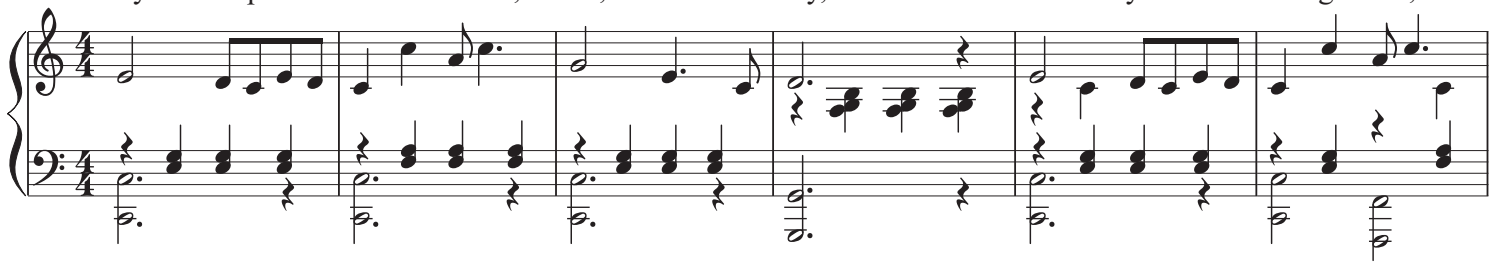
[114] Old Folks at Home

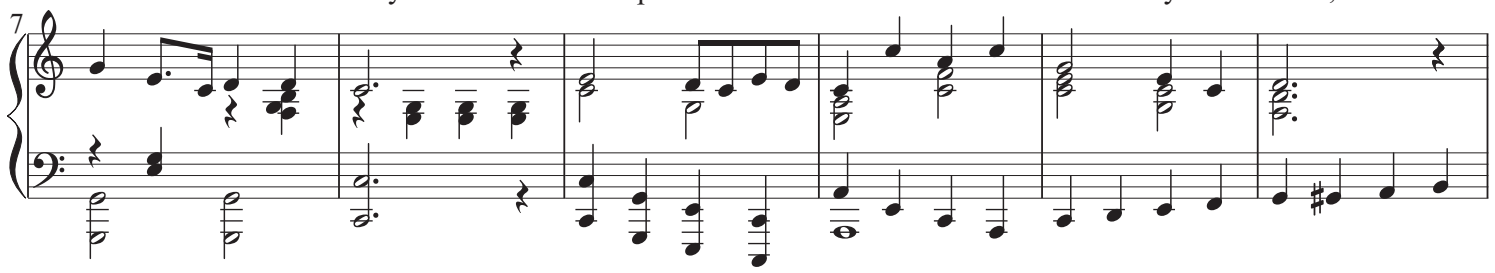
Stephen Foster
Arr. John W. Pratt

Moderato

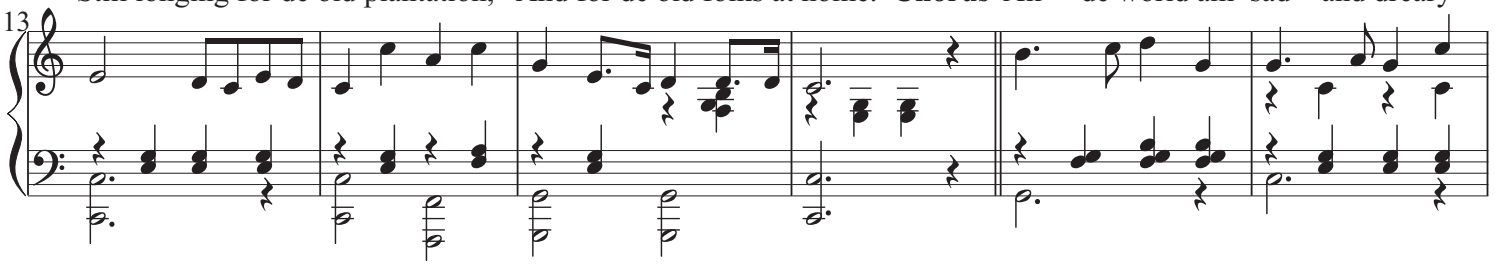
1 Way down upon de Swanee ribber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,



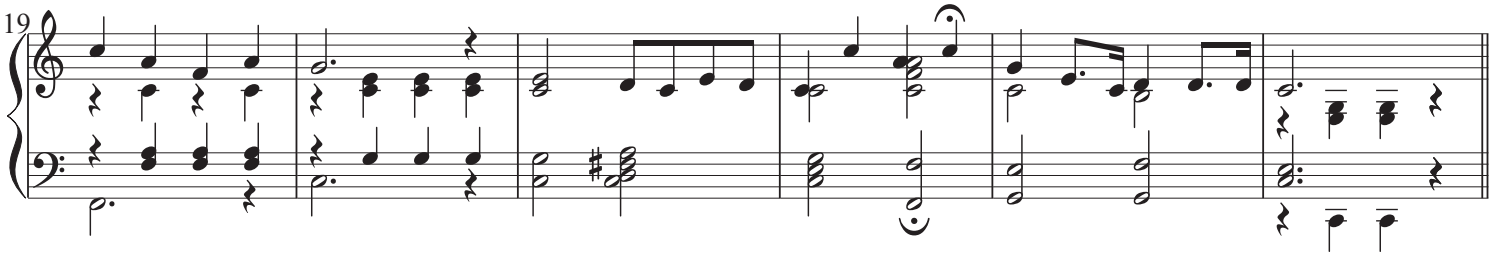
Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole creation Sad - ly I roam,



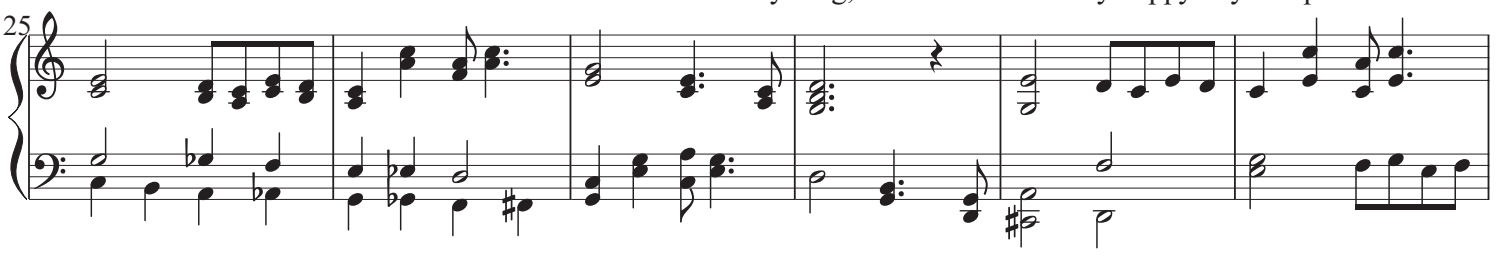
Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home. **Chorus** All de world am sad and dreary



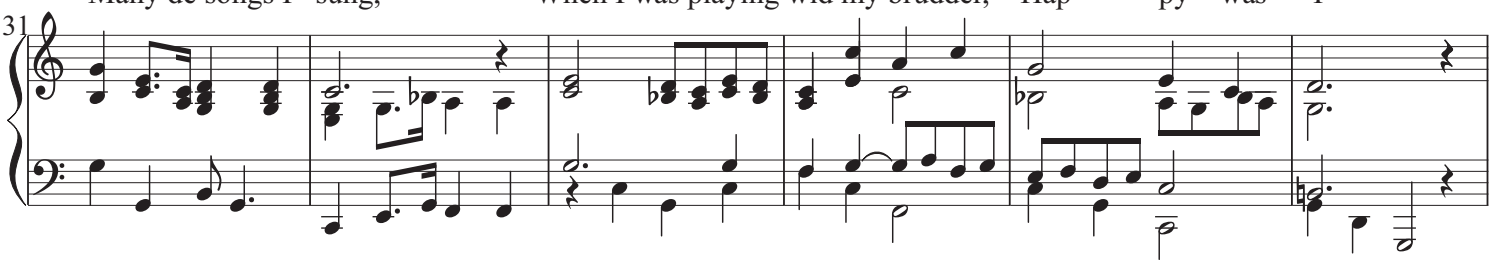
Eb - ry-where I roam, Oh! dear ones, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.



2 All 'round de little farm I wandered when I was young, Den many happy days I squandered



Many de songs I sung, When I was playing wid my brudder, Hap - py was I



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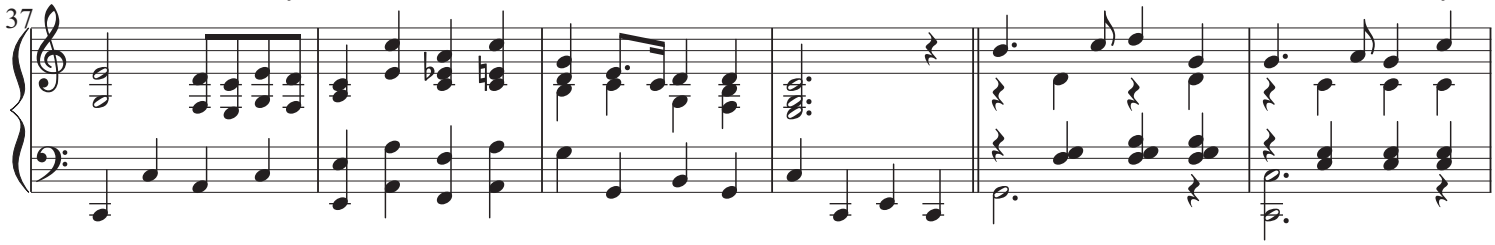
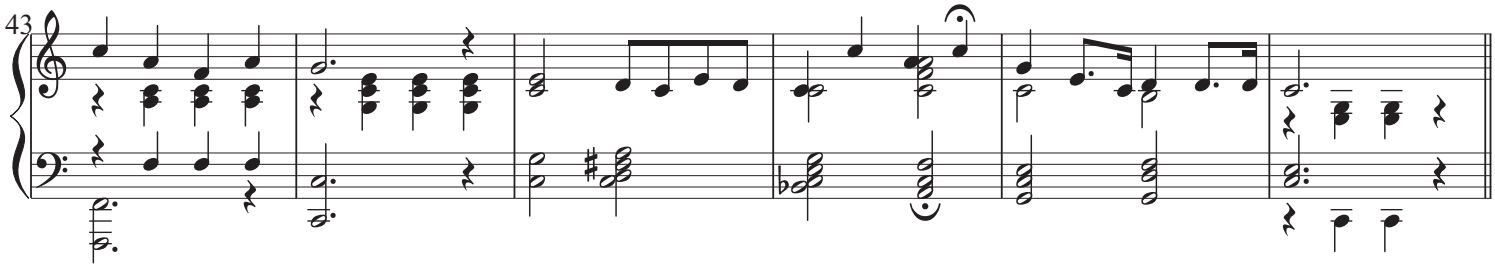
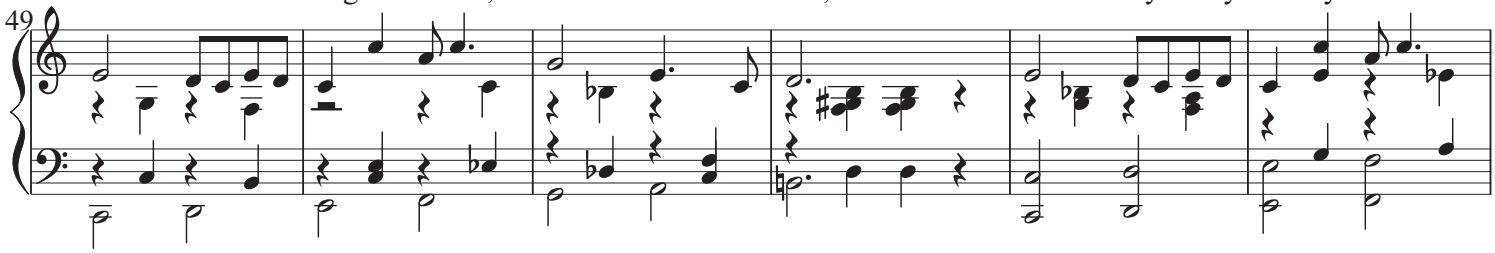
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die. **Chorus** All de world am sad and dreary



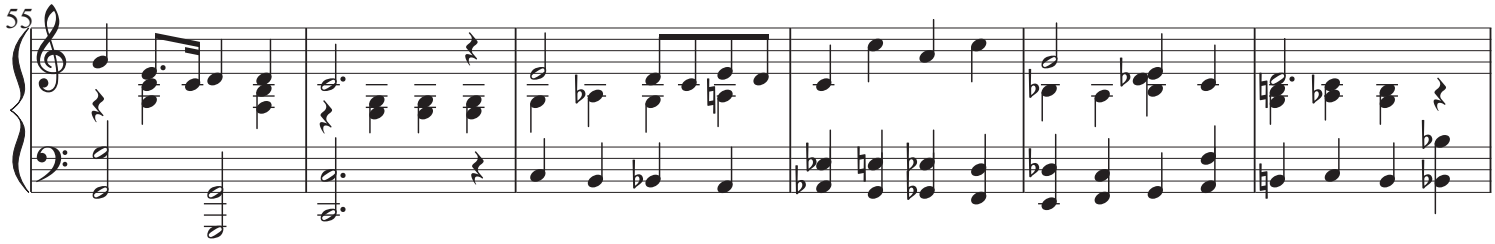
Eb - ry-where I roam, Oh! dear ones, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.



