Songs
Pledge to the Flag

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.
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Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest;
to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed
the wounds; to strive and not to seek for rest; to labor and
not to ask for reward, save in the knowledge that we do
Thy will.

—St. Ignatius Loyola
Patriotic Songs

1

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride.
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!

God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America!

God mend thine ev’ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their Country loved
And mercy more than life.
America! America!

May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness
And ev’ry gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undim’d by human tears.
America! America!

God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!
Camp Creed of Onaway

O—bedient and respectful in doing your duty.
N—eat in appearance, clean in mind, speech and action.
A—lways striving to do your best in all things.
W—orshiping God by being a Christian gentleman.
A—ssuming responsibility with cheerfulness and earnestness.
Y—early realizing a fuller appreciation of Nature, God, friendship, personal ability and opportunities for service.

—Dr. W. R. Courtenay
MAKE NO LITTLE PLANS

They have no magic to stir men’s blood, and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remember that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever-growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty.

—motto of Daniel H. Burnham
THE MARINES' HYMN

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country’s battles
On the land as on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom,
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marines.

UNITED STATES FIELD ARTILLERY MARCH

Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Up and down, in and out, counter-march and left about,
And those caissons go rolling along.
For it’s high, high, hee, in the field artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong!
For where’er we go, you will always know
That those caissons go rolling along.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Anchors aweigh, my boys,
Anchors aweigh
Farewell to college joys
We sail at break of day,
Day, day, day.
To our last night on shore
Drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more
Here’s wishing you
A happy voyage home.
ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give 'em the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under
Off with one terrible roar.
We live in fame, or go down in flame
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd;
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America
Land that I love
Stand beside her
And guide her
Thru the night
With the light from above.
From the mountains
To the prairies,
To the oceans
White with foam,
God bless America,
Our home, sweet home,
God bless America,
Our home, sweet home.
MIGHTY BAND OF BROTHERS
(The Song of the B.B. over the World)

Sing a song together as we march along,
All the way hip-hooray! let it swing.
Come along and join us and you can’t go wrong;
We rejoice, heart and voice, as we sing.
Join the great parade, of The Boys’ Brigade,
Loudly let your voices ring!

REFRAIN:
We’re a mighty band of brothers,
Spreading out across the world,
Over continent and island,
See the BB flag unfurled,
We have one great cause and it must prevail,
With a stalwart faith that can never fail,
We’re a mighty band of brothers,
Ever stedfast, ever sure.

Life’s a great adventure and we heard the call
To the fight for the right thro’ and thro’.
Boys’ Brigade throughout the world are comrades all:
We’re united in all that we do.
With our vision clear, what have we to fear,
So long as to our trust we’re true.

THE ANCHOR SONG
(“Sure and Stedfast”)

There’s an emblem fair that is known to all,
A sign to help us through,
It stands for strength and it stands for right,
An Anchor tried and true.
The emblem of The Boys’ Brigade
It helps us on our way
Our fathers knew in days gone by
This sign we know today.
REFRAIN:

"Sure and Stedfast" The Brigade Boys’ motto clear,
That’s our watchword when trouble and trials are near.
"Sure and Stedfast" to the flag that flies above,
In all that we do we’ll try to be true
To the Anchor that we love.

With gallant heart and gallant soul
On life’s broad sea we’ll sail,
Whatever the storms of life may bring,
Our Anchor must prevail.
Although the clouds may cross the sun
And skies grow dark and grey,
We’ll face the foe until we’ve won
A glorious victory.
Retreat, Onaway, about 1950
Campfire Songs

12

LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams,
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

13

K-K-K-KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore,
When the m-moon shines,
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

14

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming' round the mountain, when she comes,
She'll be coming' round the mountain, when she comes,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be coming' round the mountain, when she comes.

... She'll be loaded with corn licker, when she comes, (etc.)
... We'll kill the old red rooster, when she comes, (etc.)
... Then we'll have chicken and dumplings, when she comes, (etc.)
... She'll be driving six white horses, when she comes, (etc.)
... We'll all go out to meet her, when she comes, (etc.)

