TO: All Full-time Indian Personnel

RE: Fun Songs For Seminary Students

Dear Brethren:

Under separate cover we are sending you fifteen copies of the enclosed booklet, "Fun Songs for Seminary Students". This booklet was prepared specifically for us in the Lamanite Seminary program to be used in the high school and junior high school programs. We recommend that the teacher retain the copies and not leave them with the students.

Due to the small amount printed we are only able to send you the fifteen copies at this time. However, we would like for you to evaluate your needs and send the enclosed order blank back to us by return mail so that we can determine the quantity we will need to print in a re-run.

Sincerely,

Douglas J. Larson
Asst. Audiovisual Director

DJL:eb

Enclosure
Fun Songs For Seminary Students
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YANKEE DOODLE

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, Along with Cap-tain Good-in, And
there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pud-din'.
what they wast-ed ev-ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
giv-ing or-ders to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
want-ed pes-ki-ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.

2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Da-vid; And
there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pud-din'.
what they wast-ed ev-ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
giv-ing or-ders to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
want-ed pes-ki-ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.

3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton, Up-on a slap-ping stal-lion, A-
there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pud-din'.
what they wast-ed ev-ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
giv-ing or-ders to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
want-ed pes-ki-ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.

4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver-y fine, ah! I
there we saw the men and boys As thick as hasty pud-din'.
what they wast-ed ev-ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
giv-ing or-ders to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.
want-ed pes-ki-ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.

CHORUS

Yan-kee Doo-dle, keep it up, Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy,

Mind the mu-sic and the step, And with the girls be hand-y.

5. And there I see a swamp-ing gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

6. And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather;
They knocked upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together.

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun
He kind o' clapt his hand on't.
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.
OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

A fast Canter

Cowboy Song U.S.A.

Now come a-long, boys, and listen to my tale, And I'll
With a ten dol-lar horse and a for-ty dol-lar sad-dle I'm a-

tell you all my trou-bles on the old Chis-holm trail.
yell-in' and a-punch-in' those long-horn cat-tle.

Tenor or treble

Come-a ti-yi-yipp-y yipp-y

Melody

Basses 1 and 11

2
Old Chisholm Trail

yay, yippy yay; Come a ti-yi-yippy yippy yay.

3. It's cloudy in the West, an' a-lookin' like rain,
And o'course the old slicker's in the wagon again (Cho.)

4. It's bacon and beans 'most every day;
I wouldn't mind a change if it was prairie hay. (Cho.)

5. I went to the boss for to draw my roll;
He had me figgered out nine dollars in the hole. (Cho.)

6. With my knees in the saddle and my hat in the sky,
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet bye and bye. (Cho.)

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run;

See how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife; She

cut off their tails with a carving knife; Did ever you see such a

sight in your life As three blind mice?
HOME ON THE RANGE

Arr. by MARGARET C. RICHARDS

Intro.

1. Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, Where the deer and the antelope play; Where seldom is heard a dis-

2. How often at night the heavens are bright With the lights from the glittering stars, Have I stood there amazed and sure-

3. Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand Flows leisurely down the stream, Where the graceful, white swan goes cour-

asked as I gazed If their glory exceeds that of ours. gliding along Like a maid in a heavenly dream.
REFRAIN

Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the

ante-lope play; Where seldom is heard a dis-
couraging word, And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus harmonized for mixed voices

Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the ante-lope play; Where

seldom is heard a discouraging word, And the skies are not cloudy all day.

5
SANTA LUCIA

With swinging motion  Neapolitan Boat Song

1. Now neath the silver moon Ocean is glowing; O'er the calm
   bil-low Soft winds are blowing; Here balm-y breezes blow;
   soothe us, All care allaying; To thee, sweet Napoli,
   Pure joys invite us, And as we gently row, All things delight us.

   What charms are given, Where smiles creation, Toll blest by heaven.

Chorus

Hark, how the sailor's cry joyously echoes nigh: Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia, Home of fair poetry, Realm of pure

harmony, Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
OH! SUSANNA

1. I came to Al- a- ba- ma wid My ban- jo on my knee;
2. I had a dream de od- der night, When eb'- ry- ting was still;
3. I soon will be in New Or- leans, And den I'll look all 'round.

