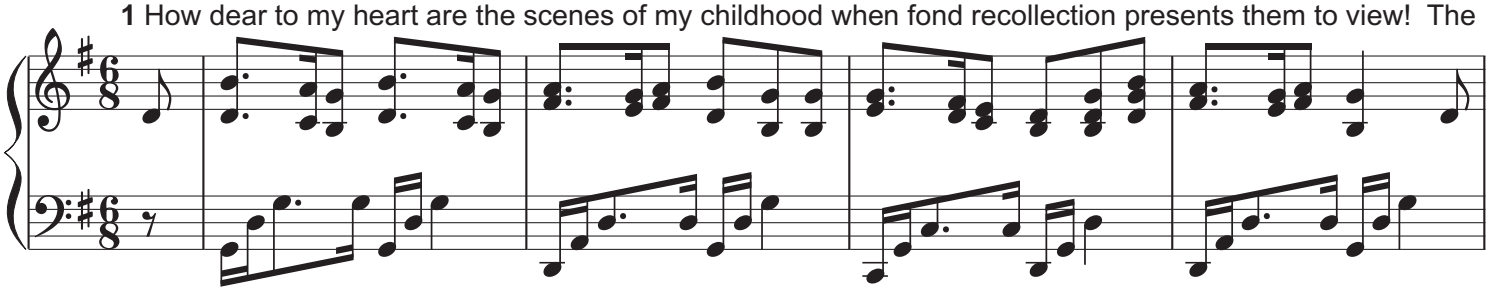
# [132] The old oaken bucket

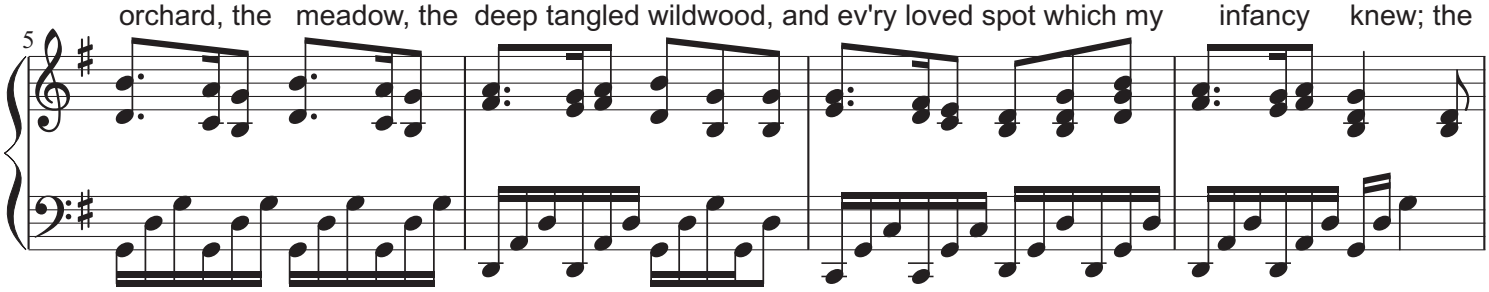
Samuel Woodworth

George F. Kiallmark
arr. John W. Pratt

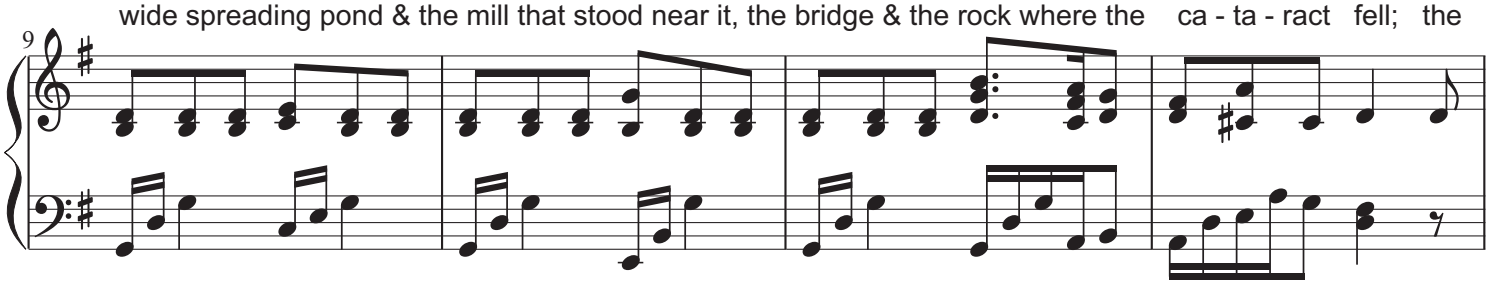
**3** How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips! Not a
**2** That moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, for often at noon, when return'd from the field, I
**1** How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood when fond recollection presents them to view! The



full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it, tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips. And
found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature can yield. How
orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, and ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew; the

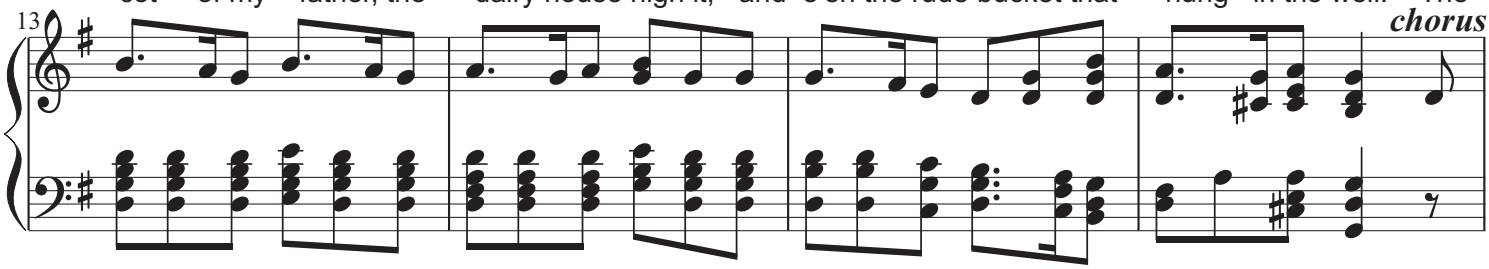


now, far removed from the loved habi - tation, the tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive-ly swell, as
ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were glowing, & quick to the white pebbled bot - tom it fell, then
wide spreading pond & the mill that stood near it, the bridge & the rock where the ca - ta - ract fell; the

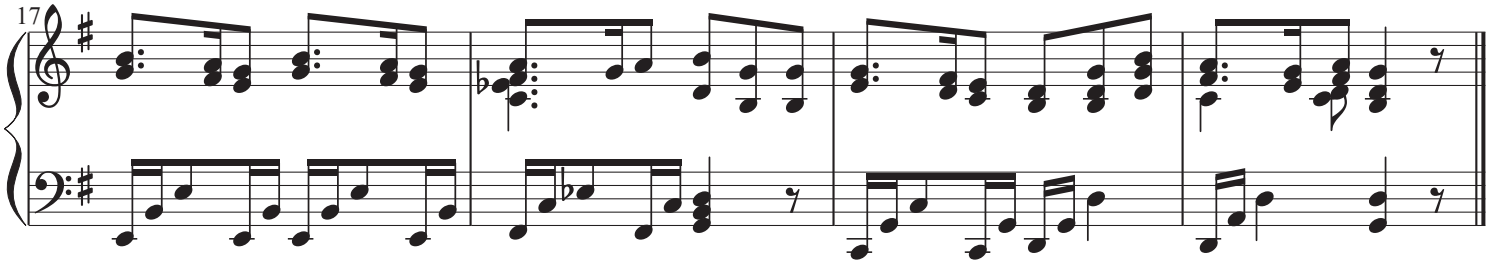


fan - cy re - verts to my father's plan-ta-tion, and sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
soon, with the emblem of truth over - flowing, and dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it, and e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well. The

*chorus*



old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.



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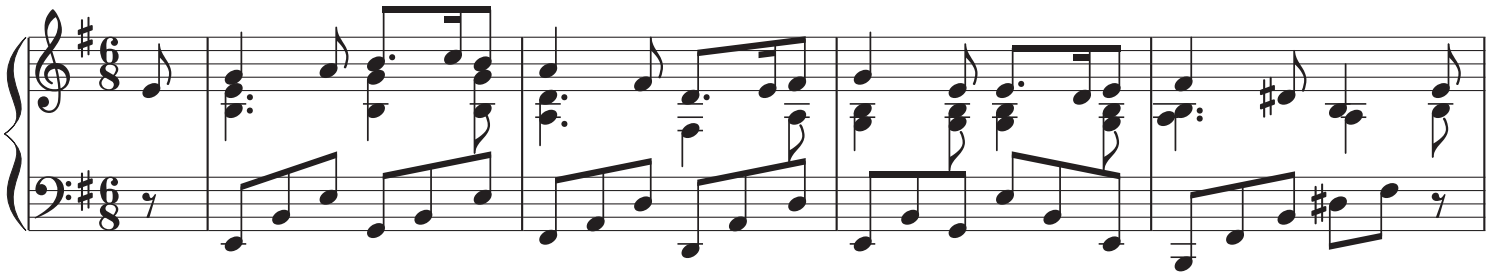
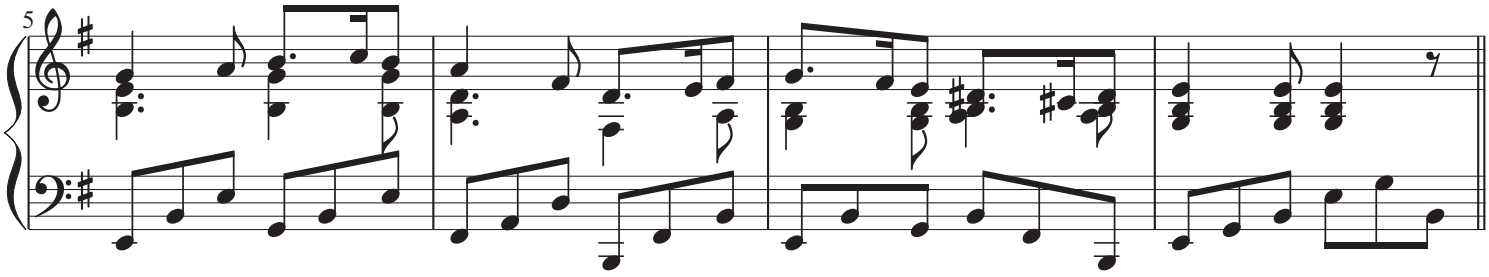
# [133] Greensleeves

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

**8** Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, a - dieu, to God I pray to pros - per thee, for
**4** If you in - tend thus to disdain, it does the more en - rap - ture me, and
**3** I have been rea - dy at your hand, to grant what-e - ver you would crave, I
**2** Your vows you've bro - ken, like my heart, Oh, why did you so en - rap - ture me? Now
**1** A - las, my love, – you do me wrong, to cast me off dis - cour - teous-ly, for

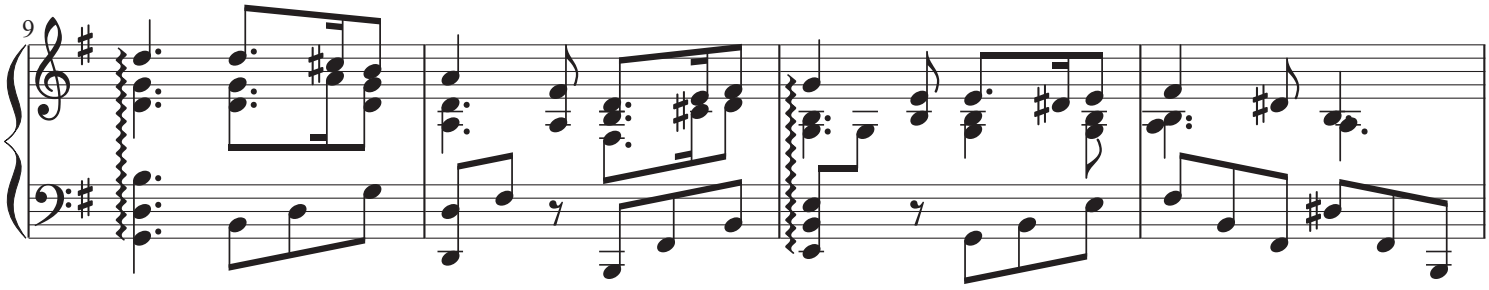


I am still – thy lo - ver true, – come once – a - gain – and love – me.
e - ven so, – I still re-main – a lo - ver in – cap - ti - vi - ty.
have both wa - gered life and land, – Your love and good-will for to have.
I re - main in a world a - part but my heart – re - mains in cap - ti - vi - ty.
I have loved you well and long, – de - light - ing in – your com - pa - ny.