BOLD BAD MAN

He was a bold bad man and a desperado,
Way down in Cripple Creek in the state of Colorado,
And he struck this town like a wild tornado
Every time he spoke, he gave a war WHOOP!
(Give a loud WHOOP—then listen to echo)

JOHN BROWN'S BABY

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest,
(repeat 3 times)
And they rubbed it up with camphorated oil.

First time sing all through.

Second time—Omit "Baby" and substitute motion of rocking baby.

Third time—Omit "Baby" and substitute rocking baby—omit "cold"
and substitute a coughing sound.

Fourth time—Same as third only substitute striking chest for
"chest."

Fifth time—Same as fourth time only omit last line and rub chest.
In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

CHORUS:
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling
Oh, my darling Clementine;
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nines.
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Stubbèd her toe upon a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the waters,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine.
Alas for me, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Then we all rushed to the rescue,
Threw a lanky piece of pine;
But she sank before it reached her,
So I lost my Clementine.

In the church yard, near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine,
Tho’t he oughter, join his daughter
Now he’s with his Clementine.
In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine.
Though in life, I used to hug her
Now she’s dead, I’ll draw the line.

I LIFT UP MY HAND

I lift up meine hand and vos is dot der
Dos ist meine hat-racker, my dictionair
Hat racker oh-00000-00-00
Dot’s what I learn in my school.

I lift up meine hand and vos is dot der
Dos ist meine sweet brower, my dictionair
Sweet brower, hat racker, oh-00000-00-00
Dot’s what I learn in my school.

Eye blinker
Nose blower
Soup strainer
Bull shooter
Chin whisker
Rubber necker
Chest protector
Belly acher

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take me out to the ball game
Take me out to the fair—
Buy me some peanuts and cracker jacks
I don’t care if I ever get back!
We will root—root—root for the home team
If they don’t win it’s a shame
For it’s one! two! three strikes you’re out!
At the old ball game.
LITTLE SKUNK'S HOLE
(Tune: "Dixie")
Oh, I stuck my head in a little skunk's hole,
And the little skunk said, "Upon my soul!
Take it out! Take it out! Take it out!
Remove it!"

Oh, I didn't take it out! So the little skunk said,
"If you don't take it out you'll wish you were dead!
Take it out! Take it out! Take it out!"
S-ssssss! M-MMMMMMM (Hold nose)
I removed it!

VIO-VIO-VIO-LA
Leader: It been der conductor come from Onaway
Everyone: Do been der conductor come from Onaway
Leader: Ich kann spielen
Everyone: Du can spielen
Leader: Like a viola
Everyone: Vio-vio-vio la, vio-la, vio-la
Vio-vio-vio la, vio-vio-laaaa

Repeat: Piccolo—tweet-tweet
        Tuba—oompa-pa-pa
        Piano—plink-plink
        Conductor—(silence)

OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM
Old MacDonald had a farm,
Ee-Igh Ee-Igh Oh!
And on his farm he had some chicks
Ee-Igh Ee-Igh Oh!
With a chick-chick here, a chick-chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere a chick-chick.
Old MacDonald had a farm
Ee-Igh Ee-Igh Oh!
(Repeat with ducks, cows, etc.)
IT ISN'T ANY TROUBLE JUST TO GRIN
(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

Oh, it isn't any trouble just to G R I N—grin,
Oh, it isn't any trouble just to G R I N—grin,
If ever you're in trouble,
Clouds will vanish like a bubble,
If you only take the trouble
Just to G R I N—grin.
S-m-i-l-e,
G-i-gg-le-ee,
L-a-u-g-h,
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

MEMORIES

Memories, memories,
Dreams of love so true,
O'er the sea of memory
I'm drifting back to you.
Childhood days, wildwood ways
Among the birds and bees.
You left me alone
But still you're my own
In my beautiful memories.

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner and under a tree
A sergeant-major, said to me,
"Who would marry you, I would like to know
For everytime I look at your face
It makes me want to go—"
Around the corner, repeat.
ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumeraï.
Je te plumeraï la tête.
Je te plumeraï la tete,
Et la tête, et la tête. OH!

