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

Arthur Sullivan

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here, what the bleep do we care, what the bleep do we care!

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here, but what the bleep do we care now!

Come friends, who plough the sea, truce to nav-i-ga-tion, take another station;

Let's vary pir-a-cee-ee with a lit-tle burg-lar-e!

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here, bushy tailed and bright eyed, I want them on my side.

Hail! They'll be true and trie-i-ded, to the gills though they be fried!
[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 woeful may cease from their greet-ing. O!
depth in purple hue the highland hills we view, & the moon coming out in the gloam-ing. 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

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

1, 2.        3.

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 Arthure 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 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.
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.

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.

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 gruesome food. Then

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.
2 Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea,
mermaids are chanting the wild lorelei
starlight & dewdrops are waiting for thee;

Over the stream - let vapors are borne,
waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.
lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!

Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart,
e'en as the morn on the streamlet & sea;
soft me - lo - dy;
then will all clouds of sorrow depart,
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?

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

O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised he'd buy me a basket of posies a garland of lilies, a garland of roses; a trinket to please me, & then for a kiss, O he vowed he would tease me, he 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

\textit{D.C. al segno}

\textit{et poi:}
[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 moun-tain 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!
3 Oh what, tell me where is your highland laddie gone? Oh what, tell me where does your highland laddie wear?

what, does your highland laddie wear? A bonnet with a proud plume and a- 
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 in my heart I do wish him safe at home.

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

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

O! would my heart break if my love my highland lad were slain!

1. well. 2.

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC  preliminary edition 05/11/2014
2 Thus spoke the Lord, bold Moses said — Let my people go! If not, I’ll smite your first born dead — Let my people go!

1 When Israel was in Egypt’s land — Let my people go! Pressed so hard they could not stand — Let my people go!

Chorus

Go down Moses, way down in Egypt’s land

Tell ole Pharaoh, Let my people go!
The skeeter bites right thru your clothes, a hornet strikes you on the nose, the bees may get you passing by, but,
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
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
The pony run, he jump, he pitch, he threw my master in the ditch. My master died and who'll de - ny, the
He used to ride each after - noon. I'd follow with a hick'ry broom. The pony kicked his legs up high when
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
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]
[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 along.
2 In the storm, in the night, action left or action right, see those Caissons go rolling along.
1 Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail, and our Caissons go rolling along.

Was it left, was it right, now we won't get home tonight, & those Caissons go rolling along.
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 along.

Then it's hi! hi! hee! In the field artillery, shout out your numbers loud & strong,
for where'er you go, you will always know that the Caissons go rolling along.

And the Caissons go rolling the/a-long.

Based on score@scholarship.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

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main, for many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main, for many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main, for many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main, for many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

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

Moderato

George W. Meyer

2 See the relatives there,
looking over the pair,
they can tell at a

1 What a beautiful day
for a wedding in May.
See the people all

glance
stare

it's a loving romance
at the lovable pair.
She's a vision of joy

as the families unite
Gee! It makes the boy proud,
as he says to the crowd:

He's the luckiest boy
in his wedding array,
Hear him smilingly say:

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC
preliminary edition 05/11/2014
Chorus: The bells are ring - ing
for me and my gal
The birds are sing - ing

for me and my gal.
Everybody's been know - ing
to a wedding they're
go - ing
and for weeks they've been sewing, every Suzie and Sal.
They're congre-

g a - ting
for me and my gal.
The parson's wait - ing
for me and my
gal.
And sometime
I'm going to build a little home for two, for three or four or

more in
Love - land,
for me and my gal.

Distributed under Creative Commons License BY-NC-SA courtesy of Noteworthy Sheet Music, LLC preliminary edition 05/11/2014
And here's a hand, my trusty friend, and gie's a hand o' thine; we'll
We two have paddled in the stream, from morning sun till dine, but
We two have run about the hills and pulled the daisies fine; we've
Surely you'll buy your pint-jug! And surely I'll buy mine! We'll
1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind? Should
2 Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?
3 Should we take a right good wil-lie-waught, for auld lang syne.
4 Should we take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.
5 Should we wander through the world, broad have roared since auld lang syne.

Chorus
For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne. We'll
take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.