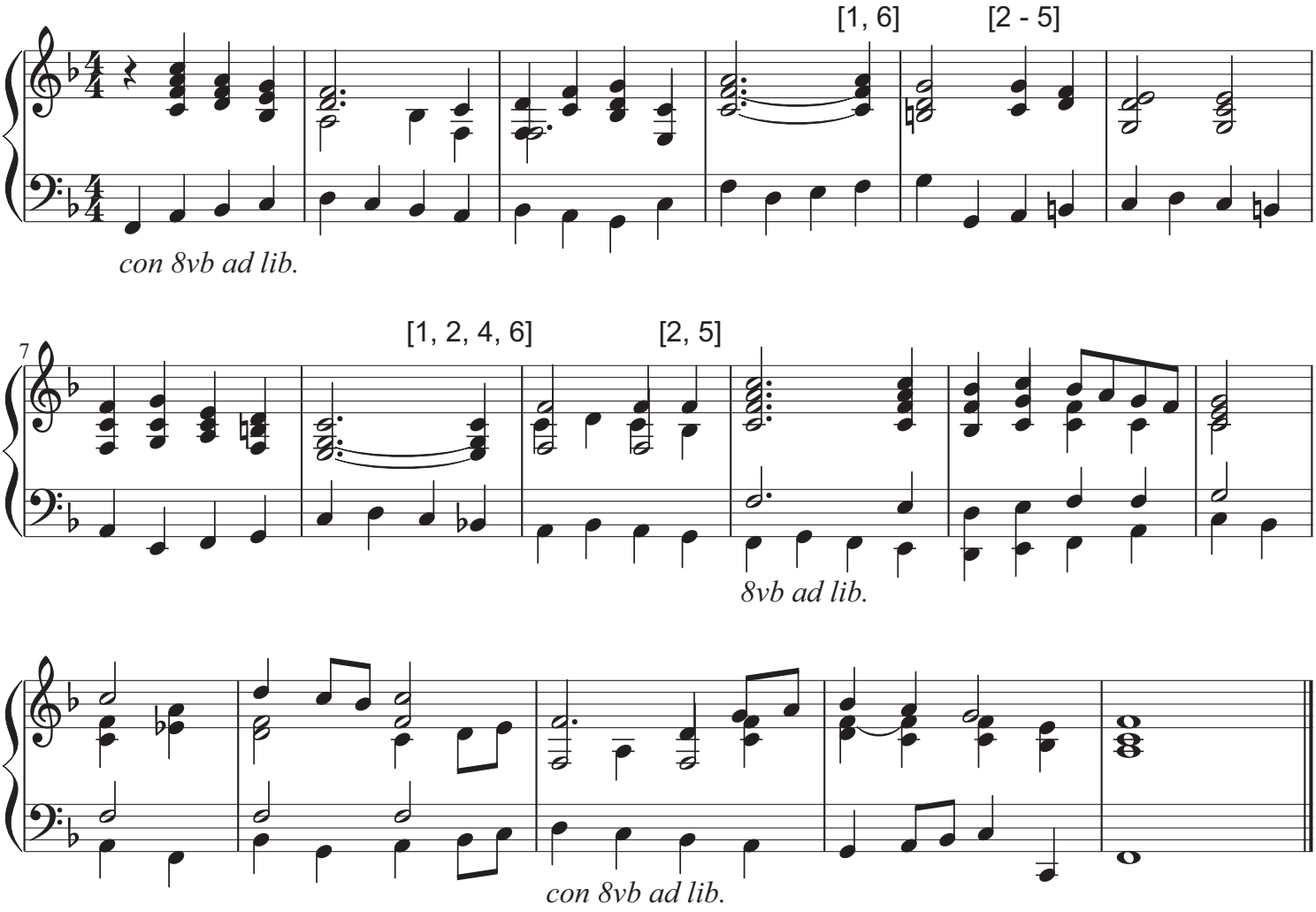
[155] For all the saints

William W. How

Ralph Vaughan Williams

ed. J. W. Pratt



1 For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress & their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

5 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

6 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

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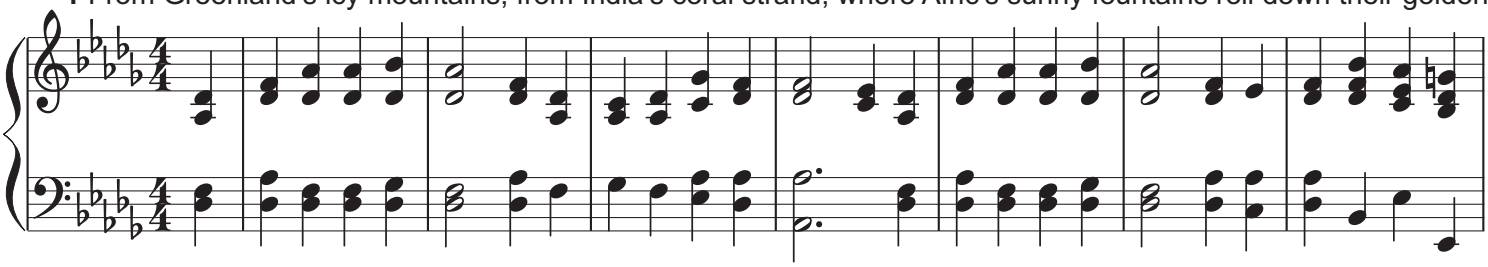
[157] From Greenland's icy mountains

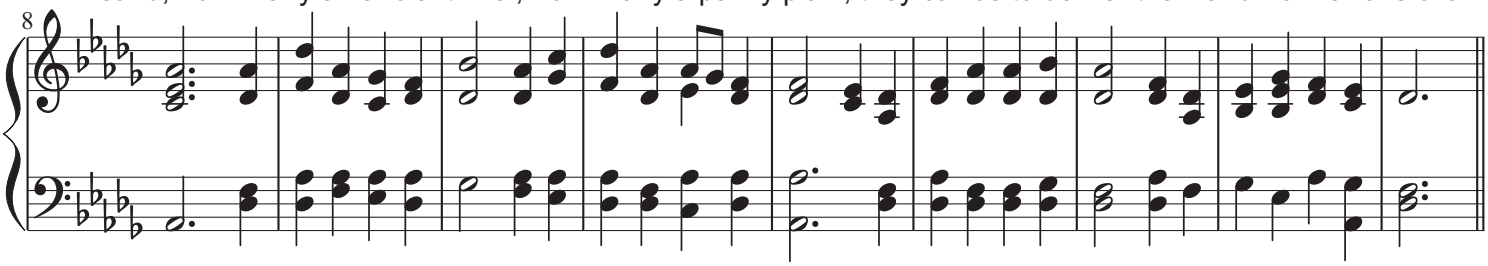
Reginald Heber **Lowell Mason**

stanza 1 ed., stanzas 2-4 arr. John W. Pratt

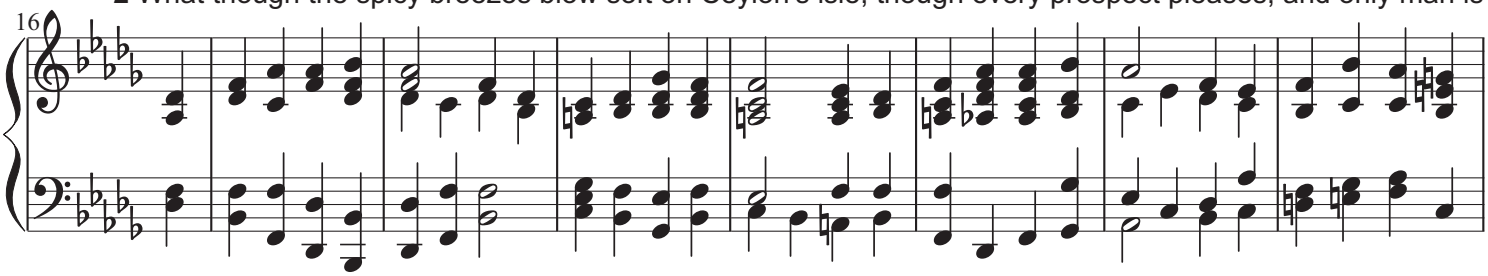
1 From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand, where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden



