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Fellowship Song Book: Revised.

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FELLOWSHIP SONG BOOK

Revised
At Worship

Evelyn Thompson Towle

Eve-ningskies! Sun-ri-se! Lakes and rush-ing wa-ter;
Star-ry skies! Moon-ri-se!Far, e-ter-nal heav-en's;

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

With grandeur

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

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

Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep

me, oh keep me, King of Kings, Beneath Thine own Al-might-y wings.
Spirit of the Living God

Two Wings

Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face;
Oh, Lord, I want two wings to fly away; Oh, Lord,
I want two wings to veil my face; So the devil can't do me no harm.

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 evening? Yes! And he washed my sins away.
America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

1. O beautiful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For
   purple mountain majesties Above the fruit-ed plain.
   America! America! God shed His grace on thee, And
   crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!

2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress
   thorough-fare for freedom beat Across the wilder-ness.
   America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw, Con-
   firm thy soul in self-control, Thy liberty in law.
   all success be noble-ness, And ev'ry gain di-vine.

3. O beautiful for heroes proved In liber-at-ing strife, Who
   al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undim'd by hu-ma-
   mer-i-ca! America! God shed His grace on thee, And
   crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea!

4. O beautiful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine
   more than self their country loved, And mer-cy more than life.
   mer-i-ca! America! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
   all success be noble-ness, And ev'ry gain di-vine.
   America! America! God shed His grace on thee, And
O Canada!

That True North—Tembyson

R. Stanley Weir
Arr. by R. Stanley Weir

O Canada! Our home and native land! True patriot,
O Canada! Where pines and maples grow. Great prairies
O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies May stalwart
Ruler supreme Who hear-est humble pray'r, Hold our Do-

love in all thy sons com-mand. With glowing hearts we
spread and lord-ly riv-ers flow. How dear to us thy
sons and gen-tle maid-ens rise. To keep thee steadfast
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
thru' 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 Canada, 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

O Canada! Glorious and free!

We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

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WERE YOU THERE?

Spiritual

Slowly

1. Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when the sun refused to shine? Were you
3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you

there when they crucified my Lord? Oh!
there when the sun refused to shine?
there when they laid Him in the tomb?

Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble,

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when the sun refused to shine?
Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
ONWARD BROTHERS

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 MORF

LEADER

STUDY WAR NO MORF

Negro Spiritual

LEADER

Down by the river-side, Down by the river-side, Gwine to lay down my burden, Down by the river-side to study war no more.

Chorus

bur·den, Down by the river-side to study war no more.

Refrain

I ain't gwine study war no more, ain't gwine study war no more, Ain't gwine study war no more.

more, ain't gwine study war no more, ain't gwine study war no more.
Steal Away

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

Steal a-way, steal a-way 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. Green trees 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-ning; The

Jacob's Ladder

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

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

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

1. When Is-rael was in E-gypt's land: Let my people
   go; Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple
   go. Go down, Mos-es, way down in E-gypt land,

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
Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit

Negro Spiritual
Arr by Marion Downs

Chorus
Ev'ry time I feel de Spirit Mov-in'
in my heart, I will pray;
Ev'ry time I feel de Spirit Mov-in' in my heart, I will pray.

1. Up-on de mountain, when my Lord spoke,
   Out of His mouth came fire and smoke;
   Looked all around me, it looked as heart ache here below;
   But while God leads me, I'll never have fear.

2. Oh, I have sorrow and I have woe,
   And I have fine,
   Till I asked my Lord if all were mine.
   For I am sheltered by His care.

Note: Male voices sing the verse melody. Women's voices hum the obbligato. Keep syncopated rhythm.

Lovely Evening

German Round
Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing!

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!
Nobody Knows

REFRAIN

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

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

DUET

Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down,
Al-though you see me goin' long so, Oh, yes, Lord.

CHORUS

One day when I was walk-in' long,
I nev-er shall for-get that day,

DuET

Some-times I'm al-most to de groun';
I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.

