

Give me the man who goes into battle
with a song in his heart.

Popular Songs of the A.E.F.



Fiddle up, fiddle up on your violin,
Lay right on it, rest your chin upon it.
Dog-gone you better begin,
And play an overture upon your violin :
Hurry up, hurry up with your violin.
Make it soener, don't you stop to tune 'er.
Fid, fid, fid, fiddle the middle of your ragtime violin.

This book is for the free use of the soldiers in France and must not be exported or sold. Thanks are expressed to Francis Salabert for permission to use many of his copyrighted songs. Extra copies can be obtained from him at 22, rue Chauchat, Paris.

Madelon

Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire
Sous la tonnelle on frôle son jupon,
Et chacun lui raconte une histoire,
Une histoire à sa façon.
La Madelon pour nous n'est pas sévère,
Quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
Elle rit, c'est tout l'mal qu'ell'sait faire,
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!

When Madelon comes in to serve the boys,
Life is a dream, the world is full of joys
And each one begins to sigh anew,
That to her his vows are true.
Sweet Madelon to us is not severe
But, always kind, she gives the soldiers cheer
Smiles at each before she passes on —
Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!

POPULAR SONGS OF THE A.E.F.

Compiled by
Bureau of Libraries and Periodicals
A.E.F. Y.M.C.A.



PARIS
This book is not for sale.
1918

It's the songs we sing
and the smiles we wear
that make the sunshine everywhere.

Only a few of the songs our boys in France love to sing and whistle are to be found herein. Since the compilation of this little book many kind offers from composers, authors and publishers have been received, all with one accord expressing their desire to brighten the camp life of the A. E. F. with a service of song. Had earlier notice been given some of the compositions would have been included.

Effort has been made to give proper credit, but under war conditions errors doubtless have crept in. These, if noted, will gladly be corrected in the next edition.

Thanks are due to all who generously contributed; also to Miss Emily Bax of the Bureau of Libraries who edited the collection; Mr. Gerald Reynolds who pioneered the way with an earlier publication; Mr. Walter H. Johnson Jr. and Mr. O. M. Williams of the Entertainment Department; Mr. D. K. Medcalf of the Bureau of Libraries; Mr. Kenneth Clark, Mr. W. M. Oliver, Mr. Paul G. Flood, Mr. Edward Bunting and many others who made helpful suggestions.

J. F. M.

France, September 1918.

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Battle Hymn of the Republic

(B flat)

Julia Ward Howe

Plantation Melody

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

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

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaming lamps;
His day is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

America

(C)

My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' 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.

God save the King

God save our gracious King
Long live our Noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious
Happy and Glorious
Long to reign over us
God save the King.

God save our splendid men
Bring them safe home again
God save our men.
Bring them victorious
Patient and chivalrous
They are so dear to us,
God save our men.

America, the Beautiful

(F)

Katharine Lee Bates

S. A. Ward

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 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,
Undimm'd by human tears !
America ! America !
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea !

LIBERTY BELL

(IT'S TIME TO RING AGAIN)

Words by
JOE GOODWIN

Music by
HALSEY K. MOHR

Liberty Bell, — It's time to ring a - gain, —

Liberty Bell, — It's time to swing a - gain, — We're in the

same sort of fix — We were in Seventy-six — And we are

ready to mix — and rally round — you Like we did be-fore, Oh !

Liberty Bell, — Your voice is needed now, —

Liberty Bell, — We'll hear your call — one and all, Though you're

old and there's a crack in you — Don't for-get Old Glo-ry's

lack-in' you — Oh ! Liberty Bell, it's time to ring a - gain. —

The red, white, and blue

(A^b)

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue!
When borne by the red, white, and blue!
When borne by the red, white, and blue!
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white, and blue!

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave,
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May thy service, united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!
The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Sailin' away on the Henry Clay

(C)

Gus Kahn

Egbert Van Alstyne

Sailin' away, sailin' away
Sailin' in the moonlight on the Henry Clay
Just hear that barber shop quartet a-harmonizin'
While that coon band is improvisin'
Slidin' along, glidin' along
Dancing till the break of day
Upon that upper deck just see those darkies spoon
Hug and kissin' neath the Dixie moon
Oh boy, Ocean of joy
When you're sailin' on the Henry Clay.

(Copyright Remick and Co., Detroit)

It's a long way to dear old Broadway

(Eb)

Ernest Breuer

Geo. Fairman

It's a long way to dear old Broadway
And the Statue of Liberty
In God we're trusting,
He is adjusting,
All the wrong done to the U.S.A.
Please stop your yearning,
We'll be returning,
Just as soon as our work is through.
It's a long, long way to dear old Broadway,
But we're coming back to you.

(Copyright Leo Feist, New York)

The Marseillaise

(A)

Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle

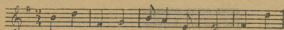
Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grand-sires hoary:
Behold their tears, and hear their cries,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th'a-vengeing sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé,
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

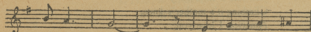
GOOD-BYE BROADWAY, HELLO FRANCE!

Words by
C. FRANCIS REISNER
and BENNY DAVIS
Chorus.

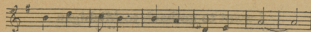
Music by
BILLY BASKETTE



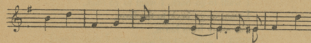
Good-bye Broad-way, Hel-lo France— We're ten



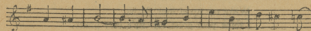
mil-lion strong,— Good-bye sweet-hearts,



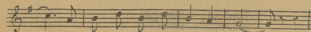
wives and moth-ers, It won't take us long,—



Don't you wor-ry while we're there,— It's for you we're
(ad. lib.). It's for you we're



fight-ing too,— So Good-bye Broad-way, Hel-lo France,
fight-ing for,— So Good-bye Broad-way, Hel-lo France,



— We're going to square our debt to you.—
— We're going to help you win this war.—

America I love you

(C)

Edgar Leslie

Archie Gottler

America, I love you,
You're like a sweetheart of mine,
From ocean to ocean,
For you my devotion
Is touching each bound'ry line,
Just like a little baby
Climbing it's mother's knee,
America, I love you,
And there's a hundred million others like me.

I want to go back to Michigan

Irving Berlin

I want to go back, I want to go back,
I want to go back to the farm,
Far away from harm,
With a milk pail on my arm;
I miss the rooster,
The one that useter
Wake me up at four A. M.
I think your great big city's very pretty,
Nevertheless I want to be there,
I want to see there
A certain some one full of charm
That's why I wish again
That I was in Michigan,
Down on the farm.

(Permission Feldman, London)

Moonlight Bay

(Bb)

Edward Madden

Percy Wenrich

We were sailing along, on Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices ringing, they seemed to say,
"You have stolen her heart, Now don't go way"
As we sang Love's Old Sweet Song, on Moonlight Bay.

(Copyright Feldman, London)

Dixie's Land

(C)

Daniel D. Emmet

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away, down South in Dixie,
Away, Away, Away, down South in Dixie.

Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm bound to trabble.
Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Look-a-way! Dixie Land.

Are you from Dixie ?

Chorus

- A. — Are you from Dixie ?
 B. — Yes I'm from Dixie,
 A. — Where the fields of cotton beckon to me.
 B. — I'm glad to see you.
 A. — Tell me, how be you ?
 B. — Well just look me over and see.
 A. — Are you from Alabama, Tennessee or Caroline ?
 B. — Why, I was born below the Mason-Dixon line,
 A. — Then you're from Dixie,
 Both. — Hurrah for Dixie!
 (Shaking hands) Cause I'm from Dixie too!

