

# Worldwide Washington



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VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, BLACKSBURG

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## JOYFULLY WE SING

Singing is an important part of monthly 4-H club meetings, county 4-H council meetings, and other county, district, and state meetings. Songs in this book can help you have good meetings.

4-H members will want to learn all the 4-H songs and many others contained in this book. Singing can contribute greatly to your happiness, as well as to successful meetings.

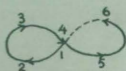
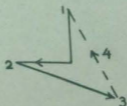
A good song leader is a popular person. All 4-H club song leaders will want to take part in every training opportunity; 4-H camp, the State 4-H Short Course, County Council, and other song leadership classes.

To be a successful 4-H song leader:

1. Know 4-H and other songs and how to lead them well.
2. Select in advance songs which fit the occasion.
3. Start with familiar and well-known songs to "warm up" the group.
4. Pitch the song so the group can follow easily.
5. Lead songs enthusiastically.
6. Close with a song which leaves the group ready for the next part of the program.

Here are a few accepted motions to use in directing a group in singing. The "DOWN" beat is the most important one, and the "OUT" beat is next in importance. Other motions connect these beats.

2/4 time      3/4 time      4/4 time      6/8 time



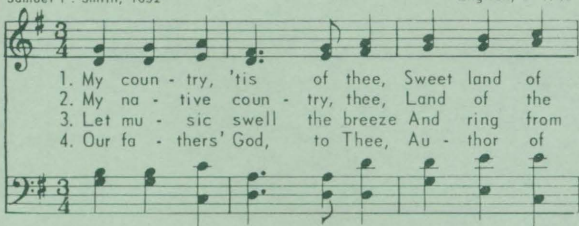
Issued in furtherance of cooperative extension work in agriculture and home economics, acts of May 8 and June 30, 1914, in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, W. H. Daughtrey, Director, Agricultural Extension Service, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia.

# America

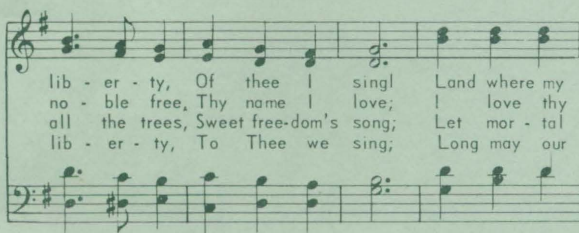
A

Samuel F. Smith, 1832

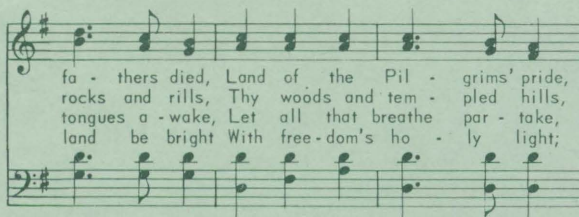
English, c. 1740



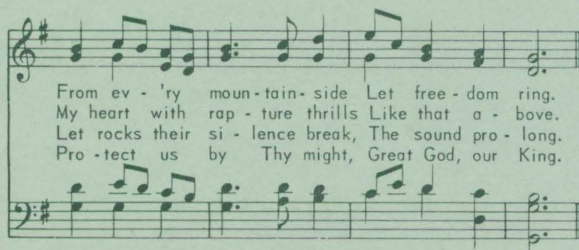
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of



lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing! Land where my  
no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
all the trees, Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal  
lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride,  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills,  
tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par - take,  
land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light;



From ev - 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring.  
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

## B

## Song of Peace

Lloyd Stone

FINLANDIA

Jean Sibelius

1. This is my song, O God of all the na-tions, — A  
2. My coun-try's skies are blu - er than the o - cean, — And

song of peace for lands a - far and mine; — This is my  
sun-light beams on clo-ver-leaf and pine. — But oth - er

home, the coun-try where my heart is, — Here are my hopes, my  
lands have sun-light, too, and clo-ver, — And skies are ev - 'ry-

dreams, my ho - ly shrine; — But oth - er hearts in oth - er lands are  
where as blue as mine. — O hear my song, thou God of all the

beat-ing — With hopes and dreams as true and high as mine. —  
na-tions, — A song of peace for their land and for mine. —

# America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

○ beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,  
○ beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-passion'd stress  
○ beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-a-ting strife,  
○ beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruited plain.  
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.  
Who more than self their Coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.  
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undim'd by hu-man tears.

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And  
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-  
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till  
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And

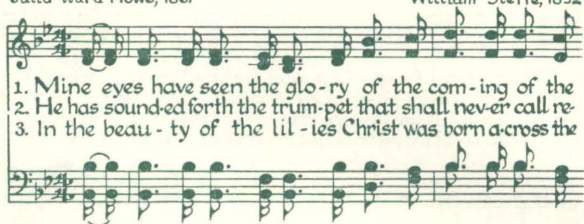
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!  
firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.  
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

Words by permission of Mrs. George T. Burgess


# Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe, 1861

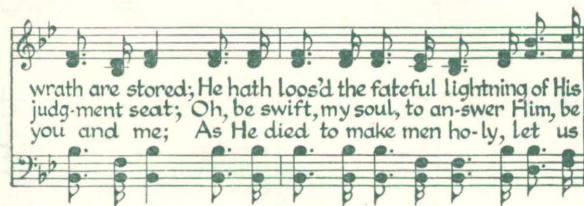
William Steffe, 1852



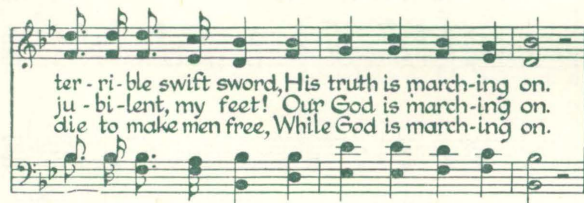
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the  
 2. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-  
 3. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born a-cross the



Lord, He is tram-pling out the vin-tage where the grapes of  
 treat; He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His  
 sea With a glo-ry in His bos-om that trans-fig-ures



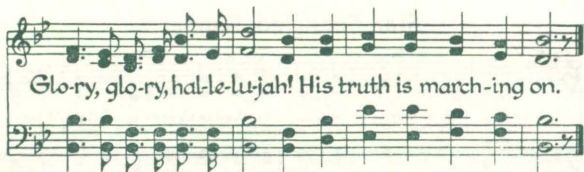
wrath are stored; He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of His  
 judg-ment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him, be  
 you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us



ter-ri-ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.  
 ju-bi-lent, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.  
 die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



## THIS IS MY COUNTRY

Permission to reprint by The Words and Music, Inc.

This is My Country! Land of my birth.—

This is My Country! Grandest on earth!

I pledge thee my allegiance,  
America—the bold.—

For this is My Country  
To have and to hold!

This is My Country! Land of my choice.—

This is My Country! Hear my proud voice!

## THE 4-H CANDLE

This little 4-H light of mine I'm going to let it shine.

This little 4-H light of mine I'm going to let it shine.

This little 4-H light of mine I'm going to let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

All around the neighborhood, I'm going to let it shine.

(Repeat twice)

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

Hide it under a bushel no! I'm going to let it shine.

(Repeat twice)

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

Don't you go and (blow) it out, I'm going to let it shine.

(Repeat twice)

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

All around the neighborhood I'm going to let it shine.

Hide it under a bushel! No I'm going to let it shine.

Don't you go and (blow) it out, I'm going to let it shine.

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

## Star-Spangled Banner

1. O — say can you see, — by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so  
2. O — thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be -

proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad  
tween their loved homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we  
vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing. And the rook-et's red  
made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we

glare, the bombs bursting in air Gave proof thro' the night that our  
must when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In -

## CHORUS

flag was still there. O — say, does that Star-spangled Ban-ner yet -  
God is our trust! "And the Star-spangled Ban-ner in tri-umph shall

wave O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!  
wave O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!



