *ALL*

heart, Lord, I want to be a Christ-ian, In-a my heart, in-a my

più f

heart. In-a my heart, in-a my heart, In-a my heart, -

mp *CHORUS*

Lord, I want to be a Christ-ian, In-a my heart.

2. Lord, I want to be more loving,...
3. Lord, I want to be more holy,...
4. Lord, I don't want to be like Judas,...

Go Down Moses

With dramatic intensity

Arr by Olive J. Williams

LEADER

CHORUS *Broadly*

1. When Is-ra-el was in E-gypt's land: Let my people

LEADER

CHORUS

go; Op-press'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple

REFRAIN

go. Go down, Mo-ses, 'way down in E-gypt land,

LEADER

CHORUS

Tell ol' Pha-raoh, Let my peo-ple go.

2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,...
If not I'll smite your first-born dead....

3. O let us all from bondage flee,...
And let us all in Christ be free!...

Alleluia

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit

Negro Spiritual

Arr by Marion Downs

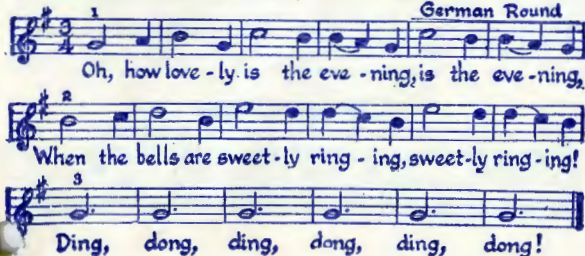
CHORUS



NOTE: Male voices sing the verse melody. Women's voices hum the obligato. Keep syncopated rhythm.

Lovely Evening

German Round



Nobody Knows

Negro Spiritual

REFRAIN

Oh, no-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen. No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.

No-bod-y knows de trou-ble I've seen. Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah.

DUET

CHORUS

Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down,
Al-though you see me goin' long so, Oh, yes, Lord.
One day when I was walk-in' long,
I nev-er shall for-get that day,

DUET

CHORUS

D.C.

Some-times I'm al-most to de groun',
I have my tri - als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.
De-el-ment o-pen'dan' Love came down,
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way,

Chimes Grace

Hark to the chimes; Come bow thy head. God we thank Thee For this good bread.

Standing in the Need of Prayer

Arr. by Olive J. Williams

CHORUS *Humbly*

It's a me, it's a me, O Lord, stand-ing in the need of
It's me

prayer. It's a me, it's a me, O Lord, stand-ing in the need of
It's me

prayer. 1. Not my broth-er, not my sis-ter, but-a me, O Lord,

standing in the need of prayer. Not my broth-er, not my

sis-ter, but-a me, O Lord, stand-ing in the need of prayer.

2. Not my father, not my mother,...
3. Not my preacher, not my teacher,...
4. Not my deacon, not my elder,...

Note: The CHORUS may hum last chord of chorus while leader sings.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot

Negro Spiritual

mp SOLO

mf CHORUS

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

SOLO

CHORUS

Fine

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

f SOLO

I looked o-ver Jor-dan, an' what did I see,—
If you get there be-fore— I do,—
I'm some-times up an' some-times down,—

ff CHORUS

mf SOLO

Com-in' for to car-ry me home! A band of an-gels
Jes' tell my fren's that
But still my soul feels

mp CHORUS

D.C.

com-in' af-ter me,—
I'm a-com-in' too,— Com-in for to car-ry me home.
heav-en-ly boun',—

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

James Weldon Johnson, 1917

Negro Anthem

Lift ev'ry voice and sing, Till earth and heaven ring.
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;

Let our rejoicing rise

High as the list'ning skies,

Let it resound loud as the rolling sea —

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has
taught us

Sing a song full of hope that the present has
brought — us;

Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,

Let us march on till victory — is won.

Stony the road we trod, Bitter the chast'ning rod,

Felt in the days when hope unborn — had died;

Yet with a steady beat,

Have not our weary feet

Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?

We have come over a way that with tears has
been watered

We have come, treading our path thro' the blood
of the slaughtered,

Out from the gloomy past,

Till now we stand at last

Where the white gleam of our bright star —
is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,

Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;

Thou who hast by Thy might, Led us into the light,

Keep us forever in the path, we pray —

Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where
we met Thee,

Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world,
we forget — Thee;

Shadowed beneath Thy hand, May we forever
stand,

True to our God, True to our Na — tive land.

From ST. PETER RELATES AN INCIDENT, by James Weldon Johnson. Copyright 1917, 1921, 1935 by James Weldon Johnson.
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I Got a Robe

With assurance and faith

Arr. by Olive J. Williams



1. I got a robe, you got a robe, All-a-God's chil-dren got a robe



When I get to heav-en goin' to put on my robe—goin' to



shout all o-ver God's Heav-en. Heav-en. Heav-en.



Ev'-ry-bod-y talk-in' 'bout-a Heav-en ain'-a go-in' there,



Heav-en. Heav-en. Goin' to shout all o-ver God's Heav-en.

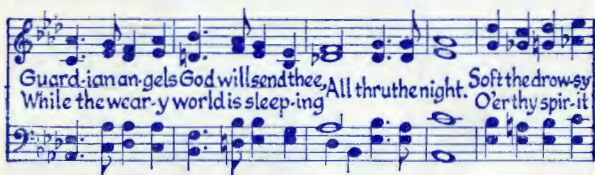
2. I got a shoe,... put on my shoes, goin' to walk...
3. I got a song,... sing-a my song, goin' to sing...
4. I got a crown,... put on my crown, goin' to shout...

All Thru the Night

Welsh Folk Song



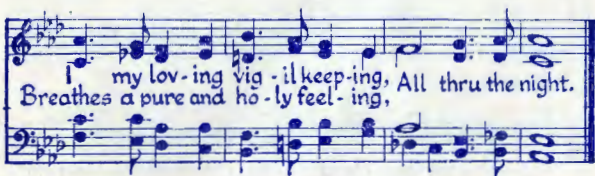
1. Sleep my child and peace attend thee All thru the night;
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing



Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee, All thru the night. Soft the drowsy
While the wear-y world is sleep-ing O'er thy spir-it

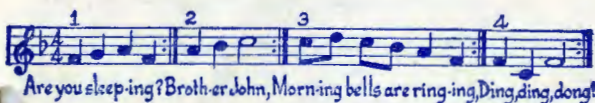


hours are creep-ing Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
gent-ly steal-ing Vis-ions of de-light re-veal-ing,



my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing, All thru the night.
Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing,

ARE YOU SLEEPING?



1 2 3 4
Are you sleep-ing? Broth-er John, Morn-ing bells are ring-ing, Ding, ding, dong!

The Ash Grove

Welsh Folk Song



The ash-grove, how grace-ful, how plain-ly 'tis—
My laugh-ter is—o-ver, my step los-es—



speak-ing, The harp thro' it play-ing has
light-ness, Old coun-try-side-meas-ures steal



lan-guage for me; When-ev-er the light thro' its
soft on my ear; I on-ly re-mem-ber the



branch-es—is break-ing, A host of kind—
past and its bright-ness, The dear ones—I—



fac-es is gaz-ing on me; The friends of my—
mourn for a-gain gath-er here. From-out of the—



child-hood a-gain are be-fore me, Each step wakes a—
shad-ows their lov-ing looks greet me, And wist-ful-ly—



mem'-ry as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers—
search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth-er—



la-den, its leaves rus-tle o'er me, The
fac-es fond bend-ing—to-greet me, The



ash-grove, the ash-grove a-lone is my home.

Descant by Janet E. Tobitt

TRAMPIN'

✓ LEADER

I'm a-tramp - in', tramp - in',

ALL LEADER

Tryin' to make heav-en my home, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-tramp - in',

ALL Fine.

tramp - in', Tryin' to make heav-en my home.

LEADER

I've nev-er been to heav-en but I've been told,—

ALL LEADER

Tryin' to make heav-en my home, — That the streets up there are

ALL D.C.

paved with gold; Tryin' to make heav-en my home.

Above a Plain

Czech Marching Tune

Arr. by Fjeril Hess and Lilian Jackson

A - bove a plain of gold and green, A young boy's head is
But no, 'tis not his lift-ing head, 'Tis If-ca's cas-tle
For our plea-sure it was made, This gray old build-ing

CHORUS

plain-ly seen.
spires in-stead. Hu-ya, hu-ya, hu-ya, ya, Swift-ly flow-ing
deep in shade.

wa-ter, Hu-ya, hu-ya, hu-ya, ya, Swift-ly flow-ing La-be.

From THE SONG BOOK OF THE Y.W.C.A., Copyright 1926
Used by permission.