I'm g'wan to Lou- si- an- a, My true love for to see.
I thought I saw Sus- san- na, A com- ing down de hill.
And when I find Sus- san- na, I'll fall up- on de ground.

It rain'd all night de day I left; De wea- ther it was dry.
De buck-wheat cake war in her mouth; De tear was in her eye.
But if I do not find her, Dis dark-y'll sure- ly die;

De sun so hot I froze to death; Sus- san- na, don't you cry.
Says I, I'm com- ing from de South; Sus- san- na, don't you cry.
And when I'm dead and bur- ied, Sus- san- na, don't you cry.

CHORUS

Oh! Sus- san- na, oh, don't you cry for me, For I'm

goin' to Lou- si- an- a wid my ban- jo on my knee.
LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

Gently

1. I'm dreaming now of Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly, sweet Hal-ly; I'm
dream-ing now of Hal-ly, For the thought of her is one that nev-er
dies.

2. She's sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley; She's
sleep-ing in the val-ley, And the mock-ing-bird is sing-ing where she
well I yet re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber, re-mem-ber; Ah,
lies. Listen to the mock-ing-bird; Listen to the

'Twas in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber; 'Twas
in the mild Sep-tem-ber, And the mock-ing-bird was sing-ing far and
well I yet re-mem-ber When we gath-ered in the cot-ton side by
side dies.

CHORUS

mock-ing-bird, The mock-ing-bird still sing-ing o'er her
mock-ing-bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

 omit)

 omit)

 omit)

 omit)
BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

1. Beautiful Dream-er, wake un-to me; Star-light and dew-drop are waiting for thee. Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, wild lore-lei. Over the stream-let vap-ors are borne,

Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a-way! Beautiful Dream-er, Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn. Beautiful Dream-er, Beautiful queen of my song; List while I woo Thee, with soft mel-o-dy; beam on my heart, E'en as the moon on the stream-let and sea;

Gone are the cares of life's bu-sy throng; Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part; Beautiful Dream-er, a-wake un-to me!

2. Beautiful Dream-er, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the
ALOHA OE

Andante

Farewell to Thee

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

1. Proudly swept the rain-cloud by the cliff, As on it glided
2. Thus sweet memories come back to me, And bring remembrance

Trees;
Past;

Through the trees; Still following with grief the
Of the past; Dearest one, yes, thou art mine all

Trees;
Past;

Liko, The ahiahi-le hua of the vale.
Lone; Our love for eternity shall last.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee, Thou charming one who
Dwells among the bowers; One fond embrace be-
Aloha Oe

fore I now de part, Un - til we meet a - gain.

ARE YOU SLEEPING?

Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing, Bro-ther John, Bro-ther John.

Morning bells are ring-ing, Morning bells are ringing Ding, ding, dong, Ding, ding, dong.

The following words may be used to the above round: “Are You Sleeping”?

**CHEER UP**

Cheer up, . . ., Cheer up, . . .,
Smile awhile, smile awhile;
’Tisn’t going to hurt you;
’Tisn’t going to hurt you,
Ha, ha, ha; ha, ha, ha.

**BLACK-EYED SUSAN!**

Black-eyed Susan! Black-eyed Susan!
How are you? How are you?
Very well, I thank you;
Very well, I thank you;
How are you? How are you?

**RHEUMATISM**

Rheumatism, rheumatism;
How it pains, how it pains!
Up and down the system,
When it rains, when it rains.

**PERFECT POSTURE**

Perfect posture! Perfect posture!
Do not slump, do not slump;
You must grow up handsome,
Hide that hump! Hide that hump!

**ARE YOU SLEEPING?**

French Version

Fre-re Ja-ques, Fre-re Ja-ques, Dor-mez-vous, Dor-mez-vous?

Son-nez les mat-i-nes, son-nez les mat-i-nes; Din din don, din din, don.
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

J.B. JAMES BLAND

Andante

1. Carry me back to old Virgin-ny. There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow; There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time; There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

2. Carry me back to old Virgin-ny. There let me live till I wither and decay. Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered; There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.

