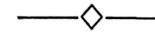




# SONG BOOK

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# Songs for Massed Singing

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## ENGLAND

This royal throne of Kings, this  
sceptred island,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of  
Mars,  
This fortress, built by Nature for her  
purpose,  
Against infection and the hand of  
wars.

This demi-Paradise, this other Eden,  
This precious stone set in a silver  
sea,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this  
realm, this England,  
We highly dedicate, O Lord, to  
Thee.

Grant, Lord, that England and her  
sister nations,  
Together bound by the triumphant  
sea,  
May be renown'd through all re-  
corded ages  
For Christian service and true  
chivalry.

Tho' no man may heed my frowns;  
I be free to go abroad,  
Or take again my homeward road,  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

## YOU'LL GET THERE

Keep on looking for the bright, bright  
skies,  
Keep on hoping that the sun will rise,  
Keep on singing when the whole  
world sighs,  
And you'll get there in the morning.

Keep on ploughing when you've  
missed the crops,  
Keep on dancing when the fiddle  
stops,  
Keep on faithful till the curtain  
drops,  
And you'll get there in the morning.

## CARGOES

### LINDEN LEA

Within the woodlands' flow'ry gladed,  
By the oak-trees' mossy moot;  
The shining grass blades, timber  
shaded,  
Now do quiver underfoot;  
And birds do whistle overhead;  
And water's bubbling in its bed,  
And there for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves that lately were a-  
springing  
Now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their sing-  
ing  
Up upon the timber tops;  
And brown-leaved fruits a-turning  
red,  
In cloudless sunshine overhead,  
With fruit for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster,  
In the air of dark-room'd towns;  
I don't dread a peevish master,

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant  
Ophir,  
Rowing home to haven in sunny  
Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet  
white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from  
the Isthmus,  
Dipping through the Tropics by  
the palm-green shores,  
With a cargo of diamonds,  
Emeralds, amethysts,  
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold  
moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-  
caked smoke-stack,  
Butting through the channel in the  
mad March days,  
With a cargo of Tyne coal,  
Road rails, pig lead,  
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin  
trays.

## THE BALLAD OF LONDON RIVER

From the Cotswolds, from the Chilterns,  
From your fountains and your springs,  
Flow down, O London river,  
To the seagull's silver wings:  
Isis or Ock or Thame,  
Forget your olden name,  
And the lilies and the willows  
And the weirs from which you came,  
The lilies and the willows  
And the weirs from which you came.

The stately towers and turrets  
Are the children of a day;  
You see them lift and vanish  
By your immemorial way:  
The Saxon and the Dane,  
They dared your deeps in vain,  
The Roman and the Norman,  
They are past, but you remain.

Your Water Gate stands open  
O'er your turbid tide's unrest,  
To welcome home your children  
From the East and from the West.  
O'er ev'ry ocean hurled  
Till the tattered sails are furled  
In the avenue of Empire,  
In the highway of the world.

Then swing us to the surges,  
With the hurricane to grope,  
With iron ills to grapple,  
With crushing odds to cope:  
One with your flood are we,  
Blood of your blood we be,  
Beating eternal measure still  
To the pulses of the sea.

## THE SONG OF THE MUSIC MAKERS

Come, Music Makers, rouse up a song  
To set the echoes ringing,  
A song of the truth in the heart of youth,  
A song for the joy of singing;  
For the birds make music and the trees sing,  
And the wind joins song with the sea:  
All the world makes a song of its own,  
And so in our turn will we.

## Chorus—

Then sing, sing, Music Makers,  
A song for the joy of the singing,  
For the joy of the singing.

Who listen to the song that we raise  
Their own part should be bearing,  
To speed on its way as best they may  
This song that was made for sharing.  
There are times for hearing others singing,  
There are times for learning how,  
Times as well for a song of our own,  
And the best of them all is now.

The song that is truly turned with a will  
Adds sun to any weather,  
And turns our feet with its pulsing beat  
To take to the road together;  
Saying, "Front the hill with heart of courage  
Till the long, rough journey's done,  
Till you join in that last mighty song,  
The goal of your hoping won."

## SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to  
the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a  
star to steer her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's  
song and the white sail's shaking.  
And a grey mist on the sea's face,  
and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for  
the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that  
may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with  
the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown  
spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to  
the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's  
way where the wind's like a  
whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a  
laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream  
when the long trick's over.

## National Songs

### GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen,  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store on her be  
pleased to pour,  
Long may she reign!  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause,  
To sing with heart and voice,  
"God Save the Queen!"

### ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA FAIR

Australia's sons let us rejoice for  
we are young and free;  
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,  
our home is girt by sea,  
Our land abounds in nature's gifts  
of beauty rich and rare;  
In history's page, let every stage  
Advance, Australia Fair,  
In joyful strains then let us sing,  
Advance, Australia Fair.

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross,  
we'll toil with hearts and hands;  
To make our youthful Commonwealth  
renowned of all the lands;  
For loyal sons beyond the seas, we've  
boundless plains to share;  
With courage let us all combine to  
Advance, Australia Fair;  
In joyful strains then let us sing,  
Advance, Australia Fair.

Should foreign foe ere sight our  
coast, or dare a foot to land;  
We'll rouse to arms like sythes of  
yore, to guard our native strand;  
Britannia then shall surely know, be-  
yond wide oceans roll;  
Her sons in fair Australia's lands,  
still keep a British soul;  
In joyful strains then let us sing,  
Advance, Australia Fair.

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

I give you a toast, ladies and gentle-  
men,  
I give you a toast, ladies and gentle-  
men,  
"May this fair land we love so well  
In dignity and freedom dwell.  
Tho' worlds may change and go  
awry,  
While there is still one voice to cry:  
"There'll always be an England, while  
there's a country lane,  
Wherever there's a cottage small be-  
side a field of grain;  
There'll always be an England, while  
there's a busy street,  
Wherever there's a turning wheel, a  
million marching feet.  
Red, white and blue, what does it  
mean to you?  
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,  
Britons awake!  
The Empire, too, we can depend on  
you,  
Freedom remains, these are the  
chains nothing can break.  
There'll always be an England, and  
England shall be free,  
If England means as much to you  
as England means to me."

There'll always be Australia, where  
wattle blossoms bloom,  
Where gum trees rear their shady  
boughs 'neath skies that know no  
gloom;  
There'll always be Australia, while  
plains wide to the skies  
Reveal the spirit of our men who  
dared to do or die.  
The Anzac soul inspired our men of  
old,  
Heroes who gave our land a name  
none dare defame;  
Our Motherland, we'll give a helping  
hand,  
Ready to start to do our part with all  
our heart.  
There'll always be Australia, while  
homes and hearts are free,  
As England is so dear to you, Aus-  
tralia is to me.



## I VOW TO THEE MY COUNTRY

I vow to thee, my country—all  
earthly things above—  
Entire and whole and perfect, the  
service of my love—  
The love that asks no question, the  
love that stands the test,  
That lays upon the altar the dearest  
and the best:  
The love that never falters, the love  
that pays the price,  
The love that makes undaunted the  
final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've  
heard of long ago,  
Most dear to them that love her, most  
great to them that know;  
We may not count her armies, we  
may not see her King;  
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her  
pride is suffering;  
And soul by soul and silently, her  
shining bounds increase,  
And her ways are ways of gentleness  
and all her paths are peace.

### FOR ENGLAND

The bugles of England were blowing  
o'er the sea,  
As they had called a thousand years,  
calling now to me;  
They woke me from my dreaming in  
the dawning of the day,  
The bugles of England—and how  
could I stay?

The banners of England, unfurled  
across the sea,  
Floating out upon the wind were  
beckoning to me;  
Storm-rent and battle-torn, smoke-  
stained and grey,  
The banners of England—and how  
could I stay?

O, England, I heard the cry of those  
that died for thee,  
Sounding like an organ-voice across  
the winter sea;  
They lived and died for England and  
gladly went their way,  
England, O England—how could I  
stay?

## LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Dear Land of Hope thy hope is  
crowned,  
God make thee mighty yet,  
On Sov'ran brows beloved renowned,  
Once more thy crown is set,  
Thy equal laws by freedom gained,  
Have ruled thee well and long,  
By freedom gained by truth main-  
tained,  
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Chorus—

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of  
the free,  
How shall we extol thee, who are  
born of thee,  
Wider still and wider, shall thy  
bounds be set,  
God who made thee mighty, make  
thee mightier yet,  
God who made thee mighty, make  
thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,  
As oceans large and wide,  
A pride that dares and heeds not  
praise,  
A stern and silent pride.  
Not that false joy that dreams con-  
tent  
With what our sires have won.  
The blood a hero sire hath spent  
Still nerves a hero son.

### RULE, BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heav'n's com-  
mand,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose, arose, arose from out the  
azure main,  
This was the charter, the charter of  
the land,  
And guardian angels sang this  
strain.

Chorus—

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule  
the waves;  
Britons never, never, never will be  
slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish, shalt  
flourish, great and free,  
The dread enemy of them all.

The Muses still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Shall to thy happy coast, to thy  
happy coast repair,  
Blest Isle with beauty with match-  
less beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guide the fair.

## Sacred Songs

### O VALIANT HEARTS

O valiant hearts who to your glory  
came  
Thro' dust of conflict, and thro' battle  
flame,  
Tranquil you lie, your knightly vir-  
tues proved,  
Your memory hallowed in the land  
you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank  
to war,  
As who had heard God's message  
from afar,  
All you had hoped for, all you longed  
for gave  
To save mankind, yourselves you  
scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great sur-  
render made  
Into the light that never more shall  
fade,  
Deep your contentment in that blest  
abode,  
Who wait the last clear trumpet call  
of God.

### ANZAC COMMEMORATION HYMN

Words: Mr. W. L. Thomas

Tune: Melita

Eternal God, Whom time nor space  
Nor mind of mortal men embrace,  
Thy love unfathomed, boundless, free,  
Thy love unchanging, bind to Thee  
Our kindred brothers, sons, who rose,  
Obedient to withstand our foes.

To those who gave, Thy mercy give,  
Who loved, who gave, that we might  
live,

Th' Eternal Arms around them 'twine  
Hold Thou them safe, for they are  
Thine,  
Great Heart of Love, by love imprest,  
Thy love enfold them, ever blest.

Thou fount of Goodness, Truth and  
power,  
With souls enriched, thro' sorrow's  
hour

Thy people guide, that led by Thee,  
Our heritage we worthier be,  
That lives ennobled, we may bring  
To serve our God, Th' Eternal King.

### THE 23rd PSALM

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark  
vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill:  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me:  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me: fast falls the even-  
tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
abide:  
When other helpers fail, and com-  
forts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with  
me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little  
day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories  
pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with  
me.

I need Thy presence every passing  
hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the  
tempter's power?  
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.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my clos-  
ing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom, and point  
me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
vain shadows flee:  
In life and death, O Lord, abide with  
me.

## O GOD OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the  
night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles  
last,  
And our eternal home.

## THE RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the  
fire;  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we  
loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee  
in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law—  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And, guarding, calls not Thee to  
guard.  
For frantic boast and foolish word—  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

## CREATION'S HYMN

To God eternal the heav'ns utter  
glory,  
From them His Name afar is heard,  
By earth and sea is repeated the  
story;  
Let all mankind receive their word.

Who holds the numberless stars in  
their places?

Who bids the sun his light diffuse?  
He comes with brightness and smiles  
in our faces,  
And hero-like his way pursues,  
And hero-like his way pursues.

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encirc-  
ling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
home;  
Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to  
see  
The distant scene—one step enough  
for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path,  
but now  
Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of  
fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not  
past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me,  
sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and  
torrent, till  
The night is gone.  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and  
lost awhile.

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

Let trumpets sound their silver notes  
on high  
And all the earth make joyful  
melody.  
The strains of heav'nly songs unite  
with those  
Which echo o'er the world from sea  
to sea,  
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

O let the airman riding round the  
sky,  
The sailor bold on ships so far from  
land,  
The soldier in his camp, the priest at  
pray'r,  
Take up the chorus heard on ev'ry  
hand.  
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

And as the doors swing back in  
churches old  
To welcome all who greet the in-  
fant King,  
May flames from Heav'n's own  
candles guide the steps  
Of those both great and small, who  
praises sing.  
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,  
Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

## JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains  
green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures  
seen?  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight;  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my  
hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant  
land.

## MY HEART EVER FAITHFUL

My heart ever faithful  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
My heart ever faithful  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Thy Saviour is near.

My heart ever faithful  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Thy Saviour is near.

Away with complaining,  
Away with complaining,  
Faith ever maintaining,  
My Saviour is here.

Away with complaining,  
Faith ever maintaining,  
My Saviour is here.  
My Saviour is here.

Away with complaining,  
Away with complaining,  
Faith ever maintaining,  
My Saviour is here,

My heart ever faithful  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
My heart ever faithful  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Thy Saviour is here.

Sing praises, be joyful,  
Sing praises, be joyful, be joyful.  
My heart ever faithful  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Sing praises, be joyful,  
Thy Saviour is here.

## THE TREE OF PEACE

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy  
brother,  
Where pity dwells the peace of God  
is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each  
other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly  
deed a prayer.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly  
spoken,  
The holier worship which He deigns  
to bless,

Restores the lost and binds the spirit  
broken,  
And feeds the widow and the  
fatherless.

Follow with reverent steps the great  
example  
Of Him Whose holy work was do-  
ing good,  
So shall the wide earth seem our  
Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of grati-  
tude.

Then shall all shackles fall, the  
stormy clangour  
Of wild war music o'er the earth  
shall cease,  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire  
of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of  
peace.

## NON NOBIS DOMINE

Non Nobis, Domine!  
Not unto us, O Lord,  
The praise and glory be  
Of any deed or word.  
For in Thy judgment lies  
To crown or bring to nought  
All knowledge and device  
That man has reached or wrought.

And we confess our blame,  
How all too high we hold  
That noise which men call fame,  
That dross which men call gold.  
For these we undergo  
Our hot and godless days,  
But in our souls we know  
Not unto us the praise.  
O power, by whom we live,

Creator, Judge and Friend,  
Upholdingly forgive,  
Nor leave us at the end.  
But grant us yet to see,  
In all our piteous ways,  
Non nobis, Domine.  
Not unto us the praise.  
Non nobis,  
Non nobis,  
Non nobis, Domine,

## Classical Songs

### HARK, HARK! THE LARK

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's  
gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies,  
On chaliced flowers that lies!  
And winking Mary buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With ev'rything that pretty bin  
My Lady sweet, arise,  
With ev'rything that pretty bin,  
My Lady sweet, arise, arise, arise!  
My Lady sweet, arise, arise, arise!  
My Lady sweet, arise!

### WHO IS SYLVIA?

Who is Sylvia, what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heavens such grace did lend  
her,  
That adored she might be,  
That adored she might be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And being helped inhabits there,  
And being helped inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,  
That Sylvia is excelling,  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her garlands let us bring,  
To her garlands let us bring.

### THE TROUT

I stood beside a brooklet  
That sparkled on its way,  
And saw beneath the wavelets  
A tiny trout at play;  
As swiftly as an arrow  
He darted to and fro,  
The gayest of the fishes  
Among the reeds below,  
The gayest of the fishes  
Among the reeds below.

An angler there was standing  
With rod and line in hand,  
Intent upon the fishes,  
A sportive fearless band;  
" 'Tis vain," said I, "good neighbour,  
To fish a brooklet clear,  
The fish will surely see you  
Upon the bank so near."

But skilful was the angler,  
And artful, too,  
The crystal brooklet's depths defiling,  
He hid the fish from view;  
And then his skill renewing,  
The fishes unheeding took the bait,  
And I was left lamenting  
My tiny troutlet's fate.

### TO MUSIC

Thou heav'nly art! in many hours of  
sadness  
When life's hard toil my spirit hath  
oppressed,  
Hast thou my heart revived with love  
and gladness,  
And borne my soul above to realms  
of rest.  
And borne my soul to realms of  
rest.

