[43] My old Kentucky home

Stephen Foster

arr. J. W. Pratt

(2b) day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, with sorrow where all was delight; the
2 They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon, on meadow, the hill and the shore, they
(1b) young folks roll on the little cabin floor, all merry, all happy, and bright, by'n
1 The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 'tis summer, the people are gay;

(2b) time has come when the people have to part, then my
(2a) sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, on the bench by the old cabin door; the
(1b) by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, then my
(1a) corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, while the birds make music all the day; the

old Kentucky home, good night! Chorus: Weep no more, my lady, oh weep no more to-

day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, for the old Kentucky home far away.
[44] When you wore a tulip

Jack Mahoney

Leo Feist

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip, and I wore a big red rose,
when you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed me, what a blessing, no one knows.
You made life cheery, when you called me dearie, twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep, when you wore that tulip, and I wore a big red rose.
[45] Take me out to the ball game

Jack Norworth

Albert Von Tilzer

2 Katie Casey saw all the games, knew the players by their first names. Told the umpire he was wrong, all along, good and strong.

1 Katie Casey was baseball mad, had the fever and had it bad. Just to root for the home town crew, ev'ry sou Katie blew.

When the score was just two to two, Katie Casey knew what to do. So On a Saturday her young beau called to see if she'd like to go to
just to cheer up the boys she knew, she made the gang sing this song:
see a show, but Miss Kate said "No, I'll tell you what you can do:"

**Chorus:** Take me out to the ball game, take me out with the crowd;

buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack, I don't care if I never get back. Let me root, root,

root for the home team, if they don't win, it's a shame. For it's one, two,

3 strikes, you're out, at the old ball game.
[50] We are coming, Father Abraam

James Sloan Gibbons

Stephen Foster
adapted J. W. Pratt

1 We are coming, Father Abraam, 300,000 more, from Mississippi's winding stream & from New England's shore; we

leave our plows & workshops, our wives & children dear, with hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear; we

dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before, we are coming, Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

We are coming, coming, our union to restore, we are coming, Father Abraam, with three hundred thousand more.
[51] Marines' Hymn

W. E. Christian

Offenbach/Wallach/Tregina
mod. J. W. Pratt

2 Our flag's unfurled to every breeze from dawn to setting sun; we have fought in every clime and place where we could

1 From the halls of Monte zu ma to the shores of Tripo-

li, we fight our country's battles in the air, on

take a gun. In the snow of first to fight for right and free-

land, and sea; lands and in sunny tropic scenes, you will find us always

dom and to keep our honor clean; we are proud to claim the

on the job, the United States Marines.

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[52] The Wild West Is Where I Want To Be
words and music by Tom Lehrer

A-long the trail you'll find me lopin' where the spaces are wide open,
In the land of the old A. E. C.
Where the scenery's attractive & the air is radioactive, Oh, the wild west is where I want to be.
Mid the sagebrush and the cactus, I'll watch the fellers practice droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.
I'll have on my sombrero, & of course I'll wear a pair o' Levis over my

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lead B. V. D.'s.

I will leave the city's rush, leave the fancy and the plush, leave the snow & leave the slush and the crowds I will

seek the desert's hush, where the scenery is lush, how I long to see the mushroom clouds. 'Mid the yuccas and the thistles I'll watch the guided missiles, while the old F. B. I. watches me. Yes, I'll soon make my appearance soon as I can get my clearance 'cause the wild west is where I want to be.
Casey formed a social club that beat the town for style, and hired for a meeting place a hall.

When pay day came around each week they greased the floor with wax. And danced with noise and vigor at the ball.

Each Saturday you'd see them dressed up in Sunday clothes. Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side. When Casey led the first grand march they all would fall in
line behind the man who was their joy and pride.

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde, and the band played on.

He'd

glide cross the floor with the girl he adored, and the band played on.

But his

brain was so loaded it nearly exploded, the poor girl would shake with alarm.

He'd

ne'er leave the girl with the strawberry curls, and the band played on.

except last time

last time

on.
[60] Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Traditional

3 Sometimes I feel like a feather in the air, feel like a feather in the air, feel like a feather in the air,
2 Sometimes I feel like I'm a - lmost gone, feel like I'm a - lmost gone, feel like I'm a - lmost gone,
1 Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, feel like a motherless child, feel like a motherless child,

Negro Spiritual

arr. John W. Pratt

sometimes I feel like a feather in the air, sometimes I feel like I'm a - lmost gone, sometimes I feel like a motherless child,

feel like a feather in the air, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from home.
feel like I'm a-almost gone, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from home.
feel like a motherless child, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from home.

4 Sometimes I feel like my life's not worth while, sometimes I feel like my life's not worth while, sometimes I feel like my life's not worth while,

feel like my life's not worth while, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from ho - o - me, a long wa-a-y from home.
[63] Bicycle built for two (chorus)

Harry Dacre
2d stanza anon.

Harry Dacre
arr. John W. Pratt

2 Michael, Michael, this is my answer true.
1 Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do.

I'm not crazy all for the love of you.
If I'm half crazy all for the love of you.

you can't afford a carriage, then there will be no marriage, for
won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage, But

I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a bicycle built for two.
you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.
[64] Billy Boy

traditional

3 Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy? She can make a cherry pie, quick's a cat can wink an eye, she's a etc.

1 Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Oh, where have you been, charming Billy? I have been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life, she's a young thing & cannot leave her mother.

3 only

4 How old is she now, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? How old is she now, charming Billy? Three times six & four times seven, twenty-eight and e - leven,

2 Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Did she ask you to come in, charming Billy? Yes, she asked me to come in, there's a dimple in her chin, she's a young thing & cannot leave her mother.

first stanza traditional

stanza 2 arr. John W. Pratt

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[65] Go tell Aunt Rhody

traditional

traditional tune
arr. John W. Pratt

1 Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,
old gander's weeping because his wife is dead.

2 The one she's been saving, the one she's been saving to make a feather bed.

3 The old gander's weeping, the old gander's weeping, the

4 And the goslings are mourning, the goslings are mourning because their mother's dead.

5 She died in the millpond, she died in the millpond, she
go tell Aunt Rhody that the old gray goose is dead.

6 Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody,
died in the millpond from standing on her head.

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[66] All through the night

H. Boulton

Sleep my child and peace attend thee, all through the night,

While the weary world is sleeping, all through the night,

Guardian angels God will send thee, all through the night,

O'er thy spirit gently stealing, visions of delight revealing,

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, hill and vale in slumber sleeping,

Breathes a pure & holy feeling, all through the night.

I my loving vigil keeping, all through the night.

Welsh air
Harvard Song Book
mod. John W. Pratt

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