Music 11

Anthology of Songs

Amherst, Spring 2009
Prof. Móricz
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Blue bird, blue bird through my window, To find another bird.

2. Hot cross buns, Hot cross bun, One a penny two a penny Hot cross bun.

3. Doe... a deer, a female deer, Ray... a drop of golden sun, - Me... a name I call myself, Far... a long, long way to run. - Sew... a needle pulling thread, - La... a note to follow Sew, - Tea... a drink with jam and bread - That will bring us back to do oh oh oh! Doe! Do re mi fa so la ti do!

4. London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,

London bridge is falling down, My fair lady O
5.

Go tell Aunt Rhody Go tell Aunt Rhody
Go tell Aunt Rhody the old grey goose is dead.

6.

Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May angels around you their silent watch keep; good night, good night, good night, good night.

7.

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening. When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

8.

Come and sit by my side if you love me. Do not has ten to bid me adieu. But remember the Red River Valley And the cowboy who loved you so true.
Are you sleeping, Are you sleeping, Brother John,
Brother John, Morning bells are ringing, Morning bells are ringing, Ding dang dong! Ding dang dong!

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone, You can hear the whistle
Blow five hundred miles, five hundred miles, five hundred miles, five hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow five hundred miles.

Michael, row the boat a-shore, Alleluia, Michael,
Row the boat a-shore, Alleluia.

Circle to the left, Old Brass Wagon, Circle to the left, Old Brass Wagon,
Circle to the left, Old Brass Wagon, You're the one, my darling.
The Water Is Wide

Traditional

C F C G

1. The water is wide, I cannot get o'er, and neither
Am F G C Em

have I wings to fly. Give me a boat that can carry
Am F C G F C

two, and both shall row, my love and I.

2. I leaned my back against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree;
But first it bended and then it broke,
As thus did my true love to me.

Did you ever hear of sweet Betsy from Pike
Who crossed the wide prairies with

her husband Ike. With two yoke of oxen, a big yellow
dog. A tall Shanghai rooster and one potted hog?

Tinkle, tinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are,

Like a diamond in the sky, Tinkle, tinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are.
I gave my love a cherry that had no stone; I gave my love a chicken that
had no bone; I told my love a story that had no end; I gave my love a baby that's no cryin'.

Hush, little baby, don't say a word, Papa's gonna buy you a mocking-bird.
If that mocking-bird won't sing, Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

Alouette gentil Alouette Alouette Je te plumerai Je te plumerai la tête
Je te plumerai la tête El la tête et la tête Alouette Alouette Oh

Row, row, row your boat Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, Life is but a dream.
We're all to-geth-er a-gain, We're here, we're here. We're all to-geth-er a-gain, We're here, we're here.

Who knows when we'll be all to-geth-er a-gain, Sing-ing all to-geth-er a-gain? We're here, we're here!


Down the riv-er oh down the riv-er oh down the riv-er we go-o-o-o-o Down the riv-er oh down the riv-er oh down the O-hi-o

Vi-ve la vi-ve la vi-ve l'amour vi-ve la vi-ve la vi-ve l'amour vi-ve l'amour vi-ve l'amour vi-ve la com-pa-gnie.
1. Merrily we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long.
   5   Merrily we roll a-long o'er the deep blue sea.

2. Love some-body yes I do Love some-body yes I do
   5   Love some-body yes I do Love some-body but I won't say who.

3. Some folks like to sigh Some folks do some folks do Some folks like to cry but that's not me nor you.

4. "Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow."
   5   "I can't whistle, mother, because I don't know how.

5. Grand-ma Grunts said a curious thing Boys can whistle but girls must sing That is what I
   6   heard her say 'Twas no longer than yesterday
   9   Boys can whistle (whistle) Girls must sing tra la la la la
29.

Good King Wenceslas' looked out
On the feast of Stephen.
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

30.

Harry Dacre

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.
I'm half crazy all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon
the scat of a bicycle built for two.

31.

Good night ladies, good night, ladies,
Good night, ladies, We're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.
Yan-kee Doo-dle went to town a-rid-ding on a pon-ny,
Stuck a feath-er in his cap and called it mac-a-ro-ni.

