[155] For all the saints
William W. How

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!
[157] From Greenland's icy mountains

Reginald Heber

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-
nighted the lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, till each remotest nation has learned Messiah's name.

4 Wait, wait, ye winds, His story; and you, ye waters,

roll, till, like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole; till o'er our ransomed nature, the Lamb for sinners slain,

Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign.

skip to ad lib.
[162] O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden
Hans Leo Hassler, arr. J. S. Bach
from The Middlesex Hymn Book, Arthur M. Lamb, ed. (1952)

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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;

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

to % last time

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 began 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-шу-a at the battle of Je-ри-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-ри-cho. Oh!

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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 run.

Hoist the flag and let her fly. Yankee Doodle do or die.

Hear them calling you and me, ev'ry Son of Liberty.

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.

Tell your sweetheart not to pine, to be proud her boy's in line.
Over there, over there, send the word, send the word over there that the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, the drums rum-tumming ev'rywhere. So prepare, say a pray'r, send the word, send the word to beware. We'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't come back till it's over, over there. Over there.
[175] Shenandoah

Shanty book (1921)
adapted John W. Pratt

1 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you, away you rolling river. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you, away, I'm bound to go, 'cross the wide Missouri.

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.
1 Put on the skillet, slip on the lid, Mama's gonna make a little short'n' bread.

That ain't all she's gonna do, Mama's gonna make a little coffee too.

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

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

2 Three little children, lyin' in bed, two was sick and the other 'most dead.

Sent for the doctor and the doctor said, "Give those children some short'n' bread.
Chorus: Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin', Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

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

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

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

Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread. short'n'n' bread. except last stanza last stanza
[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 tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet, and on my breast carve a turtle dove, to signify I died of love.

2 He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark, each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark, and now my love, once true to me, takes that dark damsel on his knee.

1 There is a tavern in the town, in the town, and there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, and drinks his wine 'mid laughter free, and never, 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. Adieu, 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.