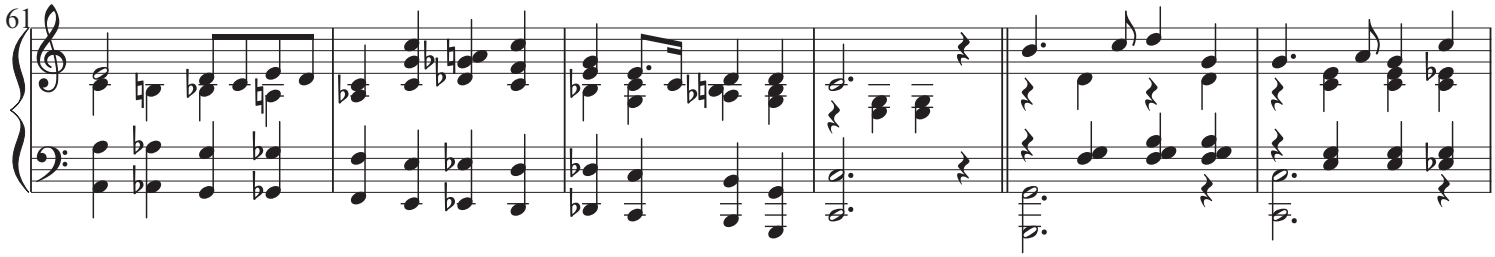
3 One little hut among de bushes, one dat I love, Still sadly to my memr'y rushes



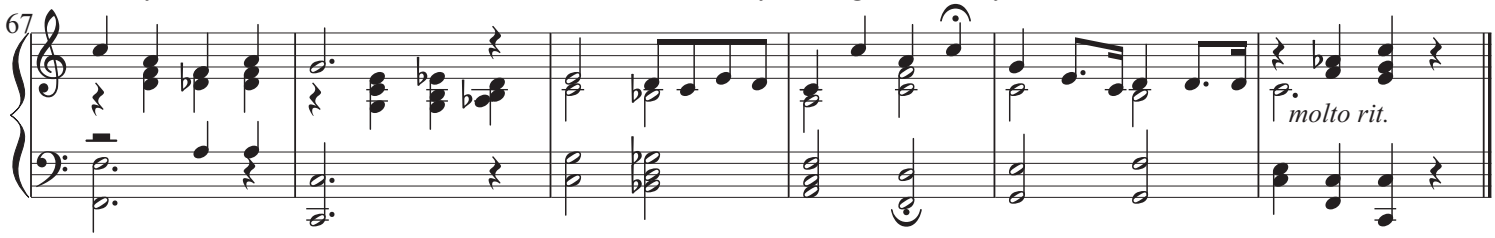
No matter where I rove. When will I see the bees a humming, All 'round de comb?



When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home? **Chorus** All de world am sad and dreary



Eb-ry-where I roam, Oh! dear ones, how my heart grows weary, far from de old folks at home.



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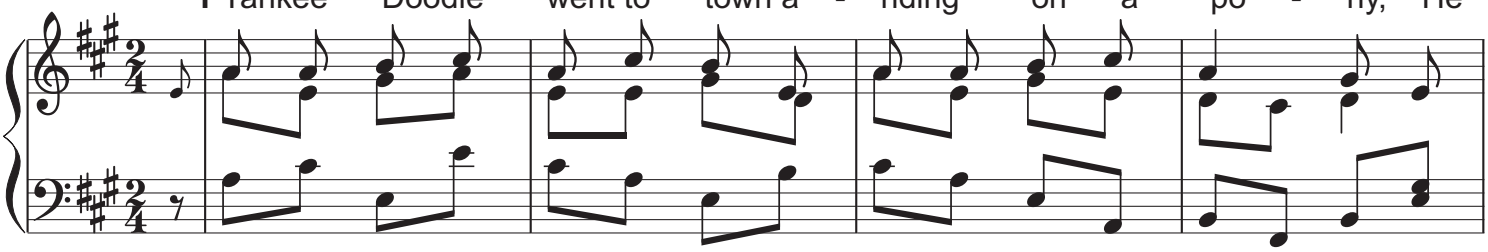
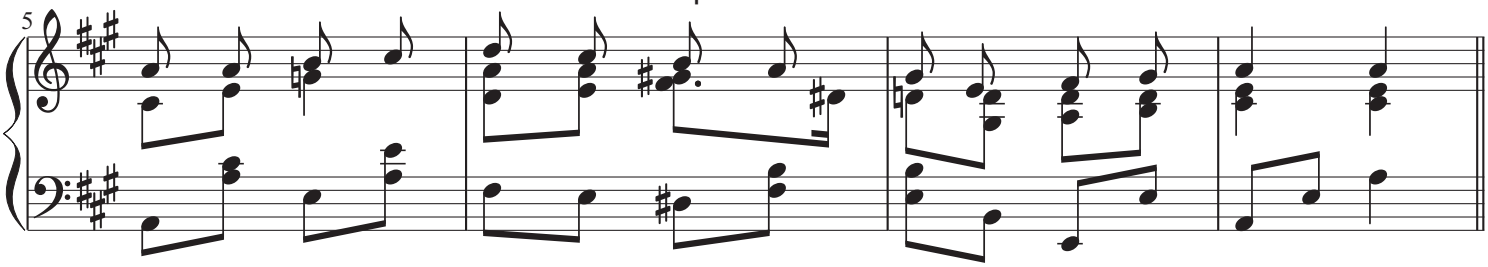
[115] Yankee Doodle

traditional
ed. J. W. Pratt

7 I can't tell you all I saw, they kept up such a smo - ther, I
6 There was Captain Washing - ton u - pon a slapping stal - lion, a-
5 And eve -ry time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of pow - der, And
4 And there I see a swamping gun large as a log of ma - ple, u-
3 And there we saw a thousand men as rich as Squire Da - vid, And
2 Fath'r and I went down to camp, a - long with Captain Goo - ding, And
1 Yankee Doodle went to town a - riding on a po - ny, He

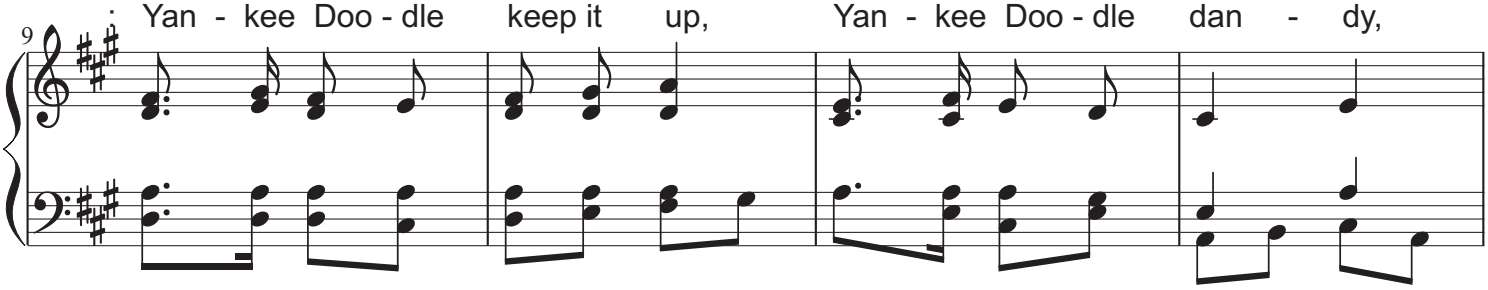


took my hat off, made a bow, and scampered home to mo - ther.
giving or - ders to his men. I guess there were a mil - lion.
makes a noise like father's gun, on - ly a na - tion lou - der.
pon a deuced little cart, a load for father's cat - tle.
what they wasted every day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
there we saw the men and boys as thick as ha - sty pud - ding.
stuck a feather in his cap and called it ma - ca - ro - ni.

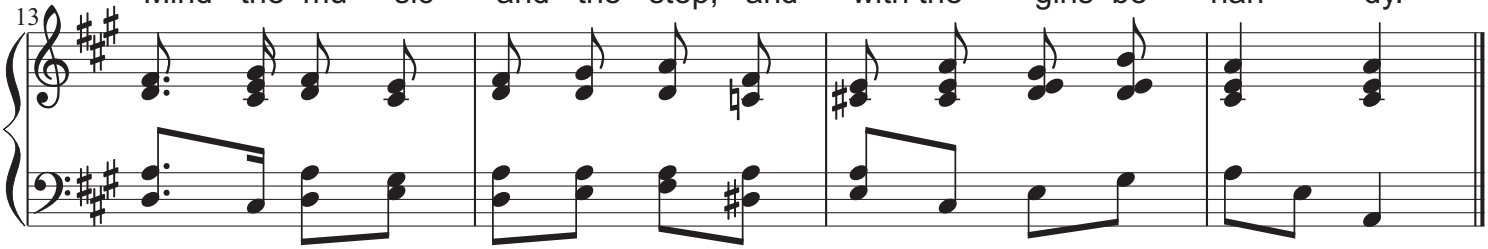


Chorus:

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



Mind the mu - sic and the step, and with the girls be han - dy.



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[116] Putting on the style

George P. Wright

Norman Cazden
arr. John W. Pratt

1 Young man in a carriage, driving like he's mad, with a pair of horses he

borrowed from his dad. He cracks his whip so lively just to see his lady smile,

Chorus

But she knows he's on - ly putting on the style. Putting on the a - go - ny,

putting on the style That's what all the young folks are doing all the while. And

as I look around me, I'm very apt to smile, To see so many people Putting on the style.

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[117] Things are seldom what they seem

W. S. Gilbert — Arthur Sullivan

1b Black sheep dwell in every fold; all that glitters is not gold; storks turn out to
1a Things are seldom Skim milk masque-
what they seem, rades as cream; highlows pass as

ff *detached*

be but logs; bulls are but inflated frogs. So they be, frequentlee.
patent leathers; jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers. Very true, so they do.

8 Drops the wind & stops the mill;

ff

turbot is ambitious brill; gild the farthing if you will, yet it is a farthing still. Yes, I know. That is so.

16

Tho' to catch your drift I'm striving, it is shady, it is shady;

24 I don't see at what you're driving, mystic

lady mystic la - dy. Stern con - vic - tion's o'er me stealing, that the mystic

30

la - dy's dealing in o - ra - cu - lar re - vealing. Yes, I know, that is so!

35

ff

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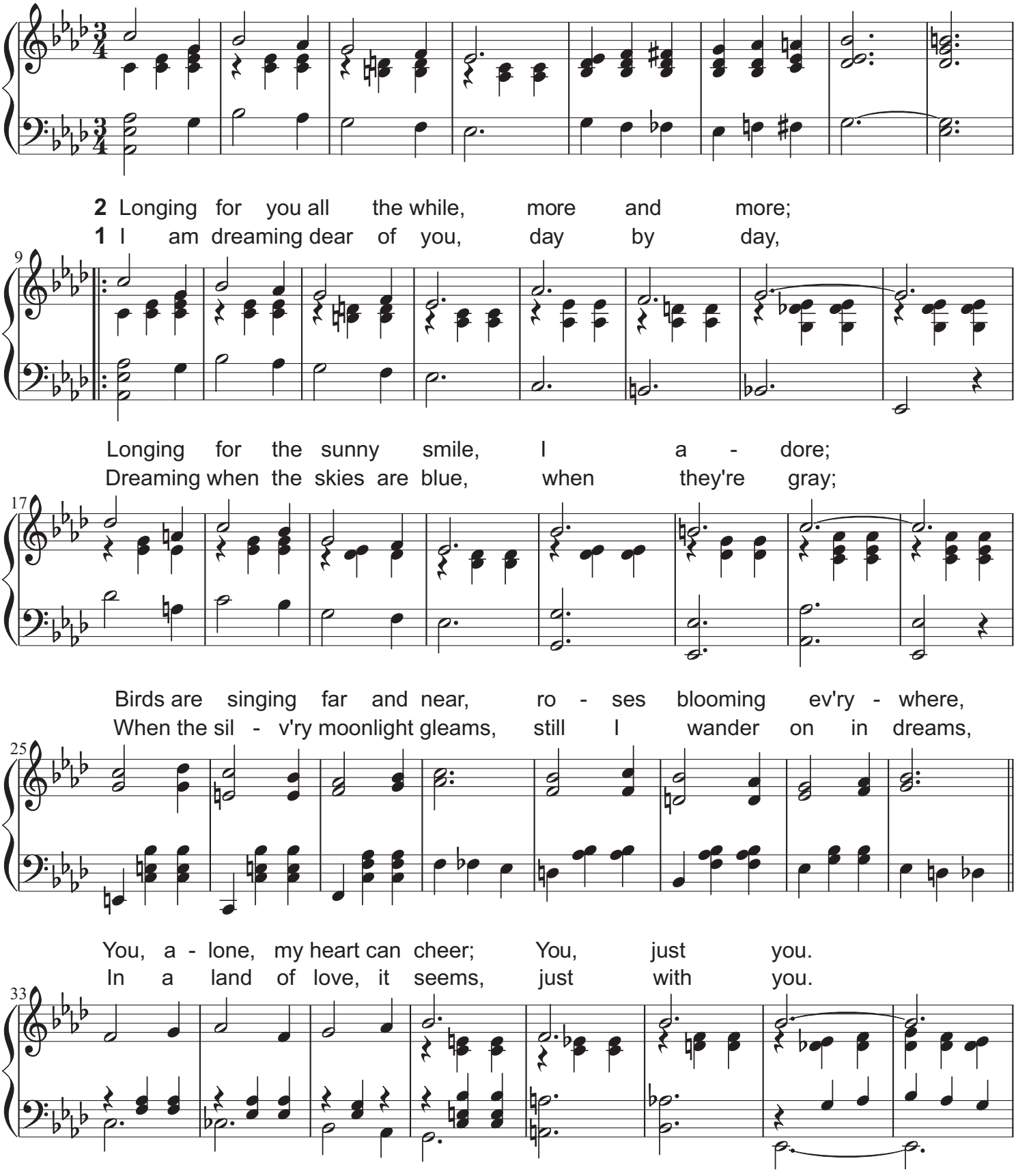
[118] Let me call you Sweetheart