# National 4-H Club Pledge

To L.R. Harrill and the 4-H Clubs of North Carolina

Frederick Stanley Smith

*Con spirito*  
*mf*

I pledge my Head to clear-er think-ing, My

Heart to great-er loy-al-ty, My Hands to larg-er

ser-vice And my Health to bet-ter liv-ing

*molto rit.*

for my club, My com-mu-ni-ty and my coun-try.

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## 4-H TRAIL

Over hill, over dale, we will find the 4-H trail  
As we club folks come swinging along.  
Let it rain, let it shine, we will keep a steady line,  
As we club folks come swinging along.  
With its Hi, Hi, He, the 4-H trail for me.  
Shout out your numbers loud and strong, 4-H.  
Where'er we go, you will always know  
That we club folks keep swinging along,  
As we club folks keep swinging along.

# Dreaming

Fannie R. Buchanan

Rena M. Parish

My home must have a high tree A-bove its o-pen  
 My home must have a friend-ship With ev - ery hap-py  
 My home must have its moth - er, May I growsweet and

gate: My home must have a gar - den Where  
 thing. My home must of - fer com - fort For  
 wise. My home must have its fa - ther With

lit-tle dream-ings wait. My home must have a wide -  
 an - y sor-row - ing. And ev - ery heart that en -  
 hon - or in his eyes. My home must have its chil -

view Of field and mead-ow fair, Of dis-tant hill, of  
 ters Shall hear its mu-sic there - And find some sim-ple  
 dren, God grant the par-ents grace - To keep our home thru

o - pen sky, With sun - light ev - ery - where. -  
 beau - ty, That ev - ery life may share. -  
 all the years, A kind - ly, hap - py place. -

# Plowing Song

Fannie R. Buchanan

Rena M. Parish

*mf*

A grow - ing day, and a wak - ing field, And a fur - row  
A guid - ing tho't, and a skill - ful hand, And a plant's young

straight and long, A gold - en sun and a lift - ing breeze, And we  
leaf un - furled, A sum - mer's sun and a sum - mer's rain, And we

Chorus *f - ff*

fol - low with a song, har - vest for the world. { Sons of the soil are we,  
Sons of the soil are we,

1

Lads of the field and flock, Men of the com - ing years, Turn - ing our sods,

2

ask - ing no odds, Where is a life so free? Fac - ing the

dawn, brain rul - ing brawn, Lords of our lands we'll be.

# 4-H Field Song

Fannie R Buchanan

Rena M. Parish

Sing for the wide, wide fields. — Sing for the wide, wide

sky. — Sing for the good, glad earth, — For the

sun on hill-tops high. — Sing for the com-rade

true, — Sing for the friend-ship sweet. — Sing as to-

gether we swing a-long, With the turf be-neath our feet. —

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## 4-H Hymn

*With feeling*

Conrad Thompson, 1937

Give to me the 4-H to guide my ways and

lead me on-ward still, And my life will be mu-sic

*dolce*  
sweet and pure, When I pledge my-self to thee.

*Andante grāziōsā*

It makes our minds pure in tho't, word and deed; Fer-vent-ly

striv-ing we reach our goal. So may God bless 4-H We

*dolce*  
all do pray, In His name a great A-men.

# Song of Health

Fannie R. Buchanan  
*mf In march time*

Rena M. Parish



Iron of the earth, Glow of the sun, Breath of the four winds  
Fac-es that lift, Puls-es that throbb, Limbs that are lithe and

With stars and sleep be-  
And hearts that serve with



clean; Hours for work, Hours for play, With stars — and  
strong; Heads that think, Hands that do, And hearts — that  
tween —



sleep between. Our goal is health, the quest for man and maid,  
serve with song.



The great ad-ven-ture rare, For health holds life and



and strength and hap-pi-ness to spare —

laugh-ter and strength — and hap-pi-ness to spare.



Our goal is health, the quest for man and maid,



Lift high the gob-let fair, And pledge the toast from



coast to coast, "Our health, the wealth we keep and share!"

## Song of the Open Country

C. A. R. *mf*

Clare A. Rood



A song of the o-pen coun-try—That we love so  
The a-wak'-ning of life in spring-time—Gives us hope a-  
So life in the o-pen coun-try, With growing things a-



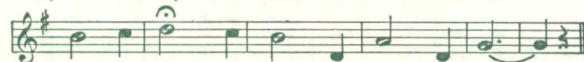
well,—Where free-dom of out-door liv-ing—Holds us  
new,—The long grow-ing days of sum-mer—Give us  
round,—Where our—cre-a-tor's wis-dom On ev'-ry



in its spell;—The splen-dor of skies at dawn-ing, The  
work to do.—In au-tumn the gold-en har-vest Ful-  
hand is found, Gives youth of the o-pen coun-try A



gold-en sun-set's glow.—Our hopes a-rise 'neath  
fills our hopes of spring—And proves the love of  
part-ner-ship with Him.—The work we share builds



star-lit skies, All na-ture helps us grow.—  
Him a-bove Who guards each liv-ing thing.—  
us four-square, Head, heart, hands, health for Him.—

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## I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-H CLOVER

I'm looking over a 4-H clover  
That I've overlooked before.  
One is for head,  
The second for heart,  
Third is for hands,  
They're doing their part.  
There's no need explaining  
The one remaining,  
It's health that we're striving for.  
I'm looking over a 4-H clover  
That I've overlooked before.

## 4-H Chorale

Words taken from *Sarum Primer*, 1558  
Adapted by C. C. Lang

Addis K. Barthelmeh

God, be in my HEAD, and in my un - der -

stand - ing; God, be in my HEART, and in my

will for - giv - ing; God, be in my HANDS, and

in my way of do - ing; God, my source of

HEALTH, Oh, give me strength for serv-ing. A - men.



## Four-H Friendship Song

Fannie R. Buchanan

Rena M. Parish

*Lively mf*

Ev-'ry-bod-y needs a bit of friend-ship,

Friend-ship that is tried and true. Ev-'ry-bod-y

needs a bit of friend-ship, Wheth-er skies are gray or

blue. Ev-'ry-bod-y ev-ry-where must have it,

Ev-'ry day the whole year through. Ev-'ry-bod-y

needs a bit of friend-ship, And I need you.

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# Four-H Pep Song

*Briskly - Quick Rhythm*

Myrtle Carry

Here's to our Four - H Club that we

love the best, Oh, here's to a - chieve -

ment, Do ev - 'ry task with zest, We have the

pep, let's use it, hands made for ser -

vice, We're build-ing lives so true.

Boys! Girls! All to-geth-er, an-y weath-er,

Oh, Four - H, we sing to you.

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## Six Little Ducks

Six lit-tle ducks that I once knew, Fat ones,  
skin-ny ones, fair ones too, But the one little duck with a  
feath-er on his back, He led the oth-ers with his  
quack,quack,quack! quack,quack,quack,quack,quack,quack!  
He led the oth-ers with his quack! quack! quack!

2. Down to the river they would go,  
Wibble, Wabble, Wibble, Wabble to and fro.
3. Home from the river they would come,  
Wibble, Wabble, Wibble, Wabble, Ho-hum-hum!

## The Duke of York



Oh, the no-ble Duke of York, He had ten—  
Oh, when they were up, they were up, And when they were



thou-sand men; He marched them up to the  
down they were down; And when they were on - ly—



top of the hill And marched them down a-gain.  
half-way up; They were neith - er up nor down.

## THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together, together, together,  
The more we get together  
The happier we'll be.

For your friends are my friends  
And my friends are your friends;  
The more we get together  
The happier we'll be.

How's for getting friendly, quite friendly,  
quite friendly,

How's for getting quite friendly  
Your friends and mine.

