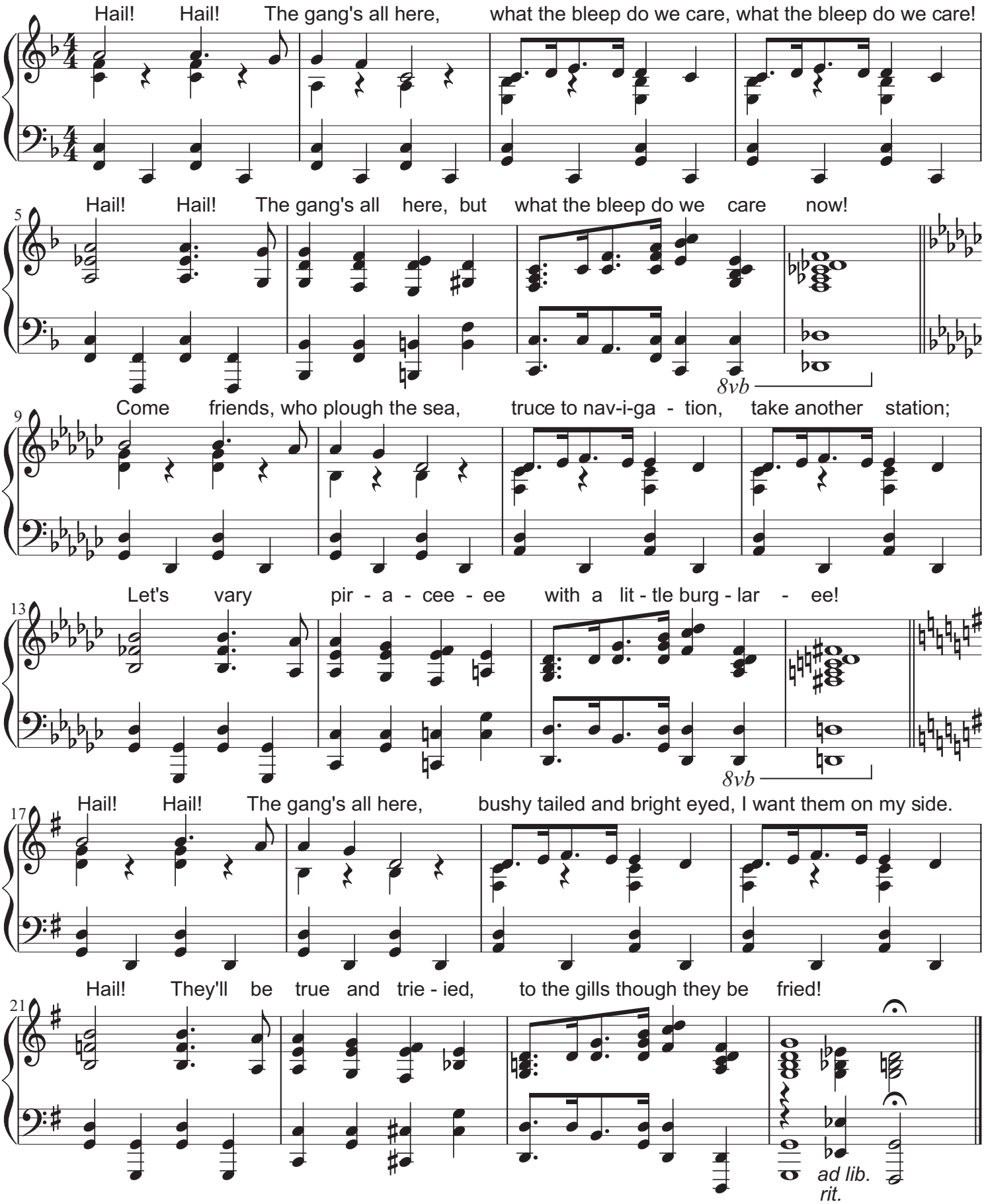
[68] Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.

Arthur Sullivan



Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC

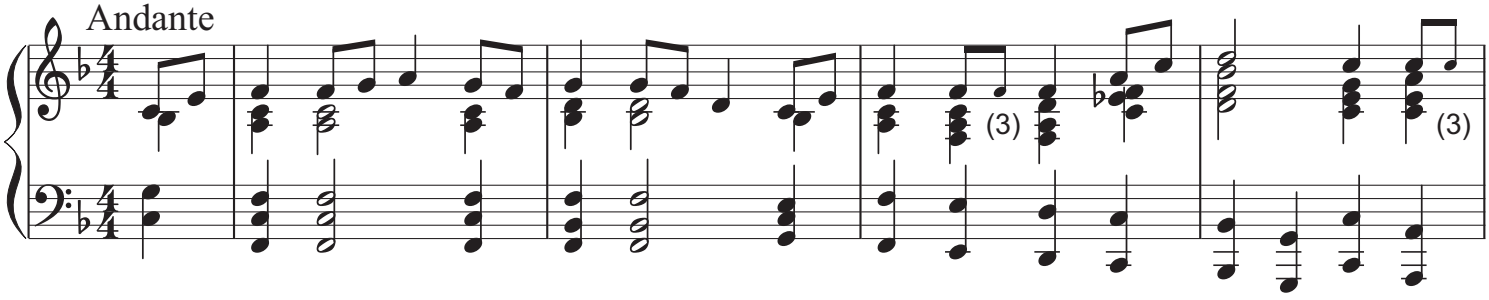
preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[69] Loch Lomond

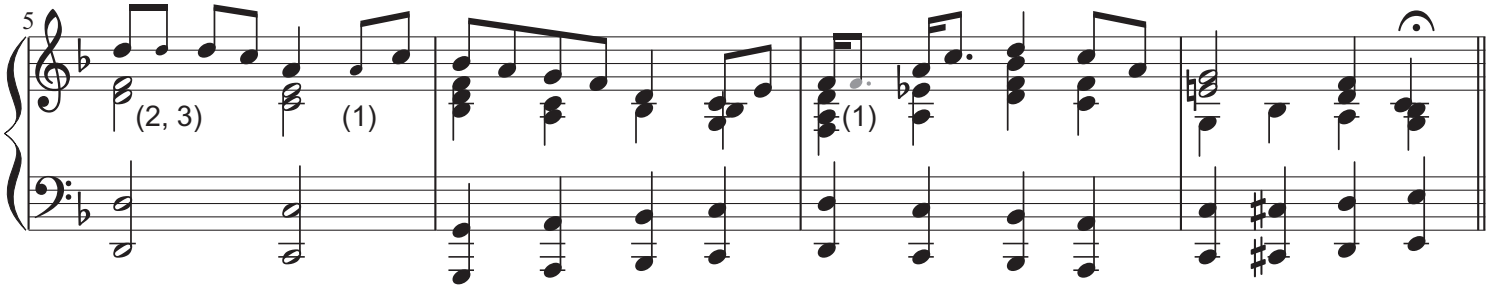
Scotch Air

3 The wee birdies sing & the wild flowers spring, & in sun-shine the wa-ters are slee - ping, but the
2 'Twas there that we par - ted in yon shady glen, on the steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, where
1 By yon bonnie banks & by yon bonnie braes, where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, where

Andante

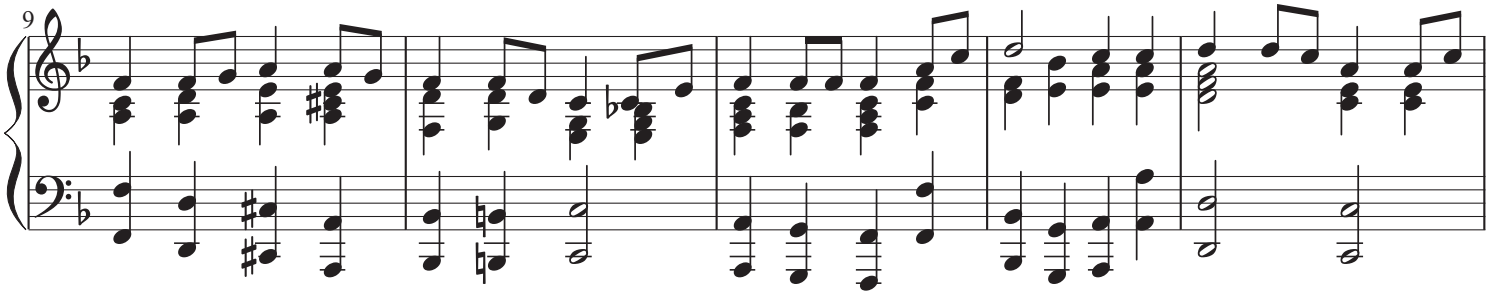


broken heart it kens nae second spring again tho' the woe - ful may cease from their gree - ting. O!
deep in purple hue the highland hills we view, & the moon coming out in the gloa - ming. O!
me & my true love were ever wont to gae, on the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lo - mond. O!



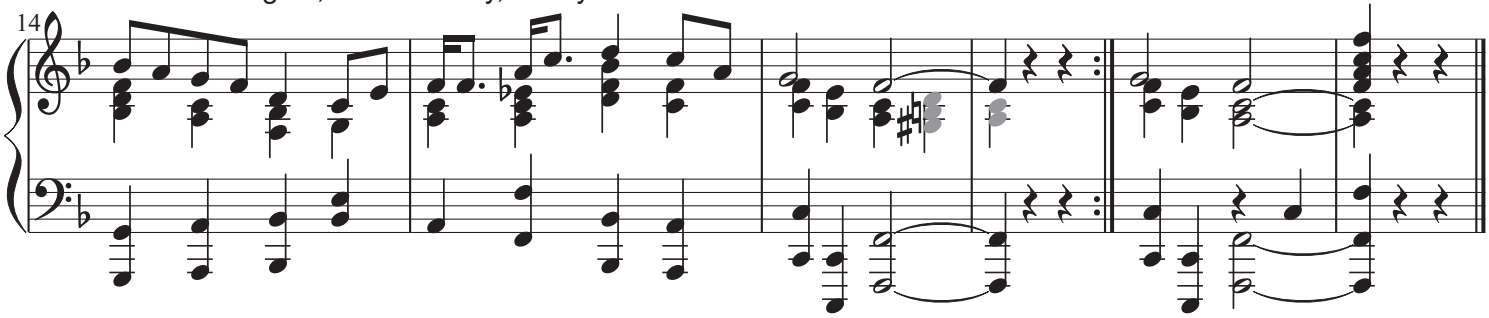
Refrain, faster

You'll take the high road & I'll take the low road, & I'll be in Scotland a - fore ye, but me & my true love we'll



1, 2. **3.**

never meet again, on the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lo - mond. Lo - mond.