Beth Slater Whitson — Leo Friedman (1910)



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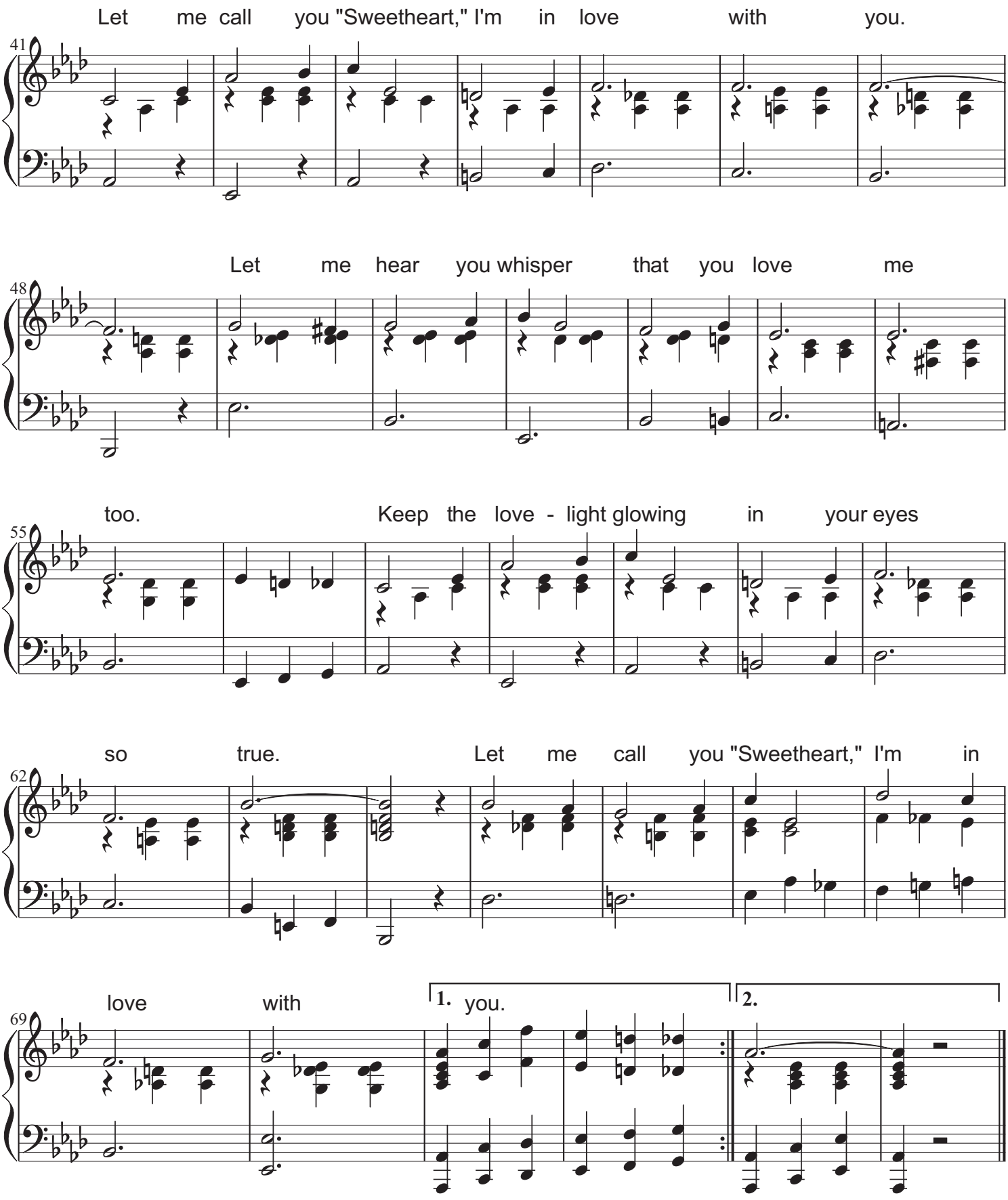
Chorus



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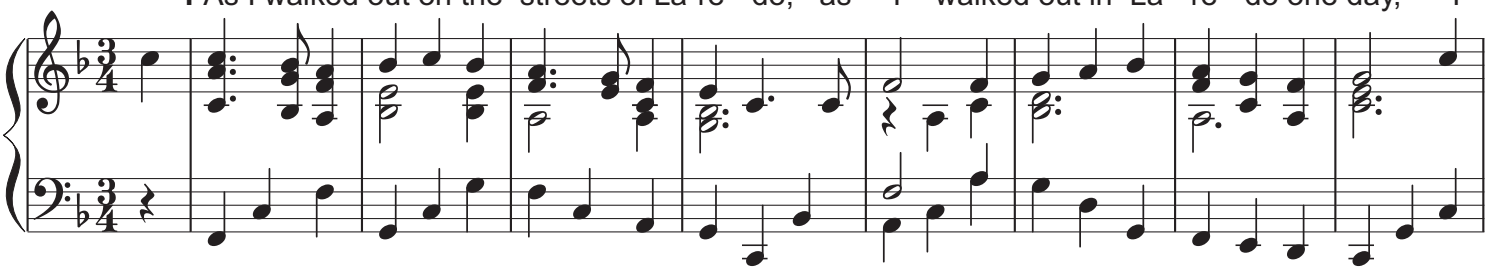
[119] The Streets of Laredo

The Cowboy's Lament

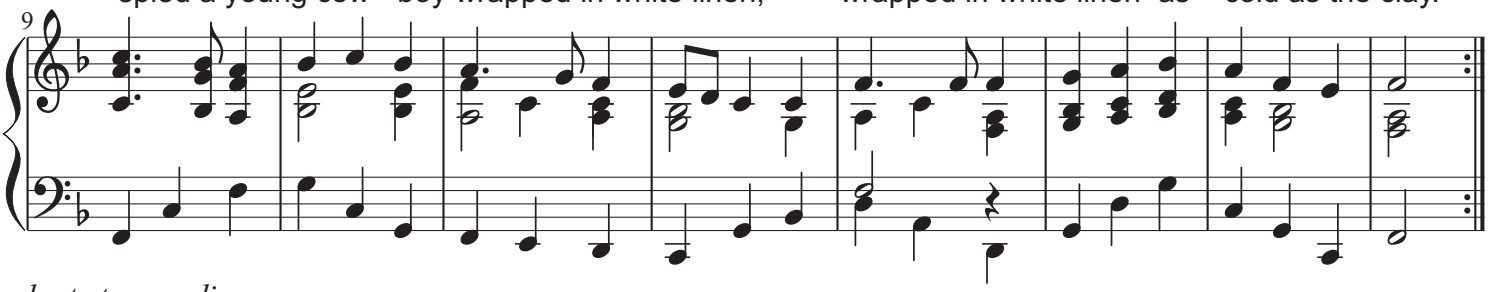
Traditional

arr. John W. Pratt

6 “Go fetch me a cup, a cup of cold water, to cool my parched lips,” the cowboy then said; be
5 "Oh, beat the drum slowly & play the fife lowly. Play the dead march as you carry me along. Take me
4 "Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin. Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall. Put
3 "It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing. It was once in the saddle I used to go gay.
2 "I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy." These words he did say as I boldly stepped by. "Come
1 As I walked out on the streets of La-re - do, as I walked out in La - re - do one day, I

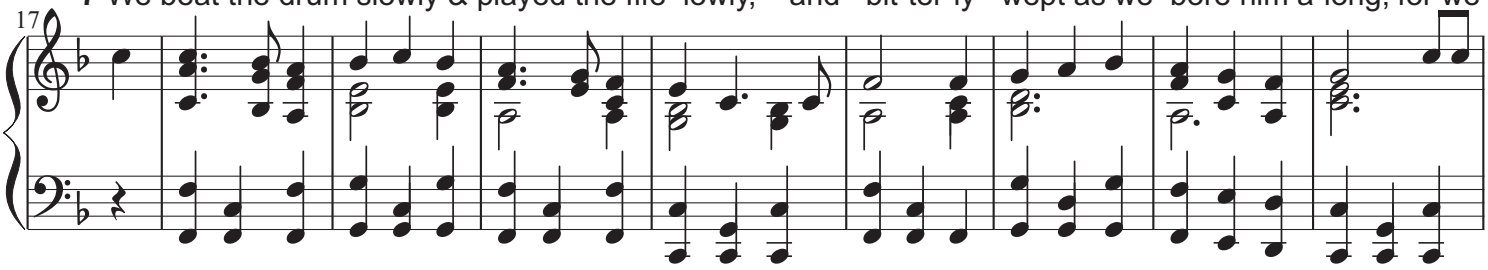


fore I re - turned, the spi - rit had left him and gone to its maker—the cowboy was dead.
to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me, for I'm a young cowboy & I know I've done wrong."
bunches of roses all o - ver my cof - fin, ro - ses to deaden the clods as they fall."
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house. Got shot in the breast; I am dying today."
sit down be-side me and hear my sad sto - ry. .I was shot in the breast and I know I must die."
spied a young cow - boy wrapped in white linen, wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

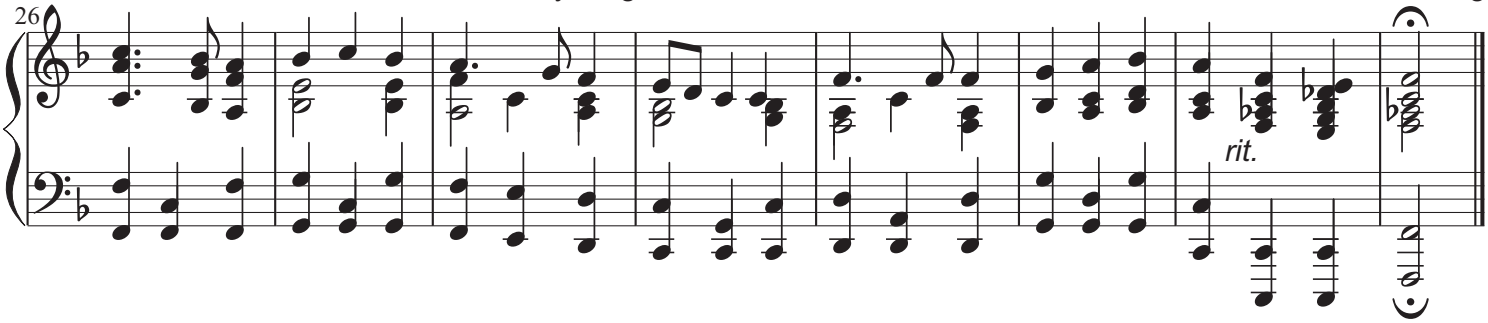


last stanza, dirge

7 We beat the drum slowly & played the fife lowly, and bit-ter-ly wept as we bore him a-long; for we



all loved our comrade, so brave, young, & handsome, we all loved our comrade altho he'd done wrong.