Oft have thy strains set free a sigh  
of sorrow,  
And soothed my grief with tender  
chords divine,  
I hear thy whisper of a brighter  
morrow,  
And thank thee for that heav'nly  
gift of thine!  
That heav'nly gift, that gift of  
thine!

# School Songs

## VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

Away with all lessons and books for  
to-night,  
Vive la compagne!e!  
And lustily singing, let's make the  
time bright,  
Vive la compagne!e!

Chorus—

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Vive l'amour! Vive l'amour!  
Vive la compagne!e!  
Let every good student sing praise  
of his school,  
Where he has a good time if he sticks  
to the rule.  
Some students are clever, and others  
are not,  
And some get a hundred, and some  
get a—what?  
This song isn't pretty, nor has it  
much sense,  
But now let us frivol, for soon we go  
hence.

## FORTY YEARS ON

Forty years on, when afar and  
asunder,  
Parted are those who are singing  
to-day,  
When you look back and regretfully  
wonder  
What you were like in your work  
and your play;  
Then it may be there will often come  
o'er you,  
Glimpses of notes like the catch of  
a song,  
Visions of boyhood shall float then  
before you,  
Echoes of dreamland shall bear  
them along!

Chorus—

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!  
Follow up! Follow up! Follow up.  
Till the field rings again and again,  
With the tramp of the twenty-two  
men.  
Follow up! Follow up!

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and  
rallies,  
Bases attempted, and rescued, and  
won,  
Strife without anger and art without  
malice,  
How will it seem to you, forty  
years on?  
Then you will say not a feverish  
minute  
Strained the weak heart and the  
wavering knee,  
Never the battle raged hottest but  
in it,  
Neither the last nor the faintest  
were we.

## THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

It's good to see the School we knew,  
The land of youth and dream,  
To greet again the rule we knew,  
Before we took the stream;  
Though long we've missed the sight  
of her,

Our hearts may not forget;  
We've lost the old delight of her,  
But we'll keep her honour yet.

We'll honour yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all;  
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call;  
For working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.

The stars and sounding vanities  
That half the crowd bewitch,  
What are they but inanities

To him that treads the pitch?  
And where's the wealth, I'm wonder-  
ing,  
Could buy the cheers that roll,  
As the last charge goes thundering  
Towards the twilight goal?

The men that tanned the hide of us,  
Our daily foes and friends,  
They shall not lose their pride of us,  
Howe'er the journey ends.  
Their voice to us who sing of it  
No more its message bears,  
But the round world shall ring of it,  
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of fame a venture is,  
There's little here can bide,  
But we may face the centuries,  
And dare the deepening tide;  
For tho' the dust that's part of us  
To dust again be gone,  
Yet here shall dwell the heart of us—  
The School we handed on!

## Songs of All Lands ENGLAND

### O WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE

O who will o'er the downs so free,  
O who will with me ride,  
O who will up and follow me,  
To win a blooming bride?  
Her father he has lock'd the door,  
Her mother keeps the key;  
But neither door nor bolt shall part  
My own true love from me!

I saw her bow'r at twilight grey,  
'Twas guarded safe and sure,  
I saw her bow'r at break of day,  
'Twas guarded then no more!  
The varlets they were all asleep,  
And none was near to see  
The greeting fair that passed there  
Between my love and me.

I promised her to come at night,  
With comrades brave and true,  
A gallant band with sword in hand,  
To break her prison through.  
I promised her to come at night,  
She's waiting now for me,  
And ere the dawn of morning light,  
I'll set my true love free!  
And ere the dawn of morning light,  
I'll set my true love free,

### A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

The dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn;  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The hounds all join in glorious cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn.  
The huntsman winds his horn.

Chorus—

Then a-hunting we will go,  
A-hunting we will go,  
A-hunting we will go,  
A-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms to make him stay,  
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,  
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,  
You cannot hunt to-day,  
You cannot hunt to-day."

The uncavern'd fox like lightning  
flies,  
His cunning's all awake,  
To gain the race he eager tries,  
To gain the race he eager tries,  
His forfeit life the stake,  
His forfeit life the stake.



## HEART OF OAK

Come, cheer up my lads! 'tis to glory  
we steer,  
To add something more to this won-  
derful year,  
To honour we call you, as free men  
not slaves,  
For who are so free as the sons of  
the waves.

Chorus—

Heart of oak are our ships,  
Heart of oak are our men,  
We are always ready—  
Steady, boys, steady,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again  
and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish  
them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us  
away;  
If they run, why we follow and run  
them ashore,  
For if they won't fight us we cannot  
do more.

Britannia, triumphant, her ships  
sweep the sea,  
Her standard is "Justice," her watch-  
word "Be Free,"  
Then cheer up, my lads, with one  
heart let us sing—  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our states-  
men, our Queen."

## SCOTLAND

### AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' 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.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary  
foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

## JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so  
gay,  
D'ye ken John Peel at the break o'  
the day,  
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far far  
away,  
With his hounds and his horn in the  
morning.

Chorus—

For the sound of his horn, brought  
me from my bed,  
And the cry of his hounds which he  
oft times led;  
Peel's "view halloo" would awaken  
the dead,  
Or the fox from his lair in the  
morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby, too;  
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and  
True,  
From a find to a check from a check  
to a view,  
From a view to a death in the morn-  
ing.

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so  
gay,  
He lived at Trout-beck once on a day;  
Now he has gone, far, far, away,  
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the  
morning.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-  
waught  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup  
As surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

## THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croonin' is pullin' me away  
As take I wi' my cromak to the  
road,  
The far Coolins are puttin' love on  
me  
As step I wi' the sunlight for my  
load.

Chorus—

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Kannocho  
and Lochaber I will go,  
By heather tracks wi' heaven in  
their wiles;  
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart  
braggart's in my step,  
You've never smelt the tangle o'  
the Isles.  
Oh, the far Coolins are puttin' love  
on me,  
As step I wi' my cromak to the  
Isles.

It's by Sheil Water the track is to the  
west,  
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea,  
The cool cresses I am thinkin' o' for  
pluck,  
And bracken for a wink on Mother  
knee.

It's the blue Islands are pullin' me  
away,  
Their laughter puts the leap upon  
the lame,  
The blue Islands from the Skerries  
to the Lews,  
Wi' heather honey taste upon each  
name.

### AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT

Chorus—

Vair me oro van o  
Vair me oro van ee  
Vair me oru o ho  
Sad am I without thee.

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,  
Black the night or wild the sea,  
By love's light my foot finds  
The old pathway to thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,  
Harp of joy, oh cruit mo chridh,  
Moon of guidance by night,  
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

## LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon  
bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on  
Loch Lomon',  
Where me an' my true love were ever  
wont to gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o'  
Loch Lomon'.

Chorus—

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll  
tak' the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
But me an' my true love we'll never  
meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o'  
Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon  
shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side o' Ben  
Lomon',  
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills  
we view,  
An' the moon comin' out in the  
gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing an' the wild-  
flowers spring,  
An' in sunshine the waters lie  
sleepin';  
But the broken heart it kens nae  
second Spring  
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae  
their greetin'.

### HORO, MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN

Chorus—

Horo, my nut-brown maiden,  
Hiri, my nut-brown maiden,  
Horo-ro, maiden!  
Oh, she's the maid for me.

Her eye so mildly beaming,  
Her look so frank and free,  
In waking and in dreaming,  
Is evermore with me.

And since from thee I parted,  
A long and weary while,  
I wander, heavy-hearted,  
With longing for thy smile.

And when, with blossoms laden,  
Bright summer comes again,  
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden  
Down from the bonnie glen.

## YE BANKS AND BRAES

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, full o' care?  
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling-bird,  
That wantons on the flow'ry thorn,  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.  
Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
By morning and by evening shine,  
To hear the birds sing o' their loves,  
As fondly once I sang o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I stretched my hand,  
And pu'd a rosebud from the tree;  
But my fause lover stole the rose,  
And left, and left the thorn wi' me.

## CALLER HERRIN'

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
Buy my caller herrin'.  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,  
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows.  
Darkling as they face the billows,  
A' to fill our woven willows.  
Buy my caller herrin',  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Caller herrin', caller herrin'.  
An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
Ladies clad in silks and laces  
Gather in their braw pelisses,  
Toss their heads and screw their faces.  
Buy my caller herrin',  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'.  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Noo neebor wives, come, tent my tellin',  
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'.  
At a word be aye your dealin',  
Truth will stand when a' things failin'.