If your friends like my friends  
And my friends like your friends,  
We'll all be friends together,  
Now won't that be fine?

## CHIGGER SONG

There was little chigger  
And he wasn't any bigger  
Than the point of a very small pin  
But the lump that he raises  
Just itches like the blazes  
And that's where the rub comes in.  
Comes in, comes in  
Oh, that's where the rub comes in.  
The lump that he raises  
Just itches like blazes  
And that's where the rub comes in.

## My Hat

German



My hat it has three cor-ners; Three cor-ners has my hat; And  
*Mein Hut der hat drei Eck - en; drei Eck-en hat mein Hut; Und*



had it not three cor-ners; It would not be my hat.—  
*hat ernicht drei Eck - en; denn das ist nicht mein Hut.—*

## Comin' 'Round the Mountain



She'll be com-in' 'round the mountain when she comes,  
 She'll be driv-in' six white hor-ses  
 She'll be load-ed with bright an-gels



She'll be com-in' 'round the mountain when she comes,



She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, She'll be comin' 'round the



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

4. She will neither rock nor totter . . .
5. She will run so level and steady . . .
6. She will take us to the portals . . .
7. Oh, we'll all go to meet her . . .

## WE ALL CLAP HANDS

(Tune: Mulberry Bush)

My head, my shoulders, my knees, my toes, (three times)  
 (touch each part as words are sung)

We all clap hands together.

Reverse words and action by beginning with toes and moving upward.

## The Three Fishermen

There were three jol-ly fish-er-men. There were three jol-ly  
 fish-er-men, Fish-er; fish-er; MEN, MEN, MEN, Fisher, fisher;  
 MEN, MEN, MEN, There were three jol-ly fish - er - men.

Group 1      Group 2      1  
 2      All

2. The first one's name was A-bra-ham, etc.
3. The second one's name was I-l-zak, etc.
4. The third one's name was Ja-a-cob, etc.
5. They all went up to Jericho, etc.
6. They should have gone to Am-ster-shus, etc.

## PERFECT POSTURE

Perfect posture, perfect posture;  
 Do not slump, do not slump.  
 We must all look handsome.  
 We must all look handsome,  
 Hide that hump! Hide that hump!

## Puffer Billies

Down at the sta-tion ear-ly in the morn-ing, See the lit-tle  
 puf-fer bil-lies all in a row. See the en-gine dri-ver  
 turn a lit-tle han-dle, CHUG, CHUG, PUFF, PUFF, off they go.

1      2      3      4      Round

## White Coral Bells



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



Lil - ies of the val - ley deck my gar - den walk,  
That will hap-pen on - ly when the fair - ies sing.

## Hey, Ho! Nobody Home

3-Part Round



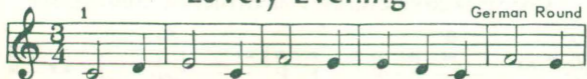
Hey, ho! No - bod-y home, Meat nor drink nor



mon-ey have I none, Yet will I be mer - - ry!

## Lovely Evening

German Round



Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the



eve - ning, When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing,



sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!

## Harmony Greeting



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

By permission E. O. Harbin

## Whippoorwill

Anne H. Chapin  
Kent, Conn.

1  
Gone to bed is the set-ting sun, Night is com-ing and  
2  
3  
day is done, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, has just be-gun.

Written at First Girl Scout Training School, Long Pond, Mass., 1921

## Are You Sleeping?

Round

1  
2  
3  
4  
Are you sleeping? Brother John, Morning bells are ringing, Ding, ding, dong!

## Cherries So Ripe

Round

1  
2  
3  
4  
Cher-ries so ripe and so round, The best in the mar-ket  
found. On-ly a pen-ny a pound. Who will buy?

## Make New Friends

*Moderately slow*

1  
2  
3  
4  
Make new friends but keep the old; One is sil-ver and the oth-er gold.



## Happy Days

Round

1 Hap-py days to all those that we love! — Hap-py  
 2 days to all those that love us! — Hap-py days to all those that love  
 3  
 4 them that love those that love them that love those that love us. —

## Kookaburra

M. Sinclair

Australian Round

1 Koo-ka-bur-ra sits on an old gum tree, Merry, merry king of the  
 2  
 3 bush is he, Laugh, koo-ka-bur-ra, laugh, koo-ka-bur-ra, Gay your life must be.  
 4

From THE DITTY BAG by permission Janet E Tobitt

## Upward Trail

1 We're on the up-ward trail! We're on the up-ward trail!  
 2  
 Sing-ing, sing-ing, ev'-ry-bod-y sing-ing, As we go!  
 We're on the up-ward trail! We're on the up-ward trail!  
 Sing-ing, sing-ing, ev'-ry-bod-y sing-ing, Home-ward bound!

## Good Night to You All

English Round

1  
Good night to you all and sweet be your sleep;

2  
May si-lence sur-round you, your slum-ber be deep.

3  
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

Detailed description: The music is written on three staves in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a measure rest followed by a first-measure repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## Little Bells of Westminster

Round

1 2 3 4  
The lit-tle bells of West-min-ster go ding,dong,ding,dong,dong.

Detailed description: The music is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four measures, each with a first-measure repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## Stars

4-part Round

Hushed 1 2 Max Exner  
Now the white fires of the day Glow

3 4  
soft in the em-bers of night.

Detailed description: The music is written on two staves in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The first staff begins with a measure rest followed by a first-measure repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## Allelujah Round

1 2 3  
Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja, Al-le-lu-ja.

Detailed description: The music is written on a single staff in treble clef, 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three measures, each with a first-measure repeat sign. The lyrics are written below the notes.

## Morning, Evening

\* *Second voice enters*

Morn-ing, ev'-ning, noon and night, For all Thy gifts we thank Thee, Lord.

## The Winter Now Is Over

English by K. F. R.

Italian-Swiss Folk Song

1. The win - ter now is o - ver, And A - pril
  2. The sun on ev - 'ry moun-tain Has melt - ed
  3. I sit be - side my win - dow, I feel the
1. L' in - ver - no l' e pas - sa - to, l' a - pri - le

rains are past; I know I heard this morn-ing the  
win - ter's snow; The birds build in the tree - tops The  
cuc - koo's spell; 'Tis May, and sure my sweetheart Must  
non c' e piu, e ri - tor - na - to il mag - gio col

cuc-koo's song at last. } Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!  
cuc-koo's call they know. }  
hear the song as well. }  
can - to del cu - cu. Cu - cu! Cu - cu!

Oh, can't you hear it too? I know I heard this  
l' a - pri - le non c' e piu, e ri - tor - na - to il

morn - ing the cuc - koo's song at last.  
mag - gio col can - to del cu - cu.

## Weggis Song

Swiss



From Lu-cerne to Weg-gis fair, Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-ri-a,  
 When we row a-cross the bay,  
 Weg-gis leads to a mountain high,



Shoes and stockings we need not wear, Hol-di-ri-di-a, hol-di-a.  
 There we see pret-ty maid-ens gay,  
 Sai-ly sing as we go by,



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



Hol di ri di - a, Hol - di - ri - di - a, hol - di - a!

## Sourwood Mountain

American Folk Song



1. { Chick-en crow-in' on Sour-wood moun-tain,  
 { So man-y pret-ty girls, I can't count 'em,



Hey de ing dang did-dle al-ly day. { My true love, she  
 { She won't come and



Lives in Letch-er, Hey de ing dang did-dle al-ly day.  
 I won't fetch 'er,

2. My true love's a blue-eyed daisy, Hey . . .  
 If I don't get her I'll go crazy, Hey . . .  
 Big dog bark, and little one bite you, Hey . . .  
 Big girl court, and little one slight you, Hey . . .
3. My true love lives up the river . . .  
 A few more jumps and I'll be with 'er . . .  
 My true love lives up the holler . . .  
 She won't come and I won't foller . . .