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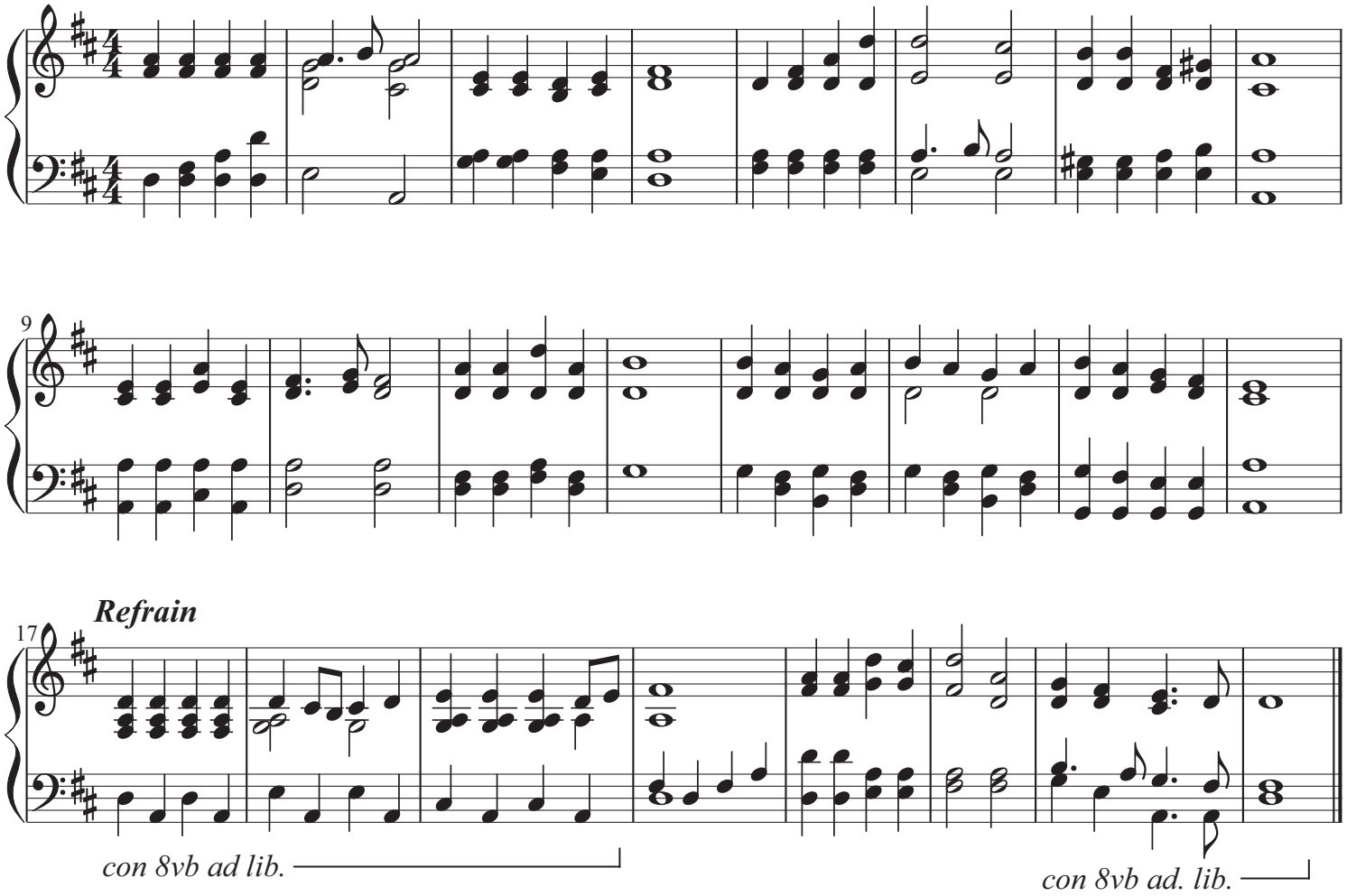
[121] Onward Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould

Arthur Sullivan
ed. J. W. Pratt



1 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle see His banners go!
Refrain: Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Brothers lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.
Refrain

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

4 What the saints established that I hold for true.
What the saints believèd, that I believe too.
Long as earth endureth, men the faith will hold,
Kingdoms, nations, empires, in destruction rolled.
Refrain

5 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms
rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.
Refrain

6 Onward then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages men and angels sing.
Refrain

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[122] Though dark are our sorrows

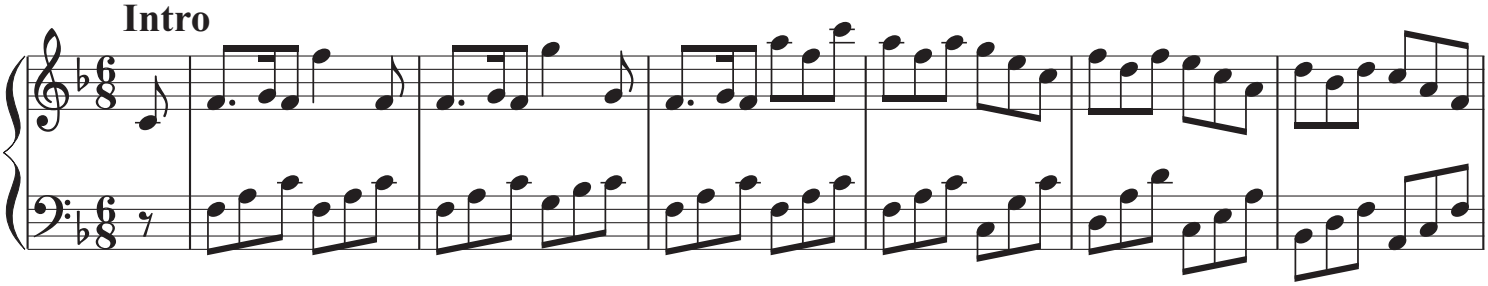
The Prince's Day

Moore's Irish Melodies

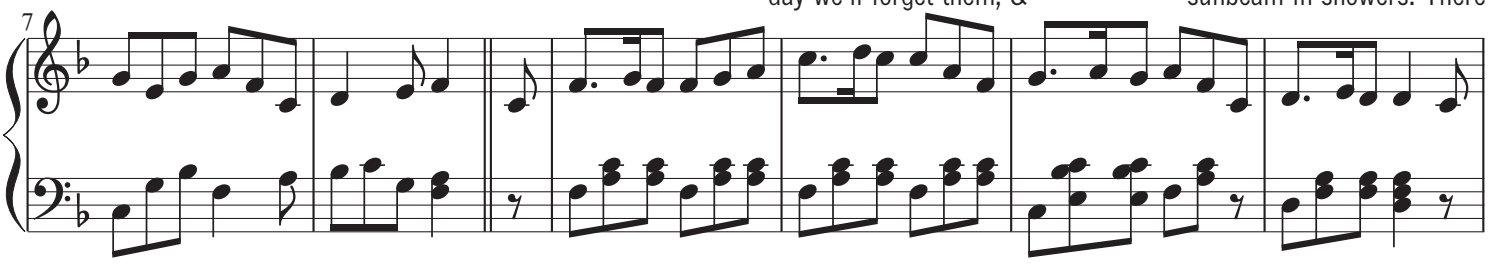
Thomas Moore

accompaniment John Stevenson
additional arr. John W. Pratt

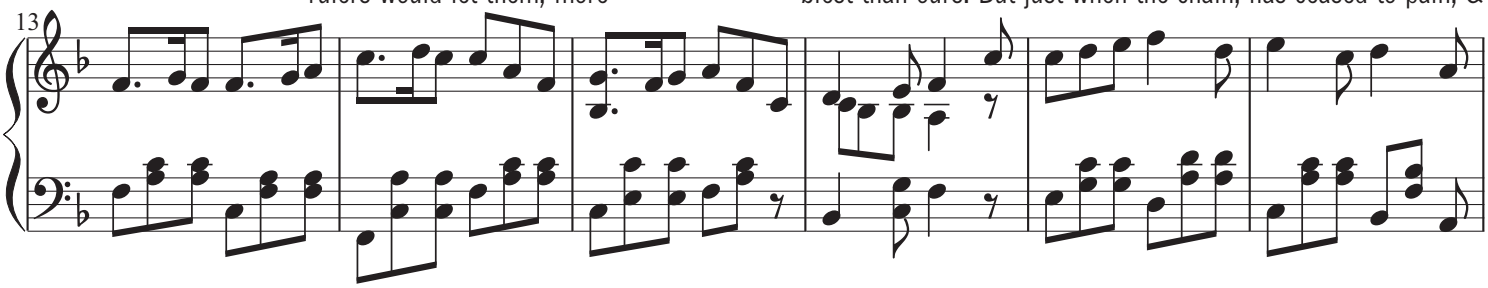
Intro



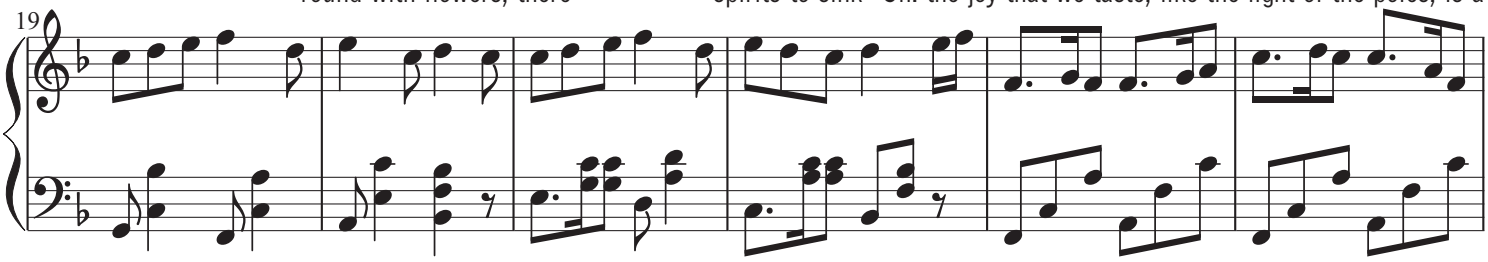
1 Though dark are our sorrows, to- smile through our tears, like a
day we'll forget them, & sunbeam in showers: There



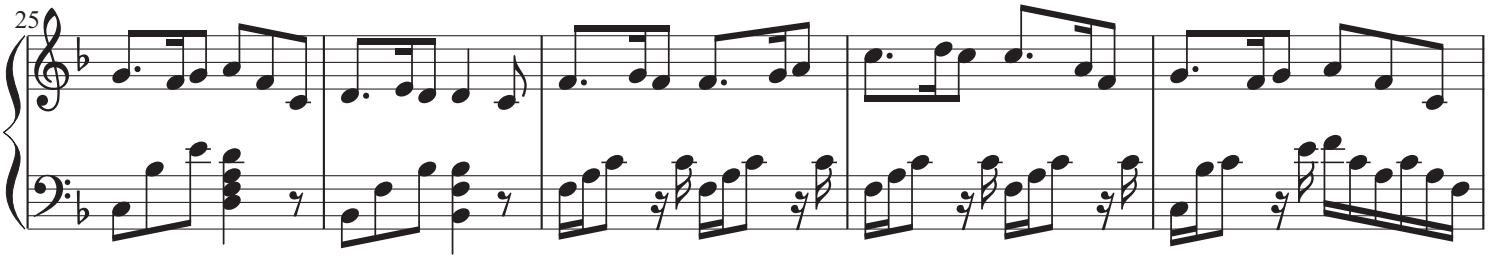
never were hearts, if our formed to be grateful &
rulers would let them, more blest than ours. But just when the chain, has ceased to pain, &



hope has enwreathed it comes a new link, our
round with flowers, there spirits to sink--Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, is a



flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay; but, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls, we must light it up now, on our



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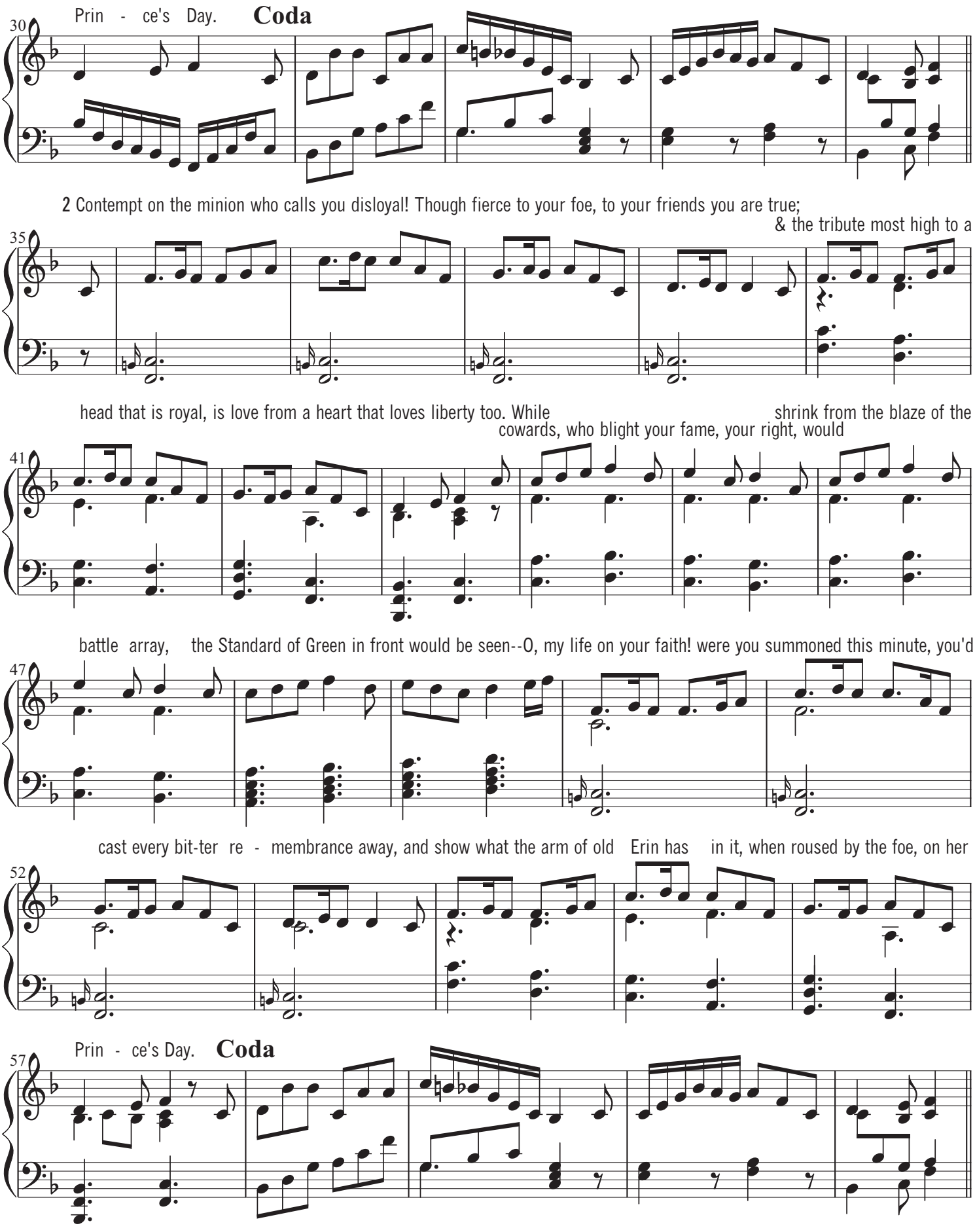