De-ment o-pend an' 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

Chorus

It's me, it's me, O, Lord, standing in the need of prayer.

Leader

prayer. It's me, it's me, O, Lord, standing in the need of prayer.

Chorus

standing in the need of prayer. Not my brother, not my sister, but me, O, Lord, standing 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

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home!

Solo

Chorus

Swing low, sweet chariot, Comin' for to carry me home.

Solo

Chorus

I looked over Jordan, an' what did I see,
If you get there before I do,
I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,
A band of angels
Jes' tell my fren's that
But still my soul feels
Comin' for to carry me home!

Solo

Chorus

Comin' for to carry me home.

Solo

Chorus

Comin' after me,
I'm a-comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Heavenly bound,
LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

James Weldon Johnson, 1917

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.

I Got a Robe

With assurance and faith

Arr. by Olive J. Williams

1. I got a robe, you got a robe, All God's children got a robe

When I get to heaven goin' to put on my robe goin' to


Ev'rybody talkin' 'bout a Heaven ain' goin' there,


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;

Guardian angels God will send thee, All thru the night. Soft the drowsy
While the weary world is sleeping, O'er thy spirit

hours are creeping Hill and vale in slumber-sleeping,
gently stealing Vis-ions of de-light re-veal-ing,

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

ARE YOU SLEEPING?

Are you sleeping? Brother John, Morning 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
language for me; When-ev-er the light thro' its
soft on my ear; I only 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-
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'

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

Tryin' to make heaven my home, Hallelujah! I'm a-tramp-in',

tramp-in', Tryin' to make heaven my home.

I've never been to heaven but I've been told—

Tryin' to make heaven my home, — That the streets up there are

paved with gold; Tryin' to make heaven my home.

Above a Plain

Czech Marching Tune

Arr. by Fjeril Hess and Lillian 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

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 1920
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Came A-Riding

Czech

Came a-riding on a day,
Oft he asked in manner bold, Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja; How could
This little heart I'd give to you,
Could I be jaunty, bold and gay,
I this wreath withhold? Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja, Hej! Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja
sure your own were true,
Sure your own were true, Zum-ta-dy-ja-da; Zum-ta-dy-ja-dy-ja, Zum-ta-dy-ja-da;

Han Skal Leve

Danish Toast

Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, hojt hur-ra!
Hur-ra, hur-ra, hur-ra, hur-ra! Hur-ra, hur-ra, hur-
ra, hur-ra, hur-ra! Han skal le-ve, Han skal le-ve, Han skal
le-ve hojt hur-ra! - Bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-
Brá-vo, bra-vo, bravissimo, Bravo, bravissimo,
bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bra-vo, bravissimo.
Loch Lomond
Scottish Folk Song

1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond, Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae.

2. Twas then that we part-ed In yon shad- y glen, On the Highland hills we view, And the moon coming out in the gloam-ing second spring again, The we'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road.

3. The wee birdies sing, And the wild flow- ers spring, And in the car o' the day the weavers are steep-ing, But the broken heart it kens Naes I'll be in Scotland a'-fore ye. But me and my true love we'll ever meet again. Oh! The we'll meet a-gain On the bon-nie bon-nie banks of Loch Lomond.
COME, LET US BE JOYFUL

German Singing Game

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 many kinds of sweet flowers grow
How many insects come here and go In an English country
How many song-birds fly to and fro

garden? We'll tell you now of some that we know, Those we
daf-fodil, heart's ease and phlox,
miss you'll surely pardon, Fire-flies, moths and gnats and bees,
Bob-o-link, cuck-oo and quail,

Meadow-sweet and lady-smocks, Gentian, lupine and tall
Spiders climbing in the trees, Butterflies drift in the
Tanager and cardinal, Blue-bird, lark and thrush and

holly-hocks, Roses, fox-glove and snow-drops,
gentle breeze. There are snakes, ants that sting, And
nightingale, There is joy in the spring. When the

Blue forget-me-nots, other creeping things In an English country garden.
birds begin to sing
The Crow