Came A-Riding

Tiana. by Martha C. Ramsey

Czech

Came a-riding on a day, A suit-or
Oft he asked in man-ner bold, Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja; How could
This lit-tle heart I'd give to you, Could I be

jaun-ty, bold and gay,
I this wreath with-hold? Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja, Hej! Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja
sure your own were true,

Zum-ta-dy-ja-da; Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja, zum-ta-dy-ja-da;

Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja, zum-ta-dy-ja-da; Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja.

Han Skal Leve

✓ Danish Toast

Fine

Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, højt hur-ra!

Hur-ra, hur-ra, hur-ra, hur-ra, hur-ra! Hur-ra, hurra, hur-

ra, hur-ra, hurra! Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, Han skal

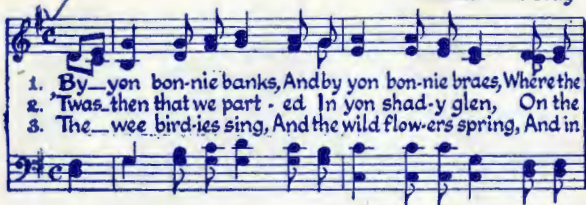
le-ve højt hur-ra! -Bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo,

Bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo, Bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo,

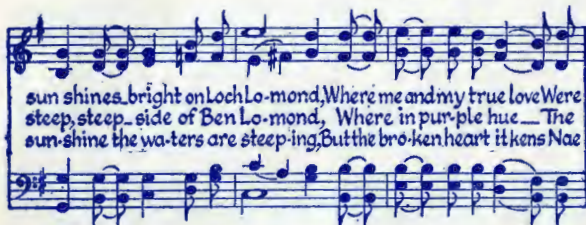
bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo, Bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vis-si-mo.

Loch Lomond

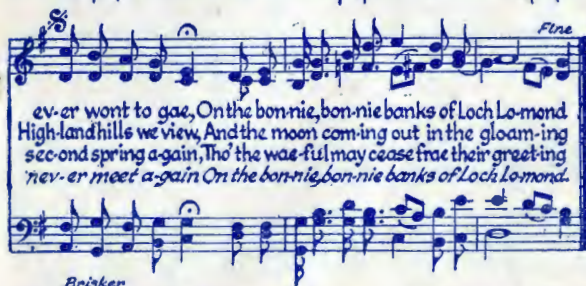
Scottish Folk Song



1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing, And the wild flow-ers spring, And in



sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond, Where in purple hue The
sun-shine the wa-ters are steep-ing, But the bro-ken heart it kens Nae



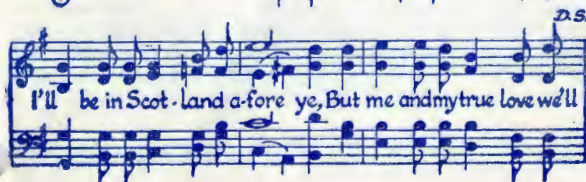
ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond
High-land hills we view, And the moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-ful may cease frae their greet-ing
nev-er meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mond.

Brisker
CHORUS



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

d.s.

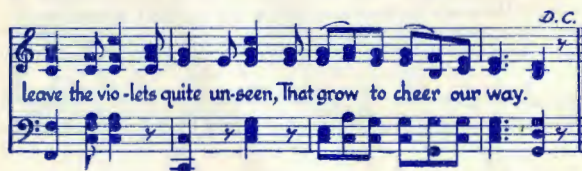
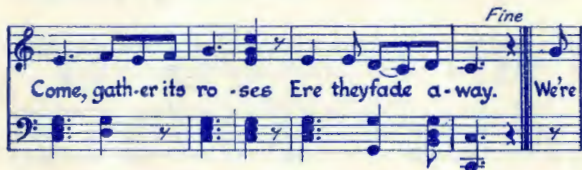


I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye, But me and my true love we'll

COME, LET US BE JOYFUL

German Singing Game

Victor 20448



FOLK DANCE DIRECTIONS: Units of three persons, side by side, hands joined, like spokes of a wheel; alternate threes facing. (1) While singing first line take 3 steps forward, bow, and retire. Repeat same. (2) Release hands. Center person of the threes turns to play on his right, hooks right elbows, turn each other; release right arm and facing opposite person turn with the left arms hooked. Repeat with each. (3) Repeat first part of song, advancing and retiring as in 1, then drop hands and passing by right shoulders all pass thru opposite three and meet a new set,

Country Gardens

English Folk Tune

How man-y kinds of sweet flow-ers grow
How man-y in-sects come here and go In an Eng-lish coun-try
How man-y song-birds fly to and fro

gar - den? We'll tell you now of some that we know, Those we

miss you'll sure-ly par - don. Daf - fo - dil, heart's ease and phlox,
Fire-flies, moths and gnats and bees,
Bob-o-link, cuck-oo and quail,

Mead-ow, sweet and la-dy-smocks, Gen-tain, lu-pine and tall
Spi-ders climb-ing in the trees, But-ter-flies drift in the
Tan-a-ger and car-di-nal, Blue-bird, lark and thrush and

hol - ly-hocks, Ro-ses, fox - glove and snow - drops,
gen - tle breeze, There are snakes, ants that sting. And
night - in - gale, There is joy in the spring When the

Blue for-get-me-nots,
oth-er creep-ing things In an Eng-lish coun-try gar - den.
birds be-gin to sing

The Crow

Lively mf

Swedish Folk Song

There once was a farm-er a-trav-'ling to town,
The gun from his shoul-der he quick-ly bro't down,
That black crow was use-ful in nu-mer-ous ways,
The feath-ers were made in-to feath-er-beds, neat,
More things were made from this won-der-ful crow,

Hej, boom fal le la, sing fal le la, boom fal le la lay;

Saw a crow in a fir tree way up in the crown,
And shot that black crow, it fell to the ground,
The keel-bone was sailed o-ver o-ceans and bays,
And pitch-forks were made from the legs and the feet,
You may doubt this sto-ry, but real-ly, it's so!

Hej, boom fal le la, sing fal le la, boom fal le la lay.

Translated by Mrs. Albert Magnuson. Copyright 1940

DARKNESS IS FALLING

Jul. Bechgaard

DANISH

Chr. Winther, 1866

p

Dark-ness is fall-ing, Day ceas-es call-ing, Clouds sink-ing slow-ly

p

to heav-en's lea; Stars bright-ly gleam-ing, Slum-ber and dream-ing

pp

Fold-ing in si-lence land and sea. O, when my day now soon will be

end-ing, Could I then like the flow-ers gay, Trust-ing-ly rest, while

joy-ful bend-ing Toward the glo-rious dawn of day.

—Used by permission from WORLD OF SONG—Copyright, 1941,

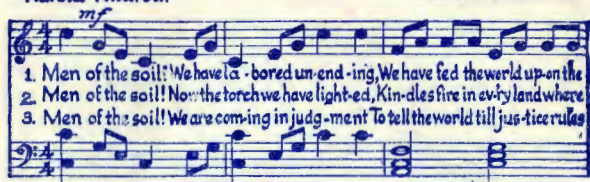
A. Y. P. L., Grandview College, Des Moines, Iowa.

Men of the Soil

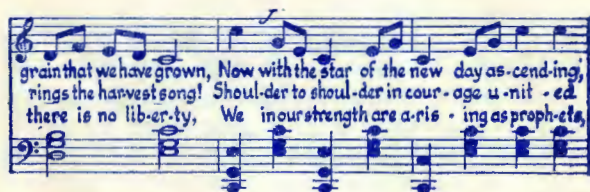
Harold Hildreth

Danish Folk Tune

mf



1. Men of the soil! We have la-bored un-end-ing, We have fed the world up-on the
 2. Men of the soil! Now the torch we have light-ed, Kin-dles fire in ev-ry land where
 3. Men of the soil! We are com-ing in judg-ment To tell the world till jus-tice rules



grain that we have grown, Now with the star of the new day as-cend-ing,
 rings the harvest song! Shoul-der to shoul-der in cour-age u-nit-ed
 there is no lib-er-ty, We in our strength are a-ris-ing as proph-ets,



Gi-ants of the earth, at last we rise to claim our own.
 From ev-ry race we come to join the til-lers' might-y throng.
 March-ing on to show the world the dawn that is to be.



Jus-tice thru-out the land, Hap-pi-ness as God has planned,
 Earth nev-er shall eat a-gain Bread gain'd thru blood of men,
 There's a light-ning in the sky, There's a thun-der shout-ing high;



Who is there de-nies our right to reap where we have sown?
 We have sworn to right for-ev-er-more the an-cient wrong.
 We will nev-er stop un-til the sons of men are free.