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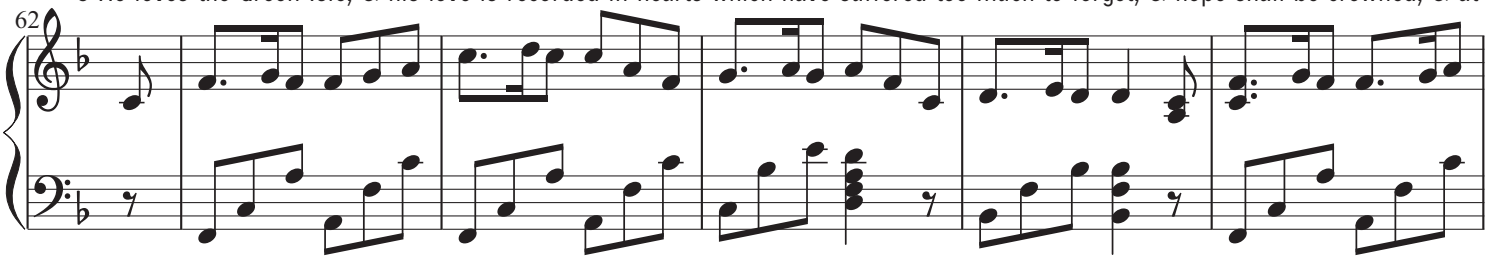
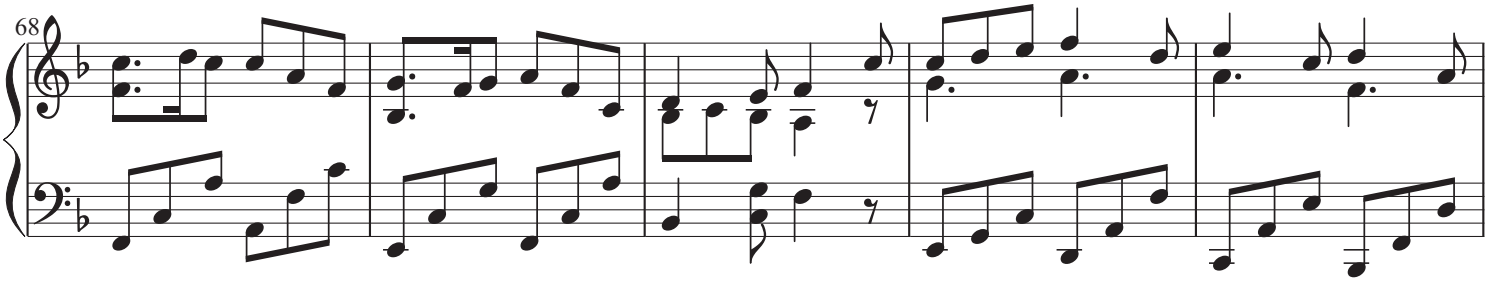
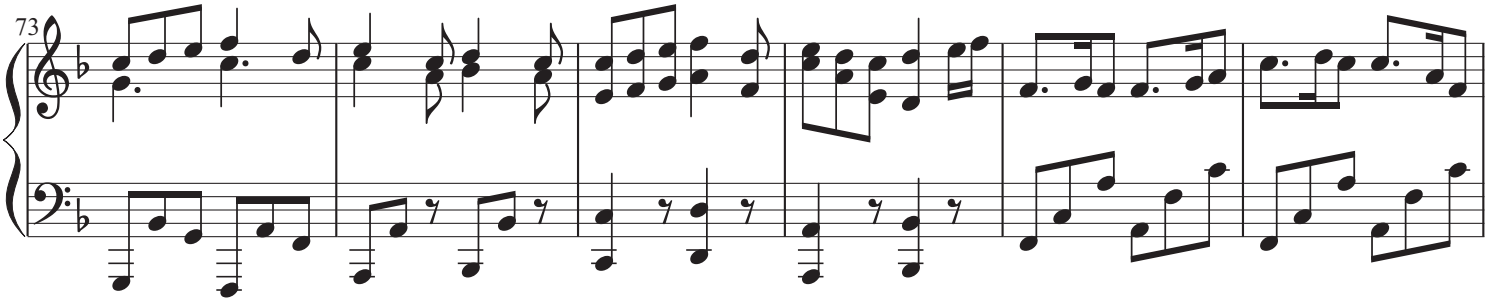
3 He loves the Green Isle, & his love is recorded in hearts which have suffered too much to forget; & hope shall be crowned, & at-



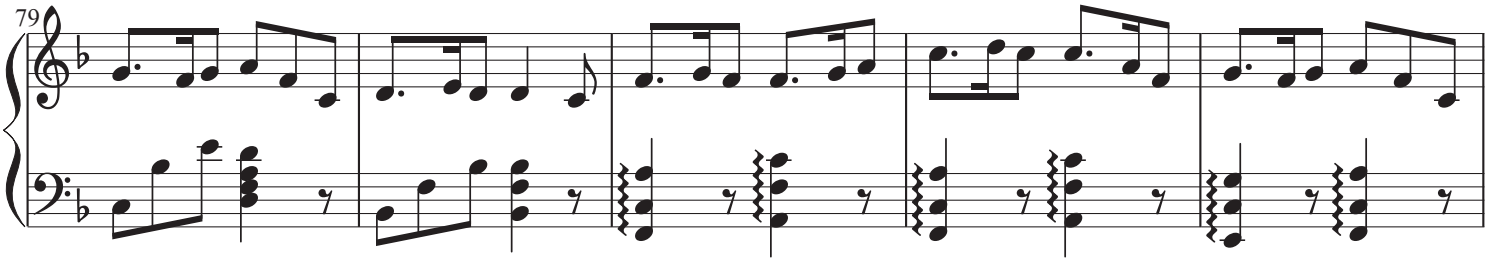
tachment rewarded, & Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet. The gem may be broke by many a stroke, but



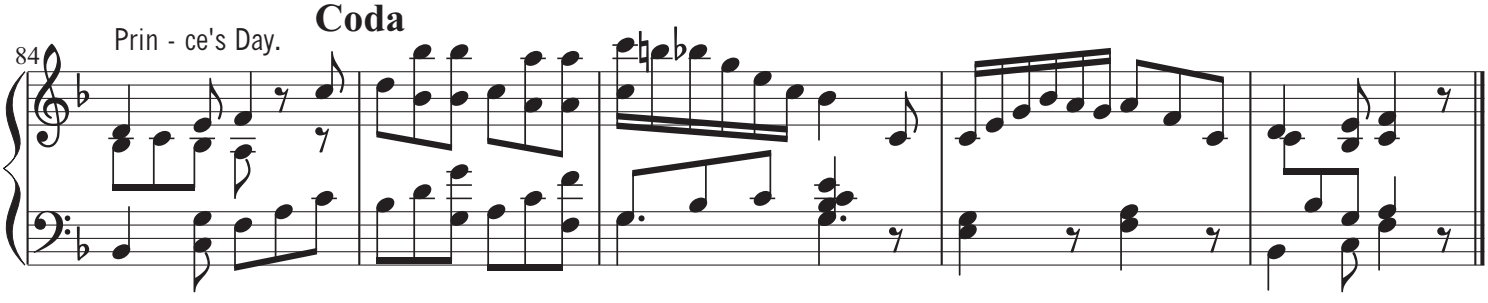
nothing can cloud its native ray; each fragment will cast a light to the last & thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art, there's



luster within thee, that ne'er will decay; a spirit which beams through each suffering part, and now smiles at all pain on the



Prin - ce's Day. **Coda**



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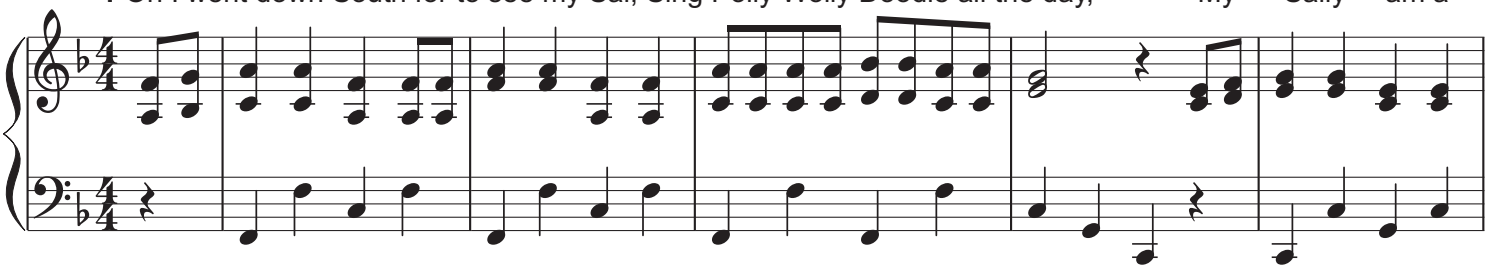
[123] Polly wolly doodle

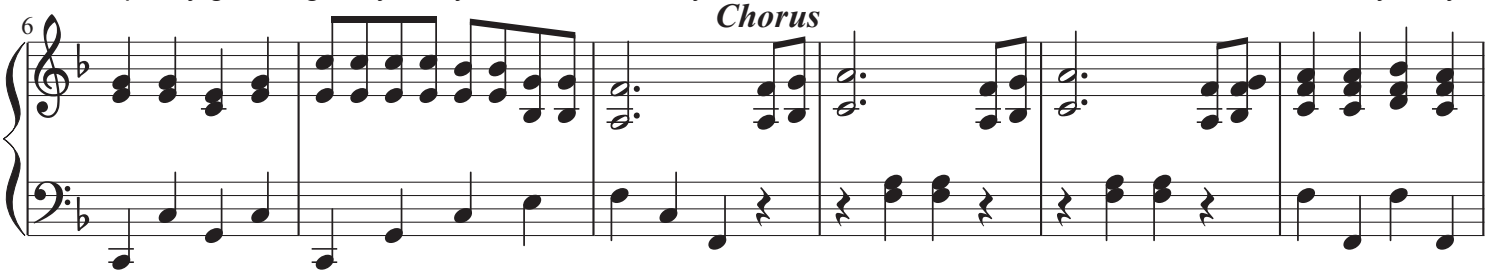
Harvard Song Book
arr. John W. Pratt

2 Oh my Sal she am a maiden fair, With curly eyes & laugh-
1 Oh I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, My Sally am a



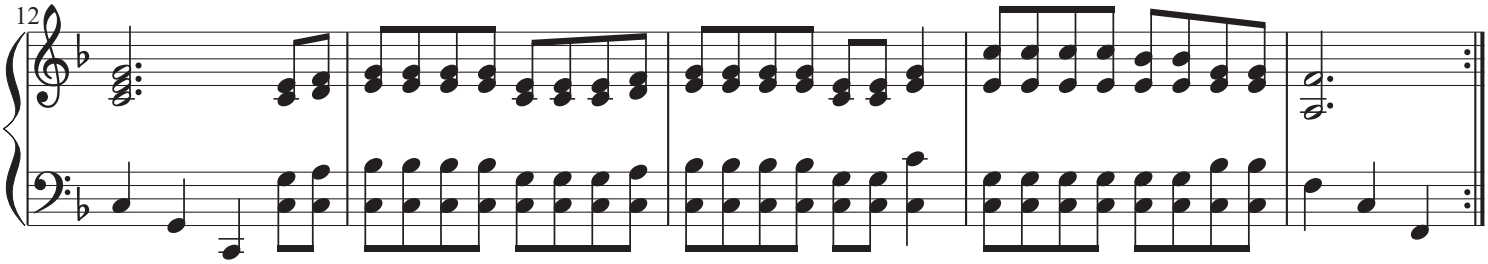
ing hair,
spunky gal. Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well my fairy

6 ***Chorus***



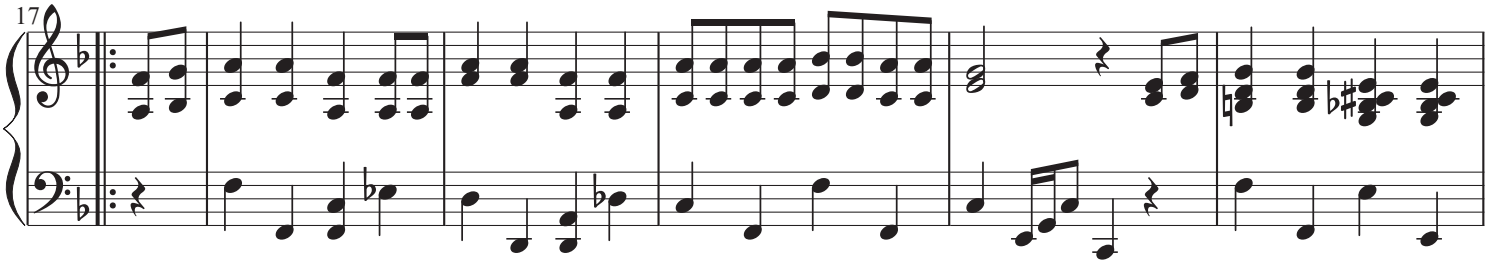
fay, For I'm going to Louisiana for to see my Susyanna Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

