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DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS • HATIKVAH • MEXICAN HAT DANCE • SAKURA • SIMPLE GIFTS
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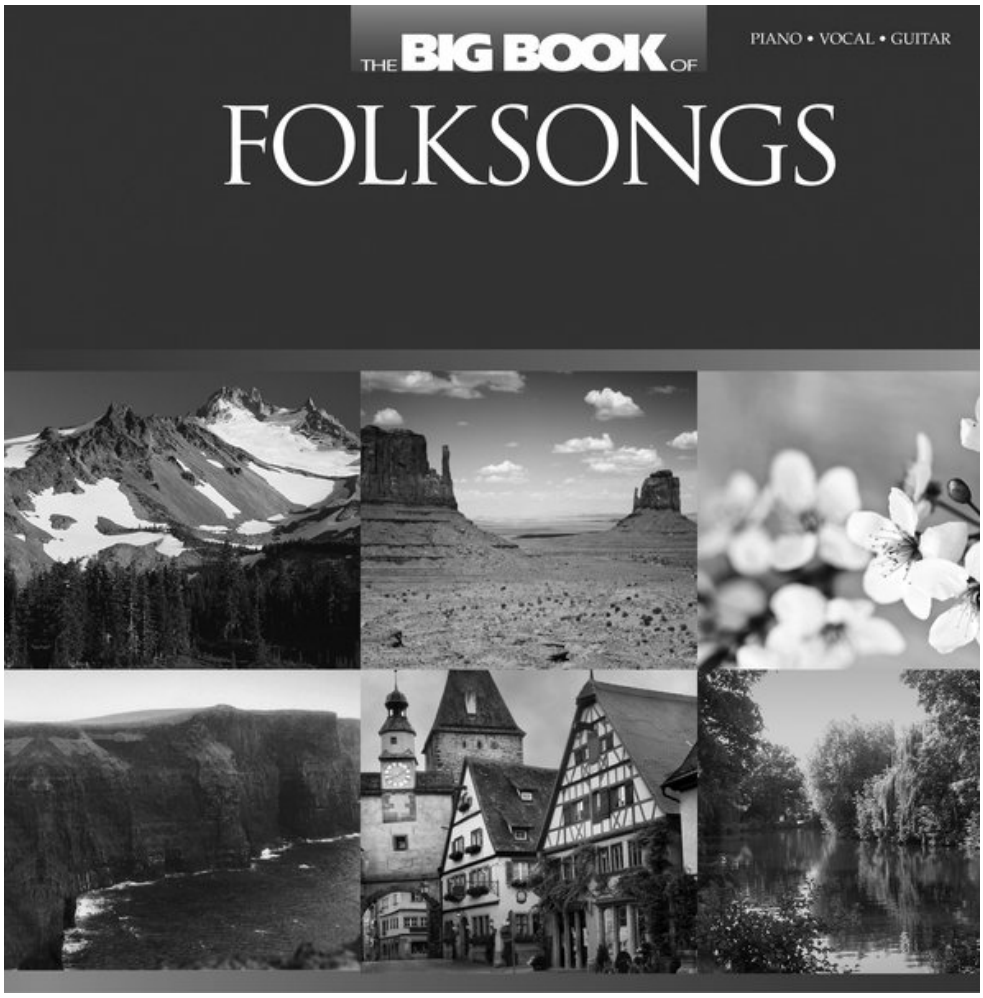

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Ye Banks And Braes O’ Bonnie Doon

Zum Gali Gali
The Wild Rover

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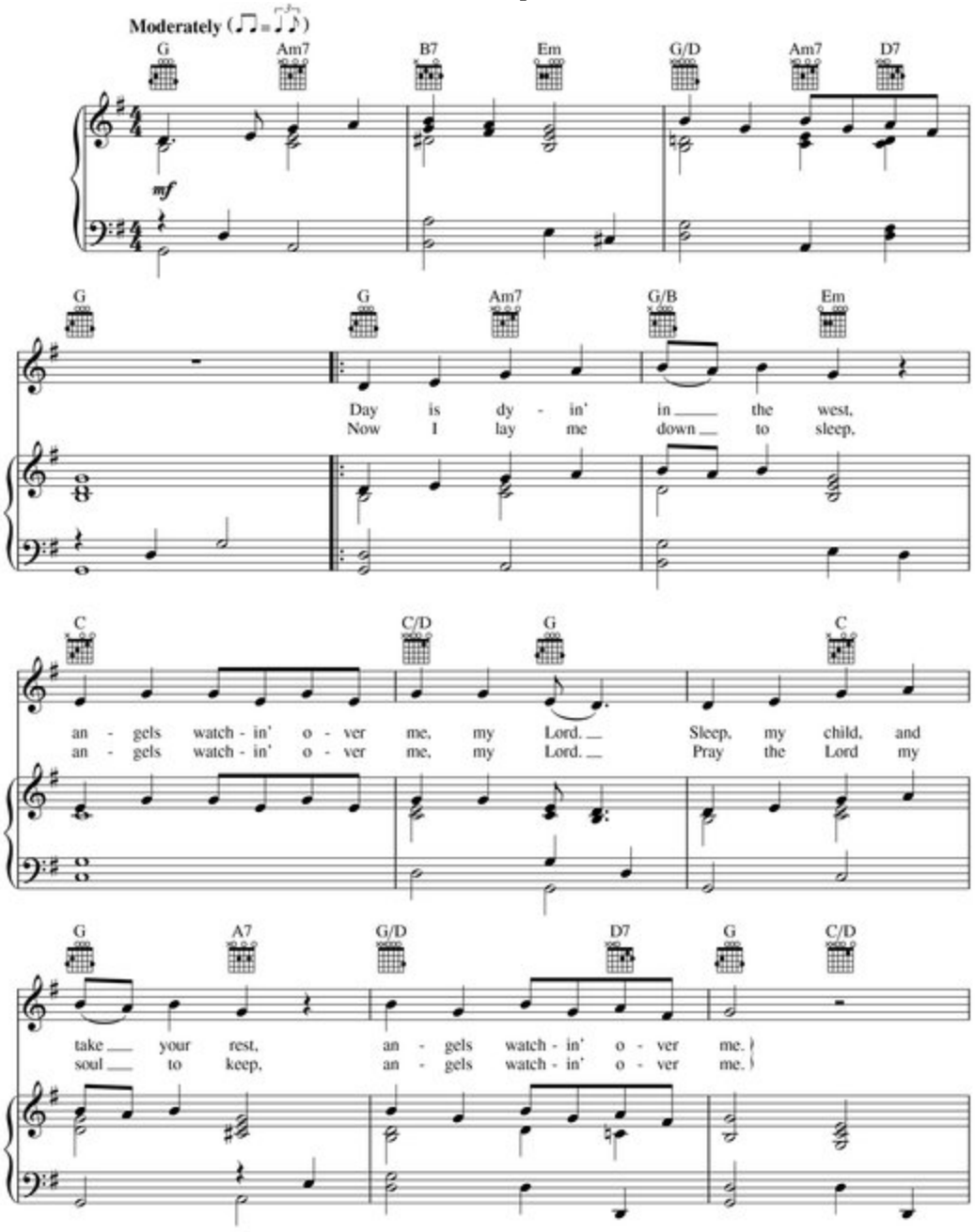
ALL NIGHT, ALL DAY

Traditional Spiritual



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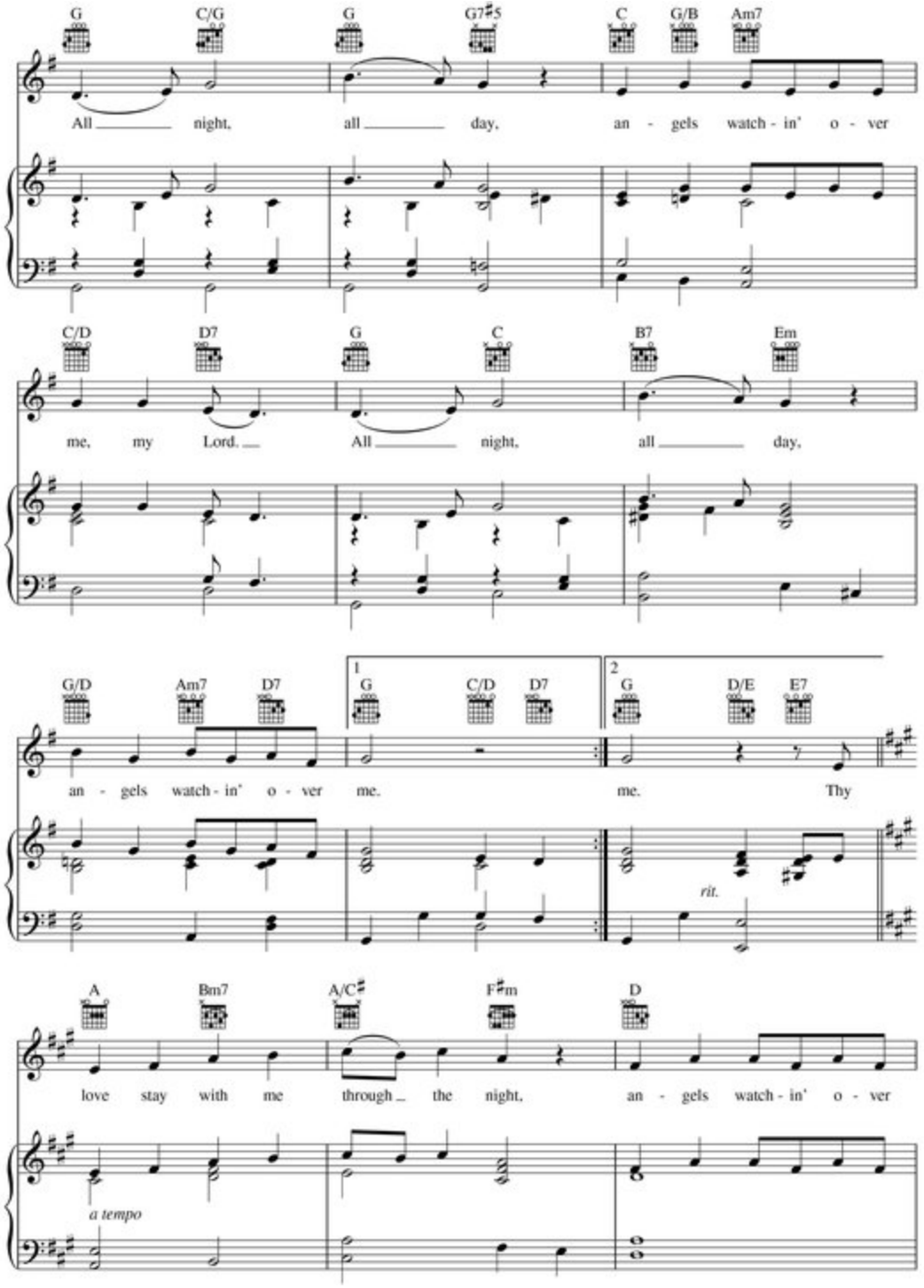
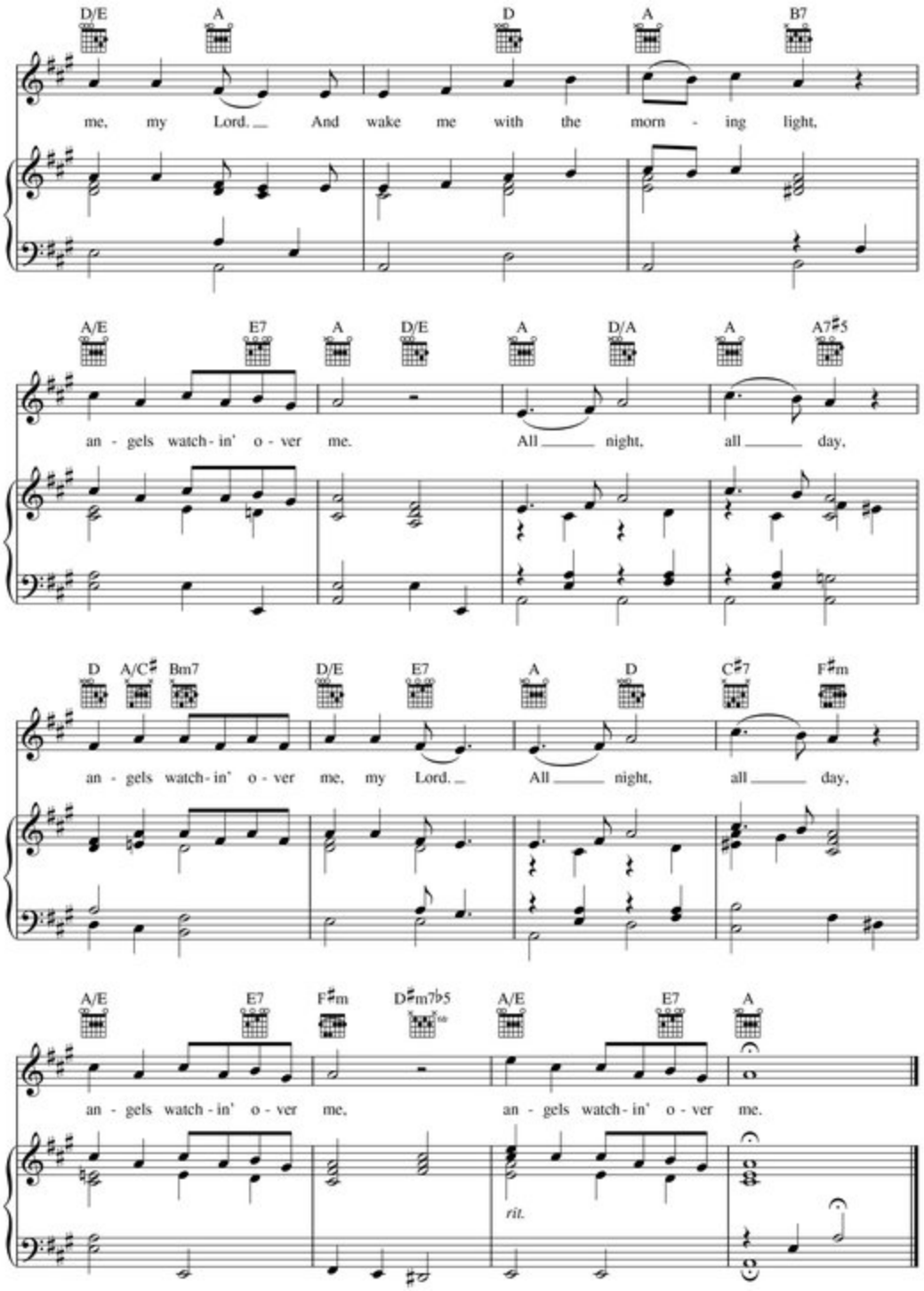

G C/G G G7♯5 C G/B Am7
All night, all day, an - gels watch - in' o - ver
C/D D7 G C B7 Em
me, my Lord. All night, all day,
G/D Am7 D7 1 G C/D D7 2 G D/E E7
an - gels watch - in' o - ver me. me. Thy
rit.
A Bm7 A/C♯ F♯m D
love stay with me through the night, an - gels watch - in' o - ver
a tempo



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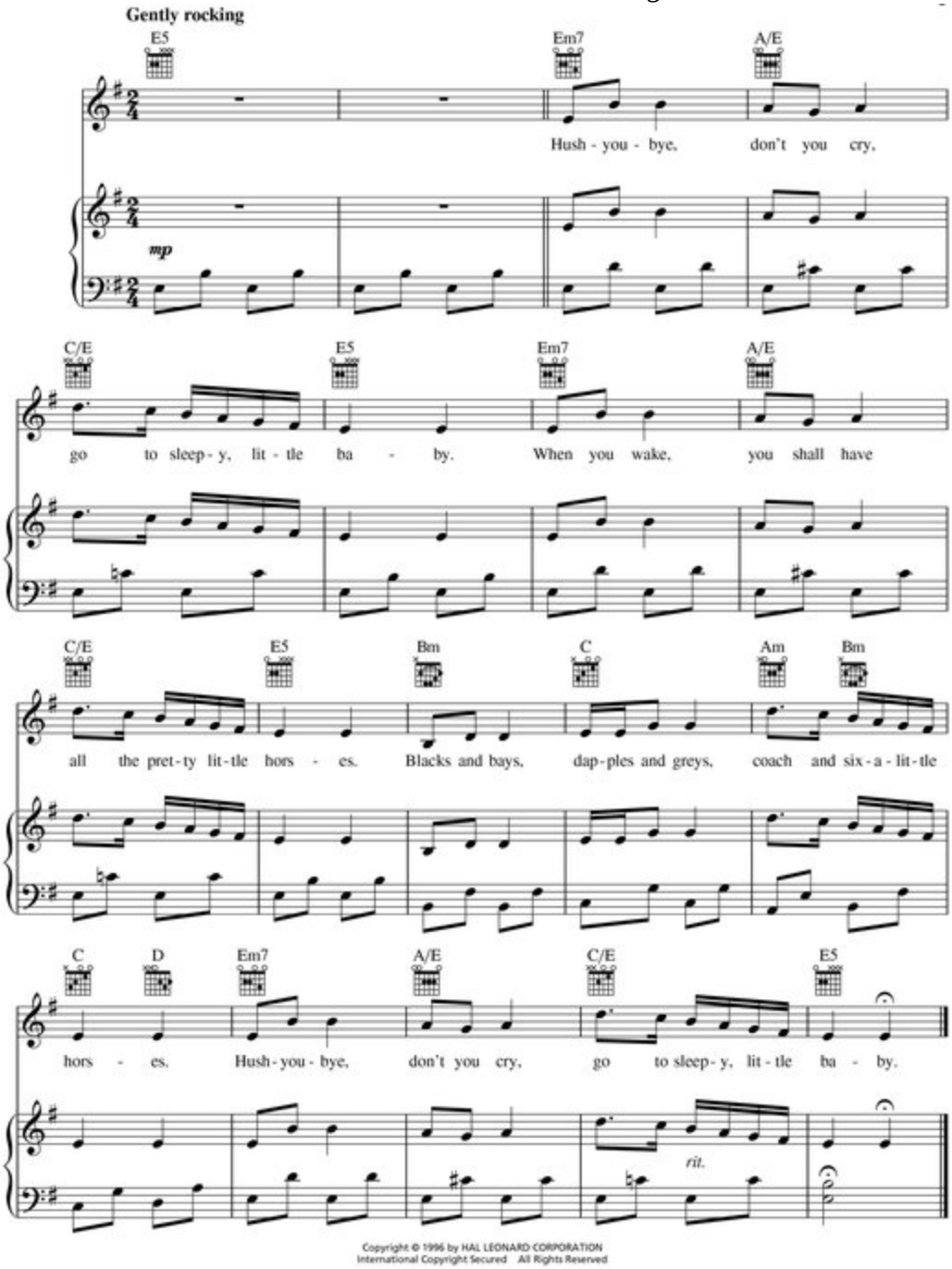
ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