The Generous Fiddler

German Folk Song

mp

Who will play a tune for danc-ing? Who will play the
"Now, be-fore I make you mu-sic, You must pay the

fid-dle sweet? All the girls are shy-ly wait-ing, Wait-ing
fid-dler's fee!" "Ah, we've nei-ther pence nor farthing, Poor and

mf

with im-pa-tient feet. Fid-dler, Fid-dler, come you soon And
hum-ble folk are we." "Naught care I for what you say! If

mp

play us all a mer-ry tune, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, Tra-
you must dance then I must play,"

mf

la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la.


From TEN FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS, II, By permission
Copyright, 1932, E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston

Gipsy Life

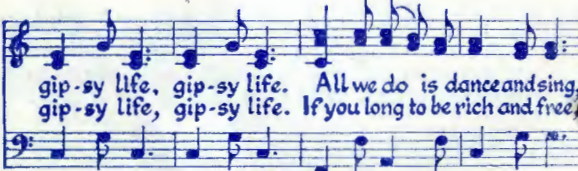
Austrian Folk Song



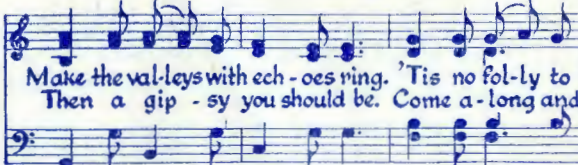
There's a treas-ure of joy and pleas-ure In gip-sy life,
We go sing-ing with voic-es ring-ing In gip-sy life,



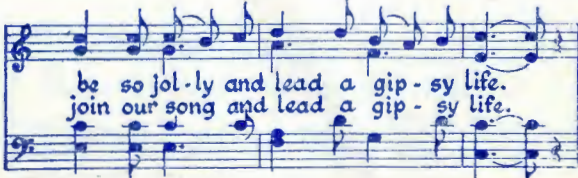
gip-sy life; There's no wor-ry and there's no hur-ry In
gip-sy life, On the high-ways and wind-ing by-ways In



gip-sy life, gip-sy life. All we do is dance and sing,
gip-sy life, gip-sy life. If you long to be rich and free



Make the val-leys with ech-oes ring. 'Tis no fol-ly to
Then a gip-sy you should be. Come a-long and



be so jol-ly and lead a gip-sy life.
join our song and lead a gip-sy life.

Arr. by Leonhard Deutsch. Copyright, 1944, by Co-op. Recreation Service

Good-night

Trans. by L. d'O. Warner

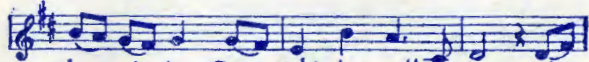
German Folk Song



Good-night, good-night, be lov-ed mine, Good-
In the woods there sings a night in-gale, With



night, sleep well, my dear. Good-night, good-night, be-
liq - uid, moon-lit tone. In the woods there sings a



lov-ed mine, Good-night, sleep well, my dear. May
night-in-gale. With liq - uid, moon-lit tone. The



cher - u-bim and ser-a-phim Watch o-ver you and
moon has seen your si-lent room Whence joy and laugh-ter

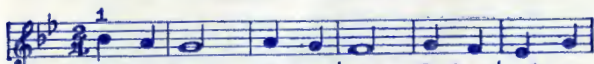


hov - er near. Good - night, good - night, be-
now have flown. The moon has seen you

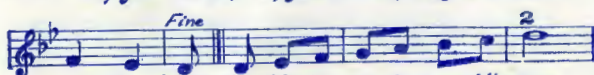


lov-ed mine, Good-night, sleep well my dear.
slum-bring there, But I go forth a-lone.

O, Give Thanks



O, give thanks, O, give thanks, O, give thanks un-



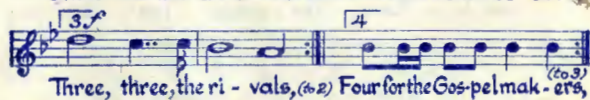
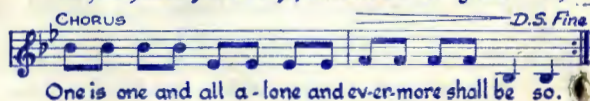
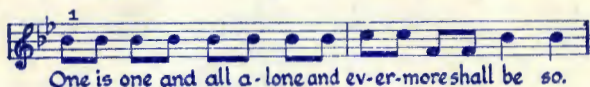
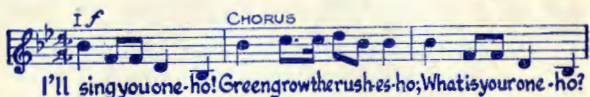
to the Lord, for He is gra-cious and His mer -



cy en-dur - eth, en-dur - eth for-ev - er.—

Green Grow the Rushes

English version of an ancient Hebrew Folk Song



5. Five for the sym-bols at your door and four for the Gos-pel mak-ers, (to 3)
6. Six for the six proud walk - ers, (to 5)
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky and six for the six proud walk-ers, (to 5)
8. Eight for the A - pril rain - ers, (to 7)
9. Nine for the nine bright shin - ers, (to 8)
10. Ten for the ten com-mand-ments (to 9)
11. Eleven for the eleven went up to heav-en and ten for the ten (to 9)
12. Twelve for the twelve A-pos - tles, (to 11) com-mand-ments,

- New Fellowship Song Book - Permission H. Walford Davies

French Cathedrals

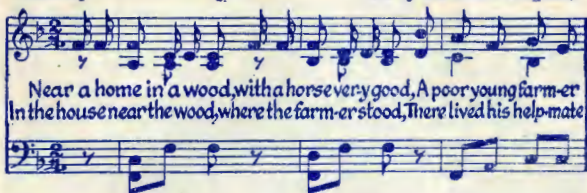
3-Part Round



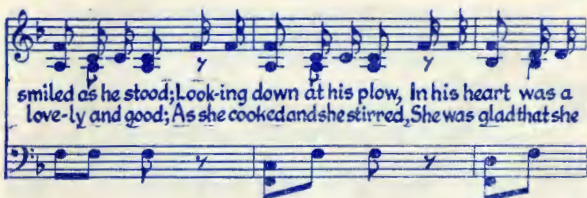
The Happy Plowman

Trans. by Mrs. Albert Magnuson

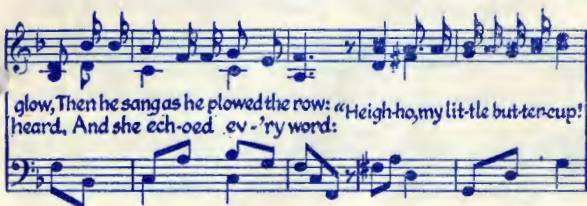
Swedish Folk Song
Arr. by Leonhard Deutsch



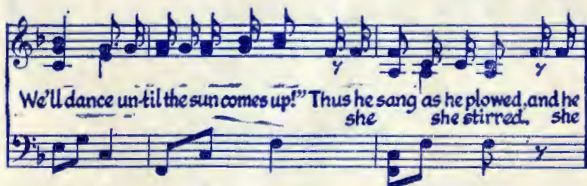
Near a home in a wood, with a horse very good, A poor young farm-er
In the house near the wood, where the farm-er stood, There lived his help-mate



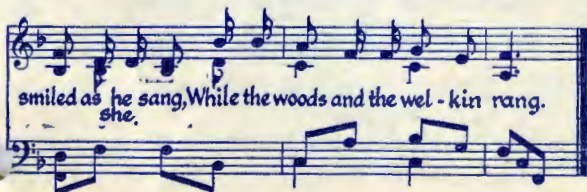
smiled as he stood; Look-ing down at his plow, In his heart was a
love-ly and good; As she cooked and she stirred, She was glad that she



glow, Then he sang as he plowed the row: "Heigh-ho, my lit-tle but-ter-cup!
heard, And she ech-oed ev-'ry word:



We'll dance un-til the sun comes up!" Thus he sang as he plowed, and he
she she stirred, she



smiled as he sang, While the woods and the wel-kin rang.
she.

THE KEEPER

English Folk Song



The keep-er would a-hunt-ing go, And un-der his coat he
The first doe she did cross the plain. The keep-er fetched her
The sec-ond doe she cross'd the brook; The keep-er fetched her



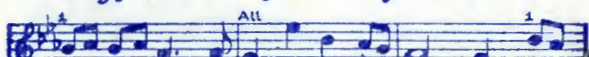
carried a bow, All for to shoot at a mer-rie little doe, A
back a-gain; Where she is now she may re-main. A
back with his hook, Where she is now you may go and look, A



mong the leaves so green, O. Jack-ie boy! Mas-ter!



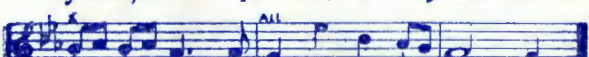
Sing ye well? Ver-y well Hey down! Ho down!