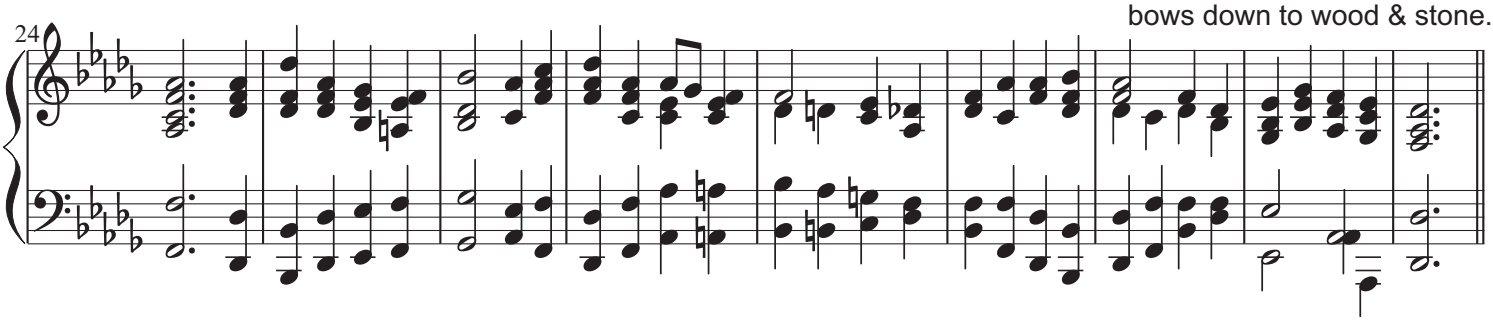
sand; from many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain, they call us to deliver their land from error's chain.



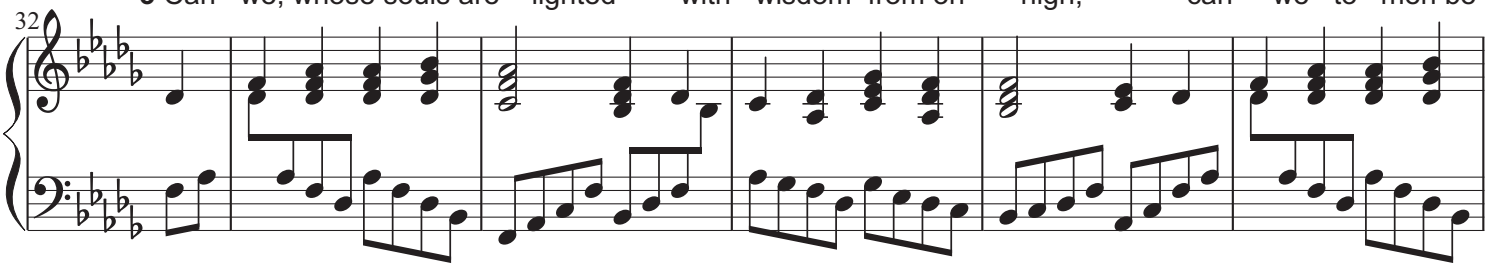
2 What though the spicy breezes blow soft on Ceylon's isle; though every prospect pleases, and only man is



vile; in vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strown; the heathen in his blindness,
bows down to wood & stone.



3 Can we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high; can we to men be-



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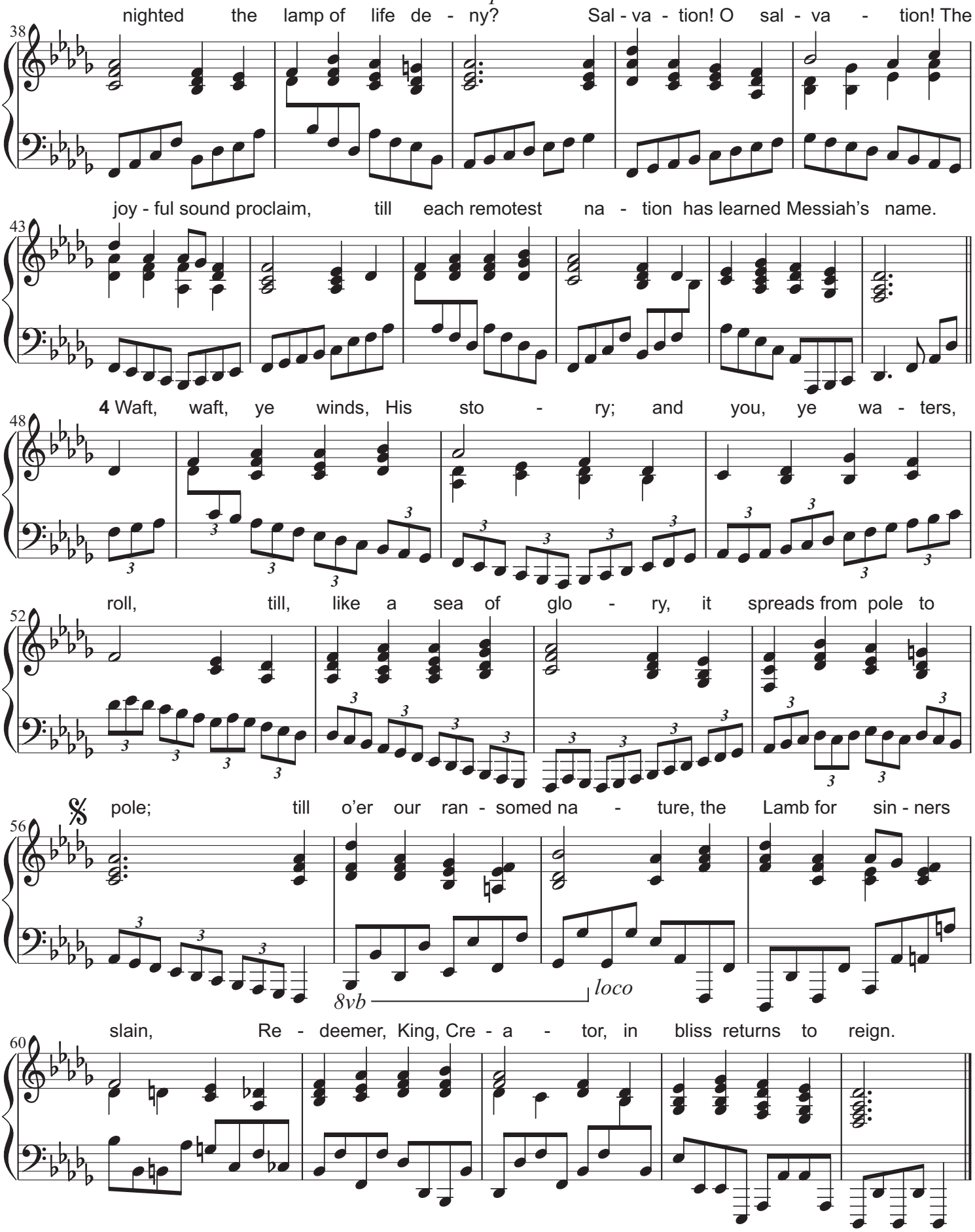
skip to𝄋 ad lib.