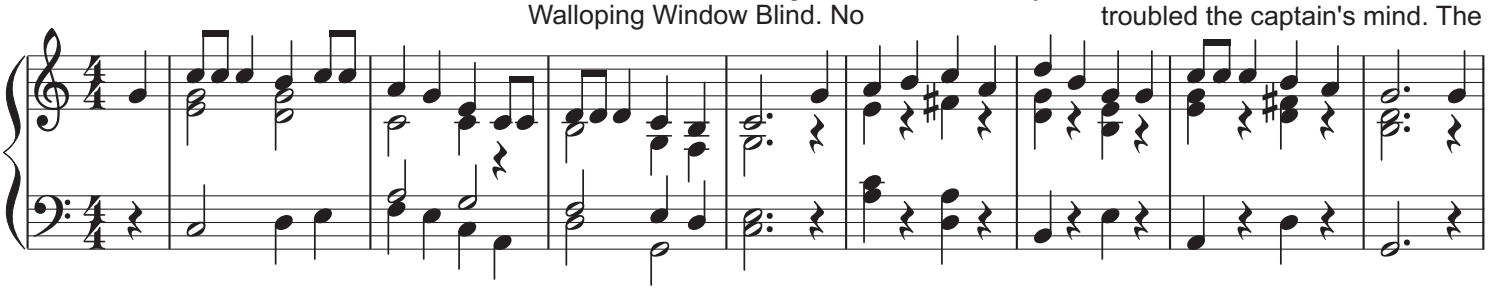


Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014
arr. by John W. Pratt based on Artheur Foote, Boston and NY: Arthur R. Schmidt, 1897 @IMSLP.org
and The Ideal Home Music Library, A. E. Weir, ed., New York: Scribner's, 1910, p. 158 @SheetMusicPoint.com

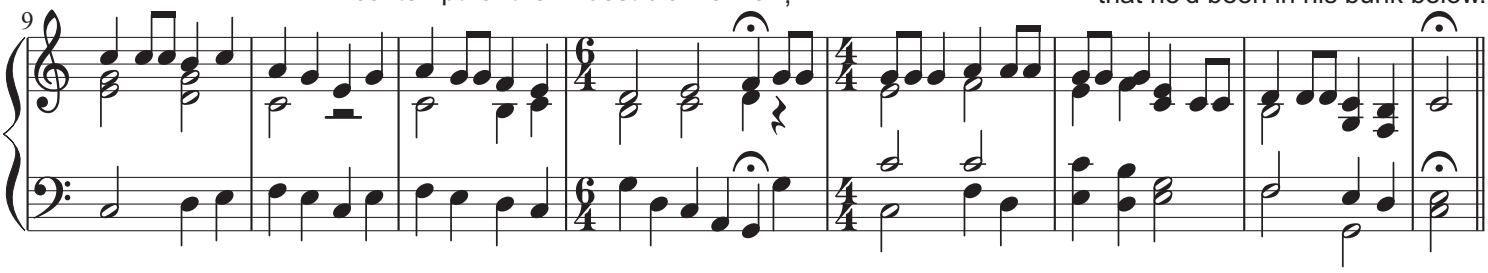
[72] A capital ship

Harvard Song Book & jwp

1 A capital ship for an ocean trip was the Walloping Window Blind. No gale that blew dismayed her crew or troubled the captain's mind. The

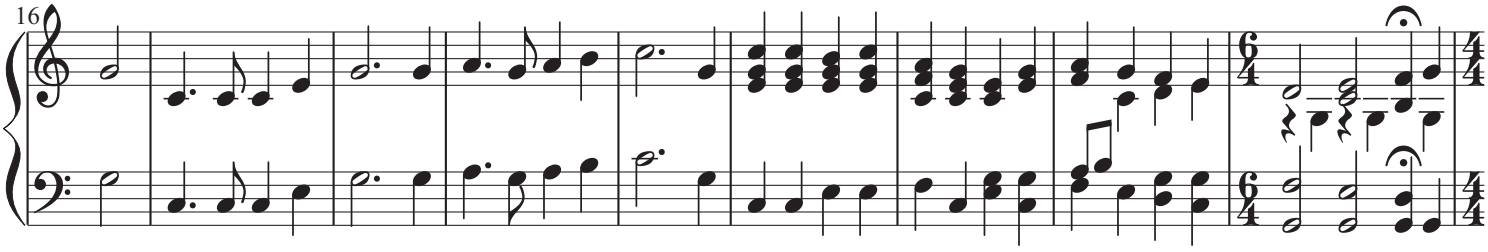


man at the wheel was made to feel contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow, Tho' it often appeared when the weather had cleared that he'd been in his bunk below.

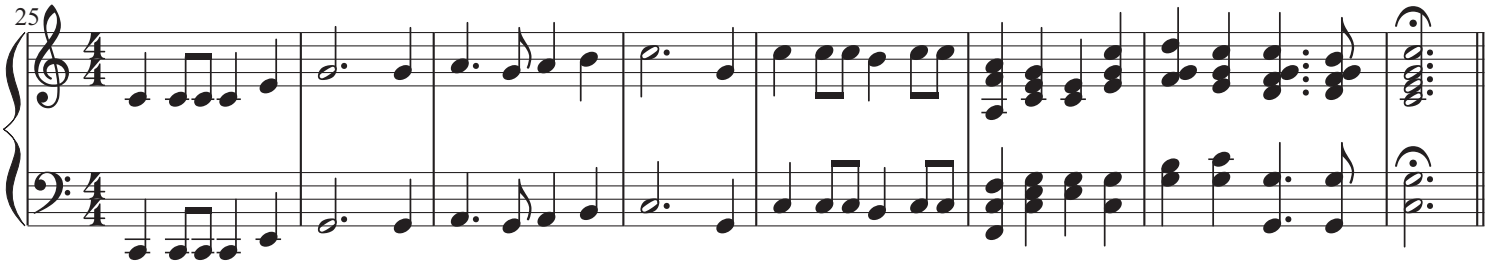


Chorus

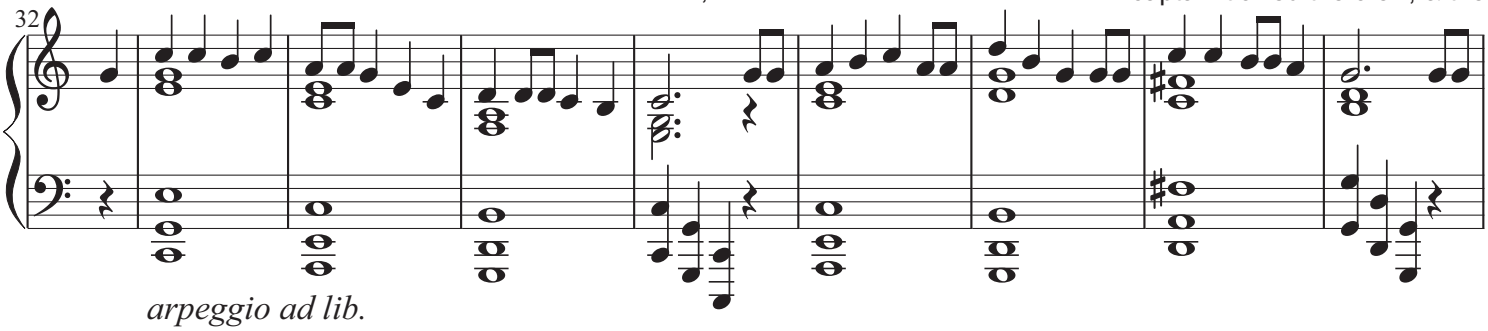
Then, blow ye winds, heigh-ho! A-roving I will go! I'll stay no more on England's shore, so let the music play-ay-ay! I'm



off on the morning train, to cross the raging main! I'm off to my love with a boxing glove, ten thousand miles away!



2 The bos'un's mate was very sedate, yet fond of amusement too; & he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch while the captain tickled the crew, & the

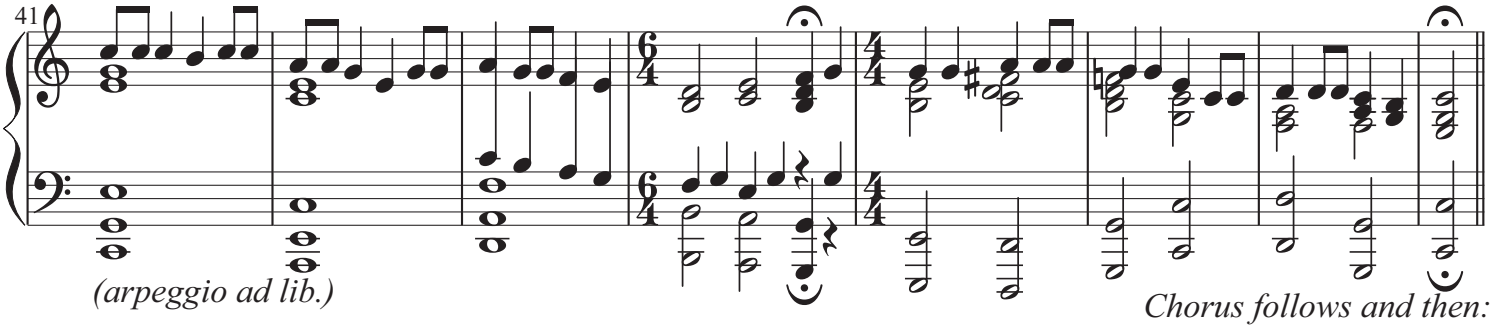


arpeggio ad lib.

