[93] Oh! Susanna

Stephen Foster
arr. John W. Pratt

2 I jumped aboard de tel-e-graph & trabbeled down de ribber, de 'lec-tric flu - id mul-ti-plied, and
1 I come from Alabama wid my ban-jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou-si - a - na, my

killed five hundred feller; de bull-gine bust, de horse run off, I real-ly thought I'd die; I
true love for to see. It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry, the

shut my eyes to hold my breath, Sus-an - na don't you cry. Oh! Sus - an - na,

sun so hot I froze to death, Sus-an - na don't you cry. Oh! Sus - an - na,

don't you cry for me, I come from Al - a - ba - ma wid my ban-jo on my knee.

3 I had a dream de ud - der night, when eber-yet-ing was still; I thought I saw Susa - a - na, a

coming down the hill; de buckwheat-cake was in her mouth, de tear was in her eye, Says
I, I'm coming from the South, Susanna, don't you cry. Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me, I come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.

4 Oh! When I gets to New Orleans I'll look all round and round, & when I find Susanna I'll fall right on de ground; but if I do not find her, dis darkey'll surely die, and when I'm dead and buried, Susanna, don't you cry. Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me, I come from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee.
2 The old mill wheel is silent and has fallen down, the

My darling I am dreaming of the days gone by, when

old oak tree has withered and lies there on the ground; while you and I were sweethearts beneath the summer sky; your

hair has turned to silver, the gold has faded too; but

tho we’ve been together, forty years and more. Chorus

still I will remember, where I first met you. Down by the

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Lento

old mill stream where I first met you, with your

eyes of blue, dressed in ging ham too, it was

there I knew that you loved me true,

you were sixteen, my village queen, by the

old mill stream, down by the stream.
[96] Fair are the meadows

*Münster Gesangbuch* (1677)
Trans. J. A. Seiss (1873)

Silesian folksong
arr. A. M. Lamb
mod. J. W. Pratt

3 Fair - rest Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of
2 Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light, and all the
1 Fair are the mea - dows, fair - er still the wood - lands, robed in the

God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
twink - ling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,

Thee will I ho - nor, Thou, my soul’s glo - ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus shines pur - er than all the an - gels heav’n can boast.
Je - sus is pur - er, who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.

A. M. Lamb's arrangement appears in the Middlesex Hymn Book (1928), used with permission
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[97] My Bonnie lies over the ocean

Scottish folk song
arr. John W. Pratt

4 The winds have blown over the ocean, the winds have blown over the sea
3 Oh blow the winds over the ocean, and blow the winds over the sea.
2 Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,
1 My Bonnie lies over the ocean, my Bonnie lies over the sea,

winds have blown over the ocean and brought back my Bonnie to me.
blow the winds over the ocean and bring back my Bonnie to me.
night as I lay on my pillow I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
Bonnie lies over the ocean. Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.

Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my Bonnie to me.
[98] Anchors aweigh

George D. Lottman

Capt. Alfred H. Miles (ret.) and Chas. A. Zimmerman

1 Stand, Navy, out to boys, anchors aweigh.
sea, fight our battle cry;

Farewell to college we'll never change our joys, we sail at break of day-ay-ay-ay. Through our last night on course, so vicious foe steer shy-y-y-y. Roll out the T N shore, drink to the foam, until we meet once T, anchors aweigh.

Sail on to victo more. Here's wishing you a happy voyage home. ry and sink their bones to Davy Jones, hoo-ray!

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[99] The Darktown Strutters' Ball

Shelton Brooks

2 We'll meet our high-toned neighbors, an ex-hi-bi-tion of the "Ba-by Dolls", & each
1 I've got some good news, Honey, an in- vi-ta-tion to the Darktown Ball. It's a

tone will do their best, just to out-class all the rest, and there'll be
very swell af-fair, All the "high-browns" will be there, I'll wear my
dan-cers from ev'ry foreign land, the classic, buck & wing, and the wooden clog: we'll
high silk hat and a frock tail coat, You wear your Paris Gown and your new silk shawl. There

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win that fifty dollar prize, when we step out and "Walk the Dog."
ain't no doubt about it babe, we'll be the best dressed in the hall.

Chorus
I'll be down to get you in a taxi Honey, you better be ready about half past eight.

Now dearie, don't be late, I want to be there when the band starts playing. Remember when we get there, Honey, the two steps I'm goin' to have 'em all, goin' to dance out both my shoes:

When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues" tomorrow night, at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

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[100] Cockles and Mussels (Molly Malone)

James Yorkston
Arr. John W. Pratt

3 She died of a fever, and none could relieve her, & that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. But her
2 She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder, for so were her father & mother before, and they
1 In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone, As she

ghost wheels her barrow, thru streets broad & narrow, crying, "cockles & mussels a-live, a-live, oh!"
each wheeled their barrows, thru streets broad & narrow, crying, "cockles & mussels a-live, a-live, oh!"
wheeled her wheelbarrow, thru streets broad & narrow, crying, "cockles & mussels a-live, a-live, oh!"

Chorus

A-live, a-live, oh, a-live, alive, oh," crying "cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!"

A-live, a-live, oh, a-live, alive, oh," crying "cockles and mussels, a-live, a-live, oh!"