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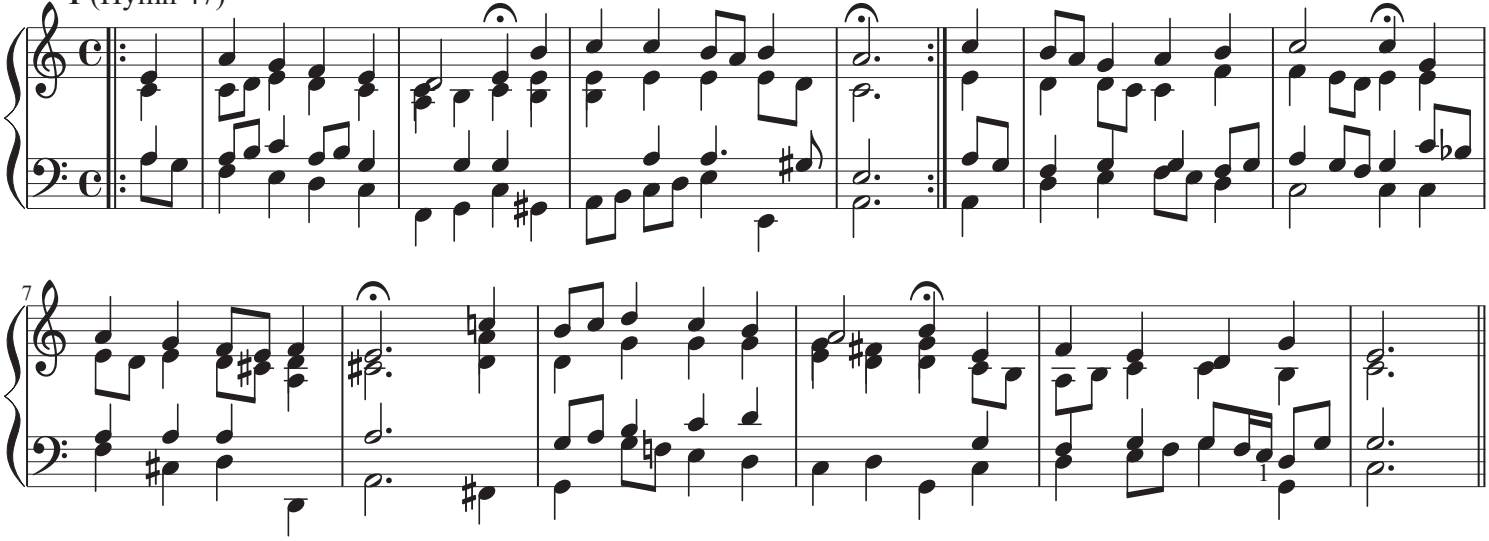
[162] O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden

Hans Leo Hassler, arr. J. S. Bach

from *The Middlesex Hymn Book*, Arthur M. Lamb, ed. (1952)

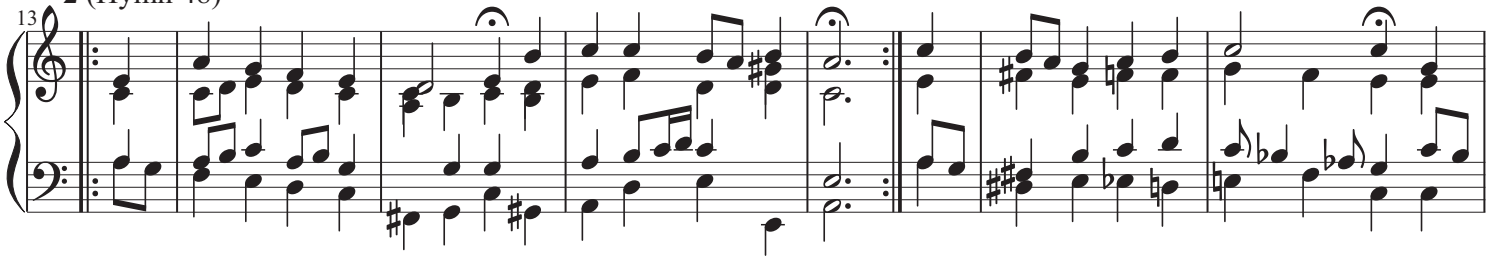
1 (Hymn 47)



7

2 (Hymn 48)

13



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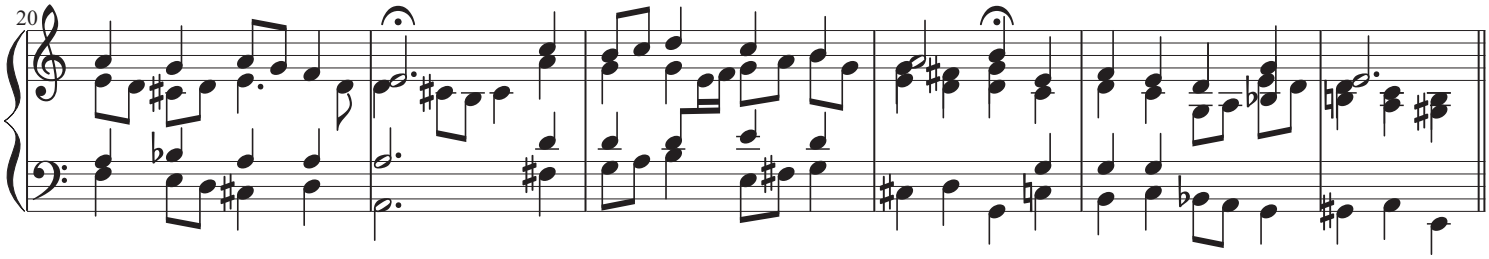
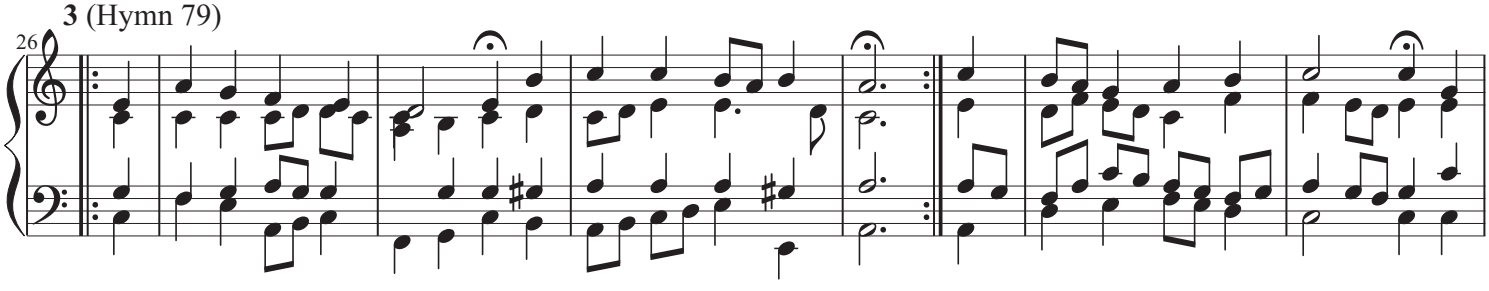


3 (Hymn 79)

26



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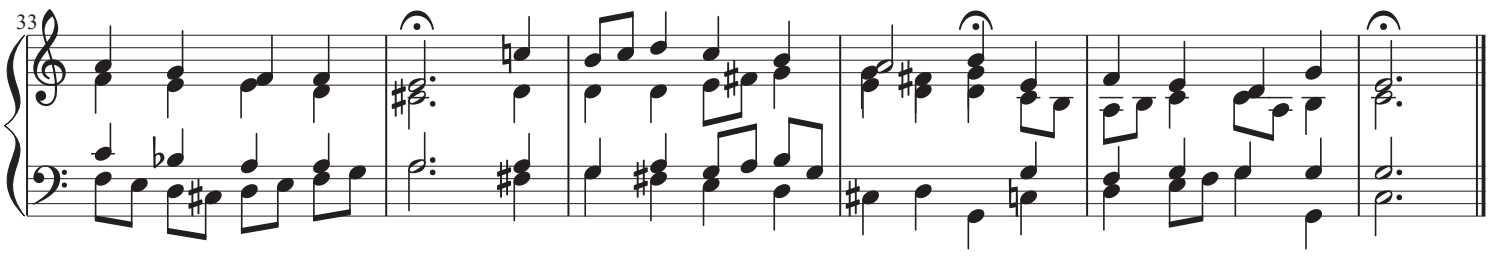

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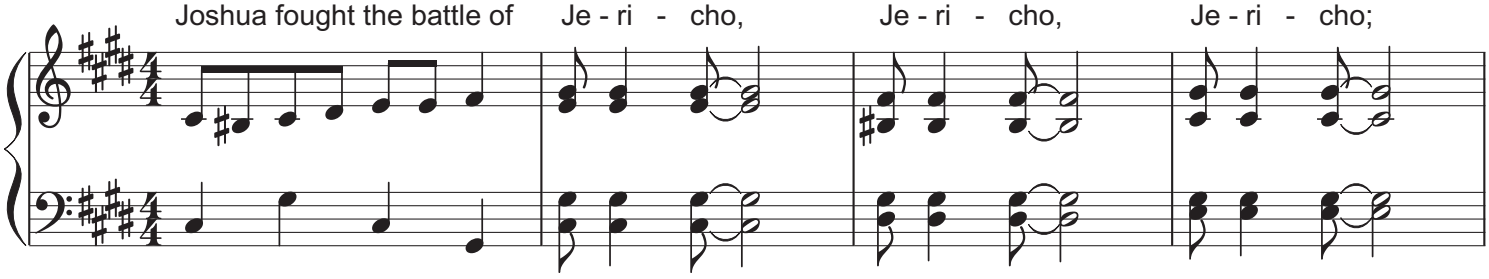
[167] Joshua fit de battle of Jericho