2nd Chorus

- A. — Are you from Dixie ? (B. Wal, I swan I)
 A. — You said from Dixie (B. Hello, John)
 A. — Where the fields of Cotton beckon to me.
 A. — I'm glad to see you ? (B. So am I)
 A. — Tell me how be you ? (B. - Feeling spry)
 A. — And all the friends I'm longing to see ?
 A. — Are you from Alabama, Tennessee or Caroline ?
 B. — Why, I was born below the Mason-Dixon line,
 A. — Then you're from Dixie, (B. I declare!)
 A. — Hurrah for Dixie! (B. - Put her there)
 (Shaking hands)
 Both — Cause I'm from Dixie too !

I WANT TO BE IN DIXIE

(I'M GOING BACK TO DIXIE)

Written
and Composed

By BERLIN
and SNYDER

Chorus.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody.

I want to be..... I want to be.... I want to
 be down home in Dix - ie, Where the hens are dog - gone
 glad to lay Scrambled' eggs in the new mown hay, You ought to
 see..... You ought to see..... You ought to see my home in
 Dix - ie, You can tell the world I'm go - ing to
 D-I-X-I don't know how to spell it, But I'm goin'.... You bet I'm
 goin'..... To my home in Dix - ie land.

They Called it Dixieland

Raymond Edgan

(C)

Richard Whitting

They built a little garden for the rose
And they call'd it Dixieland,
They built a summer breeze to keep the snows
Far away from Dixieland,
They built the finest place I've known
When they built my home sweet home,
Nothing was forgotten in the land of cotton,
From the clover to the honey-comb.
And then they took an angel from the skies
And they gave her heart to me.
She had a bit of heaven in her eyes,
Just as blue as blue can be ;
They put some fine spring chickens in the land,
And taught my Mammy how to use a frying-pan.
They made it twice as nice as Paradise,
And they call'd it Dixieland

(Copyright Francis and Day, London)

The Sunshine of your Smile

Leonard Cooke

Ed

Lilian Ray

Dear face that holds so sweet a smile for me,
Were you not mine how dark the world would be
I know no light above that could replace,
Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear face.
Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes,
Life could not hold a fairer Paradise !
Give me the right to love you all the while,
My world forever the sunshine of your smile.
Shadows may fall upon the land and sea,
Sunshine from all the world may hidden be,
But I shall see no cloud across the sun;
Your smile shall light my life, till life is done !

(Copyright Francis and Day, London)

My old Kentucky home

Stephen C. Foster

(G)

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, and 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,

Oh ! 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 !

Roaming in the gloaming

(F)

Harry Lauder

Roaming in the gloaming
On the bonnie banks of Clyde
Roaming in the gloaming
With my lassie by my side ;
That's the time that I like best
When the birds have gone to rest
Then we can go roaming in the gloaming.

Indiana

Ballard Macdonald

(G)

James F. Hanley

I have always been a wand'rer,
Over land and sea,
Yet a moon-beam on the water
Casts a spell o'er me,
A vision fair I see,
Again I seem to be:
Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light still shining bright
Through the sycamores for me.
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam:
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash,
Then I long for my Indiana home.

(Copyright Feldman. London.)

Send me a curl

There's a corner in my heart
That I'm keeping all apart
For the little girl I left behind.
I can see her waiting there
With the flowers in her hair
And the roses in her cheeks entwined;
So when you're thinking of me over yonder,
When you wonder what I want to wear,
Send a pretty little curl
From the sweetest little girl in my home town.

Back home in Tennessee

Wm. Jerome

Walter Donaldson

Back home in Tennessee,
Just try to picture me
Right on my mother's knee,
She thinks the world of me.
All I can think of to-night,
Is a field of snowy white,
Banjos ringing, darkies singing,
All this world seems bright.

The roses round the door
Make me love mother more;
I'll see my sweetheart Flo,
And friends I used to know
Why, they'll be right there to meet me,
Just imagine how they'll greet me,
When I get back, when I get back, to
My home in Tennessee.

The last long mile

Oh, it's not the pack that you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder,
Nor the five-inch crust of khaki-colored dust
That makes you feel your limbs are growing older.
And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike
That drives away your smile,
Nor the socks of sisters that raise blooming blisters,
It's the last long mile.

Carry me back to old Virginny

James Bland

(Ab)

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 the old darky's heart has long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old massa
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

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 the old darky's heart has long'd to go.

(Copyright Oliver Ditson and Co., New York)

Seeing Nellie home

George Rosey

(C)

In the sky the bright star glitter'd
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus

I was seeing Nellie home, I was seeing Nellie home,
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

They Called It Ireland

J. Keirn Brennan

(E flat)

Ernest R. Ball

Sure, a little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away,
And when the Angels found it,
Sure it looked so sweet and fair,
They said "Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there."
So they sprinkled it with star-dust just to make the shamrocks grow;
Tis the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go.
Then they dotted it with silver, to make its lakes so grand
And when they had it finished, sure they called it Ireland.

(Copyright Witmark and Sons, New-York)

When Irish eyes are smiling

(D)

Chauncey Olcott and Geo. Graff Jr.

Ernest R. Ball

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like a morn in Spring
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing
When Irish hearts are happy
All the World seems bright and gay,
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away.

(Copyright Feldman, London)

Ireland must be Heaven

Joe McCarthy and Howard Johnson

(C)

Fred Fischer

Ireland must be Heaven, for an angel came from there,
I never knew a living soul, one half so sweet or fair,
For her eyes are like the starlight, and the white clouds match her hair,
Sure, Ireland must be Heaven, for my mother came from there.

(Copyright Dargzewski, London)

De ringtail'd coon

A. Scott Gatty

(A)

As I walk'd out wid Dinah
De other afternoon !
De day could not be finer
Ho! de ringtail'd coon !
Says I "Oh deart! what shall I do?"
Says she "Why what's amiss wid you?"
Oh! dear oh!
Ho! for de ringtail'd coon.

Says I "Your teeth are pearly"
De other afternoon !
"Your hair so black and curly"
Ho! de ringtail'd coon !
"You are my lub, my guiding star,
By all dats black you are, you are!"
Oh! dear oh!
Ho! for de ringtail'd coon.

Says I "Why should we tarry?"
De other afternoon !
Says she "Let's off and marry!"
Ho! the ringtail'd coon .
De Darkies rush up to de spot
An Den and Dere dey tie de knot,
Oh! dear oh!
Ho! for de ringtail'd coon.

(Permission Boosey, London)

Good night!

A. Scott Gatty

(B flat)

Darkies let us sing a song, in de old Plantation,
Sing it as we sang it in de days long since gone by,
Blow de big Bassoon to disturb de hole creation
Wake old Massa up in bed and make him blink him eye
Shine, shine moon!
While I dance wid Dinah dear!
Bright, bright moon!
Kiss her so no-one can hear!
Someone calls . . .
Ah! it is de oberseer,
Steal away and so good-night!

(Permission Boosey, London)

Everybody's doin' it

Irving Berlin

Ev'rybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it
Ev'rybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it
See that ragtime couple over there,
Watch them throw their shoulders in the air
Snap their fingers, Honey, I declare
It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear. There!
Ev'rybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it
Ev'rybody's doin' it, doin' it, doin' it
Ain't that music touching your heart?
Hear that trombone bustin' apart?
Come, come, come, come let us start,
Ev'rybody's doin' it now.