(Repeat first two lines)
2. Le bec
3. Le nez
4. Le dos
5. Les pattes
6. Le cou

28

OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP
IN THE MORNING

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh! how I’d love to remain in bed,
For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugle call;
You’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up,
You’ve got to get up this morning!
Some day I’m going to murder the bugler,
Some day they’re going to find him dead;
I’ll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

29

THERE WAS A BEE-I-E-I-E

There was a bee-i-e-i-e, sat on a wall-i-all-i-all,
And he did buzz-i-uzz-i-uzz, and that was all-i-all-i-all
There was a boy-i-oy-i-oy, he had a stick-i-ick-i-ick
He hit that bee-i-e-i-e an awful lick-i-ick-i-ick.
And then that bee-i-e-i-e that boy did sting-i-ing-i-ing
And hurt that boy-i-oy-i-oy like everything-i-ing-i-ing
And then that boy-i-oy-i-oy how he did yell-i-ell-i-ell
And told that bee-i-e-i-e to go to buzz-i-uzz-i-uzz.
I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl
Just like the girl
That married dear old dad;
She was a pearl
And the only girl
That daddy ever had,
A good old-fashioned girl
With heart so true
One who loves nobody else but you.
I want a girl
Just like the girl
That married dear old dad.

THREE BLIND MICE (ROUND)

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 you ever see such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice?

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT (ROUND)

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

WHITE CORAL BELLS

White coral bells upon a slender stalk,
Lillies of the valley deck my garden walk.
Oh, don’t you wish that you could hear them ring
That will happen only when the fairies sing.
LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you, a pal good and true  
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find  
Some place that's known to God alone  
Just a spot to call our own,  
We'll find perfect peace, where joys never cease,  
Out there beneath a kindly sky.  
We'll build a sweet little nest somewhere in the West  
And let the rest of the world go by.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the Swane River,  
Far, far away,  
There's where my heart is turning ever,  
There's where the old folks stay.  
All up and down the whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the old plantation,  
And for the old folks at home.

CHORUS:

All the world is sad and dreary,  
Ev'rywhere I roam;  
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

All around the little farm I wandered  
When I was young;  
Then many happy days I squandered,  
Many the songs I sung;  
When I was playing with my brother  
Happy was I.  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,  
There let me live and die.
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS:
Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canies grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
SWANEE
Swanee, how I love you,
How I love you, my dear old Swanee.
I'd give the world to be
Among the folks in D-I-X-I-E-ven now
    my mammy's waiting for me,
Praying for me down by the Swanee.
The folks up north will see me no more
When I go to the Swanee shore.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride;
But it stopped, short, 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.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent when a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died. (Chorus)
My grandfather said that of those he could hire
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died. (Chorus)

It rang an alarm, in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight,
That his hour for departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died. (Chorus)

39 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.

CHORUS: 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.

40 I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

I've been workin' on the railroad all the live-long day;
I've been workin' on the railroad just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowin'?
Rise up so early in the morn;
Don't you hear the captain shoutin': "Dinah, blow your horn!"
Dinah won't you blow, etc.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah;
Someone's in the kitchen, I know-o-o-o,
Someone's in the kitchen with Din-ah—
Strumming on the old banjo.
    Fee, fi, fiddle-de-i-o,
    Fee, fi, fiddle-i-o-o-o-o—
    Fee, fi, fiddle-de-i-o-o-o-o;
Strumming on the old banjo.
Fee-plunk, fi-plunk, fiddle-de-i-o plunk;
Fee, fi, fiddle-de-i-o plunk, plunk, plunk;
Fee-plunk, fi-plunk, fiddle-i-o-plunk—
Strumming on the old ban-jo—PLUNK!

41

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley; the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow.
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven know I love you;
Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
Angels in heaven know I love you.

Build me a castle, forty feet high,
So I can see him as he rides by;
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by;
So I can see him as he rides by.

42

OL’ TEXAS

I'm goin' to leave—Ol' Texas now,
They've got no use—
For the long-horn cow.

They've plowed and fenced my cattle range,
And the people there are all so strange.
I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope,
And hit the trail upon a lope.
Say adios to the Alamo,
And turn my head toward Mexico.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!
Which nobody can deny,
Which nobody can deny,
For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!