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Abends, will ich schlafen gehn, vierzehn Engel um mich stehn: Zwei zu meinen Häupten,
2 Sleeping softly, then it seems, Heaven enters in my dreams; angels hover round me,
1 When at night I go to sleep, fourteen angels watch do keep two my head are ten
ding,

two zu meinen Füßen, Zwei zu meiner Rechten, zwei zu meiner
whisp'ring they have found me; two are sweet-ly sing-ing, two are gar-
two my feet de-fend-ing, two are on my right hand, two are on my

(less) poco cresc.

Lin - ken, zweie, die mich decken, zweie, die mich wecken, zweie, die mich wei-
bringing, strewing me with roses, as my soul re-
sen, zu poses. God will not forsake me when
left hand, two me cover sleeping, two protect me wa-
ning, 2 more guide my final steps to

Himmels-Paradei sens.
dawn at last will wa-
paradise in hea-
ake me.
ven.

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Major General's song

W. S. Gilbert  

I am the very model of a modern Major-General, I've information vegetable, animal, & mineral, I know the kings of England, & I quote the fights historical, from Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical; I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical, I understand equations, both the simple & quadratical, about binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse. I'm very good at integral and differential calculus, I know the scientific names of beings animalcules; In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral, I am the very model of a modern Major-General.
8 My tragic tale, I won't prolong, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
7 And when at last the po -lice came by, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
6 One day when she had nothing to do, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
5 She weighted her brother down with stones, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
4 She set her sis - ter's hair on fire, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
3 Her mother she could ne - ver stand, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
2 One morning in a fit of pique, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.
1 A bout a maid I'll sing a song, sing riche - ty - ticke - ty - tin.

8 won't prolong, & if you do not enjoy my song, you are to blame if it's too long, you should never have let me be -
7 lice came by, her little pranks she did not deny, to do so she would have had to lie, and lying, she knew, was a
6 nothing to do, she cut her baby brother in two, and served him up as an Irish stew, and invited the neighbors
5 down with stones, & sent him off to Davy Jones. All they ever found were some bones, & occasional pieces of
4 hair on fire, and as the smoke and flame rose high'r, danced around the funeral pyre, playing a vi - i - o-
3 never stand, and so a cyanide soup she planned. The mother died with a spoon in her hand, & her face in a hideous
2 fit of pique, she drowned her father in the creek. The water tasted bad for a week, & we had to make do with
1 sing a song who did - n't have her family long. Not only did she do them wrong, she did ev'ryone of them

8 gin, be - gin you should never have let me begin.
7 sin, a sin, lying, she knew, was a sin.
6 in, -bors in, in - vi - ted the neighbors in.
5 skin, of skin, oc - casional pieces of skin.
4 lin, -o - lin, playing a vi - i - o - lin.
3 grin, a grin, her face in a hideous grin.
2 gin, with gin, we had to make do with gin.
1 in, them in, she did ev'ryone of them in.

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T. Cottrau, adapted jwp

[108] Santa Lucia  A. Longo?, arr. John W. Pratt

Andante

1 Up - on this silver bay,

lit by a golden ray, The wind doth favor me, the waves run gently.

Deft craft, oh carry me over the shining sea. Santa Lucia!

Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

4 An hour let's linger more
2 Sailing's my spirit's balm,

up - on this wondrous shore, En - joy the gentle night, soft breeze and moonlight.

the kindly sea is calm, Se - rene the evening, all is en - cha -nting.
Deft craft, oh carry me over the shining sea.  
The sky is crystal clear, sailors have naught to fear.

Santa Lucia!  Santa Lucia!  Santa Lucia!

Oh lovely Napoli

where I so love to be, My dearest love is there, sweet as the night air.

Realm of all rhapsody, kingdom of harmony, Santa Lucia!

Santa Lucia!  Santa Lucia!  Santa Lucia!
[109] The old gray mare

arr. John W. Pratt

1 Oh, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be, the
old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, many long years ago.

Many long years ago,

many long years ago, oh, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be, many long years ago.

2 Oh, the old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree, kicked on the whiffletree, kicked on the whiffletree, the
old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree, many long years ago.

Many long years ago,

many long years ago, oh, the old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree, many long years ago.
[111] Waltzing Matilda

A. B. Paterson

4 Up jumped the swagman & sprang into the billabong. "You'll never take me alive!" said he; And his
ghost may be heard when passing by that billabong: "Wh'll
3 Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred. Down came the troopers, one, two, & three. They asked,
"Whose jolly jumbuck you got in your tucker bag? You'll
2 Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong. Up jumped the swagman & grabbed him with glee, And he
sang as he shove'd that jumbuck in his tucker bag: "You'll
1 Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong Under the shade of a coolibah tree, And he
sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled: "Wh'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me; and he

sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled: "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

swag = bundle of one’s belongings; Matilda is a romantic term for swag; waltzing Matilda = traveling with a swag;
billabong = oxbow lake; billy = can to boil water in; tucker = food; jumbuck = sheep; trooper = policeman.
[113] Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways

Clifford Bax

melody Louis Bourgeois
arr. Arthur Motter Lamb
mod. John W. Pratt

1 Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is earth, and none may count her days.
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim,
"Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways."

2 Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

3 Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done.
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry:
"Earth shall be fair and all her folk be one!"