Massa's in the cold, cold ground

Stephen C. Foster

(D)

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkies mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long,
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus

Down in de corn-field
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.
Massa make de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind,
Now, dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before tomorrow,
Cayse de teardrop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

My ain Folk

(Eb)

Laura G. Lemon

Wilfred Mills

Far frae my hame I wander ; But still my thoughts return
To my ain folk ower yonder, In the sheiling by the burn.
I see the cosy ingle, And the mist abune the brae :
And joy and sadness mingle, as I list some auld-worl'd lay.
And it's oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk,
Tho' they be but lowly, puir and plain folk:
I am far beyond the sea, But my heart will ever be
A' hame in dear auld Scotland, wi' my ain folk!

(Permission Boosey, London)

Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

(D)

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay ;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away ;
Gone from the 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 their 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 their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe".

Solomon Levi

A

My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store in Baxter Street,
That's where you'll find your coats and vests
And ev'rything that's neat ;
I've second handed over coats,
And everything that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me
At one hundred and forty-nine.

Chorus

Oh, mister Levi,
Levi, hast de gesch'n,
Poor sheeny Levi,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,
My name is Solomon Levi, (etc. as above)

I'm gonna pin my medal on the girl I left behind

(G)

Irving Berlin

"I'm gonna pin my medal on the girl I left behind,
 She deserves it more than I;
 For the way she said "goodbye";
 You should have seen her try to keep away the tears that blind,
 A braver hero,
 Would be hard to find.
 She puts a smile in ev'ry letter that she signs,
 But I can read what's in her heart between the lines;
 And when I get back,
 Yes, when I get back,
 I'm gonna pin my medal on the girl I left behind.

(Copyright Waterson-Berlin and Snyder Co., New York)

Yip I yaddy

Yip i yaddy, i aye, i aye,
 Yip i yaddy, i aye, i aye,
 I don't care what becomes of me
 When I hear that sweet melody
 Yip i yaddy, i aye, i aye,
 I just have to holler, hurrah, hurrah,
 Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
 Home was never like this,
 Yip i yaddy, i aye.

WHEN YANKEE DOODLE LEARNS TO "PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS"

Words by
 WILL HART

Music by
 ED. NELSON

Chorus.

When Yan-kee Doo-dle learns to Par-lez vous Franç-
 ais Par-lez vous Franç-ais, in the pro-per
 way He will call each girl-ie "Ma Chér- ie", To
 ev'-ery Miss that wants a kiss he'll say Wee, Wee, On Ze
 Be, On Ze Bou, On Ze Bou-le, Bou-le-ward, With a
 girl, with a curl you can see him pro-men-ade When
 Yan-kee Doo-dle learns to Par-lez vous Franç-ais, "Oo La
 La, Sweet Pa-pa" he will teach them all to say.

Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning

(G)

Irving Berlin

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 bugler 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.

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 bugler call;
 You've got to get up, you've got to get up,
 You've got to get up this morning!
 Oh! boy the minute the battle is over,
 Oh! boy the minute the foe is dead;
 I'll put my uniform away, and move to Philadelphia,
 And spend the rest of my life in bed.

(Copyright Waterson Berlin and Snyder Co., New York).

K-K-K-KATY

By GEOFFREY O'HARA
 Army Song Leader

Chorus.

The musical score for 'K-K-K-KATY' is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics. The third staff shows a change in the melody, with some notes beamed together. The fourth staff concludes the chorus with a final note and a double bar line.

"K - K - K - Ka - ty, beau - ti - ful Ka - ty, You're the
 on - ly g - a - g - girl that I adore; When the m - m - m -
 moon shines, O - ver the cow - shed, I'll be
 wait - ing at the k - k - k - kitch - en door."

They were all out of step but Jim

(C)

Irving Berlin

Did you see my little Jimmy marching,
With the soldiers up the avenue ?
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch,
Like his Daddy on the seventeenth of March.
Did you notice all the lovely ladies,
Casting their eyes on him ?
Away he went,
To live in a tent ;
Over in France with his regiment.
Were you there, and tell me, did you notice ?
They were all out of step but Jim.

Did you see my little Jimmy marching,
With the soldiers up the avenue ?
There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch,
Like his Daddy on the seventeenth of March.
Did you notice all the lovely ladies,
Casting their eyes on him ?
It made me glad,
To gaze at the lad ;
Lord help the Kaiser if he's like his Dad.
Were you there, and tell me, did you notice ?
They were all out of step but Jim.

(Copyright Waterson-Berlin and Snyder Co. N. Y.)

Mother Machree

Rida Johnson Young (C) Chauncey Olcott and Ernest R. Ball

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers so toilworn for me,
O God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

(Copyright Feldman, London)

YOU'RE IN STYLE WHEN YOU'RE WEARING A SMILE

By AL W. BROWN, GUS KAHN
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Chorus.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The score includes a chorus and several lines of verse.

If you smile in the morn - ing you'll
smile un - til night — Smile and the world will be
smil - ing - ly bright — And tho' the skies that were
blue turn'd to gray — Smile and you'll chase Mis - ter
Trou - ble a - way — keep smil - ing Smile when it's cloud - y and
don't mind the rain — Sun - shine must come af - ter while -
Smile if your clothes are of silk or in rags — You're in
style when you're wear - ing a smile —

Vive l'Amour

(Bb)

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass.
 Vive la compagnie,
 And drink to the health of our glorious camp,
 Vive la compagnie,
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la compagnie !
 Come fill up your glasses, a toast for today,
 Vive la compagnie,
 We'll drink to our ally, République Française !

Funiculi — Funicula

(Eb)

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 melancholic,
 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,
 Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, la la
 Echoes sound afar, Tra la, tra la la la la.

N'EVERYTHING

(SONG)

Lyric and Music by BUD de SYLVIA,
 GUS KAHN and AL JOLSON

Chorus,

She's got a pair of eyes that speak of love 'n'

Ev'ry-thing — She's got a smile like an - gels up a-bove 'n'

Ev'ry-thing — The lit-tle bird-ies start to sing — When they see
 her they think it's spring — Like April show-ers — She makes the
 flow-ers — Jus' seem to grow and Ev' - ry - thing — She's got the
 cut-test lit - tle dimpled hand 'n' Ev'ry-thing — A pret-ty
 finger for a wed-ding band 'n' Ev'ry-thing — And if she'll
 be my lit-tle wife — We'll lead the sim-ple life — And we'll
 raise a lot of ducks and cows and geese and Ev'ry-thing —

Pack up your troubles

George Asaf

(G)

Felix Powell

Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders
With his smile, his funny smile,
He was loved by all the privates and commanders,
For his smile, his funny smile.
When a throng of Bosches came along
With a mighty swing,
Perks yelled out "This little bunch is mine!"
Keep your heads down boys and sing, Hll

Refrain

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile,
While you've a lucifer to light your tag,
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!

(Copyright Francis Day, London)

(Refrain sung by the girls at home)

Raise vegetables in your own back yard
And smile, smile, smile,
Take up your spade and hoe
And work right hard.
You'll then be quite in style.
What's the use of worrying
It never is worth while;
So raise vegetables in your own back yard
And Smile, Smile, Smile!

GOOD MORNING Mr. ZIP! ZIP! ZIP!

By ROBERT LLOYD

Army Song Leader

Chorus.

Good morn - ing, Mis-ter Zip - Zip - Zip, With your
hair cut just as short as mine, Good morn - ing Mis-ter,
Zip - Zip - Zip, You're sure - ly look-ing fine!
Ash-es to ash-es, and dust to dust, If the
Cam-e-ls don't get you, The Fa - ti - mas must, Good morn - ing, Mis-ter
Zip - Zip - Zip, With your hair cut just as short as, your
hair cut just as short as, your hair cut just as short as mine.

Words to the Army Trumpet Calls

(A flat)

Pennsylvania Military College.

Reveille

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.
Corp'rals worse than privates;
Sergeants worse than corp'rals;
Lieutenants worse than the sergeants,
And the capt'ns worst of all.