THE OLD GRAY MARE
Oh, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be.
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.
Many long years ago, many long years ago.
(Repeat first four lines)

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
In the ev'ning by the moonlight
You could hear those darkies singing.
In the ev'ning by the moonlight
You could hear those banjos ringing.
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the ev'ning by the moonlight.
SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on, Harvest moon
Up in the sky,
I ain’t had no lovin’
Since January, February,
June or July.
Snow-time, ain’t no time,
To stay outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on
Harvest moon, for me and my girl.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I’ll come to you,
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover’s lane, my Dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro’t to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And here’s a hand, my trusty frien’,
And gie’s a hand o’ thine;
We’ll tak’ a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
JINGLE BELLS

Dashing thro’ the snow in a one horse open sleigh,
O’er the fields we go, laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring, making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing, a sleighing song tonight!

CHORUS:

(Accompanied by jingling glasses)
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago I thought I’d take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright was seated by my side;
The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seem’d his lot,
He got into a drifted bank, and there, we got upset.

Now the ground is white, go it while you’re young,
Take the girls tonight, and sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bob-tailed nag, Two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack! you’ll take the lead.

OH! SUSANNA

I came from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee,
I’m gwine to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don’t you cry.
Oh! Susanna, oh, don’t you cry for me,
I’ve come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

(Clap at places marked *****)

The stars at night are big and bright,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas;
The prairie sky is wide and high,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The sage in bloom is like perfume,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas;
Reminds me of the one I love,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas.

The coyotes wail along the trail,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas;
The rabbits rush around the brush,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The cowboys cry, "Ki-yip-pee-yi,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas;
The "dogies" bawl, and bawl and bawl,*****
Deep in the heart of Texas.

I LIKE MOUNTAIN MUSIC

I like mountain music,
Good old mountain music
Played by a real hill billy band.
Give me rural rhythm,
Let me sway right with 'em,
I think their melodies are grand.

I've heard Hawaiians play,
From the land of the wicky-wacky;
But I must say,
That they can't beat the
"Turkey In The Straw" by cracky.

I like mountain music,
Good old mountain music,
Played by a real hill billy band.
SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that take away the teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

There are smiles in old Kentucky
There are smiles in Idaho
And you'll find them
Down in dear old Georgia
And in every part of O-H-I-O.
There are miles of smiles in Minnesota
And in Michigan and Tennessee,
But the smiles they smile
In old Wisconsin
Are the smiles that look good to me.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you,
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too.
Keep the love light glowing
In your eyes so blue,
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you.
MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish rose
The dearest flower that grows
Some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip,
A big yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose;
When you caressed me,
'Twas then heaven blessed me.
What a blessing no one knows!
You made life cheery
When you called me dearie
'Twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep
When you wore a tulip,
And I wore a big red rose.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your old gray bonnet
With the blue ribbons on it
And I'll hitch old cobbin to the shay
Thro' the fields of clover
We will ride to Dover
On our golden wedding day.
DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream
Where I first met you
With your eyes so blue
Dressed in gingham too.
It was there I knew
That I first loved you
You were sixteen, my village queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

(Tune: Daisy Bell)

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do!
I’m half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won’t be a stylish marriage,
I can’t afford a carriage,
But you’ll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

They cut down the old pine tree,
And they hauled it away to the mill
To make a coffin of pine
For that sweetheart of mine
They cut down the old pine tree.
But she’s not alone in the hills tonight,
For it’s there my heart will always be;
Though we drifted apart,
She’s still part of my heart,
When they cut down the old pine tree.
LIZA JANE

I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

CHORUS:

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come, my love, and marry me, etc.
I will take good care of thee, etc.
Liza Jane done come to me, etc.
Both as happy as can be, etc.
House and lot in Baltimor', etc.
Lots of chiluns roun' de do,' etc.

SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time
In the good old summer time
Strolling thro' the shady lanes
With your baby mine;
You hold her hand and she holds yours
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey wootsey
In the good old summer time.

WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF
A PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And sit alone with your thoughts
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And dear friends have to part.
Well this is the end of a perfect day
Near the end of a journey too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true,
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade.
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we’ve made.