Buy my caller herrin',  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
They're no brought here without brave darin'.  
Buy my caller herrin',  
Ye little ken their worth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';  
Wives and mithers maist despairin',  
Ca' them lives o' men.  
Caller herrin', caller herrin'.

## BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas  
Claverhouse spoke:  
Ere the King's crown go down there  
are crowns to be broke,  
Then each cavalier who loves honour  
and me,  
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Chorus—

Come fill up my cup, come fill up  
my can,  
Come saddle my horses, and call  
out my men;  
Unhook the west port, and let us  
gae free,  
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up  
the street  
The bells they ring backward, the  
drums they are beat,  
But the provost (douce man) said,  
"Just e'en let it be  
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il  
O' Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and  
lands beyond Forth,  
Be there lords in the south, there are  
chiefs in the north;  
There are brave Duinnewassels three  
thousand times three,  
Will cry, "Hey for the bonnets o'  
Bonnie Dundee."

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to  
the rocks,  
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with  
the fox;  
And tremble, false whigs, in the  
midst o' your glee,  
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bon-  
nets and me.

## WESTERING HOME

Chorus—

Westering home, and a song in the  
air,  
Light in the eye, and it's goodbye  
to care;  
Laughter o' love, and a welcoming  
there;  
Isle of my heart, my own one!

Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay!  
Speak o' the riches and joys o'  
Cathay!  
Eh, but it's grand to be wakin' ilk  
day  
To find yourself nearer to Isla (and  
its).

Where are the folk like the folk o'  
the west?  
Canty and couthy, and kindly, the  
best;  
There I would hie me, and there I  
would rest  
At home wi' my ain folk in Isla  
(and its).

## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?

Chorus—

Ilka lassie has her laddie,  
Nane, they say, hae I,  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town,  
Gin a body meet a body  
Need a body frown?

Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e myself;  
But what his name, or whaur his  
hame,  
I dinna care to tell.

## SKYE BOAT SONG

Chorus—

Sing me a song of a lad that is  
gone,  
Say, could that lad be I?  
Merry of soul, he sailed on a day,  
Over the sea to Skye.

Mull was astern, Rum on the port,  
Eigg on the starboard bow;  
Glory of youth glowed in his soul—  
Where is that glory now?

Give me again all that was there,  
Give me the sun that shone!  
Give me the eyes, give me the soul—  
Give me the lad that's gone.

Billow and breeze, islands and seas,  
Mountains of rain and sun;  
All that was good, all that was fair,  
All that was me is gone.

## IRELAND

### THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer, left  
blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions are faded  
and gone;  
No flow'r of her kindred, no rosebud  
is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes, or give  
sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stem,  
Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep  
thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er  
the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden, lie  
scentless and dead.

## BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me if all those endearing  
young charms  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow and  
fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy gifts fading away;  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as  
this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin the wish  
of my heart,  
Would entwine itself verdantly  
still.

It is not while beauty and youth are  
thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a  
tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a  
soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee  
more dear.  
Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd  
never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns on her god  
when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd  
when he rose.

## THE ROSE OF TRALEE

The pale moon was rising above the  
green mountain,  
The sun was declining beneath the  
blue sea,  
When I strayed with my love to the  
pure crystal fountain  
That stands in the beautiful vale of  
Tralee;  
She was lovely and fair as the rose  
of the summer,  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that  
won me.  
Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her eyes  
ever dawning,  
That made me love Mary,  
The Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their  
mantle were spreading,  
And Mary all smiling was list'ning  
to me,  
The moon through the valley her pale  
rays was shedding,  
When I won the heart of the Rose  
of Tralee;  
Though lovely and fair as the rose of  
the summer,  
Yet, 'twas not her beauty alone  
that won me,  
Oh, no! 'twas the truth in her eyes  
ever dawning,  
That made me love Mary,  
The Rose of Tralee.

## THE LONDONDERRY AIR

In Derry vale, beside the singing  
river,  
So oft I strayed, ah, many years  
ago,  
And culled at morn, the golden daffo-  
dillies  
That came with Spring to set the  
world aglow.  
Oh, Derry vale, my thoughts are ever  
turning  
To your broad stream and fairy-  
circled lea,  
For your green isles my exiled heart  
is yearning,  
So far away across the sea.

In Derry vale amid the Foyle's dark  
waters,  
The salmon leap above the surging  
weir,  
The sea-birds call—I still can hear  
them calling  
In night's long dreams of those so  
dear.  
Oh, tarrying years, fly faster, ever  
faster,  
I long to see the vale belov'd so  
well,  
I long to know that I am not for-  
gotten,  
And there at home in peace to  
dwell.

## WALES

### ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Sleep, my child, and peace attend  
thee  
All thro' the night;  
Guardian angels God will send thee  
All thro' the night;  
Soft and drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and dale in slumber steeping,  
I my loving vigil keeping  
All thro' the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping  
All thro' the night;  
While the weary world is sleeping  
All thro' the night;  
O'er thy spirit gently stealing  
Visions of delight revealing,  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling  
All thro' the night.

Hark! the solitary bell is ringing,  
Clear thro' the night;  
Thou, my love, art heav'n-ward wing-  
ing,  
Home thro' the night;  
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,  
By good angels art thou taken,  
Soul immortal shalt thou waken  
Home thro' the night.

### THE RISING OF THE LARK

Chorus—  
There in the summer sky—  
See now the early lark ascends  
To greet the coming day!

Minstrel of the happy dawn  
Whose song ascending fills the air;  
Blessings on thee, little one,  
That we, below, thy song can share.  
To ev'ry heart a hope thou art,  
A herald bright and fair.

Bird of sunlit happy song,  
Thou harbinger of joy and light,  
Trilling in the flush of dawn  
From out the long and fearsome  
night;  
To ev'ry heart a hope thou art,  
A herald bright and fair.

### DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK

Bring me, said David, the harp I  
adore,  
I long, ere death calls me, to play it  
once more.  
Help me to reach my belov'd strings  
again,  
On widow and children God's bless-  
ing remain.

Last night I heard a kind angel thus  
say,  
"David, fly home on the wings of  
thy lay."  
Harp of my youth, and thy music  
adieu!  
Widow and children, God's blessing  
on you.

### MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech in the hollow,  
Do ye hear, like rushing billow,  
Wave on wave that surging follow,  
Battle's distant sound?  
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foe-men,  
Saxon spear-men, Saxon bow-men—  
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men,  
They shall bite the ground!

Loose the folds asunder,  
Flag we conquer under!  
The placid sky, now bright on high,  
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
Onward 'tis our country needs us!  
He is bravest, he who leads us!  
Honour's self now proudly heads us!  
Cambria, God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow  
Flash with spear and flight of arrow,  
Who would think of death or sorrow?  
Glory crowns us now!  
Hurl the reeling horse-men over!  
Let the earth dead foe-men cover!  
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,  
Trembles on a blow!

Strands of life are riven;  
Blow for blow is given.  
In deadly lock, or battle shock,  
And mercy shrieks to heaven!  
Men of Harlech, young and hoary,  
Would you win a name in story!  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Cambria, God, and Right!

## THE ASH GROVE

The ash grove, how graceful, how  
plainly 'tis speaking,  
The harp thro' it playing has lan-  
guage for me;  
Whenever the light thro' its branches  
is breaking,  
A host of kind faces is gazing on me.  
The friends of my childhood again  
are before me,  
Each step wakes a mem'ry as freely  
I roam,  
With soft whispers laden, its leaves  
rustle o'er me,  
The ash grove, the ash grove alone,  
is my home.

My lips smile no more, my heart  
loses its lightness,  
No dream of the future my spirit  
can cheer,  
I only would brood on the past and  
its brightness,  
The dead I have mourn'd are again  
living here.  
From ev'ry dark nook, they press  
forward to meet me,  
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy  
dome,  
And others are there looking down-  
wards to greet me,  
The ash grove, the ash grove alone  
is my home.