Ceiriog Hughes

## All Through the Night

Welsh  
Arr. by A. D. Z.

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee  
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing

All through the

night;  
Guar-dian an-gels God will send thee  
Whild the wear-y world is sleep-ing

All through the night. *p* Soft the drow-sy hours are  
O'er thy spir-it gent-ly

creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, I my  
steal-ing, Vis-ions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a

lov-ing vig-il keep-ing  
pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All through the night.

## Old Smoky

*Moderately fast, lightly*



On top of old Smo - ky. all cov-ered with snow, — |



lost my true lov - er by court-ing too slow. —

A courting is pleasure and a parting is grief,  
But a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.

A thief will but rob you of all that you save,  
But a false-hearted lover will send you to grave.

Your grave will decay you and turn you to dust;  
There's not a boy in ten thousand a poor girl can trust.

It's raining, it's hailing, the moon gives no light;  
My horses can't travel this dark road tonight.

## This Old Man



This old man, he played one, He played knick-knack



on my thumb. Knick-knack, pad-dy-wack, Give your



dog a bone. This old man came roll-ing home.

2. He played knick-knack on my shoe—(tap shoe with knuckles.)
3. On my knee—(tap on knee.)
4. On the floor—(bend and beat time on the floor.)
5. On my hive—(both hands as if brushing bees away from ears.)
6. On my sticks—(tap knuckles on fingers of other hand.)
7. Up to Devon—(he dislikes Devon and shakes his fist at it.)
8. On my pate—(tap top of head.)
9. On my spine—(drum knuckles on backbone.)
10. Now and then—

## Walking at Night

Eng. by A. D. Z. F7 Czech Folk Song

1. Walking at night a-long the mead-ow way, Home from the fair

be-side my maid-en gay. Walk-ing at night a - long the

mead-ow way, Home from the fair be - side my maid-en gay. Hey!

Sto-do-la, sto-do-la, sto-do-la, pum-pa, Sto-do-la, pum-pa,

sto-do-la, pum - pa; Sto-do-la, pum-pa, pum, pum, pum.

2. Nearing the wood, we heard the nightingale.  
Sweetly it helped me tell my begging tale. (2)
3. Many the stars that brightly shone above,  
But none so bright as her one word of love. (2)

Stodola - barn, pum-pa - pump.

By permission of A. D. Zanzig

## Down in the Valley

C7 American Folk Song

1. Down in the val - ley, the val-ley so low, Hang your head

2 Ros-es love sunshine, — vio-lets love dew, An-gels in

3 Build me a cas - tle — for - ty feet high, So I can

o - ver, hear the wind blow. Hear the wind blow, dear,  
heav-en knows I love you; Knows I love you, dear,  
see him as he rides by; As he rides by, dear,

hear the wind blow. Hang your head o - ver, hear the wind blow.  
knows I love you, An-gels in heav-en knows I love you.  
as he rides by, So I can see him as he rides by.

# Harvest Song

Danish Folk Song



1. Out in the mead-ows the grain has been  
2. Soon we shall har-vest the corn which is



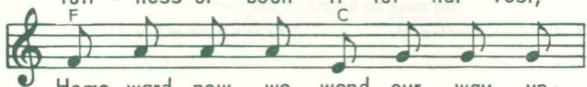
cra-dled, Rye and wheat are stacked and soon the  
ri-pened; Gen-'rous-ly it pays the faith-ful



hay is in the barn. Trees have been  
la-bor-er his wage. So, in the



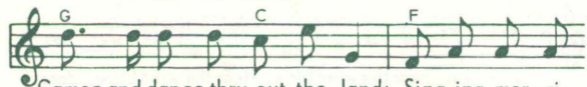
sha-ken and fruit has been gath-ered,  
full-ness of boun-ti-ful har-vest,



Home-ward now we wend our way up-  
Let us keep an o-pen heart for



on the fi-nal load. Glad-ness on ev-'ry hand,  
those who are in need.



Games and dance thru-out the land; Sing-ing mer-ri-



ly we bind the hap-py har-vest wreath.



## The Bugle Note

German Folk Melody



The wood-lands sleep in si - lence deep; Not  
From camp re-mote, a bu - gle note Comes  
The woods re-peat the ech-oes sweet O'er



e'en a leaf is stirred, Not e'en a leaf is  
thru the night so still, Comes thru the night so  
lake, from glen and hill, O'er lake from glen and



stirred. The bird's at rest with-in its nest, And  
still; And all a-round the echoes sound O'er  
hill. The soft re-frain comes back a-gain And



not a sound is heard, And not a sound is heard.  
field and for-est hill, O'er field and for-est hill.  
then the night is still, And then the night is still.

From A WORLD OF SONG, Copyright, 1941, D. A. Y. P. L.

## Alouette

Allegretto

French-Canadian



A-lou-et-te, gen-tille A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te,



Je te plu-me-rai. 1. Je te plu-me-rai la tête,



Je te plu-me-rai la tête, Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!

2. Le bec

4. Le dos

6. Le cou

3. Le nez

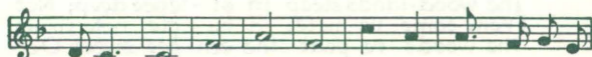
5. Les pattes

# All Night, All Day

Negro Spiritual



All night, all day, an-gels watchin' o-ver me, my



Lord. — All night, all day, an-gels watch-in' o-ver



me.   
 1. Day is dy - in' in the west, An-gels   
 2. Now I lay me down to sleep, An-gels   
 3. If I die be - fore I wake, An-gels



watch-in' o-ver me, my Lord   
 Sleep, my child, and   
 Pray the Lord my   
 Pray the Lord my



take your rest,   
 soul to keep, An-gels watch-in' o-ver me.   
 soul to keep,

# Were You There?

Negro Spiritual



Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? — Were you



there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? — Oh! —



Some-times it cau-ses me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble, —



— Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? —

2. . . . When the sun refused to shine? . . .

3. . . . When they laid Him in the tomb? . . .

## In the Evening by the Moonlight

James A. Bland

In the eve-ning by the moon-light You could hear those  
 voi-ces sing-ing. In the eve-ning by the moon-light You could  
 hear those ban-joes ring-ing; How the old folks would en-joy it;  
 They would sit all night and lis-ten, As we sang in the  
 eve-ning by the moon-light. Hear them bells, don't you  
 hear them bells? They are ring-ing out the glo-ry hal-le  
 lu, hal-le-lu-ia! lu-ia! Hear them bells, don't you  
 hear them bells? They are ring-ing out the glo-ry hal-le-lu.

## COWBOY NIGHT SONG

There's a blue sky way up yonder;  
 There's a blue sky over my head;  
 There's a blue sky way up yonder  
 That's a cover for my bed;  
 And wher-ev-er I wander, and wher-ev-er  
 I roam  
 There's a blue sky way up yon-der  
 That's callin' me home.

# He's Got the Whole World

Negro Spiritual



1. He's got the whole \_\_\_\_\_ world\_ in His hands,  
wind and the rain\_ in His hands,



He's got the big round\_ world\_ in His hands,  
He's got the sun and the moon\_ in His hands,



He's got the whole \_\_\_\_\_ world\_ in His hands,  
He's got the wind and the rain\_ in His hands,



He's got the whole world in His hands. He's got the

3. He's got the tiny little baby in His hands.

4. He's got you and me, brother in His hands,

5. He's got everybody in His hands.

6. He's got the whole world in His hands.

From the Marion Kerby collection of Negro Exaltations

# Trampin'



I'm a-tramp-in', tramp-in', Tryin' to make heav-en my



home, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-tramp-in, tramp-in', Tryin' to make



heav-en my home. I've nev-er been to heav-en but I've been told,



Tryin' to make heav-en my home, That the streets up there are



paved with gold; Tryin' to make heav-en my home.