64

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, (Sweet Adeline)
My Adeline, (My Adeline)
For you dear heart (for you dear heart)
Alone I pine, (alone I pine)
In all my dreams, (in all my dreams)
Your fair face beams, (your fair face beams)
You’re the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

65

LITTLE FORD

There was a little Ford
The cutest little Ford,
Cutest little Ford
That you ever did see.
The Ford was on the wheels,
The wheels were on the ground,
And the engine in the Ford
Made the wheels go ’round.
Boom di de a da Boom Boom—

On this Ford there was a little seat, etc.
On this seat there was a little girl, etc.
On this girl there was a little hat, etc.
On this hat there was a little feather, etc.
On this feather there was a little curl, etc.
On this curl there was a little fly, etc.
On this fly there was a little mole, etc.
On this mole there was a little hair, etc.
On this hair there was a little flea, etc.
On this flea there was a little freckle, etc.

68
TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivies twine,
Tell me why the skies are blue,
And I will tell you just why I love you.

Because God made the stars to shine,
Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the skies so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I love you.

I really think that God above
Created you for me to love.
And picked you out from all the rest
Because he knew that I loved you best.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND

No man is an island
No man stands alone
Each man's joy is joy to me
Each man's grief is my own
We need one another
So I will defend
Each man as my brother
Each man as my friend.

I saw the people gather
I heard the music start
The song that they were singing
Is ringing in my heart.

No man is an island
Way out on the blue
We must look to the One above
For our strength to renew
When I help my brother
Then I know that I
Plant the seed of friendship
That will never die.
TAPS
Day is done
Gone the sun,
From the lake,
From the hills,
From the sky;
All is well
Safely rest,
God is nigh.

ALOHA
Aloha means—“We welcome you!”
It means more than words can say.
Aloha means—“Good luck to you!”
“Good night” at close of day.
It’s just like a love song
With a haunting sweet refrain,
Bringing you joy, bringing you pain.
Aloha means—” Farewell to you
Until we meet again!”

THE HAPPY WANDERER
I love to go awandering
Along the mountain track,
And as I go I love to sing,
My knapsack on my back.

CHORUS:
Val de ri; Val de ra, Val de ri;
Val de ra, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Val de ri, Val de ra
My knapsack on my back.
I love to wander by the stream
That dances in the sun,
So joyously it calls to me,
Come join my happy song.

I wave my hat to all I meet
And they wave back to me,
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet
From every greenwood tree.

Oh, may I go awandering
Until the day I die!
Oh, may I always laugh and sing,
Beneath God’s clear blue sky.
YOU CAN'T GO TO HEAVEN

You can’t go to heaven, on dancing feet,
You’ll dance right by the golden street,
Oh, you can’t go to heaven on dancing feet
You’ll dance right by the golden street,
I ain’t gwine to grieve my Lord no mo’.

Refrain:
I ain’t gwine to grieve my Lord no mo’,
I ain’t gwine to grieve my Lord no mo’,
I ain’t gwine to grieve my Lord no mo’.

You can’t go to heaven in a rocking chair,
You’ll rock right by the golden stair.
Oh, you can’t go to heaven in a rocking chair,
You’ll rock right by the golden stair,
I ain’t gwine to grieve my Lord no mo’.

O de debil he wears dem hypocrite shoes,
If you don’t look out, he’ll slip ’em on you.
Oh, de debil he wears dem hypocrite shoes,
If you don’t look out he’ll slip ’em on you,
I ain’t gwine to grieve my Lord no mo’.

Extra Verses:
You can’t go to heaven on a roller skate;
You’ll skate right by that golden gate.

You can’t go to heaven if your name is Jack,
They’ll look you over and send you back.

You can’t go to heaven on a dancing floor,
You’ll dance right by that open door.
You can’t go to heaven in a Ford Sedan,
You’ll bump right by the promised land.

If you go to heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole and pull me through.

SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
I looked over Jordan an’ what did I see,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
A band of angels comin’ after me,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
If you get there before I do,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Just tell my frien’s that I’m a comin’ too,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin’ for to carry me home!
COME BY HERE (KUM BA YAH)

1. Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum by yah!
   Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah!
   Oh, Lord, Kum ba yah.

2. Someone's crying, Lord, Kum ba yah!
3. Someone's singing, Lord, Kum ba yah!
4. Someone's praying, Lord, Kum ba yah!

DO LORD

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God,
Look away beyond the blue.

Do Lord, O do Lord, O do remember me,
Do Lord, O do Lord, O do remember me,
Do Lord, O do Lord, O do remember me,
Look away beyond the blue.