Swedish Folk Song

Lively

There once was a farmer a-traveling to town,
The gun from his shoulder he quickly bro't down,
That black crow was useful in numerous ways,
The feathers were made into feather-beds, neat,
More things were made from this wonderful 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 over oceans and bays,
And pitchforks were made from the legs and the feet,
You may doubt this story, but really, 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. Beehgaard  DANISH  Chr. Winther, 1966

-Darkness is falling, Dayecases call ing, Clouds sinking slowly

to heaven's lei; Stars brightly gleam ing, Slumber and dream ing

-Folding in silence land and sea. O, when my day now span will be

-ending. Could I then like the flow ers gay, Trusting by rest, while

-joy ful bend ing Toward the glori ous dawn of day.

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Men of the Soil

Harold Hildreth

Danish Folk Tune

1. Men of the soil! We have labored unceasing, We have fed the world up and down.

Grain that we have grown, Now with the star of the new day ascending,
Rings the harvest song! Shoulders to shoulders in courage united.
There is no liberty, We in our strength are arising as prophets,
Giants of the earth, at last we rise to claim our own.

From every race we come to join the mighty throng.

Marching on to show the world the dawn that is to be.

Justice throughout the land, Happiness as God has planned,
Earth ne'er shall eat again Bread gained through blood of men,
There's a lightning in the sky, There's a thunder shouting high;

Who is there denies our right to reap where we have sown?

We have sworn to right forever, the ancient wrong,
We will never stop until the sons of men are free.

Copyright, 1938, Social Recreation Union.
The Generous Fiddler

German Folk Song

Who will play a tune for dancing? Who will play the
"Now, before I make you music, You must pay the
fiddle sweet? All the girls are shyly waiting, waiting
fiddler's fee!" "Ah, we've neither pence nor farthing, Poor and
with impatient feet. Fiddler, Fiddler, come you soon And
humble folk are we!" "Naught care I for what you say! If
play us all a merry tune, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-tra-
you must dance then I must play; Tra-la-la-la-la-la-tra-
la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-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 treasure of joy and pleasure In gipsy life,
We go singing with voices ringing In gipsy life,

[Music notation]

gipsy life; There's no worry and there's no hurry In

[Music notation]

gipsy life, gipsy life. All we do is dance and sing,

[Music notation]

Make the valleys with echoes ring. 'Tis no folly to

[Music notation]

Then a gipsy you should be. Come along and

[Music notation]

be so jolly and lead a gipsy life.

join our song and lead a gipsy life.

Arr. by Leonhard Deutsch. Copyright, 1940, by Co-op Recreation Service.
Good-night

Good-night, good-night, be loved mine, Good-night, good-night, be loved mine, Good-night, good-night, be loved mine, Good-night, good-night, be loved mine.

In the woods there sings a nightingale; With night, sleep well, my dear. Good-night, good-night, be loved mine, Good-night, sleep well, my dear. May night-in-gale. With liq. uid, moon-lit tone. In the woods there sings a

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

cherubim and seraphim Watch o-ver you and moon has seen your si-lent room Whence joy and laugh-ter

loved mine, Good-night, good-night, be now have flown. The moon has seen you

loved 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 end. ur - eth, end. ur - eth for-ev. er.
Green Grow the Rushes

English version of an ancient Hebrew Folk Song

**Chorus**

I'll sing you one- ho! Green grow the rush es - ho; What is your one - ho?

One is one and all a - lone and ev - er - more shall be so.

**Chorus**

I'll sing you two- ho! Green grow the rushes - ho; What are your two- ho?

Two, two, the lil - y - white boys, cloth - ed all in green - ho,

One is one and all a - lone and ev - er - more shall be so.