Derry, derry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O. To my



hey down, down! To my ho down, down! Hey down! Ho down!



Der-ry, derry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O.

Kookaburra

Australian Round



Koo-ka-burra sits on an old gum tree, Merry, mer-ry king of the



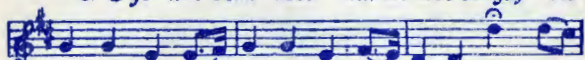
bush is he; Laugh, koo-ka-burra, laugh, koo-ka-burra, Gay your life must be

From YOURS FOR A SONG, by permission Janet E. Tobitt

JOHN PEEL



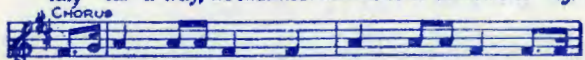
1. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? D'ye
 2. Then her'e sto John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's
 3. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He



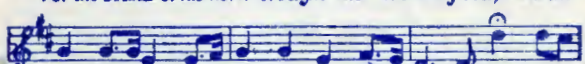
ken John Peel at the break of day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's
 drink to his health, let's finish the bowl, We'll follow John Peel through
 lived at Trout-beck once on a day; But now he has gone, oh,



far, far a-way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn-ing?
 fair and through foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn-ing.
 far, far a-way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn-ing.



For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the

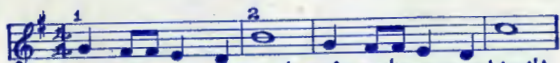


cry of the hounds which he oft-times led; Peel's "View hal-lo!" would-a-



wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

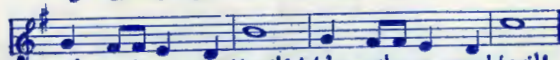
UPWARD TRAIL



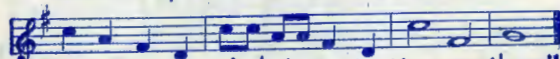
We're on the up-ward trail! We're on the up-ward trail!



Sing-ing, sing-ing, ev'-ry-body sing-ing, As we go!



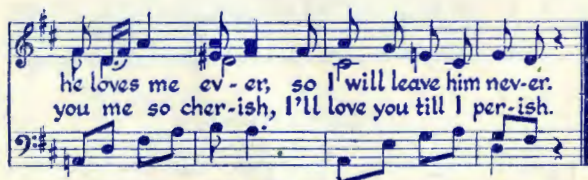
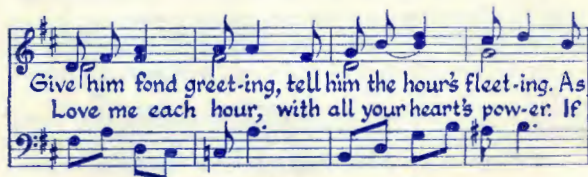
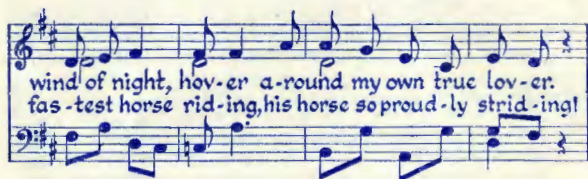
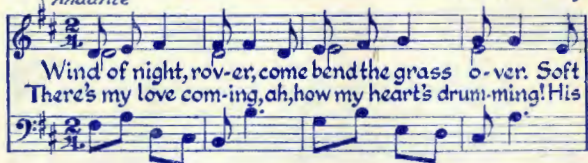
We're on the up-ward trail! We're on the up-ward trail!



Sing-ing, sing-ing, ev'-ry-body sing-ing, Home-ward bound!

Wind of Night

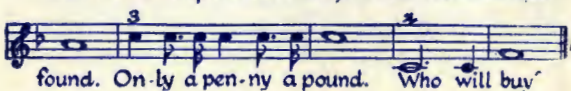
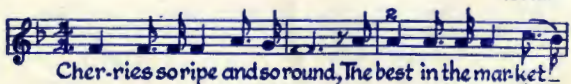
Polish Folk Song

Andante

From A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S FINEST FOLK SONG. Copyright, 1942,
by Leonhard Deutsch. Permission Howell, Soskin, publishers, N.Y.

Cherries So Ripe

Round

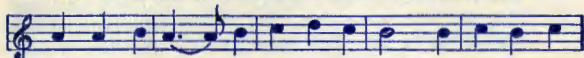


Spanish Ladies

English Folk Song



1. Fare-well and a-dieu to you, Spanish la-dies, Fare-
CHO. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sail-ors We ll



well and a-dieu to you, la-dies of Spain; For we've re-ceived
rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas Un-til we strike



or-ders for to sail for old Eng-land, But we
sound-ings in the chan-nel of old Ena-land, From



hope in a short time to see you a-gain.
U-shant to Scil-ly is thir-ty-five leagues.

2

We hove our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, deep soundings to take;
'Twas forty-five fathoms, with a white sandy bottom,
So we squared out main yard and up channel did make.

3

The first land we sighted was called the Dodman,
Next, Rame Head off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the
Wight;
We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
And then we bore up for the South Foreland light.

4

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie;
Let go your shank painter, let go your cat stopper!
Haul up your clewgarnets, let tacks and sheets fly!

5

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass;
We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
And here's to the health of each true-hearted lass.

100 English Folk Songs, edited by Cecil Sharp, Theo. Presser Co.

This is a capstan chanty or sea work-song. "One of the grandest of English folk tunes and one of which a seafaring nation may well be proud". Cecil Sharp.

Down in the Valley

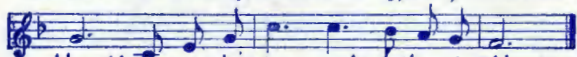
American Folk Song



Down in the val-ley; the val-ley so low, Hang your head
Ro-ses love sun-shine, vio-lets love dew, An-gels in
Build me a cas-tle, for-ty feet high, So I can



o-ver; hear the wind blow. Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind
heav-en knows I love you; knows I love you, dear, knows I love
see him as he rides by; As he rides by, dear, As he rides



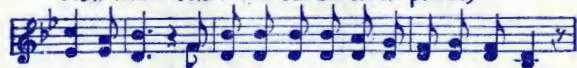
blow. Hang your head o-ver, hear the wind blow.
you, An-gels in heav-en knows I love you.
by; So I can see him as he rides by.

Vive L'Amour

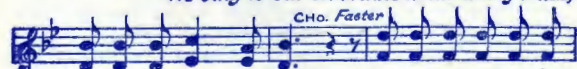
College Song



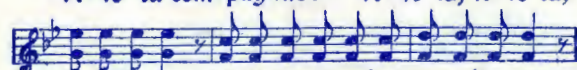
Let ev'ry good fel-low now join in a song,
A friend on your left and a friend on your right, Vi-ve la
Now wid-er and wid-er our cir-cle ex-pands,



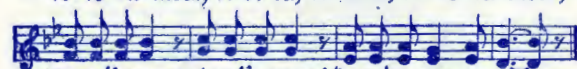
Suc-cess to each oth-er and pass it a-long,
com-pag-nie! In love and good fel-low-ship let us u-nite,
We sing to our com-rades in far a-way lands,



Vi-ve la com-pag-nie! Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,



vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour,



Vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie...

My Twenty Pennies

Trans. by Olcott Sanders

Venezuelan Folk Song



1. With twen-ty pen - nies, with twen-ty pen - nies, with twen-ty

1. *Con real y me - dio, con real y me - dio, con real y*



pen - nies I bought a pa - va. The pa - va had a pa -

me - dio Compré una pa - va. La pa - va tuvo un pa -



vi - to. I have the pa - va and the pa - vi - to;

vi - to. Ten-go la pa - va, tengo el pa - vi - to y



And thus I have yet My twen - ty pen - nies.

siempre me que - da mi real y me - dio.

2. Gata, (cat); gatico, (kitten) 5. Lora, (parrot); lorito.

3. Chiva, (goat); chivito. 6. Vaca, (cow); vaquito.

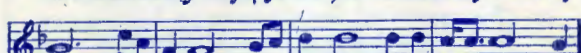
4. Mona, (monkey); monito. ¹ (Pava, -turkey.)

* Repeat in each stanza after the first, with all previous animals.

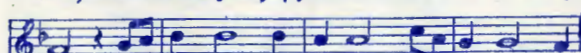
Cowboy Night Song



There's a blue sky way up yon-der; There's a blue sky o-ver my



head; There's a blue sky way up yon-der That's a cover for my



bed; And when-ev - er I wan-der, And when-ev - er I



roam, There's a blue sky way up yon-der That's call-in' me home.