Southeastern American Folksong



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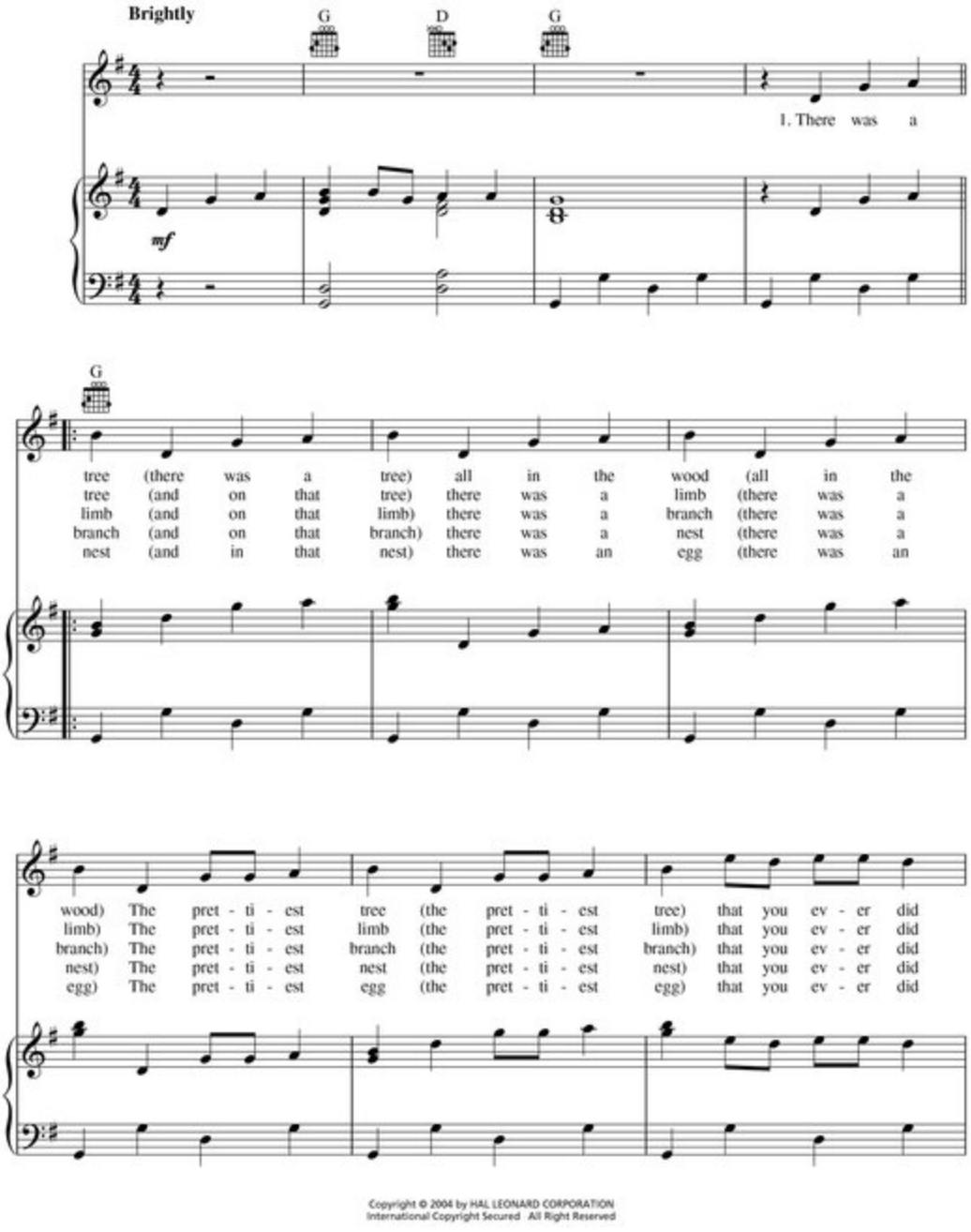
AND THE GREEN GRASS GROWS ALL AROUND

Traditional



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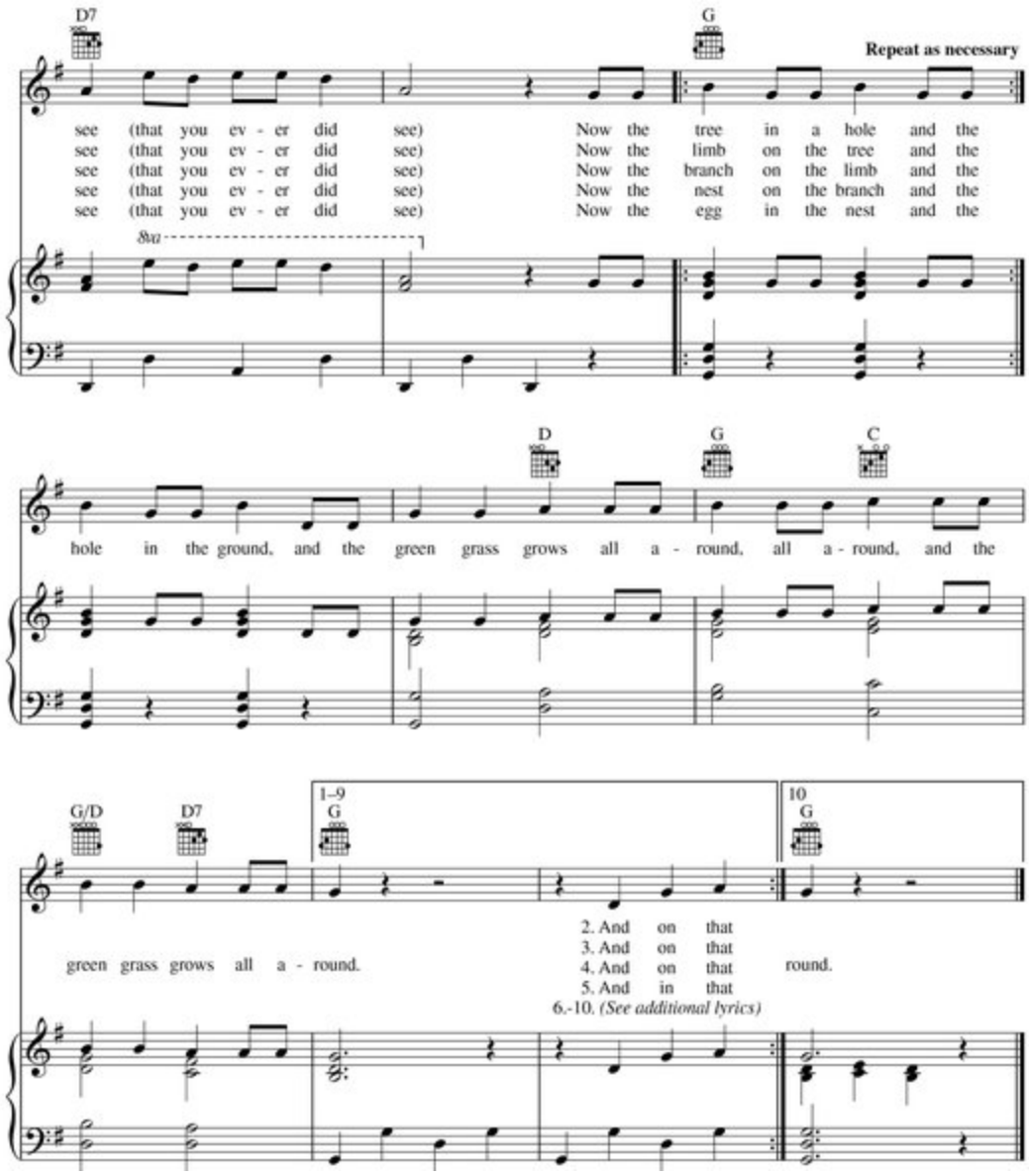

Additional Lyrics

6. And in that egg there was a bird
   The prettiest bird that you ever did see
   Now the bird in the egg...

7. And on that bird there was a wing
   The prettiest wing that you ever did see
   Now the wing on the bird...

8. And on that wing there was a feather
   The prettiest feather that you ever did see
   Now the feather on the wing...

9. And on that feather there was a bug
   The prettiest bug that you ever did see
   Now the bug on the feather...

10. And on that bug there was a germ
    The prettiest germ that you ever did see
    Now the germ on the bug...

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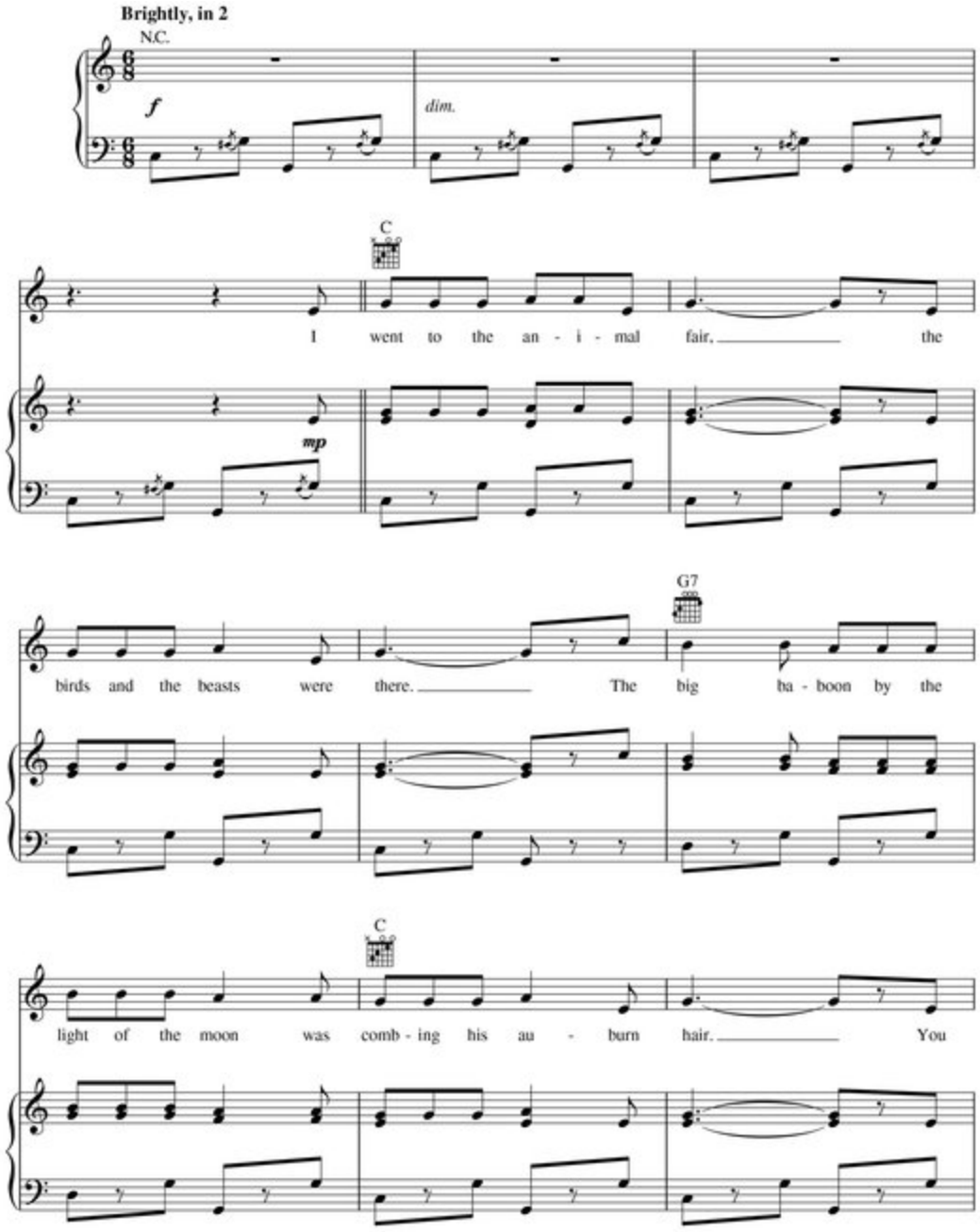
ANIMAL FAIR

American Folksong



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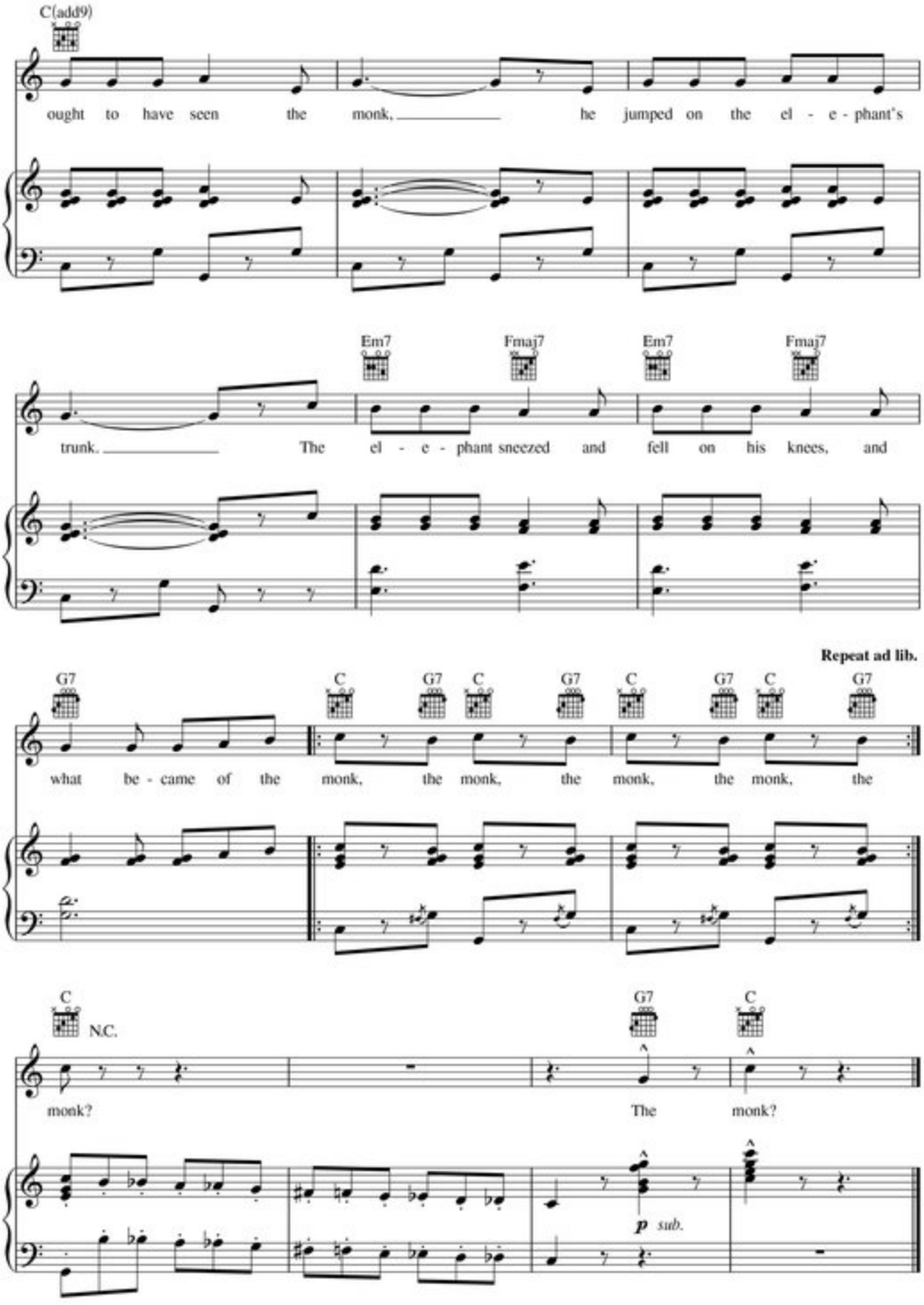

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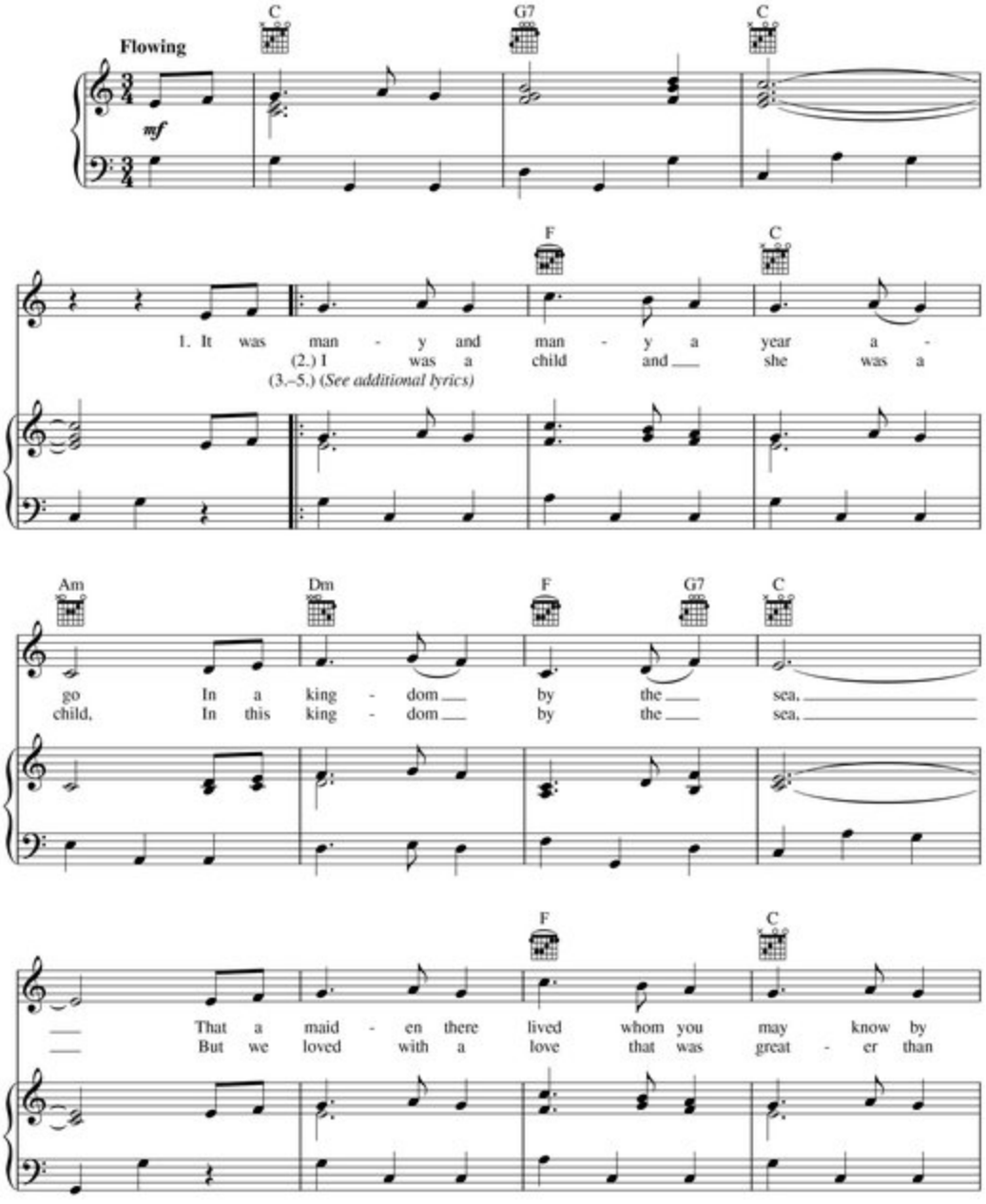
ANNABEL LEE