There's where I labored so hard for old Massa, Day after Mas-sa and Missis have long gone before me; Soon we will
day in the field of yellow corn. No place on earth do I meet on that bright and golden shore. There we'll be happy and love more sincerely Than old Virgin-ny, the state where I was born. free from all sorrow; There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

CHORUS

CARRY me back to old Virgin-ny. There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow; There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time; There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
MY BONNIE

Playfully

1. My Bonnie lies over the ocean; My Bonnie is over the sea; My
2. Blow, ye winds, over the ocean, And blow ye winds over the sea; O
3. Last night as I lay on my pillow. Last night as I lay on my bed, Last

Bonnie is over the ocean; O bring back my Bonnie to me.
blow, ye winds, over the ocean, And bring back my Bonnie to me.
night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.

THE CHURCH IN THE WILLOWOOD

W.S.P. DR. WM. S. PITTS

Andante

1. There's a church in the valley by the wildwood, No love li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Sabbath morn-ing, To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the valley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, Neath the tree where the

14
The Church In The Wildwood

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my childhood

clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing:

loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the willows;

wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed,

As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

"Oh, come to the church in the vale."

Dis-turb not her rest in the vale.

I shall rest by her side in the tomb.

Chorus

Come to the church in the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

wild-wood; oh, come to the church in the dale.

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No

spot is so dear to my childhood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Steady Tempo

1. My grand-father's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood ninety years on the floor; It was taller by half than the hours had he spent when a boy; And in childhood and manhood the servant so faithful he found, For it wasted no time and had

2. In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, Many servants came and went, And it seemed to know and to share both his grief and his joy, For it but one desire, At the close of each week to be wound. And it plum- ing for flight, That his hour for departure had come. Still the

3. My grand-father said that of those he could hire Not a old man himself, Tho' it weighed not a penny weight more. It was clock seemed to know And to share both his grief and his joy, For it but one desire, At the close of each week to be wound. And it plum- ing for flight, That his hour for departure had come. Still the

4. It rang an alarm, in the dead of the night, An a bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was struck twenty-four when he entered at the door With a kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, And its clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime, As we

HENRY C. WORK
Grandfather's Clock

always his treasure and pride;  But it stopped, short,
blooming and beautiful bride;  But it stopped, short,
hands never hung by its side;  But it stopped, short,
silently stood by his side;  But it stopped, short,

never to go again When the old man died.
never to go again When the old man died.
never to go again When the old man died.
never to go again When the old man died.

Chorus

Ninety years without slumbering, tick, tock, tick, tock, His life seconds

numbering, tick, tock, tick, tock; It stopped, short,

never to go again, When the old man died.
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

SOLO

Swing low, sweet char- i - ot,

CHORUS Swing

Com-in' fo' to car- ry me home;

Fine.

Swing low, sweet char- i - ot,

Fine.

Swing

Com-in' fo' to car- ry me home.

I looked o-ver Jordan, and what did I see,

If you get there be- fore I do,

The bright- est day that ev - er I saw,

I'm some-times up and some-times down,

Swing

Com-in' fo' to car- ry me home,

band of an-gels com-in' af- ter me,

all my friends I'm com-in' too.

Je-sus washed my sins a way,

still my soul feels heav-en-ly bound.

Swing

Com-in' fo' to car-ry me home.
SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, And my store's on Sa-lern Street; That's
where to buy your coats and vests And ev-ry thing else that's neat,
Sec-on-d hand-ed ul-ster-ettes And o-ver-coats so fine, For
all the boys that trade with me at Hun-dred and for-ty nine

O, So-lo-mon Le-vi Tra- la la la la
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la D.S.al fine

Poor Sol- ie Le- vi, Tra- la la la la la la la, My
BILLY BOY

1. Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy
2. Did she bid you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy
3. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy

Boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?
Boy? Did she bid you to come in, charming Billy?
Boy? Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?