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC

preliminary edition 05/11/2014

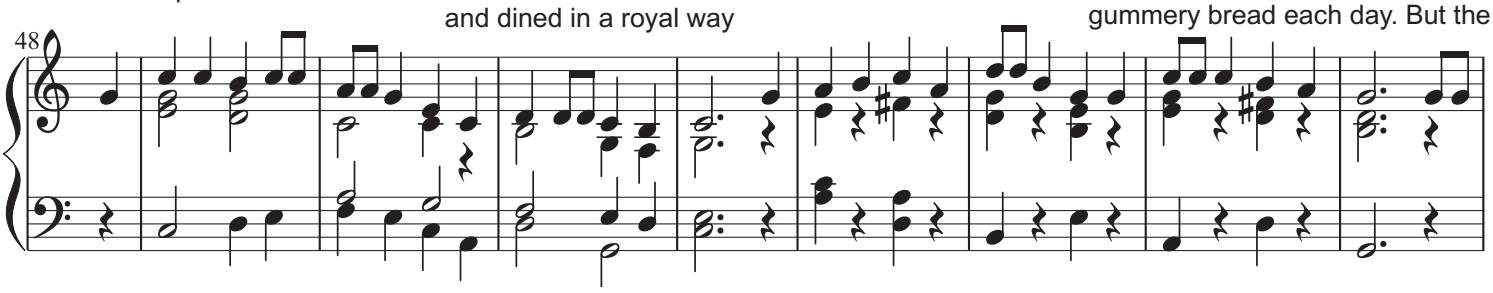
gunner we had was apparently mad,
for he sat on the after rai - ai - ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
in the teeth of a booming gale.



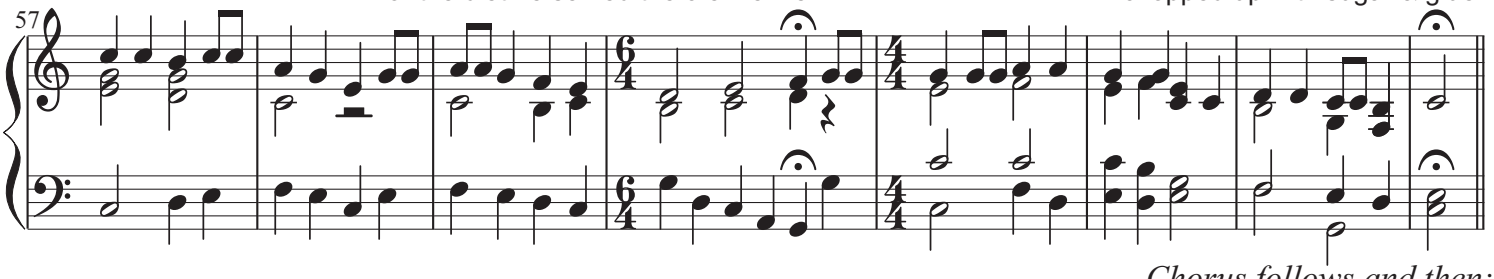
(arpeggio ad lib.)

Chorus follows and then:

3 The captain sat in a commodore's hat
and dined in a royal way
On toasted pigs & pickles & figs &
gummery bread each day. But the

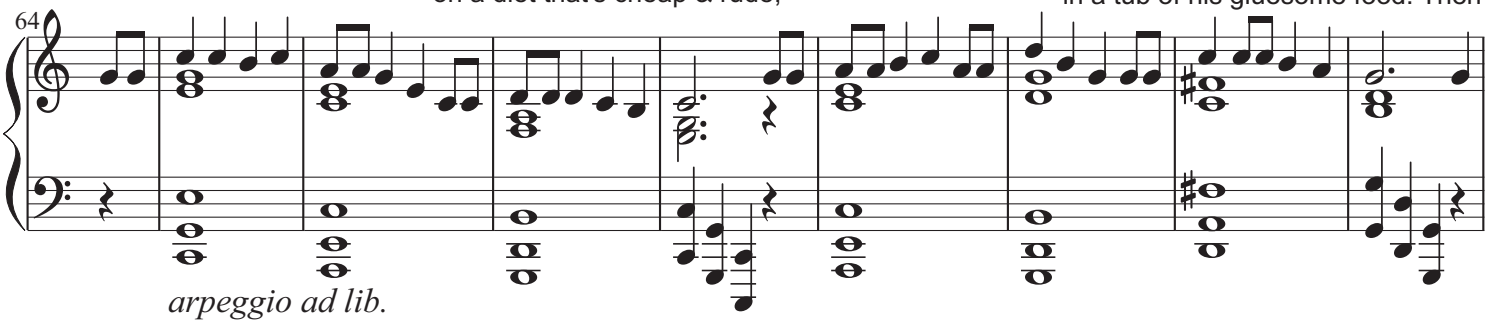


cook was Dutch, & behaved as such,
for the diet he served the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
chopped up with sugar & glue.



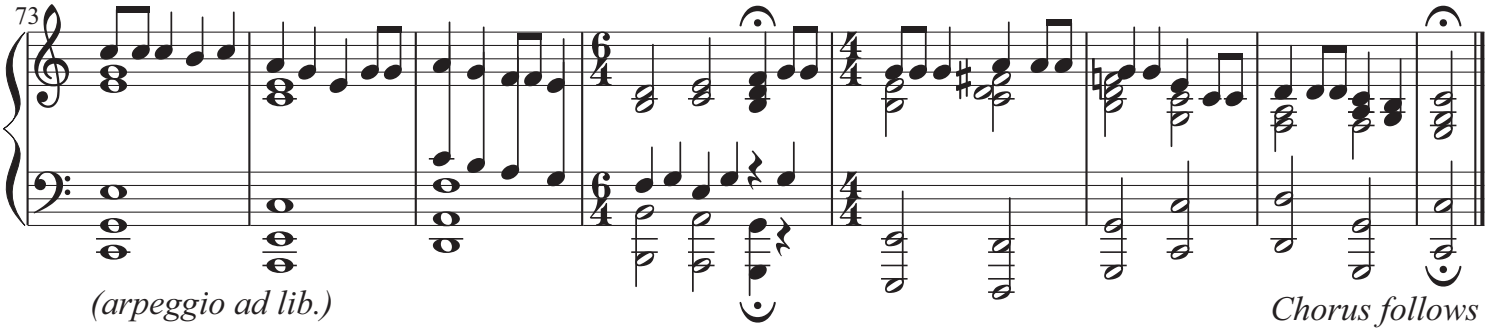
Chorus follows and then:

4 And we all fell ill, as mariners will,
on a diet that's cheap & rude;
And we shivered & shook as we dipped the cook
in a tub of his gluesome food. Then



arpeggio ad lib.

nautical pride we laid aside
& we ran the vessel a-sho-o-ore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Pooh-Pooh smiles
& the Anagazanders roar.



(arpeggio ad lib.)

Chorus follows

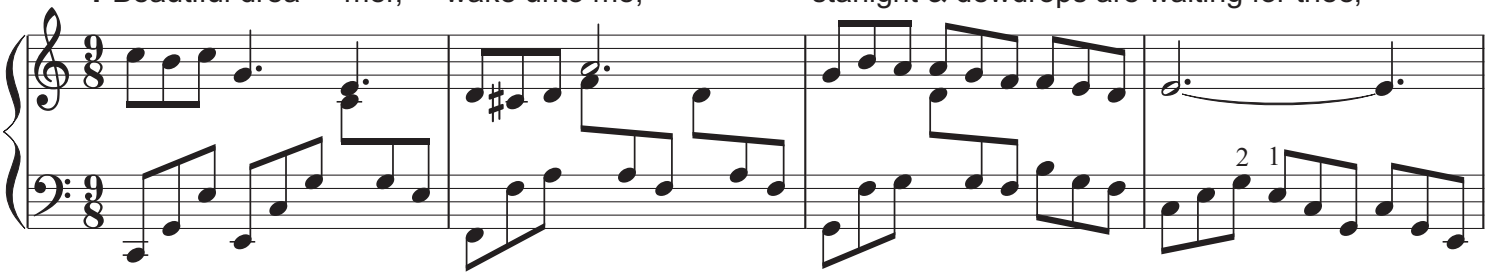
Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[73] Beautiful Dreamer