Five for the sym - bols at your door and four for the Gos - pel - mak - ers,

Six for the six proud walk - ers, (to 3)  
Seven for the seven stars in the sky and six for the six proud walk - ers,

Eight for the A - pril rain - ers, (to 3)  
Nine for the nine bright shin - ers, (to 3)  
Ten for the ten com - mand - ments (to 3)  
Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven and ten for the ten - com - mand - ments (to 3)  
Twelve for the twelve A - pos - tles, (to 3)  
command - ments,

- New Fellowship Song Book - Permission H. Walford Davles

French Cathedrals

**3-Part Round**

Or - lé - ons, Beau - gen - cy, No - tre Dame de Clé - ry, Ven - dés - me, Ven - dés - me.
The Happy Plowman

Swedish Folk Song
Arr. by Leonhard Deutsch

Near a home in a wood, with a horse very good, A poor young farmer
In the house near the wood, where the farmer stood, there lived his helpmate

smiled as he stood; Looking 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 little buttercup!
heard, And she echoed ev'-ry word:

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

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

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THE KEEPER

English Folk Song

The keep-er would a-hunt-ing go, And un-der his coat he
carried a bow, All for to shoot at a mer-rie lit-tle doe, A-
back a-gain; Where she is now she may re-main. A-
Sing ye well? Ver-y well Hey down! Ho down!
Derry, derry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O. To my
Derry, derry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O.

Kookaburra

Australian Round

Koo-ka-burra sits on an old gum-tree, Merry, mar-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

2. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? D'ye
2. Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's
3. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He
4. I'll drink to John Peel, from my heart and soul, Let's

D'ye 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's gone, oh,

far, far away. 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 away. 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; Peels "Hoo! hal-lo!" would a-

wake on 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

Wind of Night, rove-er, come bend the grass o-ver. Soft
There's my love com-ing, ah, how my heart's drum-m-ing! His

wind of night, how-er a-round my own true loy-er.
fas-test horse rid-ing, his horse so proud-ly strid-ing!

Give him fond greet-ing, tell him the hour's fleet-ing. As
Love me each hour, with all your heart's pow-er. If

he loves me ev-er, so I will leave him nev-er:
you me so cher-ish, I'll love you till I per-ish.

From A TREASURY OF THE WORLD's FINEST FOLK SONG. Copyright, 1942,
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Cherries So Ripe

Cher-ries so ripe and so round, The best in the mar-ket

found. On-ly a pen-ny a pound. Who will buy?
Spanish Ladies

1. Fare-well and a-dieu to you, Spanish ladies, Fare-cho. We will rant and we'll roar like true British sailors. Well and a-dieu to you, ladies of Spain; For we've received orders to sail for old England, but we soundings in the channel of old England. From hope in a short time to see you again. U-shant to Scilly is thir-ty-five leagues.

2. We have our ship to with the wind from sou'west, boys, We have 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.


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 valley; the valley so low, Hang your head
Roses love sunshine, violets love dew, Angels in
Build me a castle, forty feet high, So I can

over; hear the wind blow. Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind
heaven 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 over; hear the wind blow.
you, Angels in heaven knows I love you.
by; So I can see him as he rides by.

Vive L'Amour
College Song

Let every good fellow now join in a song,
A friend on your left and a friend on your right, Vive la.
Now wider and wider our circle expands,

Success to each other and pass it along,
compagnie! In love and good fellowship let us unite,
We sing to our comrades in far away lands,

Vive la compagnie! Vive la, vive la,
Vive l'amour; Vive la, vive la, Vive l'amour,

Vive l'amour, vive l'amour, Vive la compagnie...
My Twenty Pennies

Trans. by Olecutt Sanders
Venezuelan Folk Song

1. With twenty pennies, with twenty pennies, with twenty
2. Con real y medio, con real y medio, con real y
pennies I bought a pava. The pava had a pavo.
vi- to. I have the pava and the pavi-to;
vi-to. Tengo la pava, tengo el pavi-to y
And thus I have yet My twenty pennies.
siempre me que-da mi real y medio.

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 where-ev-er I wan-der; And where-ev-er I
roam; There's a blue sky way up yon-der That's call-in' me home.
MOUNTAIN COTTAGE
As a lilt ing waltz Norwegian Folk Song

1. Way up in the mount - tain Be - hind a birch
grove, I've built me a rus - tic and sweet lit - tle
gove, I've built me a rus - tic and sweet lit - tle
cove near. Tra-la-la-la-la-tra-la-la-la-la-la.