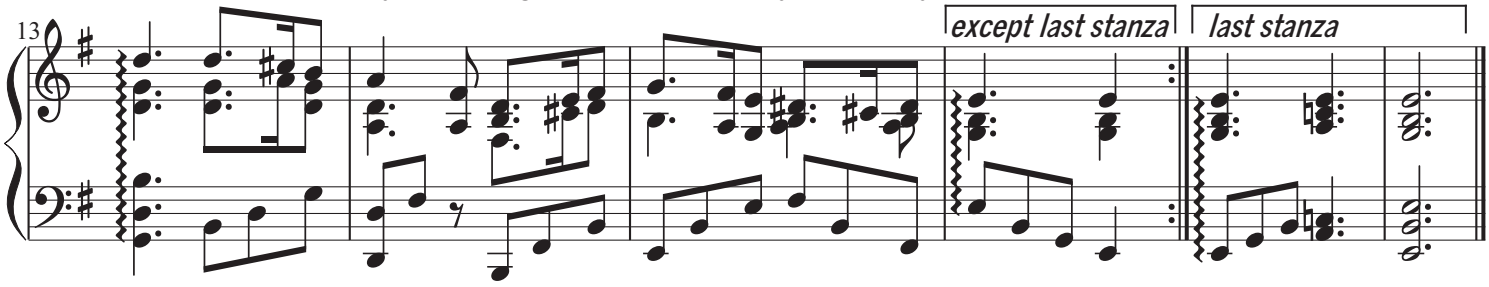



***Chorus***

Green - sleeves was all my joy, – – Green - sleeves was my de - light,




Greensleeves was my heart of gold, & who but my la - dy Greensleeves?

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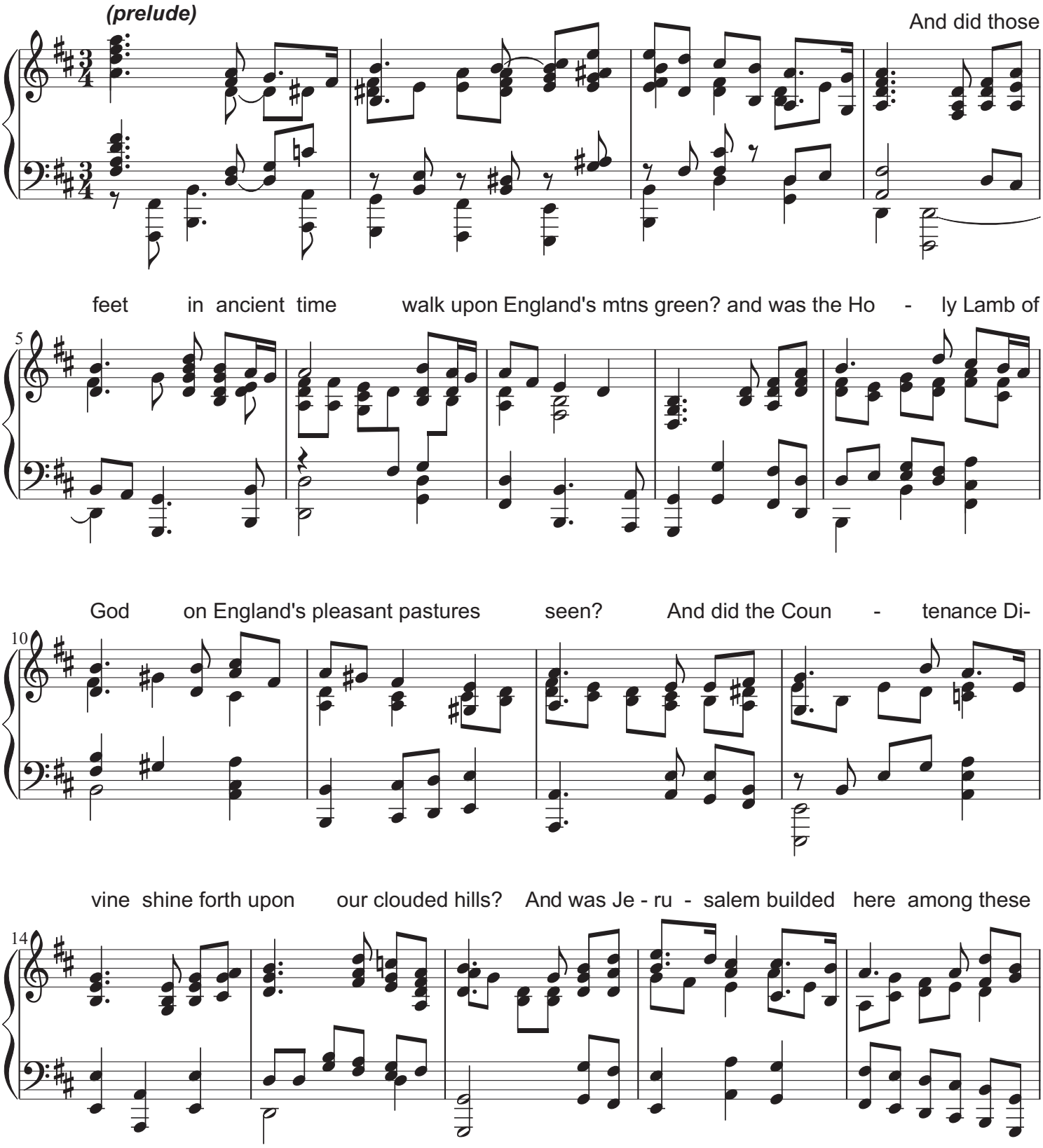
# [134] Jerusalem

William Blake

C. Hubert H. Parry
from the Middlesex School Hymn Book
slightly edited

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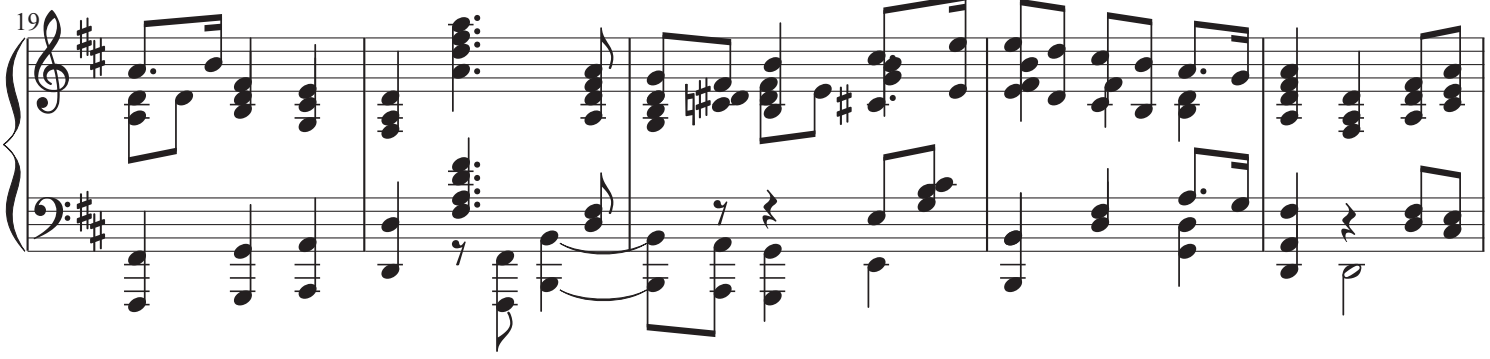
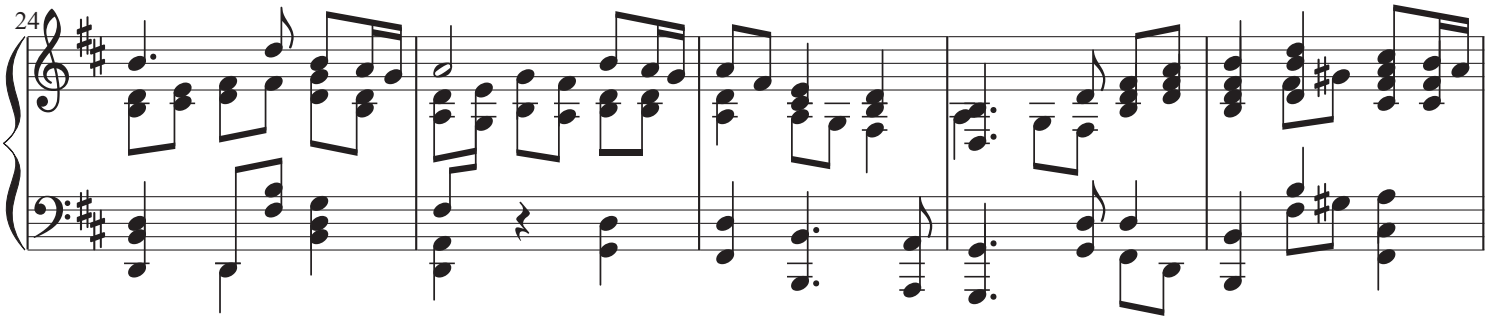
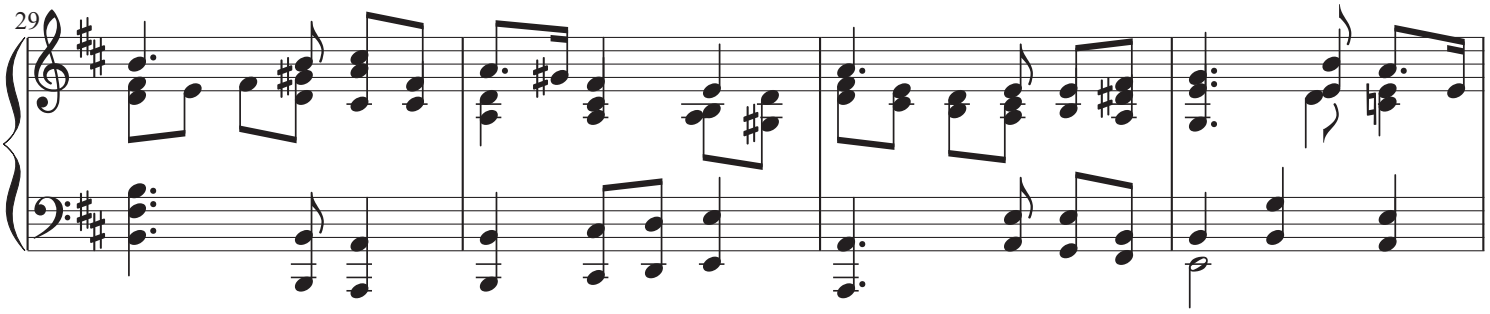
dark Sata - nic mills? ***(interlude)*** Bring me my



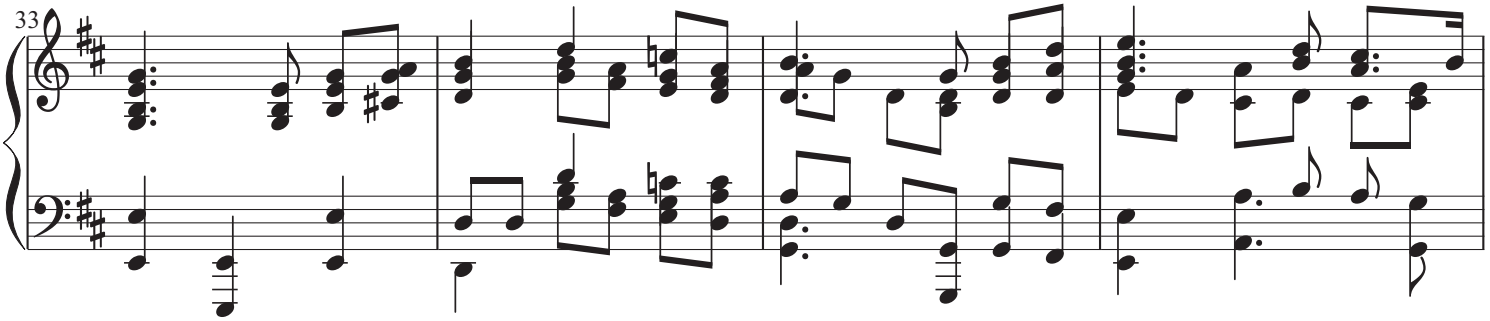

bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of de - sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds un-