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

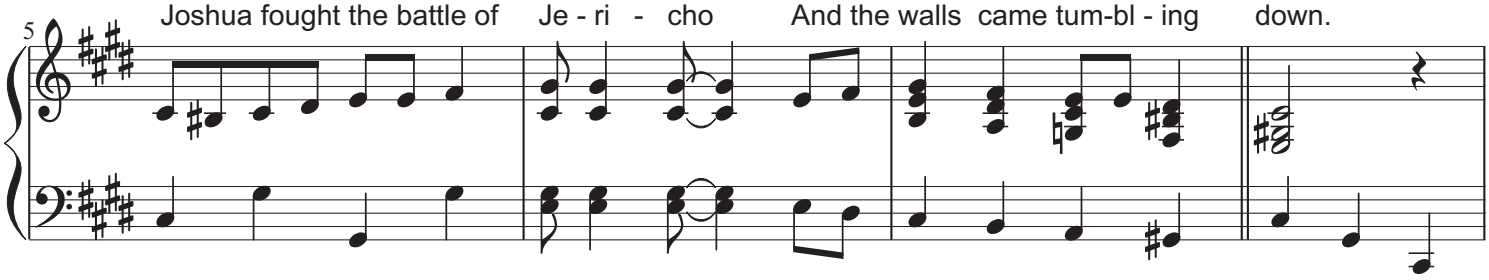
Chorus:

Joshua fought the battle of Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho;

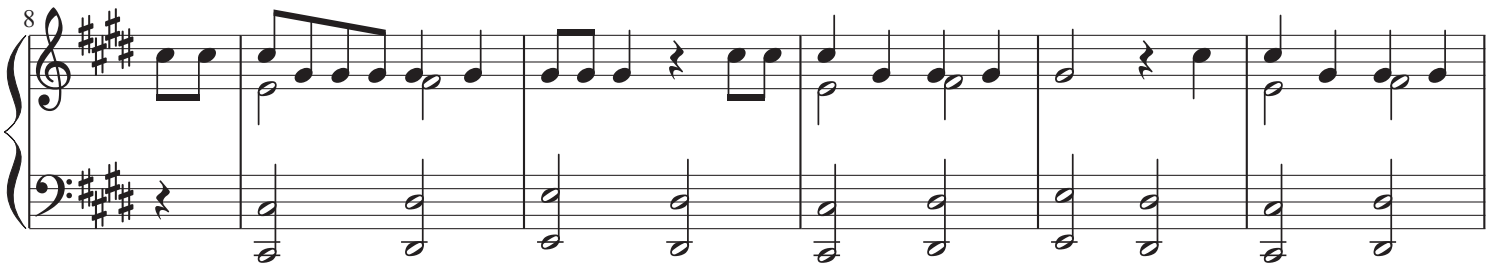


to 𝄋 last time

5 Joshua fought the battle of Je - ri - cho And the walls came tum-bl - ing down.

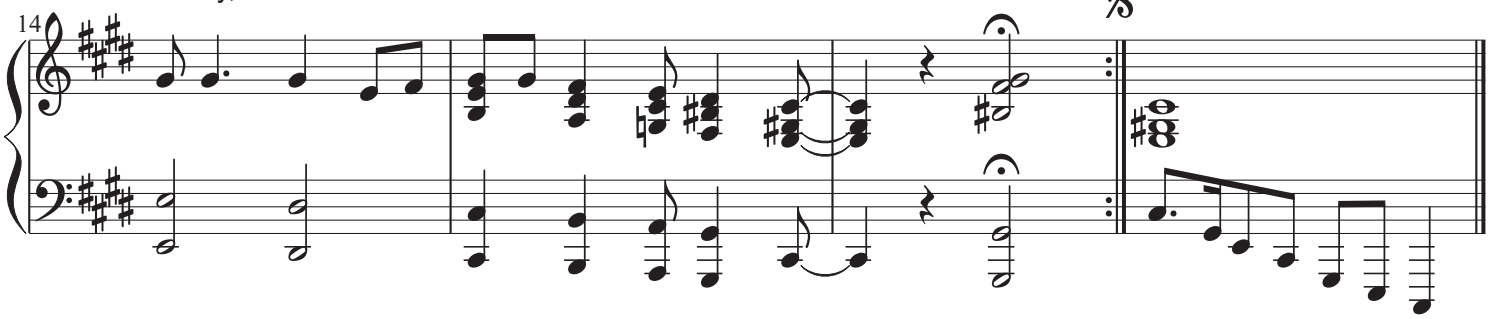


4 You may talk about your kings of Gideon, you may brag about the men of Saul, but there's none like good old
3 And the ram horns all be - gan to blow, and the trumpets began to sound, and Joshua cried, 'Now
2 Right up to the very walls of Jericho they did march with spears in hand; 'Now blow them ram horns,'
1 In the morning early up rose Joshua, that is when the trumpets blew, they marched around the



Jo - shu - a at the battle of Je - ri - cho.
children, shout!' and the walls came tumbling down.
roared Jo-shua, "Cause the battle is in our hands.'
ci - ty, at the battle of Je - ri - cho. Oh!

14 𝄋



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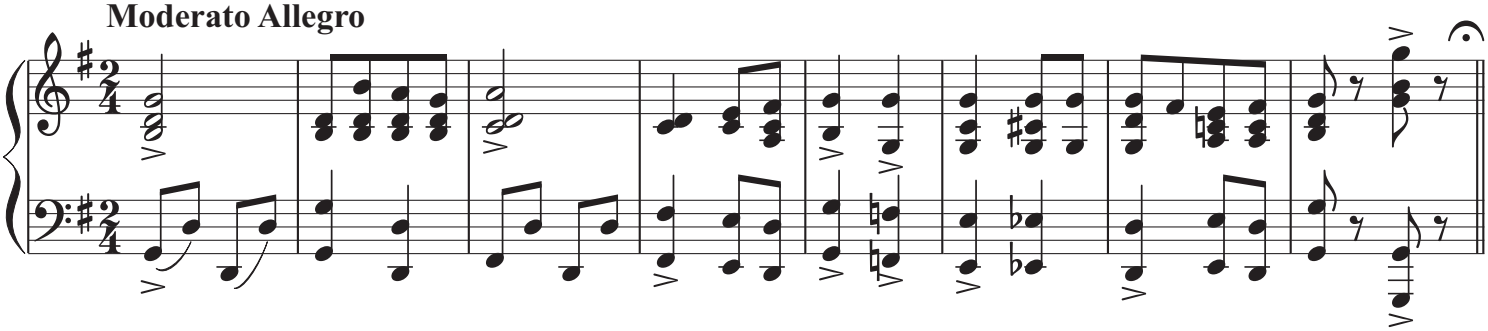
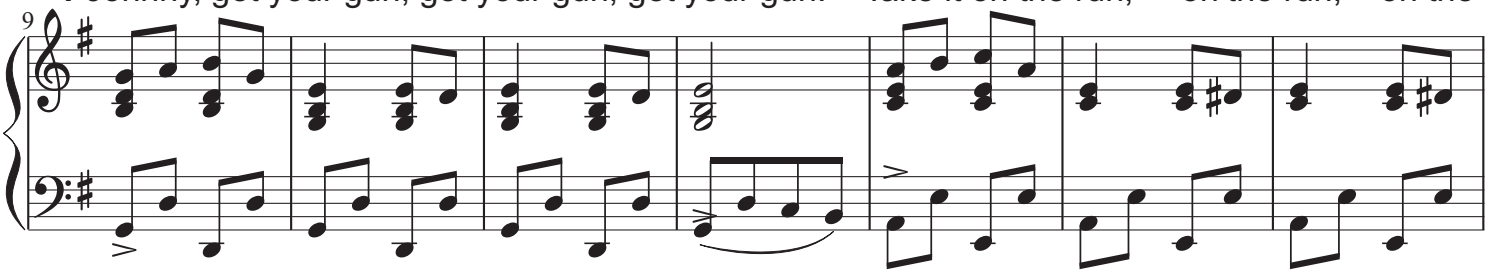
[172] Over There

George M. Cohan (1917)