## Study War No More

Negro Spiritual  
Arr. by A. D. Z.

LEADER

CHORUS

Gwine to lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,

LEADER

Down by the riverside, Down by the riverside, Gwine to lay down my

CHORUS

bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side to stud-y war no more.

REFRAIN

I ain't gwine stud-y war no more, Ain't gwine stud-y war no more,

Ain't gwine stud-y war no more, no more, I ain't gwine stud-y war no

more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more.

## O Won't You Sit Down

Who's that yon-da dressed in red? Must be the chil-len that

Mo-ses led. O won't you sit down? Lord, I can't sit down,

O won't you sit down? Lord, I can't sit down, 'Cause I

just got to heav-en, got-ta look a-round.

2. Who's that yonda dressed in white?  
Must be the chillen of the Israelite.
3. Black? . . . Hypocrites turnin' back.
4. Pink? . . . Solomon tryin' to think.
5. Green? . . . 'Zekiel in his flyin' machine.

## Two Wings



{ Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face,  
 { Oh, Lord, I want two wings to fly a - way, } So the dev-il can't  
 { Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face, }



do me no harm. { My Lord, did he come at the break of  
 { My Lord, did he come in the heat of  
 { My Lord, did he come in the cool of the



day? NO!  
 noon? NO! eve-ning? YES! And he washed my sins a - way.

## Rocka My Soul

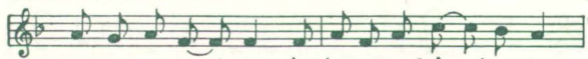
Spiritual



Oh, a rock-a my soul, in the bo-som of A - bra-



ham; A rock-a my soul in the bo-som of A-bra-ham; A



rock-a my soul in the bosom of A - bra-ham;



Oh, rock-a my soul. So high, you can't get o-ver it;



So low, you can't get un-der it; So wide, you



can't get a-round it; You must go in at the door.

## Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Spiritual

The musical score for "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a *mp* Solo section, followed by a *mf* Chorus. The second staff continues with a Solo section and ends with a *Fine* marking. The third staff is a Solo section. The fourth staff begins with a *mf* Chorus, followed by a *mf* Solo section. The fifth staff is a *mp* Chorus section that concludes with a *D.C.* (Da Capo) marking.

Swing low, sweet char-i - ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

Swing low, sweet char-i - ot, Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

I looked ov - er Jor - dan, an' what did I see,

Com-in' for to car-ry me home! A band of an - gels

Com-in' af - ter me, Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

2. If you get there before I do,  
Jes' tell my fren's that I'm a-comin' too, . . .
3. I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,  
But still my soul feels heavenly boun', . . .

## Steal Away

Negro Spiritual

The musical score for "Steal Away" is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is labeled "REFRAIN" and includes dynamic markings *ALL pp*, *p*, *f*, and *ff*. The second staff is labeled "SOLO" and includes *Fine* and *ff* markings. The third staff is labeled "ALL" and includes *mf* and *D.C.* markings.

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

I ain't got long to stay here, My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;

The trum-pet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

2. Green trees are bending, Poor sinner stands a-trembling;
3. Tombstones are bursting, Poor sinner stands a-trembling;
4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning;

## Jacob's Ladder



We are climb-ing Ja-cob's Lad-der, We are



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



Ja-cob's Lad-der, Sol-diers of the cross.

- 2—Every round goes higher, higher,
- 3—Sinner, do you love my Jesus? . . . .
- 4—If you love Him, why not serve Him?

## Now the Day Is Over

MERRIAL

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Joseph Barnby, 1868



Now the day is o - ver; Night is draw-ing nigh;  
Je - sus give the wear-y Calm and sweet re - pose;  
Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis - ions of Thee;  
When the morning wa - kens, Then may I a - rise



Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.  
With Thy ten-drest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.  
Guard the sail-ors toss-ing On the deep blue sea.  
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.





# Day Is Dying

CHAUTAQUA

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

William F. Sherwin, 1877

Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing  
Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -

earth with rest, Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning  
verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of

REFRAIN

lamps a - light Thro' all the sky. — Ho - ly, ho - ly,  
Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh. —

ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee!


Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

# Dear Lord and Father



John G. Whittier, 1872

REST



Frederick C. Maker, 1887




1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For-give our  
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be-side the  
 3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of  
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et-ness, Till all our  
 5. Breathe thru the heats of our de-sire Thy cool-ness

fev - 'rish ways! Re-clothe us in our right-ful mind, In  
 Syr - ian sea The gra-cious call-ing of the Lord, Let  
 hills a - bove, Where Je-sus knelt to share with thee The  
 striv-ings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And  
 and Thy balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re-tire; Speak

pur - er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev-'rence, praise.  
 us, like them, with-out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.  
 si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty In - ter - pre - ted by love.  
 let our or - dered lives con-fess The beau-ty of Thy peace.  
 thru the earth-quake, wind and fire, O still, small voice of calm.



# Fairest Lord Jesus

CRUSADERS' HYMN

German, 17th century

Silesian Folk Tune



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,  
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,  
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,



O Thou of God and man the Son,  
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;  
 And all the twink - ling star - ry host;



Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thee,  
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who  
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er Than



my soul's Glo - ry, Joy, and Crown.  
 makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 all the an - gels heav'n can boast. A - men.

# Faith of Our Fathers

ST. CATHERINE

Frederick W. Faber

Henry F. Hemy  
and James G. Walton

Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of  
Faith of our fa - thers! we will strive To win all  
Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and

dun - geon, fire, - and sword, O how our hearts -  
na - tions un - to thee, And through the truth -  
foe in all - our strife And preach thee, too, -

beat high - with joy When - e'er we hear that  
that comes - from God Man - kind shall then be  
as love - knows how By kind - ly words and

glo - rious word!  
tru - ly free. Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly  
vir - tuous life.

faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

# For the Beauty of the Earth

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864

Dix

Arr. from  
Conrad Kocher, 1838

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty  
 2. For the won-der of each hour Of the day and  
 3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er; sis-ter,  
 4. For Thy Church that ev-er-more Lift-eth ho-ly

of the skies, For the love which from our birth  
 of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,  
 par-ent, child, Friends on earth, and friends a-bove,  
 hands a-bove, Off-'ring up on ev-'ry shore

O - ver and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
 Sun and moon and stars of light,  
 For all gen-tle thoughts and mild,  
 Her pure sac-ri-fice of love,

This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-men.

# This Is My Father's World

TERRA BEATA S. M. D.

Maltbie D Babcock, 1858-1901

Traditional English Melody

Adapted by Franklin L. Sheppard, 1852-1930

*In unison*

1. This is my Fa-ther's world; And to my lis-tening ears, All  
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world; The birds their carols raise, The  
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world; Oh, let me ne'er for - get That

na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.  
 morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise.  
 though the wrong seems off so strong, God is the rul - er yet.

This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought Of  
 This is my Fa-ther's world; He shines in all that's fair; In the  
 This is my Fa-ther's world; Why should my heart be sad? The

rocks and trees, of skies and seas, His hand the won - ders wrought.  
 rus - tling grass I hear him pass; He speaks to me ev - ery - where.  
 Lord is King; let the heav - ens ring. God reigns; let the earth be glad.

# We Gather Together

Tr. by Theodore Baker

KREMSER

Netherlands, 1625

We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's  
Be - side us to guide us, our God with us  
We all do ex - toll Thee, Thou Lead - er tri -

bless - ing; He chas - tens and has - tens His  
join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His  
um - phant, And pray that Thou still our De -

will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing now  
king - dom di - vine; So from the be - gin - ning the  
fen - der wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es -

cease — from dis - tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His  
fight — we were win - ning: Thou, Lord, wast at our  
cape — trib - u - la - tion: Thy Name be ev - er

Name: — He for - gets not His own.  
side, — all — glo - ry be Thine!  
praised! O — Lord, make us free! A - men.