Music Anonymous
Words based on a poem by EDGAR ALLAN POE



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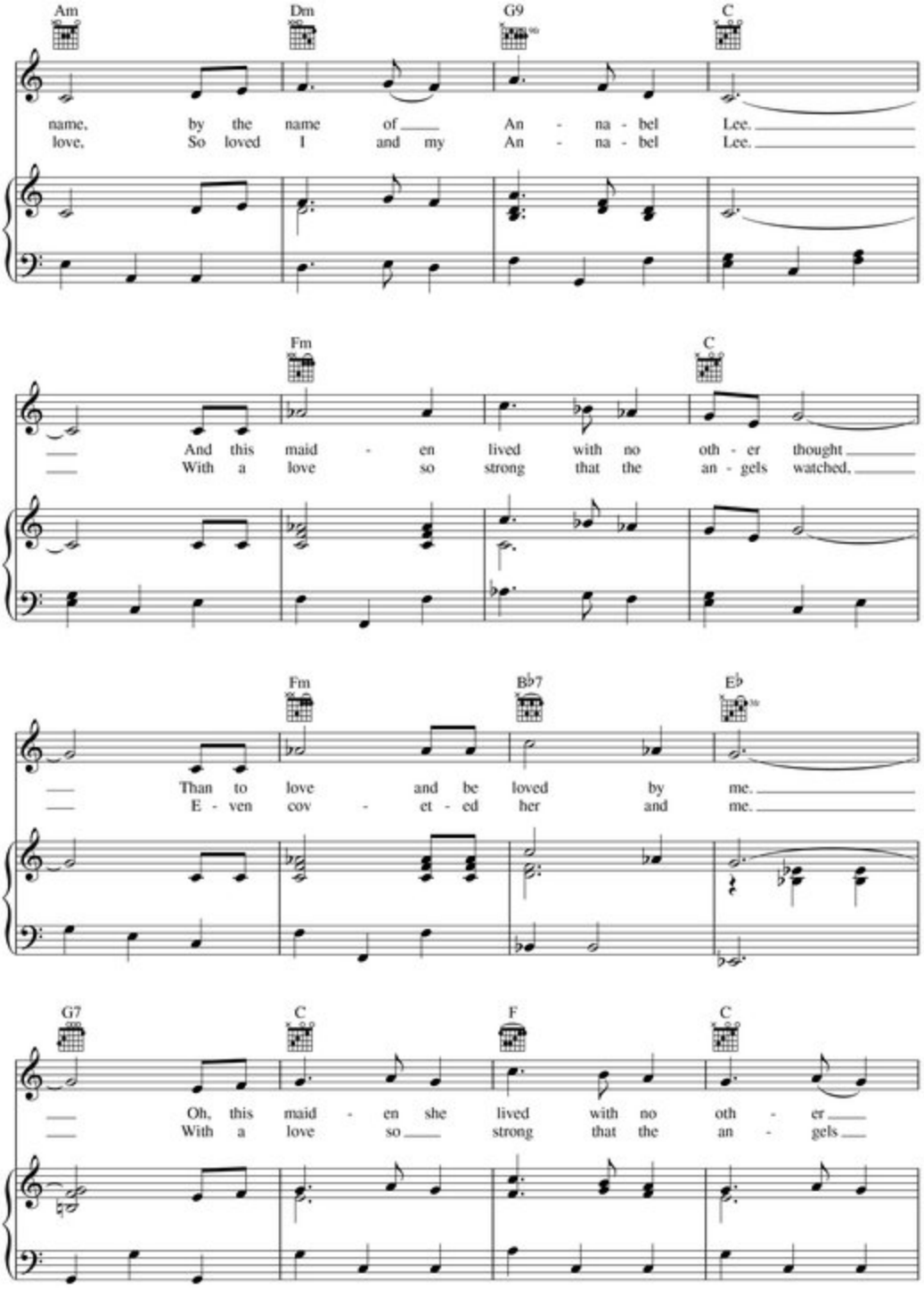
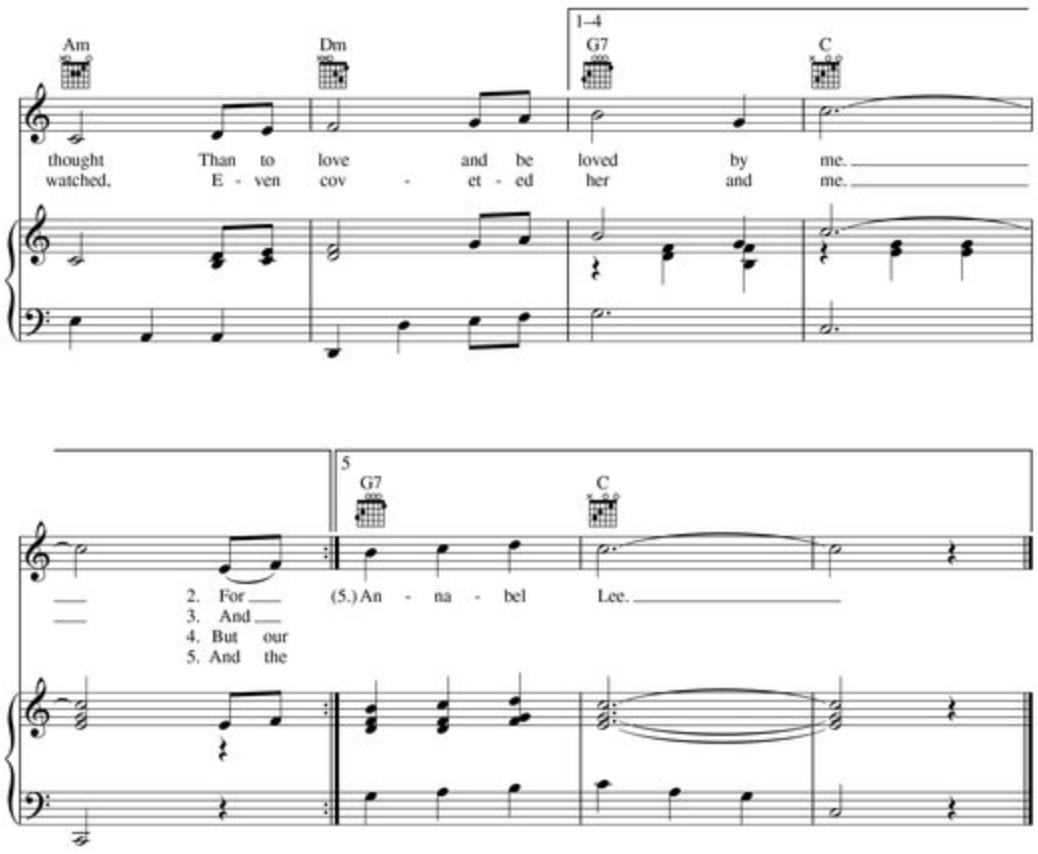

Am
Dm
G9
C
name, by the name of An - na - bel Lee.
love, So loved I and my An - na - bel Lee.
Fm
C
And this maid - en lived with no oth - er thought
With a love so strong that the an - gels watched,
Fm
B♭7
E♭
Than to love and be loved by me.
E - ven cov - et - ed her and me.
G7
C
F
C
Oh, this maid - en she lived with no oth - er
With a love so strong that the an - gels



Additional Lyrics

3. And this is the reason that long, long ago,
   In this kingdom by the sea,
   There arose a strong wind blowing out of a cloud,
   Chilled and killed my dear Annabel Lee.
   And her highborn kinsmen, they quickly came,
   And they bore her away from me.
   And they sealed her remains in a sepulcher deep,
   In this kingdom by the sea.

4. But our love, it was stronger by far than the love
   Of the ones who were older than we,
   Of the many far older and wiser than we,
   Of those older and wiser than we.
   Ah, but neither angels in sky above,

Nor the demons beneath the sea,
Could sever my soul from the soul of my love
Of my beautiful Annabel Lee.

5. And the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
In this kingdom by the sea,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
Through the night I lie by my dearest one,
By the side of my bride to be,
Though she lies in her sepulcher silent and cold.
Oh, my beautiful Annabel Lee.

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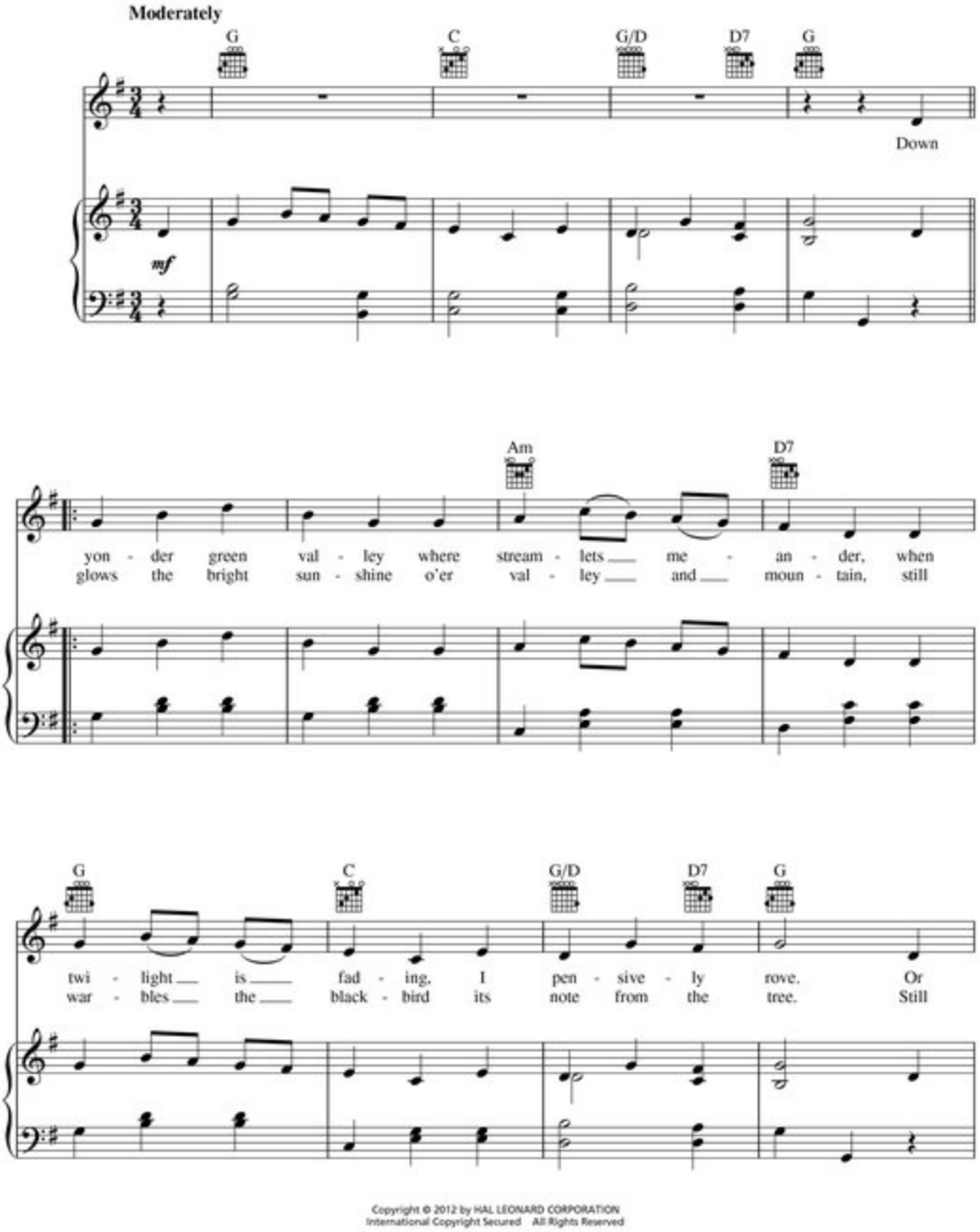
THE ASH GROVE

Old Welsh Air



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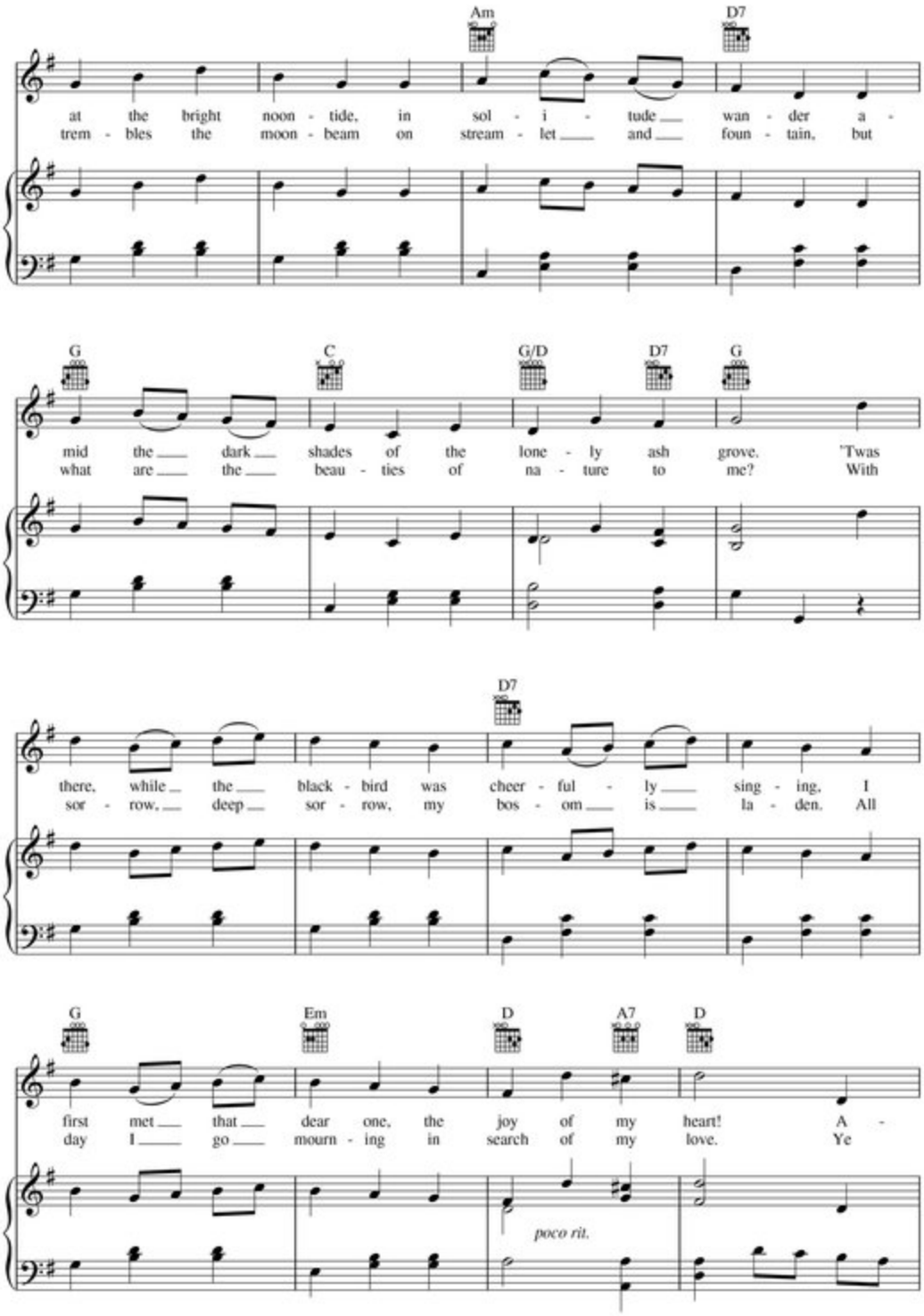
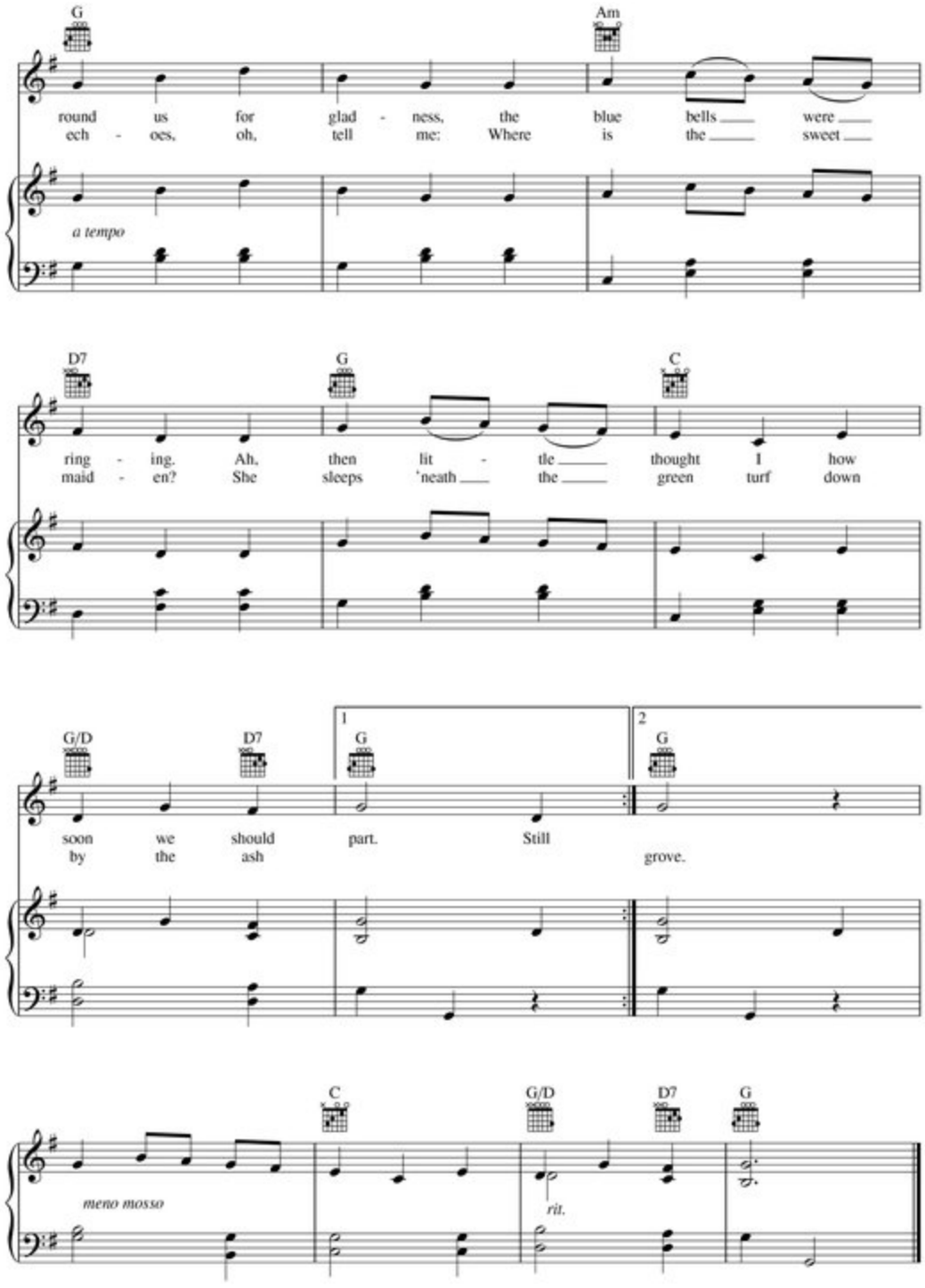

Am
D7
at the bright noon - tide, in sol - i - tude wan - der a -
trem - bles the moon - beam on stream - let and foun - tain, but
G
C
G/D
D7
G
mid the dark shades of the lone - ly ash grove. 'Twas
what are the beau - ties of na - ture to me? With
D7
there, while the black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I
sor - row, deep sor - row, my bos - om is la - den. All
G
Em
D
A7
D
first met that dear one, the joy of my heart! A -
day I go mourn - ing in search of my love. Ye
poco rit.



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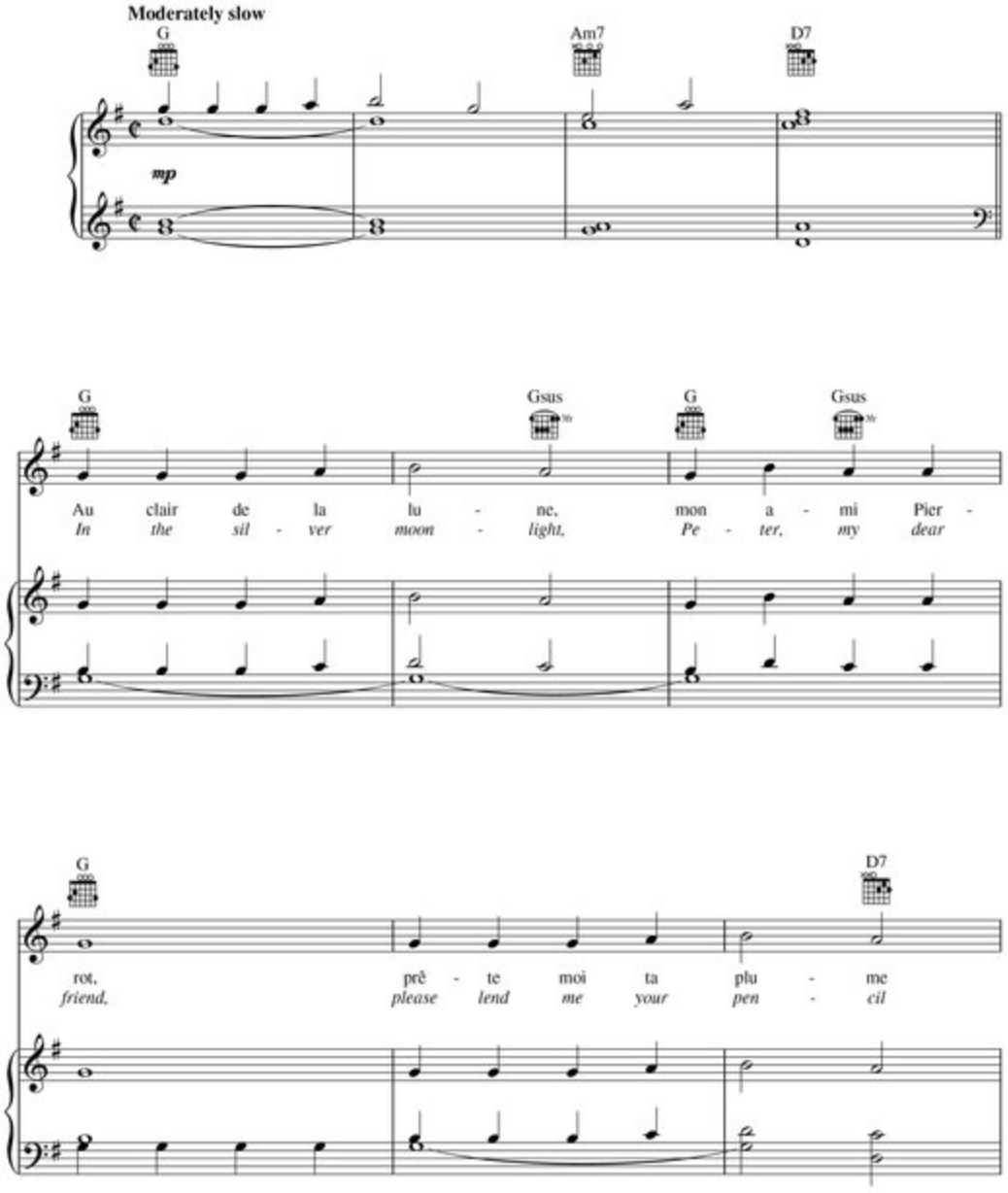
AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE