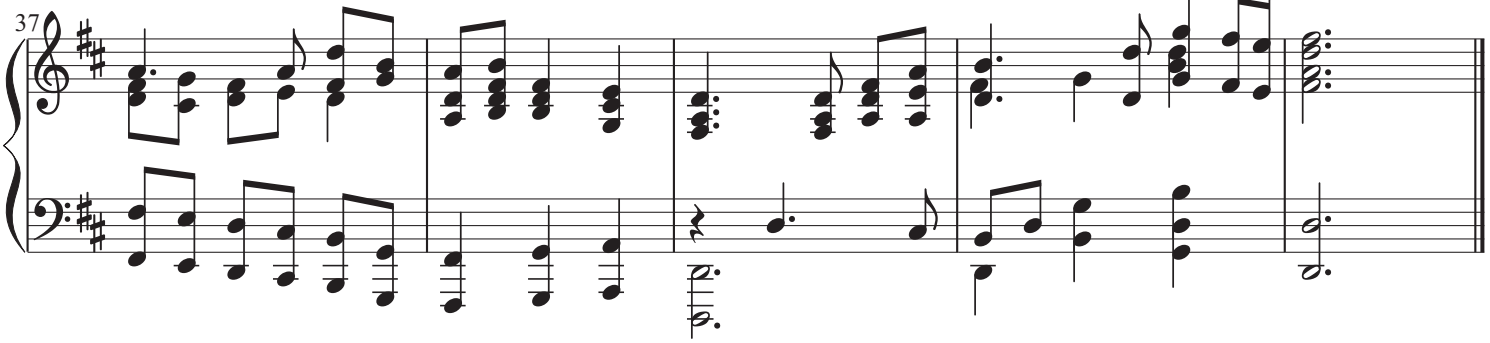

fold! Bring me my Cha - ri - ot of Fire! I will not cease from mental




fight; nor shall my sword sleep in my hand till we have built Je - ru - sa-




lem in England's green & pleasant land. ***(coda)***





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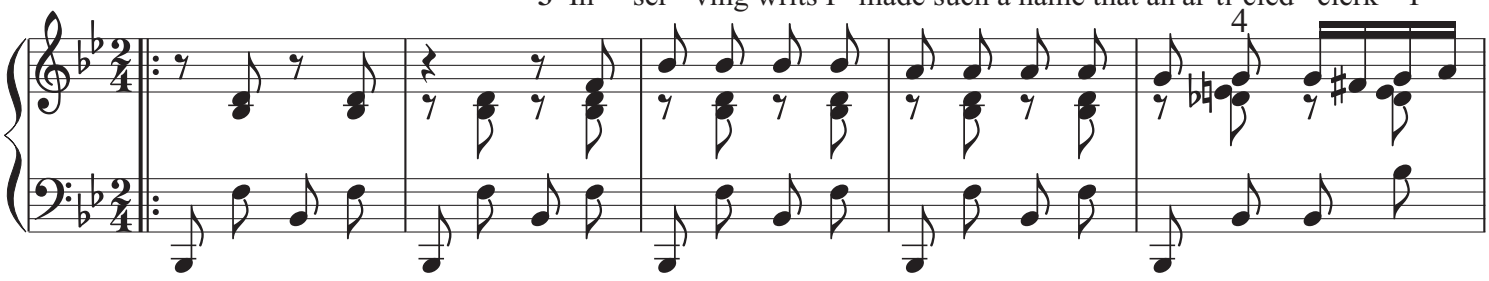
# [138] When I was a lad

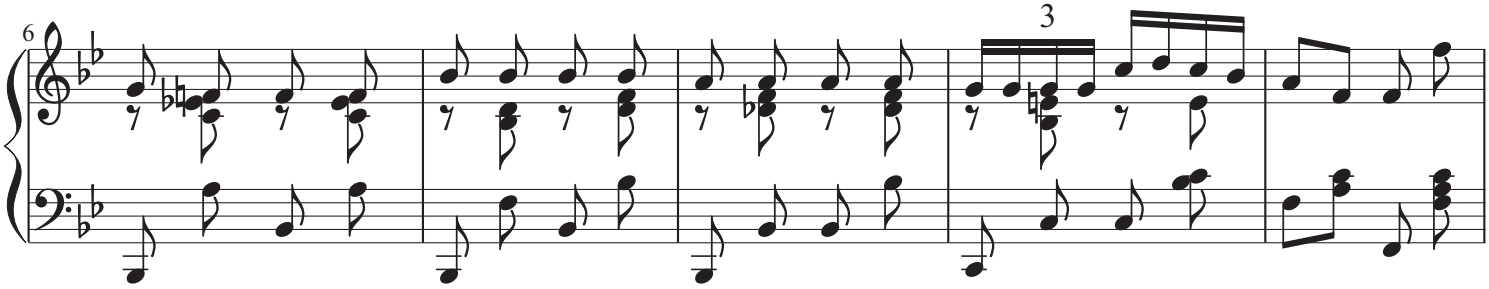
W. S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan
ed. J. W. Pratt

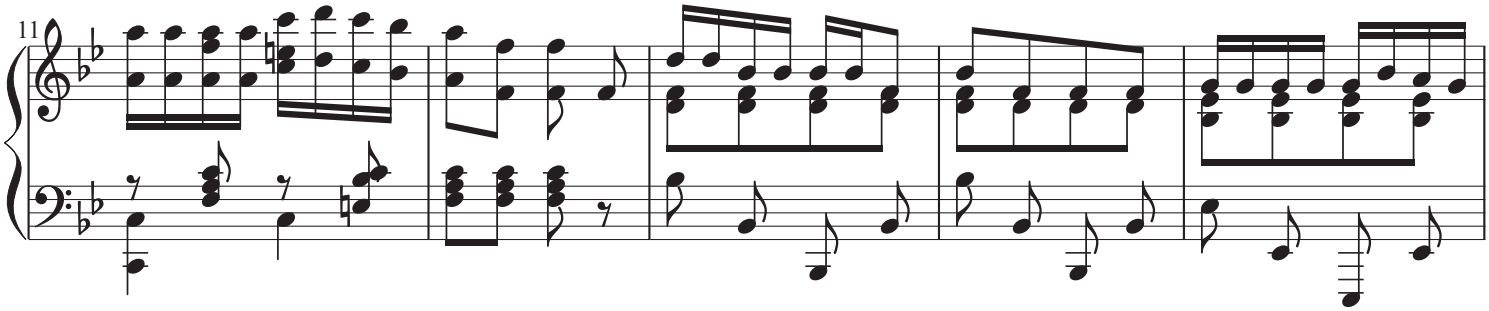
**1** When I was a lad I served a term as of - fice boy to an at-
**2** As of - fice boy I made such a mark that they gave me the post of a
**3** In ser - ving writs I made such a name that an ar-ti-cled clerk I



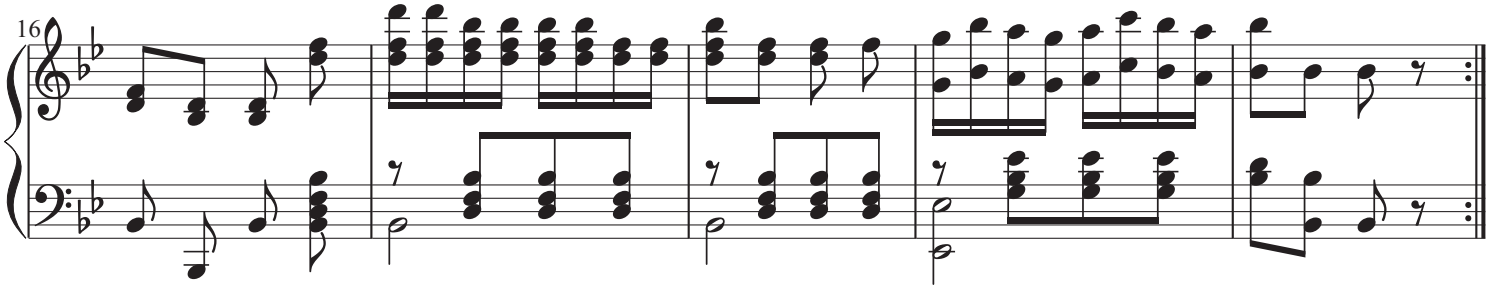

tor - ney's firm, I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, and I polished up the handle of the big front door. *He*
jun - ior clerk. I served the writs with a smile so bland, and I copied all the letters in a big round hand. *He*
soon be - came; I wore clean collars and a bran' new suit for the pass examination at the institute. *For the*




*polished up the handle of the big front door.* I polished up that handle so carefullee that now I am the Ruler of the
*copied all the letters in a big round hand.* I copied all the letters in a hand so free, that now I am the Ruler of the
*pass exa-mi-nation at the Institute.* That pass examination did so well for me, that now I am the Ruler of the




Queen's Navee! *He polished up that handle so carefullee, that now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*
Queen's Navee! *He copied all the letters in a hand so free, that now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*
Queen's Navee! *That pass exami-nation did so well for he, that now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*

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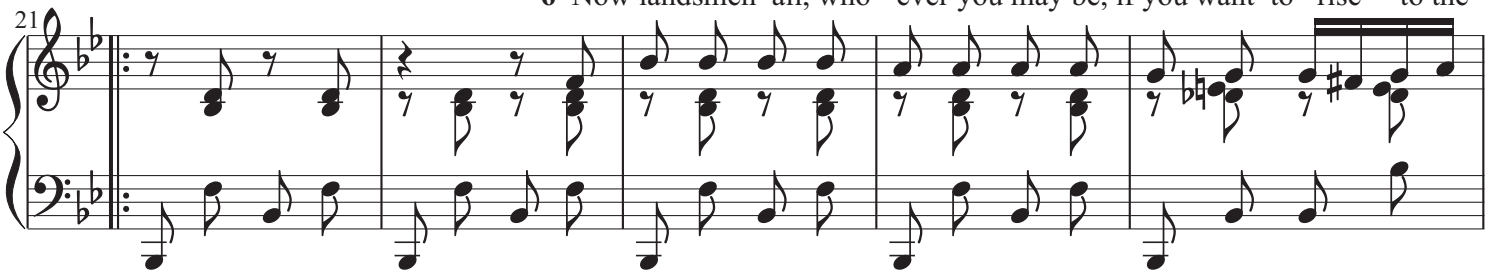
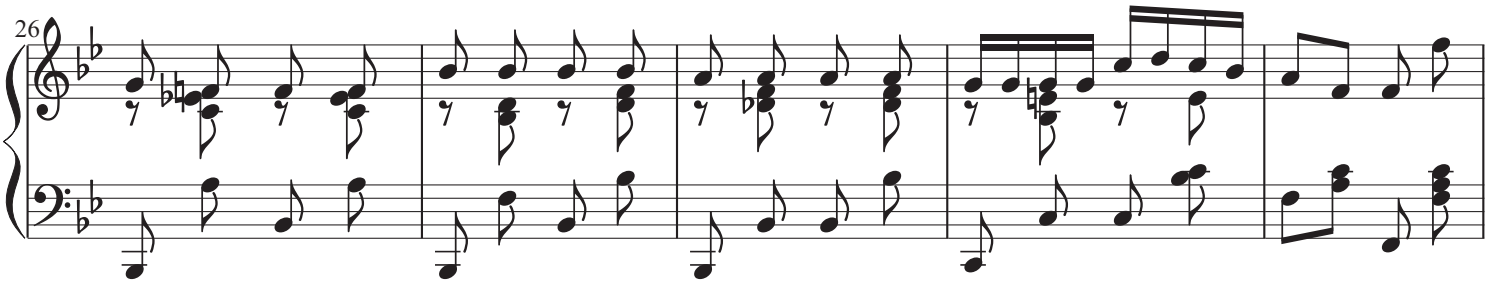
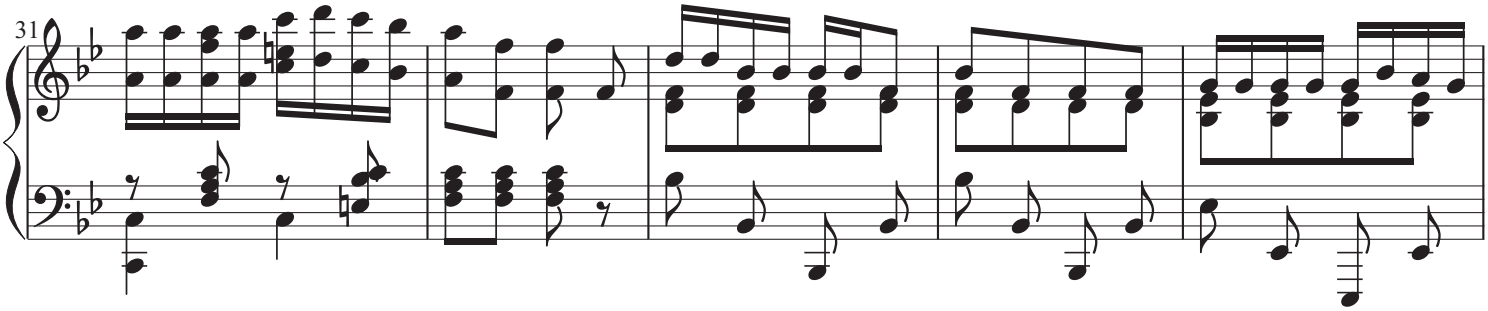
**4** Of legal knowledge I ac-quired such a grip that they took me i-n - to the
**5** I grew so rich that I was sent by a po - cket borough into
**6** Now landsmen all, who - ever you may be, if you want to rise to the