2. So - ci - e - ty suf - fers from fac - tion and

3. And if they should come to my cot - tage some

I've built me a rus - tic and sweet lit-tle cove.

la. But such things do nev - er come my cot - tage near.

Trans lated by Mar ius Krog. Copy right, 1941, Da nish Amer i can
Young People's League, Grand View College, Des Moi nes, la.

MAK E new FRIENDS

Make new friends, and keep the old, The first are silver, the other gold.

Copyright, 1933, Dan ish Amer i can Young People’s League.
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)

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)

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)

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

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.


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, gentille A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te,

je te plu-me-rai.

1. JE TE PLU-ME-RAI LA TÊTE,

2. Le bec

3. Le nez

4. Le dos

5. Les pattes

6. Le cou

Je te plu-me-rai la tête; Et la TÊTE, Et la tête, Oh,
On the Mountain

Swiss Folk Song

I sat on the mountain one
I stood in the garden and
I strolled through the country in
morning in spring. I heard the gay
watched busy bees Take honey from
beautiful May. Lambs romped in the
song which The happy birds sing.
blossoms Beneath the green trees.
meadows Like children at play.


Praise for Bread

Morning
Noon-time has come, the board is spread. Thanks be to
Evening
Him who giveth bread; Praise God for bread!
CIELITO LINDO

From la Si-er-ra Mo-re-na, Cie-li-to
In the air, brightly flashing, Cie-li-to
De la Si-er-ra Mo-re-na, Cie-li-to

Lindo, comes softly stealing, Laughing eyes, Lindo, flies Cupid's feather, In my heart Lindo, vi e-nen ba-jan-do Un par de o

black andro-guish, Cie-li-to Lindo, beau-ty re-it is striking, Cie-li-to Lindo, wound-ing for-ji-tos ne-gros Cie-li-to Lindo de con-tra-

veal-ing. Ay, Ay, ay, ay! Sing, ban-ish ban-do. Ay, Ay, ay, ay! Can-ta y no sor-row! To pass the hours lightly sing-ing, Cie-li-o-res Por-que can-tan-do se-a-le-granCie-

li-to Lindo, glad-dens the mor-row. Li-to Lindo los co-ra-zo-nes.

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

WHIP-POOR-WILL

Gone to bed is the set-ting sun, Night is com-ing and day is done, Whi-ppoor-will, Whi-ppoor-will, has just be-gun.
THE PEDLAR

Russian Folk Song

"Down the road the whole day long With my pack of goods for dame or maid; Oh, the weight on myaching shoulders!

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


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
1. Where the Tuscan sun is warm and bright, Dwells a maid whose laugh is pure delight; Tho' her charm is yet unknown to fame, Still I love her just the same.

2. I have loved her ever since we met, She is a maid whose laugh is pure delight; Tho' her charm is yet unknown to fame, Still I love her just the same.

Chorus

Mariana, tra, la, la, Mariana, tra, la, la.

From Singing America. By permission A. D. Zanzie
Tiritomba  
Italian Folk Song

1. When the mountain top thru purple mist is
   When the morning dew is still on petal
glowing, And the wood faint green is showing, When with
cling ing, And the lark his song is flinging, O'er, my
mer ry ripple all the brooks are flowing, Then must I be on my
shoulder stick and bundle gaily flinging, To the road I take my
way. Ti-ri-tom-ba, Ti-ri-tom-ba, All the
world is calling, calling to me so, Ti-ri-tom-ba, Ti-ri-
tom-ba, Ti-ri-tom-ba, I must go.

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

Walking at night along the meadow way, Home from the dance beside my maid-en gay. Walking at night along the meadow way, Home from the dance beside my maid-en gay. Hey night-ingale, Sweet-ly it help'd me tell my begging tale. Many the stars that bright-ly shine a-bove, But none so bright as her one word of love.