12



4 Oh I went to bed but it wasn't no use, My feet stuck out for a
3 Oh a grasshopper sittin' on a RR track, Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day, A - pickin' his teef wid a

17



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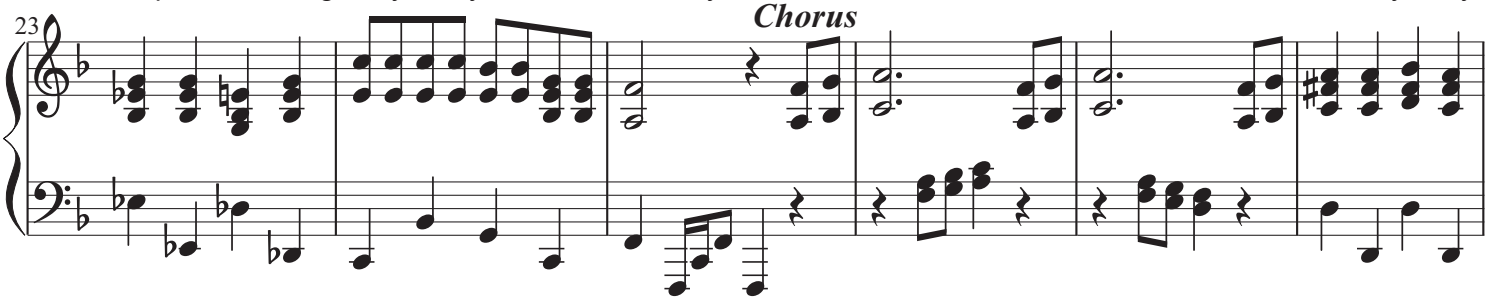
chicken roost.

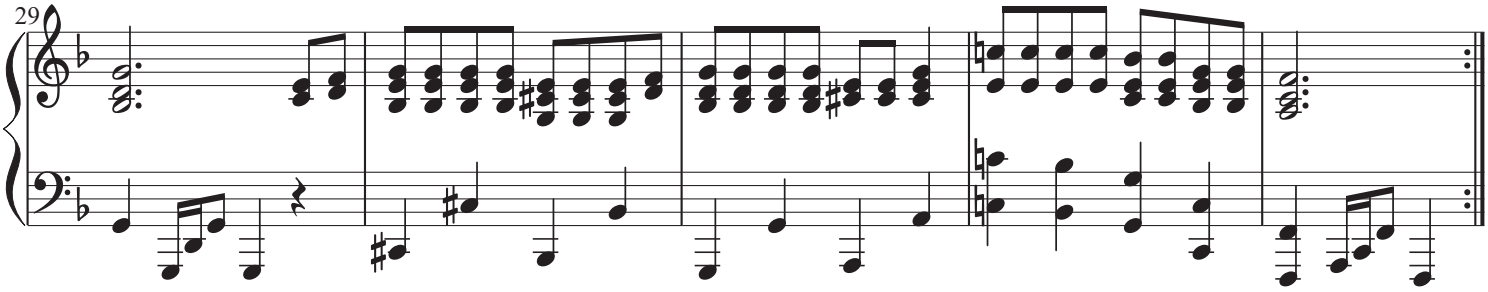
carpet tackl. Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well my fairy

23 *Chorus*



fay, For I'm going to Louisiana for to see my Susyanna Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

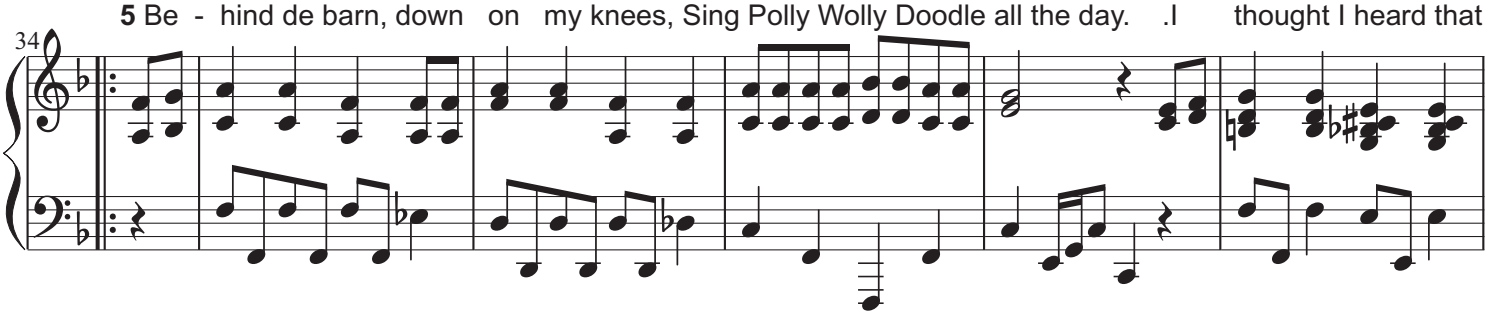
29



6 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin' cough, He sneezed his head an' his

5 Be - hind de barn, down on my knees, Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day. .I thought I heard that

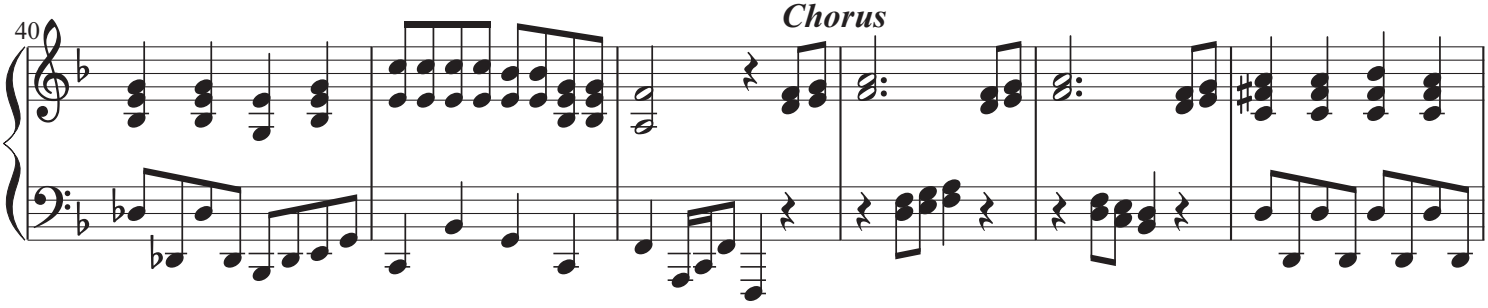
34



tail right off.

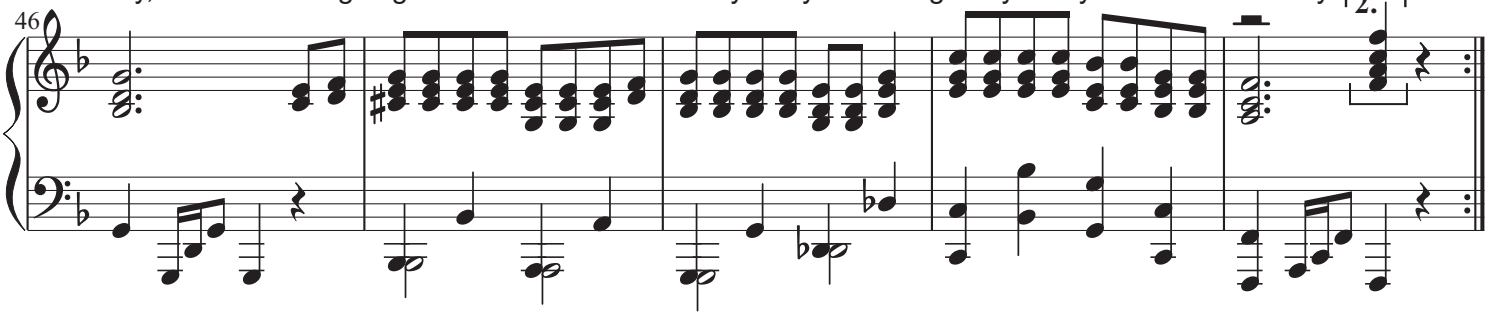
chicken sneeze. Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well my fairy

40 *Chorus*



fay, For I'm going to Louisiana for to see my Susyanna Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

46 2.



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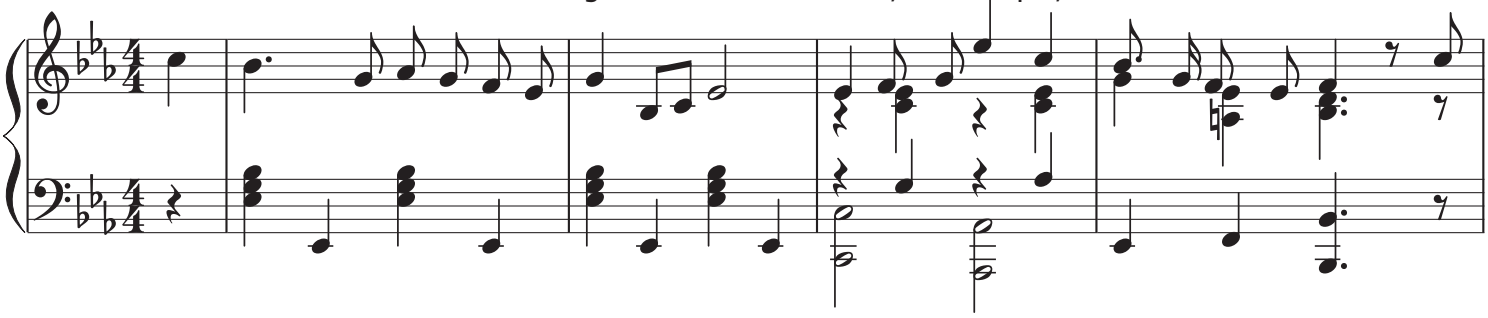
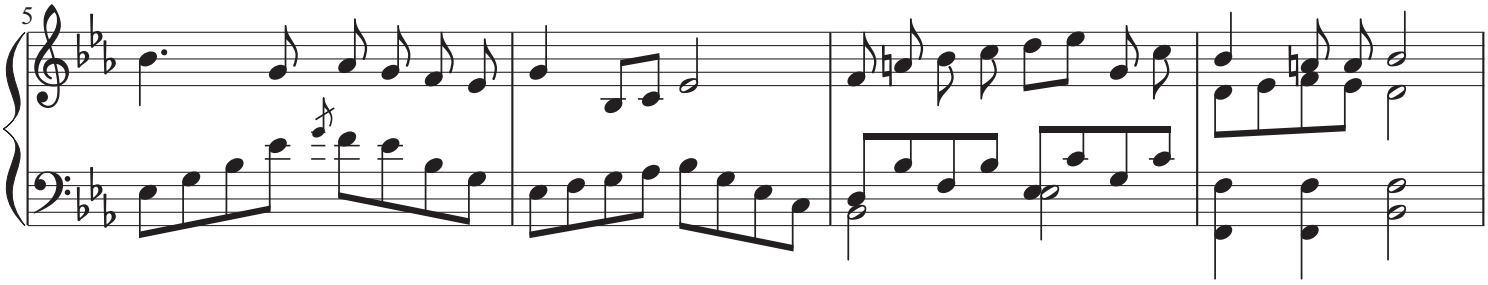
[124] Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

Stephen Foster
ed. & arr. by John W. Pratt

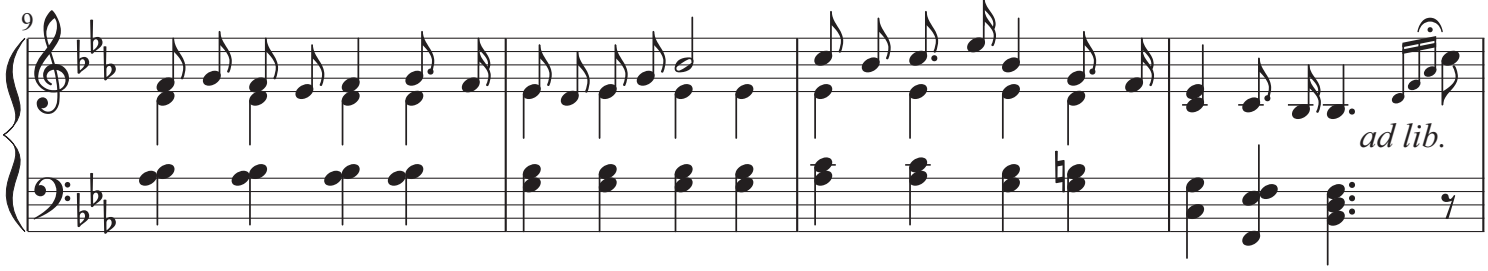
3 I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed far from the fond hearts round her native glade. Her
2 I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile, radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile. I
1 I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair borne, like a vapor, on the summer air. I



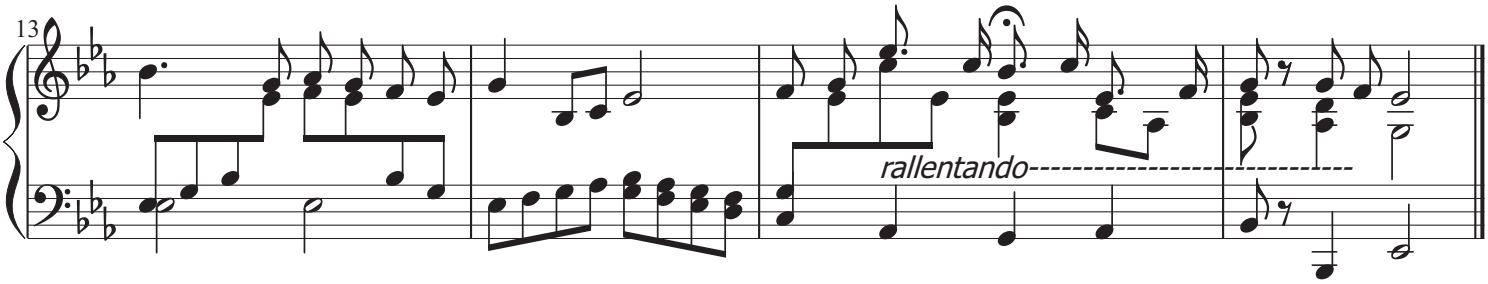
smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
hear her melodies, like joys gone by sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die.
see her tripping where the bright streams play, happy as the daisies that dance on her way.