Hon-ey, you can't love one, Hon-ey, you can't love one, You
can't love one and still have your fun, Oh, Hon-ey, you can't love one.

For Thy gra-cious bless-ing, For Thy won-drous word,
For Thy lov-ing kind-ness We give thanks, O Lord.

Josh-ua fit the bat-tle of Jer-ri-co Jer-ri-co Jer-ri-co Josh-ua fit the bat-tle of
Jer-ri-co And the walls came tum-blin' down.
You may talk a-bout the king of Gid-e-on You may talk a-bout the man of
Saul But there's none like good old Josh-u-a in the bat-tle of Jer-ri-co.
Fly's in the butter-milk, shoo, fly, shoo! Fly's in the butter-milk, shoo, fly, shoo!

Fly's in the butter-milk, shoo, fly, shoo! Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Ah, poor bird, Take your flight, Far above the sorrows of this dark night.

Sur le pont d'A visnon, L'on y dan-se; l'on y dan-se: Sur le pont d'A visnon, L'on y dan-se tout en rond.

Hi, come a long, Jim a long, Josie! Hi, come a long, Jim a long, Joe!

Hi, come a long, Jim a long, Josie! Hi, come a long, Jim a long, Joe!

What'll I do with the baby-O? What'll I do with the baby-O?

What'll I do with the baby-O? If he don't go to sleepy-O?
1. Rock-y moun-tain, rock-y moun-tain, rock-y moun-tain high,
   When you're on that rock-y moun-tain, hang your head and cry.

2.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light, Keep
   me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath thine own al-might-y wings.

3. Sing No-el, sing No-el, no-el, no-el. Sing no-el, sing no-el,
   no-el, no-el. Sing, sing no-el! Sing, sing no-el!

4.

On top of old Smok-y, all cov-er'd with snow, lost my true lov-er, a court-in' too slow.

5. My hat, it has three cor-ners - Three cor-ners has my hat. And
   had it not three cor-ners It would not be my hal.
Number one, number one, now my song has just begun, With a rum tum tad-dle-um, Old John Bad-dle-um, Hey, what country folk we are!

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song, It takes a worried man to sing a worried song, It takes a worried man to sing a worried song, I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

Shalom, chaverim! Shalom chaverim! Shalom, shalom! Lehiritratot, le hitratot, Shalom, shalom!

Pease porridge hot, Pease porridge cold, Pease porridge in the pot, Nine days old.

No one in the house but Dinah, Dinah, No one in the house but me I know.

No one in the house but Dinah, Dinah, Strum-min' on the old banjo.
1

51.

\[\text{Toem, bai, toem, bai, toem, bai, toem, bai, toem, bai, toem, bai. Tra la la, la la la la la,}\]

4

\[\text{La la la la la. Tra la la la, La la la la la, La la la la la, la.}\]

52.

\[\text{We shall o-ver-come, We shall o-ver-come, We shall o-ver-come some day.}\]

\[\text{Oh, deep in my heart, I do be-lieve}\]

\[\text{We shall o-ver-come some day.}\]

53.

\[\text{A-ma-zing-grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a-wretch like me: - I}\]

\[\text{once was lost but now am-found, was blind but now I see.}\]

54.

\[\text{There were three gyp-sies a-come to my door, And down-stairs ran this a-la-dy, O! The}\]

\[\text{one sang high, And an-oth er sang low, And the oth-er sang bon-ny, bon-ny Bis-cay. O!}\]
55.

[Music notation]

Ar- tza a-li-nu, ar- tza a-li-nu, ar- tza a-li-nu.

56.

[Music notation]

Sometime I feel like a motherless child. Sometimes I feel like a

motherless child. Sometimes I feel like a motherless child. A

long way from home. A long way from home.

57.

[Music notation]

I'm on my way to the freedom land; I'm on my way to the freedom land; I'm on my way to the freedom land; I'm on my way; thank God! I'm on my way.

58.