MOUNTAIN COTTAGE

As a lilting waltz

Norwegian Folk Song

1. Way up in the moun-tain Be-hind a birch
 2. So-ci-e-ty suf-fers from fac-tion and
 3. And if they should come to my cot-tage some

grove, I've built me a rus-tic and sweet lit-tle
 fear, But such things do nev-er come my cot-tage
 day, With song and with laugh-ter I'll chase them a-

cove.
 near.
 way. Tra-la-la - la - la - la Tra-la-la - la - la.

I've built me a rus-tic and sweet lit-tle cove.
 la. But such things do nev-er come my cot-tage near.
 With song and with laugh-ter I'll chase them a-way.

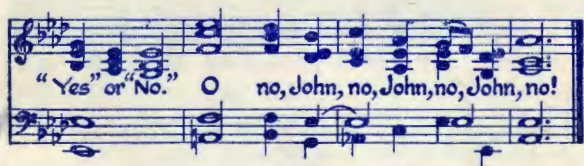
Translated by Marius Krog. Copyright, 1941, Danish American
 Young People's League, Grand View College, Des Moines, Ia.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS

Make new friends, and keep the old, The first are silver, the oth-er gold.

O NO JOHN

English Folk Song



2

My father was a Spanish captain,
Went to sea a month ago
First he kissed me then he left me,
Bid me always answer "no". (Refrain)

3

O Madam, in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow;
Will you take me for your husband?
Madam, answer "yes" or "no". (Refrain)

4

O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your husband,
Madam, will you let me go? (Refrain)

5

O hark! I hear the church bells ringing,
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life? (Refrain)

Zum Gali Gali

Palestine

1. He-cha-lutz le 'man a-vo-dah;—
 2. A-vo-da le 'man he-cha-lutz;—
 3. He-cha-lutz le 'man ha-b'tulah;—
 4. Ha-sha-lom le 'man ha'a-mim;—

Zum ga-li ga-li ga-li, Zum ga-li ga-li,

— A-vo-dah le 'man he-cha-lutz.
 — He-cha-lutz le 'man a-vo-dah.
 — Ha-b'tulah le 'man he-cha-lutz.
 — Ha'a-mim le 'man ha-sha-lom.

Zum ga-li ga-li ga-li, Zum ga-li ga-li.

Pronounce: a as in father; he like hay; le with very short e; i as in machine; o as in come; u as in rule; ch as in German ach.

An approximate translation of the various Hebrew phrases:

1 and 2. The pioneer's purpose is labor; labor is for the pioneer.

3. The pioneer is for his girl; his girl is for the pioneer.

4. Peace for all the nations; all the nations are for peace.

—Eugene J. Lipman, Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio

Alouette

French-Canadian

A-lou-et-te, gen-tille A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te,

Fine LEADER
 je te plu-me-rai. 1. JE TE PLU-ME-RAI LA TÊTE,

ALL LEADER ALL D.C.
 Je te plu-me-rai la tête; ET LA TÊTE, Et la tête, Oh,—

2. Le bec
 3. Le nez

4. Le dos
 5. Les pattes

6. Le cou

On the Mountain

Trans. by Gail Brook Burket

Swiss Folk Song

sat on the moun-tain One
stood in the gar-den And
strolled through the coun-try In

mor-ning in spring. I heard the gay
watched bus-y bees Take hon-ey from
beau-ti-ful May. Lambs romped in the

song which The hap-py birds sing.
blos-soms Be-neath the green trees.
mead-ows Like chil-dren at play.

Arr. by Leonhard Deutsch. Copyright, 1948, by Co-op. Recreation Service.

Praise for Bread

Morn-ing
Noon-time has come, the board is spread. Thanks be to
Eve-ning

Him who giv-eth bread; Praise God for bread!

CIELITO LINDO

Mexican Folk Song



From la Si - er - ra Mo - re - na, Cie - li - to
 In the air bright - ly flash - ing, Cie - li - to
 De la Si - er - ra Mo - re - na, Cie - li - to

Lin - do, comes soft - ly steal - ing, Laugh - ing eyes,
 Lin - do, flies Cu - pid's feath - er, In my heart
 Lin - do, vi e - nen ba - jan - do Un par de o

black and ro - guish, Cie - li - to Lin - do, beau - ty re -
 it is strik - ing, Cie - li - to Lin - do, wound - ing for -
 ji - tos ne - gros Cie - li - to Lin - do de con - tra

CHORUS

veal - ing. Ay, Ay, ay, ay! Sing, ban - ish
 ev - er. Ay, Ay, ay, ay! Can - ta y no
 ban - do. Ay, Ay, ay, ay! Can - ta y no

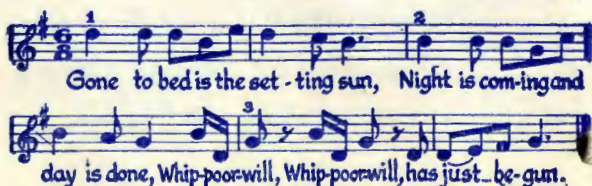
sor - row! To pass the hours light - ly sing - ing, Cie -
 llo - res Por - que can - tan - do se a - le - gran Cie -

li - to Lin - do, glad - dens the mor - row.
 li - to Lin - do los co - ra - zo - nes.

Una fleche en el aire, Cielito Lindo, lanzo Cupido
 Y come fue jugando, Cielito Lindo, yo fui el herido.

WHIP-POOR-WILL

Round



Gone to bed is the set - ting sun, Night is com - ing and
 day is done, Whip - poor - will, Whip - poor - will, has just be - gun.

THE PEDLAR

Russian Folk Song

Brisk walking time

"Down the road the whole day long With my pack of goods for



dame or maid; Oh, the weight on my ach-ing shoul-ders!



But to live a man must trade! Oh, the weight on my



ach-ing shoul-ders! But to live a man must trade!"



Hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, da!



Hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, hai-da, da!

2. "Madam, you see before you now
What pretty things I have to sell."
: "Ah, good pedlar, they steal my heart.
Indeed I like them far too well":
3. "Lovely lady, tell me which
Of these things do seem to you most fair."
: "Pedlar, will these pennies few
Buy this pretty bit of lace so rare?":
4. "Here it is for you to keep,
I will not your pennies take away,
: For your joy is to me more precious
Than all the lace you've seen this day.":
5. "Down the road I take my way,
From the lovely lady I must part,
: But the pack upon my shoulders
Is light as the singing in my heart":

From SINGING AMERICA, by permission of A. D. Zanzig

MARIANINA

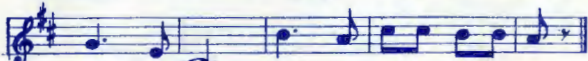
Italian Popular Song



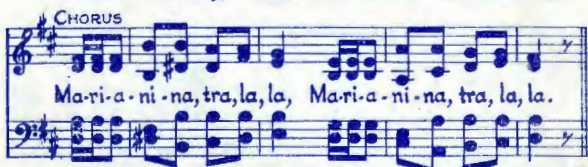
1. Where the Tus-can sun is warm and bright, Dwells a
2. I have loved her ev-er since we met, She is



maid whose laugh is pure de-light; Tho' her charm is yet un-
mine, but does-n't know it yet; I shall tell her so to-



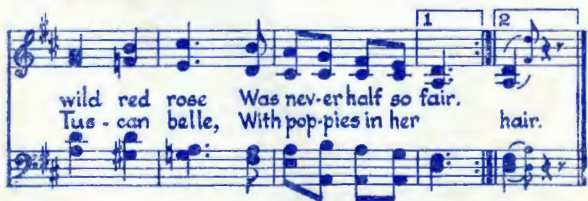
known to fame, Still I love her just the same.
mor - row day, She will nev-er an-swer nay.



Ma-ri-a-ni-na, tra, la, la, Ma-ri-a-ni-na, tra, la, la.



{ O Ma - ria-ni-na! O Ma - ria-ni-na! The
{ O Ma - ria-ni-na! O Ma - ria-ni-na! My



wild red rose Was nev-er half so fair.
Tus - can belle, With pop-pies in her hair.