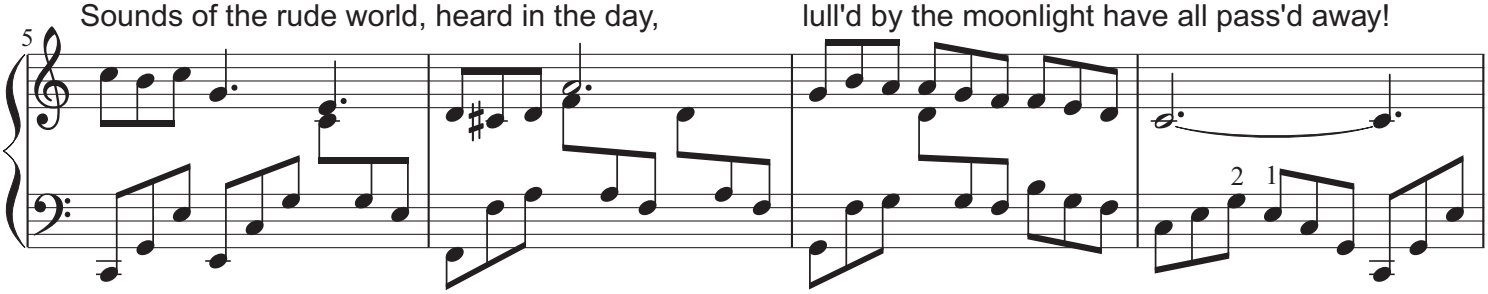
Stephen Foster

Stephen Foster
arr. J. W. Pratt

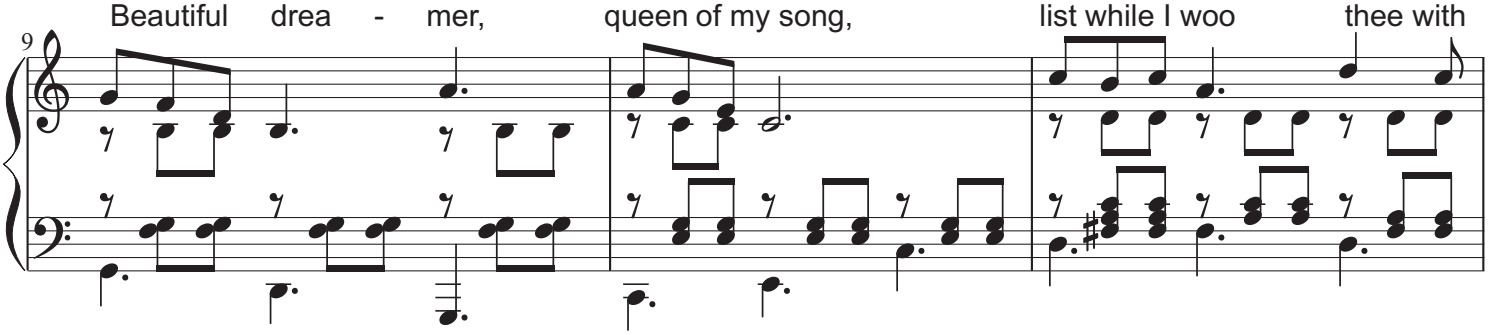
2 Beautiful drea - mer, out on the sea, mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei
1 Beautiful drea - mer, wake unto me, starlight & dewdrops are waiting for thee;



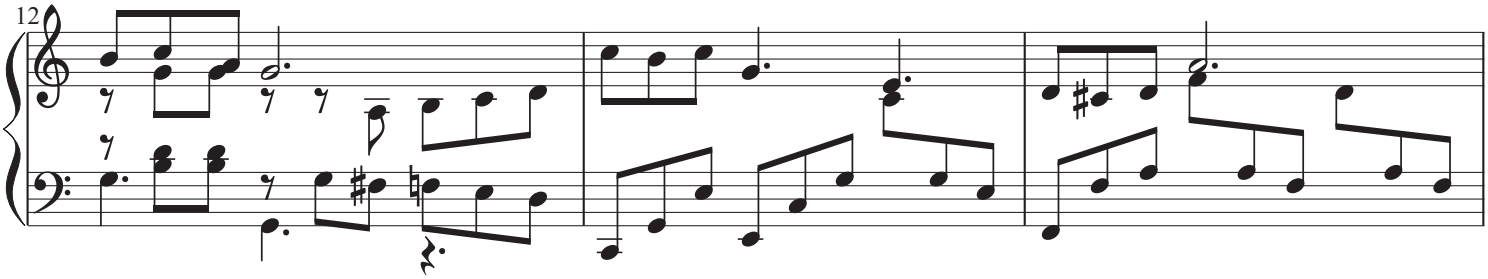
Over the stream - let vapors are borne, waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day, lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!



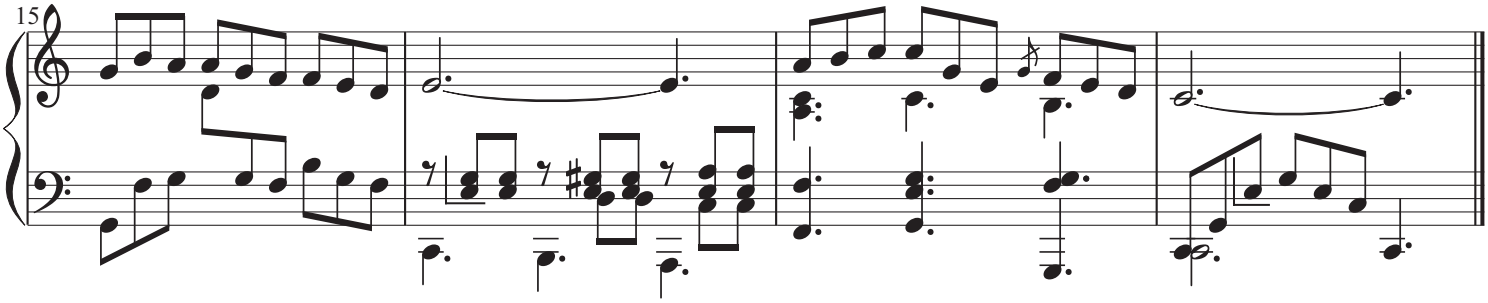
Beautiful drea - mer, beam on my heart, e'en as the morn on the
Beautiful drea - mer, queen of my song, list while I woo thee with



streamlet & sea; then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
soft me - lo - dy; gone are the cares of life's busy throng,



Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me! Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!



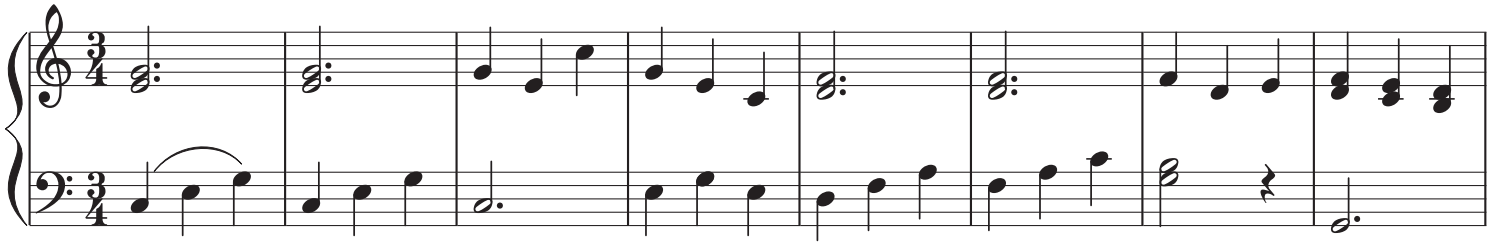
Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[75] Oh dear, what can the matter be?

traditional

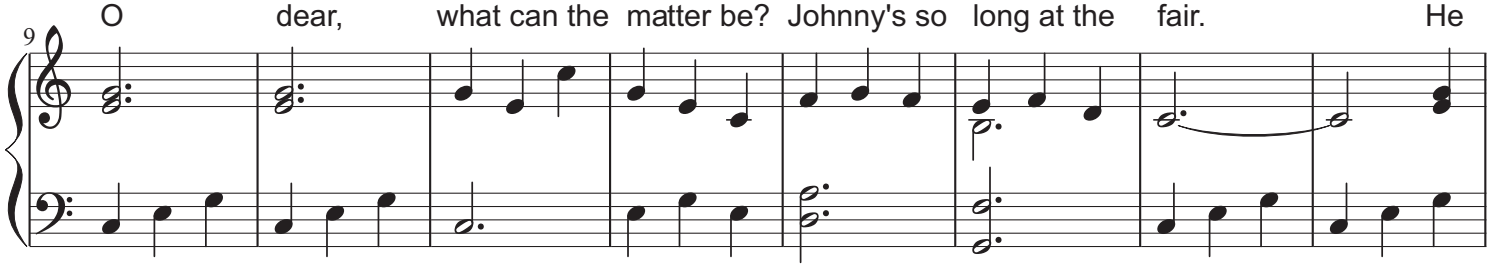
adapted J. W. Pratt

Chorus: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be?



9

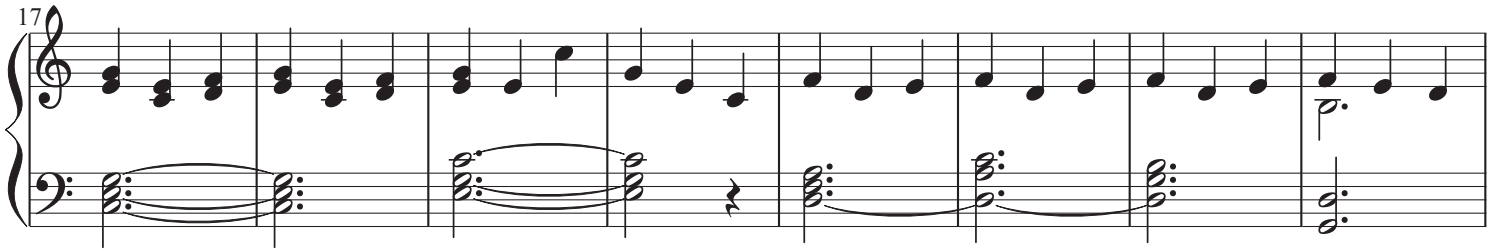
O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair. He



2 promised he'd buy me a basket of posies a garland of lilies, a garland of roses; a

1 promised he'd buy me a trinket to please me, & then for a kiss, O he vowed he would tease me, he

17



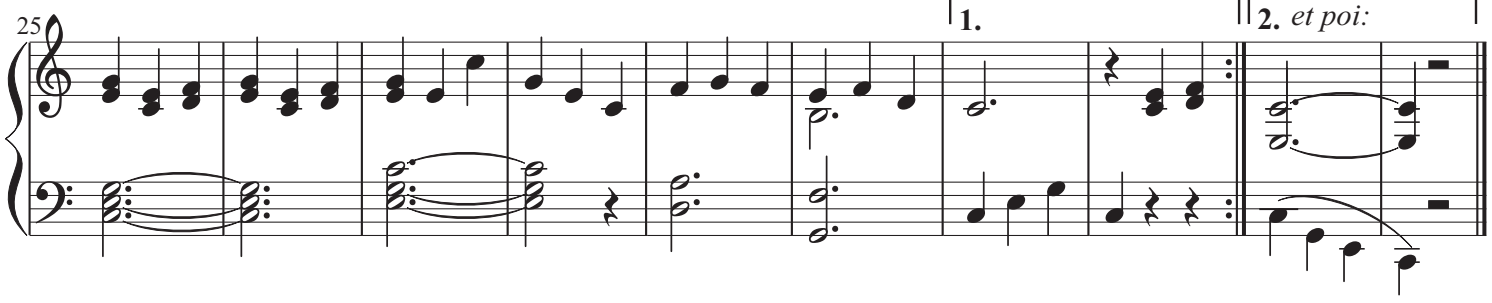
little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons that tie up my bonny brown hair. And now

promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons, to tie up my bonny brown hair. And now