## AUSTRALIA

### WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camp'd by a  
billabong  
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,  
And he sang as he watch'd and  
waited till his billy boil'd  
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 watch'd and  
waited till his billy boil'd  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.  
Down came a jumbuck to drink at  
that billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed  
him with glee,  
And he sang as he shoved that jum-  
buck in his tucker bag,  
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 shoved that jum-  
buck in his tucker bag,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.

Up rode the squatter mounted on his  
thoroughbred,  
Down rode the troopers, one, two,  
three,  
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got  
in your tucker bag,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.  
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.  
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got  
in your tucker bag,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.  
Up jumped the swagman, sprang into  
the billabong.  
You'll never catch me alive, said he.  
And his ghost may be heard as you  
pass by that billabong,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.  
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.  
And his ghost may be heard as you  
pass by that billabong,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with  
me.

## U.S.A.

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's  
early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the  
twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
thro' 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 thro' 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?

Oh, thus be it ever when free-man  
shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the  
war's desolation.  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the  
heav'n rescued land  
Praise the Pow'r that hath made  
and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, for our cause  
it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our  
trust."  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in  
triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the  
home of the brave!

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee 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 looking for the old plantation,  
And for the old folks at home.  
Chorus—  
All the world is sad and weary,  
everywhere I roam,  
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows  
weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

All round 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.

One little hut among the bushes, one  
that I love,  
Still sadly on my mem'ry rushes, no  
matter where I rove.  
When will I see the bees a-humming,  
all round the comb?  
When will I hear the banjo strum-  
ming, down in my good old home?

### CAMPTOWN RACES

De Camptown ladies sing this song,  
Doo-Dah! Doo-Dah!  
De Camptown race track's five miles  
long, Oh, Doo-Dah Day!  
I came down sar wid my hat caved in  
Doo-Dah! Doo-Dah!  
I go back home wid a pocket full ob  
tin. Oh, Doo-Dah Day!

Chorus—

Gwine to run all night! Gwine to  
run all day!  
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail  
nag, somebody bet on the bay.

De long tail filly and de big black  
hoss, Doo-Dah!  
Dey full de track and dey both cut  
across, Oh! Doo-Dah Day!  
De blind hoss stricken in a big hog  
hole, Doo-Dah! Doo-Dah!  
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten foot  
pole,  
Oh! Doo-Dah Day!

Old muley cow came on de track,  
Doo-Dah! Doo-Dah!  
De bob tail fling her ober his back,  
Doo-Dah! Doo-Dah!  
Den fly along like a rail road car  
Oh, Doo-Dah Day!  
Running a race wid a shootin' star,  
Oh, Doo-Dah Day!



## OL' MAN RIVER

Niggers all work on de Mississippi,  
Niggers all work while de white  
boss play,  
Pullin' dose boats from de dawn to  
sunset,  
Gettin' no rest till de judgment  
day.  
You don't dast make de white boss  
frown,  
Bend your knees an' bow yo' head,  
An' pull dat rope until yo're dead.  
Let me go 'way from de Mississippi,  
Let me go 'way from de white man  
boss.  
Show me dat stream called de River  
Jordan;  
Dat's de old stream dat I long to  
cross.

Chorus—

Ol' man river, dat ol' man river,  
He must know sumpin', but don't  
say nothin',  
He just keeps rollin' he keeps on  
rollin' along.  
He don't plant 'taters, he don't  
plant cotton,  
An' dem dat plants 'em is soon  
forgotten;  
But ol' man river he jes' keeps  
rollin' along.  
You an' me, we sweat and strain,  
Body all achin' an' racked wid  
pain.  
"Tote dat barge!" "Lift dat bale!"  
Git a little drunk and you'll land in  
jail.  
Ah gets weary an' sick of tryin',  
Ah'm tired of livin' an' feared of  
dyin',  
But ol' man river he jes' keeps  
rollin' along.

## OH! SUSANNA

I came from Alabama wid my banjo  
on my knee,  
I'm gwan to Lousiana 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.

Chorus—

Oh! Susanna, oh, don't you cry for  
me,  
I've come from Alabama wid my  
banjo on my knee.

I had a dream the other night when  
everything was still,  
I thought I saw Susanna a-coming  
down the hill;  
The buck wheat cake was in her  
mouth,  
A tear was in her eye.  
Says I, "I'm coming from the South,"  
"Susanna, don't you cry."

## MARCHING THRO' GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll  
sing another song,  
Sing it with a spirit that will start  
the world along,  
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty  
thousand strong,  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

Chorus—

Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll bring the  
Jubilee,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that  
makes us free,  
So we sing the chorus from Atlanta  
to the sea,  
While we were marching through  
Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they  
heard the joyful sound,  
How the turkeys gobbled which our  
commissary found,  
How the sweet potatoes even started  
from the ground.  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who  
wept with joyful tears  
When they saw the honour'd flag they  
had not seen for years,  
Hardly could they be restrain'd from  
breaking forth in cheers  
While we were marching thro'  
Georgia.

## WHO'S THAT A-CALLING?

The moon is beaming o'er the spark-  
ling rill,  
Who's that a-calling?  
The flowers are sleeping on the plain  
and hill,  
Who's that calling so sweet?  
While the birds are resting till the  
golden dawn,  
Who's that a-calling?  
'Twas like the singing of the one  
now gone,  
Who's that calling so sweet?

Chorus—

Who's that a-calling?  
Who's that a-calling?  
Is it one we long to greet?  
Who's that a-calling?  
Who's that a-calling?  
Who's that a-calling so sweet?

The leaves are rustling 'neath the  
starlit sky,  
The streamlet murmurs as it passes  
by.  
O, is it a message from across the  
sea?  
O, is it my darling who now speaks  
to me?

## OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart  
was young and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton  
fields away,  
Gone from this earth to a better land  
I know.  
I hear their gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

Chorus—

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my  
head is bending low;  
I hear those gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should  
feel no pain?  
Why do I sigh that my friends come  
not again?  
Grieving for forms now departed long  
ago?  
I hear those gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts once so happy  
and so free?  
The children so dear, that I held upon  
my knee?  
Gone to the shore where my soul has  
long'd to go.  
I hear those gentle voices calling,  
"Old Black Joe!"

## CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the  
corn and 'tatoes grow,  
There's where the birds warble sweet  
in the springtime,  
There's where this old darky's  
heart am longed to go.  
There's where I laboured so hard for  
old massa,  
Day after day in the field of yellow  
corn.  
No place on earth do I love more  
sincerely  
Than old Virginny, the State where  
I was born.

Chorus—

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the  
corn and 'tatoes grow,  
There's where the birds warble  
sweet in the springtime.  
There's where this old darky's  
heart am longed to go.

## SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Chorus—

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

I looked over Jordan and what did I  
see,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
A band of angels comin' after me,  
Comin' for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,  
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too.  
The brightest day that I ever saw,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.  
I'm sometimes up and sometimes  
down—  
But still my soul feels heavenly  
bound.

## SPAIN

### JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls  
the southern moon;  
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day  
too soon.  
In thy dark eyes' splendour where  
the warm light loves to dwell,  
Wearily looks, yet tender, speak their  
fond farewell.  
Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we  
should part!  
Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my  
heart.

When in thy dreaming moons like  
these shall shine again,  
And the daylight beaming, prove thy  
dreams are vain,  
Wilt thou not, relenting, for thine  
absent lover sigh?  
In thy heart consenting, to a prayer  
gone by?  
Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by  
thy side,  
Nita! Juanita! Be my own fair  
bride.

## RUSSIA

### SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

Yeo, heave-ho, yeo, heave-ho.  
While the waters ebb and flow.  
Yeo, heave-ho, yeo, heave-ho.  
See us swaying to and fro.  
Driving steadily our craft along;  
Watching ever where the storm clouds  
throng.  
Over us winging,  
Fear to us bringing,  
While the winds blow fierce and  
strong.

Yeo, heave-ho, yeo, heave-ho.  
While the waters ebb and flow.  
Yeo, heave-ho, yeo, heave-ho.  
See us swaying to and fro.  
Loved ones watching as the hours go  
by;  
Till with gladness ev'ry heart beats  
high.  
Mothers and daughters  
When o'er the waters,  
Comes at last the song they know.  
Yeo, heave-ho, yeo, heave-ho, yeo,  
heave-ho. . . .