[Music notation]

Words and Music by Marvin V. Frey

Kum ba ya, my Lord, kum ba ya. Kum ba ya, my Lord, kum ba ya.

Kum ba ya, my Lord, kum ba ya. Oh, Lord, kum ba ya.
59.

Old English Folk Song

A - las my love, you do me wrong to cast me off dis - cour - teously; For I have loved you oh, so long:

De - light - ing in your com - pa - ny. Green - sleeves, was all my joy, And

oh, Green - sleeves was my de - light, Green - sleeves, my

heart of gold. And all for Lu - dy Green - sleeves.

Stephen Foster

60.

I came from Al - a - ba - ma With my ban - jo on my knee, I'm going to Loui - si - an - a, My

true love for to see. It rained all night the day I left, The weather it was dry; The sun so hot I

froze to death; Su - san - na, don't you cry Oh, Su - san - na, Oh, don't you cry for

me, I've come from Al - a - ba - ma With my ban - jo on my knee.

61.

Dash - ing through the snow In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O - ver the fields we go,

laugh - ing all the way! Bells on bob - tail ring, They're making spir - its bright, What fun it is to laugh and sing, A
Refrain

sleigh-ing song to-night!  Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh! one-horse open sleigh!

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From every mountain-side, Let freedom ring!

I danced in the morning when the world was young, I danced in the moon and the stars... and the sun.

came down from heaven and I dance on earth, At Bethlehem I had my birth. Dance, dance, where ever you may be,

I am the Lord of the Dance, sayd he. I'll lead you all, where ever you may be, And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean. My Bonnie lies over the sea. My

Bonnie lies over the ocean. Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me. Bring
18
back, bring back, bring back my Bonnie to me to me, bring

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

9
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they run, They

all run after the farmer's wife, She cut off their tail with a carving knife, Did you ever see such a sight in your life as three blind mice

8
Een-ey, een-ey, spider went up the waterspout, Down came the rain and washed the spider out, Out came the sun and dried up all the rain and the

een-ey, een-ey, spider went up the spout again.

5 E-been-eezer Sneez-zer, Top-sy turvy man, Walks up his elbows, Every time he can,

Dresses up in paper, Every time it pours, Whistles "Yankee Doodle,"

8
Every time he snores, Oh, E-been-eezer, what a man!
68.

Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth receive her King! Let every heart prepare Him a room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

69.

Solo

My wife and I live all alone in a little log but we call our own. She loves gin and I love rum; I tell you we have lots of fun. Ha, ha, ha! you and me, Little brown jug, how I love thee! Ha, ha, ha! you and me, little brown jug, how I love thee!

70.

We'll have a blue room, A new room, For two room, where every day's a holiday Because you're married to me.

71.

Some where over the rainbow way up high, There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby.
On a wagn on bound to mar_ket, There's a calf with a morn-ful eye, High a-bove him

there's a swal low wing-ing swift-ly through the sky. How the winds are blow-ing,

They

laugh with all their night. Laught and laugh the whole day through, and half the sum-mer's night.

Don-na, don-na, don-na, Don-na, do-na, don-na don.

Don-na, don-na, don-na don-na, don-na, don-na, don na don.

In a cav-ern in a can-yon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a mine, Lived a

min-er forty-niner, And his daugh-ter, Clem-en-tine. Oh my dar-ling, oh my
darling, Oh my dar-ing Clem-en-tine! You are lost and gone for ev-er, Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.

DO, RE, Mi FA, I'm quite tired of this sol fa-ing,

I've for-got all you've been say-ing DO, RE, MI, FA
When Israel was in Egypt's land: Let my people go: Oppress'd so hard they could not stand,

Let my people go. Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land. Tell ol' Pharaoh Let my people go.

I wonder as I wander, out under the sky How Jesus the Savior did come for to die; To save lowly people like you and like I. I wonder as I wander out under the sky.

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains, I met with Captain Farrel and his money he was counting, I first produced my pistol and I then produced my rapier, Saying stand and deliver for you are a bold deceiver. Mu-sha ring dur-ram do dur-ram dah Wack fol de dad-di-o

Wack fol de dad-di-o. There's whiskey in the jar.
In Scarlet town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in' Made man-y youth cry, "Well a day." Her name was Bar-b-ra Al-len.