***D.C.** al segno*

25

1. **2.** *et poi:*



Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC

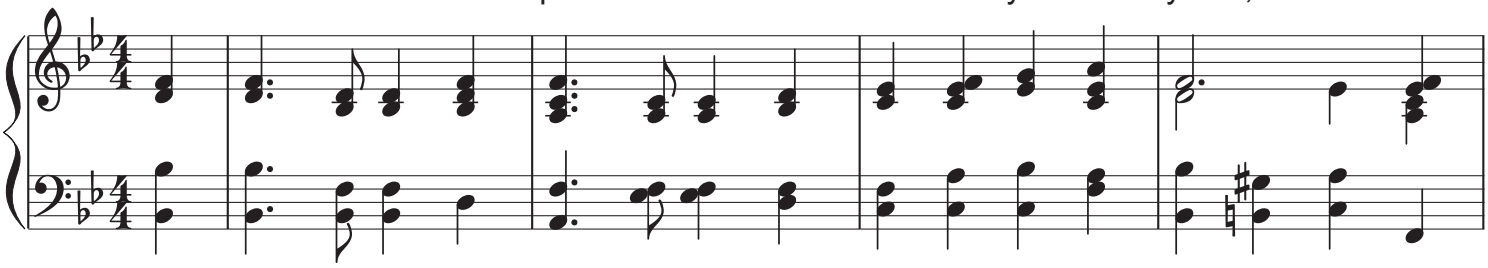
preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[76] America, the beautiful

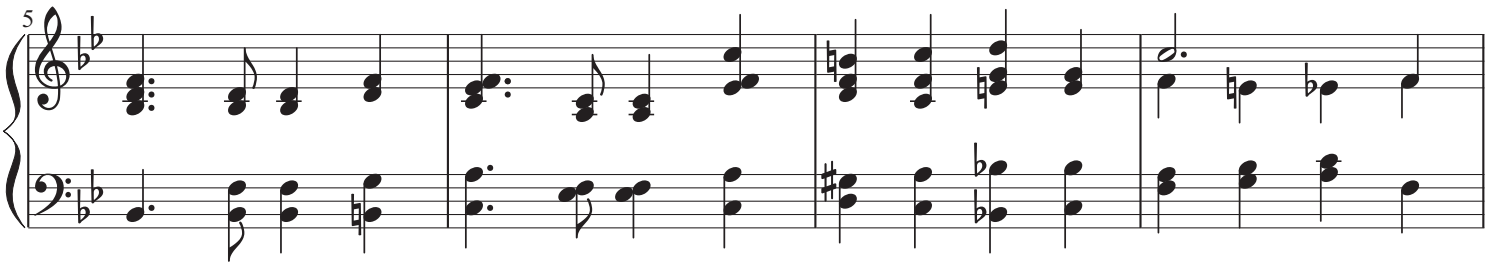
Katherine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward
ed. J. W. Pratt

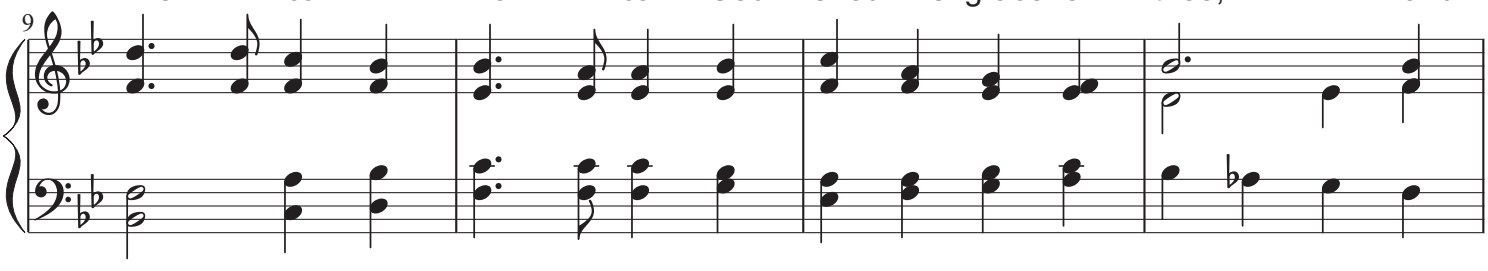
1 O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, for amber waves of grain, for
2 O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream that sees be - yond the years, thine



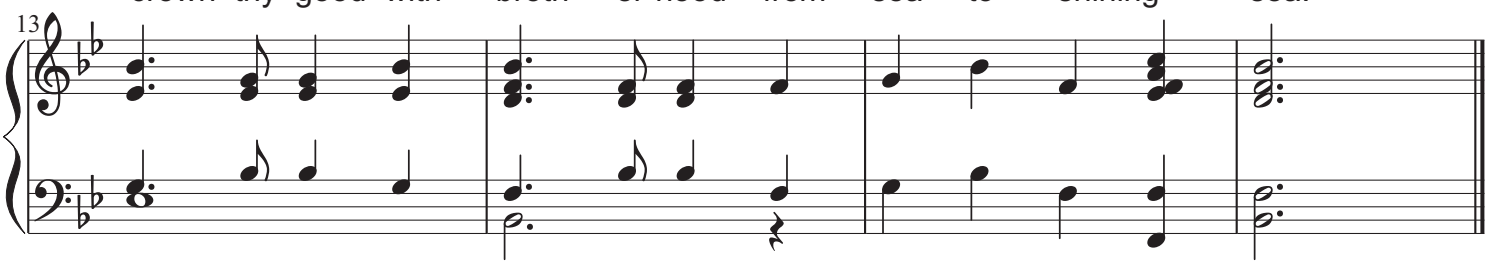
pur - ple mountain ma - jes-ties a - bove the fruited plain! A-
a - la - bas - ter ci - ties gleam, un - dimmed by human tears! A-



me - ri - ca! A - me - ri - ca! God shed His grace on thee, and



crown thy good with broth - er-hood from sea to shining sea!



Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC

preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[77] The Blue Bells of Scotland

traditional, arr. jwp

3 Oh what, tell me what, does your highland laddie wear? Oh what, tell me
1 Oh where, tell me where is your highland laddie gone? Oh where, tell me

what, does your highland laddie wear? A bonnet with a proud plume and a-
where is your highland laddie gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where

6

cross his chest a plaid, It is war's gallant badge, O! how I tremble for my lad.
noble deeds are done, and it's O! in my heart I do wish him safe at home.

11

4 Oh what, tell me what if your highland lad be slain? Oh what, tell me what if your
2 Oh where, tell me where did your highland laddie dwell? Oh where, tell me where did your

17

highland lad be slain? True love will be his guide, sure, it will bring him safe a - gain, for it's
highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in bonnie Scot - land where bloom the sweet bluebells, and it's

24

O would my heart break if my highland lad were slain!
O! in my heart I do love my laddie 1. well. 2.

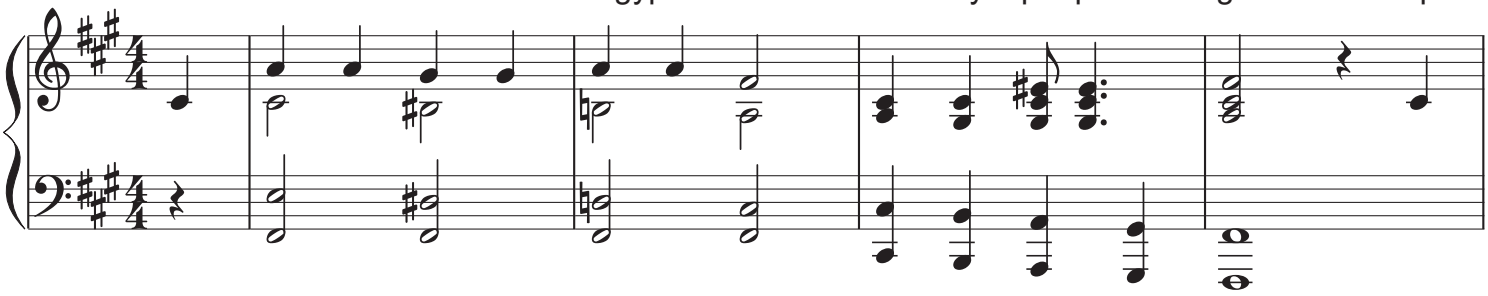
30

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014

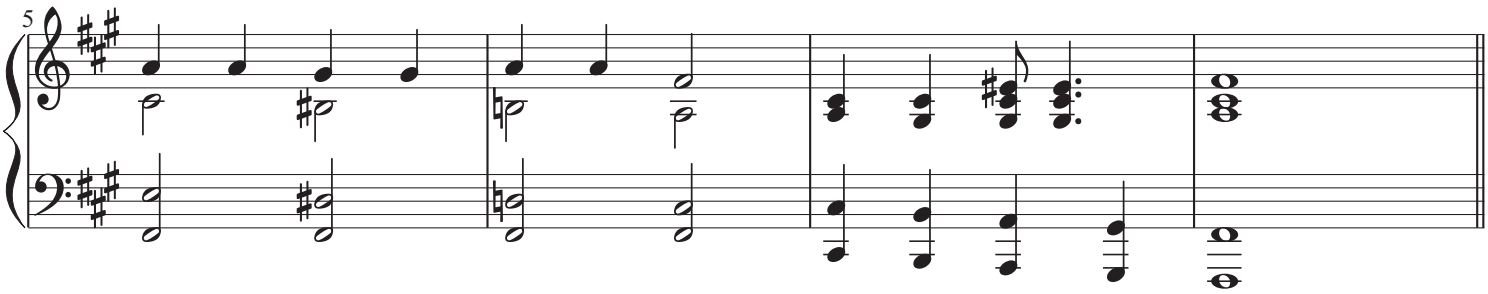
[78] Go down, Moses

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

2 Thus spoke the Lord, bold Moses said — Let my people go! If
1 When Is - rael was in Egypt's land — Let my people go! Op-