## Christmas Carols

### GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep and crisp and even;  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Tho' the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.  
"Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain;  
Right against the forest fence,  
By St. Agnes fountain."  
"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither;  
Thou and I will see him dine

When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together,  
Thro' the rude wind's wild lament,  
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart I know not how,  
I can go no longer."  
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,  
Tread thou in them boldly:  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed;  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

## SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, Holy night!  
All is calm, all is bright,  
'Round yon Virgin Mother and Child,  
Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace,  
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night, Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the sight,  
Glories' stream from heaven afar,  
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia  
Christ, the Saviour, is born,  
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

Silent night, Holy night!  
Son of God, love's pure light,  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace;  
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth!

### O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of angels.

Chorus—

O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ  
the Lord!

True God of true God,  
Light of Light eternal,  
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's  
womb;  
Son of the Father,  
Begotten, not created:

Sing choirs of angels,  
Sing in exaltation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;  
Glory to God,  
In the highest:

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesus to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing:

## HARK THE HERALD ANGELS

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born king;  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled:  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem:

Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.  
Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb,  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel:

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail the Son of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings;  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

### THE FIRST NOWELL

The first Nowell the angel did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in  
fields as they lay:  
In fields where they lay a-keeping  
their sheep  
On a cold winter's night that was so  
deep.  
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star,  
Shining in the east, beyond them far;  
And to the earth it gave great light,  
And so it continued both day and  
night.

And by the light of that same star,  
Three wise men came from country  
far;  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the star wherever it  
went.

This star drew nigh to the north-  
west,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay  
Right over the place where Jesus lay

Then entered in those wise men  
three,  
Full reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there in His presence  
Their gold and myrrh and frankin-  
cense.

Then let us all with one accord  
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,  
That hath made heaven and earth of  
nought,  
And with His blood mankind hath  
bought.

## Sea Shanties

### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?

What shall we do with a drunken  
sailor  
Early in the morning?

Chorus—

Hooray and up she rises,  
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's  
sober,  
Early in the morning.

Pull out the plug and wet him all  
over,  
Early in the morning.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-  
pipe on him,  
Early in the morning.

Heave him by the leg in a running  
bowlin',  
Early in the morning.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's  
yard-arm under,  
Early in the morning.

### SHENANDOAH

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.  
Away, you rolling river.  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
Away I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.  
'Tis seven long years since last I  
see thee.

'Tis seven long years since last I  
see thee.

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion  
To sail across the stormy ocean.  
Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave  
you.

Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,  
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

### BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

Boney was a warrior,  
Way-ay-yah!  
Boney was a warrior,  
John France-Wah.

Boney beat the Rooshians.  
Boney beat the Prooshians.  
Boney went to Mossycow.  
Boney he came back again.  
Boney went to Elbow.  
Boney went to Waterloo.  
Boney he was sent away.  
Boney broke his heart and died.  
Boney was a warrior.

### BILLY BOY

Where hev ye been aal the day,  
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Where hev ye been aal the day, me  
Billy Boy?  
I've been walkin' aal the day  
With me charming Nancy Grey,  
And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy,  
Oh me charmin' Billy Boy.

Is she fit to be your wife,  
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Is she fit to be your wife, me Billy  
Boy?

She's as fit to be me wife  
As the fork is to the knife.  
And me Nancy, etc.

Can she cook a bit o' steak,  
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she cook a bit o' steak, me Billy  
Boy?

She can cook a bit o' steak,  
Aye, and myek a gairdle cake.  
And me Nancy, etc.

Can she myek an Irish stew,  
Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she myek an Irish stew, me Billy  
Boy?

She can myek an Irish stew  
Aye, and "Singin' Hinnies." too.  
And me Nancy, etc.

## THE RIO GRANDE

I'll sing you a song of the fish of the  
sea, Oh Rio!  
I'll sing you a song of the fish of the  
sea,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Chorus—

Then away, love, away. 'Way down  
Rio.  
So fare ye well, my pretty young  
gel,  
For we're bound for the Rio  
Grande.

Sing goodbye to Sally, and goodbye  
to Sue, Oh Rio.  
And you who are listening goodbye to  
you,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Our ship went sailing out over the  
bar,  
And we pointed her nose for the  
Southern Star,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of  
Spain,  
And we're all of us coming to see  
you again.  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,  
And she waved her white hand as we  
passed the South Pier,  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

The oak and the ash and the bonny  
birch tree,  
They're all growing green in the  
North Countrie.  
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.

## Miscellaneous Songs

### THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Have you been to London?  
Are you coming to London?  
When you come to London  
I'll tell you what you must do.  
Walk down the streets, take in the  
treats,

Do all the usual things.  
And if your spouse is keen on houses  
Why not show her the King's?  
Go down the Mall to Buckingham  
Palace,

And there you'll see the changing of  
the guard,  
Stand, maybe, within the Palace yard,  
And if your plea to enter fails,  
You press your noses to the rails,  
And watch from there the changing  
of the guard.

See how they come! To beat of drum,  
A touch of pride and pomp on every  
hand,  
A sharp staccato word of command,  
Behold, behold, the changing of the  
guard.

Fancy that's the King's home!  
Wonder if the King's home.  
Ask him if the King's home.  
Oh, ask the fellow yourself!  
The King's away at Windsor, sir,  
Or Sandringham, I fear,

But where he is, they're changing  
guard.

The very same as here.  
By which I mean at Buckingham  
Palace,  
Where you will see the changing of  
the guard.

Stand, maybe, within the Palace yard,  
Or swell the crowd around the gate  
That daily comes to contemplate  
The celebrated changing of the guard.  
Observe the style! Of rank and file,  
The army drum supplies a regular  
beat

To manly tramp of marching feet,  
Behold, behold, the changing of the  
guard,  
Company, 'shun! Present arms!  
You should see the changing of the  
guard,

Stand, maybe, within the Palace yard,  
The royal standard in the breeze  
Will tell you if their Majesties  
Are there to watch the changing of  
the guard.

The columns wheel, to flash of steel,  
They march away, the ceremonial  
ends,  
And don't forget to tell all your  
friends

You've seen, you've seen the changing  
of the guard.

## THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander and such great names as these.  
But of all the world's great heroes there's none that can compare  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

None of these ancient heroes, e'er saw a cannon ball,  
Or knew the force of powder, to slay their foes withal;  
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches and wear the looped clothes;  
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

## THE EMPIRE IS MARCHING

There is a call that all must hear,  
For ever sounding far and near,  
Over the land! Over the sea!  
Calling to hearts that would be free.  
The echoes wake each distant land,  
From icy waste to tropic sand,  
Stirring the heart! Waking the blood!  
Making a far flung brotherhood.

Chorus—

From Auckland to the Indies, from Sydney to Malay  
The Empire is marching towards the day.  
From Bengal to the Rockies there are brave hearts on the way,  
The Empire is marching towards the day.  
Look to the North! Look to the South!  
They're strong and unafraid,  
Look East! Look West!  
They're joining in the vast crusade.  
From Suva to Vancouver, from the Rand to Mandalay,  
The Empire is marching towards the day.

## OLD FATHER THAMES

There's some folks who always worry,  
And some folks who never care,  
But in this world of rush and hurry  
It matters neither here nor there.  
Be steady and realistic,  
Don't hanker for gold or gems,  
Be carefree and optimistic,  
Like Old Father Thames.

Chorus—

High in the hills, down in the dales  
Happy and fancy free,  
Old Father Thames keeps rolling along,  
Down to the mighty sea.  
What does he know, what does he care?  
Nothing for you or me,  
Old Father Thames keeps rolling along,  
Down to the mighty sea.  
He never seems to worry,  
Doesn't care for fortune's fame,  
He never seems to hurry,  
But he gets there just the same.  
Kingdoms may come, Kingdoms may go,  
Whatever the end may be,  
Old Father Thames keeps rolling along,  
Down to the mighty sea.