Chorus : I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, etc.

Mess Call

Soup-y soup-y, without a single bean;
Pork-y, pork-y, pork, without a streak of lean;
Coffee, coffee, coffee, without any cream (or, the weakest ever seen).

Sick Call

Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills.
Oh! Come and get your quinine, come and get your pills.

Stable Call

Come all who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and giv'em some corn;
For if you don't do it, the Col'nel will know it,
And then you will rue it, sure as you're born.

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy

C. W. Murphy

Merton David

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,
Last night, by the star-shell light,
We saw you, we saw you.
You were mending your broken wire
When we opened rapid fire.
If you want to see your father in your fatherland,
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy.

.....

Keep your shades down, Mary Ann,
Keep your shades down, Mary Ann,
Last night, by the pale moonlight,
We saw you, we saw you.
You were combing your auburn hair,
It was hanging upon a chair,
If you want to keep your secrets
From your future man,
Keep your shades down, Mary Ann.

Army Beans

(B. Flat)

Tune : " My Little Girl".

Dear army beans, you know I love you,
For I eat you every day;
Dear army beans, I'm thinking of you,
When I'm hiking miles away;
Mosquitoes bite down in the wildwood,
When I'm thinking most of you,
Dear army beans, I smell you cooking,
And I'm coming back to you.

They go wild simply wild over me

(C)

Joe McCarthy

Fred Fisher

They go wild simply wild over me,
They go mad just as mad as they can be,
No matter where I'm at,
All the ladies thin or fat,
The tall ones, the small ones,
I grab 'em off like that,
Ev'ry night how they fight over me,
I don't know what it is that they can see
The ladies look at me and sigh,
In my arms they want to die,
They go wild simply wild over me.

(Copyright by McCarthy and Fisher, New York)

Huckleberry Finn

Chorus

Huckleberry Finn, if I were Huckleberry Finn, I'd do the things he did,
I'd be a kid again, you'd always find me out fishing beside a shady pool,
Wishing there never was a school, if I were only Huckleberry Finn
In every mischief I'd be in, and on my freckled face you'd always
[find a grin,

I wouldn't put my shoes or stockings on for any man,
And all I'd ever wear would be a coat of tan, if I were
[Huckleberry Finn.

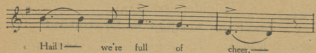
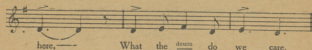
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HAIL! HAIL! THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Words by
D. A. ESROM

Music by
THEODORE MORSE
and ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Chorus.



Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

(B flat)

Geo. F. Root

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er

Chorus

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free-land in our own beloved home.

Meet me to-night in Dreamland

Beth S. Whitson.

Leo Friedman

Meet me to-night in Dreamland
Under the silv'ry moon
Meet me to-night in Dreamland
Where love's sweet roses bloom
Come with the lovelight gleaming
In your dear eyes of blue;
Meet me in Dreamland, sweet dreamy Dreamland,
There let my dreams come true.

(Copyright Salabert, Paris)

Yaa-ka hula hickey dula

Peter Bernard

(Bb)

I'm coming back to you, my Hula Lou,
Beside the sea at Waikiki you'll play for me,
And once again you'll sway my heart your way,
With your yaa-ka hula hickey dula tune.

(Copyright Feldman, London)

The old oaken Bucket

F. Kaillmark

(G)

Samuel Woodsworth

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew,
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

Love's old sweet song

G. F. Brigham

Ab

J. L. Molloy

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk where fell the twilight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Just a song at twilight,
When the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows,
Softly come and go.
Tho the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

Tenting on the old Camp ground

We are tenting tonight on the old Camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And the friends we love so dear.
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.

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 eye's splendor,
Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary 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 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.

Sweet Adeline

Sweet Adeline, My Adeline,
At night, Dear-heart, For you I pine,
In all my dreams, your fair face beams.
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline.

Annie Laurie

(C)

Lady John Scott

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true;
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doun an' dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doun an' dee

Silver threads among the gold

Darling, I am growing old
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.

Tho' your hair is growing white,
And your cheek no longer bright;
Still my darling you will be, will be
Always young and fair to me.

Nancy Lee

(E flat)

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

See there she stands and waves her hands upon the quay,
An' every day when I'm away she'll watch for me
An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea.

Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo-ho! we go across the sea;
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

But true and bright, from morn to night, my home will be,
An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack at sea,
An' Nancy's face to bless the place an' welcome me;
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

The bos'n pipes the watch below,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
Then here's a health before we go,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho!

A long, long life to my sweet wife and mates at sea,
And keep our bones from Davy Jones, where'er we be;
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy Lee.

Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

A Perfect day

Carrie Jacobs Bond

(Ab)

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
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 the 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 mem'ry 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.

(Permission Harris, London)

Swanee River

S. C. Foster

(D)

Geo. Rosey

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 longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus

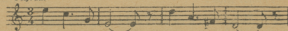
All the world am dark and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY

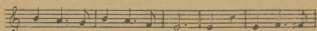
Words and Music by
N. J. CLESI

Arranged by
THEODOR MORSE

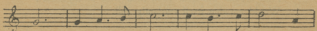
Refrain



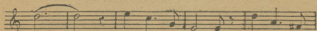
I'm sor - ry, dear, — so sor - ry, dear —



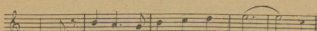
I'm sor - ry I made you cry! — Won't you for-



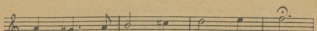
get, won't you for - give? Don't let us say good-



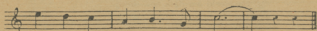
bye! — One lit - tle word, — one lit - tle



smile, — One lit - tle kiss, wont you try? —



It breaks my heart to hear you sigh,



I'm sor - ry I made you cry! —

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

(Eb)

Thomas Moore

Irish air

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow 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, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

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

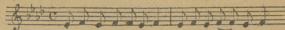
SWEET LITTLE BUTTERCUP

(SONG)

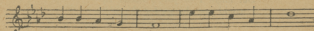
Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

Music by
HERMAN PALEY

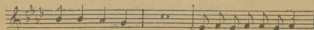
Refrain.



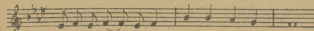
Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup Shy lit - tle But - ter - cup



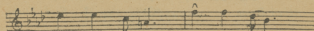
Dry your eyes of dew I'll come back to you



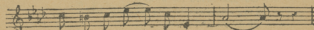
When the war is through Safe in your syl - van dell



Far from the shot and shell Let your love - light shine



{ An - gels guide you watch be - side you }
{ Stars a - bove you watch and love you }



Sweet lit - tle But - ter - cup mine —

Drink to me only with thine eyes

Ben Jonson

(Eb)

Old English air

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And send'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

I'm on my way to Mandalay

Alfred Bryan

(G)

Fred. Fischer

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
Beneath the shell'ring palms I want to stray,
Oh, let me live and love for aye,
On that island far away;
I'm sentimental for my Oriental love,
So sweet and gentle,
That's why I'm on my way to Mandalay,
I've come to say good-bye.

(Copyright Leo Feist, New York).

The Rosary

Ethelbert Nevin

(C)

Robert Cameron Rogers

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over ev'ry one apart,
My rosary, my rosary!

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a pray'r
To still a heart in absence wrung:
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung!

O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross, sweetheart! to kiss the cross.

(Permission Winthrop Rogers, London).

Roses of Picardy

Fred E. Weatherly

(Bb)

Haydn Wood

Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy, but there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summer-time, and our roads may
[be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy! 'tis the rose that
[I keep in my heart!

(Permission Chappell, London).