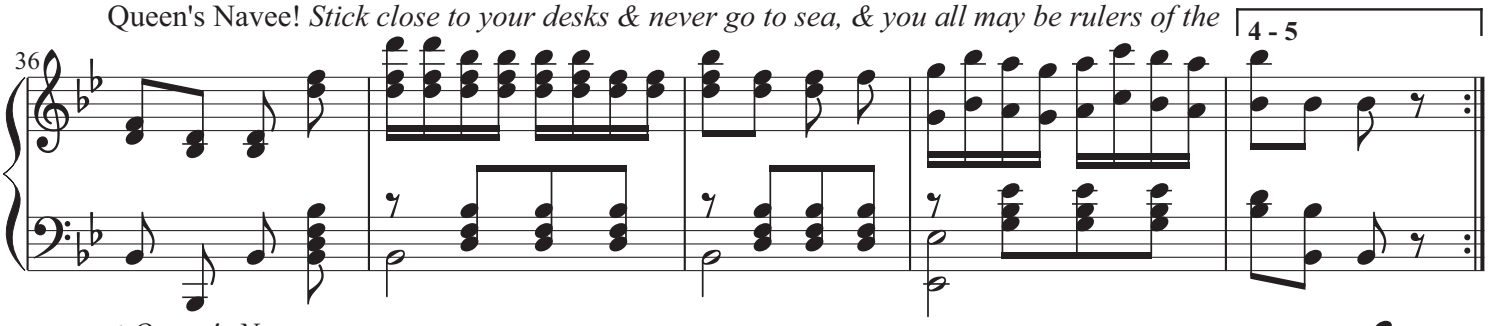

part - ner - ship, and that jun - ior part - ner - ship, I ween, was the on - ly ship that I ever had seen. *Was the*
Par - lia - ment. I always voted at my par - ty's call and I never thought of thinking for myself at all. *He*
top of the tree, if your soul isn't fettered to an of - fice steel, be careful to be guided by this golden rule. *Be*



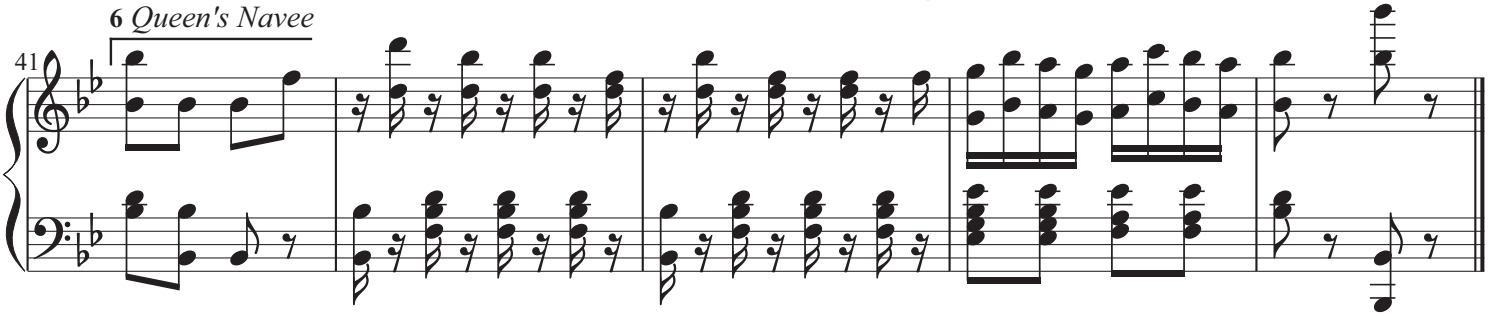

*on - ly ship that he ever had seen.* But that kind of ship so suited me, that now I am the Ruler of the
*never thought of thinking for himself at all.* I thought so little, they rewarded me by making me the Ruler of the
*careful to be guided by this golden rule.* Stick close to your desks & never go to sea, & you all may be rulers of the




Queen's Navee! *But that kind of ship so suited he that now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*
Queen's Navee! *He thought so little, they re - warded he by making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!*
Queen's Navee! *Stick close to your desks & never go to sea, & you all may be rulers of the*




**6** *Queen's Navee*





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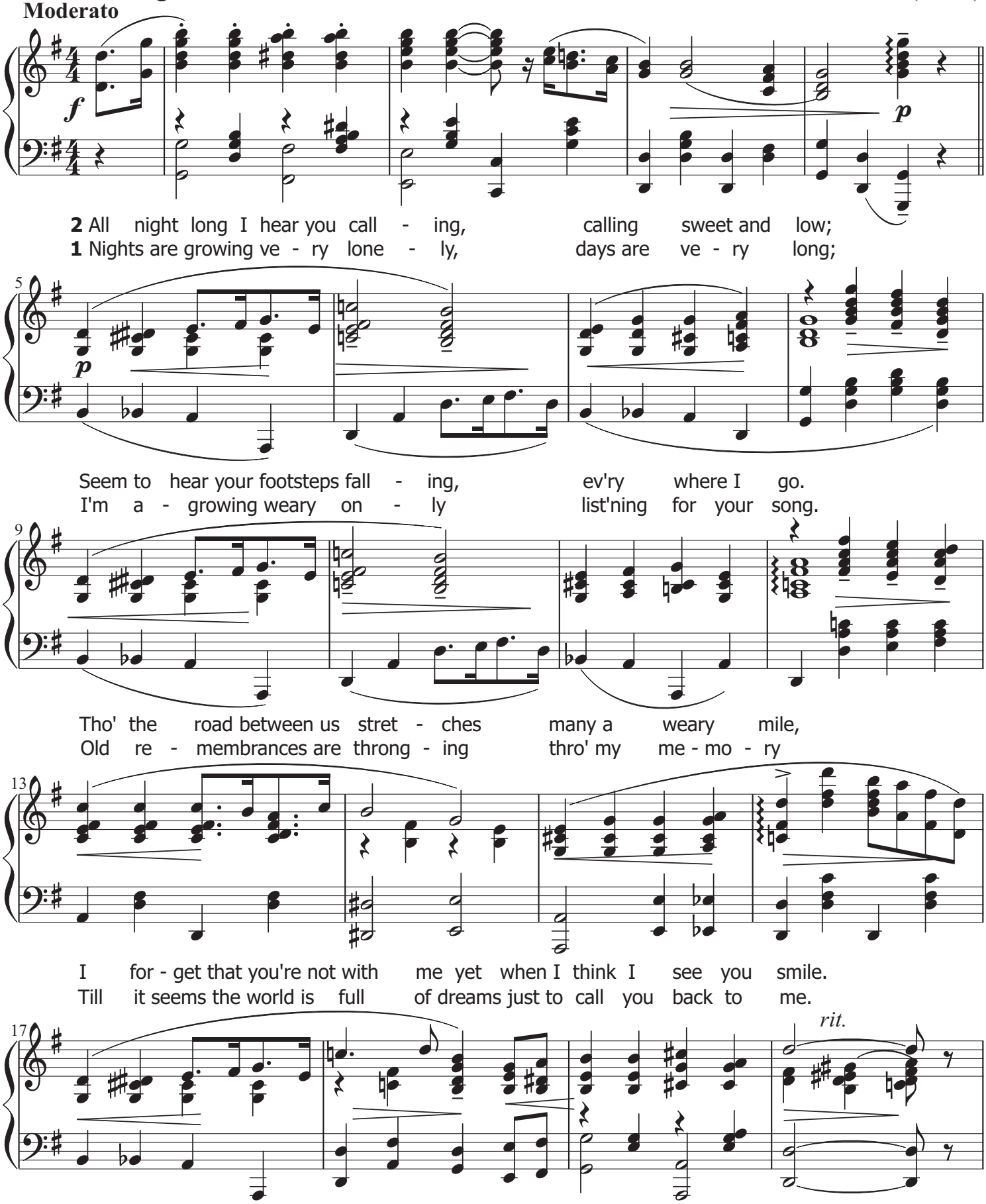
# [140 There's a long, long trail

Stoddard King

Zo Elliott (1915)

**Moderato**

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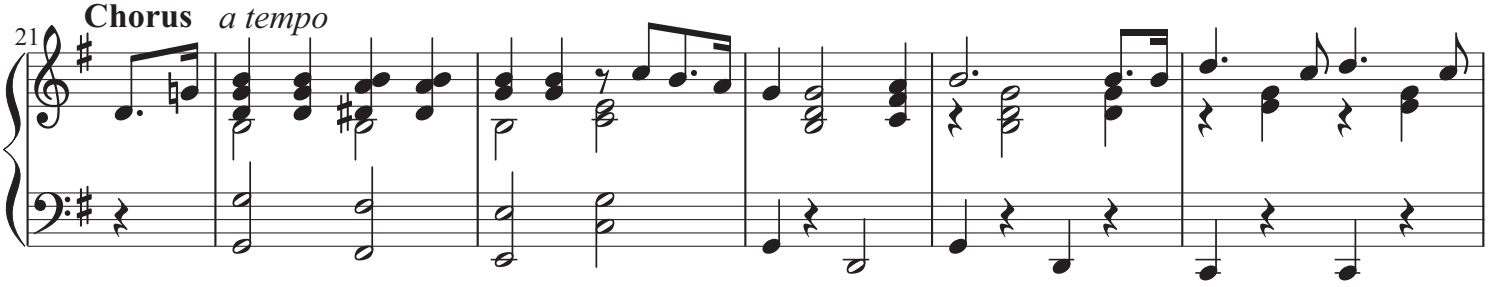
There's a long, long trail a - winding into the land of my dreams, where the night - ingales are

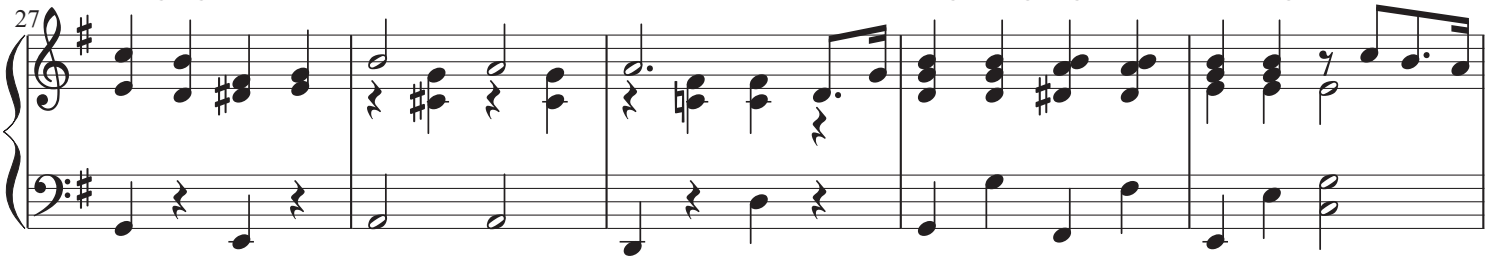
**Chorus** *a tempo*

21



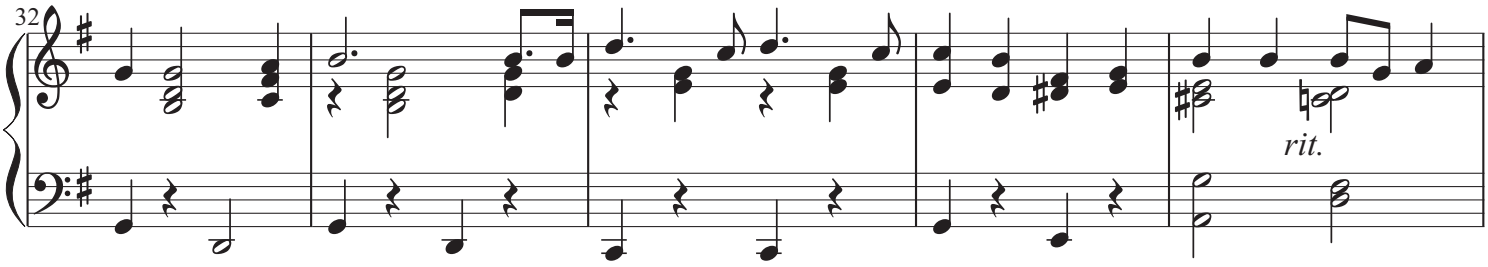
singing and a white moon beams. There's a long, long night of waiting until my

27



dreams all come true; till the day when I'll be going down that long, long trail with

