Old Folks at Home

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

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

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry 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.
[115] Yankee Doodle

traditional
ed. J. W. Pratt

7 I can't tell you all I saw, they kept up such a smother, I
6 There was Captain Washington upon a slapping stallion, any time they
5 And every time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of powder, And
4 And there I see a swamping gun large as a log of maple, any
3 And there we saw a thousand men as rich as Squire David And
2 Fath'r and I went down to camp, along with Captain Gooding, And
1 Yankee Doodle went to town a riding on a pony, He

took my hat off, made a bow, and scampered home to mother.
giving orders to his men. I guess there were a million.
makes a noise like father's gun, only a nation louder.
pon a deuced little cart, a load for father's cattle.
what they wasted every day, I wish it could be saved.
there we saw the men and boys as thick as haste pudding.
stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni.

Chorus:
Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,

Mind the music and the step, and with the girls be handy.
[116] Putting on the style

George P. Wright

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,

But she knows he's only putting on the style.

Chorus

Putting on the agony,

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.
[117] Things are seldom what they seem

W. S. Gilbert

1b Black sheep dwell in every fold; all that glitters is not gold; storks turn out to be but logs; bulls are but inflated frogs. So they be, frequentlee.

Arthur Sullivan

1a Things are seldom what they seem, Skim milk masques as cream; highlows pass as patent leathers; jackdaws strut in peacock's feathers. Very true, so they do.

Drops the wind & stops the mill;

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

Tho' to catch your drift I'm striving, it is shady, it is shady; I don't see at what you're driving, mystic lady mystic lady.

Stern conviction's o'er me stealing, that the mystic lady's dealing in oracular revealing. Yes, I know, that is so!
[118] Let me call you Sweetheart

Beth Slater Whitson

2 Longing for you all the while, more and more;
1 I am dreaming dear of you, day by day,

Longing for the sunny smile, I adore;
Dreaming when the skies are blue, when they’re gray;

Birds are singing far and near, roses blooming everywhere,
When the silver moonlight gleams, still I wander on in dreams,

You, alone, my heart can cheer; You, just you.
In a land of love, it seems, just with you.
Chorus

Let me call you "Sweetheart," I'm in love with you.

Let me hear you whisper that you love me too.

Keep the love-light glowing in your eyes so true.

Let me call you "Sweetheart," I'm in love with you.
[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 spir-it 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.
[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

con 8vb ad lib.

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014
[122] Though dark are our sorrows
The Prince's Day

Thomas Moore

Moore's Irish Melodies
accompaniment John Stevenson
additional arr. John W. Pratt

Intro

1 Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them, & smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers: There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them, more formed to be grateful & blest than ours. But just when the chain, has ceased to pain, & hope has enwreathed it round with flowers, there comes a new link, our 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

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC  preliminary edition 05/11/2014
2 Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal! Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
& the tribute most high to a head that is royal, is love from a heart that loves liberty too. While cowards, who blight your fame, your right, would shrink from the blaze of the battle array, the Standard of Green in front would be seen—O, my life on your faith! were you summoned this minute, you'd cast every bit-ter re-emberance away, and show what the arm of old Erin has in it, when roused by the foe, on her
3 He loves the Green Isle, & his love is recorded in hearts which have suffered too much to forget; & hope shall be crowned, & attachment 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

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC  preliminary edition 05/11/2014
[123] Polly wolly doodle

Harvard Song Book
arr. John W. Pratt

2 Oh my Sal she am a maiden fair,
1 Oh I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day,

With curly eyes & laugh-
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

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

4 Oh I went to bed but it wasn't no use,
3 Oh a grasshopper sittin' on a RR track, Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day,

My feet stuck out for a
A - pickin' his teef wid a
chicken roost.
carpet tackl. Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well my fairy

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

For I'm going to Louisiana for to see my Susyanna Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.
[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 vapor, 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 vapor, on the soft summer air.

[125] Pack up your troubles

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

Tempo di Marcia  ed. J. W. Pratt

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 codger with a smile a funny smile.

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 artful little dodger with a smile a funny smile.

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

time he'd had; mighty swing, and as each enlisted like a man Private
be suppress'd. Perks yell'd out, "This little bunch is mine! Keep your
All the other fellows have to grin when he
Perks said 'Now my lad,' Hi! heads down, boys and sing, Hi! Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and

Refrain mp 2nd time f

well marked

smile, smile, smile,

While you've a lu-ci-fer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?

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

smile, smile, smile.

1. 2. D.S. last time
[126] Old Dan Tucker

traditional
arr. John W. Pratt

5 Old Dan Tucker is come to town, riding a billy goat, leading a hound,
4 Old Dan Tucker clumb a tree his Lord and master 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 ladies 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 wagon 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 over and dinner is cookin', Old Dan Tucker just standin' there lookin'.

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014
[127] Nobody knows the trouble I've seen

Refrain

No-body knows the trouble I've seen. No-body knows but Jesus.

Coda last time

No-body knows the trouble I've seen. Glory Hallelujah!

Stanza

5 I never shall forget 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. lu-jah!

Coda

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014
[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!
J. R. Shannon  

Slowly and dreamily

[129] Missouri Waltz  

J. V. Eppel  

arr. F. K. Logan (1916)

Hush-a-bye, ma' baby, slumbertime is comin’ ma' baby, go to sleep on Mommy's knee, journey back to Dixie-land in dreams a-gain with me; it seems like your soon; rest yo' head upon my breast while Mommy hums a tune; the sandman is Mommy is there once a-gain, & the old folks were strummin' that same old re-frain. callin' where shadows are fallin', while the soft breezes sigh as in days long gone by.

Way down in Mis'souri where I heard this me-lo-sou'ri where I learned this lullaby by de When the stars were blin'kin' and the moon was climbin' high, seems I hear voi-ced When I was a little child upon my Mommy's knee; the old folks were

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC  
preliminary edition 05/11/2014
low, as in days long ago, singin' hush-a-bye.
hum-min'; their banjos were strummin' so sweet and low.

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

Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, that same old plaintive strain.

Interlude

Hear that mournful melody, it just haunts you the whole day long, & you

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

Fine

D.S. al Fine
[131] Now the day is over

Sabine Baring-Gould

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

1 Now the day is over, night is drawing nigh;

5 Shadows of the evening steal across the sky.

9 Now the darkness gathers, stars begin to peep,

Birds and beasts and flowers soon will be asleep.

13 Jesus, give the weary calm and sweet repose;

With Thy tendrest blessing may mine eyelids close.