French Folksong



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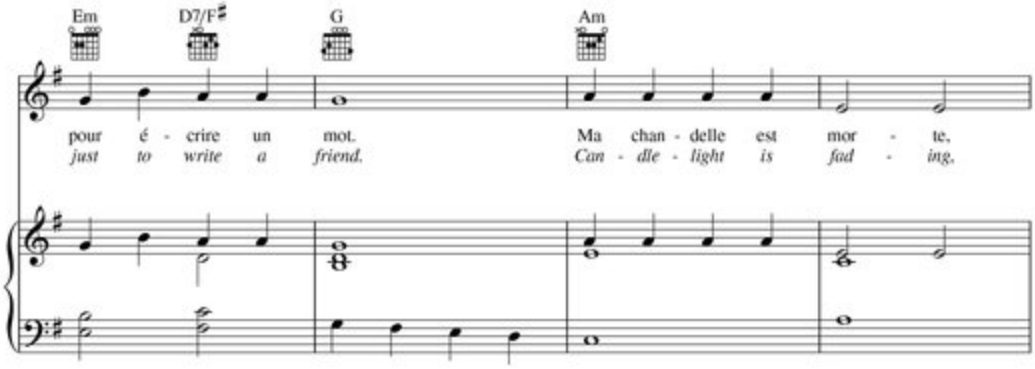

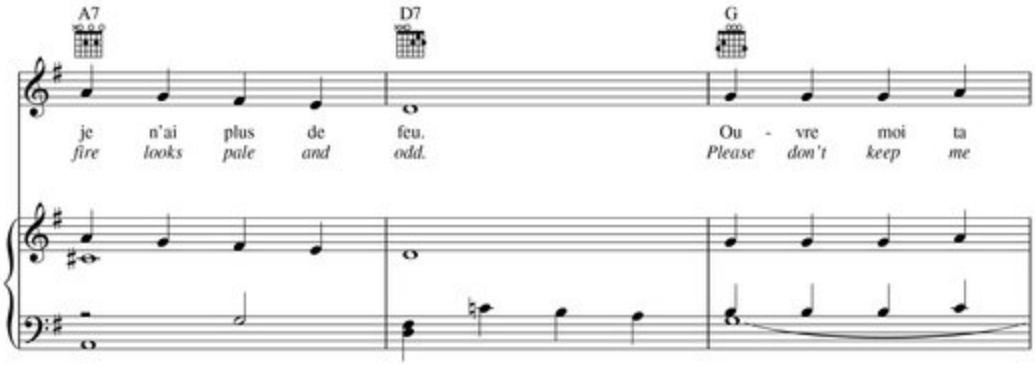

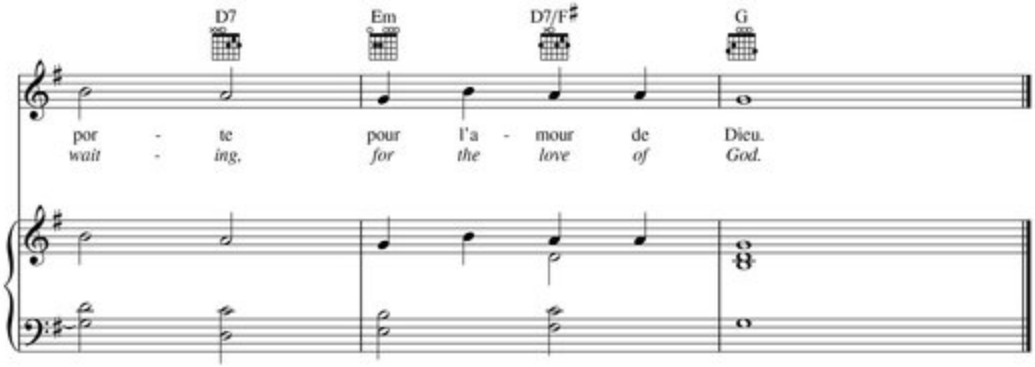

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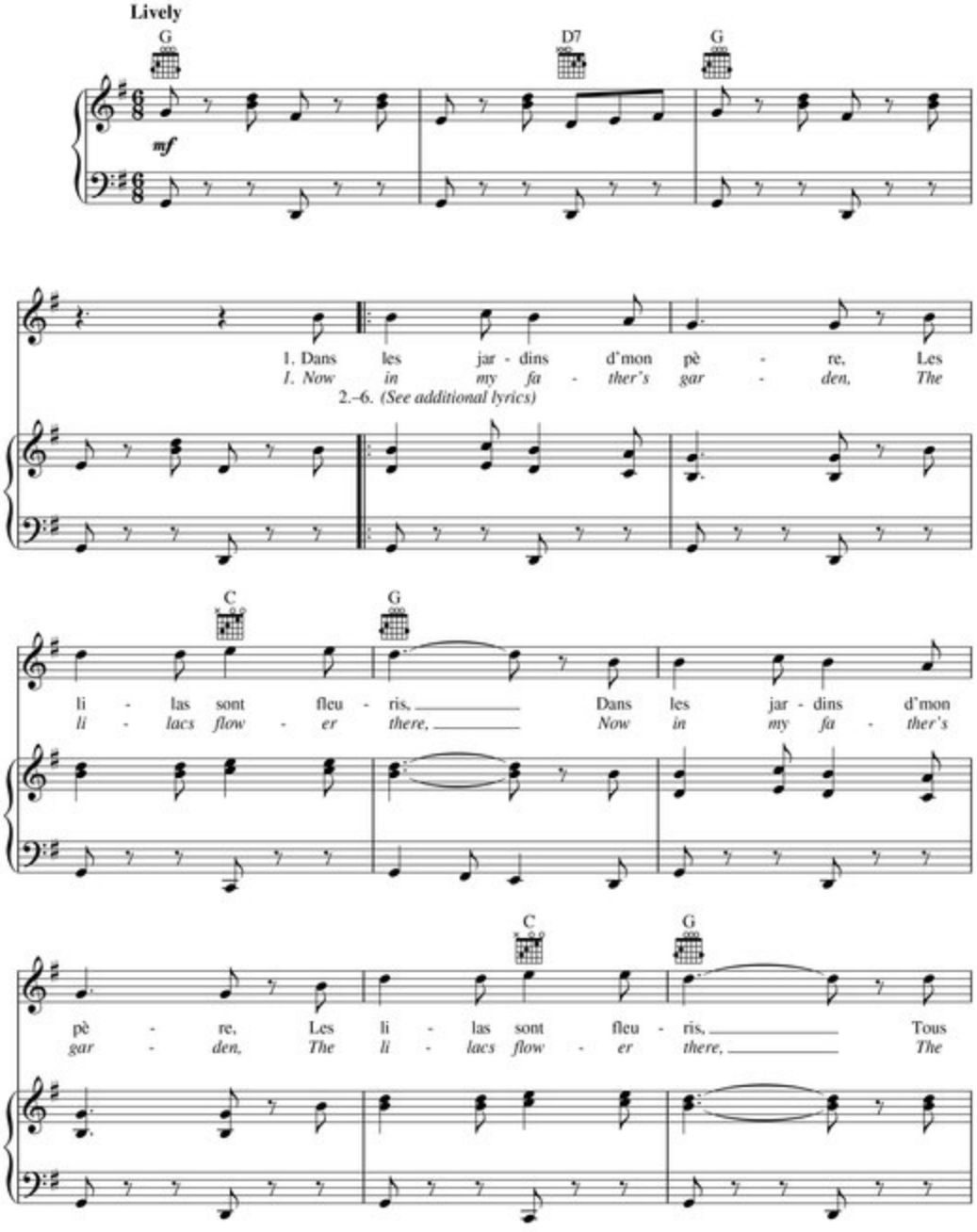
AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE

(Nearby to My Dear One)

French Folksong



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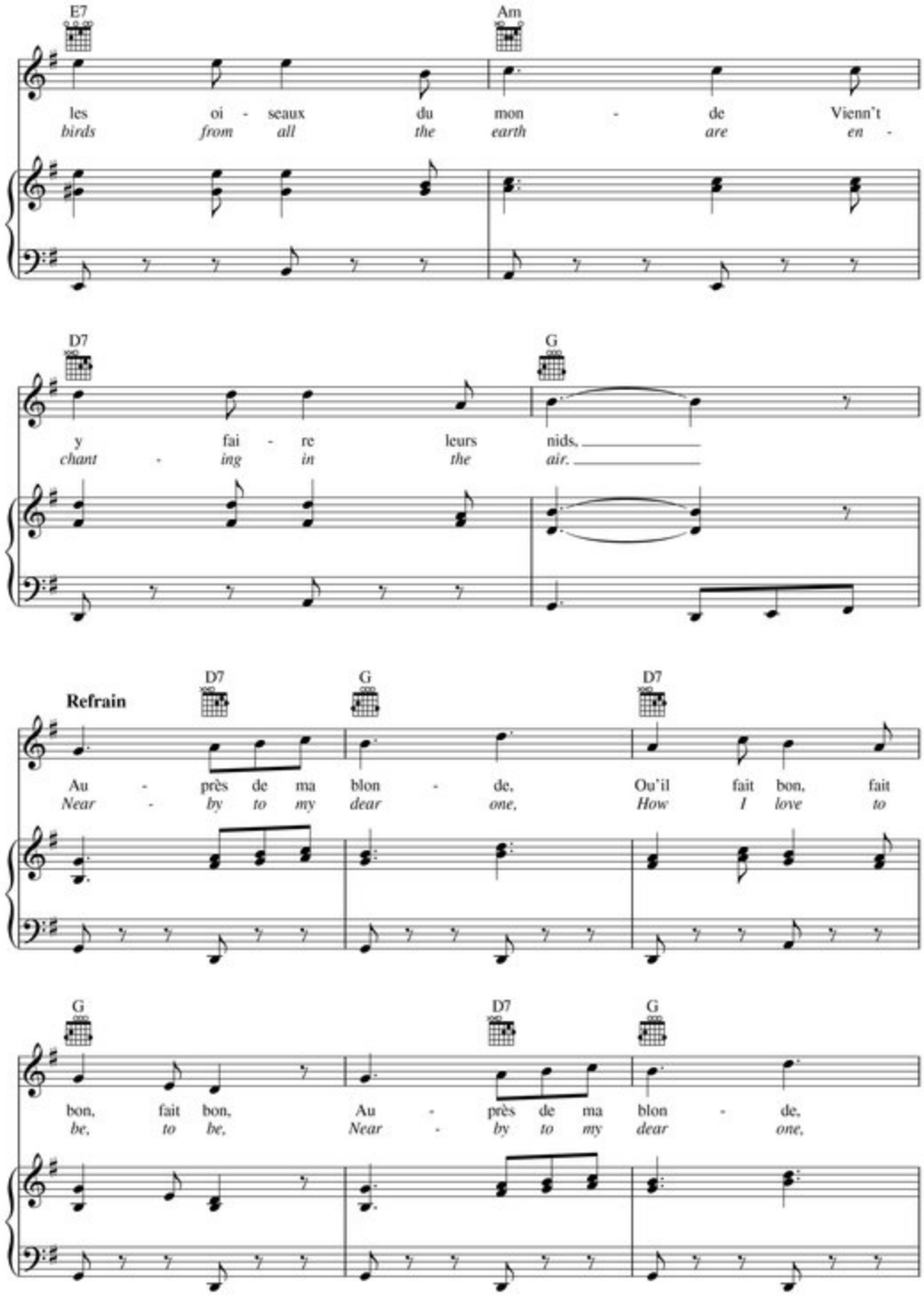
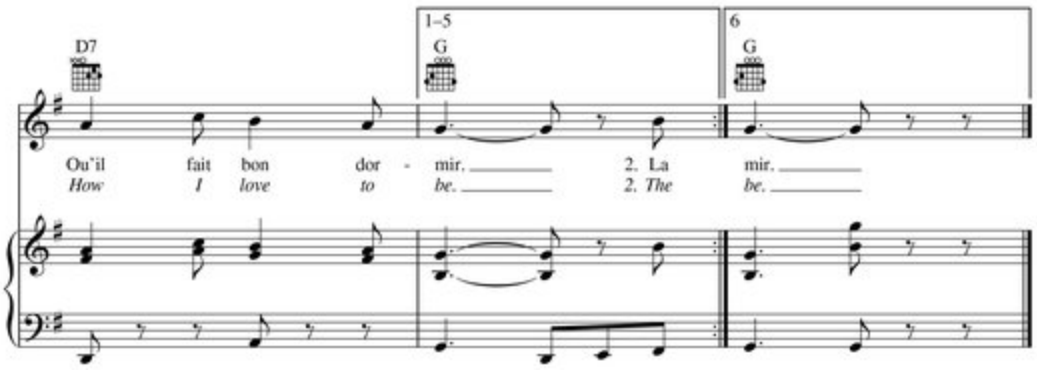

E7
Am
les oi - seaux du mon - de Vienn't
birds from all the earth are en -
D7
G
y fai - re leurs nids,
chant - ing in the air.
Refrain
D7
G
D7
Au - près de ma blon - de, Ou'il fait bon, fait
Near - by to my dear one, How I love to
G
D7
G
bon, fait bon, Au - près de ma blon - de,
be, to be, Near - by to my dear one,



Additional Lyrics

2. La caill', la tourterelle,
   Et la jolie perdrix
   La caill', la tourterelle,
   Et la jolie perdrix,
   Et ma jolie colombe
   Qui chante jour et nuit.
   Refrain

3. Qui chante pour les filles
   Qui n'ont pas de mari,
   Qui chante pour les filles
   Qui n'ont pas de mari.
   Pour moir, ne chante guère,
   Car j'en ai un joli,
   Refrain

4. Dites-nous donc, la belle,
   Oú donc est vot' mari?
   Dites-nous donc, la belle,
   Où donc est vot' mari?
   Il est dans la Hollande,
   Les Hollandais l'ont pris,
   Refrain

5. Que donneriez-vous, belle,
Pour avoir votre ami?
Que donneriez-vous, belle,
Pour avoir votre ami?
Je donnerais Versailles,
Paris et Saint-Denis, *Refrain*

6. Je donnerais Versailles,
Paris et Saint-Denis,
Je donnerais Versailles,
Paris et Saint-Denis,
Les tours de Notre-Dame,
Et l'clocher d'mon pays;
Refrain

2. The quail, the grey woodpigeon,
And speckled partridge come,
The quail, the grey woodpigeon,
And speckled partridge come.
My little dove, my dearest,
That night and day doth croon.
Refrain

3. It's comforting the maidens
Unmarried and alone,
It's comforting the maidens,
Unmarried and alone.
Sweet dove, don't sing for me then,
A man, I have my own.
Refrain

4. O tell us, tell us, lady,
Where is your husband gone?
O tell us, tell us, lady,

Where is your husband gone?
In Holland he's a prisoner,
The Dutch have taken him.
Refrain

5. *What would you give, my beauty,*
To have your husband home?
What would you give, my beauty,
To have your husband home?
Versailles I'd gladly give them
And Paris and Notre Dame.
Refrain

6. *Versailles I'd gladly give them,*
And Paris and Notre Dame,
Versailles I'd gladly give them,
And Paris and Notre Dame,
Saint Denis's Cathedral,
And our church-spire at home.
Refrain

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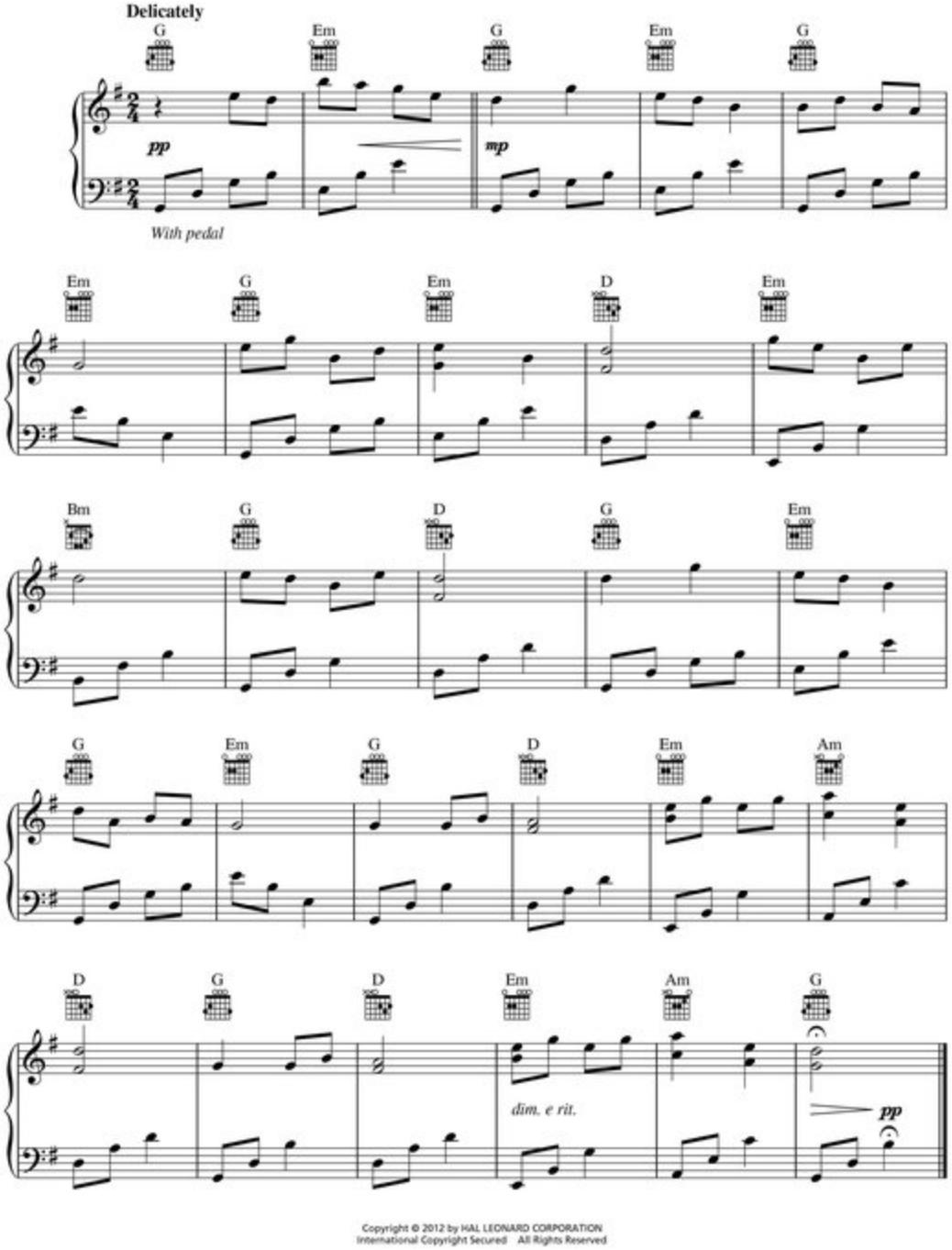
THE BAMBOO FLUTE