Trans. and Arr. by A.D. Zanzig. From Singing America by permission.
Waltzing Matilda

Henry Lawson

Once a jolly swag-man camped by a bill-a-bong, Un-der the shade of a
Down came a jumbuck to drink at the bill-a-bong, Up jumped the swag-man,
Down came the squatter mounted on his thoro-bred, Up came the troopers,
Up jumped the swag-man, sprang in to the bill-a-bong, You'll never catch me-

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

"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me. Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me? And he sang as he sat and
wait-ed while his bill-ly boiled; "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

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

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Weggis Song

Words adapted by A.D.Z.

Swiss

From Lucerne to Weggis on, Hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-ri-a,
O'er the mountain trail we'll go,
Weggis leads to the highest hill.

Care and labor now are gone, Hol-di-ri di-a, hol-di-a.
See the deep ravine below,
Give a cheer, boys, with a will.

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

From Folk Songs and Ballads, Set III, Copyright E.C. Schirmer

To Ope Their Trunks

Round

To ope their trunks the trees are never 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 slumber be deep. Good-
night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
As the Sun Goes Down  

South Africa.

I think of my darling as the sun goes down, The sun goes down, the sun goes down, I think of my darling as the sun goes down, the sun goes down, I think of my darling as the sun goes down, the sun goes down, I think of my darling as the sun goes down, the sun goes down...

As the sun goes down, Down, down below the mountain. Down, down below the mountain, the sun goes down, the sun goes down, the sun goes down...

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, When the moon is bright, When the moon is bright, When the moon is bright. I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride all night; I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride all night; I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride all night; I'll ride, I'll ride, I'll ride all night...

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Sing Your Way Home

Sing your way home at the close of the day, Sing your way home, drive the shadows away. Smile ev'ry mile, for wher-ev'ry you roam it will brighten your road, it will lighten your load. If you sing your way home
Dona Nobis Pacem*

(Give to Us Peace)

Composer Unknown

1-Moderate

3-Part Round

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

Holla Hi, Holla Ho

German Folk Song

Who comes up the meadowway, Hol-la hi, Hol-la ho,

Sure-ly it's my sweet-heart gay, Hol-la hi, ja ho.

She goes by the open 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.
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.

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.

Mississippi Boatman's Song

Oh, de boat-man dance, de boat-man sing,
De boat-man good for eb'-ry-t'ing.
When de boat-man come on sho',
He spent his money an' he wuk fo'mo.
Yo-ho! De boat-man row Up an'down de rib-ber in his ol' ba-teau.

Source unknown
Little Sir Echo

J. S. Farris

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

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

Re-frain

Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo, Hel-lo. Won't you come o-ver and play? You're a nice lit-tle fel-low, we know by your voice, But you're al-ways so far a-way, a-way.

Copyright by J. S. Farris and Bro., Chicago. Used by permission.
Home on the Range

Oh—give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

REFRAIN

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

WHITE WINGS

White wings that never grow weary, That carry me cheerily over the sea; Night comes, I long for thee dearly, I spread my white wings and sail home to thee.
SAN A LUCIA

Italian Folk Song

Now 'neath the silver moon o-cean is glow-ing,
O'er the calm
Here balm-y breezes 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

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

Rei-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!

Little Bells of Westminster

Round

The little bells of Westmin-ster go ding, dungen ding, dungen dor
Morning Comes Early
Slovakian Folk Song

Morning comes early and bright with dew, Under your window I sing to you. Up, then, my comrade, up, then, my window and show your head. Up, then, with singing up, then, with comrade, Let us be greeting the morn so blue, singing, Over the meadows the sun comes red.

Translation from Ten Folk Songs and Ballads, E.C. Schirmer, Boston

Vreneli
Swiss

"O Vreneli, my pretty one, Pray tell me where's your home?"
"My home, it is in Switzerland, '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, 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. Someone's in the kitchen with Din-ah,
   Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i-o,
   Fee plunk, Fi plunk, Fidd-lee-i-o-plunk,

2. Someone's in the kitchen I know-o-o-o,
   Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i-o-o-o-o,
   Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i-o-plunk, plunk, plunk,

3. Someone's in the kitchen with Din-ah,
   Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i-o,
   Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i-o,

1, 2. Strumming on the old ban-jo.
3. plunk, Strumming 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 little song, This old man goes marching along.