Look up and down that long, lone-some road. Hang down your head and cry, my Lord, Hang down your head and cry.

Laugh-ing May is here Blith-est of the year; Honk, hear the blue-bird say: Mer-ry Mer-ry Mer-ry Mer-ry May.

82. Thomas Ravenscroft

He that will an Ale-house keep, must have three things in store, a Chamber and a
feather Bed, a Chimney and a hey non-y non-y,
hey non-y, non-y, hey, non-y no, hey non-y no, hey non-y non-y.

83. Thomas Ravenscroft (1592? - 1635?)

Oak-en leaves in the merr-y wood so wilde, when will you grow green-a
fayrest maid and thou be with child, lul-la-by maist thou sing-a,
lul-la lul-la-by, lul-la lul-la lul-la-by.
lul-la-by, maist yhous sing-a.

84. From 'School Round Book' (1852)

Mark where the bee, with bus-y wing, Home to her hive the
sweets does bring; She gath-ers from the flow'rs of Spring.
1. My dame hath a lame, tame crane, My dame hath a crane that is lame; Good gentle Jane, let my dame's lame, tame crane Feed and come home again.

2. Banbury ale, Where, where, where? At the blacksmith's house, I go to-day there!

3. Three bulls and a bear, a cobbler and a tinker, cobbler and a tinker, ker, a cobbler and a tinker.

4. There were three brothers in merry Scotland, in Scotland there lived three. And they did cast lots which of them should go, should go, should go, For to turn robber all on the salt sea.

5. The lot did fall upon Henry Martin, The youngest of all the three, That he should go, he should go, he should go, should go, should go, For to turn robber all on the salt sea.

6. He had not been sailing a long winter's night, And part of a long winter's day, Before he espied a lofty stout ship, stout ship, stout ship, Come along down on him straight away.
WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHIN' IN

African American Spiritual

\[ d = 108 \]

\[ C \]

1. Oh, when the saints \underline{go march-in'} in, \underline{Oh, when the}
2. Oh, when the sun \underline{refuse to} shine, \underline{Oh, when the}
3. Oh, when the stars \underline{have dis-ap-peared}, \underline{Oh, when the}
4. Oh, when the day \underline{of judge-ment} comes, \underline{Oh, when the}

\[ G7 \]

\[ C \]

\[ saints go march-in' in, \underline{Oh Lord, I want to be in that} \]
\[ sun refuse to shine, \underline{Oh Lord, I want to be in that} \]
\[ stars have dis-ap-peared, \underline{Oh Lord, I want to be in that} \]
\[ day of judge-ment comes, \underline{Oh Lord, I want to be in that} \]

\[ F \]

\[ C \]

\[ G7 \]

\[ C \]

\[ When the saints \underline{go march-in'} in, \underline{When the sun refuse to shine,} \]
\[ When the stars \underline{have dis-ap-peared,} \underline{When the day of judge-ment comes,} \]

Autoharp, strum A
Guitar, strum 2
Piano, accompaniment pattern XI
Riding in the Buggy

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \)

1. Riding in the buggy, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Mary Ann, Miss
2. I got a house in Baltimore, Baltimore,

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \)

Mary Ann, Riding in the buggy, Miss Mary Ann, She's a long ways from home.
Baltimore, I got a house in Baltimore, And it's six stories tall.

Refrain

\( \text{F} \quad \text{C} \)

Who waits for me? Who waits for me?

\( \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \)

Who waits for me, my lady, Who waits for me?