In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.

I've got a Home in glory that shall outshine the sun.

JACOB'S LADDER

We are climbing Jacob's ladder,
Soldiers of the cross.
Every round goes higher, higher,
Soldiers of the cross.
Sinner, do you love my Jesus,
Soldiers of the cross.
If you love Him, why not serve Him?
Soldiers of the cross.
Rise, Shine, Give God glory,
Soldiers of the cross.
We are climbing higher, higher,
Soldiers of the cross.
Hymns

76

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

Refrain:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then be truly free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.

77

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see his banners go.

Refrain:
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army, moves the church of God;
Brothers we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

75
DOXOLOGY

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From vict’ry unto vict’ry
His army He shall lead,
Till ev’ry foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor’s song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH
For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,

Refrain
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower
Sun and moon, and stars of light.

FAIREST LORD JESUS
Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong
God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world, why should my heart be sad?
The Lord is King, let the heavens ring!!
God reigns, let the earth be glad!

DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

Breathe through the hearts of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire.
O still small voice of calm!
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

Holy, holy, holy—Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy—merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy—Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy—merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grace,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save;
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant’s brandished steel,
The lion’s gory mane;
They bowed their necks the stroke to feel;
Who follows in their train?
A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Thro' peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

LEAD ON, O KING ETERNAL

Lead on, O King Eternal,
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle song.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords, loud clashing;
Nor roll of stirring drums,
With deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

Lead on, O King Eternal,
We follow, not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears:
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might. Amen.
O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,—
With Thee, O Master, let me live. Amen.

IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST

In Christ there is no East or West,
   In Him no South or North;
But one great fellowship of Love
   Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
   Their high communion find;
His service is the golden cord
   Close-binding all mankind.

Join hands then, brothers of the faith,
   Whate'er your race may be.
Who serves my Father as a son
   Is surely kin to me.
In Christ now meet both East and West,
    In Him meet South and North;
All Christly souls are one in Him
    Throughout the whole wide earth. Amen.

89

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be a friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh and love and lift;
I would look up and laugh and love and lift.

90

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

Now the day is over,
    Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
    Steal across the sky.

Jesus give the weary
    Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend’rest blessing
    May our eyelids close.

When the morning ’wakens,
    Then may we arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
    In Thy holy eyes.
NAVY HYMN

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Day is dying in the west;
Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
    Through all the sky.
CHORUS:

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;
   Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord, Most High!

Lord of life, beneath the dome,
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us, who seek Thy face,
To the fold of Thy embrace,
   For Thou art nigh.

While the deepning shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfold ing all,
Thro' the glory and the grace,
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
   Our hearts ascend.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help, of the helpless, O abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grave can foil the tempter's pow'r.
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

84
BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
Thy creatures bless; and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee. Amen.

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

To the knights in the days of old,
Keeping watch on the mountain height,
Came a vision of Holy Grail
And a voice through the waiting night:
Follow, follow, follow the gleam;
Banners unfurled o'er all the world;
Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Of the chalice that is the Grail.

And we who would serve the King,
And loyally Him obey,
In the consecrate silence know
That the challenge still holds today.
Follow, follow, follow the gleam;
Standards of worth o'er all the earth;
Follow, follow, follow the gleam
Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

GOD SEND US MEN WHOSE AIM 'TWILL BE

God send us men whose aim 'twill be,
Not to defend some ancient creed,
But to live out the laws of Christ
In every thought and word and deed.

God send us men alert and quick
His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Christ become
The laws and habits of the state.
God send us men of steadfast will,
Patient, courageous, strong, and true;
With vision clear and mind equipped,
His will to learn, His work to do.

God send us men with hearts ablaze,
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots nations need,
These are the bulwarks of the state.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled

"Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

"The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"
Lord, make me a channel of Thy peace—that where there is hatred, I may bring love—where there is discord, I may bring harmony—where there is error, I may bring truth—where there is despair, I may bring hope—where there are shadows, I may bring light—where there is sadness, I may bring joy. Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort, than to be comforted—to understand, than to be understood—to love, than to be loved—for it is by giving, that one receives—by self-forgetting, that one finds—by forgiving, that one is forgiven—by dying, that one wakens to eternal life.

—St. Francis of Assisi