

ANYTIME

BY HERBERT HAPPY LAWSON

Anytime you're feeling lonely
Anytime you're feeling blue
Well anytime you feel downhearted
That's the time I'll come back home to you

Oh anytime you're thinking 'bout me
That's the time I'll be thinking of you
So anytime you say you want me back again
That's the time I'll come back home to you

Anytime you're feeling lonely
Anytime you're feeling blue
Oh anytime you're thinking 'bout me
That's the time I'll come back home to you

Oh anytime you're thinking 'bout me
Well that's the time I'll be thinkin' of you
So anytime you say you want me back again
Well that's the time I'll come back home to you

PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME HONEY

BY JUNIE MAC CREE, HARRY VON TILZER

Oh put your arms around me Honey, hold me tight
Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might
Oh! Oh! Won't you roll those eyes?
Eyes that, I just idolize you, Honey
When they look at me my heart begins to float
Then it starts a to flutter like a motorboat
Oh! Oh! I never knew any boy like you

Put your arms around me Honey, hold me tight
Huddle up and cuddle up with all your might
Oh! Oh! Won't you roll those eyes?
Eyes that, I just idolize you, Honey
When they look at me my heart begins to float
Then it starts a to flutter like a motorboat
Oh! Oh! I never knew any boy like you

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer
And be jubilant at my feet!
His truth is marching on

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that
Transfigures you and me
As He died to make men holy
Let us live to make men free!
While God is marching on

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

DAISY

BY HARRY DACRE

Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do!
 I'm half crazy
 All for the love of you!
 It won't be a stylish marriage,
 No I can't afford a carriage.
 But you'll look sweet, upon the seat,
 Of a bicycle made for two.

Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do.
 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 seat,
 Of a bicycle made for two.

Harry, Harry, Here is your answer do
 I'll not marry
 All for the likes of you!
 If you cannot afford a carriage
 Then there won't be any marriage
 'Cause I'll not get hitched
 And I'll not get switched
 On a bicycle built for two.

YOU'RE A GRAND OLD FLAG / I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

BY GEORGE COHAN, KENNETH ELKINSON

You're a grand old flag
 You're a high-flying flag
 And forever in peace may you wave
 You're the emblem of
 The land I love
 The home of the free and the brave
 Ev'ry heart beats true
 Under red, white and blue
 Where there's never a boast or brag
 But should old acquaintance be forgot
 Keep your eye on the grand old flag

You're a grand old flag
 You're a high-flying flag
 And forever in peace may you wave
 You're the emblem of
 The land I love
 The home of the free and the brave
 Ev'ry heart beats true Under red, white
 and blue
 Where there's never a boast or brag

But should old acquaintance be forgot
 Keep your eye on the grand old flag

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
 Yankee Doodle, do or die
 A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
 Born on the fourth of July
 I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart
 She's my Yankee Doodle joy

Yankee Doodle went to London
 Just to ride the pony
 I'm a Yankee Doodle Boy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
 Yankee Doodle, do or die
 A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
 Born on the fourth of July
 I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart
 She's my Yankee Doodle joy

Yankee Doodle went to London
 Just to ride the pony
 I'm a Yankee Doodle Boy

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

TRADITIONAL

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, happy birthday
Happy birthday to you

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

BY JACK NORWORTH, NORA BAYES

Shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky
'Cause I ain't had no lovin' since January,
February, June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to sit
Outdoors and spoon
So shine on, shine on harvest moon
For me and my gal

Shine on, shine on harvest moon up in the sky
'Cause I ain't had no lovin' since January,
February, June or July
Snowtime ain't no time to sit
Outdoors and spoon
So shine on, shine on harvest moon
For me and my gal

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE (LIKE I KNOW SUSIE)

BY B.G. DESYLVA / JOSEPH MEYER

If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh! Oh! Oh! What a girl
There's none so classy
As this fair lassie

Oh! Oh! Oh my goodness, what a chassie
We went riding, she didn't balk
Back from Yonkers
I'm the one that had to walk

If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh! What a girl!
There's none so classy
As this fair lassie

Oh! Oh! Oh my goodness, what a chassie
We went riding, she didn't balk
Back from Yonkers
I'm the one that had to walk

If you knew Susie, like I know Susie
Oh! What a girl!

MA, HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME

BY CON CONRAD

Oh Ma, he's making eyes at me!
Ma, he's awful nice to me!

Ma, he's almost breaking my heart,
I'm beside him, Mercy!
Let his conscience guide him!