Sweet Genevieve

(F)

O Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past!
The rose of youth was dew-impleared;
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.
O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of memory weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

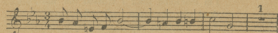
Fair Genevieve, my early love,
The years but make thee dearer far!
My heart shall never, never rove;
Thou art my only guiding star.
For me the past has no regret,
Whate'er the years may bring to me;
I bless the hour when first we met,
The hour that gave me love and thee!

EV'RY LITTLE WHILE

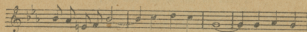
Written by
CLIFFORD HARRIS

Composed by
JAS. W. TATE

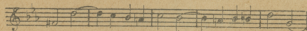
Chorus



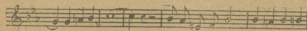
Ev'ry lit-tle while — I feel so lone-ly,



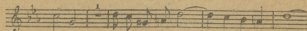
Ev'ry lit-tle while — I feel so blue — I'm al-ways



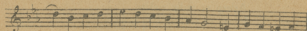
dream-ing, — I'm al-ways schem-ing, — Be-cause I want you,



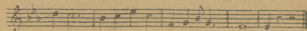
— and on-ly you, — Ev'ry lit-tle while — my heart is



ach-ing, Ev'ry lit-tle while I miss your smile, —



— And all the time I seem to miss you, I want to, want to



kiss you Ev'ry, ev'ry, ev'ry lit-tle while.

The Girl I left behind me

(E flat)

Samuel Lover

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
And o'er the moor and valley,
Such heaviness my bosom fills,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek for one as fair and gay,
But find none to remind me,
How blest the hours passed away
With the girl I left behind me.

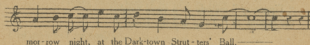
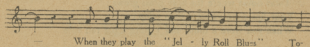
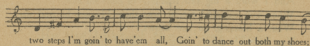
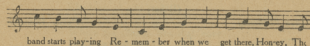
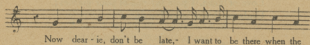
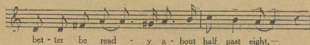
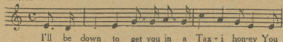
The hour I do remember well,
When first she owned she loved me
A pain within my breast doth tell
How constant I have proved me;
But now I'm on the ocean blue,
Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me,
And send me home safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
Asleep or sadly waking,
I long to see my love again,
For her my heart is breaking;
Whene'er my steps return that way
Still faithful she shall find me,
And nevermore again I'll stray
From the girl I left behind me.

THE DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL

Words and Music by
SHELTON BROOKS

Chorus.



Underneath the Stars

(C)

Fleta Jan Brown

Herbert Spencer

Thro the orange grove the stars are gleaming,
To the river nightingales are calling ;
Silver moths are flying,
Heart of mine, I'm sighing,
Sighing for a lover's night of dreaming.

Refrain

Jack o' Lantern in the lilac tree dances,
Perfume from the garden wall entrances ;
Love of mine, I pine for one of your glances ;
Underneath the stars I wait.

Tulip and the Rose

(B flat)

Jack Mahoney

Percy Wenrich

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose ;
When you caressed me, it was 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

(Geoffrey O'Hara, Army Song Leader, uses
"Tipperary" melody as a vocal combat with
the melody of "Tulip and the Rose").

(Copyright Leo Feist, Inc.)

On the road to Mandalay

Rudyard Kipling

On the road to Mandalay
Where the old flotilla lay ;
Can't you hear the paddles chunking
From Rangoon to Mandalay.
On the road to Mandalay
Where the flyin' fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder
Out of China 'crost the bay.

Heathen idol made of mud
What they call the great god Buddh
Blooming lot she cared for idols
When I kissed her where she stud
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

Elephants a' pilin' teak
In the sludgy squdgy creek
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy
You was 'arf afraid to speak !
On the road to Mandalay, etc.

By the light of the silvery moon

Madden

Guss Edwards

By the light of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon
To my honey I'll croon love's tune
Honey moon, keep a-shining in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams
We'll be cuddling soon
By the silvery moon.

For you a rose

Will D. Cobb

(Ab)

Gus Edwards

For you a rose, a rose of beauty rare,
A red, red rose, for you to wear,
And as I kiss each crimson petal so,
I bid it go, my love for you to show,
And tho' some day, you may toss it away,
And tho' some day, with another you stray :
Whene'er you go, where red red roses grow,
Remember me, Remember me.

(Copyright Joseph H. Remick, New York)

Send me away with a smile

Louis Weslyn

Al. Piantadosi

Send me away with a smile, little girl
Brush the tears from your eyes of brown
It's all for the best, and I'm off with the rest
Of the boys from my own home town
It may be forever we part, little girl
And it may be for only a while
But fight dear we must,
In our Maker we trust
So send me away with a smile.

Sweet Cider Time, When You Were Mine

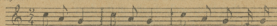
By the mill, where they made sweet cider,
I made sweet love to you
Mill wheel was turning, as I sat there yearning
For one kiss the sweetest I knew.
On the hill from the old town chapel
Those ev'ning bells would chime,
I'll always remember that golden November
Sweet cider time, when you were mine.

LONG BOY

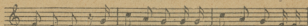
Words by
WILLIAM HERSCHELL

Music by
BARCLAY WALKER

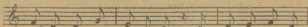
Refrain



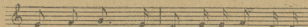
Good-by, Ma! Good-by, Pa! Good-by, Mule, with yer



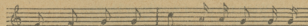
old hee-haw! I may not know what th' war's a-bout, But you



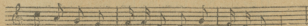
bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out. An', O my sweetheart,



don't you fear, I'll bring you a King fer a



sou - ve - nir; I'll git you a Turk in a



Kai-ser, too, An' that's a-bout all one fel-ler could dot

Polly-Wolly-Doodle

(Bb)

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Chorus

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay.
For I'm gwine to Louisiana,
For to see my Susie Anna,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day;
An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' tho't he was a hoss,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Darling Nelly Gray

(Eb)

B. R. Hanby

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus

O my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you a-way
And I'll never see my dar-ling an-y more:
I'm sit-ting by the river and I'm weeping all the day.
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
O my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say
That they'll never take you from me any more,
I'm a coming-coming—, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

BEWARE OF CHU CHIN CHOW

Written by
GENE BUCK

Composed by
DAVE STAMPER

Chorus.

Be - ware of Chu Chin Chow!

Take care, he's com - ing now.

He's a rob - ber from the O - ri ent,

And he's fill'd with Chi - nese sent - i - ment.

At night when lights are low—

He wan - ders to and fro—

He's the mar-ter of his art, He can steal a girl-ie's heart;

Love he'll plun - der, he's a won - der, Chu Chin Chow.

Oh, you Beautiful Doll

Oh, you beautiful doll, you great, big beautiful doll,
Let me put my arms about you,
I could never live without you.
Oh, you beautiful doll, you great, big beautiful doll,
If you ever leave me how my heart will ache,
I want to hug you, but I fear you'd break.
Oh, oh, oh, Oh you beautiful doll.

There's Some-one more Lonesome than you

Lou Klein

Harry von Tilzer

Some-one more lonesome than you
Some-one with true eyes of blue,
Day by day she wanders through the wildwood
Dreaming of the love that once she knew,
She's waiting and sighing in vain
For you promised you'd be true,
While you're living in the bright lights with the merry and gay,
There's a loving heart you've broken just to pass the time away
And she is more lonesome, more lonesome than you.

(Copyright Harry von Tilzer, New York)

A Broken Doll

Clifford Harris

(Ab)

Jas. W. Tate

You called me Baby Doll a year ago,
You told me I was very nice to know,
I soon learnt what love was, I thought I knew,
But all I've learnt has only taught me how to love you,
You made me think you loved me in return,
Don't tell me you were fooling after all!
For if you turn away, you'll be sorry some day
You left behind a broken doll.