Now the nodding wild flow'rs may wither on the shore while her gentle fingers will cull them no more. Oh! I
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain, wailing for the lost one that comes not again. Oh! I
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour, many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er. Oh! I



sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair floating like a va - por, on the soft summer air.
long for Jeanie, and my heart bows low, never more to find her where the bright waters flow.
dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair floating like a va - por, on the soft summer air.



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[125] Pack up your troubles

George Asaf (George Henry Powell) — Felix Powell (1915)

ed. J. W. Pratt

Tempo di Marcia

f marcato

3 Private Perks he came back from Bosche-shooting with his smile his funny smile.
2 Private Perks went a-marching into Flanders with his smile his funny smile.
1 Private Perks is a funny little codgerwith a smile a funny smile.

9

mf

Round his home he then set about recruiting with his smile his funny smile.
He was lov'd by the privates & commanders for his smile his funny smile.
Five feet none, he's an art - ful little dodger with a smile a funny smile.

17

f

He told all his pals, the short, the tall, what a
When a throng of Bosches came a-long with a
Flush or broke he'll have his little joke, he can't

24

mp

time he'd had; and as each en - lis - ted like a man Private
mighty swing, Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine! Keep your
be suppress'd. All the o - ther fellows have to grin when he

30

f

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Perks said 'Now my lad,' Hi!
heads down, boys and sing, Hi!
gets this off his chest, Hi!

Pack up your troubles in your old kit - bag, and

Refrain ***mp*** **2nd time** ***f***

37

sf

well marked

smile, smile, smile, While you've a lu-ci-fer to light your

45

fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. What's the use of worrying?

52

It ne - ver was worth while, so Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, And

60

smile, smile, smile.

69

1. **2.** **D.S.** **last time**

ff

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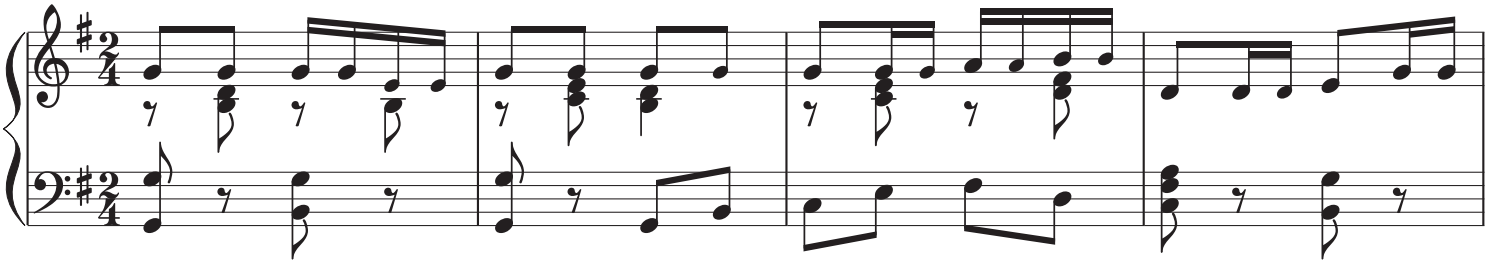
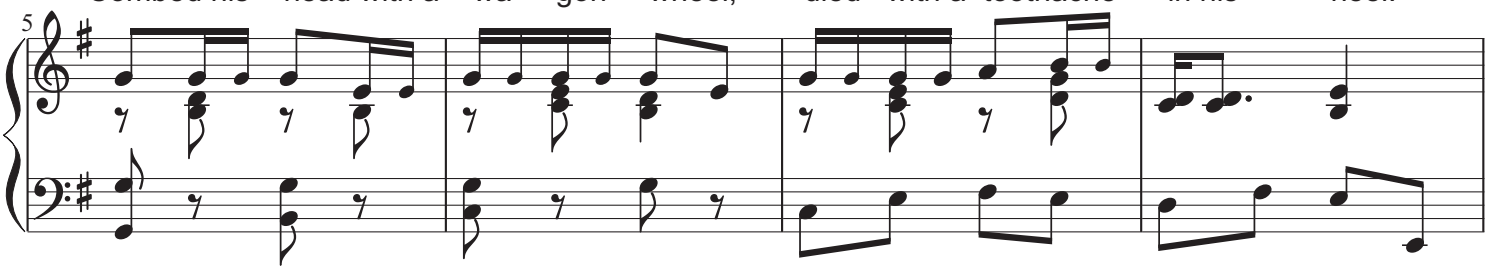
[126] Old Dan Tucker

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

5 Old Dan Tucker is come to town, ri - ding a billy goat, leading a hound,
4 Old Dan Tucker clumb a tree his Lord and mas - ter for to see. The
3 Old Dan Tucker he got drunk, fell in the fire and kicked up a chink,
2 Old Dan Tucker is come to town, swingin' the la - dies round and round,
1 Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man, washed his face in a fry - in' pan,

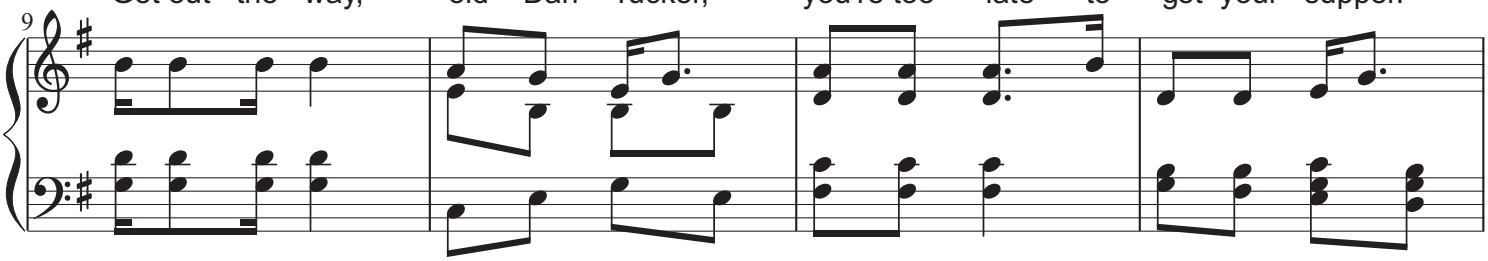


Hound dog bark and the billy goat jump, landed Dan Tucker on top of a stump.
limb it broke and he had a fall, never got to see his Lord at all.
Red hot coal got in his shoe and oh my lawd how the ashes flew!
First to the right, then to the left then to the girl that he loves best.
Combed his head with a wa - gon wheel, died with a toothache in his heel.

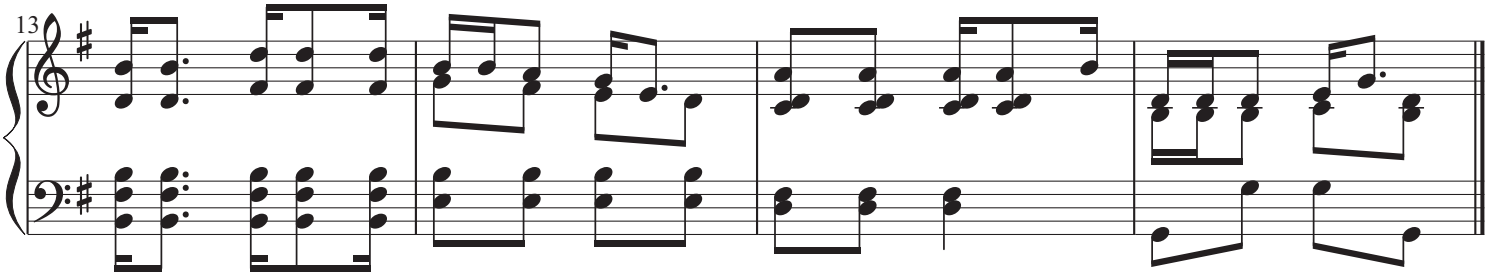


Chorus:

Get out the way, old Dan Tucker, you're too late to get your supper.



Supper's o - ver and dinner is cookin', Old Dan Tucker just standin' there lookin'.



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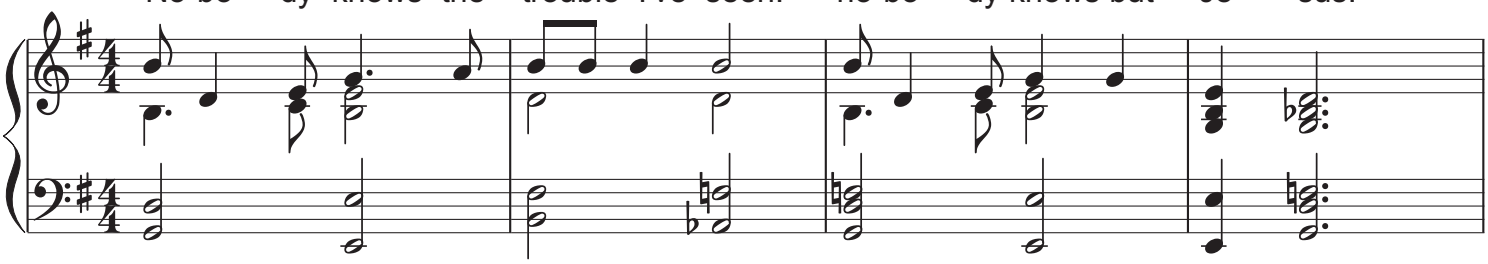
[127] Nobody knows the trouble I've seen

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

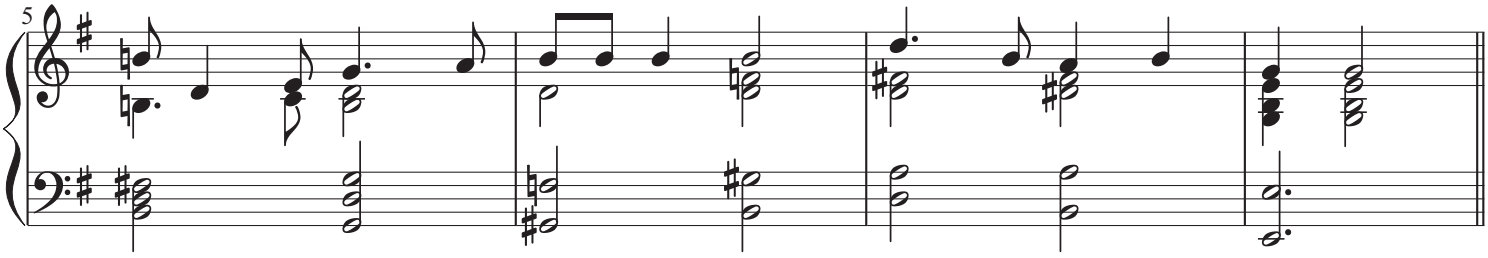
Refrain

No-bo - dy knows the trouble I've seen. no-bo - dy knows but Je - sus.



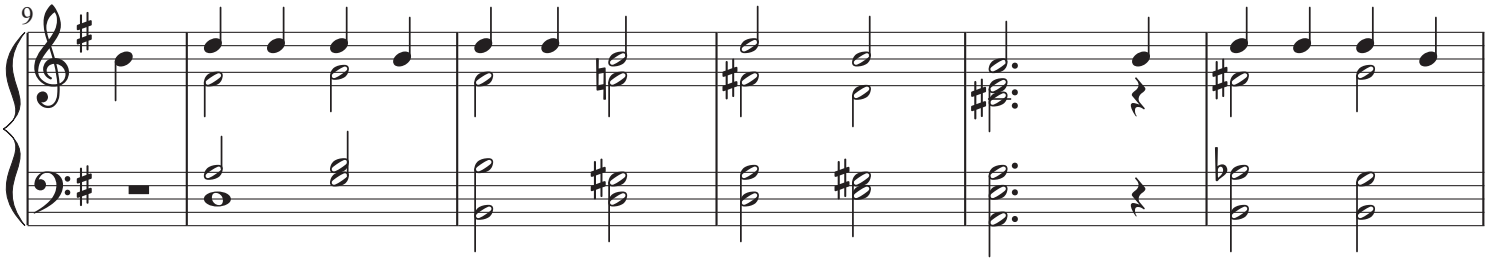
replace by Coda last time

No-bo - dy knows the trouble I've seen. Glo - ry Hal - le lu - jah!