Ma, he wants to marry me,
And be my honey bee.
Ev'ry minute he gets bolder,
Now he's leaning on my shoulder,
Ma, he's kissing me!

Oh Ma, he's making eyes at me!
Ma, he's awful nice to me!

Ma, he's almost breaking my heart,
I'm beside him, Mercy!
Let his conscience guide him!

Ma, he wants to marry me,
And be my honey bee.
Ev'ry minute he gets bolder,
Now he's leaning on my shoulder,
Ma, he's kissing me!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

TRADITIONAL FOLK SONG

Down in the valley
The valley so low
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow love
Hear the wind blow
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow

Roses love sunshine
Violets love dew
Angels in heaven
Know I love you

If you don't love me
Love whom you please
Put your arms round me
Give my heart ease
Give my heart ease love
Give my heart ease
Put your arms round me
Give my heart ease

Write me a letter
Send it by mail
Send it in care of
The Birmingham Jail
Birmingham Jail love
Birmingham Jail
Send it in care of
The Birmingham Jail

Build me a castle
Forty feet high
So I can see her
As she rides by
As she rides by love
As she rides by
So I can see her
As she rides by

Down in the valley
The valley so low
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow

JESUS LOVES ME

BY ANNA BARTLETT WARNER

Jesus loves me!
This I know
For the Bible tells me so
Little ones to Him belong
They are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves
me! The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me!
He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide
He will wash away my sin
Let His little child come in.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves
me! The Bible tells me so.

Jesus loves me!
He will stay
Close beside me all the way
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves
me! The Bible tells me so.

I'VE GOT THE JOY DOWN IN MY HEART

BY GEORGE W. COOKE

I have the joy, joy, joy, joy,
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart,
I have the joy, joy, joy, joy,
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart to stay.

And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart.
And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart.

I've got a love of Jesus in my heart
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart,
I've got the love of Jesus in my heart
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart to stay.

And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart
And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart.

I've got the peace that passes
understanding
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart,
I've got the peace that passes
understanding
Down in my heart,
Down in my heart to stay.

And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart.
And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart

And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart.
And I'm so happy, so very happy
I've got a love of Jesus in my heart

K-K-K-KATY I WANT A GIRL

BY GEOFFREY O'HARA

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore;
When the m-m-m-moon shines,
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

I want a girl
Just like the girl that married dear old dad
She was a pearl and the only girl
That daddy ever had
A real old-fashioned girl with heart so true
Loved nobody else but you

I want a girl
Just like the girl that married dear old dad

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

BY HARRY DIXON LOES

This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

I won't let Satan blow it out
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Won't let Satan blow it out
 I'm gonna let is Shine
 I won't let Satan blow it out
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Well this little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Well hide it under a bushel – NO!
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Well hide it under a bushel – NO!
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 This little light of mine
 I'm gonna let it shine
 Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine

FOR ME AND MY GAL

BY EDGAR LESLIE, GEORGE W. MEYER,
E. RAY GOETZ

The bells are ringing for me and my gal.
The birds are singing for me and my gal.
Everybody's been knowin'
To a wedding they're goin'.
And for weeks they've been sewing
Every Susie and Sal.

They're congregatin' for me and my gal.
The parson's waitin' for me and my gal.
And sometime I'm gonna build a little home
For two, for three or four or more
In love land for me and my gal.

MOONLIGHT BAY

BY EDWARD MADDEN, PERCY WENRICH

We were sailing along
On Moonlight Bay
Can't you hear the voices ringing
They seemed to say
"You have stolen my heart"
"Now don't go 'way"
As we sang love's old sweet song
On Moonlight Bay

We were sailing along
On Moonlight Bay
Can't you hear the voices ringing
They seemed to say
"You have stolen my heart"
"Now don't go 'way"
As we sang love's old sweet song
On Moonlight Bay

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

BY SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountainside
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

OVER THERE

BY GEORGE M. COHAN

Johnnie, get your gun
Get your gun, get your gun
Take it on the run
On the run, on the run

Hear them calling, you and me
Every son of liberty
Hurry right away
No delay, go today

Make your daddy glad
To have had such a lad
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 everywhere

So prepare, say a prayer
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

Johnnie, get your gun
Get your gun, get your gun

Take it on the run
On the run, on the run

Hear them calling, you and me
Every son of liberty
Hurry right away
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And we won't come back till it's over
Over there

We'll be over, we're coming over
And we won't come back till it's over
Over there

DOXOLOGY PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

BY THOMAS KEN

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

RED RIVER VALLEY

TRADITIONAL

From this valley they say you are going
We shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
Which has brightened our pathways a while