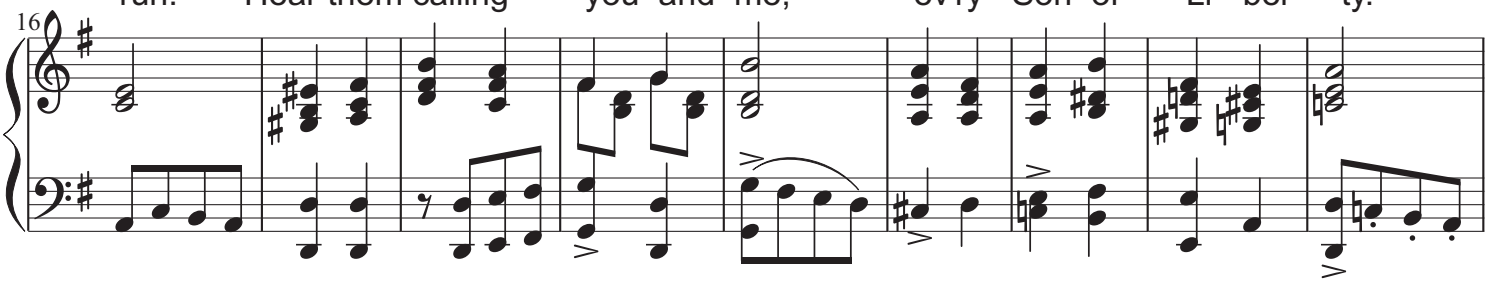
Moderato Allegro



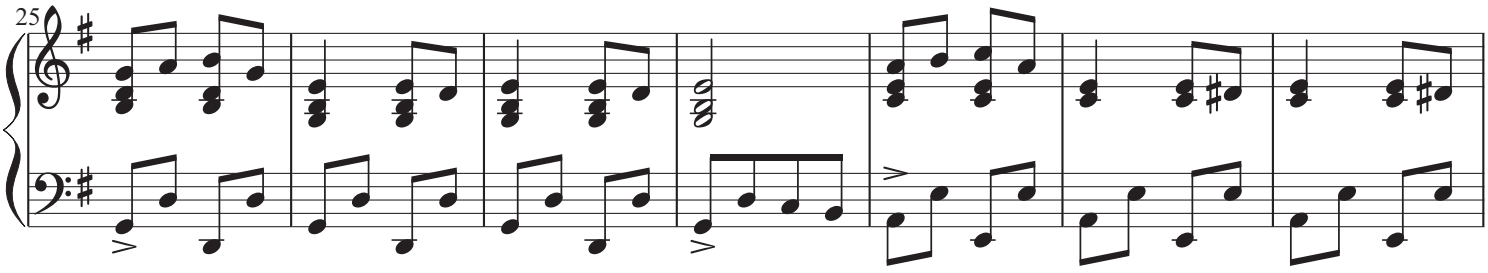
2 Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun. Johnny, show the Hun you're a son-of-a-
1 Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun. Take it on the run, on the run, on the



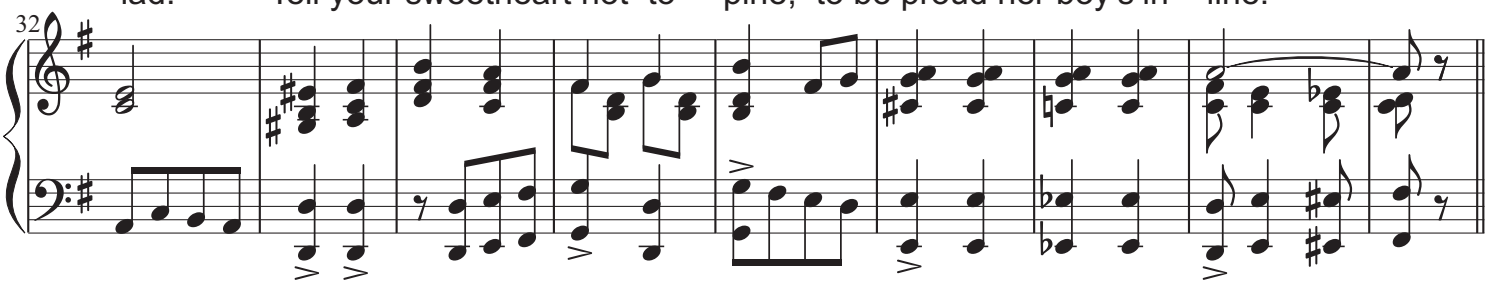
gun. Hoist the flag and let her fly. Yankee Doodle do or die.
run. Hear them calling you and me, ev'ry Son of Li - ber - ty.



Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit. Yankee to the ranks from the towns and the
Hurry right away, no delay, go today. Make your Daddy glad to have had such a



tanks. Make your Mother proud of you and the old red white and blue.
lad. Tell your sweetheart not to pine, to be proud her boy's in line.



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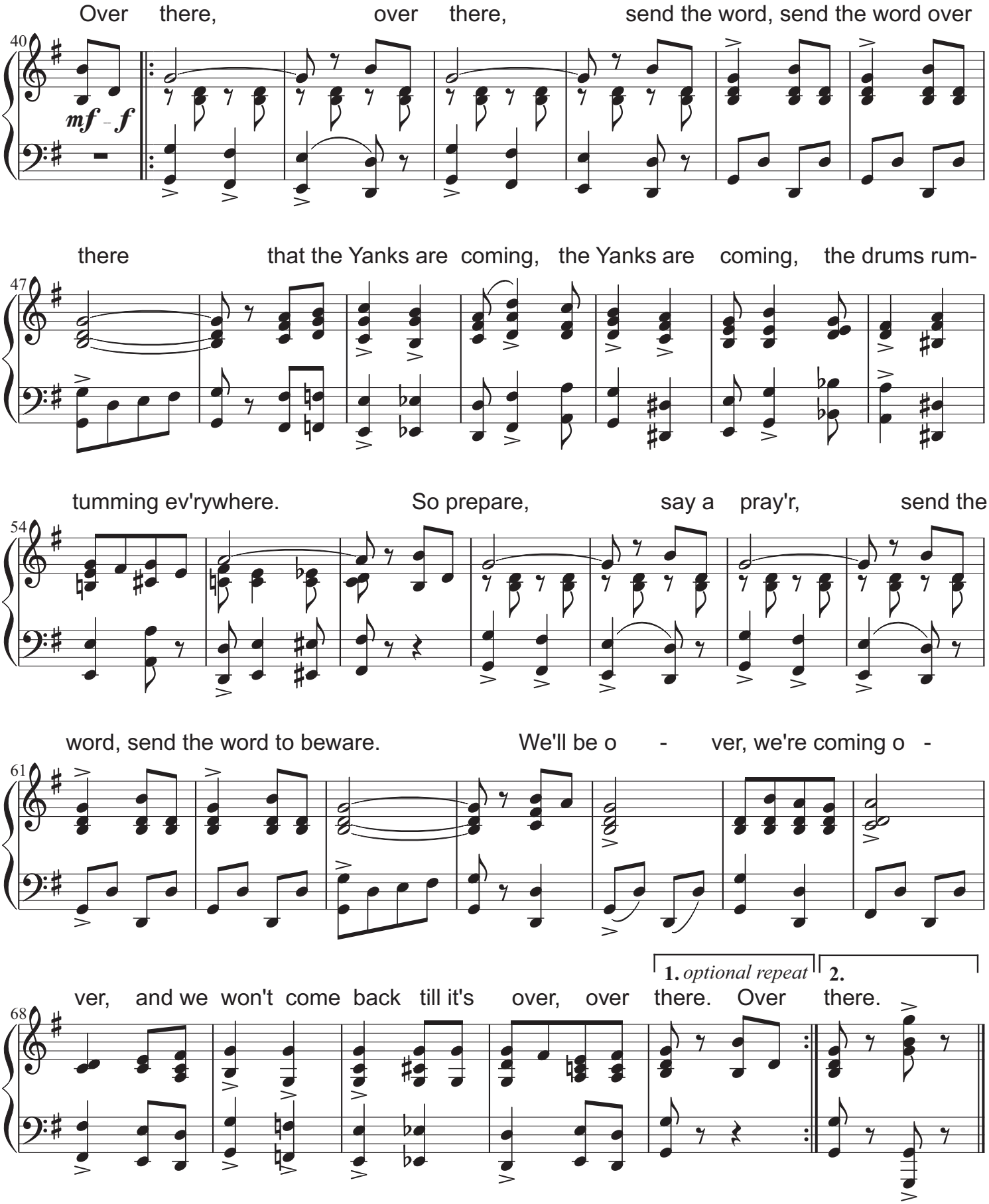