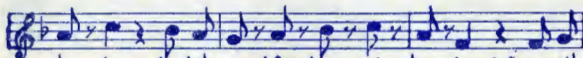
—From Singing America. By permission A. D. Zenzler

Tiritomba

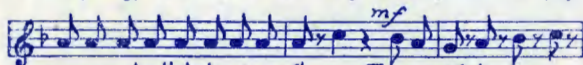
Italian Folk Song



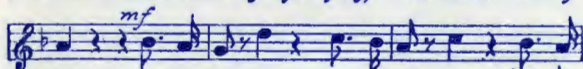
- 1 When the moun-tain top thru pur-ple mist is
 2. When the morn-ing dew is still on pet-al



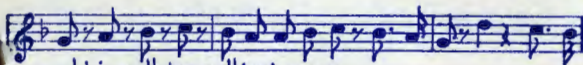
glow-ing, And the wood faint green is show-ing, When with
 cling-ing, And the lark his song is fling-ing, O'er, my



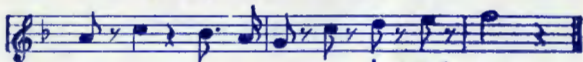
mer-ry rip-ple all the brooks are flow-ing, Then must I be on my
 shoul-der stick and bun-dle gai-ly sling-ing, To the road I take my



way. Ti - ri-tom-ba, Ti ri-tom-ba, All the
 way With my



world is call-ing, calling to me so, Ti - ri-tom-ba, Ti - ri-
 lust-y song the coun-try-side will ring,



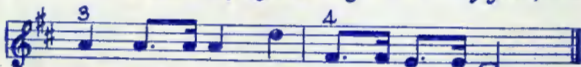
tom-ba, Ti - ri-tom-ba, | must go.
 | must sing!

— From TEN FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS. By permission
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GOOSE ROUND



Why should-n't my goose sing as well as thy goose, when



I paid for my goose twice as much as thou?

Walking at Night

Czech

mf

Walk-ing at night a-long the mead-ow way, Home from the dance be-
Near-ing the wood we heard the night-in-gale, Sweet-ly it help'd me
Man-y the stars that bright-ly shone a-bove, But none so bright as

side my maid-en gay. Walk-ing at night a-long the
tell my beg-ging tale. Near-ing the wood we heard the
her one word of love. Man-y the stars that bright-ly

mead-ow way, Home from the dance be-side my maid-en gay. Hey,
night-in-gale, Sweet-ly it help'd me tell my beg-ging tale.
shone a-bove, But none so bright as her one word of love.

Faster f-pp

Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la pum-pa, sto-do-la pum-pa, sto-do-la pum-pa,

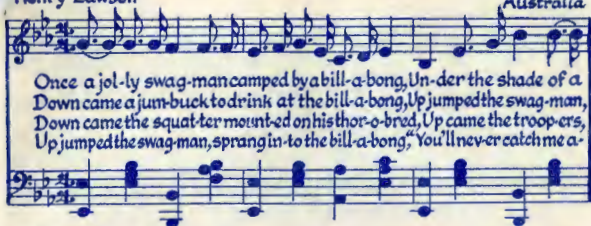
Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la pum-pa, sto-do-la pum-pa, pum, pum, pum.

Trans. and Arr. by A.D. Zanig. From SINGING AMERICA by permission

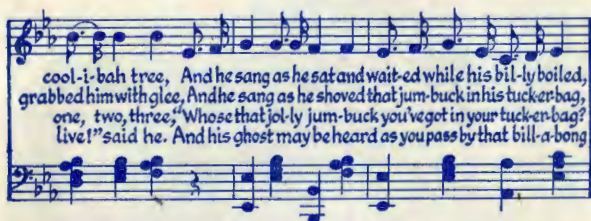
Waltzing Matilda

Henry Lawson

Australia



Once a jol-ly swag-man camped by a bill-a-bong, Un-der the shade of a
Down came a jum-buck to drink at the bill-a-bong, Up jumped the swag-man,
Down came the squat-ter mounted on his thor-o-bred, Up came the troop-ers,
Up jumped the swag-man, sprang in to the bill-a-bong, "You'll never catch me a-



cool-i-bah tree, And he sang as he sat and wait-ed while his bil-ly boiled,
grabbed him with glee, And he sang as he shoved that jum-buck in his tucker bag,
one, two, three, "Whose that jol-ly jum-buck you've got in your tuck-er bag?
live!" said he. And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that bill-a-bong



"You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me. Waltz-ing Ma-til-da, waltz-ing Ma-til-da,



You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me." And he sang as he sat and



wait-ed while his bil-ly boiled, "You'll come a-waltz-ing Ma-til-da with me."

EXPLANATIONS: Swagman (tramp); Billabong (Waterhole); Coolibah (Australian tree); Billy (stew); Waltzing Matilda (slang for carrying blanket roll); Jumbuck (sheep); Tuckerbag (knapsack); Squatter (rancher); Trooper (sheriff).

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Weggis Song

Words adapted by A.D.Z.

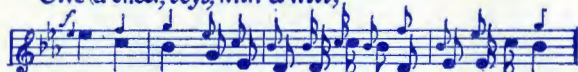
Swiss



From Lu-cerne to Weg-gis on, Hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-ri-a,
O'er the moun-tain trail we'll go,
Weg-gis leads to the high-est hill,



Care and la-bor now are gone, Hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-a.
See the deep ra-vine be-low,
Give a cheer, boys, with a will,



Hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-ri-a,



Hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-a.

From FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS, Set III, Copyright. E. C. Schürmår

To Ope Their Trunks

Round

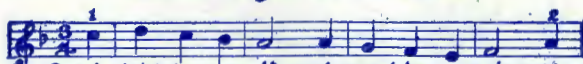


To ope their trunks the trees are nev-er seen, How then do they put



on their robes of green? They leave them out!

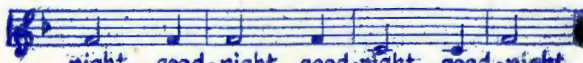
Good Night to You All



Good night to you all and sweet be your sleep; May



si-lence sur-round you, your slum-ber be deep. Good-



night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

As the Sun Goes Down

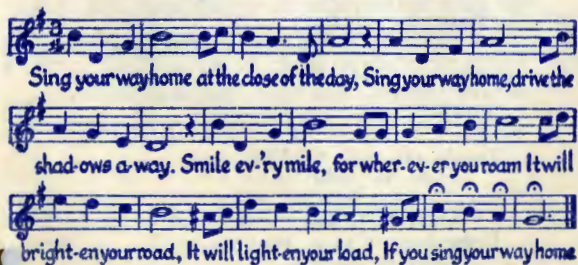
South Africa



I think of my dar-ling as the sun goes down, The
see my dear dar-ling as the sun comes up, The
sun goes down, the sun goes down, I think of my dar-ling as the
sun comes up, the sun comes up, I'll see my dear dar-ling as the
sun goes down, Down, down be-low the moun-tain.
sun comes up, Up, up a-bove the moun-tain.
I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride all night, When the
moon is bright, When the moon is bright; I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll
ride, I'll ride, I'll ride all night; I'll get there in the mor-ning. I'll

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Sing Your Way Home



Sing your way home at the close of the day, Sing your way home, drive the
shad-ows a-way. Smile ev'-ry mile, for wher-ev-er you roam It will
bright-en your road, It will light-en your load, If you sing your way home

Dona Nobis Pacem*

(Give to Us Peace)

Composer Unknown

3-Part Round

1. Moderate

Do - na no - bis pa - cem, pa - cem; do - na
no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis
pa - cem; do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na
no - bis pa - cem; do - na no - bis pa - cem.

The musical notation is a single staff in 3/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. There are three measures of music, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first measure ends with a double bar line, and the second and third measures also end with double bar lines. The lyrics are: "Do - na no - bis pa - cem, pa - cem; do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem; do - na no - bis pa - cem. Do - na no - bis pa - cem; do - na no - bis pa - cem."

* Pronounced: "Doh - nah no - bees pah - kem"

Holla Hi, Holla Ho

German Folk Song

Who comes up the mead-ow way, Hol-la hi, Hol-la ho,
Sure-ly it's my sweet-heart gay, Hol-la hi, ja ho.
She goes by the o-pen door, Hol-la hi, Hol-la ho,
Must not love me an-y more, Hol-la hi ja ho.

The musical notation is a single staff in 2/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. There are four measures of music, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The first measure ends with a double bar line, and the second, third, and fourth measures also end with double bar lines. The lyrics are: "Who comes up the mead-ow way, Hol-la hi, Hol-la ho, Sure-ly it's my sweet-heart gay, Hol-la hi, ja ho. She goes by the o-pen door, Hol-la hi, Hol-la ho, Must not love me an-y more, Hol-la hi ja ho."

2

People say with twinkling eyes.
Holla hi, holla ho,
Love is blind but age makes wise.
Holla hi ja ho.
Little heed I when they tease,
Holla hi, holla ho,
I may love just whom I please.
Holla hi ja ho.