Stanza

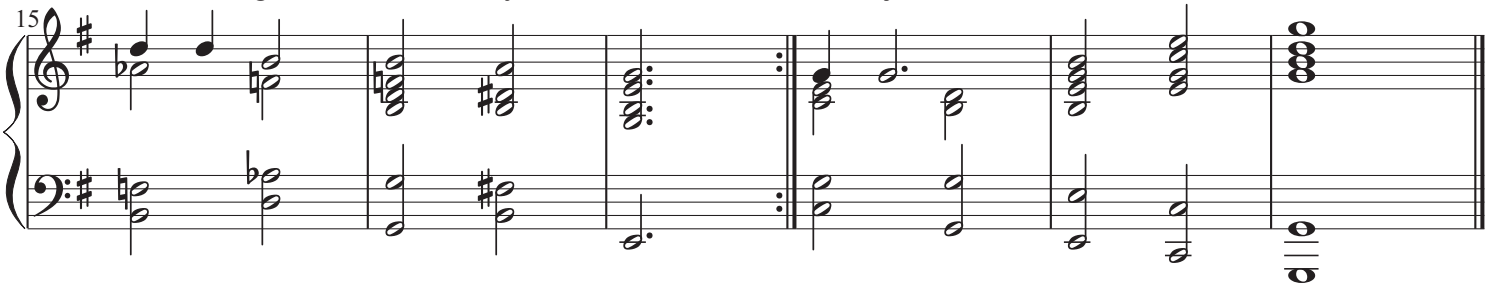
5 I never shall for - get that day, Oh yes, Lord, when Jesus washed my
4 One day when I was walk'n' a - long, Oh yes, Lord.. The sky op'n'd up and
3 Though you may see me going 'long so, Oh yes Lord I have my tri - als
2 I wish that I could find a way; Oh yes, Lord. But life is just one
1 Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down, Oh yes, Lord. Sometimes I'm almost



sins a - way,
Love come down,
here be-low,
long, dark day;
to the ground, Oh yes, Lord.

Coda

lu - jah!



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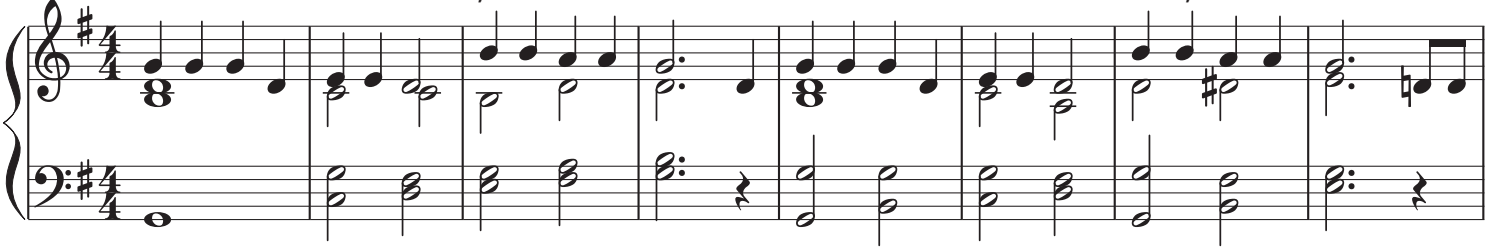
[128] Old MacDonald

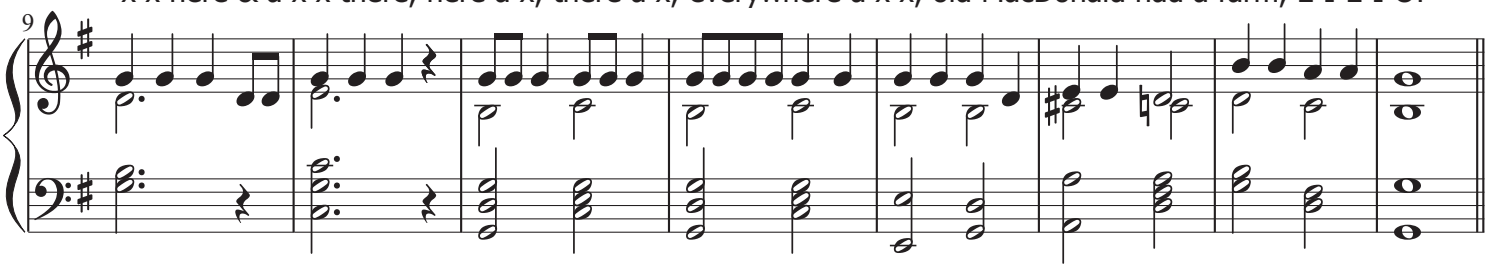
traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

1. chicks - peep. 2. ducks – quack. 3. turkeys – gobble. 4. pigs – oink.
5. cows - moo. 6. hens – cluck. 7. cats - meow.

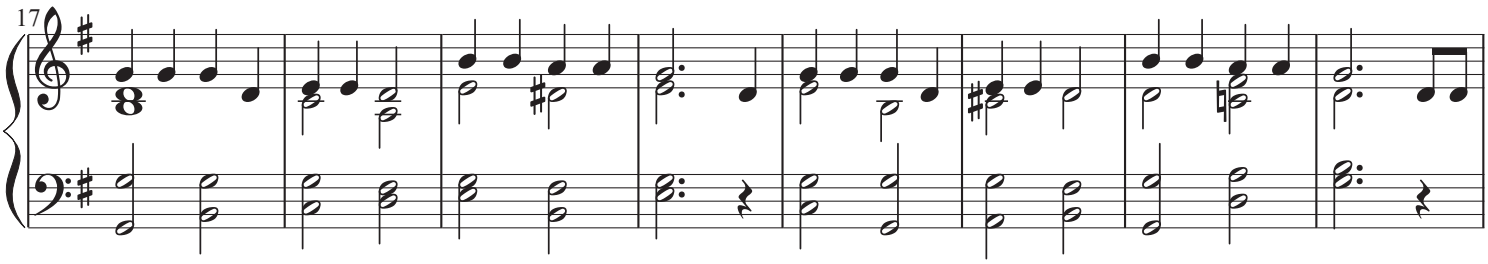
1 Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O! And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I - O! With a



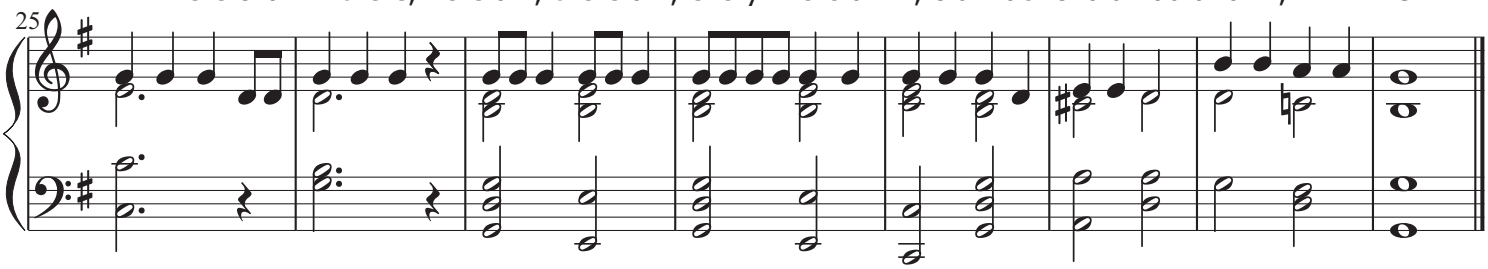
x x here & a x x there, here a x, there a x, everywhere a x x, old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!



2 Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O! And on this farm he had some ducks, E-I-E-I - O! With a



x x here & a x x there, here a x, there a x, everywhere a x x, old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!



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[129] Missouri Waltz

J. R. Shannon

J. V. Eppel
arr. F. K. Logan (1916)

Slowly and dreamily

p

9

𝄋 Hush - a-bye, ma **first time** ba - by, slumbertime is comin' **second time (after D.S.)** ba - by, go to sleep on Mommy's

p

knee, jour - ney back to Di - xie-land in dreams a - gain with me; it seems like your
soon; rest yo' head u - pon my breast while Mom - my hums a tune; the sandman is

14

Mommy is there once a-gain, & the old folks were strum - min' that same old re-frain.
cal-lin' where shadows are fallin', while the soft breezes sigh as in days long gone by.

20

sim.

first time **2nd time**

Way down in Mis - sou - ri where I heard this me-lo- sou - ri where I learned this lulla-

27

by
dy

When the stars were blin - kin' and the moon was climbin' high, seems I hear voi-ces
When I was a lit - tle child u - pon my Mommy's knee; the old folks were

32

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low, as in days long a - go, singin' hush - a - bye.
hum - min'; their ban-jos were strummin' so sweet and low.

38

Fine

Strum, strum, strum, strum, strum, Seems I hear those banjos play - in' once a-gain,

45

Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, that same old plain - tive strain.

53

Interlude

61

f *p*

Hear that mourn - ful me-lo - dy, it just haunts you the whole day long, & you

69

mp *cresc.* *pp*

D.S. al Fine

wander in dreams back to Dixie, it seems, when you hear that old time song.

77

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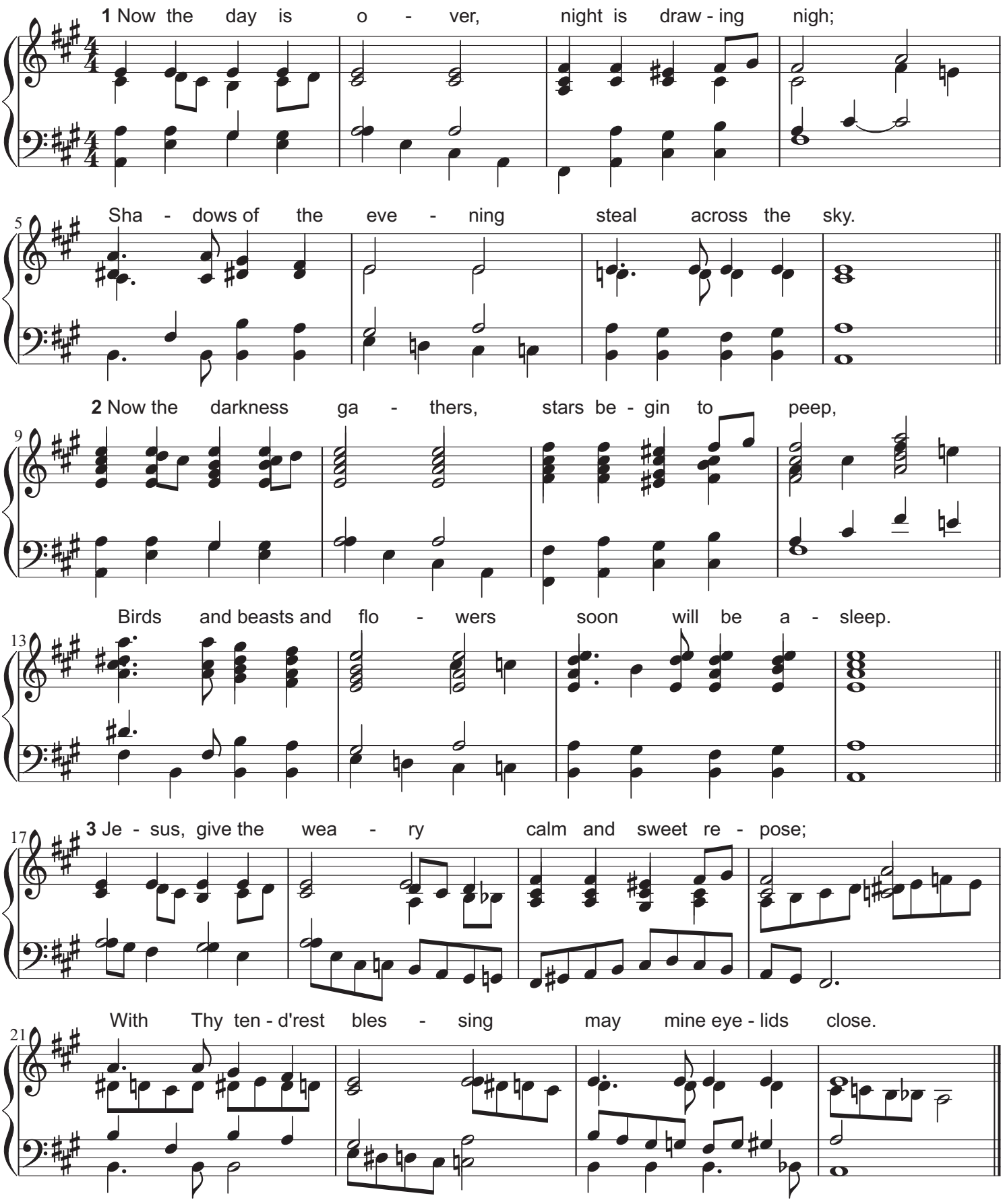
[131] Now the day is over

Sabine Baring-Gould

Joseph Barnby

1st meas. mod. & 2 stanzas added by J. W. Pratt



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