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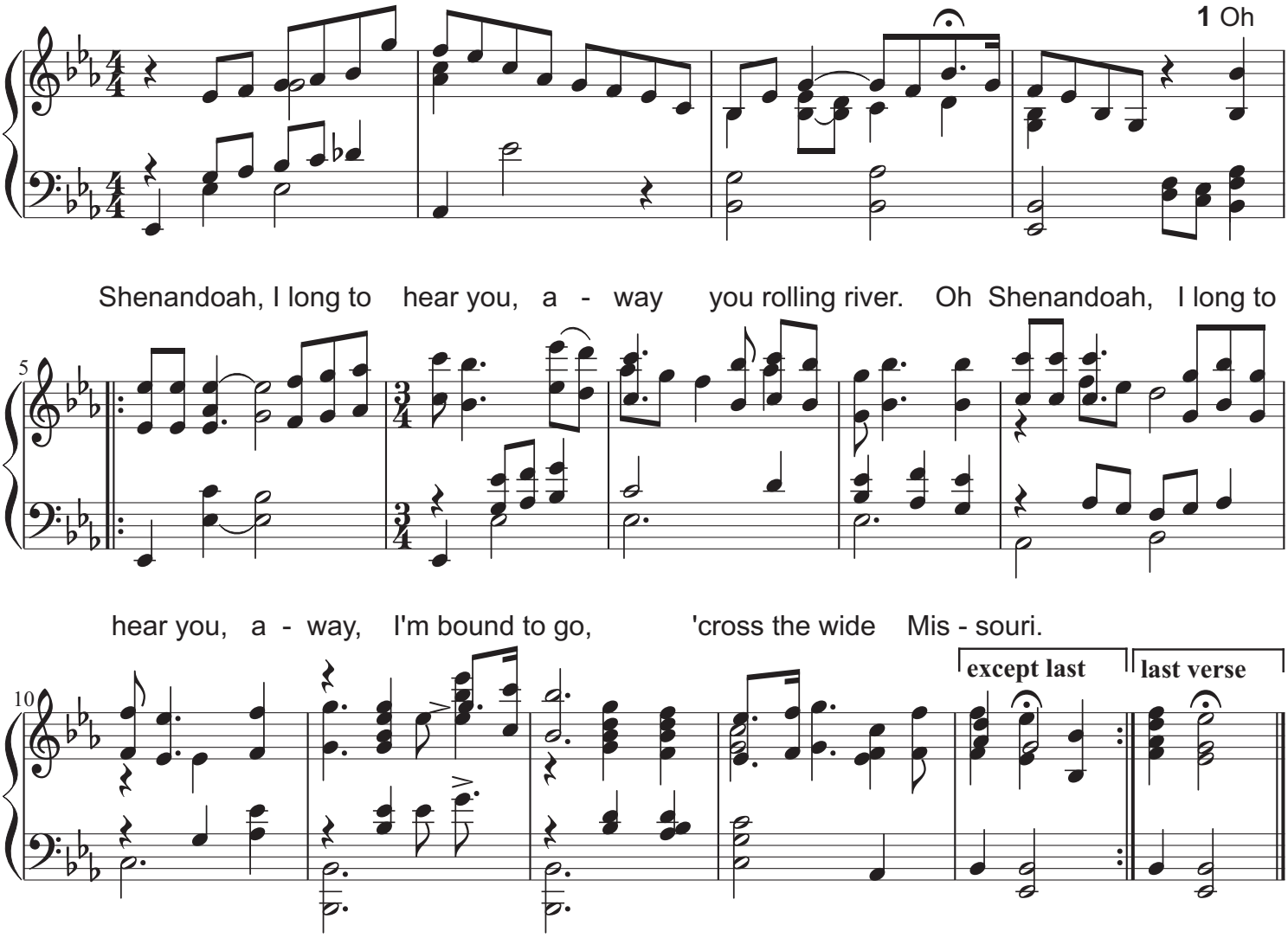
[175] Shenandoah

Shanty book (1921)
adapted John W. Pratt



2 Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river. for her I'd cross your roaming waters,
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

3 'Tis seven years since last I've seen you, And heard
your rolling river. 'Tis seven years, since last I've seen you,
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

4 Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away you rolling river. Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

5 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you, And hear
your rolling river. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

6 Oh Shenandoah I'll not forget you, I'll dream
of your clear waters. Oh Shenandoah you're in my mem'ry
Away, we're bound away, across the wide Missouri.

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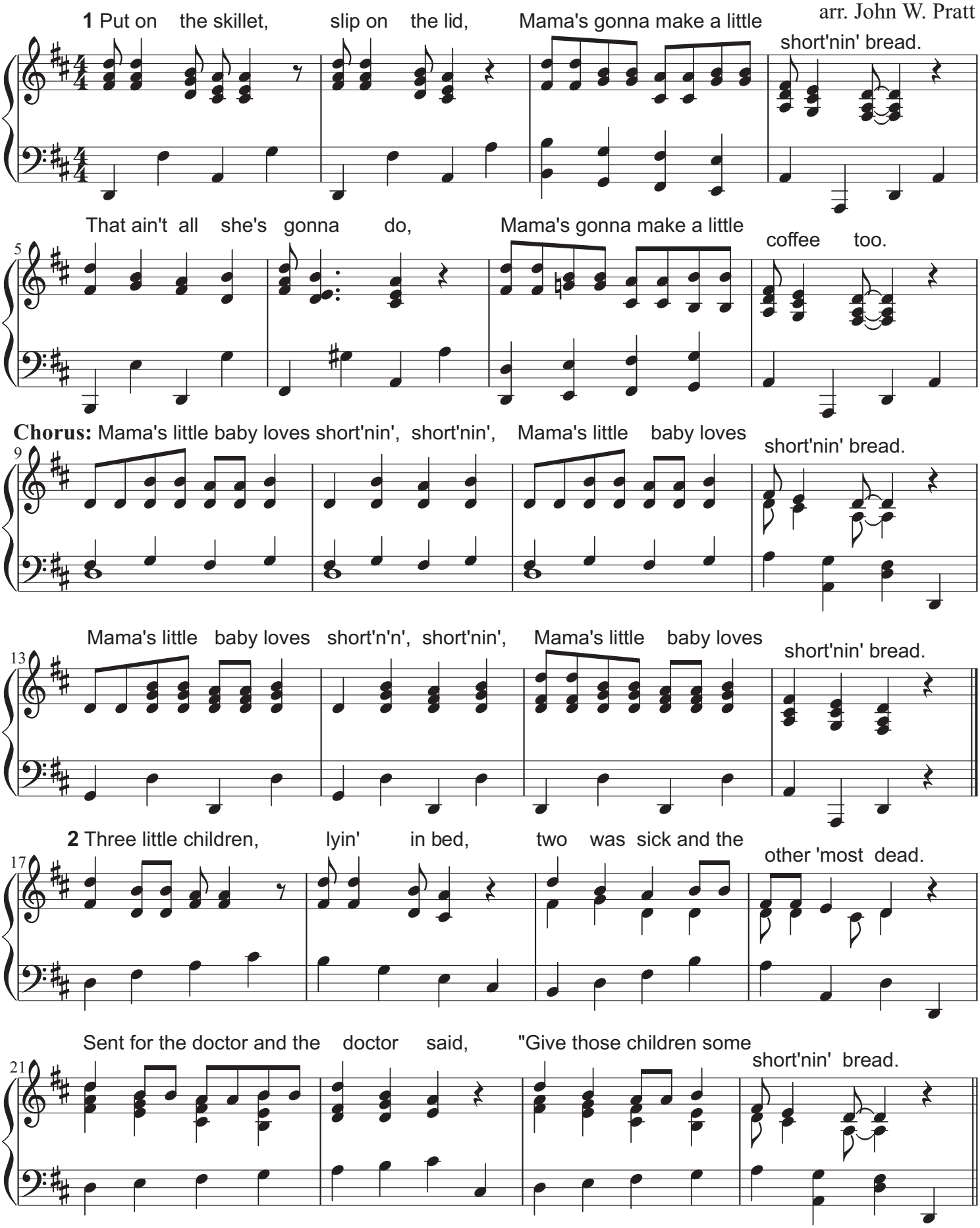
[176] Short'nin' bread

