[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 habitation, the tear of regret will in trusive-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 soon, with the emblem of cot of my father, the father’s plan-ta-tion, and sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

soon, with the emblem of cot of my father, the father’s plan-ta-tion, and sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

truth over-flowing, and dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The

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

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preliminary edition 05/29/2014
[133] Greensleeves  
traditional  
arr. John W. Pratt

8 Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, a-dieu, to God I pray to prosper thee, for
4 If you intend thus to disdain, it does the more en-rapture me, and
3 I have been ready at your hand, to grant what-ever you would crave, I
2 Your vows you've broken, like my heart, Oh, why did you so en-rapture me? Now
1 A-las, my love,- you do me wrong, to cast me off dis-courteous-ly, for

I am still-thy lover true,- come once-again and love me.
even so,- I still remain-a lover in cap-tivity.
I 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-tivity.
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 lady Greensleeves?

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preliminary edition 05/29/2014
[134] Jerusalem

William Blake

C. Hubert H. Parry

from the Middlesex School Hymn Book

slightly edited

(prelude)

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mtns green? and was the Holy Lamb of God

on England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Di-

vine shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Je - ru - salem builded here among these

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dark Satanic mills? (*interlude*)

Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of desire! Bring me my spear! O clouds un

fold! Bring me my Chariot of Fire! I will not cease from mental fight; nor shall my sword sleep in my hand till we have built Jerusalem in England's green & pleasant land. (*coda*)
[138] When I was a lad

W. S. Gilbert

1 When I was a lad I served a term as office boy to an at-
2 As office boy I made such a mark that they gave me the post of a
3 In serving writs I made such a name that an arti-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 junior clerk, I served the writs with a smile so bland, and I copied all the letters in a big round hand. He soon became; 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 carefree 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 carefree, 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 exa-mi 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 acquired such a grip that they took me in to the
5 I grew so rich that I was sent by a pocket borough into
6 Now landsmen all, who—ever you may be, if you want to rise to the
partner-ship, and that junior partner-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
[140 There's a long, long trail

Stoddard King
Moderato

Zo Elliott (1915)

2 All night long I hear you calling,
calling sweet and low;

1 Nights are growing very lonely,
days are very long;

Seem to hear your footsteps falling,
ev'ry where I go.

I'm growing weary only
list'ning for your song.

Tho' the road between us stretches many a weary mile,

Old remembrances are thronging thro' my memory

I forget that you're not with me yet when I think I see you smile.

Till it seems the world is full of dreams just to call you back to me.

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There's a long, long trail a - winding into the land of my dreams, where the night - ingales are singing and a white moon beams. There's a long, long night of waiting until my dreams all come true; till the day when I'll be going down that long, long trail with you.

Chorus repeated

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I. Caesar

[144] Swanee
George Gershwin

I've been away from you a long time,
The birds are singing, it is time,
I never thought I'd miss you so,
Strumming soft and low.

Somehow I feel your love is real too.
Near you Swanee, I long to be.

2. You're calling me.
Swanee, how I love you, how I love you,

My dear old Swanee! I'd give the world to be
A mong the folks in
D - l - X - l - E - ven now my Mam-
my's waiting for me, praying for me down by the Swanee. The folks up north
will see me no more when I go to the Swanee Shore!
Swanee, Swanee, I am coming back to
Swanee! Swanee, Mammy,
I love the old folks at 1. home!
2. home!

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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,
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.'
Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup, though I could never tell why,
but still I'm called Buttercup,

Poor little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup II!
I've snuff and to-baccy, and excellent

Jacky, I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and la - ces to set off the

fa - ces of pretty young sweethearts and wives.
I've treacle and toffee, I've
tea and I've coffee, soft tommy and succulent chops;
chickens and conies, and pretty polonies, and excellent peppermint drops.
Then buy of your Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup; sailors should never be shy;
so, buy of your Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup; come, of your Buttercup buy!

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
[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 know that she remembers, when we parted long ago, I promised to come back again, because I loved her so.

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 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.
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-ever-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.
1 Some think
the world is made for fun and frolic,
and so do

And so do I!

Some think it well to
be all melancholic,
to pine and sigh;
to pine and sigh;
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
some joyous song, some joyous song. To set
the air with music bravely ringing is far from wrong!

Is far from wrong! Har-ken, har-ken, music sounds a-
far! Har-ken, har-ken, have a happy heart! Funi-cu-li, funi-cu-
là, funi-cu-li, funi-cu-là! Joy is eve-ry-where, funi-cu-li, funi-cu-là!