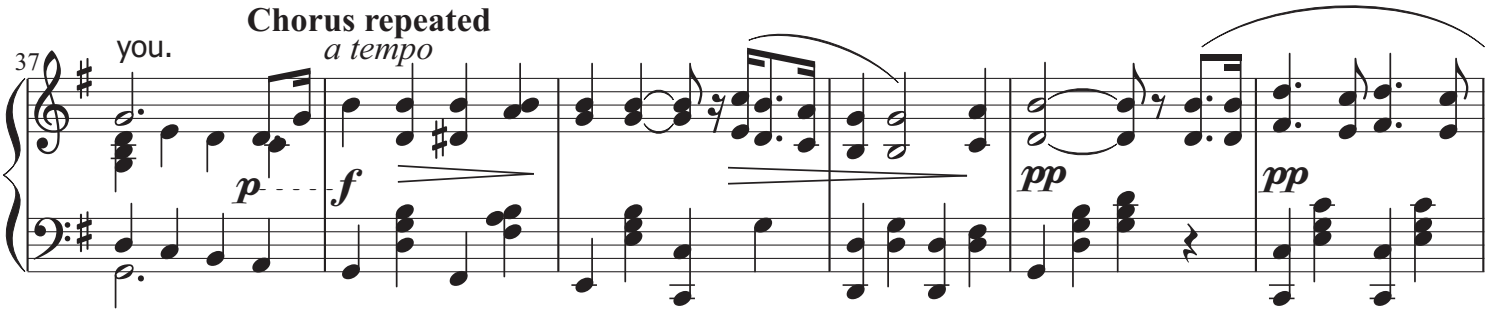
32




**Chorus repeated**

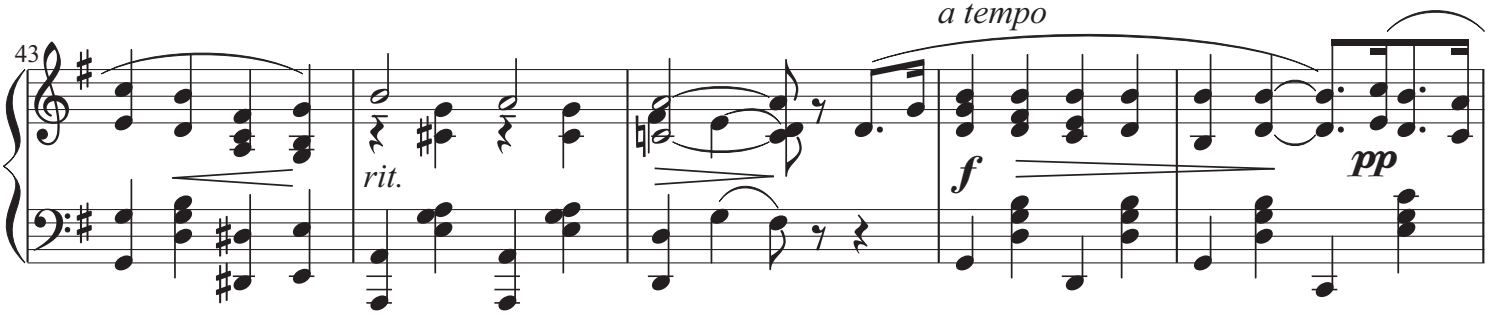
37

you. *a tempo*

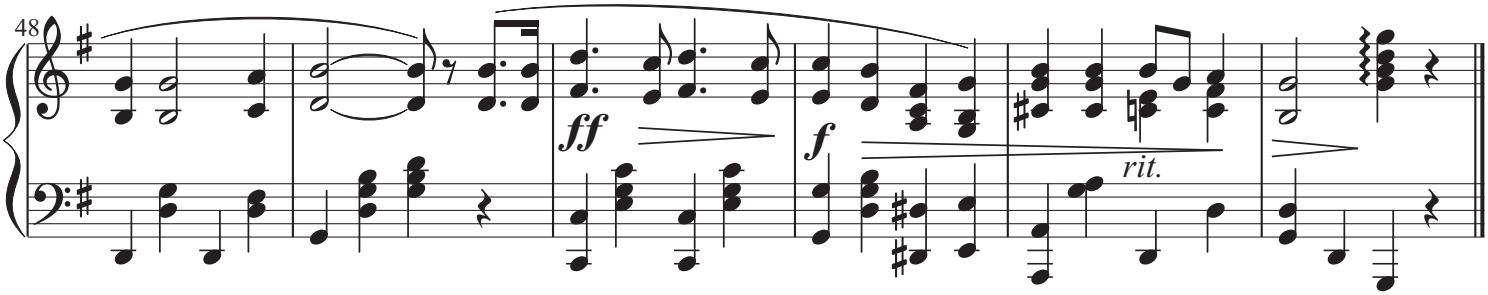



*a tempo*

43




48





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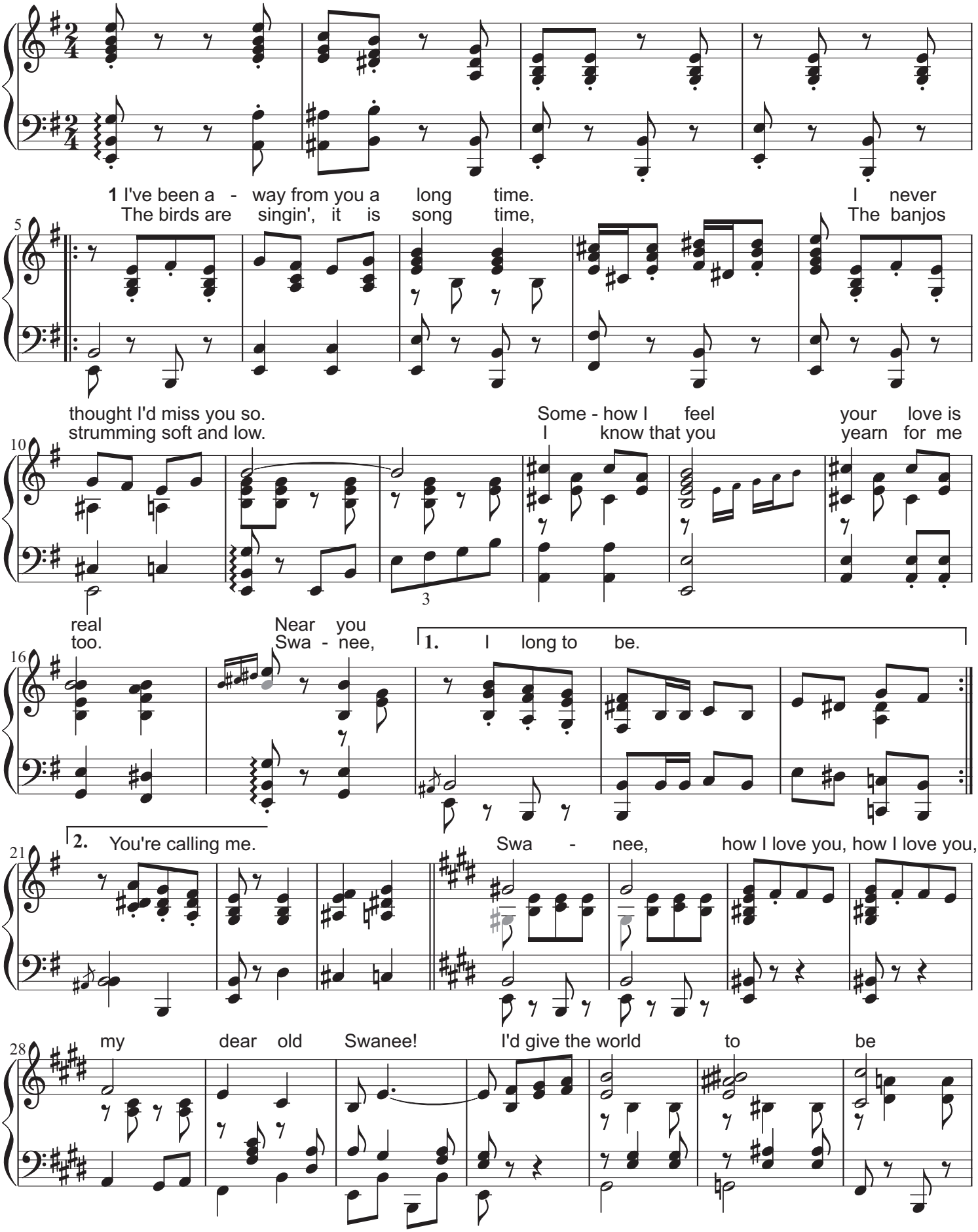
I. Caesar

# [144] Swanee

George Gershwin

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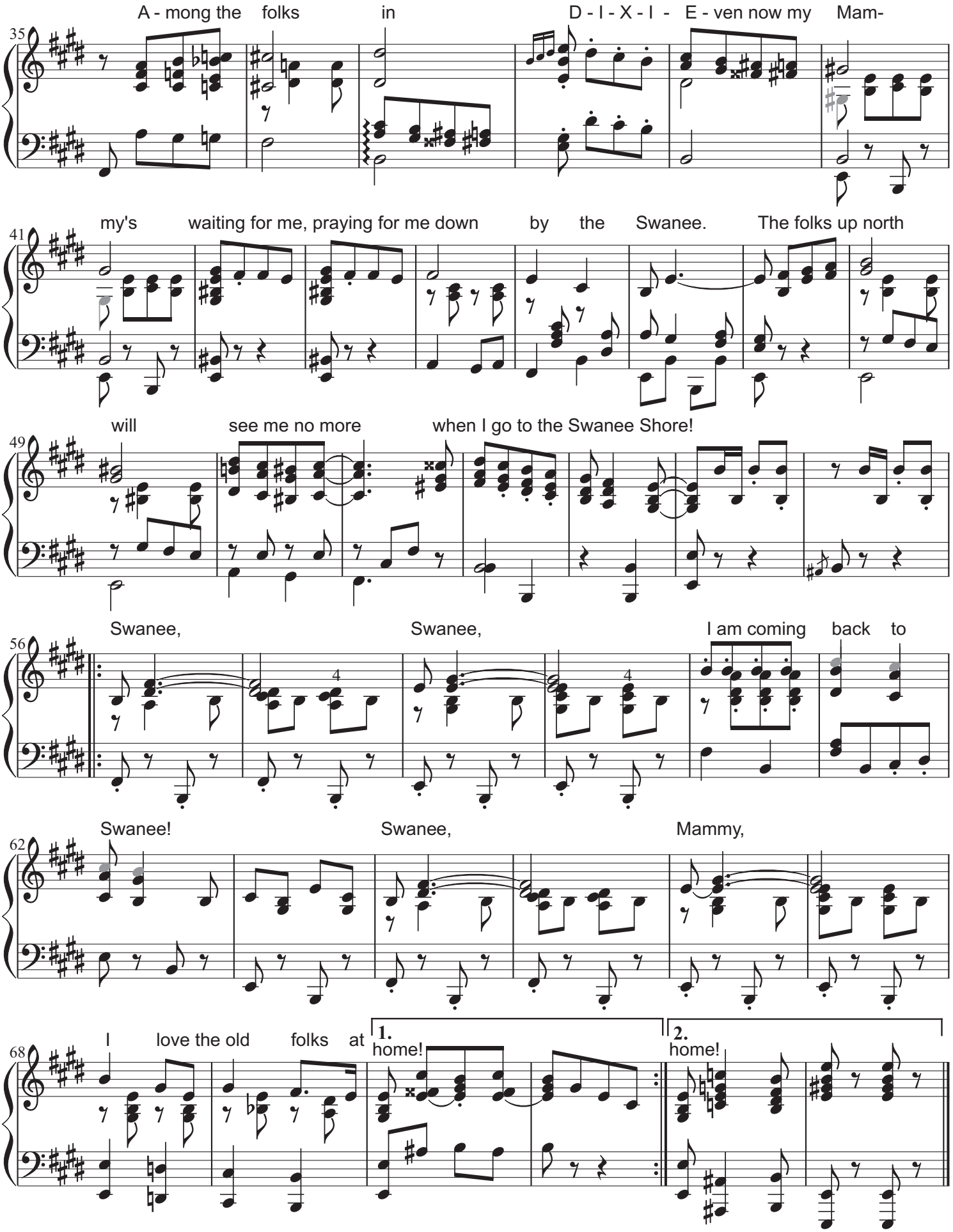



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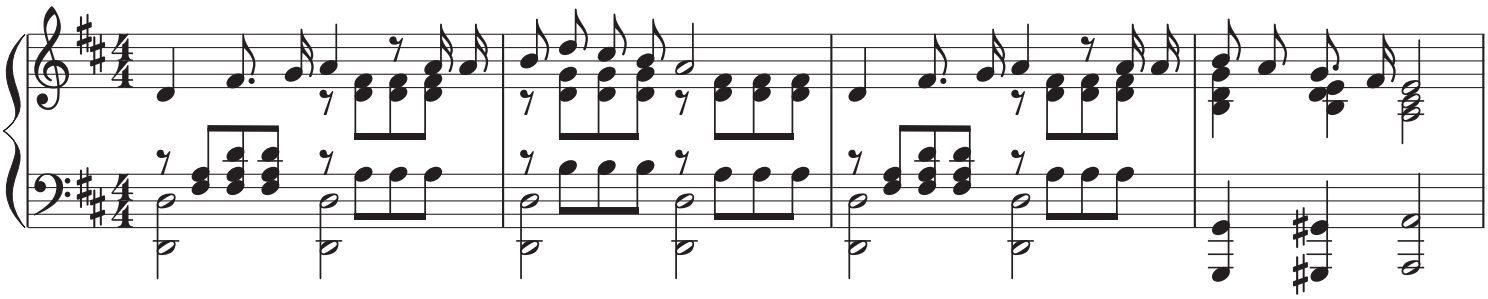
# [148] Old Black Joe