Chinese Folksong



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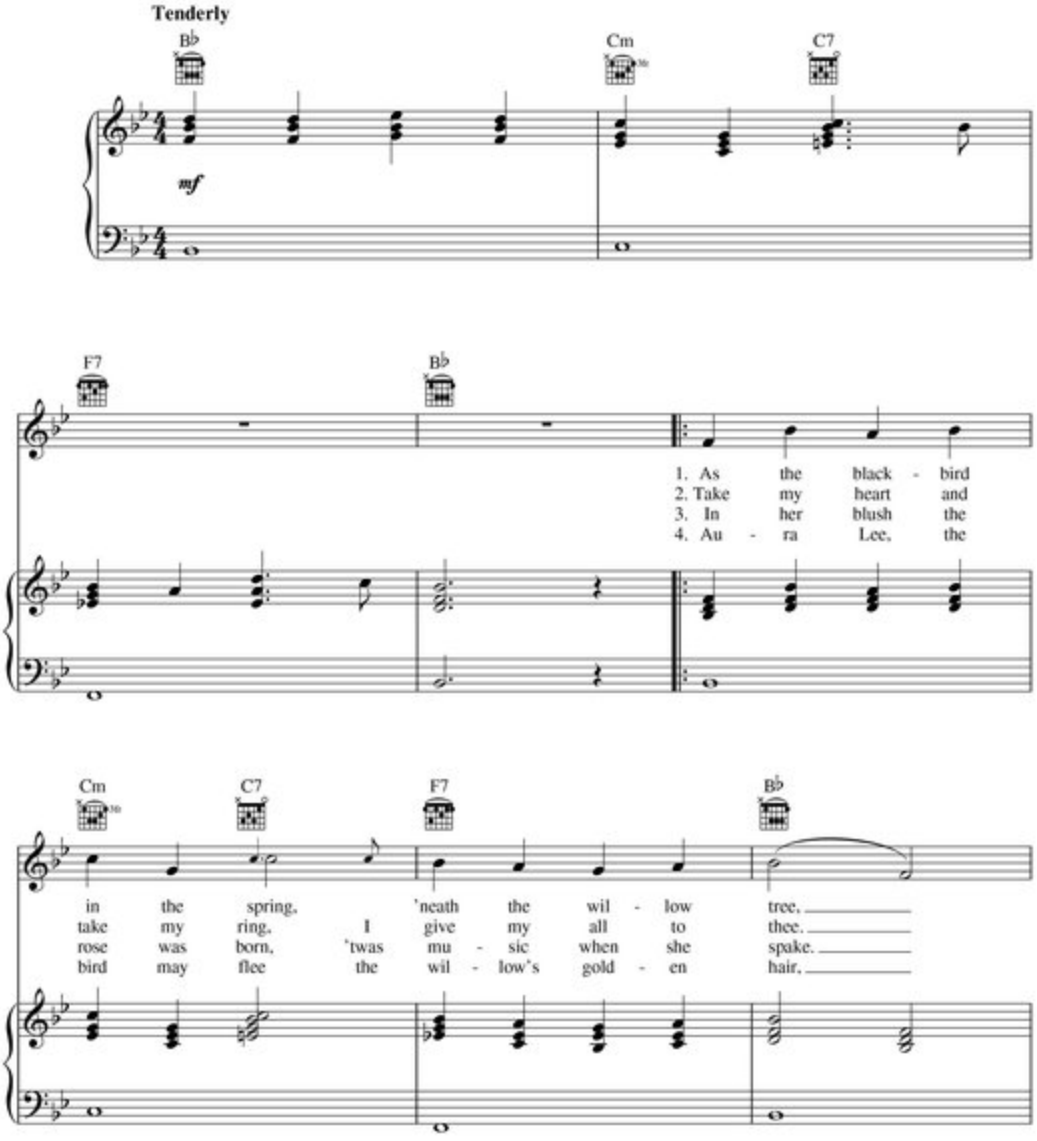
AURA LEE

Words by W.W. FOSDICK
Music by GEORGE R. POULTON



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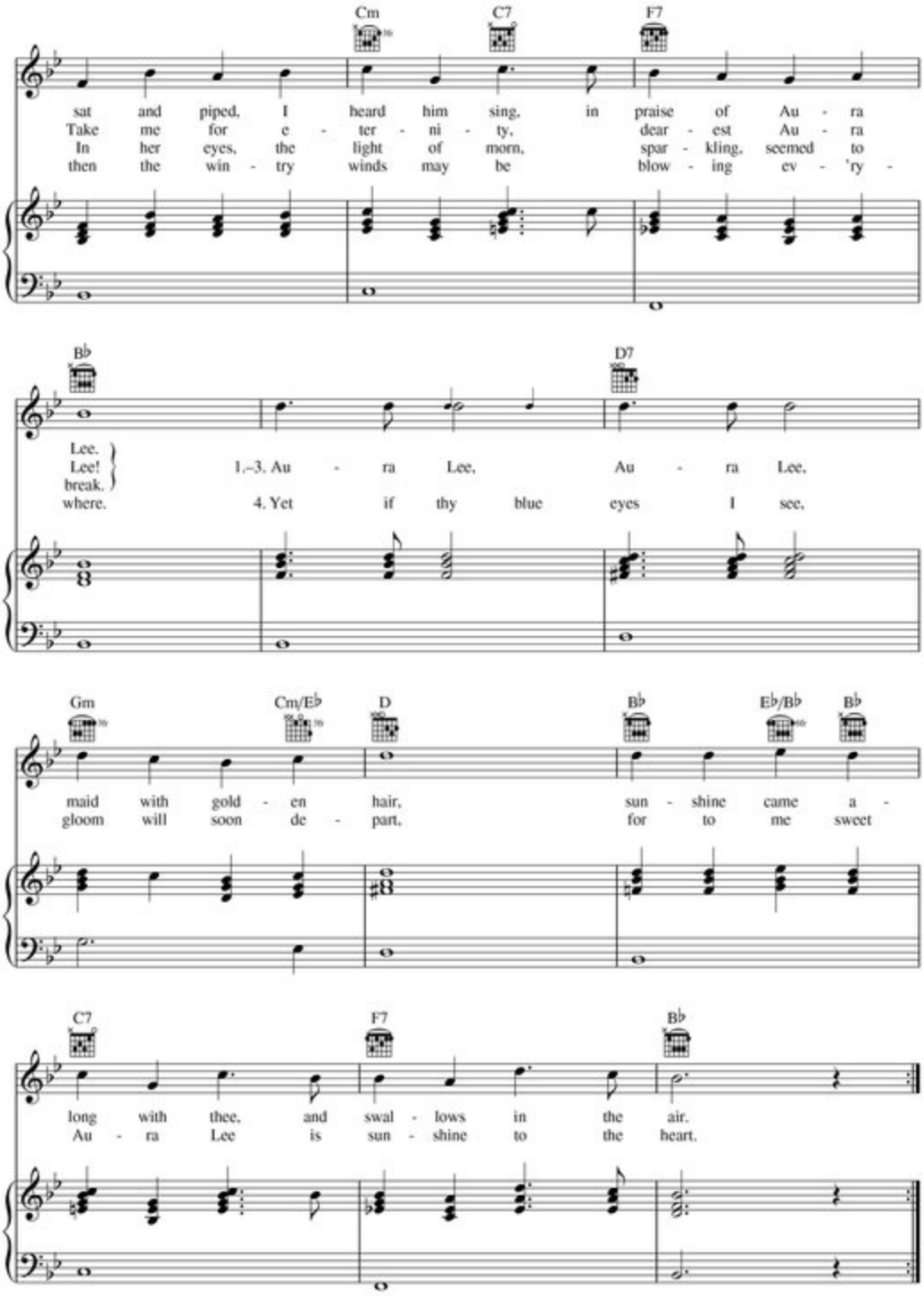

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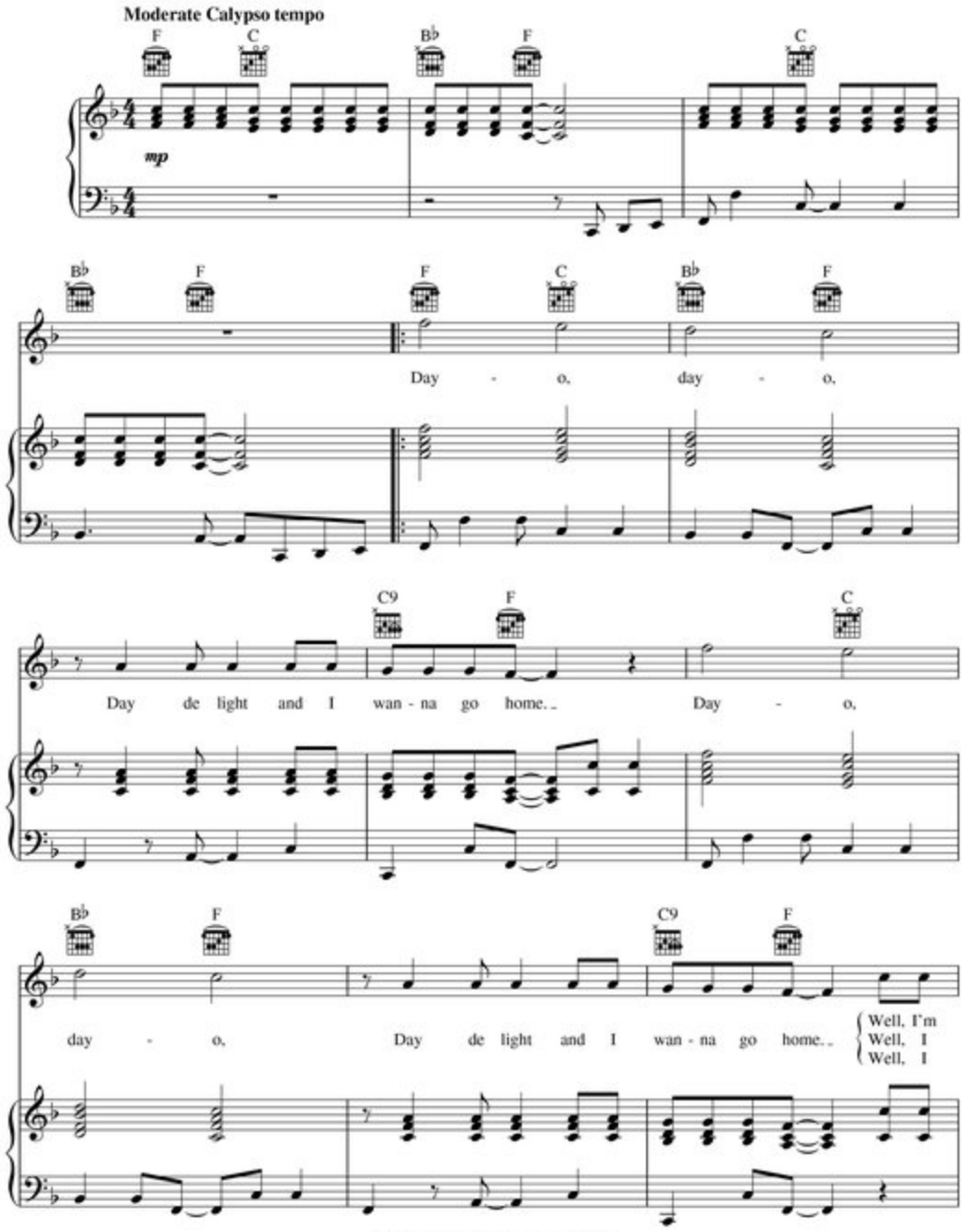
THE BANANA BOAT SONG

Jamaican Work Song



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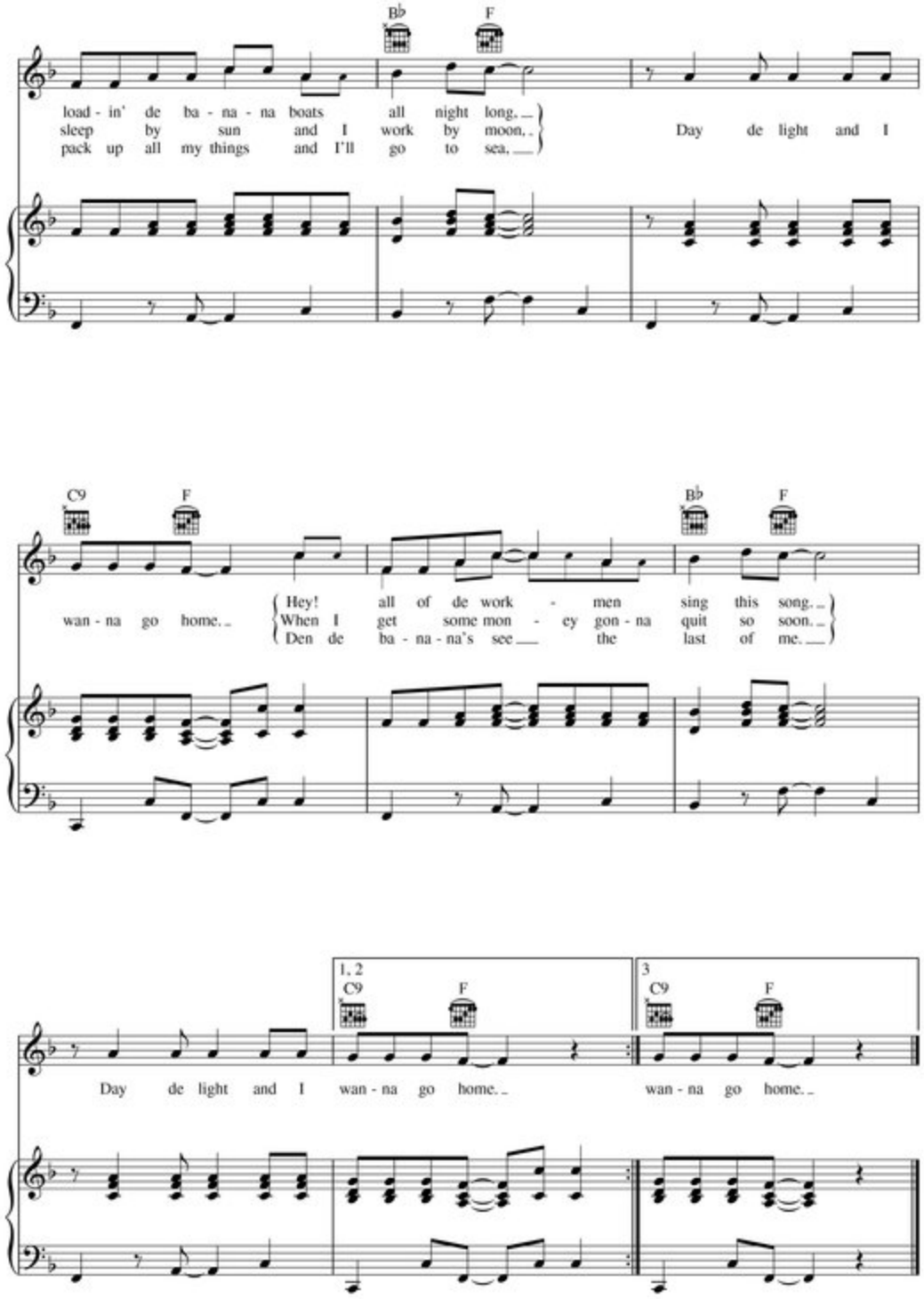

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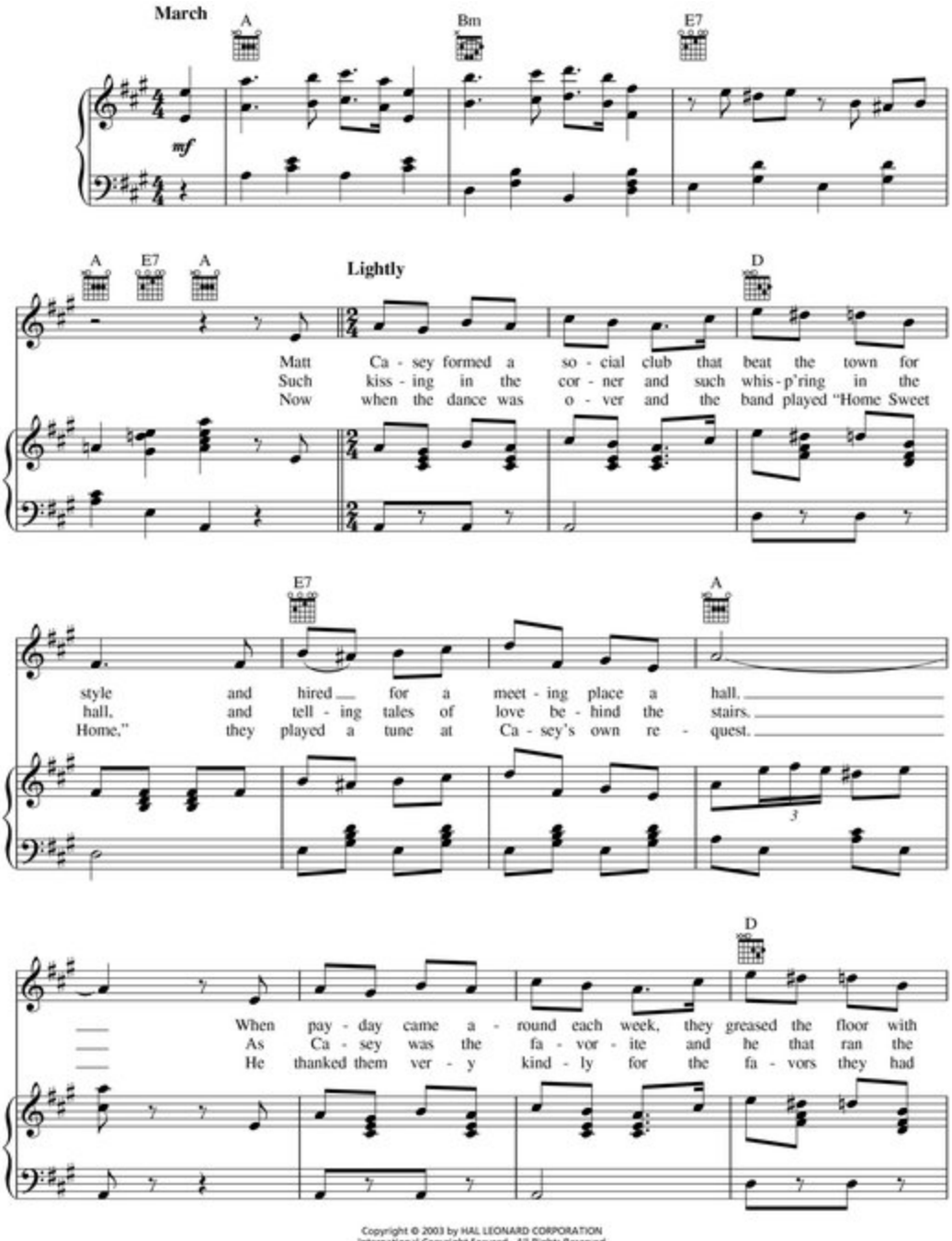
THE BAND PLAYED ON