The best way, the heaven's blest way  
Just try to be always kind.  
It doesn't matter what the rest say,  
You're bound to leave them far behind.  
It's your job to do your duty,  
Be faithful to all your friends,  
For England, and home and beauty,  
Like Old Father Thames.

## WANDERING THE KING'S HIGHWAY

I've always been a rover,  
Summer and winter, too,  
Wandering the wide world over,  
Tramping my whole life through.  
But when I start my journey,  
At the dawn of another day,  
I give a health to comrades,  
Pals of the Great Highway.

Chorus—

So long to you! Got to be on the road again,  
So long to you! Got to hitch up my load again.  
It's been great to meet you here,  
Right good company and right good cheer;  
Now then, my lads! Anyone like to come with me?  
A wanderer's life is free,  
I can say, night and day,  
Nothing ever worries me.

Parting is filled with sorrow,  
But as I roam the land,  
I shall meet again to-morrow  
Friends who will clasp my hand.  
So with the dawn to greet me,  
As the darkness is turned to day,  
I and my friendly memories  
Start out upon our way.

Chorus—

Nights are cold; maybe I am growing old,  
Yet I thrive, and the pals I meet make it good to be alive.  
Comrades, farewell, what if we never meet again?  
The memory will stay,  
As I go, rain or snow,  
Wandering the King's Highway.

## ROLLING DOWN TO RIO

I've never sailed the Amazon,  
I've never reached Brazil;  
But the "Don" and the "Magdalena,"  
They go there when they will!  
Ah! . . .

Yes, weekly from Southampton,  
Great steamers white and gold,  
Go rolling down to Rio,  
Roll down, roll down to Rio,  
And I'd like to roll to Rio,  
Some day before I'm old!  
To roll . . .  
I'd like to roll to Rio,  
Some day before I'm old!

I've never seen a Jaguar,  
Nor yet an Armadillo  
Dillowing in his armour,  
And I s'pose I never will.  
Ah! . . .  
Unless I go to Rio,

These wonders to behold  
Go rolling down to Rio  
Roll really down to Rio!  
Oh! I'd love to roll to Rio,  
Some day before I'm old;  
To roll . . .  
I'd love to roll to Rio  
Some day before I'm old!

## DON'T BE CROSS

She was a miller's daughter fair,  
Off to the old mill window there  
Came a fisher lad to woo,  
Vowed he would be both fond and true.  
But the maid was cold and proud,  
Laughed at him and all he vowed,  
And when he sought her for his bride,  
Scornfully she replied:

Chorus—

Don't be cross, it cannot be,  
Don't be cross, dear love, with me.  
I can never share your lot,  
But still, but still forget me not.

She is the miller's daughter still,  
Lovers have somehow passed the mill.  
Not so youthful as of yore,  
She is cold and proud no more.  
When she sees her old love pass,  
From the window smiles the lass,  
But to her glances and her sighs,  
Merrily he replies:

## MY BONNIE IS OVER THE OCEAN

By Bonnie is over the ocean;  
My Bonnie is over the sea,  
My Bonnie is over the ocean,  
O bring back my Bonnie to me!

Chorus—

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

O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,  
O blow, ye winds, over the sea.  
O blow, ye winds, over the ocean,  
And bring back my Bonnie to me.



## THE ADMIRAL'S BROOM

Van Tromp was an Admiral brave  
and bold,  
The Dutchman's pride was he,  
And he cried "I'll reign on the rolling  
main,  
As I do on the Zuyder Zee,  
As I do on the Zuyder Zee!"  
And as he paced his quarter-deck  
And looked o'er the misty tide,  
He saw old England like a speck,  
And he shook his fist and cried,  
He shook his fist and cried:  
"I've a broom at the mast!" said he,  
"For a broom is the sign for me,  
That the world may know, wher-  
ever I go,  
I sweep the mighty sea!"  
"I've a broom at the mast!" said he,  
"For a broom is the sign for me,  
That wherever I go, the world may  
know  
I sweep the mighty sea!"  
Now Blake was an Admiral true as  
gold,  
And he walked by the English sea;  
And when he was told of that Dutch-  
man bold,  
A merry laugh laughed he.  
A merry laugh laughed he.  
And he cried "Ho! Ho! and away  
we'll go,  
Come aboard, merry men, with me,  
And we'll drive this Dutchman down  
below  
To the bottom of his Zuyder Zee,  
To the bottom of his Zuyder Zee.  
His broom may be trim and gay,  
But we'll haul it down to-day;  
When he says he'll sweep the  
mighty deep,  
'Tis a game that two can play!  
His broom may be trim and gay,  
But we'll haul it down to-day;  
When he says he'll sweep the  
mighty deep,  
'Tis a game that two can play!"  
Then he cried, "Come here, you  
Dutchmen queer,  
To-day you must fight with me,  
For while I ride the rolling tide  
I'll be second to none," said he.  
I'll be second to none," said he.  
So he blazed away at the Dutchman  
gay,  
Till he made Mynheer to fall,

Then he hoisted a whip to the mast  
of his ship,  
And he cried to his merry men all,  
He cried to his merry men all,  
"I've a whip at the fore," said he,  
"For a whip is the sign for me,  
That the world may know, wher-  
ever we go,  
We ride and rule the sea.  
I've a whip at the fore," said he,  
"For a whip is the sign for me,  
That wherever we go, the world  
may know,  
We ride and rule the sea."

## BILL BONES' HORNPIPE

On the harbour wall, in a sailor hat,  
Is an old, old man with an old grey  
cat;  
And he dreams all day of the time  
he twirled  
In a sailor's hornpipe round the  
world.  
It was many a weary year ago  
When he started off on nimble toe,  
For to win the prize of a silver pound,  
If he'd dance the world around.  
From the harbour wall he began his  
dance,  
And he took the road on the way to  
France,  
And his old grey cat, for she loved  
him so,  
Did a hornpipe, too, on tail and toe!  
They danced to the deck of a sailing  
brig.  
With a hornpipe first and then a jig.  
For to win the prize of a silver pound,  
If they'd dance the world around.  
In the land of France they'd a how-  
d'ye-do,  
For old Billy Bones couldn't parley-  
voo,  
And the folk all stared at his sailor  
hat,  
And his pigtail tarred and his danc-  
ing cat.  
From the coast of France to Gay  
Paree  
The Frenchmen cried, "La, la! Oui,  
Oui!  
Oh, he'll win the prize of a silver  
pound,  
If he'll dance the world around."

Then the weeks went by, and the  
months grew long,  
And he danced the heathen tribes  
among;  
And the juju men ran away in fear  
As the twirling man and his cat drew  
near.  
To the sandy wastes of Timbuctoo  
They had sped along in a year or  
two,  
For to win that prize of a silver  
pound,  
If they'd dance the world around.

But the years went by on the harbour  
wall,  
And there came no news of the pair  
at all;  
And the people sighed, and they said  
"That's that!"  
And forgot Bill Bones and his faith-  
ful cat.  
But when twenty years had passed  
away  
Came an old, old man and a cat so  
grey,  
For to win the prize of a silver pound  
They had danced the world around.  
Then the Mayor got up, and the  
Council, too,  
And they quickly asked: "Now, who  
are you,  
With your ragged clothes and your  
old black hat,  
And your tarred pigtail and your  
dancing cat?"  
"I'm Billy Bones, and my feet are  
sore,  
And I never want to dance no more,  
But I've come to claim that silver  
pound,  
For I've danced the world around,  
Yes! I've danced the world around!"

## LEGION OF THE LOST

Over the desert where the red sun  
glare,  
Staggering blindly along,  
Here comes the Regiment of Legion-  
aires,  
Singing their dare-devil songs,  
They sing of glory mingled with  
despair,  
They sing the story of the Legion-  
aires.

## Chorus—

The Legion of the Lost they call us,  
The Legion of the Lost are we,  
Legionnaires and outcasts,  
Beau Geste and then Fini,  
Marching on to hell with the flags  
flying,  
Marching on to hell with the drums  
playing,  
Listen to the drums, what's the  
drums playing,  
Scum! Scum! Every tap of the  
drum says  
Scum of the earth! Scum of the  
earth!  
Still they come to fight and die for  
La Belle France,  
The Legion of the Lost are we.