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

This old man, he plays two,
He plays knick-knack 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

Ey, ukh-nyem, ey, ukh-nyem! Yes-če ra-zik,
Yo, heave, ho! Yo, heave, ho! Pull to-geth-er,

Ey, ukh-nyem, ey, ukh-nyem! Ruf' noch ein-mal
Yo, heave, ho! Yo, heave, ho! Pull to-geth-er,


Reach them, pull, men, more! Ai da da da da, ai da da da da,

Ye-ny da kud-rya-vu! ey, ukh-nyem!
Pull to-geth-er, yo, heave, ho! Yo, heave, ho!
Greift das Tau und stemmt euch an! ey, ukh-nyem!

Yes-če ra-zik, yes-če da'raz!
Yo, heave, ho! Pull to-geth-er, yo, heave, ho!
ey, uch-njem! Ruf' noch ein-mal unsern alten Ruf!
Evening Star

Carl Mortensen

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, la.
Sweet the evening air of May, Soft my cheek caressing;

Sweet the unseen lilac spray With its scented blessing.

White and ghostly in the gloom, Shine the apple trees in bloom, (Apple trees in bloom.)

Sweet the evening air of May, Soft my cheek caressing,

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

Little Ships

When all my little ships come sailing home across the sea, Their weary journeys ended, Their way they wended home again to me. They glide across the bar where no storms are, All dangers past,

And two by two together Come sailing home at last.
WITCHCRAFT

If there were witch-craft I'd make two wishes, A wind-ing wish for a blaz-ing camp-fire, To welcome road that beck-ons me to roam; And then I'd me when I'm re-turn-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 hap-py mem-o ries. Mem-ories that lin - ger,

Con-stant and true; Mem-ories we-cher-ish, . . . . . . . . of you.

—By Margarett Snyder

White Coral Bells

White cor-al bells up-on a slen-der stalk, O, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?

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 slyly;
He laughs best who laughs last, to himself thought he.

In the morning Mr. Peter came unto the maid:
"Let's 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

Tell me why the stars do shine, Tell me why the twines, Tell me why the ocean's made the i-vy twine, Because God made the ocean blue, And I will tell you just why I love you. Blue, Because God made you, that's why I love you.

FELLOWSHIP

May this our fellowship fore-tell, That men may learn in peace to dwell.

Harmony Greeting

Hello, hello, We are glad to meet you; greet you; hello, hello!

Permission E.O. Harbin
Cheerful Loser

Eng. Version by K.F.

All year long, Young and strong, Faithful I labored;
One more year, Full of cheer, Skillful and willing,
Laugh with me, Jest with me, I'm young and hearty!

All my pay, Sad to say, Was a fine young black-bird.
Earned for me Fin-ally All of one good shilling.
Work is fun, When it's done Then will come the party.

You can guess it, I confess it, Black-birds don't like cages,
But my pocket, Who could lock it? It is really funny,
Let the old men And the women Worry over treasure,

Mine flew out, There's no doubt Left me without wages!
Shilling went, Mischievous bent, Now I have no money.
I sleep well, I eat well, Life is full of pleasure.

PATSY OREY-AY

1. Eighteen hundred and fifty-one, American rail-road just begun,
   A-Cho: Pat-sy-o-re-e-o-re-e-a-y, Pat-sy-o-re-e-o-re-e-a-y,
   mer-i-can rail-road just begun, Work'in' on the rail-road.

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, Any old rags, any old rags?

HEY HO, NOBODY HOME

Hey, ho! No-body home, Meat nor drink nor money have I none,
Yet will I be me-e-e-e-e-rry, Yet will I be me-e-e-e-e-rry, Hey!
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