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt



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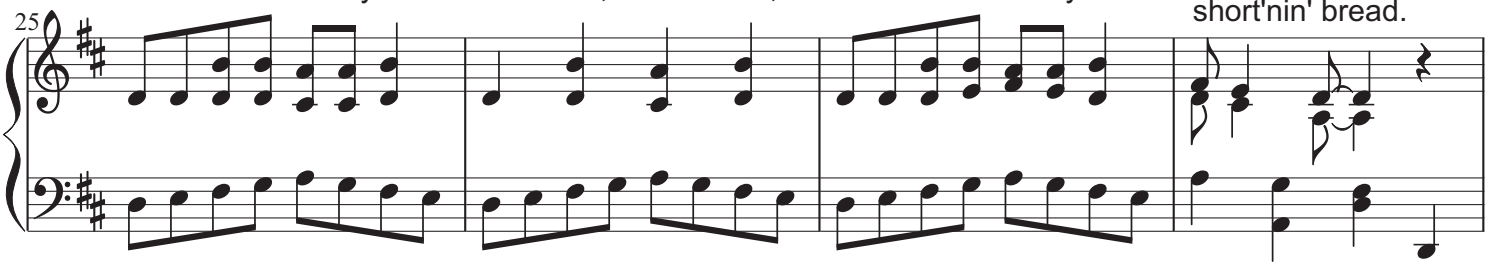
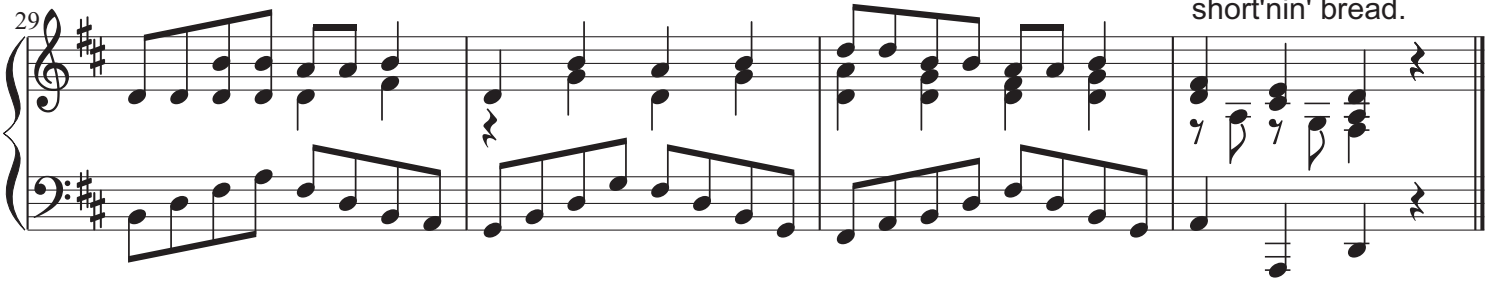
Chorus: Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin', Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

25



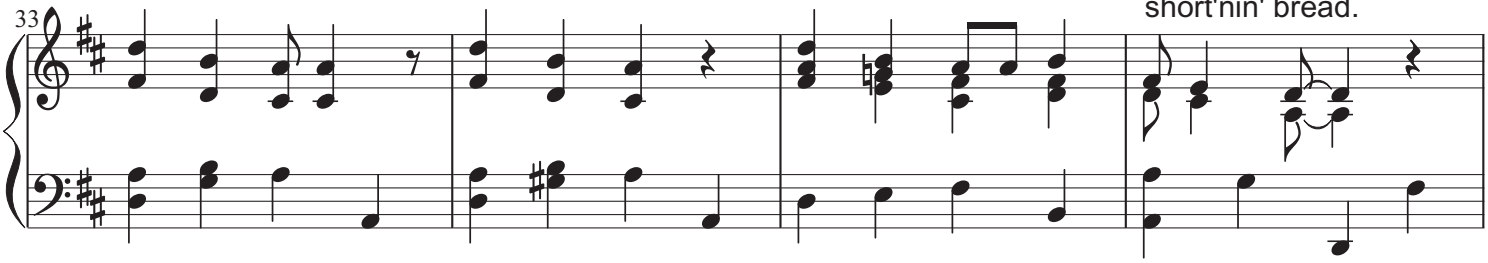
Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin', Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

29



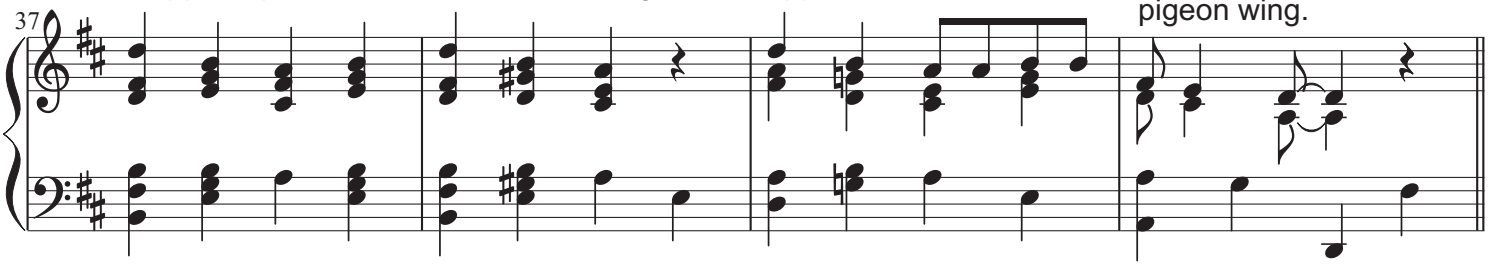
3 When those children, sick in bed, heard that talk about short'nin' bread.

33



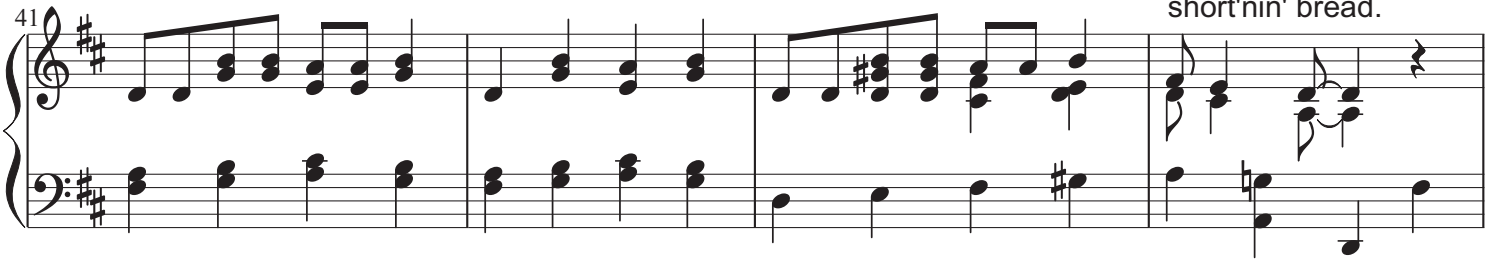
Popped up well to dance and sing, skipped around and cut the pigeon wing.

37



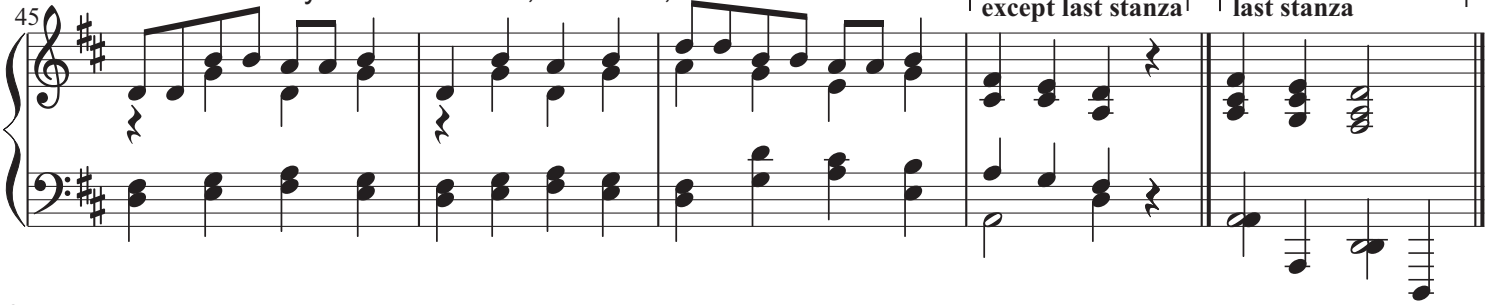
Chorus: Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin', Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

41



Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin', Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread. short'n'n' bread.