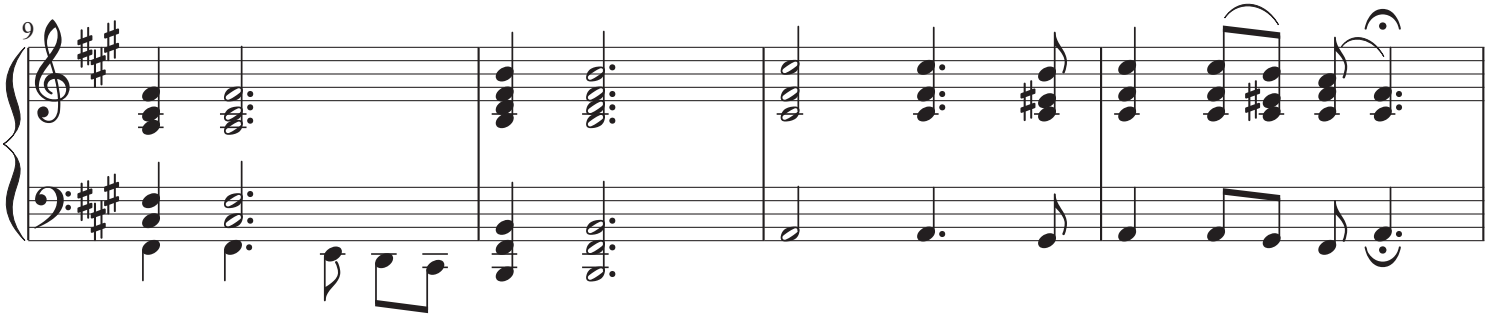


not, I'll smite your first born dead — Let my people go!
pressed so hard they could not stand — Let my people go!

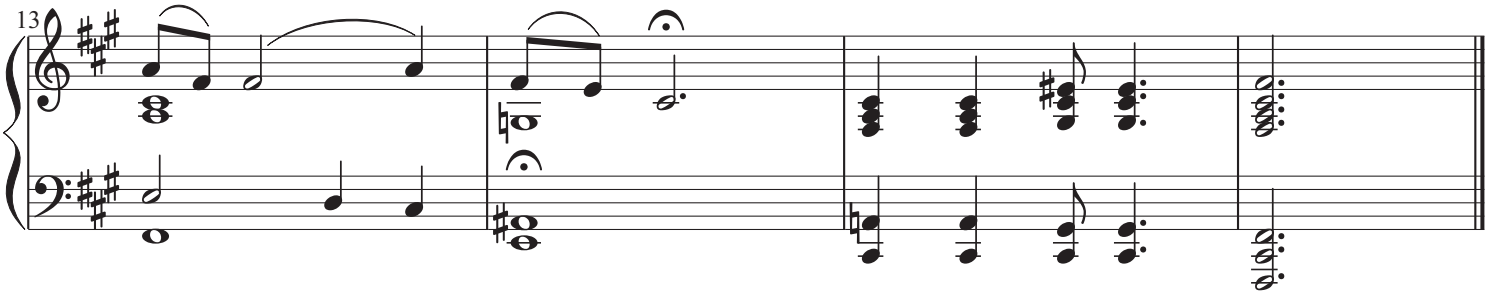


Chorus

Go down Moses, way down in E - gypt's land



Tell ole Pha - raoh, Let my people go!

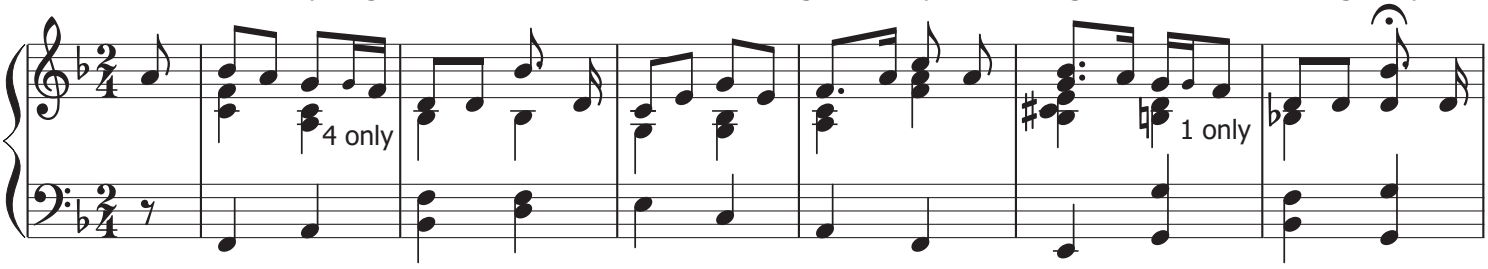


Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[82] Blue-tail fly

Attr. Dan Emmett
arr. John W. Pratt

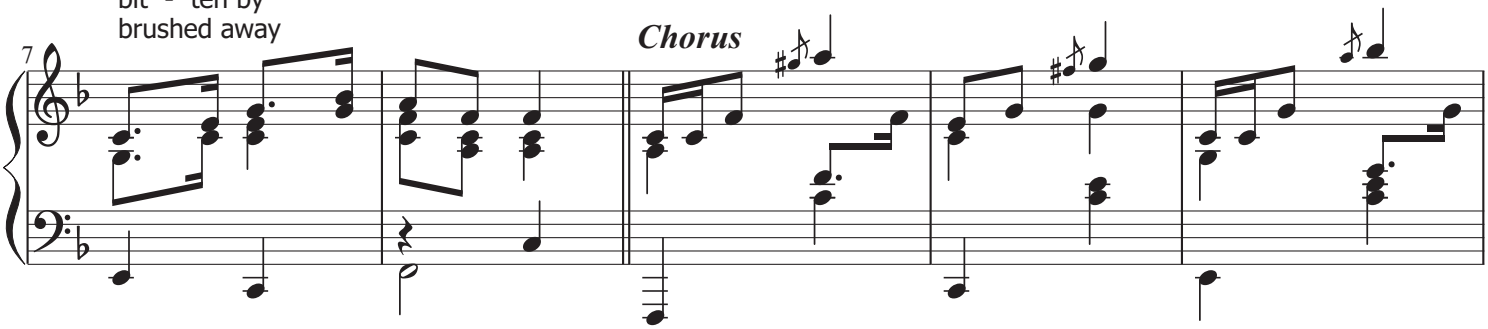
6 The skeeter bites right thru your clothes, a hornet strikes you on the nose, the bees may get you passing by, but,
5 Old master's dead and gone to rest. They say all things is for the best. I won't forget un - til I die my
4 We laid him under a 'simmon tree. His e - pi - taph is there to see: "Be - neath this stone I'm forced to lie, a
3 The pony run, he jump, he pitch, he threw my master in the ditch. My master died and who'll de - ny, the
2 He used to ride each after - noon. I'd follow with a hick'ry broom. The pony kicked his legs up high when
1 When I was young I used to wait on master, handing him his plate. I brought his bottle when he got dry and



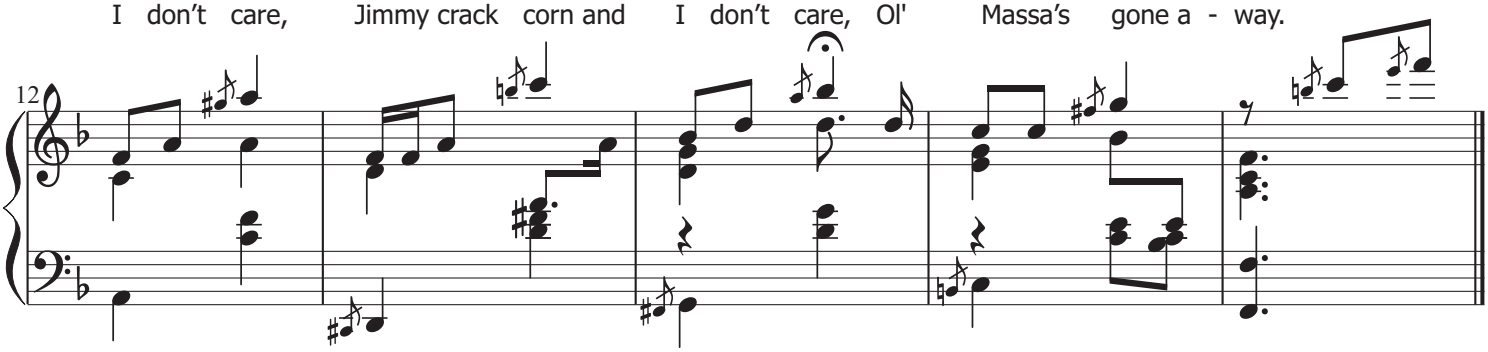
oh, much worse,
mas - ter and
vic - tim of
blame was on
bit - ten by
brushed away

the blue-tail fly. Jimmy crack corn and I don't care, Jimmy crack corn and

Chorus



I don't care, Jimmy crack corn and I don't care, Ol' Massa's gone a - way.