# Come, Ye Thankful People

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

Henry Alford

George J. Elvey

Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of  
All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His

har-vest-home: All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the  
praise to yield; Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to

win-ter storms be-gin, God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide  
joy or sor-row grown; First the blade and then the ear,

For our wants to be sup-plied: Come to God's own  
Then the full corn shall ap-pear; Lord of har-vest,

tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.  
grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.



# I Would Be True

Howard A. Walters

Joseph Yates Peek

I would be true, for there are those who trust me,  
I would be friend of all the foe, the friend-less;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be giv - ing and for - get the gift;

I would be strong, for there is much to suf - fer;  
I would be hum - ble, for I know my weak-ness;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
I would look up, and laugh and love, and lift.

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

# Jesus Calls Us

GALILEE

Cecil F. Alexander

William H. Jude

Je-sus calls us o'er the tu-mult Of our

life's wild, rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice

sound-eth, Say-ing: "Chris-tian, fol-low me!"

2

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store;  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying: "Christian, love me more!"

3

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian love me more than these."

4

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Savior may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

## Sweet Hour of Prayer

William W. Walford

William B. Bradbury

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me  
Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! The joys I  
Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall

from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make  
feel, the bliss I share, Of those whose anx-i-ous spir-its burn With  
my pe-ti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-

all my wants and wish-es known; In sea-sons of dis-tress and  
strong de-sires for thy re-turn! With such I has-ten to the  
gage the wait-ing soul to bless! And since He bids me seek His

grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief; And oft es-caped the  
place Where God my Sav-ior shows His face, And glad-ly take my  
face, Be-lieve His Word and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my

temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!  
sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
ev-ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! A-men.

# What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph Scriven

ERIE

Charles C. Converse

What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and  
Have we tri - als and tem - ta - tions? Is there trouble  
Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a

griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery -  
an - y - where? We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it  
load of care? Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it

thing to God in prayer! O what peace we of - ten for - feit,  
to the Lord in prayer: Can we find a friend so faith - ful,  
to the Lord in prayer: Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee?

O what need - less pain we bear; All be - cause we do not  
Who will all our sor - rows share? Je - sus knows our ev - ry  
Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and

car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer:  
weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - men.

## Follow the Gleam

Helen Hill Miller

Sallie Hume Douglas

{ To the Knights in the days of old \_\_\_\_\_ Keep-ing  
 { Came a vi - sion of Ho - ly Grail \_\_\_\_\_ And a  
 { And \_\_\_\_\_ we who would serve the King \_\_\_\_\_ And  
 { In the con - se - crate si - lence know \_\_\_\_\_ That the

watch on the moun-tain height, \_\_\_\_\_  
 voice thru the wait-ing \_\_\_\_\_ night. \_\_\_\_\_  
 loy - al - ly Him o - bey, \_\_\_\_\_  
 chal - lenge still holds to - \_\_\_\_\_ day. \_\_\_\_\_

Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam, Ban-ners un-  
 Fol-low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam, Stan-dards of

furled o'er all the world, Fol-low, fol - low,  
 worth o'er all the earth, Fol-low, fol - low,

fol-low the gleam Of the Chal - ice that is the Grail. \_\_\_\_\_  
 fol-low the gleam Of the light that shall bring the dawn. \_\_\_\_\_

Words copyright 1923 by The National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association of the U. S. A. Music International Copyright 1915 by Sallie Hume Douglas Copyright 1943, Renewal. Used by permission.

## Let the Lower Lights

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss

Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From his  
Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the  
Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor

light-house ev-er-more, But to us he gives the  
an - gry bil-lows roar; Ea-ger eyes are watching,  
sail - or, tem-pest-tossed, Try-ing now to make the  
*Some poor fainting, struggling*

*Fine*  
keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore. Let the  
long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.  
har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.  
*sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

*D. S.*  
low-er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

## INTO MY HEART

(Often sung following a prayer)

Into my heart, into my heart,  
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus;  
Come in today, come in to stay,  
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.

# Doxology

OLD 100th

Thomas Ken, 1709

From the Genevan Psalter, 1551

Arr. by Louis Bourgeois

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all

crea-tures here be-low; Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly

host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-men.

# God Has Created a New Day

Marie Gaudette

God has cre-a - ted a new day, Sil - ver and

green and gold; Live that the sun-set may

find us Wor - thy His gift to hold.

## Round of Thanks



For health and strength and dai-ly food we praise Thy name, O Lord!

From "Graded Rounds and Canons", by permission J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., London

## Be Present Here

DUNDEE

*The Scottish Psalter, 1615*



Be pres - ent here, most gra - cious God, from



whom all good-ness springs. Make clean our hearts, and



feed our souls on good and joy - ful things.

## For Sun and Rain

Cecilia Sanderson

M.V. Exner



For sun and rain, for grass and grain, For all who



toil on sea and soil That we may eat this



dai - ly food, We give our lov - ing thanks dear God.



## Omaha Tribal Prayer

Set down by J. C. Fillmore

*Slowly*



Wa-kon-da dhe-dhu Wa-pa-dhin a-ton-he.



Wa-kon-da dhe-dhu Wa-pa-dhin a-ton-he.

Translation: Father, a needy one stands before Thee,  
I that sing am he.

By permission from Alice C. Fletcher's "Indian Story and Song."

## Kum Ba Yah

Spiritual

*Slowly*



Kum ba yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! Kum ba



yah, my Lord, Kum ba yah! Kum ba yah, my Lord,



Kum ba yah! O Lord, Kum bayah. —

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

## CAMPFIRE SONG

Tune: Drink to Me Only

As the bright flames ascend to heaven,  
Oh! God of love and truth,  
We would in thought with Thee commune,  
In love and joy and youth  
The hills resound with our glad song  
And echo back to Thee  
Our thanks received for work and health  
And love and loyalty.

## Each Campfire Lights Anew



1. Each camp - fire lights a - new \_\_\_\_\_ The flame of  
2. And as the em - bers die a - way, \_\_\_\_\_ We wish that

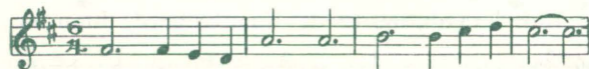


friend - ship true. \_\_\_\_\_ The joy we've had in  
we might al - ways stay, \_\_\_\_\_ But since we can - not

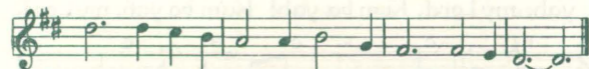


know - ing you \_\_\_\_\_ Will last our whole life through. \_\_\_\_\_  
have our way \_\_\_\_\_ We'll come a - gain some oth - er day. \_\_\_\_\_

## Warm, Warm As Our Campfire



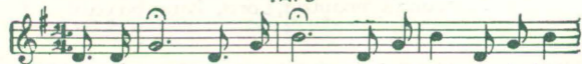
Warm, warm as our camp - fire, Strong, strong as the tree, -



High, high as the sky a - bove Is God's love for me. -

## Day Is Done

TAPS



Day is done, Gone the sun From the lake, From the hills,  
Fad - ing light Dims the sight, And a star Gems the sky,



From the sky; All is well, Safe - ly rest, God is nigh.  
Gleaming bright. From a - far, Drawing nigh, Falls the night.

## Marianina

David Stevens  
*Brightly*

Italian Popular Tune



1. Where the Tus-can sun is warm and bright, Dwells a  
2. I have loved her ev-er since we met, She is



maid whose laugh is pure de-light; Tho' her charm is yet un-  
mine, but does-n't know it yet; I shall tell her so to-



known to fame, Still I love her just the same.  
mor - row day, She will nev-er an-swer nay.