Autoharp, strum A
Piano, accompaniment, pattern XI
GO TELL AUNT RHODY

1. Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   Go tell Aunt Rhody,

(2.) one she's been sav-in',
   The one she's been sav-in',
   The one she's been sav-in',
   The one she's been sav-in',
   The one she's been sav-in',

(3.) broke all the saw teeth,
   She broke all the saw teeth,
   The she broke all the saw teeth,
   She broke all the saw teeth,
   The she broke all the saw teeth,

(4.) goslings are cry-in',
   The goslings are cry-in',
   The goslings are cry-in',
   The goslings are cry-in',
   The goslings are cry-in',

(5.) gander is weep-in',
   The gander is weep-in',
   The gander is weep-in',
   The gander is weep-in',
   The gander is weep-in',

Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   The old gray goose is dead.
2. The
   To make a feather bed.
   The
   To make a feather bed.
   The
   To make a feather bed.

Coda following verse 5

Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   poor old Aunt Rhody,
   poor old Aunt Rhody,
   poor old Aunt Rhody,
   poor old Aunt Rhody,

G7 C G7 C

Go tell Aunt Rhody,
   The old gray goose is dead.

Autoharp, strum D
Piano accompaniment pattern II
The Drunken Sailor

Chorus

Dm
Way, hay, up she rises, Way, hay,

Dm
up she rises, Way, hay, up she rises

Am Em Dm Verse
early in the morn-ing! What will we
do with the drunk-en sail-or? What will we do with the

Dm
drunk-en sail-or? What will we do with the

Am Em Dm
drunk-en sail-or ear-ly in the morn-ing?

Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him!
Chorus

Hoist him aboard with a running bowline.
Chorus

Put him in the brig until he's sober.
Chorus

Make him turn to a shining bright work.
Chorus

Traditional
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet Chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home! Swing low, sweet Chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home! 1. I look'd ov'er Jordan an' what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home! A band of angels comin' after me,—comin' for to carry me home.

2. If you get there before I do,
Comin' for to carry me home!
Jes' tell my fren's that I'm a-comin' too,
Comin' for to carry me home.

3. I'm sometime up an' sometime down,
Comin' for to carry me home!
But still my soul feels heavenly boun',
Comin' for to carry me home.

Traditional
When the Chariot Comes

O who will drive the char-iot when she comes?
O Who will drive the char-iot when she comes?

2. King Jesus, he'll be driver, when she comes, ...
3. She'll be loaded with bright angels, whenn she comes, ...
4. She will neither rock nor totter, when she comes, ...
5. She will run so level and steady, when she comes, ...
6. She will take to the portals, when she comes, ...

Traditional
Swanee River
(Old Folks at Home)  
Stephen Foster  
(1826–1864)

Way down up-on de Swan-ee rib-ber,

Far, far a-way, Dere's where my heart is

turn-in' eb-ber, Dere's where de ole folks stay. All de world am sad an' dreary,

Eb-'ry' where I roam. Oh! darkeys how my heart grows wear-y, far from de ole folks at home.

All up an' down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longin' for de ole plantation,
An' for de ole folks at home.
All de world . . .

All 'roun' de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
All de world . . .
Simply, with dignity

Last night I had the strangest dream I'd ever dreamed before,
I dreamed the world had all agreed, to put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room, And the room was full of men,
And the paper they were signing said they'd never fight again.

2. And when the paper was all signed,
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads,
And grateful prayers were prayed.

And the people in the streets below
Were dancing 'round and 'round,
While swords and guns and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground.

3. Last night I had the strangest dream,
I'd ever dreamed before,
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.
Old Mister Johnson had troubles of his own, He
had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave its home, He
tried and he tried to give the cat away, He
gave it to a man who was going far away. But the
cat came back, the very next day,
The cat came back, they thought he was a goner, But the
cat came back. It just wouldn't stay away.
John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a-mould'rin' in the grave,

John Brown's body lies a-mould'rin' in the grave.

John Brown's body lies a-mould'rin' in the grave, But his soul goes marching on.

Glo-ry, glo-ry hallelu-ja!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hallelu-ja!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hallelu-ja!