There has been much debate over the meaning of "Jimmy Crack Corn." "Jim crack" or "gimcrack" means shoddily built. Additionally, "corn" is considered an American euphemism for "corn whiskey." Other possibilities include:

- That "crack-corn" refers to the master "cracking" open his skull/head (the "corn" or kernel) in the fall, but the slaves were not allowed to rejoice openly, so it was done in code, "and I don't care, my master's gone away," meaning he died;
– "Gimcrack corn," cheap corn whiskey;
– That it refers to "cracking" open a jug of corn whiskey;
– That "crack-corn" is related to the (still-current) slang "cracker" for a rural Southern white.
– That "crack-corn" originated from the old English term "crack," meaning gossip, and that "cracking corn" was a traditional Shenandoah expression for "sitting around chitchatting."
– That the chorus refers to an overseer who, without the master, has only his bullwhip to keep the slaves in line.

Most etymologists support the first interpretation. [from Wikipedia]

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[83] The Caissons Go Rolling Along

Artillery Song

Edmund L. Gruber

mod. J. W. Pratt

3 Was it high, was it low, where the hell did that one go? As those Caissons go rolling a- long.
2 In the storm, in the night, action left or action right, see those Caissons go rolling a - long.
1 Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail, and our Caissons go rolling a - long.

8

Was it left, was it right, now we won't get home tonight, & those Caissons go rolling a - long.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount your cannoneer & those Caissons go rolling along.
In & out, hear them shout, counter march & right about, & the Caissons go rolling a - long.

16

Then it's hi! hi! hee! In the field ar - til - le - ry, shout out your numbers loud &

24

strong, for where'er you go, you will always know that the Caissons go

31

rolling a - long. And the Caissons go rolling the/a - long.

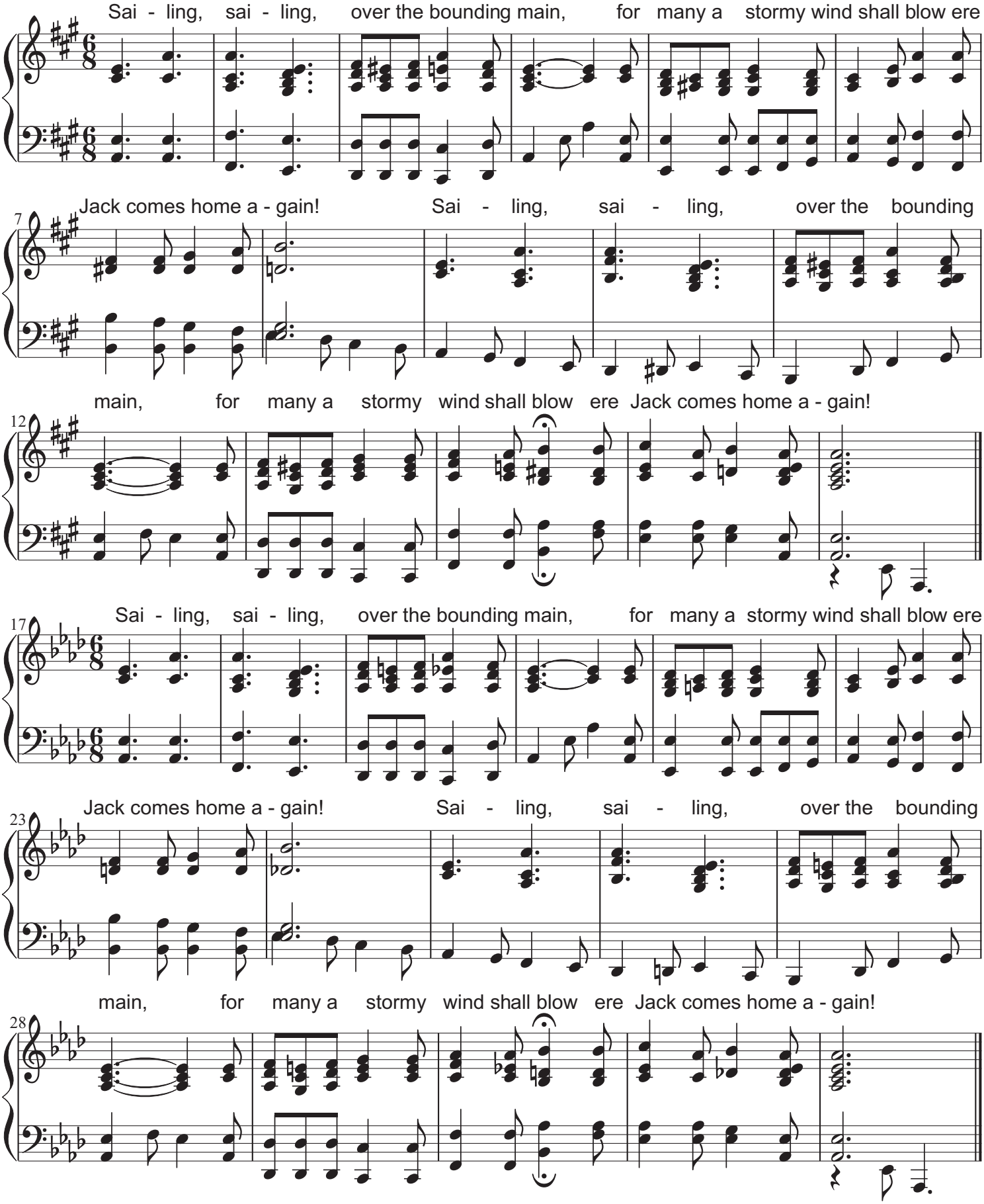
38

repeat ad lib.

Based on score@jscholarship.library.jhu.edu (Johns Hopkins) © Philip Egner and Frederick C. Mayer 1921
Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[86] Sailing, Sailing (chorus)

Godfrey Marks
arr. John W. Pratt

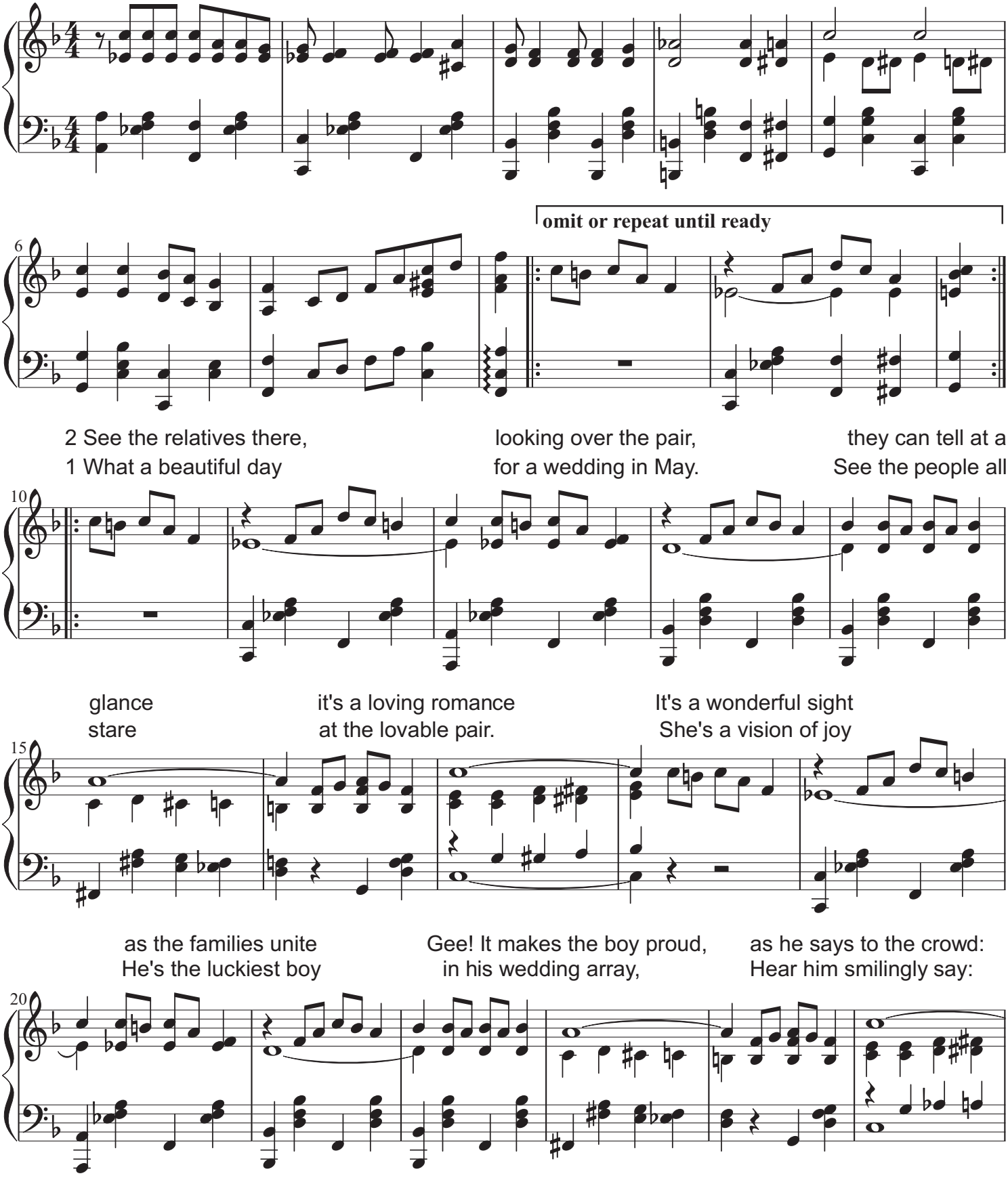


Original pub. in the Franklin Square Song Collection (1888);"Godfrey Marks" is British organist & composer James Frederick Swift [Wikipedia].
Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014