(Copyright Francis Day, London).

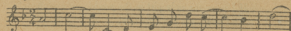
HELLO! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU

Words by
JOHN L. GOLDEN

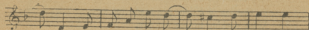
(SONG)

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL

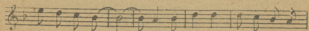
Refrain.



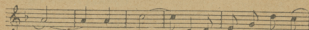
Hel - lo! — I've been look-ing for you, — Hel - lo! —



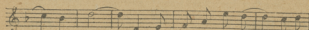
— I've been look-ing for you, You're the sweet - est



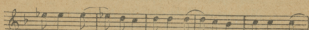
girl of them all, — And I'm glad you an-swer'd my call.



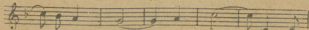
— Hel - lo! — I'm as sure as can be,



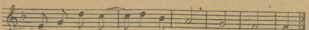
— Hel lo! — you were just made for me — And I



mean to mar — ry you if I car - ry you Right where wed



- ding bells chime, — Hel - lo! — I've been



look - ing for you — for a long, long time. —

If you were the only girl in the world

(Eb)

Clifford Grey

Nat. D. Ayer

If I were the only girl in the world,
And you were the only boy,
Nothing else would matter in the world to-day,
We could go on loving in the same old way.
A Garden of Eden, just made for two,
With nothing to mar our joy,
I would say such wonderful things to you,
There would be such wonderful things to do,
If I were the only girl in the world,
And you were the only boy.

(Permission Feldman, London)

"Good-bye-ee!"

(G)

R. P. Weston

Bert Lee

Good-bye-ee! good-bye-ee!
Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee.
Tho' it's hard to part, I know,
I'll be tickled to death to go.
Don't cry-ee! don't sigh-ee!
There's a silver lining in the sky-ee.
Bon soir, old thing! cheer-i-o! chin-chin!
Nah-poo! Toodle-oo! Good-bye-ee!

(Copyright Francis Day, London)

FOR ME AND MY GAL

Words by EDGAR LESLIE
& E. RAY GOETZ
Chorus.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "The bells are a-ring ing.... for me and my gal...". The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics: "... The birds are sing-ing..... for me and my gal...". The third staff has the lyrics: "... Ev'ry-bo-dy's been know-ing To a wedding they're go-ing..". The fourth staff has the lyrics: "... And for weeksthey'vebeensaw-ing.... Ev'ry Su-sie and Sal..". The fifth staff has the lyrics: "... They're con-gre-ga-ting..... for me and my gal...". The sixth staff has the lyrics: "... The Par-son's wait-ing..... for me and my gal...". The seventh staff has the lyrics: "... And some-time, I'm goin' to build a li-ttle home for two, For". The eighth staff has the lyrics: "three or four, or more.... In Love-land....". The ninth staff has the lyrics: "For me and my gal.".

Where do we go from here?

Howard Johnson

(G)

Percy Wenrich

"Where do we go from here, boys,

Where do we go from here?"

Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier;"

When Pat would spy a pretty girl, he'd whisper in her ear,

"Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"

"Where do we go from here, boys,

Where do we go from here?"

Paddy's neck was in the wreck, but still he had no fear;

He saw a dead man next to him and whispered in his ear,

"Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"

"Where do we go from here, boys,

Where do we go from here?"

Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill and make him shed a tear;

And when we see the enemy we'll shoot them in the rear.

"Oh joy, Oh boy, Where do we go from here?"

(Copyright Leo Feist, New York)

A Stein Song

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime For a life that knows no fear!

Turn night time into daytime, with the sunlight of good cheer

For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together

With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear

For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together

With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

Li'l Liza Jane

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

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

Ohe, Li'l Liza Jane

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.

Come my love and marry me, Li'l Liza Jane,

I will take good care of thee, Li'l Liza Jane.

Liza Jane done come to me, Li'l Liza Jane,

Both as happy as can be, Li'l Liza Jane.

House and lot in Baltimo', Li'l Liza Jane,

Lots of chilluns roun' de do', Li'l Liza Jane.

Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh!

(E flat)

Ed. Rose

Abe Olman

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! why do you lag?

Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! run to your flag!

Your country's calling, can't you hear?

Don't stay behind while others do all the fighting.

Start to Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny! get right in line,

And help to crush the foe.

You're a big, husky chap,

Uncle Sam's in a scrap,

You must Go! Johnny, Go! Johnny, Go!

(Copyright Forster, Chicago)

When Johnny comes marching home

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, and the boys will shout,
And the ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay, when Johnny comes marching home.

I'll wed the girl I left behind

(A. Flat)

I can picture tonight in the dim candle light
The girl I left behind.
I can see her once more at the old cottage door,
Waiting with love divine.
For I gave her the ring and I promised to bring,
Bring the parson back and make her mine;
So I'm going right back, hang my hat on the rack,
And wed the girl I left behind.

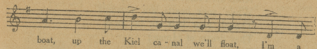
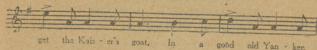
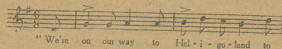
(Copyright M. Witmark & Sons, New York)

WE'LL KNOCK THE HELIGO-INTO HELIGO OUT OF HELIGOLAND!

Words by
JOHN O'BRIEN

Music by
THEODORE MORSE

Chorus.



Keep the Home Fires Burning

(F)

Lena Guilbert Ford

Ivor Novello

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the Soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Keep the Home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home ;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come Home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
" Help a Nation in distress ! "
And we gave our glorious laddies ;
Honour bade us do no less.
For no gallant Son of Britain
To a foreign yoke shall bend,
And no Englishman is silent
To the sacred call of Friend.

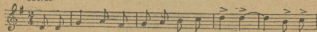
(Permission Ascherberg Hopwood and Crew, London)

IT'S A LONG WAY TO BERLIN, BUT WE'LL GET THERE!

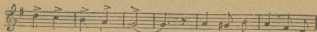
Words by
ARTHUR FIELDS

Music by
LEON FLATOW

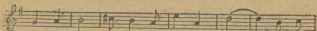
Chorus



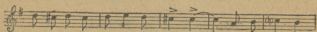
"It's a long way to Ber-lin, but we'll get there— Un-cle



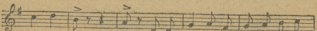
Sam will show the way,— O-ver the line, then a-



cross the Rhine, Shout-ing Hip! Hip! Hoo-ray! — We'll sing



Yank-ee Doodle 'Un-der the Lin-den,— With some real live



Yank-ee Pepl Hept! It's a long way to Ber-lin but we'll



get there,— And I'm on my way by heck- by heck."

Tipperary

Jack Judge

(B^b)

Harry Williams

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

(Permission Feldman, London.)

My Belgian Rose

Geo. Benoit

(C)

Robert Levenson

Belgian rose, my drooping Belgian rose
For ev'ry hour of sorrow you've had
You'll have a year in which to be glad;
You were not born in vain for you will bloom again,
And tho' they've taken all your sunshine and dew,
We'll make an American beauty of you
And you will find repose over here, my Belgian rose.

(Copyright Leo Feist, New York)

Somewhere in France

Philander Johnson

(D)

Joseph E. Howard

Somewhere in France is the Lily
Close by the English Rose;
A Thistle so keen, and a Shamrock green,
And each loyal flow'r that grows.
Somewhere in France is a sweetheart,
Facing the battle's chance,
For the flow'r of our youth fights for freedom and truth
Somewhere in France.