Words by JOHN E. PALMER
Music by CHARLES B. WARD



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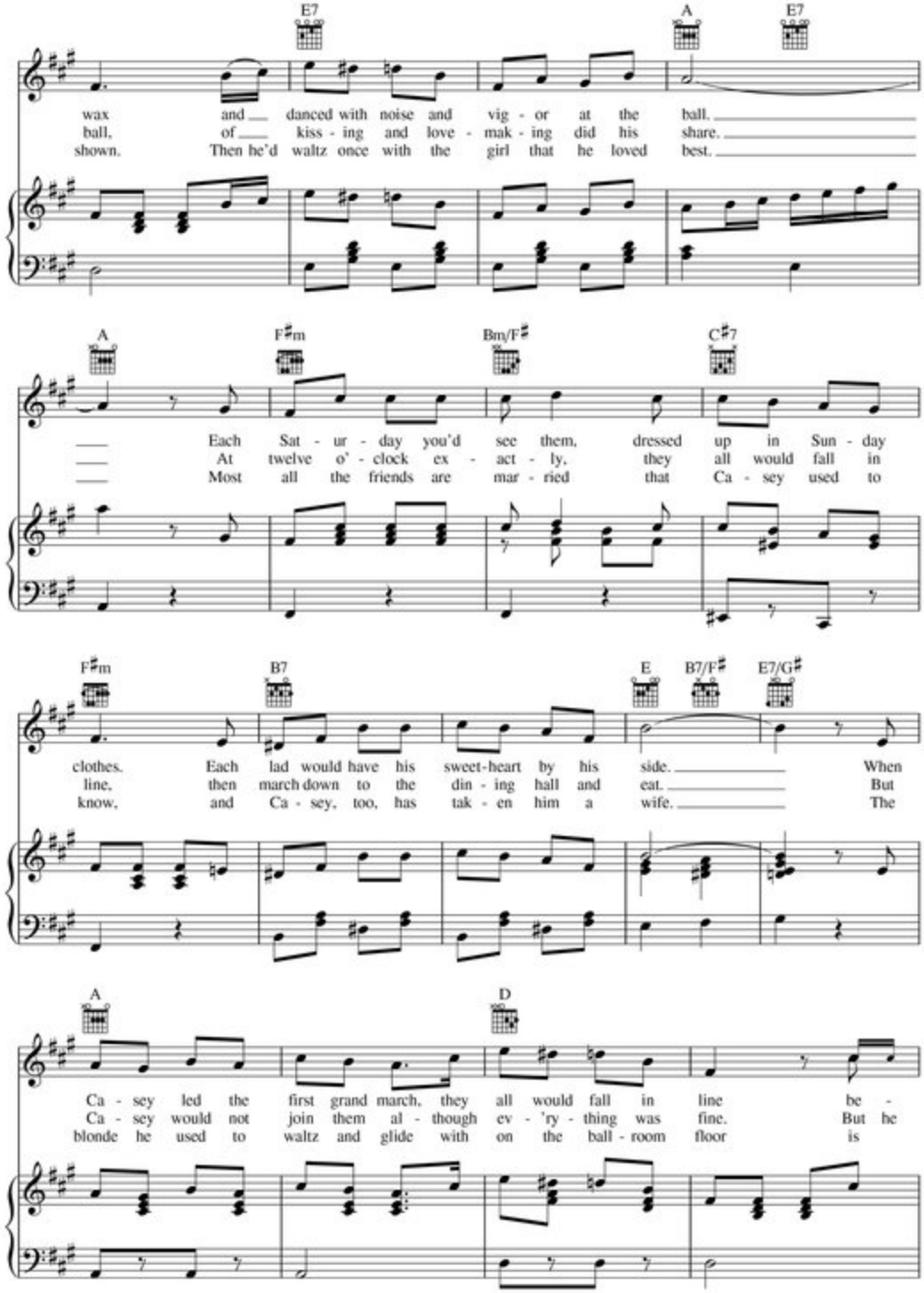
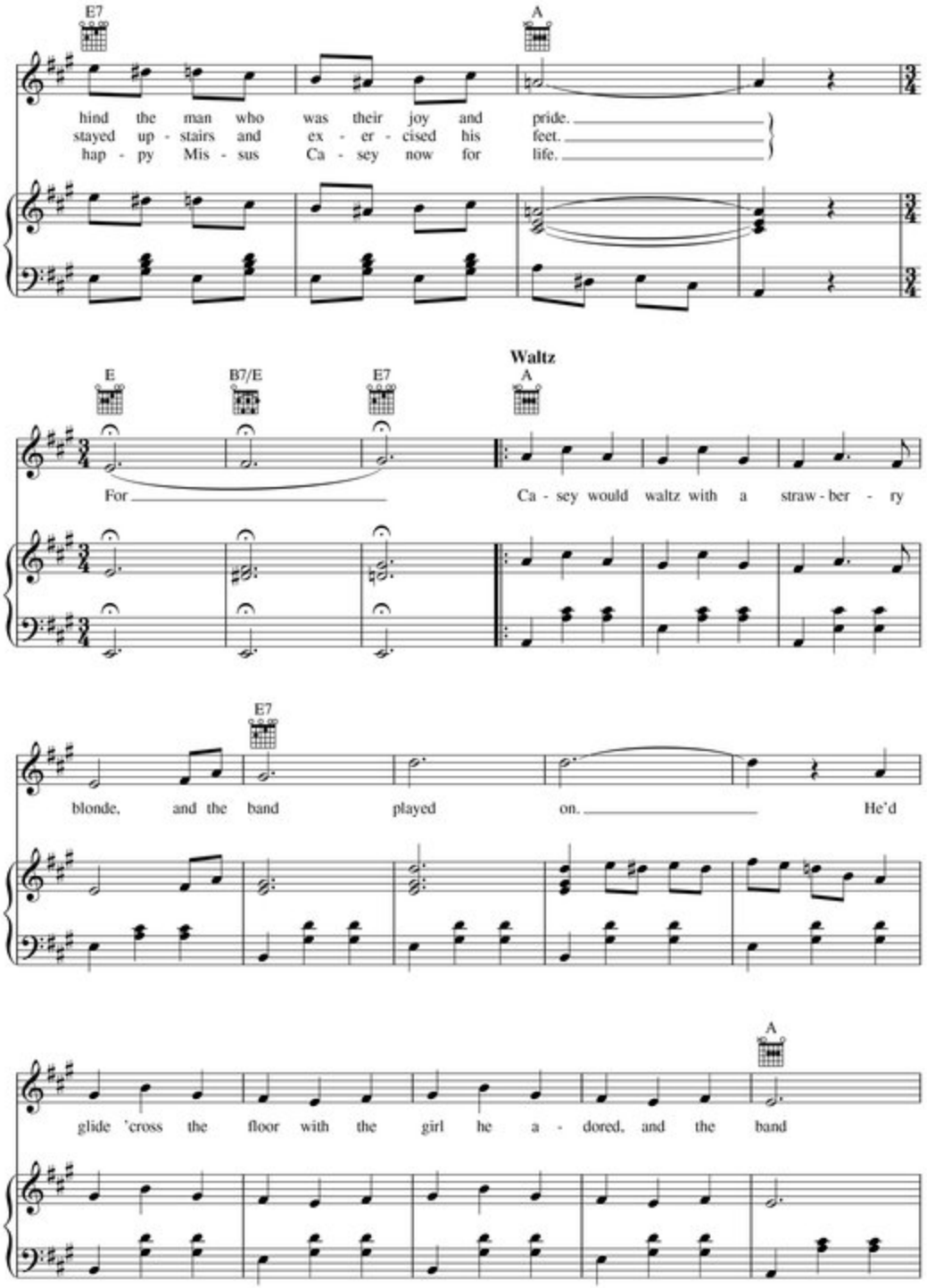
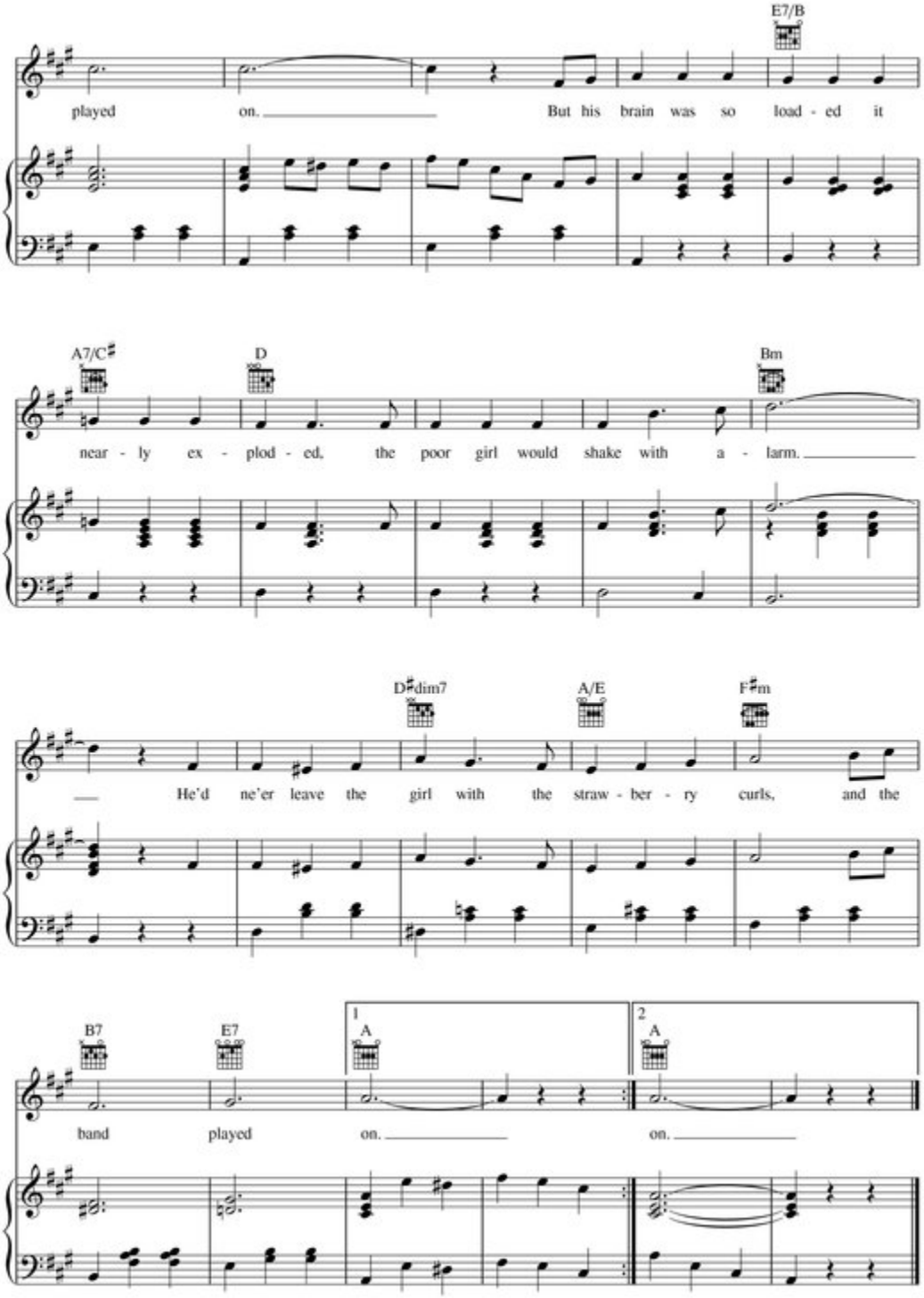

E7 A E7
wax and danced with noise and vig - or at the ball.
ball, of kiss - ing and love - mak - ing did his share.
shown. Then he'd waltz once with the girl that he loved best.
A F♯m Bm/F♯ C♯7
Each Sat - ur - day you'd see them, dressed up in Sun - day
At twelve o' - clock ex - act - ly, they all would fall in
Most all the friends are mar - ried that Ca - sey used to
F♯m B7 E B7/F♯ E7/G♯
clothes. Each lad would have his sweet-heart by his side. When
line, then march down to the din - ing hall and eat. But
know, and Ca - sey, too, has tak - en him a wife. The
A D
Ca - sey led the first grand march, they all would fall in line be -
Ca - sey would not join them al - though ev - 'ry - thing was fine. But he
blonde he used to waltz and glide with on the ball - room floor is


E7
A
hind the man who was their joy and pride.
stayed up - stairs and ex - er - cised his feet.
hap - py Mis - sus Ca - sey now for life.
Waltz
E
B7/E
E7
A
For
Ca - sey would waltz with a straw - ber - ry
E7
blonde, and the band played on.
He'd
A
glide 'cross the floor with the girl he a - dored, and the band



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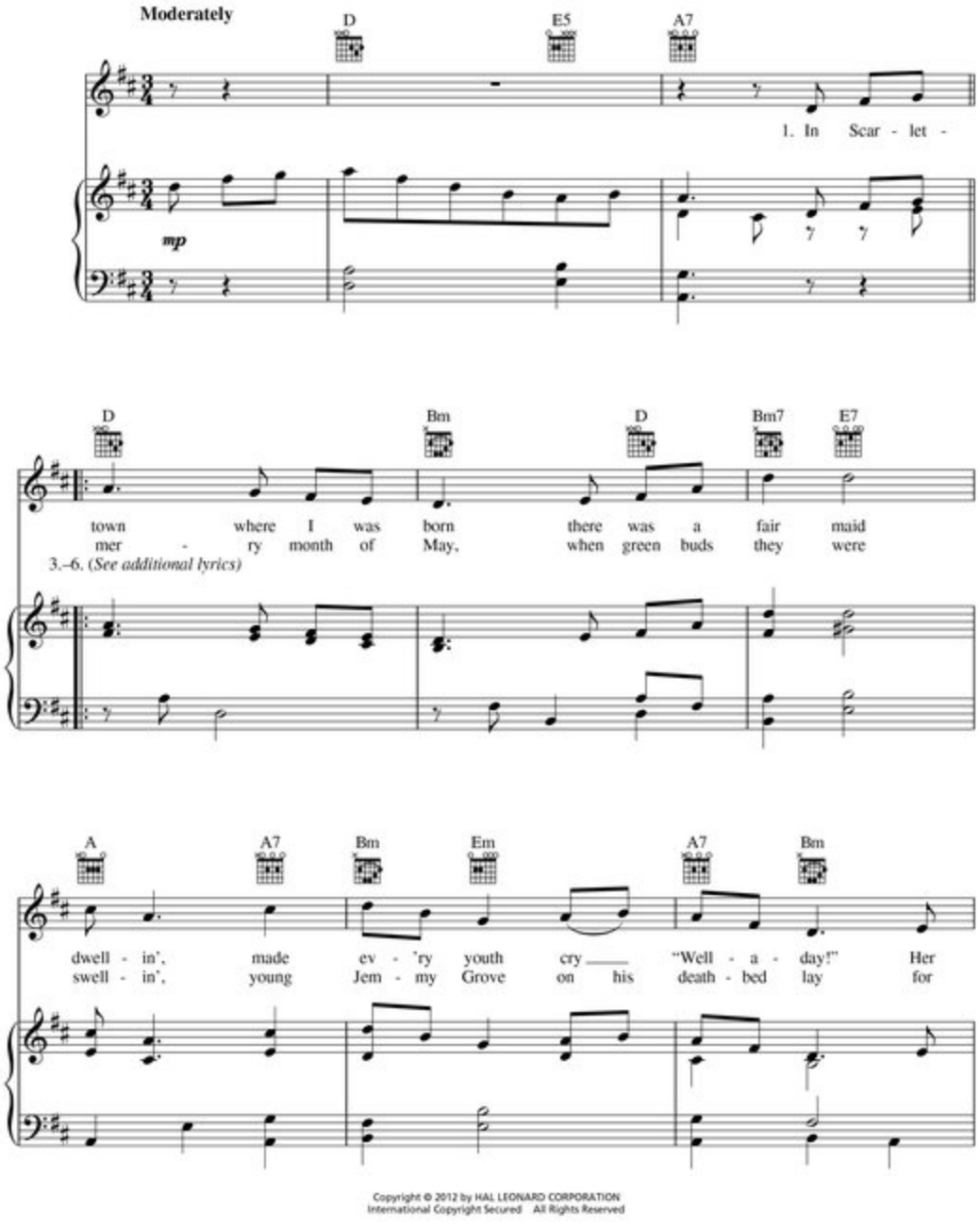
BARBARA ALLEN

Traditional English Folksong



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Additional Lyrics

3. Then 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.”

4. As she was walking o’er the fields,
   She heard the deadbell knellin’,
   And every stroke the deadbell gave
   Cried, “Woe to Barb’ra Allen!”

5. When he was dead and laid in grave,
   Her heart was struck with sorrow,
   “O mother, mother, make my bed,
   For I shall die tomorrow.”

6. “Farewell,” she said, “ye virgins all,
   And shun the fault I fell in.
   Henceforth take warning by the fall
   Of cruel Barb’ra Allen.”

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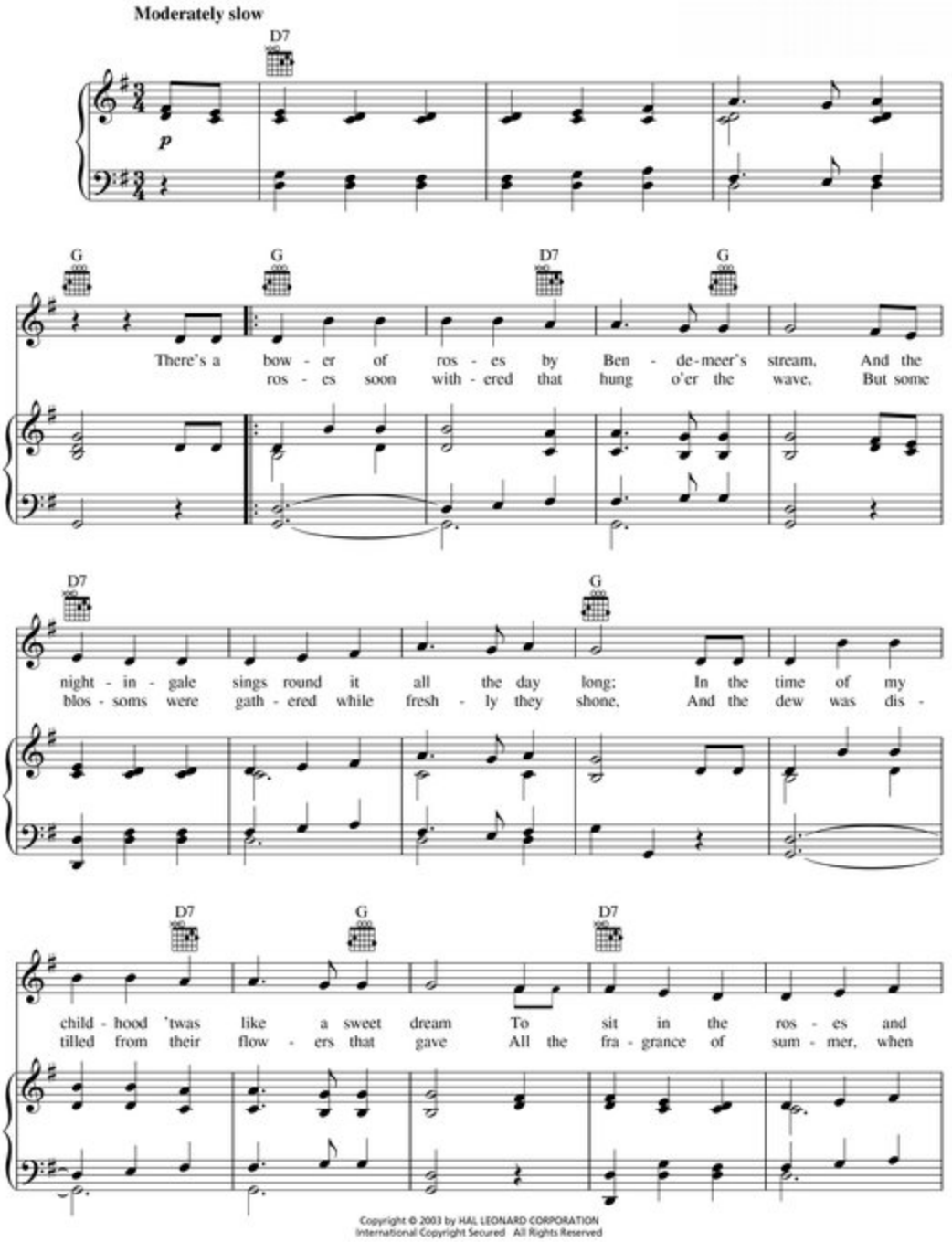
B E N D E M E E R ' S S T R E A M

Words by THOMAS MOORE
Traditional Irish Folk Melody



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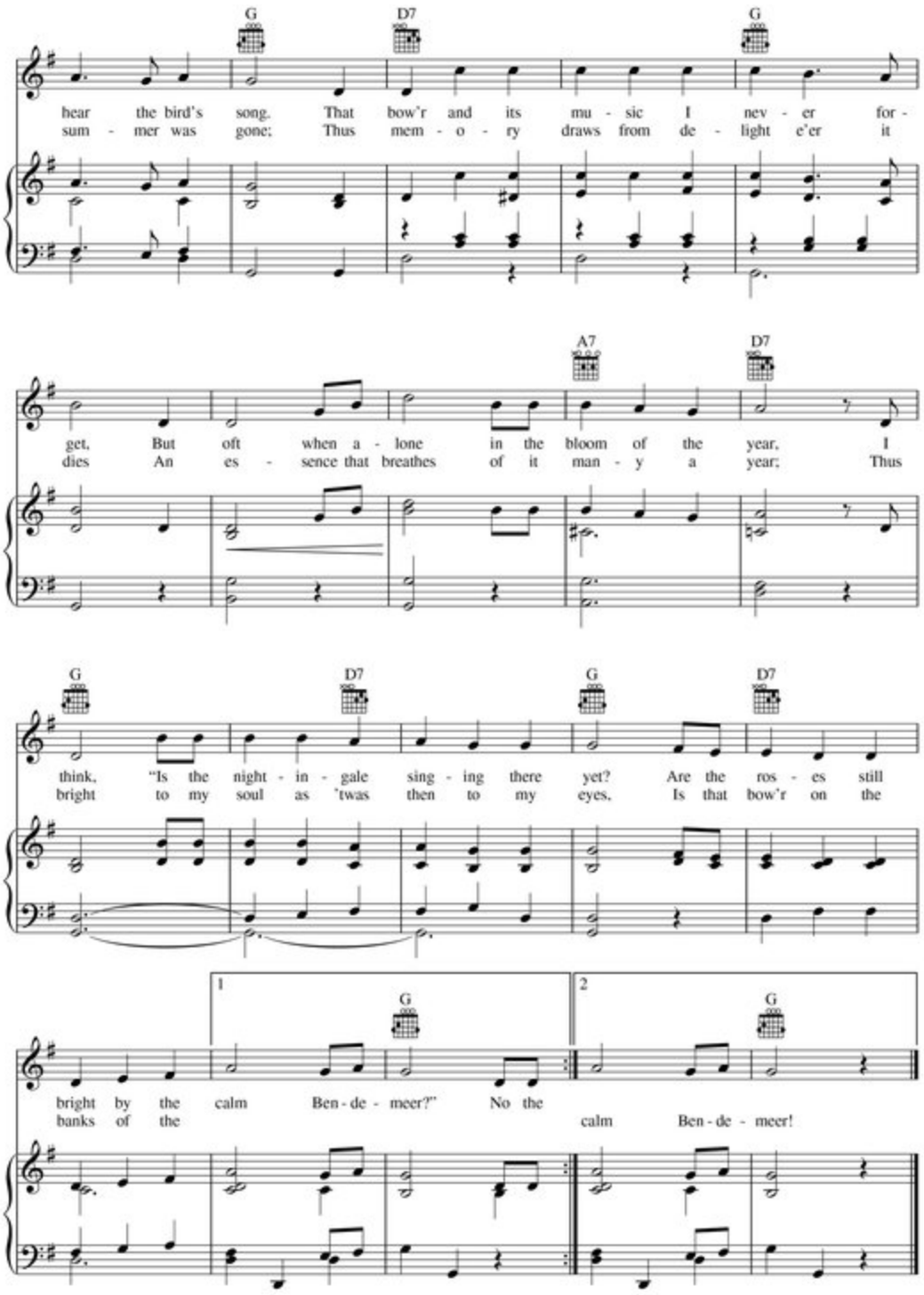