3

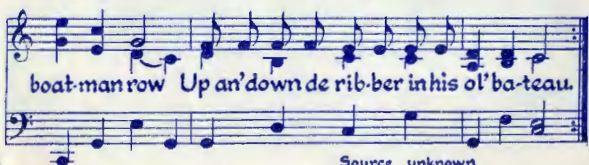
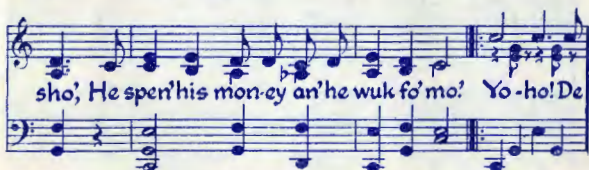
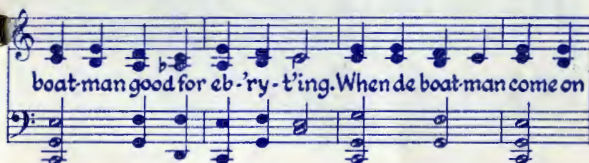
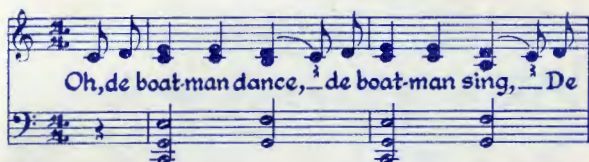
On my sweetheart's wedding day,
 All my sweetheart's friends are gay.
 But my hope and joy is gone.
 I must bear my grief alone.

4

When I die my love dies too.
 They shall say that I was true.
 On yon hill my grave shall be.
 Forgetmenot shall comfort me.

Translated by Peter Kunkle. All rights reserved

Mississippi Boatman's Song



Source unknown

Little Sir Echo

J. S. Fearis

ECHO

Lit-tle Sir Ech-o, how do you do? Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo,
 Lit-tle Sir Ech-o is ver-y shy. Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo,
 Lit-tle Sir Ech-o is ver-y near.

Lit-tle Sir Ech-o will an-swer you. Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo,
 Lit-tle Sir Ech-o will make re-ply. Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo,
 Lit-tle Sir Ech-o will an-swer clear.

REFRAIN

lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo. Won't you come over and

poco rall.

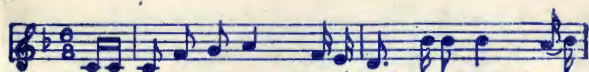
play? You're a nice lit-tle fel-low, we

a tempo

know by your voice, But you're al-ways so far a-way. a-way.

Copyright by J. S. Fearis and Bro., Chicago. Used by permission

Home on the Range



Oh give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the



deer and the an - te - lope play, — Where sel - dom is heard a dis -



cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —

REFRAIN



Home, home on the range, — Where the

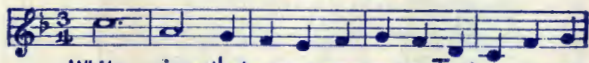


deer and the an - te - lope play, — Where sel - dom is heard a dis -



cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —

WHITE WINGS



White wings that nev - er grow wea - ry, That car - ry me



cheer - i - ly o - ver the sea; Night! comes, I long for thee



dear - ly, I spread out my white wings and sail home to thee.

SANTA LUCIA

Italian Folk Song

Now 'neath the sil-ver moon o-cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm
Here balm-y breez-es blow, pure joys in-vite us, And as we

bil-low soft winds are blow-ing. gent-ly row, all things de-... light us. { Hark, how the Home of fair

sail-or's cry Joy-ous-ly ech-oes nigh: San-ta Lu-
Po-e-sy, Realm of pure har-mo-ny, San-ta Lu-

Pei-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!

Little Bells of Westminster

Round

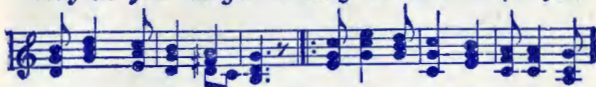
The lit-tle bells of West-min-ster go ding, dong, ding, ding, dong

Morning Comes Early

Slovakian Folk Song



Morn-ing comes ear-ly and bright with dew, Un-der your
Why do you lin-ger so long in bed? O-pen your



win-dow I sing to you. Up, then, my com-rade, up, then, my
win-dow and show your head. Up, then, with sing-ing up, then, with



com-rade, Let us be greet-ing the morn so blue.
sing-ing, O-ver the mead-ows the sun comes red.

Translation from TEN FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS, E.C. Schirmer, Boston

Vreneli

Trans. by V.M.S.

Swiss



"O Vre-ne-li, my pret-ty one, Pray tell me where's your home."



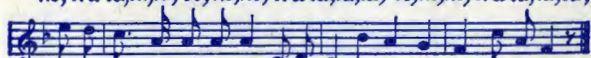
"My home, it is in Swit-zer-land, 'Tis made of wood and stone;



stone." Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho,



ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la;



Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho.

"O Vreneli, my pretty one,
Pray tell me where's your heart?"
"O, that," she said, "I gave away,
Its pain will not depart."

"O Vreneli, my pretty one,
Pray tell me where's your head?"
"O, that I also gave away,
'Tis with my heart," she said.

DINAH

Arranged by Eugene Kidder

1. Some one's in the kitch-en with Din - ah,
 2. Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,
 3. Fee plunk, Fi plunk, Fidd-lee-i - o-plunk,

Some one's in the kitch-en I know - o - o - o,
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee - i - o - o - o - o - o,
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee - i - o-plunk, plunk, plunk,

Some one's in the kitch-en with Din - ah,
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,

1, 2. Strum-ming on the old ban - jo.
 3. plunk, Strum-ming on the old ban - jo. plunk.

This Old Man

Irish Folk Song

This old man, he plays one, He plays knick-knack
 on my thumb. Knick-knack, pad-dy wad-dy,
 Sing a lit-tle song. This old man goes march-ing a-long.

As sung by Mrs. Beatrice McLain; learned from her father.

This old man, he plays two,
 He plays knick-knock on my shoe.
 Three—on my tree
 Four—on my door
 Five—on my hive
 Six—on my sticks
 Seven—on my devon
 Eight—on my pate
 Nine—on my line
 Ten—now and then

Song of the Volga Boatmen

Russian Folk Song

*Ey, ukh-nyem, ey, ukh-nyem! Yeš-če ra-zik,
Yo, heave, ho! Yo, heave, ho! Pull to-geth-er,
Ej uch-njem, ej uch-njem! Ruft noch ein-mal*

*yeš-če da raz! ra-zov-yem my byer-yo-zu, ra-zov-
yo, heave, ho! Von-der birch-es on the shore, We must
unsern alten Ruf! Greift das Tau und zieht fest an! Greift das*

*yem my da kud-rya-vu! Ay-da-da-ay-da, ay-da-da-ay-da,
reach them, pull, men, more! Ai da da ai da, ai da da ai da,
Tau und stemmt euch an! Ai-da-da-ai-da, ai-da-da-ai-da,*

*ra-zov-yem my da kud-rya-vu! Ey, ukh-nyem!
Pull to-geth-er, yo, heave, ho! Yo, heave, ho!
Greift das Tau und stemmt euch an! Ei, uch-niem.*

*ey, ukh-nyem! Yeš-če ra-zik, yeš-če da raz!
Yo, heave, ho! Pull to-geth-er, yo, heave, ho!
ej, uch-njem! Ruft noch ein-mal unsern alten Ruf!*

Evening Star

Carl Mortensen

Denmark

Eve-ningstar up yon - der, Teach me like you to
wan - der Will - ing and o - be - dient - ly The
path that God or - dained for me! Eve-ning star up yon - der!

Teach me, gentle flowers,
To wait for springtime showers,
In this winter world to grow,
Green and strong beneath the snow,
Teach me, gentle flowers.

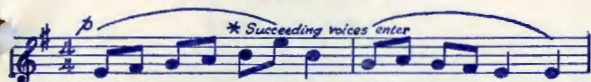
Mighty ocean, teach me,
To do the task that needs me,
And reflect as days depart,
Heaven's peace within my heart.
Mighty ocean, teach me.

Shady lanes, refreshing,
Teach me to be a blessing,
To some weary soul each day,
Friends or foes who pass my way,
Shady lanes, refreshing.

Evening sun, descending,
Teach me, when life is ending.
Night shall pass, and I like you,
Shall rise again, where life is new.
Teach me, sun descending.

—From World of Song, permission Danish American Young People's League, Grandview College, Des Moines, Ia.

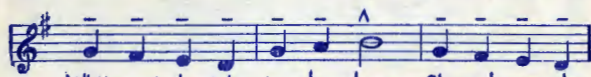
HUNGARIAN ROUND



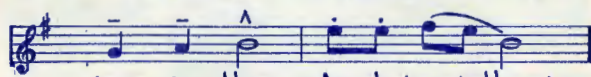
Sweet the eve-ning air of May, Soft my cheek ca-ress - ing;



Sweet the un-seen li-lac spray With its scent-ed bless - ing.