But his soul goes marching on.
Saw ye Johnnie Cummin'? Quo'she

1. Saw ye Johnnie cummin'? quo'she,

2. Saw ye Johnnie cummin',

saw ye Johnnie cummin'? quo' she;

Saw ye Johnnie cummin', Wi'

his blue bonnet on his head,

And his doggie runnin', quo' she;

And his doggie runnin'?

||: Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him; ||
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
Wi' me when I see him.
Black Is the Color

Freely

Appalachian

1. Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair. Those
   lips are like some rosy fair; The purest eyes and the
   love the grass where-on s/he goes; When s/he on earth no
   neat-est hands, I love the grass where-on s/he stands.
   more I see, My life will quickly o- ver be.

Guitar, free brush
Piano, accompaniment pattern XI

The ballad is a sung story. Every narrative focuses on a single incident of universal appeal—romantic, gruesome, fabulous, or even miraculous. Tales are about faithful lovers, abandoned sweethearts, or brave soldiers or sailors. Real people are also subjects: pirates, coal miners, or highwaymen. And disasters such as shipwrecks are popular ballad topics. Each tale has several stanzas, each stanza four (or five) phrases long. In old-style balladry, the singer performs with great precision and economy. Eccentricities are shunned in favor of an impersonal, yet intense, rendition.

"Black Is the Color" inspired the music for Mel Gibson's film Braveheart.
When Johnny comes Marching Home

Lebhaft

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hurrah! We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah, hurrah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The ladies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hurrah! To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah, hurrah! The village lads and lassies say, With roses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah, hurrah! We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah, hurrah! The laurel wreath is ready now, To place upon his loyal brow, And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

Traditional
The Sheep Stealer

I am a brisk lad, but my fortune is bad, O! and I am most wonderful poor. Now indeed I intend my sad life for to mend, And to build a house down on the moor, My brave boys, And to build a house down on the moor.

In my meadow I'll keep fat oxen and sheep, And a neat little nag on the down. In the midst of the night, when the moon do shine bright, There's a number of work to be done, My brave boys, There's a number of work to be done.
Don Gato
(Mister Cat)

English words by Margaret Marks

Dm C Dm

5. But in spite of ev'rything they tried

Dm C Dm
Poor Señor Don Gato up and died,

D7 Gm
Oh, it wasn't very merry, meow, meow, meow,

A7 Dm
Going to the cemetery, meow, meow, meow,

A7 Dm
For the ending of Don Gato!

Sing verse 6 slowly.

Dm C Dm

6. When the funeral passed the market square

C Dm
Such a smell of fish was in the air.

D7 Gm
Though his burial was slated, meow, meow, meow,

A7 Dm
He became re-animated: Meow, meow, meow.

A7 Dm
He came back to life. Don Gato!
105. John Hilton (1599-1657)

Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me. With-er shall I follow,
follow, follow, wither shall I follow, follow thee? To the green wood,
to the green wood, to the green wood, green wood tree.

106. Melchior Franck, 1629

Da pacem Domine. Da pacem Domin in diebus nostris.

107. Netherlands, 15th c.

Give to me your hand, I will tell the story
He-ro's in our land, Tales of faith and glory.

108. W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
109.
Charles Frederick Lampe (1740-1780)

If you trust before you try, You
may repent before you die.

110.
From "Kentish Harmony" (1821)

Ill fares the family that shews, A
silent cock and hen that crows,
And a wife that pulls the husband by the nose.

111.

Ut quæ ant la-xis re-so-na-re fib-ris mi-ra-ge-sto-rum
fe-mu-li tu-o-rum sol-ve po-li-ti la-bi re-a-tum
San-te Jo-a-nes
O Lord, turn not away thy face from him that lieth prostrate,

Lamenting sore his sinneful life before thy mercies gate,

Which gate thou openest wide to those that doe lament their sinne,

Shut not that gate against me Lord, but let me enter in.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Excerpt from The Magic Flute

Allegro

Das klinget so herrlich, das klinget so schön,

Da-ma-la la la la-rá-la la la la-rá-la

Nie hab' ich so et-was gehört und ge-

selb la-ra-la la la-rá-la la la-

45
Old German Quodlibet

Soprano:
\[ \text{The violin's ringing like joyful} \]

Alto:
\[ \text{The clarinet, The clarinet goes doodle, doodle, doodle} \]

Tenor:
\[ \text{The trumpet is sounding, ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta, Ta} \]

Baritone:
\[ \text{The horn, the horn, awakes you at} \]

Bass:
\[ \text{The drum playing two tones and always the} \]

Same ones, Five one, one five, boom boom boom boom boom
Sit Down, Sister

With happiness

mf Chorus

Oh, won't you sit down? Lawd, I can't sit down... Oh, won't you sit down? Lawd, I can't sit down... Can't sit down, 'Cause I just got to Heaven, Goin' to look around...