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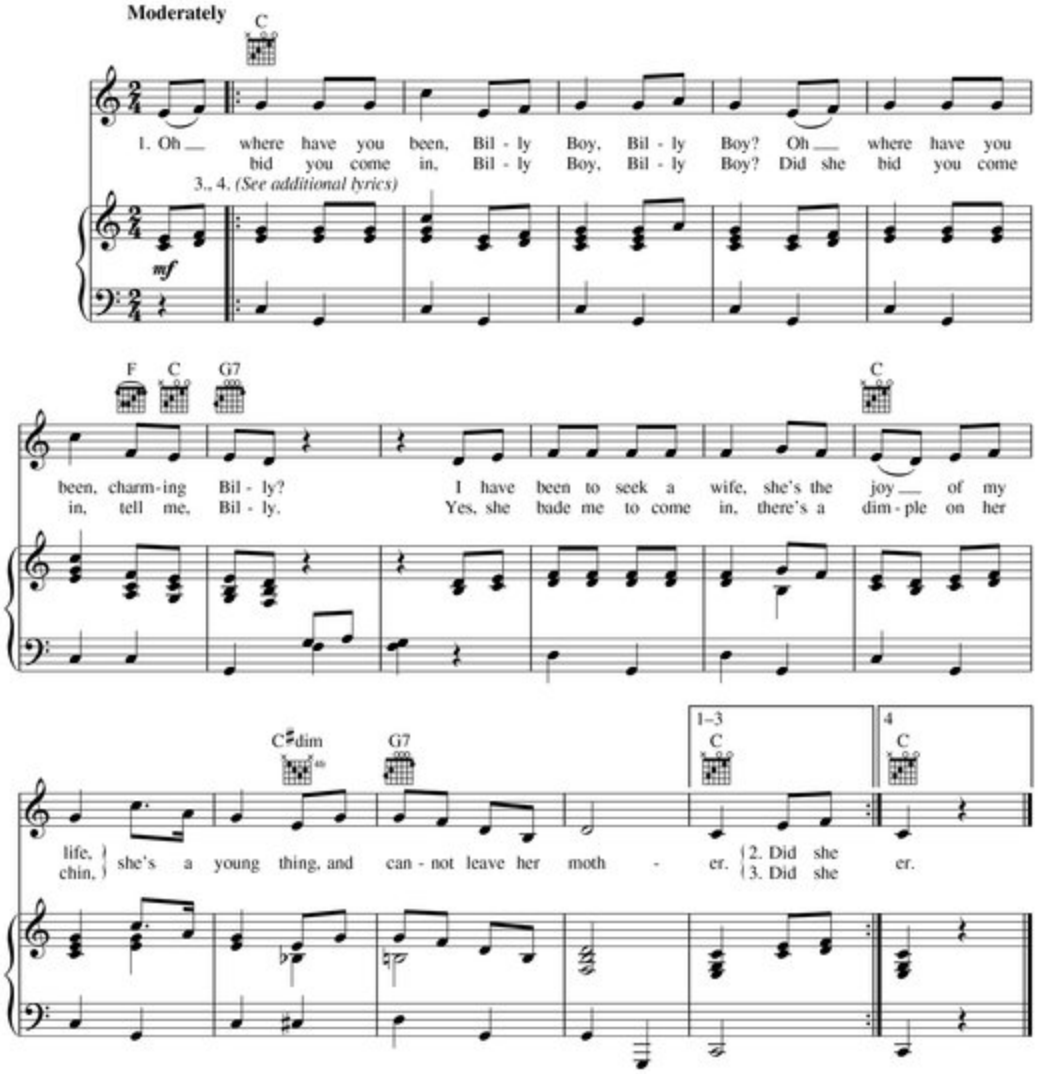
BILLY BOY

Traditional



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Additional Lyrics

3. Did she set you a chair,
   Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
   Did she set you a chair,
   Tell me, Billy.
   Yes, she set for me a chair,
   She has ringlets in her hair,
   She’s a young thing,
   And cannot leave her mother.

4. Can she bake cherry pie,
   Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
   Can she bake cherry pie,
   Tell me, Billy.
   She can bake a cherry pie,
   There’s a twinkle in her eye,
   She’s a young thing,
   And cannot leave her mother.

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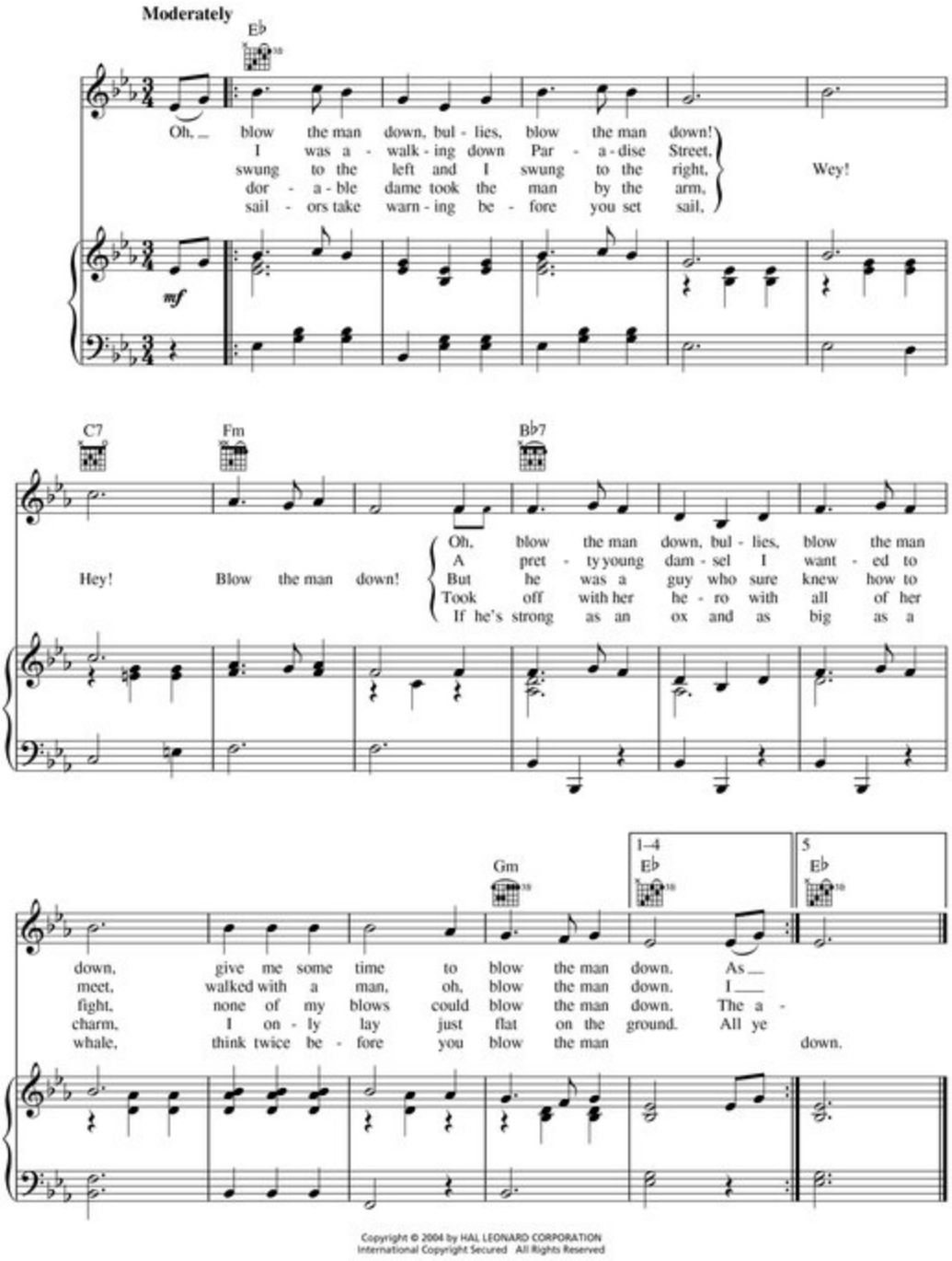
BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Traditional Sea Chantey



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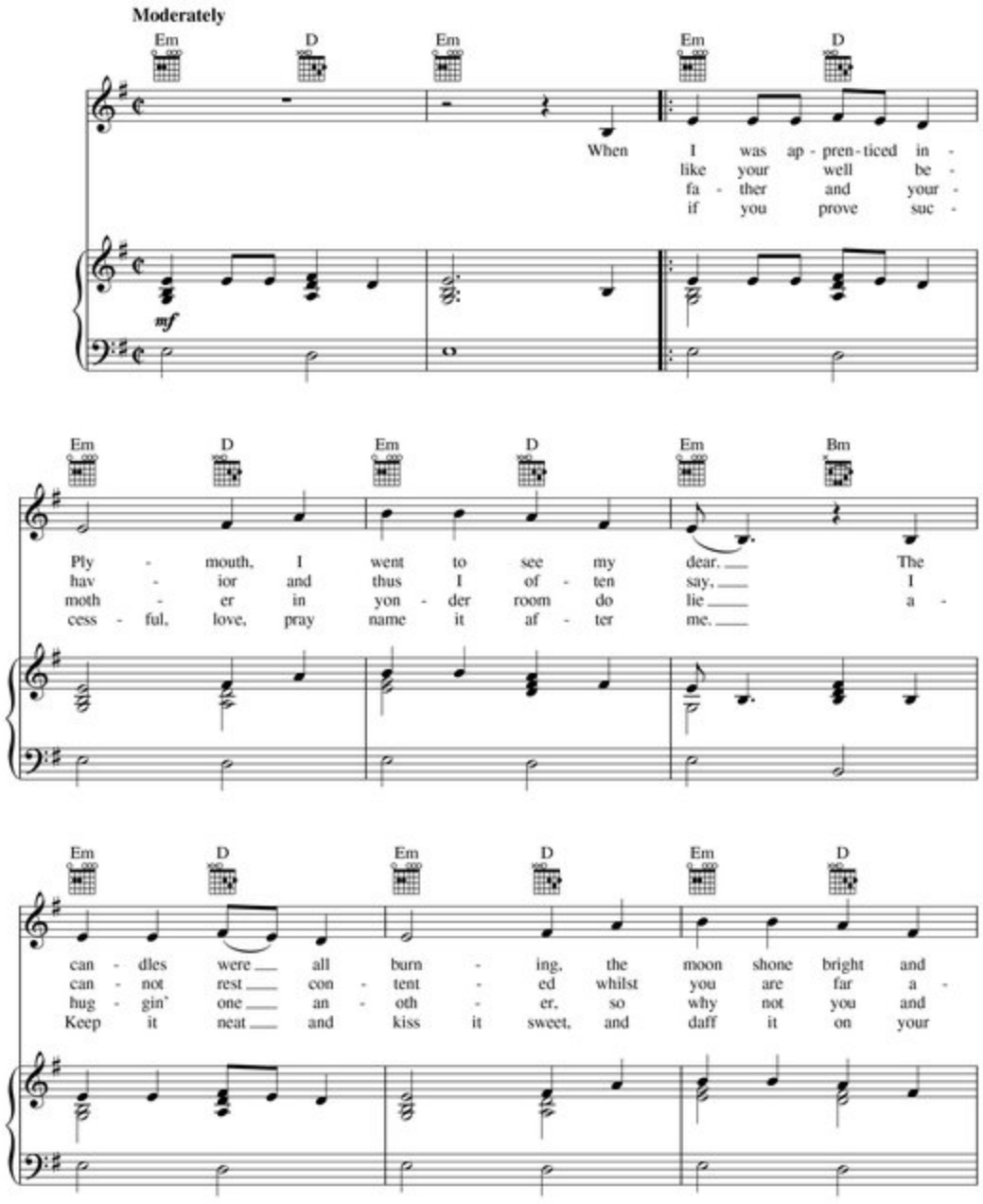
BLOW THE CANDLES OUT

American Folksong



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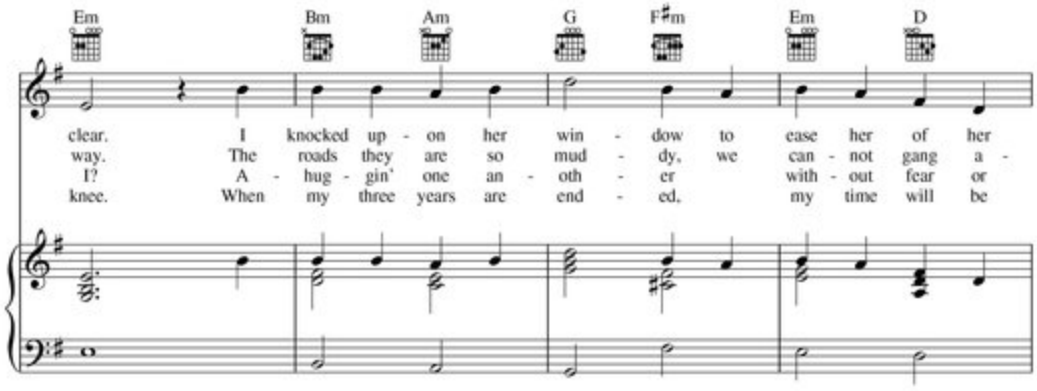

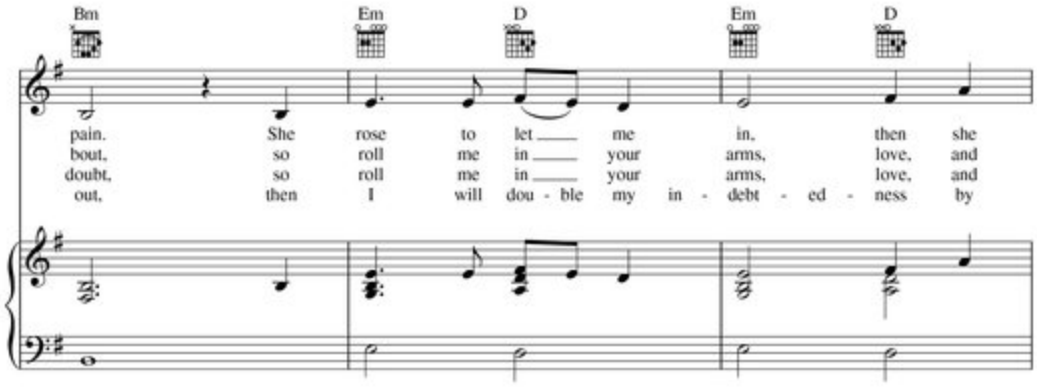

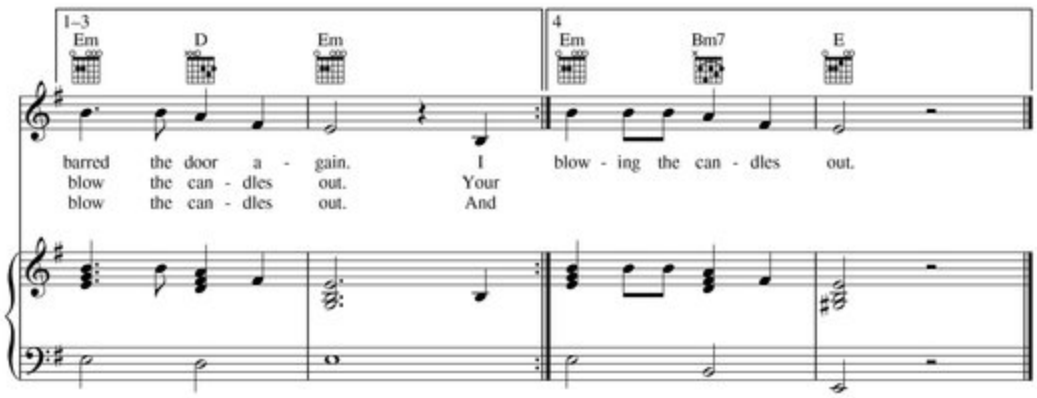

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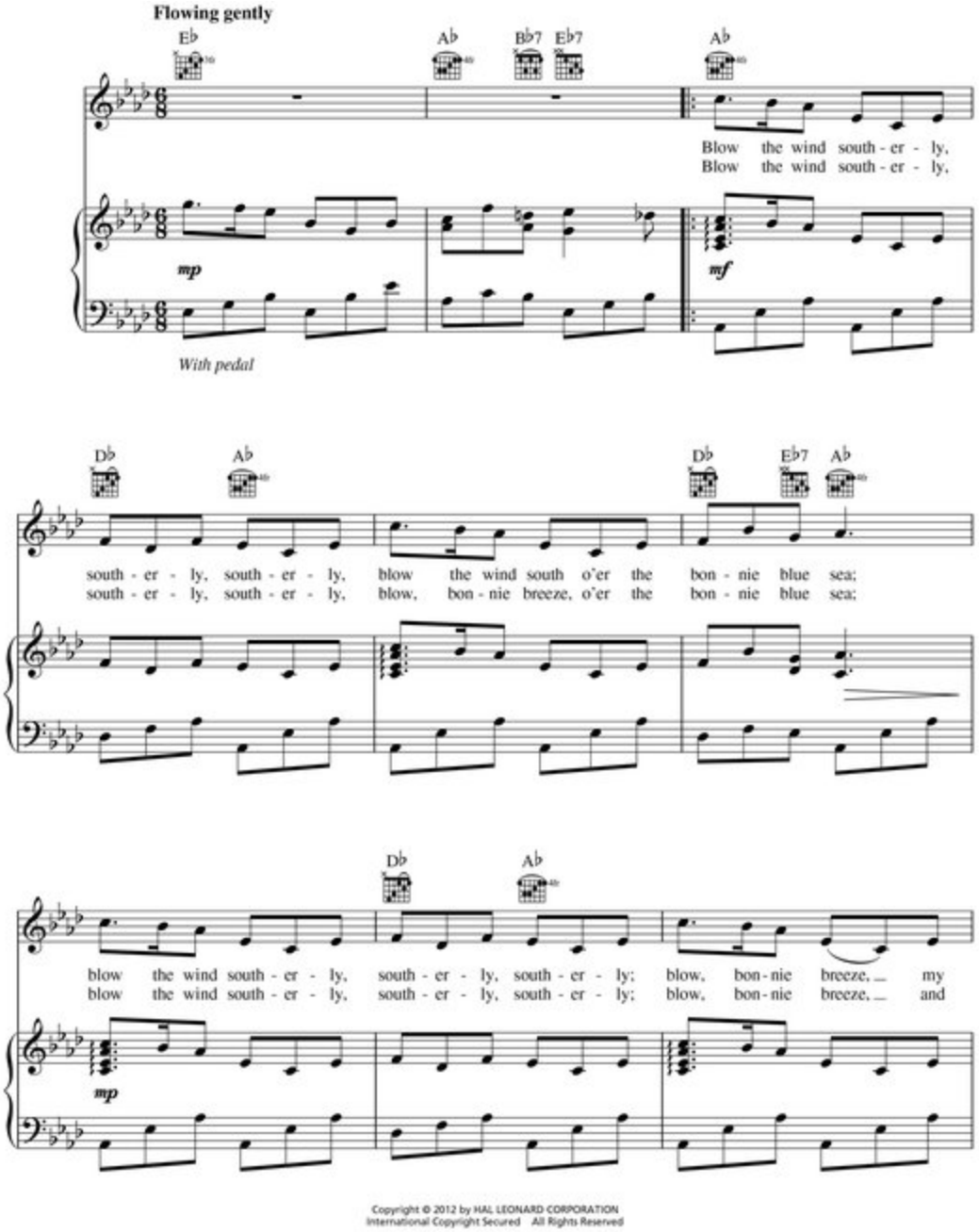
BLOW THE WIND SOUTHERLY