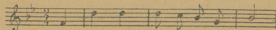
(Copyright Witmark, New York)

BING! BANG! BING' EM ON THE RHINE

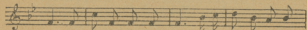
(SONG)

Words and Music by
JACK MAHONEY
& ALLAN FLYNN

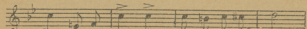
Chorus.



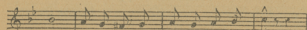
We'll bing! bang! bing'em on the Rhine



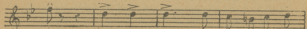
boys We'll show the Kai ser too what a Yan-kee bunch can



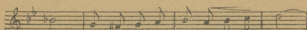
do When we swing swing swing right thru their Line



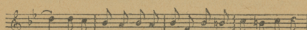
boys We will shake 'em and we'll make 'em yelp!



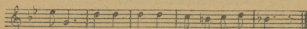
Help! When they hear those guns go bing-a-



ling This will be the Yan-kee coun-ter-sign--



— They will soon know all a-bout it Get to-ge-th-er now and



shout it Bing! Bang! Bing! Bang! Bing'em on the Rhine

I wish I was in Blighty (*Tune of Dixie's land*)

(C)

W. R. Titterton and Herman Darewski

And we wish we were in Blighty,

We do, we do

We wish that we were safe and sound

Where your feet ain't two yards underground

Two yards ?

Two miles ?

Oh, we wish we was in Blighty !

(Copyright Herman Darewski, London)

Plum and Apple

Capt. Arthur Eliot

(C)

Herman Darewski

Plum and apple, Apple and plum,

Plum and apple, we have always some,

And A. S. C. gets strawb'ry jam, and our rations of rum;

But all we poor blokes ever get is Apple and Plum.

(Copyright Herman Darewski, London)

My word, ain't we carrying on !

James Heard

(F)

Herman Darewski

My word, we are carrying on,

It's funny to think upon ;

If they'd been in it well

They'd have said that it was Hell.

In fact we know they're carrying on.

We know that they are carrying on.

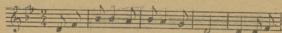
(Copyright Herman Darewski, London)

WHEN WE WIND UP THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

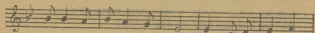
Words by
GORDON W. THOMPSON

Music by
GORDON V. THOMPSON
and WILLIAM DAVIS

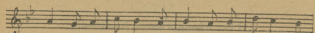
Chorus.



When we wind up "The Watch on the Rhine", — And we



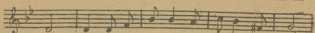
grind up the Kaiser's last line. — When the war is



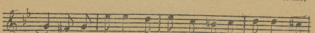
done and the vic - to - ry won, I'll come back to the



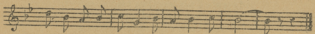
girl that I call mine! — When we wind up "The Watch on the



Rhine" — We will bind up two hearts that en - twine,



— Wedding bells will be ring - ing, "Home Sweet Home" we'll be



sing - ing, When we wind up "The Watch on the Rhine!" —

I love a Lassie

(C)

Harry Lauder

Gerald Grafton

I love a lassie, a bonnie Hielan' lassie,
 If ye saw her you would fancy her as well ;
 I met her in September, Popp'd the question in November,
 So I'll soon be havin' her a' to masel'.
 Her faither has consented, So I'm feeling quite contented,
 'Cause I've been and sealed the bargain wi' a kiss.
 I sit and weary, weary, When I think about my deary,
 An' you'll always hear me singing this :

Chorus

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 She's as pure as the lily in the dell.
 She's as sweet as the heather,
 The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
 Mary, ma Scotch Blue-bell.

(Permission Francis Day and Hunter, London).

Aloha Oe, Farewell to Thee

(A flat)

English Version by Chas. Earl.

Queen Liliuokalani

Farewell to thee, Farewell to thee,
 I shall always wait for thee among the flowers,
 One fond embrace, one kiss, and then,
 Farewell, until we meet again.

(Copyright Century Music Pub. Co).

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!

(F)

Anon

Swing low, sweet chariot,
 Coming for to carry me home,
 Swing low, sweet chariot,
 Coming to carry me home,
 I look'd over Jordan and what did I see,
 Coming for to carry me home?
 A band of angels coming after me,
 Coming for to carry me home.

M-O-T-H-E-R

A word that means the world to me

Howard Johnson

(F)

Theodore Morse

M—is for the million things she gave me,
 O—means only that she's growing old,
 T—is for the tears she shed to save me,
 H—is for her heart of purest gold,
 E—is for her eyes, with lovelight shining,
 R—means right and right she'll always be,
 Put them all together, they spell Mother,
 A word that means the world to me.

(Copyright Leo Feist, New York)

I hear you calling me

(Ab)

Harry Harford

Chas. Marshall

I hear you calling me.
You called me when the moon had veil'd her light,
Before I went from you into the night;
I came, — do you remember? — back to you
For one last kiss beneath the kind stars' light.

(Permission Boosey, London)

My wild Irish Rose

(Eb)

Chauncey Olcott

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows,
You may search ev'rywhere, but none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flow'r that grows,
And some day for my sake, she may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

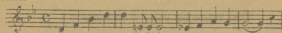
(Copyright Feldman, London)

MY MOTHER'S ROSARY

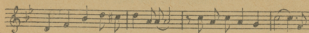
Words by
SAM. M. LEWIS

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER

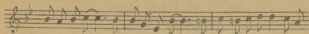
Chorus.



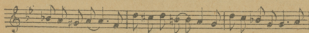
Theres an old-time mel-o-dy, — I heard long a - go:—



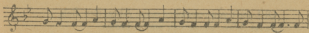
Mo-ther called it the ros-à-ry, — She sung it soft and low: With-



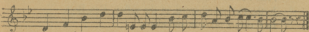
out a-nyrhyme, With-out a-ny prose, I e-ven for-got how the



mel-o-dy goes: — But ten ba-by fin-gers and ten ba-by toes, She'd



watch them by the set-ting sun, — And when her dai-ly work was done — She'd



count them each and ev-ry one, — That was My Mother's Ros - a - ry'. —

Absent

(Eb)

Catherine Young Glenn

John W. Metcalf

Sometimes, between long shadows on the grass,
The little truant waves of sunlight pass,
My eyes grow dim with tenderness, the while,
Thinking I see thee,
Thinking I see thee smile!

And sometimes, in the twilight gloom, apart,
The tall trees whisper, whisper heart to heart,
From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
Thinking I hear thee,
Thinking I hear thee call!

(Permission Boosey, London)

Ben Bolt

(D)

Thos. Dunn English

Nelson Kneass

Oh I don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone,

SO LONG, MOTHER

(SONG)

Words by
RAYMOND EGAN
and GUS KAHN

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Chorus.

So long my dear old la - dy don't you cry

Just kiss your grown up ba - by boy good - - bye

Some - where in France I'll be dreaming of you

You and your dear eyes of blue

Come let me see you smile be - fore we part

I'll throw a kiss to cheer your dear old heart Dry the

tear in your eye Don't you sigh don't you cry So long

moth - er kiss your boy good - - bye

There's a long, long trail

Zo Elliott

(A flat)

Stoddard King

Nights are growing very lonely
Days are very long ;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are throuring
Through my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

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.

(Copyright West, London)

(Plattsburg Chorus)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into No-Man's land in France,
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting,
But we must advance.
There'll be lots of drills and hiking
Until our dreams all come true,
But we're going to show the Kaiser
What Americans can do.