Ma-ri-a-ni-na, tra, la, la, Ma-ri-a-ni-na, tra, la, la.



○ Ma-ria-ni-na! ○ Ma-ria-ni-na! The  
○ Ma-ria-ni-na! ○ Ma-ria-ni-na! My



wild red rose Was nev-er half so fair.  
Tus-can belle With pop-pies in her hair.



-From SINGING AMERICA. By permission A.D. Zanzig

## Vive l'amour

College Song



Let ev-'ry good fel-low now join in a song,  
A friend on your left and a friend on your right, Vi-ve la  
Now wid-er and wid-er our cir-cle ex-pands,



Suc-cess to each oth-er and pass it a-long,  
com-pag-nie! In love and good fel-low-ship let us u-nite,  
We sing to our com-rades in far a-way lands,



Vi-ve la com-pag-nie! Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,



vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour,



Vi-ve l'a-mour; vi-ve l'a-mour; Vi-ve la com-pag-nie.—

## Witchcraft

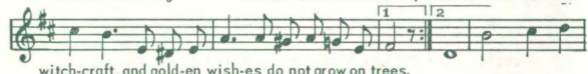
Margarett Snyder



{ If there were witch-craft I'd make two wish-es, A wind-ing road that  
{ And then I'd wish for a blaz-ing camp-fire, To wel-come me when



beck-ons me to roam, { But in this real world there is no  
I'm re-turn-ing home. { Our fond-est day-dreams must be the



witch-craft, and gold-en wish-es do not grow on trees.  
mag-ic to bring us back these hap-py mem-o-ries. Mem-'ries that



lin-ger, con-stant and true, Mem-'ries we cher-ish, — — — of you.

## Carry Me Back

James Bland

Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the  
cot-ton and the corn and 'ta-ters grow, There's where the birds  
war-ble sweet in the springtime, There's where this old wan-d'r'er's  
heart has longed to go. There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,  
Day after day in the fields of yel-low corn; No place on earth do I  
love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the place where I was born

## Oh, My Lovin' Brother

Oh, my lov-in' broth-er — When the world's on  
fire — Don't you want God's bos-om — to be your  
pil-low? — Hide me o-ver — in the Rock of  
A-ges, — Rock of A-ges, cleft for me.

## Sarasponda

Spinning Song



GIRLS:

Boys: Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da,

Sa-ra-spon-da, Sa-ra-

spon-da, Sa-ra-spon-da, Ret-set-set! Sa-ra-  
Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da,spon-da, Sa-ra-spon-da, Sa-ra-spon-da, Ret-set-set!  
Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da.

Ah - do - ray-oh! Ah-do-ray-boom-day-oh! Ah-



do-ray-boom-day-ret-set-set! Aw-say-paw-say-oh!

The "Boom-da" sung very softly represents the "burr" of the spinning wheel.

## Cindy

American Folk Song



I wish I had a nick-el, I wish I had a dime, I



wish I had a pretty little girl To love me all the time.



Get a-long home Cin-dy, Cin-dy, Get a-long home, Cin-dy, Cin-dy,



Get a-long home Cin-dy, Cin-dy, I'll mar-ry you some day

## Rhododendron Song



I want to wake up in the morn-ing Where the  
I want to climb up in the mountains Where the



rho - do - den - drons grow, Where the sun comes a -  
rho - do - den - drons grow, Where the Lord is so



creep - in' In - to where I'm a - sleep - in', And the songbirds  
near me, When I breathe he can hear me, And the whole world



say hel - lo. - I want to wan - der thru the wildwood  
sings be - low. - I want to lay down all my bur - dens



Where the fra - grant bree - zes blow, And drift back  
And for - get my world - ly woe; And stay here in



to the moun - tains Where the rho - do - den - drons grow.  
West Vir - gin - ia Where the rho - do - den - drons grow.

## Ol' Texas



I'm goin' to leave *F* Ol' Tex - as now, They've got no  
I'm goin' to leave *F* Ol' Tex - as now,



use *C7* For the long - horn cow. *Bb* *F* *D.S.*  
They've got no use For the long - horn cow.

They've plowed and fenced my cattle range,  
And the people there are all so strange.

I'll take my horse, I'll take my rope,  
And hit the trail upon a lope.

Say adios to the Alamo,  
And turn my head toward Mexico.

## Workin' on the Railroad

I've been workin' on the rail-road All the livelong day.

I've been workin' on the rail-road To pass the time a - way.

Don't you hear the whistle blow-in', Rise up so ear - ly in the

morn; Don't you hear the cap'n shout - in, "Di - nah, blow your

horn!" Di - nah, won't you blow, Di - nah, won't you blow,

Di - nah, won't you blow your horn, — Di - nah, won't you blow,



Di-nah, won't you blow, Di-nah, won't you blow your horn!

## Dinah

Arr. by Eugene Kidder

Some-one's in the kitch-en with Di - nah,  
 Fee, Fi, Fid-dlee-i-o,  
 Fee, plunk, Fi, plunk, Fid-dlee-i-o-plunk,

Some-one's in the kitch-en I know - o - o - o,  
 Fee, Fi, Fid-dlee-i - o - o - o - o,  
 Fee, Fi, Fid-dlee-i - o - plunk, plunk, plunk,

Some-one's in the kitch-en with Di - nah,  
 Fee, Fi, Fid-dlee-i - o,  
 Fee, Fi, Fid-dlee-i - o,

Strum-ming on the old ban - jo.  
 Strum-ming on the old ban - jo.  
 Plunk. Strum-ming on the old ban - jo. Plunk.

## DOWN IN THE OLD CHERRY ORCHARD

Down in the old cherry orchard  
 Under the old cherry tree  
 Every night, in the pale moonlight,  
 She sang sweet love songs to me.  
 That's where I first knew I loved her,  
 That's where she said she loved me,  
 Down in the old cherry orchard  
 Under the old cherry tree.

## Whippoorwill Song



I love to stray by the wood-y rill where the evening  
It calls to mind the—old, old home so—man-y



sha-dows play, And—hear the song of the whip-poor-will  
miles a-way, Where with long-lost friends I have oft-times heard



As he sings his eve-ning lay. Whip-poor-will,  
As he sang his eve-ning lay. Oh, list,



Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,  
Oh, list,



whip-poor-will, As he sings his eve-ning song.  
sweet song.

## Sing Your Way Home



Sing your way home at the close of the day,



Sing your way home, drive the shad-ows a-way. Smile ev-'ry



mile, for wher-ev-er you roam It will bright-en your



road, It will light-en your load, If you sing your way home.

# Stars of the Summer Night

(For Men's Quartet)\*

Henry Longfellow

Issac Woodbury  
Arr. by Max Exner

Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps,  
Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steep,  
Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her her lov-er keeps

Hide, hide your gold-en light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps;  
Sink, sink in sil-ver light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps;  
Watch while, in slum-ber light; She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps;

She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

\*The treble cleff parts make an easy duet

For community singing this must be sung in a lower key  
It will be found in most song books in E flat

# Fire Is Burning

ROUND (based on 'Scotland's Burning') Annabeth Brandle

1 2  
Fire is burn-ing, Fire is burn-ing, Draw near-er, draw near-er

In the glow-ing, In the glow-ing, Come sing and be mer - ry.

## Tell Me Why



Tell — me why — the stars do shine, Tell — me  
Be-cause God made the stars to shine, Be-cause God



why — the i - vy twines, Tell — me why — the  
made — the i - vy twine, Be-cause God made — the



o-cean's blue, And I will tell you just why I love you.  
o-cean blue, Because God made you, that's why I love you.