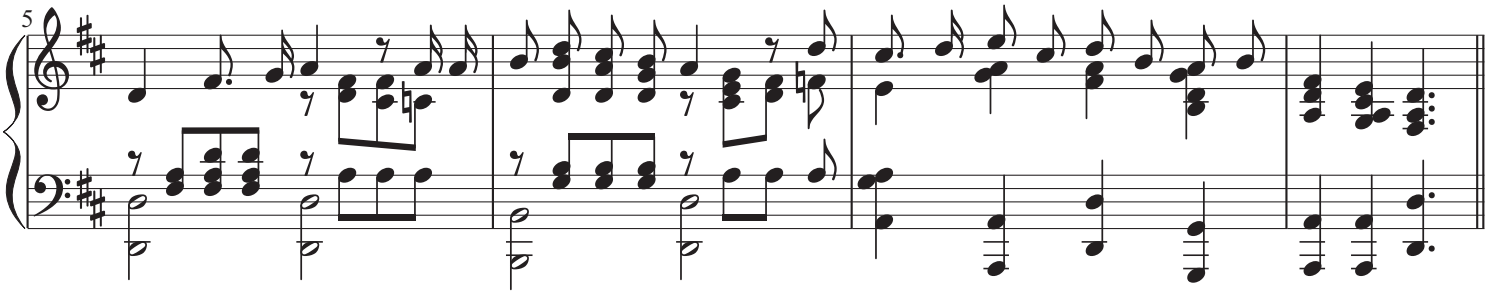
Stephen Foster
arr. John W. Pratt

## Poco Adagio

**1** Gone are the days when my heart was young & gay, gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,

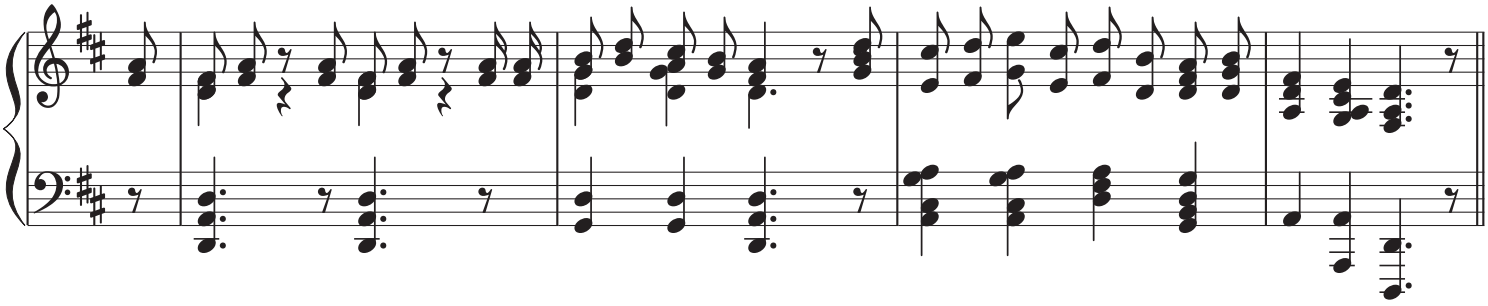


Gone from the earth to a better land I know, I hear their gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe.'

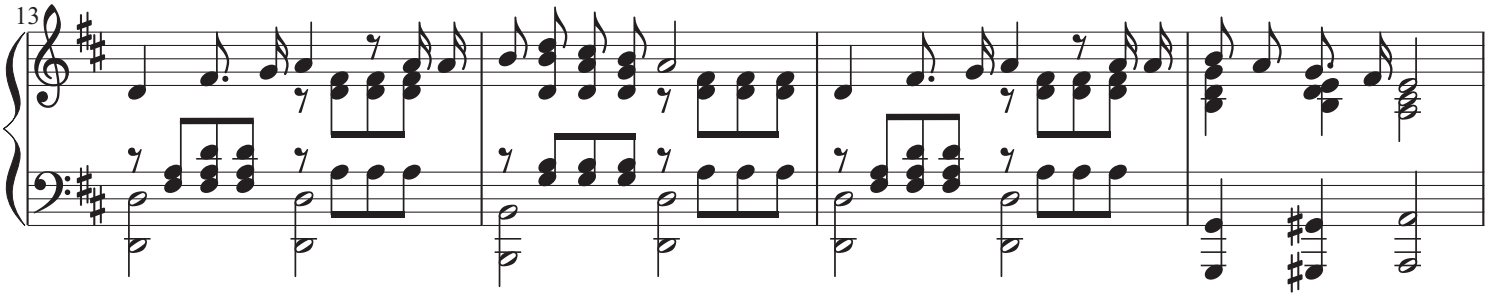



### *Chorus*

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low: I hear those gentle voices calling, 'Old Black Joe.'



**2** Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain, why do I sigh that my friends come not again,

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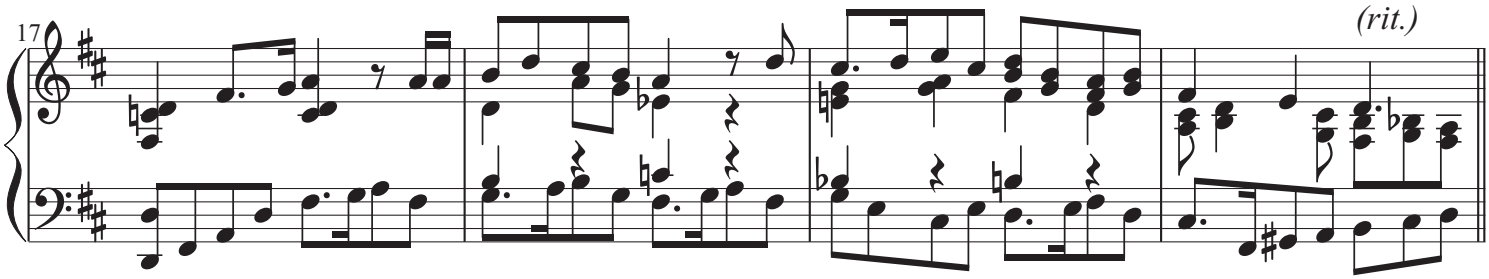
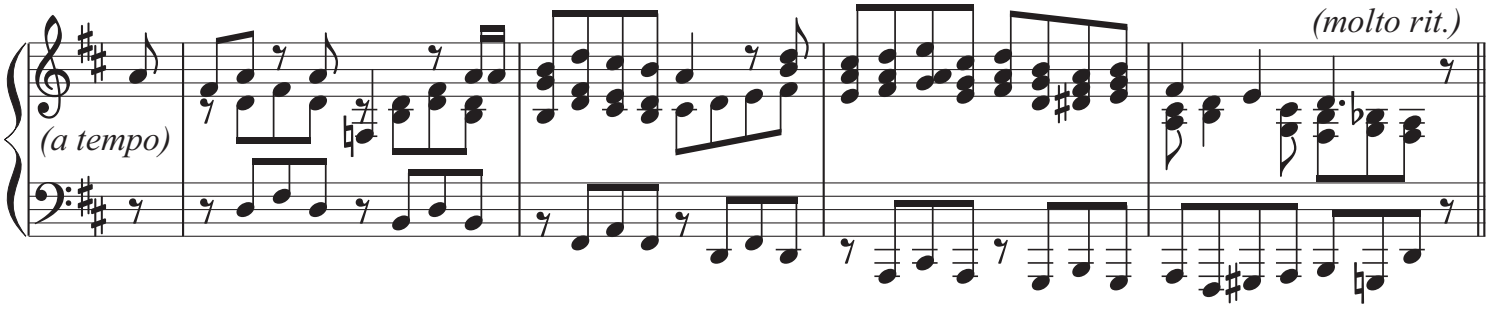
Grieving for forms now departed long a go? I hear their gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe.'

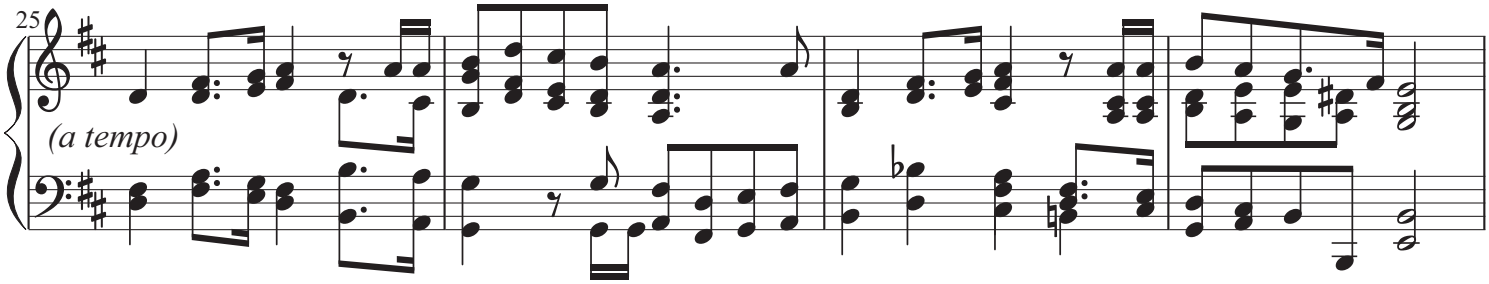



***Chorus***

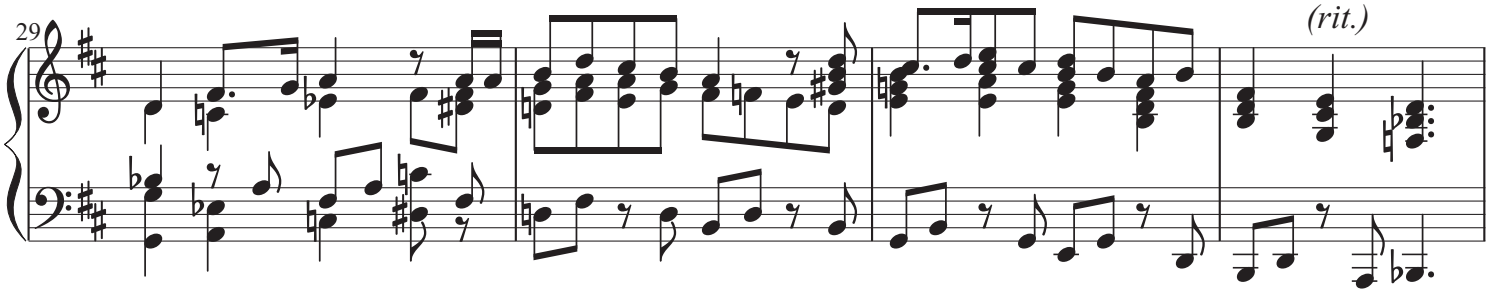
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low: I hear those gentle voices calling, 'Old Black Joe.'




**3** Where are the hearts once so happy and so free? The children so dear that I held upon my knee,

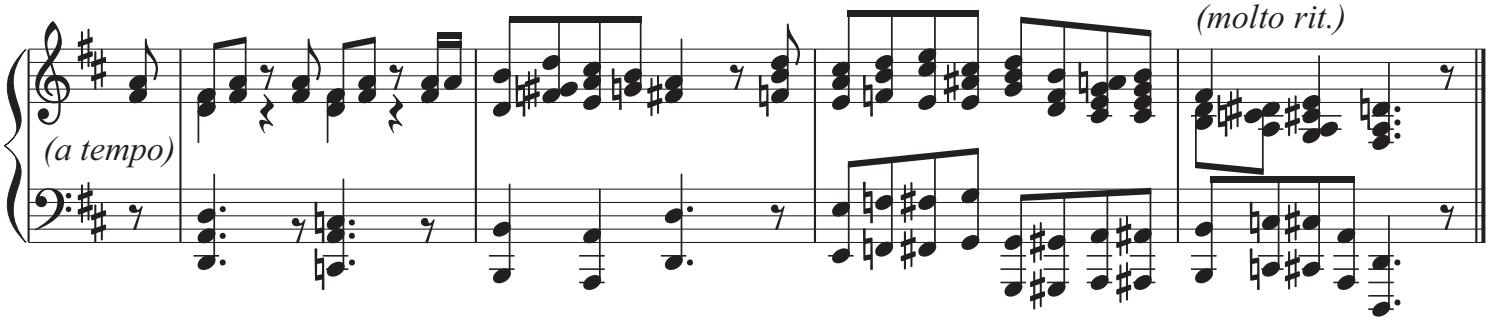



Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go. I hear their gentle voices calling 'Old Black Joe.'




***Chorus***

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low: I hear those gentle voices calling, 'Old Black Joe.'