45 **except last stanza** **last stanza**



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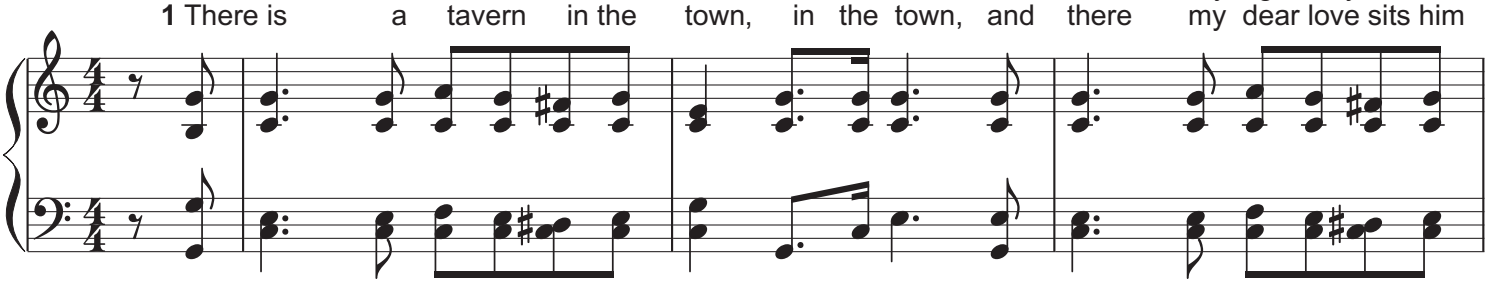
[179] There is a tavern in the town

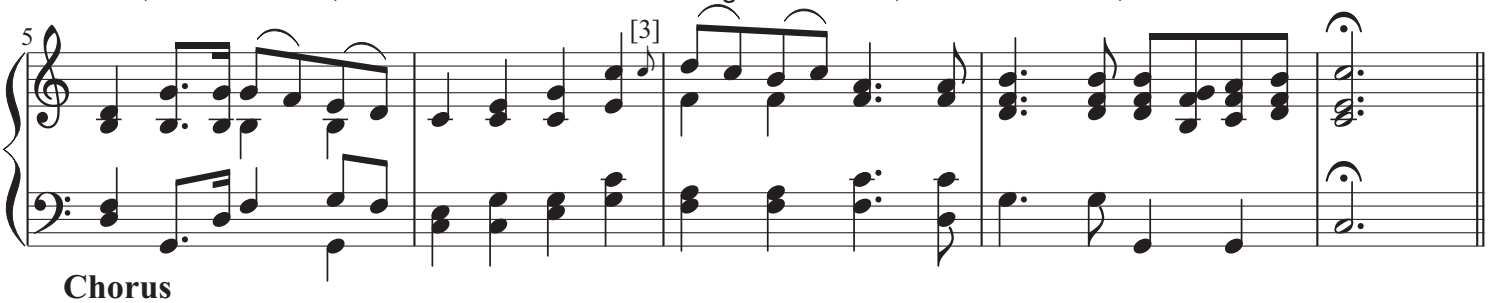
F. J. Adams (1891) *The Harvard Song Book*

minor mod. John W. Pratt

3 Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep! Put tomb - stones at my head and
2 He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark, each Fri - day night they used to
1 There is a tavern in the town, in the town, and there my dear love sits him

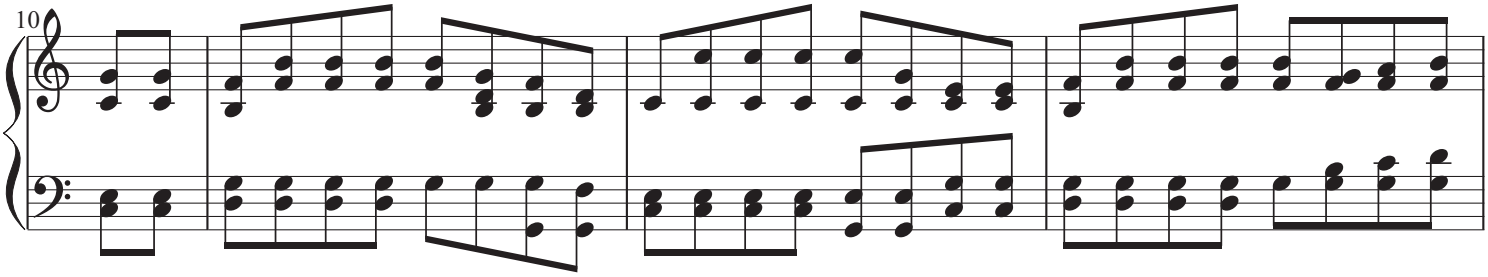


feet, head and feet, and on my breast carve a tur - tle dove, to sig - ni - fy I died of love.
spark, used to spark, and now my love, once true to me, takes that dark damsel on his knee.
down, sits him down, and drinks his wine 'mid laugh - ter free, and ne - ver, never thinks of me.

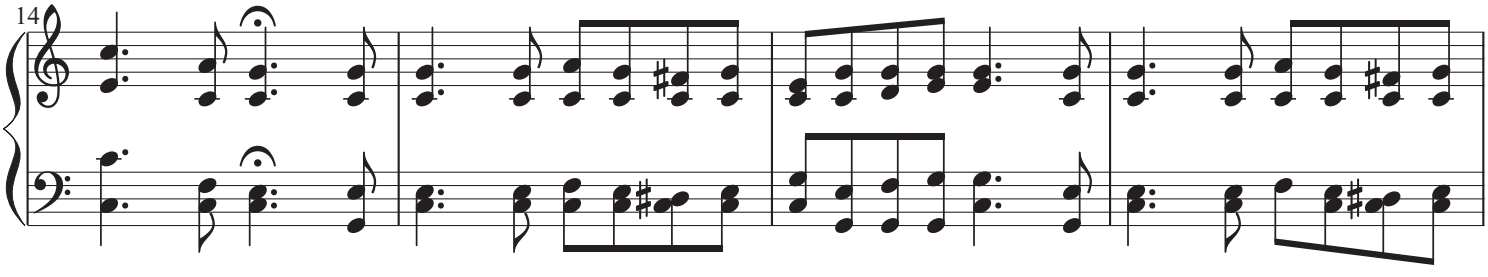


Chorus

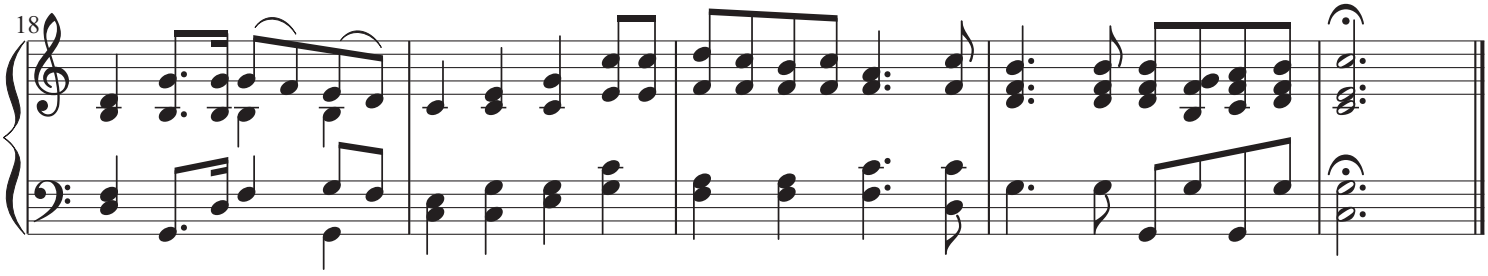
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let this parting grieve thee, & remember that the best of friends must



part, must part. A - dieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu, I can no longer stay with



you, stay with you; I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree, and may the world go well with thee.



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