So come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy that loved you so true

I've been thinking a long time my darling
Of the sweet words you never would say
Now at last must my fond's hope all vanish
For they say that you are going away

So come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy that loved you so true

Come sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy that loved you so true

SCHOOL DAYS

BY WILL COBB AND GUS EDWARD

School days, school days
Dear old golden rule days
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of the hickory stick

You were my queen in calico
I was your bashful barefoot beau
And you wrote on my slate, "I love you so"
When we were a couple of kids

School days, school days
Dear old golden rule days
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of the hickory stick

You were my queen in calico
I was your bashful barefoot beau
You wrote on my slate, "I love you so"
When we were a couple of kids

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

TRADITIONAL

I've got sixpence: jolly, jolly sixpence
 I've got sixpence to last me all my life.
 I've got tuppence to spend
 And tuppence to lend
 And tuppence to send home to my wife,
 poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me,
 No pretty little girls to deceive me.
 I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
 As we go rolling rolling home.
 Rolling home (dead drunk)
 By the light of the silvery moon
 I'm as happy as the day
 As we line up for our pay
 As we go rolling rolling home.

I've got sixpence: jolly, jolly sixpence
 I've got sixpence to last me all my life.
 I've got tuppence to spend
 And tuppence to lend
 And tuppence to send home to my wife,
 poor wife

No cares have I to grieve me,
 No pretty little girls to deceive me.
 I'm happy as a lark, believe me,
 As we go rolling rolling home.
 Rolling home (dead drunk)
 By the light of the silvery moon
 I'm as happy as the day as we line up
 for our pay
 As we go rolling rolling home.

SHENANDOAH

TRADITIONAL

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away, you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to see you
Away I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

BY EDWARD MADDEN / GUS EDWARD

By the light of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon,
To my honey I'll croon love's tune,
Honeymoon keep a-shinin' in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love dreams,
We'll be cuddlin' soon,
By the light of the silvery moon.

By the light of the silvery moon,
I want to spoon,
To my honey I'll croon love's tune,
Honeymoon keep a-shinin' in June,
Your silvery beams will bring love's dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon,
By the silvery moon.

Yes we'll be cuddling soon
By the silvery moon

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

O, say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars
Through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched
Were so gallantly streaming

And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.

O, say does that star-spangled banner
Yet wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave?

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

BY BETH SLATER WHITSON / LEO
FRIEDMAN

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too

Keep the love light glowing
In your eyes so blue
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too

Keep the love light glowing
In your eyes so blue
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME

BY JACK NORWORTH / ALBERT VON TILZER /
IRA NEWBORN

Take me out to the ball game
Take me out with the crowd
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks
I don't care if we ever get back

So it's root, root, root, for the home team
If they don't win, it's a shame
It's one, two, three strikes you're out
At the old ball game

Take me out to the ball game
Take me out to the crowd
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks
And I don't care if we ever get back

It's root, root, root, for the home team
If they don't win, it's a shame
It's one, two, three strikes you're out
At the old ball game

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HAND

TRADITIONAL

He's got the whole world in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the itty bitty baby in His hands
 He's got the itty bitty baby in His hands
 He's got the itty bitty baby in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got a-you and me brother in His hands
 He's got a-you and me brother in His hands
 He's got a-you and me brother in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got a-you and me sister in His hands
 He's got a-you and me sister in His hands
 He's got a-you and me sister in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands

He's got the whole world in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands
 He's got the whole world in His hands

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

BY HENRY JAMES WILLIAMS

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye Piccadilly!
Farewell Leicester Square,
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile
While you've a Lucifer to light your fag
Smile boys that's the style

What's the use of worrying?
It never was worthwhile so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile

'Cause it's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye Piccadilly!
Farewell Leicester Square
It's a long way to Tipperary
But my heart's right there!

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

BY J.A. BUTTERFIELD / PAUL HILL

I wandered today to the hills, Maggie
To watch the scene below
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie
As we did in days long ago

The green growth is gone from the hills, Maggie
Where first the daisies spring
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie
Since you and I were young

Oh they say that I'm feeble with age, Maggie
My steps are less sprightly then
My face is a well written page, Maggie
And time all along was the pen

Oh they say we have outlived our time, Maggie
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me, you're as fair as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young

Oh they say we have outlived our time, Maggie
As dated as songs that we've sung
But to me, you're as fair as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young
When you and I were young

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

BY CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
To my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The blooms from my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
To my wild Irish Rose.

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake,
She may let me take
The blooms from my wild Irish Rose.