## THE BAY OF BISCAY

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge show'rs  
The clouds were rent asunder,  
By lightning's vivid pow'rs;  
The night was drear and dark.  
Our poor devoted bark,  
There she lay,  
Till next day  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!  
Now dashed upon the billow,  
Her op'ning timbers creak;  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
None stop the dreadful leak.  
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay,  
Till next day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!  
At length the wish'd for morrow,  
Broke through the hazy sky;  
Absorbed in silent sorrow,  
Each heav'd a bitter sigh.  
The dismal wreck to view,  
Struck horror in the crew,  
As she lay,  
All the day  
In the Bay of Biscay, O!  
Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent,  
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,  
Its boundless mercy sent.  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers;  
Now we sail,  
With the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

## THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The Bells of St. Mary's at sweet even-  
tide,  
Shall call me, beloved, to come to  
your side,  
And out in the valley in sound of the  
sea,  
I know you'll be waiting, yes, wait-  
ing for me.

Chorus—

The Bells of St. Mary's  
Ah! Hear they are calling.  
The young loves—the true loves  
Who come from the sea.  
And so my beloved,  
When red leaves are falling,  
The love-bells shall ring out, ring  
out  
For you and me.

At the porch of St. Mary's I'll wait  
there for you,  
In my soft wedding dress with its  
ribbons of blue,  
In the Church of St. Mary's sweet  
voices shall sing,  
For you and me, dearest, the wedding  
bells ring.

## MY 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,  
Though it weighed not a penny-  
weight 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.  
But 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 while 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.

## COME TO THE FAIR

The sun is a-shining to welcome the  
day,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
The birds are all singing so merry  
and gay,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
All the stalls on the green are as fine  
as can be,  
With trinkets and tokens so pretty to  
see—  
So it's come then, maidens and men,  
To the fair in the pride of the morn-  
ing.  
So deck yourselves out in your finest  
array,  
With a Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
The fiddles are playing a tune that  
you know,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
The drums are all beating, away let  
us go,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
There'll be racing and chasing from  
morning till night,  
And roundabouts turning to left and  
to right,  
So it's come then, maidens and men,  
To the fair in the pride of the morn-  
ing.  
So lock up your house, there'll be  
plenty of fun,  
And it's Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
For love-making, too, if so be you've  
a mind,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
For hearts that are happy are loving  
and kind,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
If it's "Haste to the Wedding" the  
fiddles should play,  
I'll warrant you'll dance to the end  
of the day,

So it's come then, maidens and men,  
To the fair in the pride of the morn-  
ing.  
The sun is a-shining to welcome the  
day,  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!  
Maidens and men, maidens and men,  
Come to the fair in the morning—  
Heigh-ho, come to the Fair!

## RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR

Riding down from Bangor  
On an Eastern train,  
After weeks of hunting  
In the woods of Maine.  
Quite extensive whiskers,  
Beard, moustache as well,  
Sat a student fellow,  
Tall and slim and swell.  
Empty seat behind him,  
No one at his side,  
Into quiet village  
Eastern train did glide.  
Enter aged couple,  
Take the hindmost seat,  
Enter village maiden,  
Beautiful, petite.  
Blushingly she faltered,  
"Is this seat engaged?"  
Sees the aged couple  
Properly enraged.  
Student's quite ecstatic,  
Sees her ticket through,  
Thinks of the long tunnel,  
Thinks what he will do.  
Pleasantly they chatted,  
How the cinders fly!  
Till the student fellow  
Gets one in his eye.  
Maiden, sympathetic,  
Turns herself about.  
"May I, if you please, sir,  
Try to get it out?"  
Then the student fellow  
Feels a gentle touch,  
Hears a gentle murmur,  
"Does it hurt you much?"  
Whiz! Slap! Bang!  
Into tunnel quite,  
Into glorious darkness,  
Black as Egypt's night.  
Out into the daylight  
Glides that Eastern train,  
Student's hair is ruffled  
Just the merest grain.

Maiden seen all blushes,  
When then and there appeared  
A tiny little ear-ring  
In that horrid student's beard.

## ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'  
eastward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-sitting, an' I  
know she thinks of me.  
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an'  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder  
the temple bells they say:  
"Come you back, you British soldier,  
come you back to Mandalay,  
Come you back to Mandalay, where  
the old flotilla lay;  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'  
from Rangoon to Mandalay?  
On the road to Mandalay, where the  
flying fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder  
out of China 'crost the bay.  
'Er petticoat was yaller, an' 'er little  
cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supiyaw, jes' the  
same as Theebaw's Queen.  
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a  
wackin' white cheroot,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an  
'eathen Idol's foot,  
Bloomin' Idol made o' mud, what they  
call the great Gawd Budd,  
Plucky lot she cared with Idols when  
I kissed her where she stood!  
On the road to Mandalay, where the  
flying fishes play,  
out of China 'crost the bay.  
Ship me somewheres east of Suez  
where the best is like the worst,  
Where there ain't no Ten Command-  
ments, an' a man can raise a  
thirst,  
For the temple bells are callin' an'  
it's there that I would be,  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'  
lazy at the sea.  
Come you back to Mandalay, where  
the old Flotilla lay,  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'  
from Rangoon to Mandalay?  
On the road to Mandalay, where the  
flying fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder  
out of China 'crost the bay.

## FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Some think the world is made for fun  
and frolic,  
And so do I, and so do I.  
Some think it well to be all melan-  
cholic,  
To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh.  
But I, I love to spend my time in  
singing  
Some joyous song, some joyous  
song.  
To set the air with music bravely  
ringing,  
Is far from wrong, is far from  
wrong.

Chorus—

Listen! Listen! Echoes sound afar!  
Listen! Listen! Echoes sound afar!  
Funiculi, Funicula, Funiculi, Funi-  
cula,  
Echoes sound afar, Funiculi Funi-  
cula.

Some think it wrong to set the feet  
a-dancing;  
But not so I. But not so I.  
Some think that eyes should keep  
from coyly glancing  
Upon the sly, upon the sly.  
But oh! to me the mazy dance is  
charming,  
Divinely sweet. Divinely sweet.  
And surely there is nought that is  
alarming  
In nimble feet? In nimble feet?

Chorus—

Listen! Listen! Music sound afar!  
Ah me! 'tis strange that some should  
take to sighing,  
And like it well. And like it well.  
For me I have not thought it worth  
the trying,  
So cannot tell. So cannot tell.  
With laugh and dance and song the  
day soon passes,  
Full soon is gone. Full soon is gone.  
For mirth was made for joyous lads  
and lasses,  
To call their own. To call their  
own.

Chorus—

Listen! Listen! Hark the soft  
guitar!

## THE ORDERLIES' SONG

At six o'clock of a shining morn we  
start our little day,  
We wash the mugs and wipe the jugs,  
and clear the crumbs away:  
We stoke the stoves and butter the  
loaves and neatly spread the  
squish,  
Then tenderly drop a porridge flop in  
ev'ry waiting dish.

Chorus—

O Orderly, Orderly, O the Orderly  
Day,  
Poor sore Orderly, Tra la la la la  
la la la la la la—  
Six o'clock of a shining morn we  
start our little day,  
And all day long we are making  
meals or clearing meals away;  
And it's "Orderly! Squish!"  
"Orderly! Tosh!" "Orderly!  
Tea this way!"  
O who would be an Orderly upon an  
Orderly Day?

When breakfast's done we've but be-  
gun our weary round of work,  
And evils light upon the wight who  
tries his job to shirk;  
A ravening crowd that roars aloud  
we feed with might and main,  
And when they've sploshed the plates  
we've washed, we wash them all  
again.

Now spotted dog's magnificent  
prog and so is Irish stew,  
I'm a regular glutton for roasted  
mutton when I haven't the wash-  
ing to do;  
But stains of tosh are easy to wash  
compared with stains of fat,  
I'd rather be fed on cheese and bread  
than wash for a week of that.

But still one crumb of chilly comfort  
has the Orderly got,  
That when the rest have done their  
best, why, he can finish the lot!  
One cheering ray lights up the day  
when labour he would spurn—  
That when he's played the scullery  
maid, the others will have their  
turn!