1. Who's that yonder dressed in red? Must be the children that Moses led.
2. Who's that yonder dressed in blue? Must be the children that are comin' through.

Who's that yonder dressed in white? Must be the children of the Israelite.
Who's that yonder dressed in black? Must be the hypocrites turnin' back...

D.C.
8  Just As I Am

William Bradbury
(1816–1868)

9  "Ode to Joy" Theme from Symphony No. 9

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770–1827)

10  Brocham Lom

Gaelic
11. Lullaby

Plains Apache

12. O du schöner Rosengarten

German

13. Philis, plus avare que tendre

French

14. Music in the Air

Nineteenth-century American
15 Repentance

George Coles
(1792–1858)

16 Robin Adair

Traditional
17  Gallerda

18  Die Gedanken sind frei

19  Drei Reiter um Tor
26. Carraig Aonair

27. Que ne suis-je la fougère

28. Minuet

Robert Visée (c. 1650 – c. 1725)
35  
*Tyler Street*  
Contemporary American folk tune

36  
*Theme from Sonata Duodecima, Preludio*  
Arcangelo Corelli  
(1653–1713)

37  
*Song of the Crow*  
Chinese
Melodies with Words

45  I Know Where I'm Going

Traditional

1. I know where I'm going, and I know who's going with me;
   I know who I love, but the dear knows who I'll marry.

2. Feather beds are soft, and painted rooms are bonnie; But
   I would trade them all for my handsome, winsome Johnnie.

3. I have stockings of silk, and shoes of bright green leather:
   Combs to buckle my hair, and a ring for every finger.

4. Some say he's bad, but I say he's bonnie;
   Fairest of them all is my handsome, winsome Johnnie.

46  The Water is Wide

Traditional

1. The water is wide, I cannot get over, and neither
   have I wings to fly. Give me a boat that can carry
   two, and both shall row, my love and I.

2. I leaned my back against an oak,
   Thinking it was a trusty tree;
   But first it bended and then it broke,
   As thus did my true love to me.
Barbrie Allen

1. In Scarlet-town where I was born, There was a fair maid dwelling, Made ev'ry youth cry, "Well a-day." Her name was Barbrie Allen.

2. All in the merry month of May, When green buds they were swelling, Young Jonny Grove on his deathbed lay, For love of Barbrie Allen.

3. He sent his man unto her then To the town where she was dwelling: "You must come to my master, dear, If your name be Barbrie Allen." (this stanza not recorded)

4. So slowly, slowly she came up, And slowly she came nigh him, And all she said when there she came: "Young man, I think you're dying!"

5. He turned his face unto the wall, And death was drawing nigh him: "Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all, Be kind to Barbrie Allen."

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

1. Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss but in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink divine.

2. I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much honoring thee, As giving it a hope, that there it could not wither be. But thou thereon did'st only breathe, And sent'st it back to me; Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of itself, but thine.
49 Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze' on so fondly today,

Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fairy gifts fading away,

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art, Let thy love - ill - ness fade as it will,

And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart, Would entwine itself verdant - ly still.

50 Amazing Grace

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me, I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.
57  En el portal de Belén

(At the gates of Bethlehem, there is a cradle of wind. It is to rock the child, the night of the birth.)

1.

2. Los tres Reyes del Oriente
   Guidados por una estrella,
   Fueron a adorar al Niño
   Que nació de una doncella.

3. De María, Virgen pura,
   Nació Jesús Nazareno,
   Vino por borrar la culpa,
   Que dejó padre primero.

2. The three kings of the Orient
   Guided by a star,
   Went to adore the Child
   Who was born of a maiden.

3. Of Mary, pure virgin,
   Was born Jesus of Nazareth,
   Came to erase the sins
   Which were left by the first father.