I have been to seek a wife; She's the joy of my
Yes, she bade me to come in; There's a dimple in her
She can make a cherry pie; Quick as you can wink an

Billy I've
She She make

life; chin; She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
POLLY - WOLLY - DOODLE

Moderato

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal; Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal; With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

Fare thee well Fare thee well Fare thee well

Fare-well Fare-well Fare-well

well, my fair-y fay, For I'm goin' to Louis-i-an-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

A grasshopper sitting on a railroad track,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day,
A picking his teeth with a carpet tack,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
REUBEN AND RACHEL

Allegretto

1. Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking, What a grand world this would be,
   Ol' my goodness, gracious, Rachel, What a queer world this would be,
2. Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking, What a gay life girls would lead,
   Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking, Men would have a merry time,
3. Reuben, Reuben, stop your teasing, If you've any love for me,
   Rachel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,

If the men were all transported Far beyond the Northern Sea.
If the men were all transported Far beyond the Northern Sea.
If they had no men about them, None to tease them, none to heed.
If at once they were transported Far beyond the salt-y brine.
I was only just a fooling, As I thought of course you'd see.
And we'll be so very happy, 'Cause I'll love you all my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duct number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only would be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

RED RIVER VALLEY

Male Voices

Slowly

N. E. PEARSON

1. From this valley they say you are going, I shall
   I've been thinking a long time, my darling, Of the
2. When you think of the valley you're leaving, Oh! how
   I have promised you, darling, that never Shall the

22
Red River Valley

miss your sweet face and your smile, (your smile); Just be-cause you are wea-
sweet words you nev-er would say, (would say); Now, a-las, must the fond
words from my lips cause you pain, (cause you pain) And my life it shall be
lone-ly and drear it would be, (it would be,) When you think of the fond

ry and tir-ed, You are chang-ing your range for a-while.
hopes all van-ish? For they say you are go-ing a-way.
yours for-ev-er, If you on-ly love me a-gain.
heart you're break-ing, And the pain you are caus-ing to me.

REFRAIN

Then come sit here a while ere you leave us; Do not

a-dieu

hast-en to bid us a-dieu; Just re mem-ber the Red Riv-er
a-dieu

Val-ley, And the cow-boy who loved you so true.

23
I wish I was in the land ob cotton; Old times dar am
Old Missus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Wil-lium was a
His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But that did not
not for got-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
gay de-cab-er. Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
seem to greah her, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in, Ear-ly on one
Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er He smil'd as fierce as a
Land. Old Missus act-ed the fool-ish part, And died for a man dat
frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way Dix-ie Land.
for-ty poun-der. Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way Dix-ie Land.
broke her heart. Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll
Dixie Land

take my stand To lib an' die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain, O-ver the hills and ev'-ry-where;

Go tell it on the moun-tain, That Je-sus Christ is aborn.

Solo

1. When I was a seek-er I sought both night and day, I
2. He made me a watch-man Up-on a cit-y wall, And

ask the Lord to help me, An' He showed me the way.
if I am a Christ-ian I am the least of all.

25
1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
   Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon!

2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again.
   In thy dark eyes, Where the warm light loves to dwell.

   And day-light beam'ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, repent?
   Wear-y looks, yet tender,

   For thine absent lover sigh? In thy heart consenting,

   Speak their fond farewell. Jua-ni-tal Ask thy soul if
   To a pray'r gone by? Jua-ni-tal Let me finger

   we should part! Jua-ni-tal Lean thou on my heart.
   by thy side! Jua-ni-tal Be my own Fair Bride.
Allegro

1. Once I was happy, but now I’m forlorn, Like an old
   coat that is tattered and torn. Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn, Betrayed by a maid in her teens. Now this
   hand-some as well-made as Chang, Where-e’er he appeared, the hall loud-ly rang, With o-va-tion from ev’ry-one there. He’d

2. Now this man by name was Sig-nor Bo-ni Slang, Tall, big and
The Man On The Flying Trapeze

girl that I loved she was handsome, And I tried all I
smile from the bar on all people below, And one night he

knew her to please. But I never could please her one
smiled on my love. She winked back at him, and she

quarter so well, As the man on the flying trapeze,
shouted "Bravo," As he hung by his nose up above.

CHORUS

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, This daring young
last only She floats through the air with the greatest of ease; You'd think her a

28
The Man On The Flying Trapeze

man on the fly-ing trap-eze. His move-ments are grace-ful; all
man on the fly-ing trap-eze. She does all the work while he

girls he does please, And my love he’s pur-loin-ed a-way.
sure takes his ease, And that’s what’s be-come of my love.