## Beautiful Dreamer

S. C. F.

*Moderato*

Stephen C. Foster



{ Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me, —  
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, —



Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for thee; —  
Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a- way. —



Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with



soft mel-o-dy; — Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng,



Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me! —

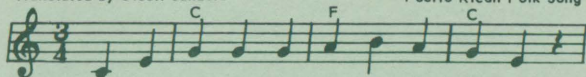


Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to me. —

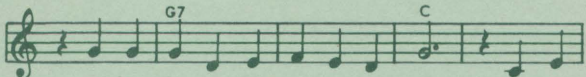
# The Coqui

Translated by Olcott Sanders

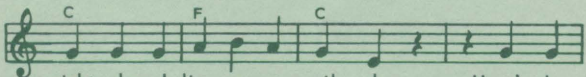
Puerto Rican Folk Song



The co - qui, the co - qui so de - lights me.  
 El co - quí, el co - quí, a mi me en - can - ta,



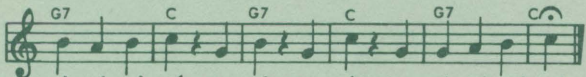
With his song I need nev - er count sheep. Ev - 'ry  
 Es tan lin - do, el can - tar del co - quí, Por las



night when I lie on my pil - low, Here's the  
 no - ches al ir a ca - cos - tar - me, Meg - dor -



sing - ing that lulls me to sleep: ¡Co - quí! ¡Co - quí! ¡Co -  
 me - ce can - tan - do a - sí:



quí - quí - quí - quí! ¡Co - quí! ¡Co - quí! ¡Co - quí - quí - quí - quí!

Coquí pronounced co-kee.

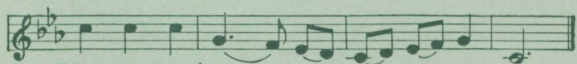
# Rise Up, O Flame

8 Part Canon

Christoph Praetorius



Rise up, O flame, — By thy light glow - ing,



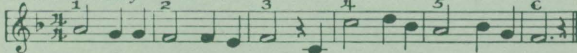
Show to us beau - ty, Vi - sion and joy.

# Silver and Gold

St. Peter (Acqs 3:6)

6-part Round

Max V. Exner

*Moderately*

Sil - ver and gold have I none, But such as I have, give I thee.

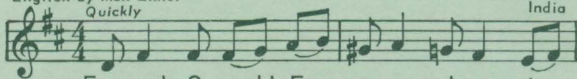
# Song of Youth

Amar Utari

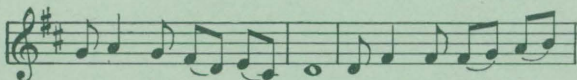
English by Max Exner

Amar Utari

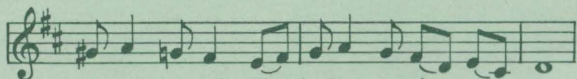
India

*Quickly*

For - ward, O youth! For - ev - er ad - vanc - ing,  
Wak - en! This hour is no time for sleep - ing,  
Go we : with sing - ing o - ver the land, Where -



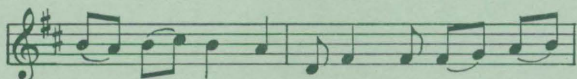
Look to ho - ri - zons far. Eyes do not grope in  
Wel - come the ris - ing sun. Na - tions are stir - ring  
ev - er the road - ways lie. Free - dom shall be the



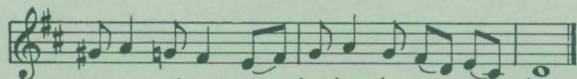
depths of the night That look on a shin - ing star.  
out of their slum - bers; Great is the work un - done.  
theme of your song, The watchword of peace your cry:



Na - tions, fear - ful in a - part - ness, Need your sight to  
Wak - en, sis - ters! Wak - en, broth - ers! Rise up, now, and  
E - qual right for ev - 'ry broth - er, Lands at peace with



light their dark - ness. Look up, O youth for -  
wak - en oth - ers! Wel - come the morn: a  
one an - oth - er. Loy - al to truth, the



ev - er ad - vanc - ing; Look to ho - ri - zons far.  
new day is born When peoples shall live as one.  
sing - ing of youth Shall ech - o from hill to sky.

## INDEX

All Night, All Day .....	30	Happy Days .....	21
All Thru the Night .....	25	Harmony Greeting .....	19
Allelujah Round .....	22	Harvest Song .....	28
Alouette .....	29	He's Got the Whole World ..	32
America .....	A	Hey, Ho! Nobody Home ..	19
America the Beautiful ....	1	I Would Be True .....	45
Are You Sleeping? .....	20	I'm Looking Over .....	11
Battle Hymn .....	2	In the Evening .....	31
Be Present Here .....	52	Into My Heart .....	50
Beautiful Dreamer .....	64	Jacob's Ladder .....	36
Bugle Note .....	29	Jesus Calls Us .....	46
Campfire Song .....	53	Kookaburra .....	21
Carry Me Back .....	57	Kum Ba Yah .....	53
Cherries So Ripe .....	20	Let the Lower Lights .....	50
Chigger Song .....	16	Little Bells .....	22
Cindy .....	58	Lovely Evening .....	19
Comin' Round the Mtn. ....	17	Make New Friends .....	20
Come Ye Thankful People	44	Marianina .....	55
Coqui .....	65	More We Get Together ....	16
Cowboy Night Song .....	31	Morning, Evening.....	23
Day Is Done .....	54	My Hat .....	17
Day Is Dying .....	37	National 4-H Club Pledge	5
Dear Lord and Father .....	38	Now the Day Is Over .....	36
Dinah .....	61	O Won't You Sit Down.....	33
Down in the Valley .....	27	Oh, My Lovin' Brother ....	57
Down in the Old		Ol' Texas .....	59
Cherry Orchard .....	61	Old Smoky.....	26
Doxology.....	51	Omaha Tribal Prayer .....	53
Dreaming.....	6	Perfect Posture .....	18
Duke of York .....	16	Plowing Song .....	7
Each Campfire .....	54	Puffer Billies .....	18
Fairest Lord Jesus .....	39	Rhododendron Song .....	59
Faith of our Fathers .....	40	Rise Up, O Flame .....	65
Fire Is Burning .....	63	Rocka My Soul .....	34
Follow the Gleam .....	49	Round of Thanks .....	52
For Sun and Rain .....	52	Sarasponda .....	58
For the Beauty.....	41	Silver and Gold .....	65
4-H Candle .....	3	Sing Your Way Home .....	62
4-H Chorale .....	12	Six Little Ducks .....	15
4-H Field Song .....	8	Song of Health .....	10
4-H Friendship Song .....	13	Song of Peace .....	B
4-H Hymn .....	9	Song of the Open Country	11
4-H Pep Song .....	14	Song of Youth .....	66
4-H Trail.....	5	Sourwood Mountain .....	24
God Has Created .....	51		
Good Night to You All ....	22		

## Index - cont'd

Star Spangled Banner .....	4	Vive l'amour .....	56
Stars .....	22	Walking at Night .....	27
Stars of the Summer Night .....	63	Warm, Warm .....	54
Steal Away .....	35	We All Clap Hands .....	17
Study War No More.....	33	We Gather Together .....	43
Sweet Hour of Prayer .....	47	Weggis Song .....	24
Swing Low .....	35	Were You There? .....	30
Tell Me Why .....	64	What a Friend We Have .....	48
This Is My Country .....	3	Whippoorwill .....	20
This Is My Father's .....	42	Whippoorwill Song .....	62
This Old Man .....	26	White Coral Bells .....	19
Three Fisherman .....	18	Winter Now Is Over .....	23
Trampin' .....	32	Witchcraft .....	56
Two Wings .....	34	Workin' on the Railroad ..	60
Upward Trail .....	21		

### Classified Contents:

Patriotic Songs	A- 4	Spirituals	30-36
4-H Songs	5-15	Song of Worship	37-50
Action Songs	16-18	Thanks	51-52
Rounds	19-22	Ceremonial Songs	53-54
Folk Songs	23-29	Miscellaneous	55-66



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