52  Dear Willie

1. A walking and a talking, A walking goal,
   For to meet my dear Willie
   I'll meet him by and by.

2. For to meet him is a pleasure, but parting is grief.
   And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

3. For a thief he will rob you and take what you have
   But a false hearted lover will lead you to the grave.

4. And the grave will consume you and turn you to dust.
   Not one boy in twenty a poor girl can trust.
53 La paloma

Spanish

Es la Paloma divina
La que nunca tuvo mancha,
Para subir a su nido su dulce vuelo levanza. María María llena de gracia.

(It is the divine dove, the one that never had a stain.
She takes sweet flight to reach her nest. Mary, Mary, full of grace.)

54 The Oak and the Ash

Traditional English

1. A north country maid up to London had stayed Although with her nature__

did not agree. She wept and she sighed and bitterly she cried.

wish once again in the north I could be. Oh, the oak and the ash and the

bonnie ivy tree, do flourish at home in my own country.

2. Oh, would I be in the North Country, Where the lads and the lasses are making the hay; I delighted to see what is dearest to me, When a mischievous light somehow took me away, Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie ivy tree, Do flourish at home in my own country.

3. At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares, We there with our lovers did play and did dance; Then mistakenly my fortune did try, And so to London my steps did advance, Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie ivy tree, Do flourish at home in my own country.
55  Henry Martin

1. There were three brothers in merry Scotland, In Scotland there lived brothers three. And they did cast lots which of them should go, should go, should go, For to turn robber all on the salt sea.

2. The lot it did fall upon Henry Martin, The youngest of all the three, That he should go, he should go, Should go, should go, should go, For to turn robber all on the salt sea.

3. He had not been sailing a long winter's night, And part of a long winter's day, Before he espied a lofty stout ship, Stout ship, stout ship, Come along down on him straight away.

56  Greensleeves

1. Alas my love, you do me wrong to cast me off discourteously, And I have loved you so long, delighting in your company.

2. I have been ready at your hand To grant whatever you desire; I have both waged life and land, your love and goodwill for to have. Greensleeves (etc.)

3. If you intend thus to disdain, It does the more enrapure me; And even so I still remain A lover in captivity. Greensleeves (etc.)

4. And yet thou wouldst not love me, Thou couldest desire no earthly thing; Still thou hadst it readily, Thy music still to play and sing. Greensleeves (etc.)
57 Dona nobis pacem

Dona nobis pacem, pacem, dona nobis pacem.

58 Oh How Lovely Is the Evening

Oh how lovely is the evening, is the evening,

When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing,

Peace on earth, peace on earth, peace on earth.
59 Hey, Ho, Nobody at Home

Traditional English round

Hey, ho, nobody at home,
Food nor drink nor money have we none,
Yet shall we be merry.

60 The Welcome Song

Traditional American canon

Welcome, welcome every guest, welcome to our music fest.
Music is our only cheer, fills both soul and ravished ear.
Sacred nine teach us the mood, sweetest notes to be explored.
Gently moves the trembling air to complete our concert fair.

61 Shalom Chaverim

Traditional Israeli round

Shalom chaverim, shalom chaverim, shalom, shalom,
Hit ra-ot, le hit ra-ot, shalom, shalom.
(Farewell good friends, farewell good friends, farewell, farewell,
'Til we meet again, 'till we meet again, farewell, farewell.)
**The Blue Note Canon**

(used by permission)

1. The blue note sounds so blue I don't know why do you?

2. Why does the blue note sound so blue? Why does it sound so blue?

3. Blue note deepest blue no one knows why it sounds blue.

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**Ringing of the Bells**

(used by permission)

1. Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring. Ring the bells on every hour,

2. Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring. Ring the bells together. Men and women all is well

3. Ring, ring, ring the bells, ring. All is well with the ringing of the bells!

4. Ring, ring, ring the bells, ring. All is well with the ringing of the bells!