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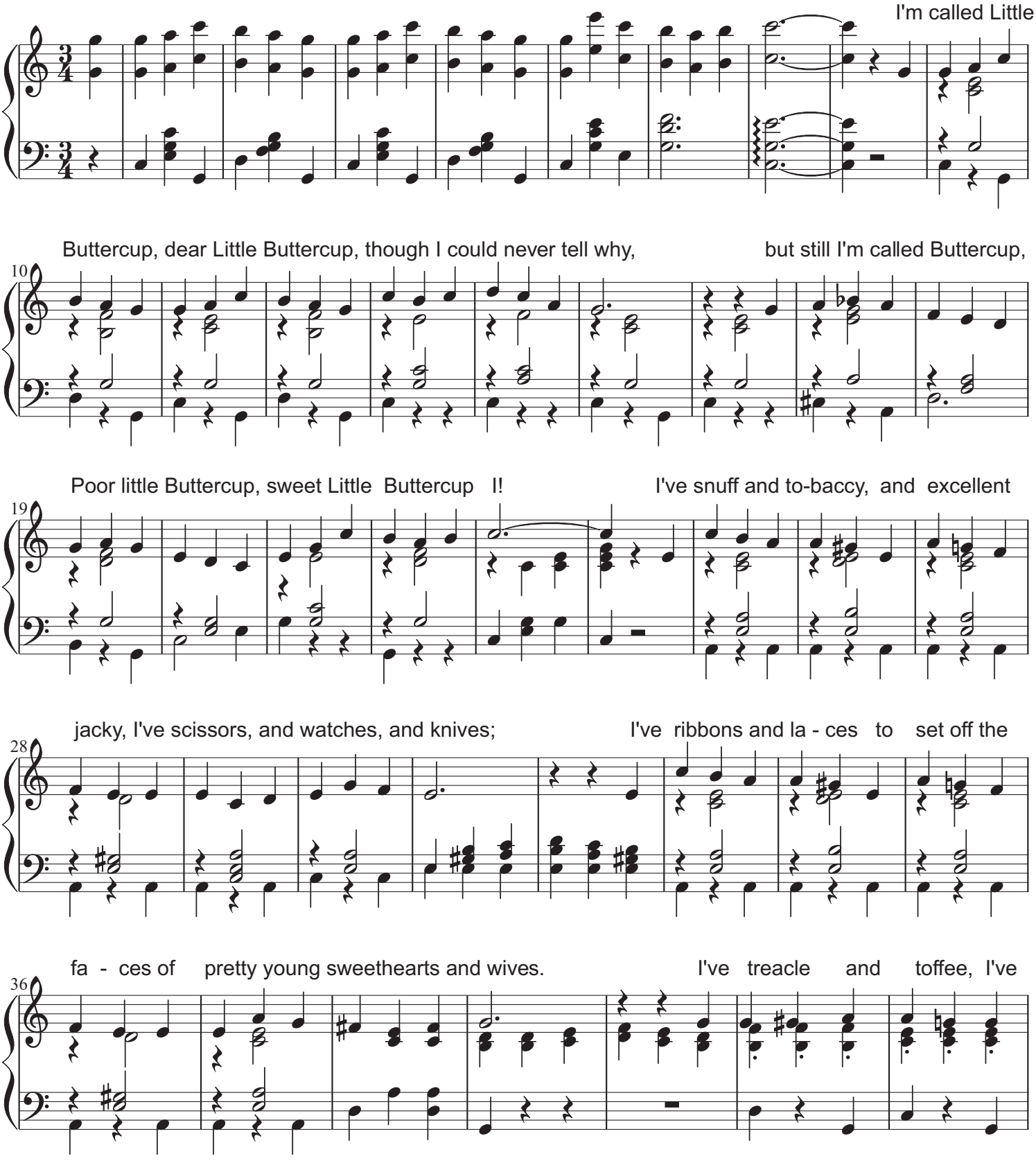
# [149] I'm called Little Buttercup

W. S. Gilbert — Sir Arthur Sullivan

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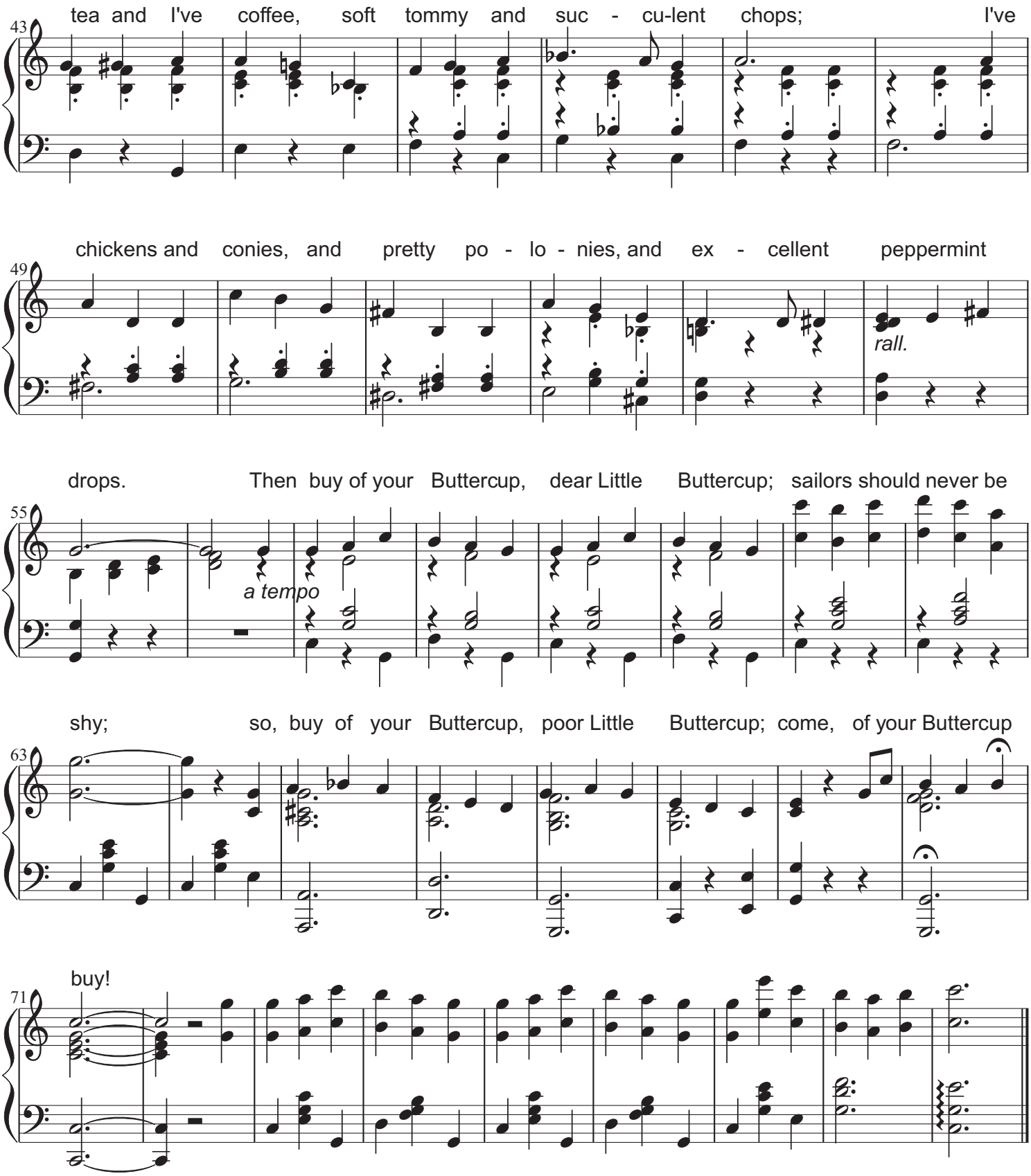


jacky – twists of tobacco soaked in rum (for chewing)
treacle – molasses, or a similar syrup
tommy – a kind of bread
conies – wild rabbits
polonies – smoked sausages named, like the sandwich meat, after Bologna, where they were first made


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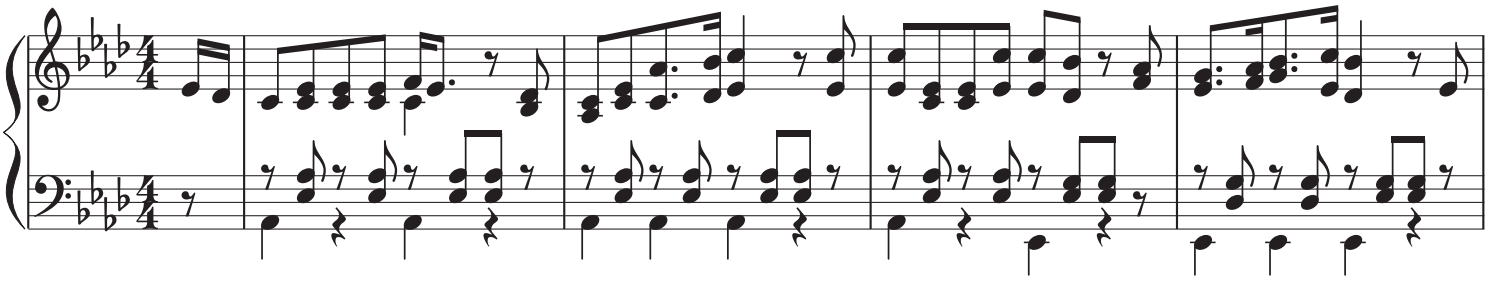
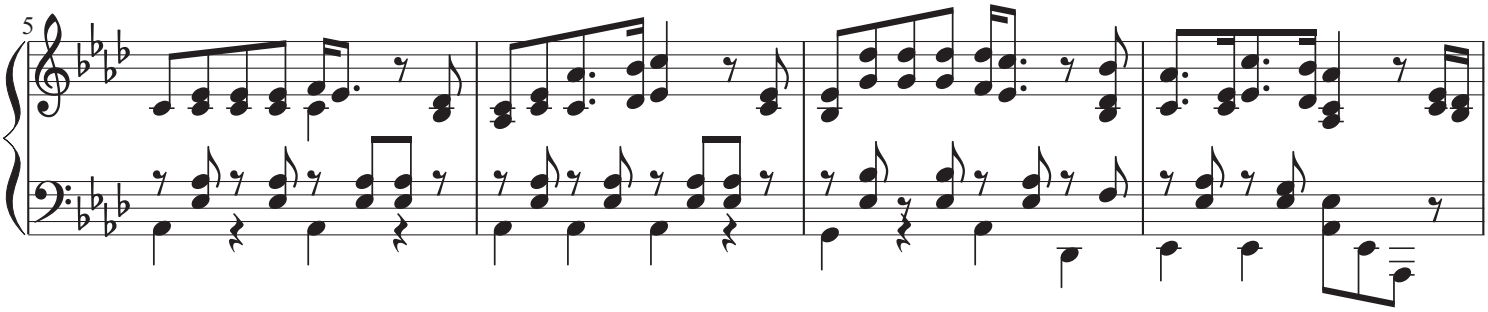
# [150] Yellow Rose of Texas

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

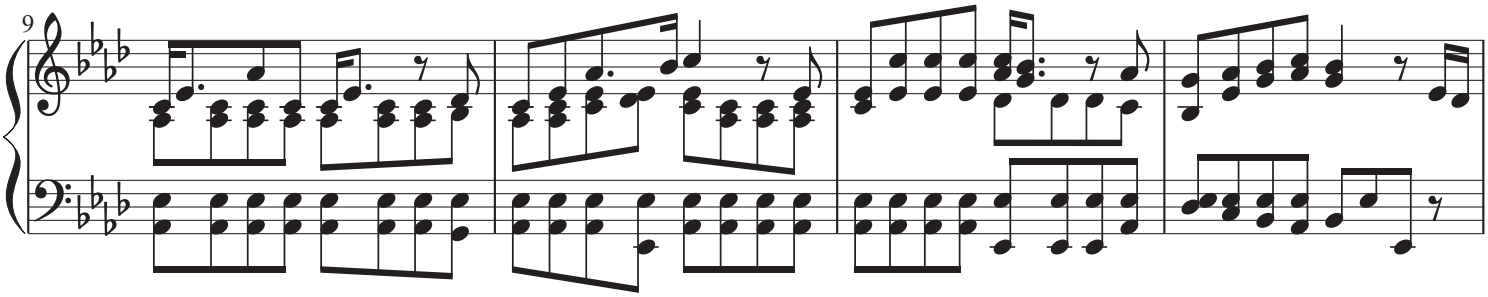
**2** When the Rio Grande is flowing, the starry skies are bright, she walks along the river in the quiet summer night: I
**1** There's a yellow rose in Texas, that I am going to see, she loves no other fellow, she loves no one but me. She



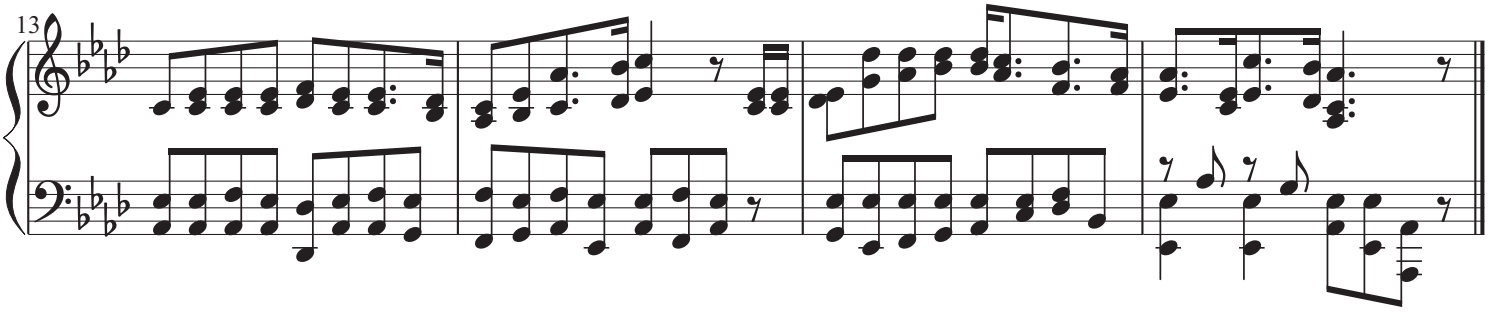
know that she remembers, when we parted long ago, I promised to come back again, because I loved her so. ***chorus***
cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart, and if I ever find her, we nevermore will part. She's the



sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew, her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew; you may



talk about your Dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee, but the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.