Little Grey Home in the West

D. Eardley Wilmot

(C)

Hermann Loht

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er—
Though the road may be long, in the lilt of a song
I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead, where the blue shadows fall,
I shall come to contentment and rest ;
And the toil of the day will be all charmed away
In my little grey home in the West.

There are hands that will welcome me in,
There are lips I am burning to kiss,
There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine.
And a thousand things other men miss.
It's a corner of heaven itself
Though it's only a tumble-down nest,
But with love brooding there, why, no place can compare
With my little grey home in the West.

(Permission Chappell, London)

Joan of Arc

Alfred Bryan

(G)

Jack Wells

Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-Lis?
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc,
Let your spirit guide us through;
Come, lead your France to victory,
Joan of Arc, they're calling you.

(Copyright Waterson, Berlin and Snyder, N. Y.)

On the road to Home Sweet Home

There's a window light a-burning for someone out there
There's a heart that's ever yearning and a heart bowed down in pray'r
There's a loving hand to guide him wherever he may roam
Back again to peaceful valley on the road to Home Sweet Home.

(Copyright Remick, New York)

There's a lump of sugar down in Dixie

(Eb)

Alfred Bryan

Albert Grumble

There's a lump of sugar down in Dixie, And it's all my own,
She's the sweetest little bunch of sweetness I have ever known
Ev'ry glance that she gives me puts sugar in my tea
Her kisses are like honey yummy-yummy-yummy
Sweeter than the honey to the bee.
There's a " Choo-choo " leavin' here this evenin' bound for Carolin'
And it's goin' to take me to that little lolly-pop of mine
She's a gal that Mister Hoover ought to meet
Puts her finger in the pie to make it sweet
My little lump of sugar down in Dixie mine all mine.

(Copyright Remick, New York)

When the great red dawn is shining

Edward Lockton

(Ab)

Enslin Sharpe

Tho' I am far across the ocean blue,
Each lonely hour my heart remembers you ;
Each tender look, each word I used to know,
Comes back to me,
From out the long ago.

When the great red dawn is shining,
When the waiting hours are past,
When the tears of night are ended
And I see the day at last,
I shall come down the road of sunshine,
To a heart that is fond and true,
When the great red dawn is shining,
Back to home, back to love, and you.

(Copyright Cramer, London)

A little love, a little kiss

Adrian Ross

Lao Sileu

Just a little love, a little kiss,
Just an hour that holds a world of bliss ;
Eyes that tremble like the stars above me,
And the little word that says " You love me "
Just a little love, a little kiss,
I would give you all my life for this,
As I hold you fast and bend above you,
And I hear you whispering " I love you ! "

(Permission Chappell, London)

Somewhere a voice is calling

Eileen Newton

(D)

Arthur F. Tate

Dusk, and the shadows falling
O'er land and sea.
Somewhere a voice is calling,
Calling for me.
Night, and the stars are gleaming,
Tender and true.
Darling, my heart is dreaming,
Dreaming of you.

(Permission Larway, London).

My Bonnie

H. J. Fuller

(C)

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea ;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, 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.

The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

When I leave the world behind

(Eb)

Irving Berlin

I'll leave the sunshine to the flowers
I'll leave the springtime to the trees,
And to the old folks I'll leave the mem'ries
Of a baby upon their knees,
I'll leave the nighttime to the dreamers
I'll leave the song birds to the blind ;
I'll leave the moon above to those in love,
When I leave the world behind.

(Copyright Feldman, London)

Missouri Waltz Song

J. R. Shannon

(F)

John Valentine Eppel

Hush-a-bye, ma baby, go to sleep on Mammy's knee,
Journey back to Dixieland in dreams again with me ;
It seems like yo' Mammy was there once again,
And the darkies were strummin' that same old refrain
'Way down in Missouri where I learned this lullaby,
When the stars were blinkin' and the moon was climbin' high,
And I hear Mammy Cloe, as in days long ago, Singin' hush-a-bye.

(Copyright Foster, Chicago)

In the gloaming

(Bb)

Meta Orred

Annie F. Harrison

In the gloaming, oh, my darling! when the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows, falling, softly come and softly go;
When the winds are sobbing faintly with a gentle, unknown woe,

Will you think of me and love me,
As you did once long ago?
It was best to leave you thus,
Best for you and best for me.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling! think not bitterly of me!
Though I passed away in silence, left you lonely, set you free;
For my heart was crushed with longing; what had been could never be.

It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me,
It was best to leave you thus,
Best for you and best for me.

Put on your old grey bonnet

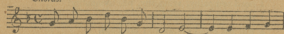
Put on your old grey bonnet,
With the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And thru the fields of clover,
We'll drive up to Dover,
On our golden Wedding Day.

JUST A BABY'S PRAYER AT TWILIGHT

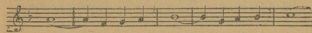
Words by
SAM M. LEWIS
and JOE YOUNG

Music by
M. K. JEROME

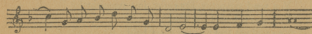
Chorus.



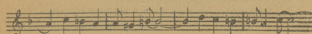
Just a ba-by's pray'r at twi-light, — when lights are



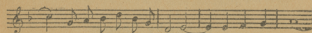
low. — Poor ba-by's years, — are filled with tears, —



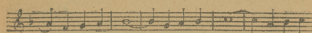
— There's a moth-er there at twi-light — who's proud to know, —



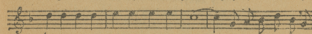
— Her pre-cious lit-tle tot, — Is dad's for - get-me-not —



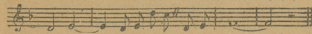
— Af-ter say-ing "good-night ma-ma," — she climbs up stairs, —



— Quite un-a-ware, — And says her pray'r: — "Oh I kind-ly



tell my dad-dy that he must take care" — That's a ba-by's pray'r at



twi-light, — For her dad-dy, "ov-er there." —

Sympathy

(G)

Ogden Hartley

Rudolf Friml

I need sympathy, sympathy, just sympathy!
I won't think you are free,
I will not scold or say you are bold,
When you treat me tenderly, tenderly!
Don't blame me, for I know you're but showing sympathy!

You need sympathy, sympathy, just sympathy!
You won't think I am free,
You will not scold or say I am bold,
When I treat you tenderly, tenderly!
Don't blame, for you know I'm but showing sympathy!

(Permission Winthrop Rogers, London.)

Kentucky Babe

(C)

R. H. Buck

Adam Geibel

Fly away fly away Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
Fly away,
Lay yo' kinky, woolly head on yo' mammy's breast.
Um Um close yo' eyes in sleep.

(Copyright Sheard, London.)

Sweet and Low

(C)

A. Tenngson

J. Barnby

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Here's to the Boys in khaki.

Chas. H. Forsythe

Arranged by Chris. Anderson

Here's to the boys in khaki
God bless them one and all;
Here's to the brave young ladies
Who've answered their country's call;
Each loyal heart beats true
For the old red, white and blue,
The flag they love the best; so
Here's to the boys in khaki,
They'll never let the old flag fall.

(Copies of this song can be obtained at Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, Paris).

Good-Night, Ladies !

Good-night, ladies ! good-night, ladies !
Good-night, ladies !
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the deep blue sea.

Farewell, ladies ! farewell, ladies !
Farewell, ladies !
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the deep blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies ! sweet dreams, ladies !
Sweet dreams, ladies !
We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along,
O'er the deep blue sea.

The Star Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith

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, 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 ?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream :
'Tis the star-spangled banner ; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

We'll never let our old flag fall

We'll never let our old flag fall,
For we love it best of all,
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start we'll fight, fight, fight.
In peace or war our voices ring
My Country, tis of thee we sing.
At thee sound of her call,
We'll show them all,
We'll never let our old flag fall.



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