White and ghost-ly in the gloom, Shine the ap-ple



trees in bloom, (Ap-ple trees in bloom.)



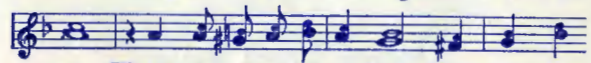
Sweet the eve-ning air of May, Soft my cheek ca-ress - ing,

From Kent County Song Book; Permission Novello & Co., London

Little Ships



When all my lit-tle ships come sail-ing home a-cross the



sea, Their wear-y jour-neys end-ed, Their way they



wend-ed home a-gain to me. They glide a-cross the



bar where no storms are, All dan-gers past,



And two by two-to-geth-er Come sail-ing home at last.

WITCHCRAFT

If there were witch-craft I'd make two wish-es, A wind-ing
 wish for a blaz-ing camp-fire, To wel-come
 road that beckons me to roam; And then I'd
 me when I'm re-tur-n-ing home. But in this
 real world there is no witch-craft, And gold-en wish-es do not grow on
 trees; Our fond-est day-dreams must be the mag-ic, To bring us
 back these happy mem-o-ries. Mem'-ries that lin - ger,
 Con-stant and true; Mem'-ries we cher-ish, _____ of you.

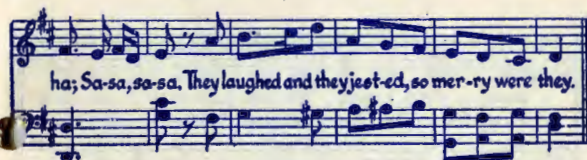
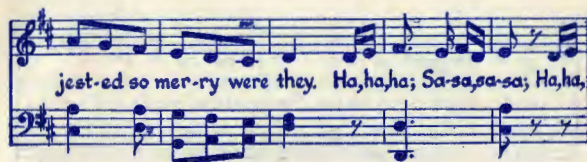
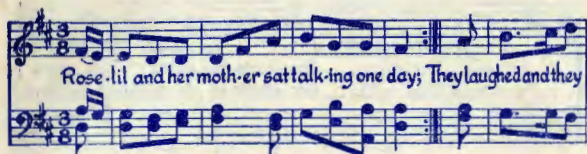
—By Margaret Snyder

White Coral Bells

1, 3, Round
 White cor-al bells up-on a slen-der stalk,
 O, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
 2, 4.
 Lil-ies of the val-ley deck my gar-den walk.
 That will hap-pen on-ly when the fair-ies sing.

ROSELIL

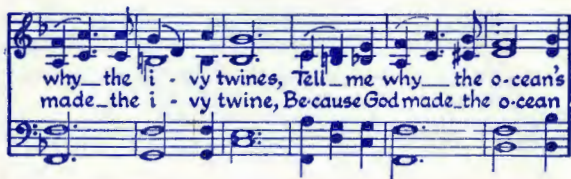
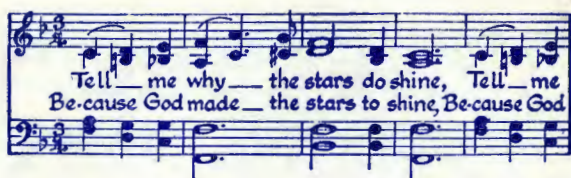
Denmark



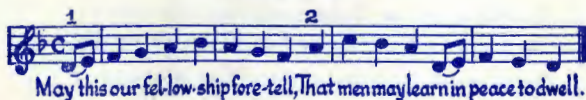
- : "Ev'ry tree in the garden must blossom with gold :
Before any man shall have my heart to hold."
- : On the porch Mr. Peter stood listening stily; :
He laughs best who laughs last, to himself thought he.
- : In the morning Mr. Peter came unto the maid :
"Lets walk in the garden together," he said.
- : So they went to the garden and what did they see? :
A bright ring of gold hung on each garden tree;
- : In her cheeks Roselil' blushed as red as red blood, :
And cast down her glance to the glass where she stood.
- : Mr. Peter from her lips robbed a kiss joyfully. :
It's true that he laughs best who laughs last," said he.

—Translated from the Danish

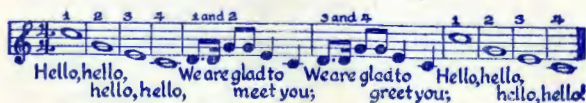
Tell Me Why



FELLOWSHIP



Harmony Greeting

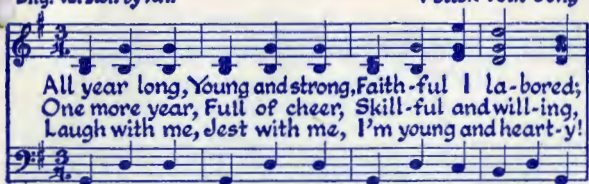


Permission E.O. Harbin

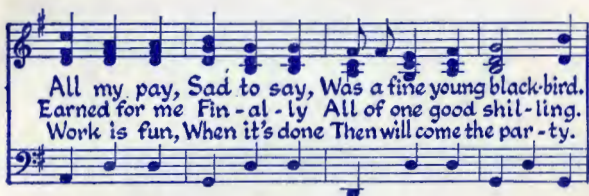
Cheerful Loser

Eng. Version by K.E.

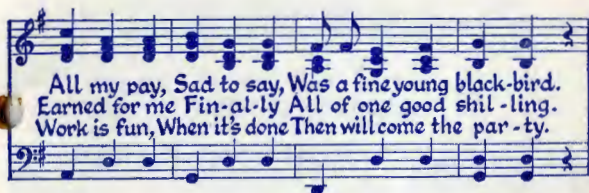
Polish Folk Song



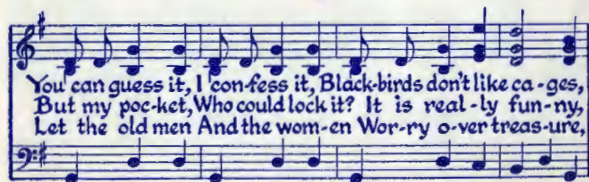
All year long, Young and strong, Faith-ful I la-bored;
One more year, Full of cheer, Skill-ful and will-ing,
Laugh with me, Jest with me, I'm young and heart-y!



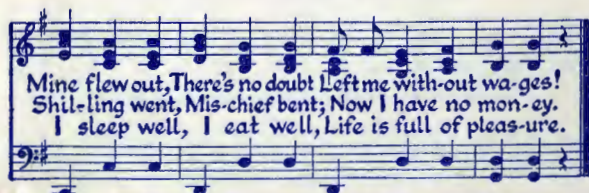
All my pay, Sad to say, Was a fine young black-bird.
Earned for me Fin-al-ly All of one good shil-ling.
Work is fun, When it's done Then will come the par-ty.



All my pay, Sad to say, Was a fine young black-bird.
Earned for me Fin-al-ly All of one good shil-ling.
Work is fun, When it's done Then will come the par-ty.



You can guess it, I con-fess it, Black-birds don't like ca-ges,
But my poc-ket, Who could lock it? It is real-ly fun-ny,
Let the old men And the wom-en Wor-ry o-ver treas-ure,



Mine flew out, There's no doubt Left me with-out wa-ges!
Shil-ling went, Mis-chief bent; Now I have no mon-ey.
I sleep well, I eat well, Life is full of pleas-ure.

PATSY OREY-AY



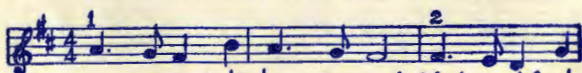
1. Eight een hun-dred and fif-ty-one, A-mer-i-can rail-road just be-gun, A-
 Cho: Pat-sy-o-ree-o-ree-ay, Pat-sy-o-ree-o-ree-ay,



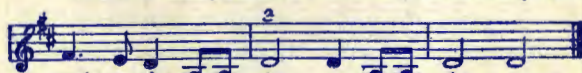
mer-i-can rail-road just be-gun, Work-in' on the rail-road.
 Pat-sy-o-ree-o-ree-ay,

1852 looking around for something to do:
 1853 rail-road company accepted me:
 1854 found my back was mighty sore:
 1855 found myself more dead than alive:
 1856 stepped on a pile of dynamite sticks:
 1857 found myself on the way to heaven:
 1858 pickin' the lock at the pearly gate:
 1859 floating around on the clouds sublime:

CHAIRS TO MEND



Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Mack-er-el, fresh



mack-er-el, An-y old rags, an-y old rags?

HEY HO, NOBODY HOME



Hey; ho! No-bod-y home, Meat nor drink nor mon-ey have I none,



Yet will I be me-e-e-e-e-rry, Yet will I be me-e-e-e-rry, Hey!

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