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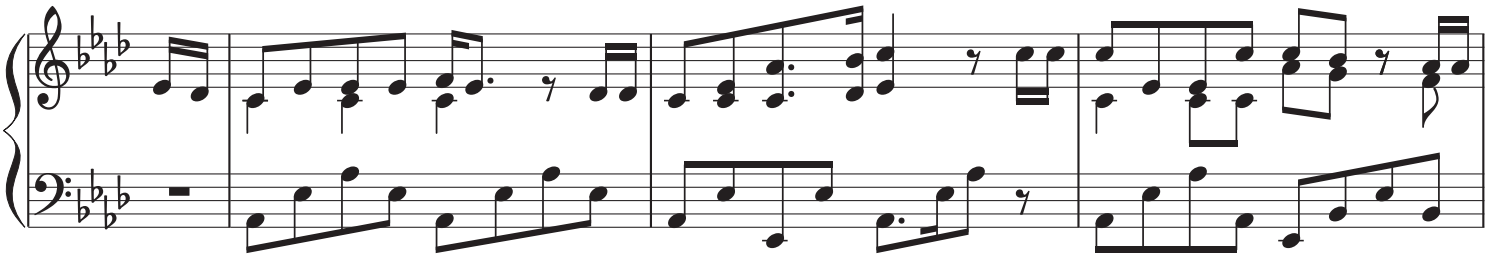
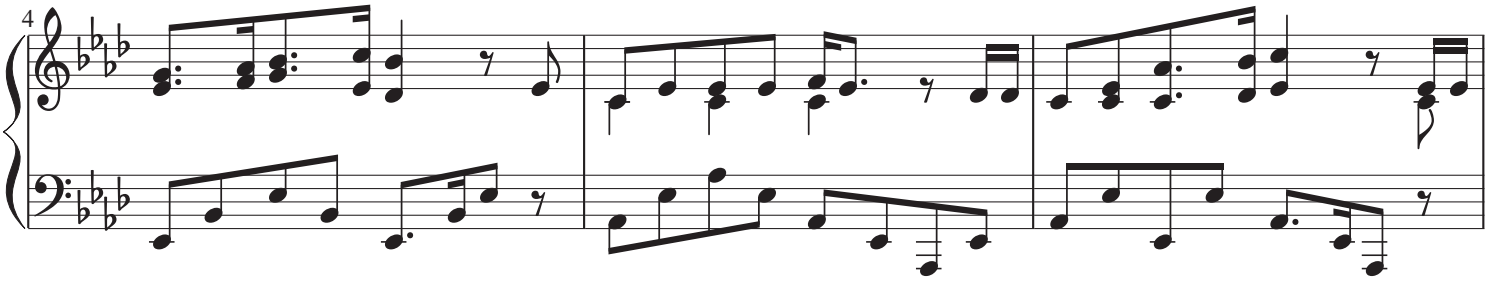
**3** Oh! now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe, & we'll sing the songs together, that we

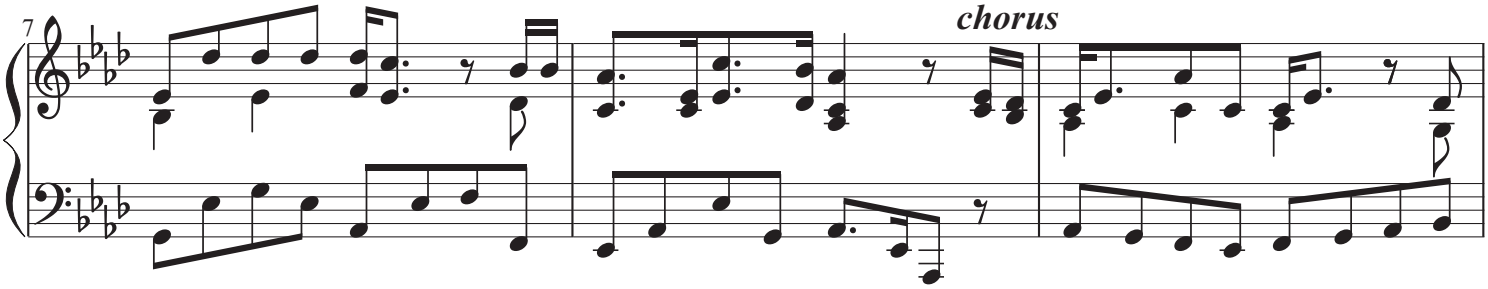


sung so long ago We'll play the banjo gaily, & we'll sing the songs of yore, and the

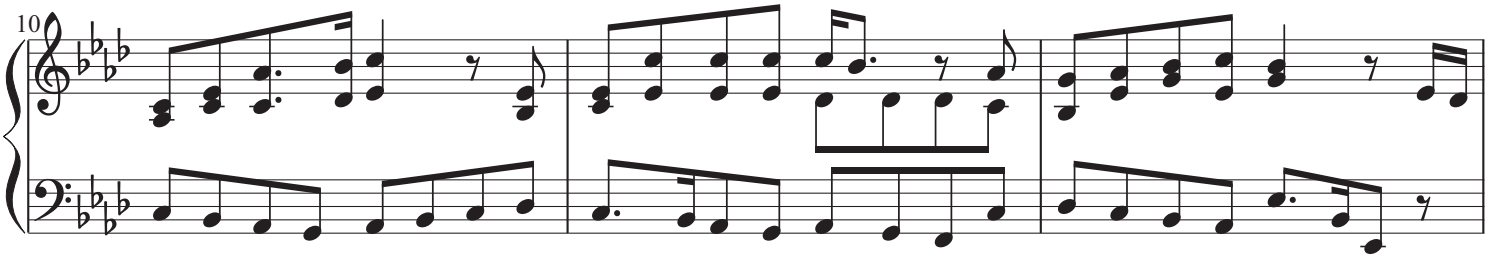


yellow rose of Texas shall be mine for-e - ver - more. She's the sweetest little rosebud that

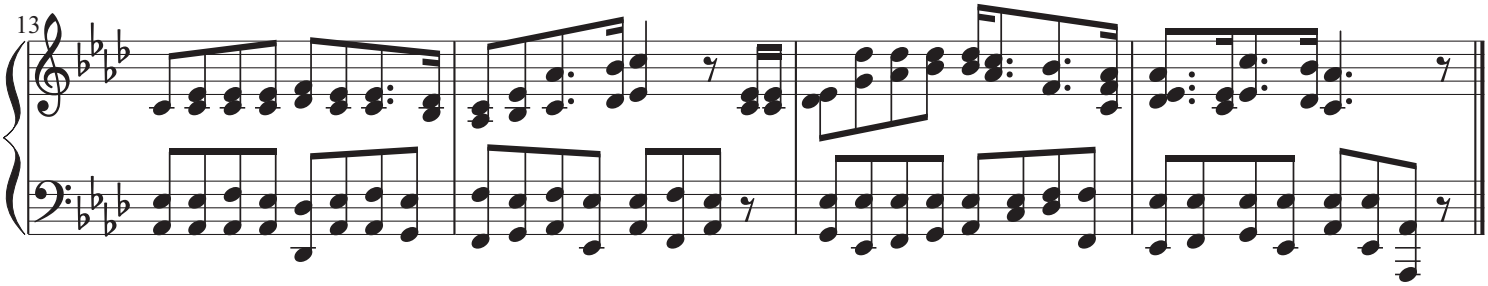
*chorus*



Texas ever knew, her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew; you may



talk about your Dearest May, and sing of Rosa Lee, but the yellow rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

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# [151] Funiculi, funiculà

Edward Oxenford

Luigi Denza

mod. J. W. Pratt

**Allegretto brillante**

*p grazioso*

7

*pp cresc.*

13

*f* *pp*

**1** Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I! And so do I!

19

*f* *p*

Some think it well to be all me - lan - cho - lic, to pine and sigh; to pine and sigh;

25

*f* *p*

31

*f*

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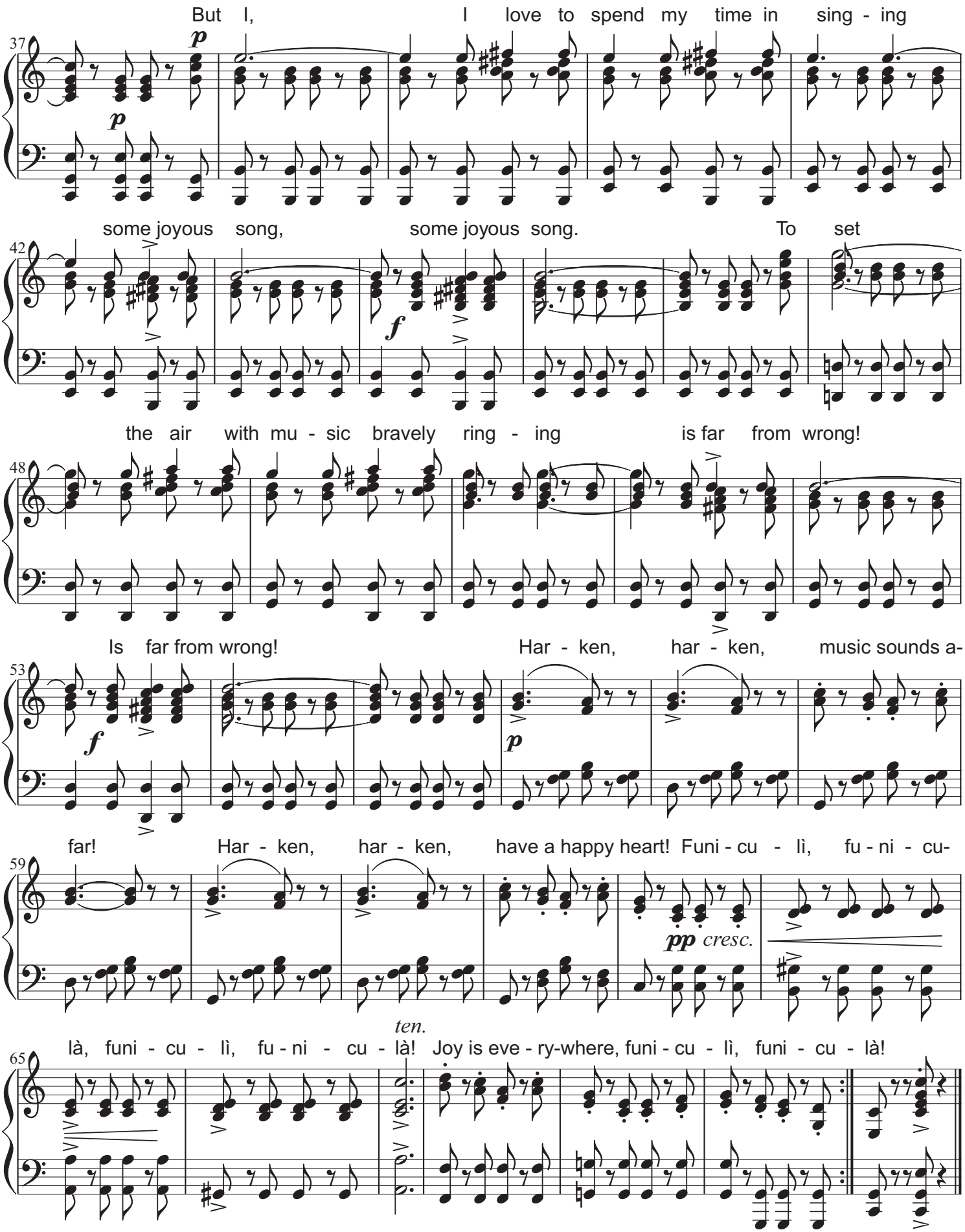



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