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

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

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

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

7. Some months after that I went into a hall;
   To my surprise I found there on a wall,
   A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,
   That she was appearing with him.

8. He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
   To help him to live at his ease;
   He'd made her assume a masculine name,
   And now she goes on the trapeze.
NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE HAD

Slowly

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've had; No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've had, Glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Some-times I'm up; some-times I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord. Some-

I nev-er shall for-get that day, Oh, yes, Lord.

When times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord. Jes-

sus washed my sins a-way, Oh, yes, Lord.

D.C. al

OUR BOYS WILL SHINE TO-NIGHT

Joyously

Our boys will shine to-night; Our boys will shine; Our boys will

shine to-night, All down the line; Our boys will shine to-night; Our boys will
Our Boys Will Shine To-Night

shine. When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, Our boys will shine.

VIVE L'AMOUR

Allegro $d=104$

Old Student Song

Solo

1. Let ev'-ry good fellow now join in a song, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie!
2. A friend on the left and a friend on the right, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie!

Chorus

Success to each oth-er and pass it a long, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie!
In love and good fel-low-ship let us u-nite, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie!

Solo

CHORUS

Vi-ve la, Vi-ve la, Vi-ve l'amour; Vi-ve la, Vi-ve la,

Vi-ve l'amour, Vi-ve l'amour; Vi-ve l'amour, Vi-ve la com pa-gnie!
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home; 'Tis summer, the dar-kies are gay; The corn-top’s ripe and the mead-ow’s in the bloom.

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon.

3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Where the dark-y may go; A few more days, and the troubled all will end.

young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All day goes by like a shadow o’er the heart, With few more days for to tote the weary load, No
My Old Kentucky Home

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;  By’n-by hard times comes a-
sor-row where all was de-light;  The time has come when the
mat-ter ’twill nev-er be light;  A few more days till we

knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
tot-ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

Weep no more, my la-dy;  O weep no more to-

day!  We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the

old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

SCOTCH FOLK SONG

Moderately

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' Thro' The Rye, If a-bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a-bod-y
3. A-many the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel, But what's his name, or

CHORUS

kiss a bod-y need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y need a bod-y frown?
Ev'-ry las-sie has her laddie,
where's his name, I din-na choose to tell.

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When Comin' Thro' The Rye.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

MALE VOICES

Slowly

1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're
2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're

going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long,
going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long,
going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long,
roll along; Merrily we roll along Over the dark blue sea.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Flowingly

Down in the valley, the valley so low, Hang your head

Ros-es love sun-shine; violets love dew; An-gels in

Build me a cas-tle for-ty feet high, So I may

over; hear the wind blow. Hear the wind blow, dear; hear the wind

heaven know I love you, Know I love you, dear, know I love

see her as she goes by, As she goes by, dear, as she goes

by. Hang your head o-ver; hear the wind blow.

you. An-gels in heaven, know I love you.

by. So I may see her as she goes by.
JOSHUA FIT DE BATTLE OF JERICHO

CHORUS

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jericho,

JERICHO, Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, And de

Solo 1. You may talk about your King of
2. Right up to the walls of
3. Then Joshua had the

walls come a tumblin' down. Oh

Gi-de-on, You may talk about your men of Saul, But there's
Jericho, An' he marched with a spear in hand, "Now go people blow
On the trum-pets with might-y sound, An' they

Oh

none like good old Joshua
blow those ram horns" Joshua cried
blew so awful loud and long

At the battle of Jericho! Oh!
"Cause the battle am in my hand," Oh!
That the walls came a tumblin' down. Oh!

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OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

P. MONTROSE

Allegretto

1. In a cavern, in a canyon, Excavating for a mine, Dwelt a miner, forty nine, And his daughter Clementine.
2. Light she was and like a fairy, And her shoes were number nine, Herring boxes, without topses, Sandals were for Clementine.
3. Drove she ducklings to the water, Ev’ry morning just at nine, Hit her foot against a splinter, Fell into the foaming brine.
4. Ruby lips above the water, Blowing bubbles soft and fine; Alas, for me! I was no swimmer; So I lost my Clementine.

REFRAIN

Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling Clementine, You are lost and gone forever, Oh, my darling Clementine.