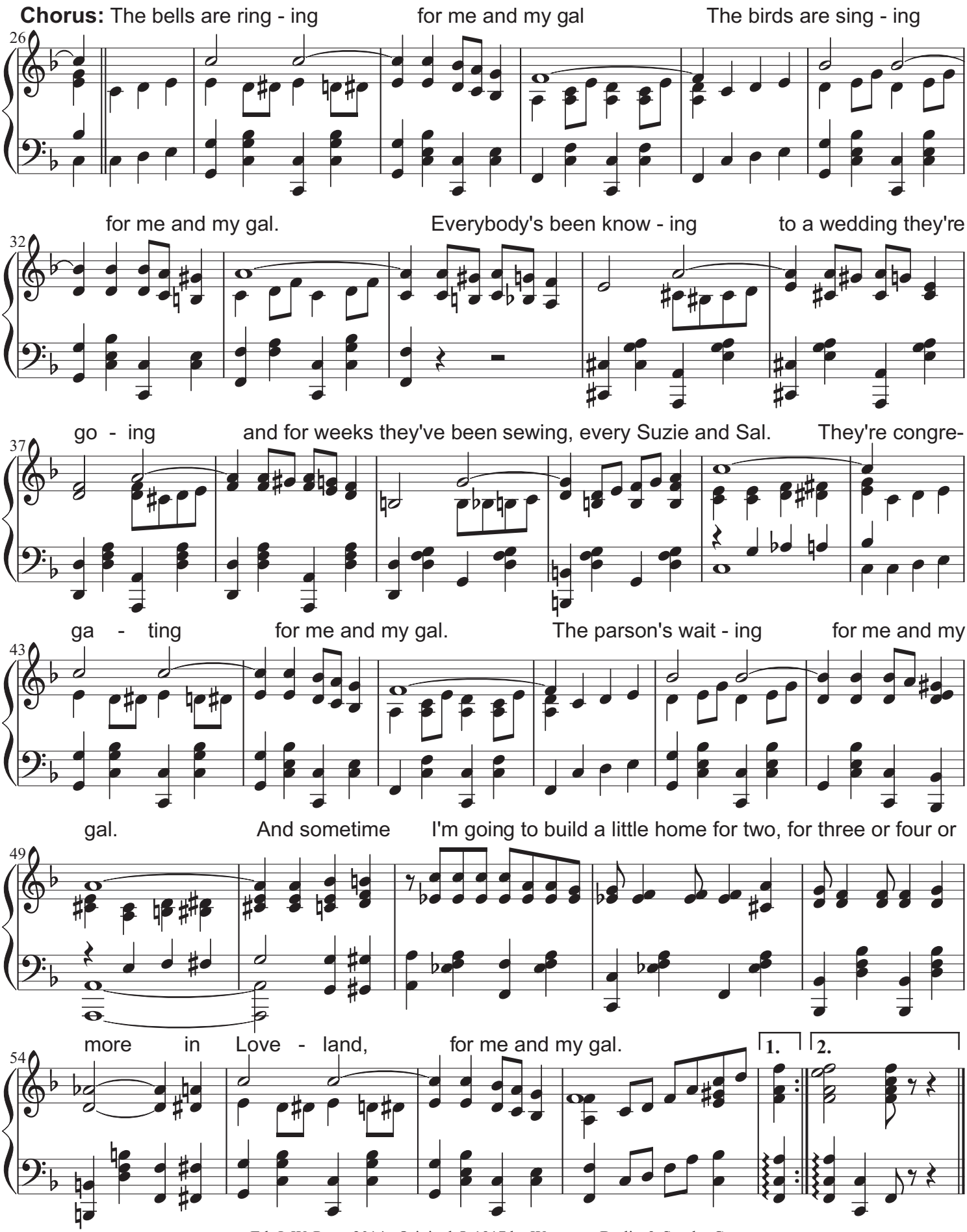
[87] For me and my gal

Edgar J Leslie & E. Ray Goetz — George W. Meyer

Moderato



Ed. J. W. Pratt, 2014. Original © 1917 by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014



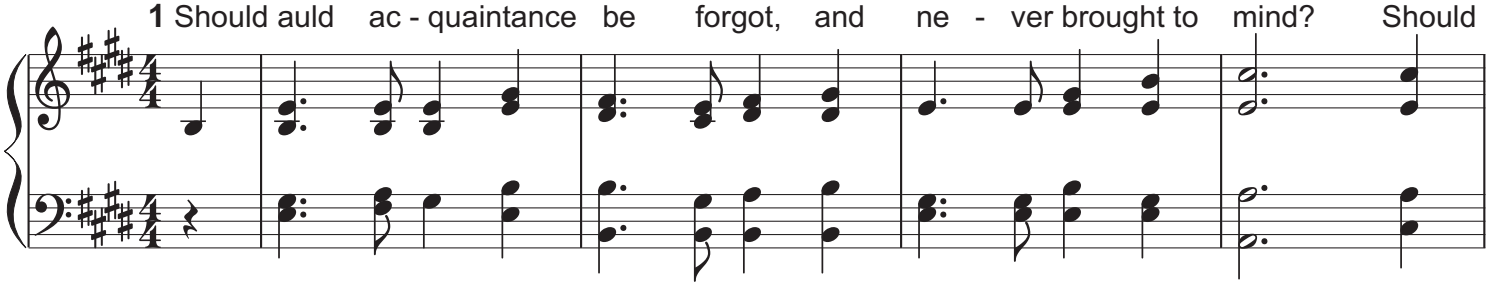
Ed. J. W. Pratt, 2014. Original © 1917 by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014

[92] Auld lang syne

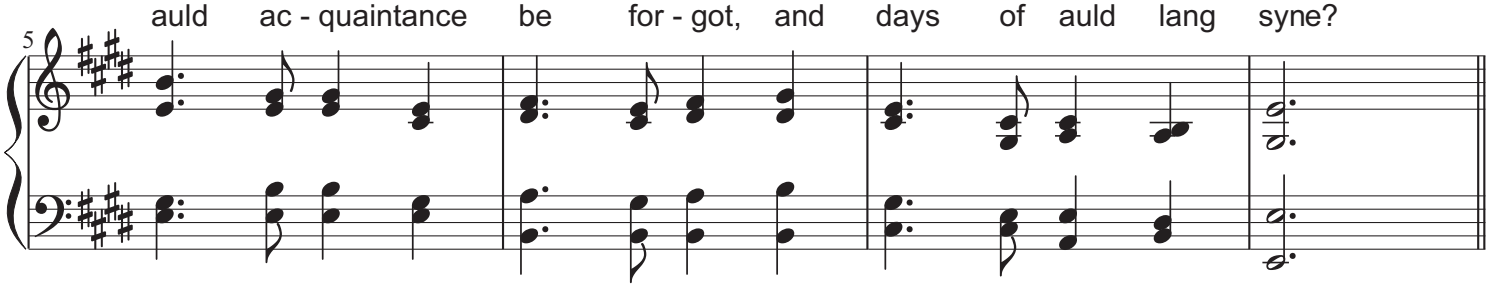
Robert Burns

The Harvard Songbook, 1922
mod. John W. Pratt

5 And here's a hand, my trus - ty friend, and gie's a hand o' thine; we'll
4 We two have paddled in the stream, from morning sun till dine, but
3 We two have run a - bout the hills and pulled the dai - sies fine; we've
2 And sure - ly you'll buy your pint-jug! And sure - ly I'll buy mine! We'll
1 Should auld ac - quaintance be forgot, and ne - ver brought to mind? Should

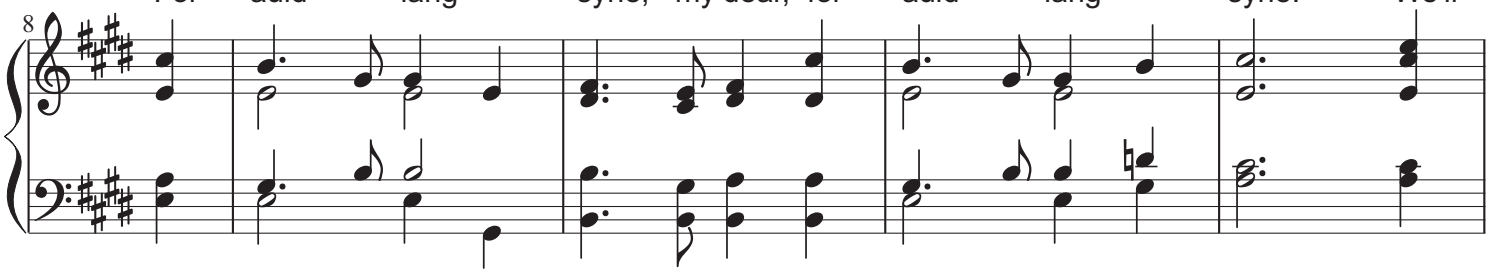


take a right good wil - lie-waught, for auld lang syne.
seas be - tween us broad have roared since auld lang syne.
wan - dered man - y a wea - ry foot, since auld lang syne.
take a cup o' kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.
auld ac - quaintance be for - got, and days of auld lang syne?

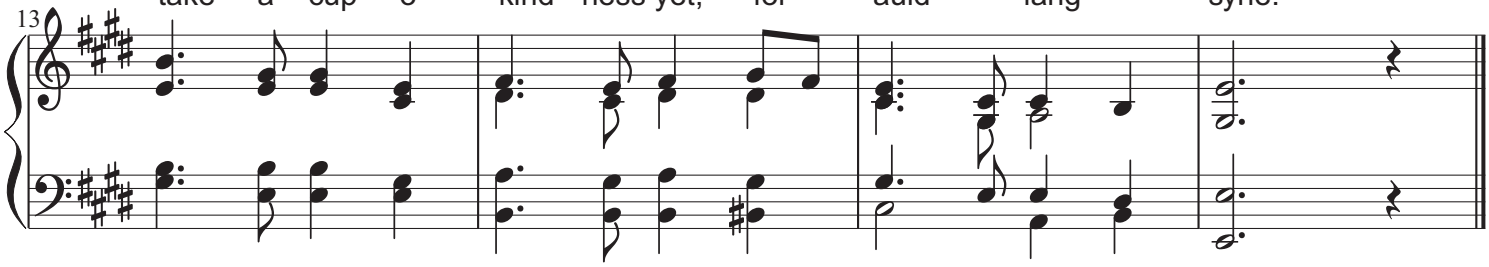


Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne. We'll



take a cup o' kind - ness yet, for auld lang syne.



Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC

preliminary edition 05/11/2014