Traditional English Folksong



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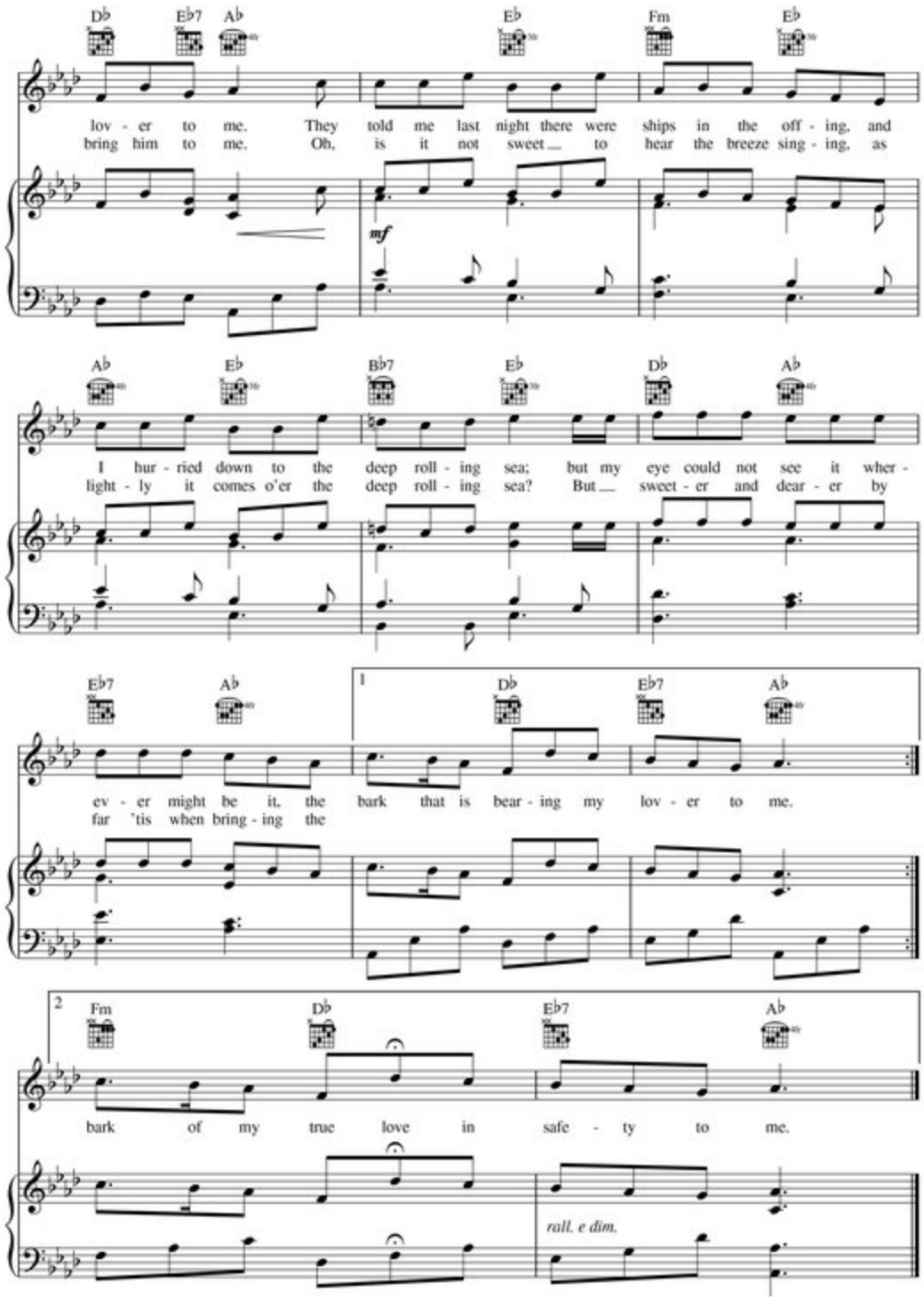

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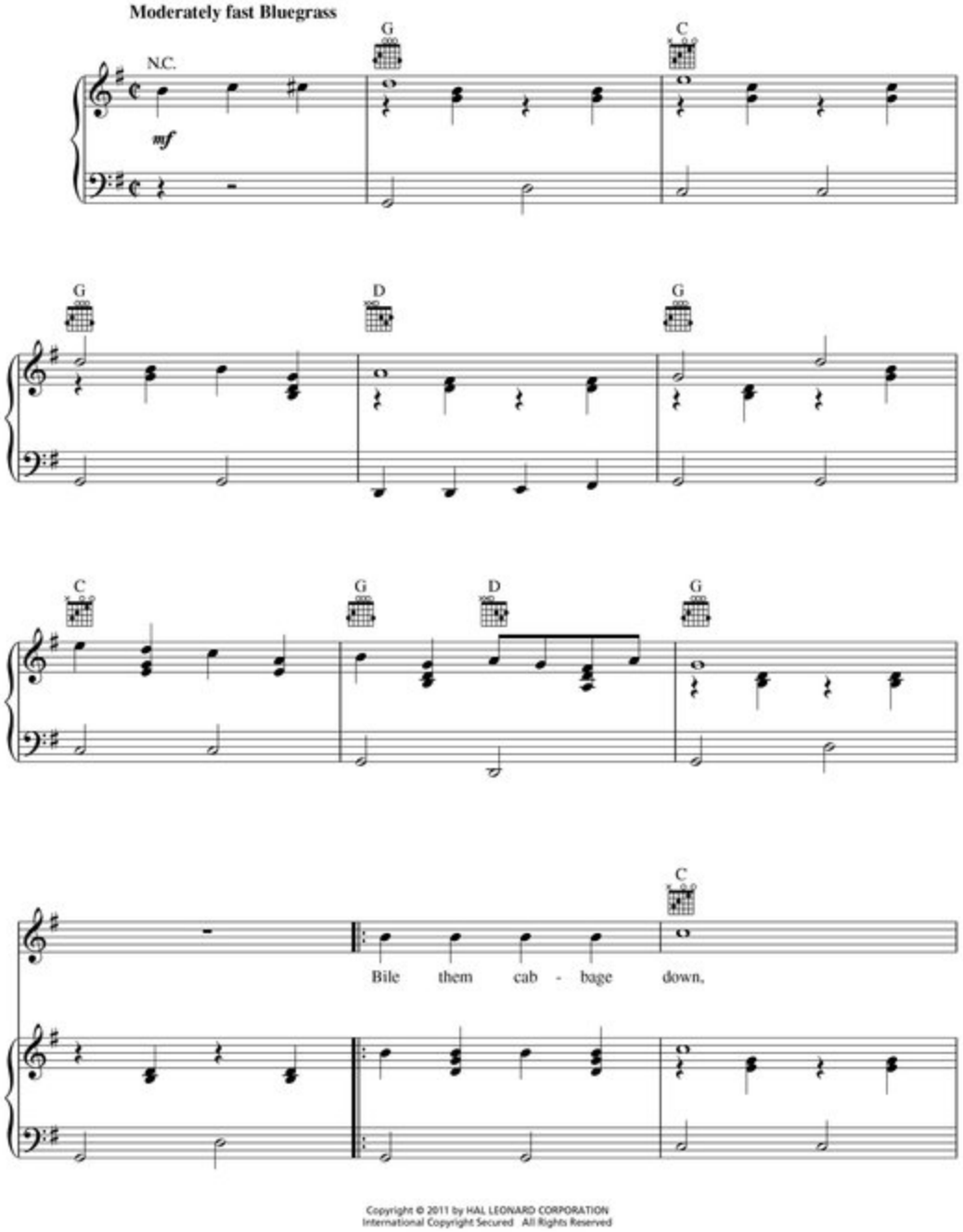
BOIL THEM CABBAGE DOWN

American Folksong



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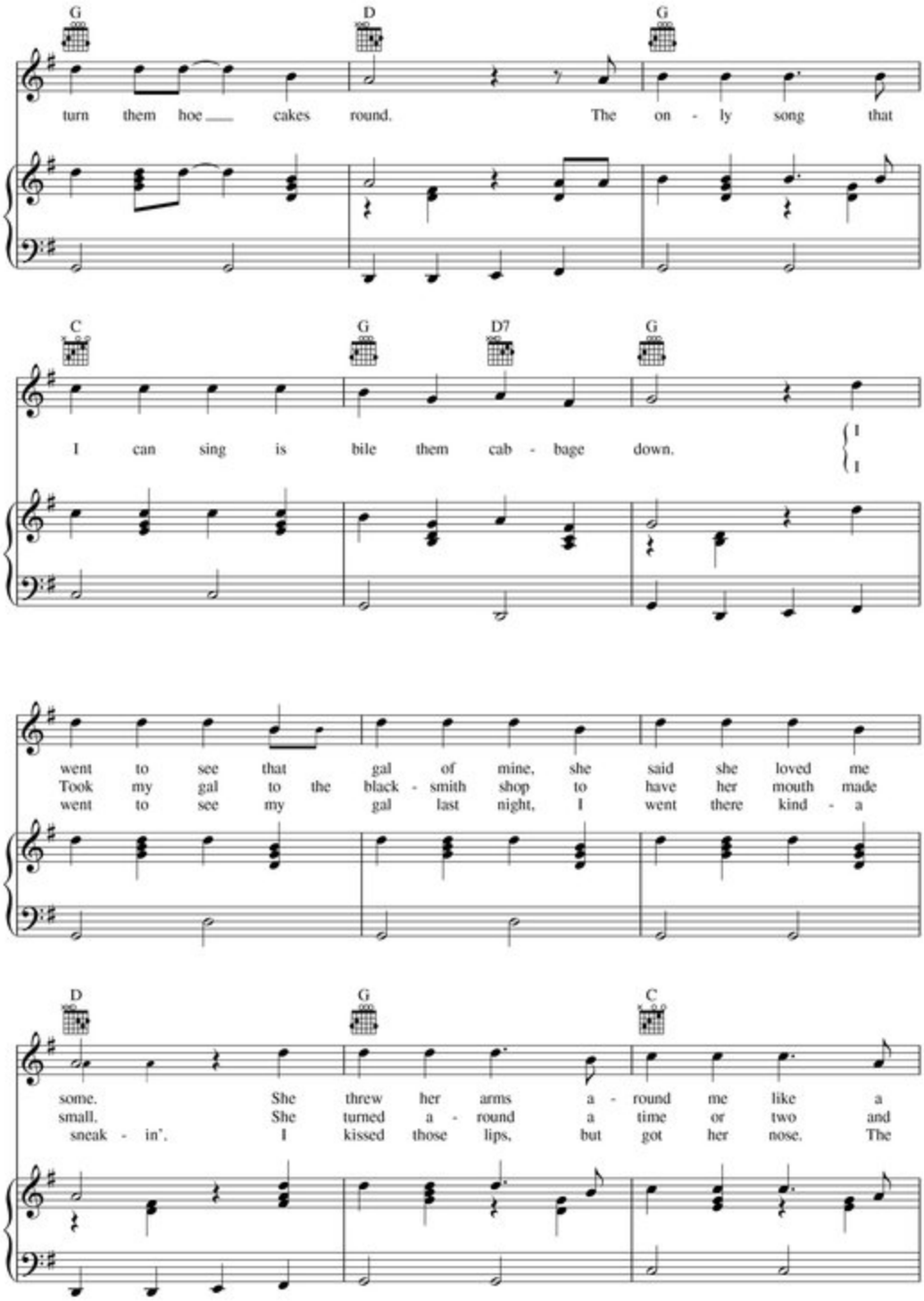
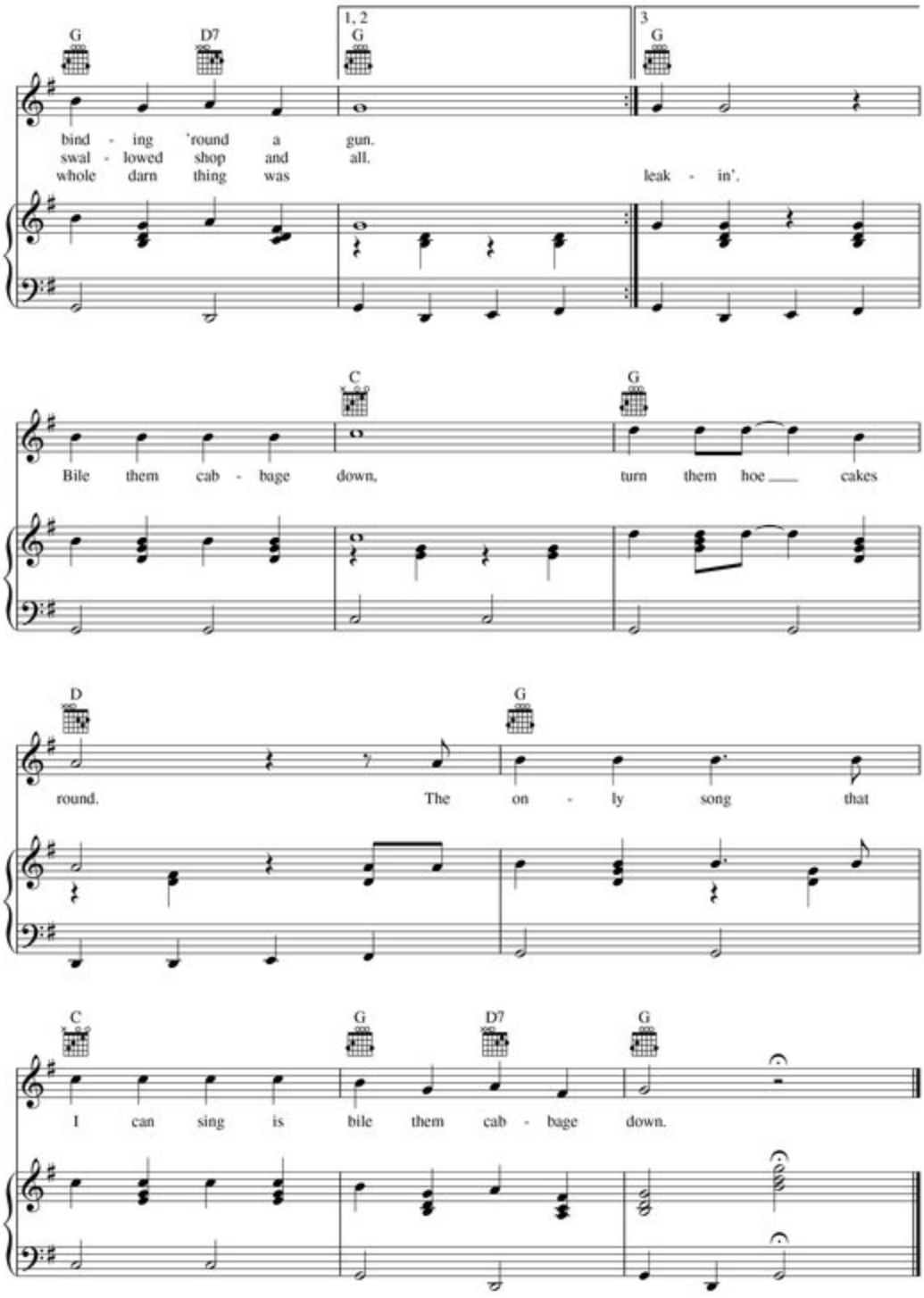

G D G
turn them hoe cakes round. The on - ly song that
C G D7 G
I can sing is bile them cab - bage down.
I
I
went to see that gal of mine, she said she loved me
Took my gal to the black - smith shop to have her mouth made
went to see my gal last night, I went there kind - a
D G C
some. She threw her arms a - round me like a
small. She turned a - round a time or two and
sneak - in'. I kissed those lips, but got her nose. The



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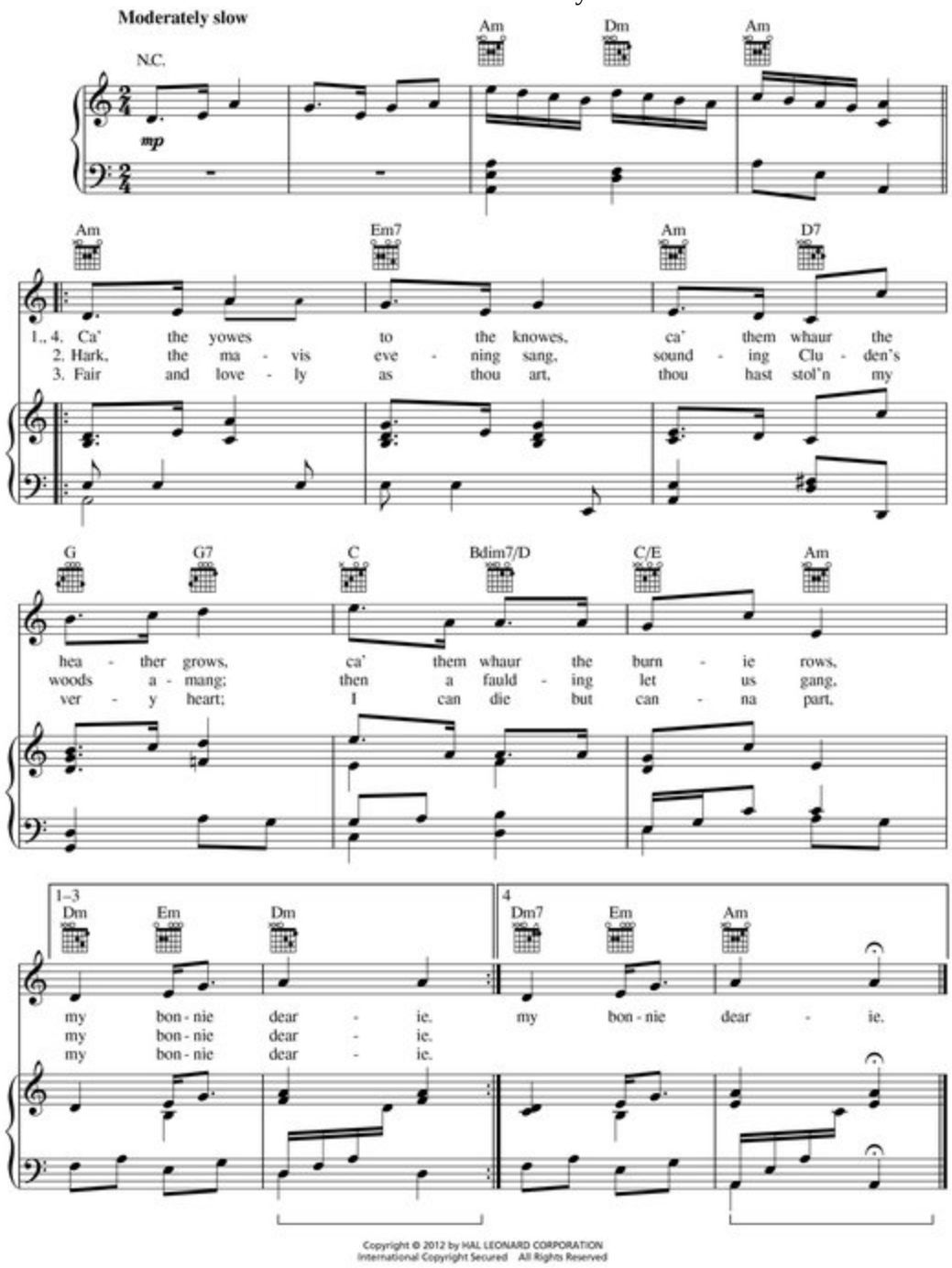
CA' THE YOWES

Words by ROBERT BURNS
Old Scottish Melody



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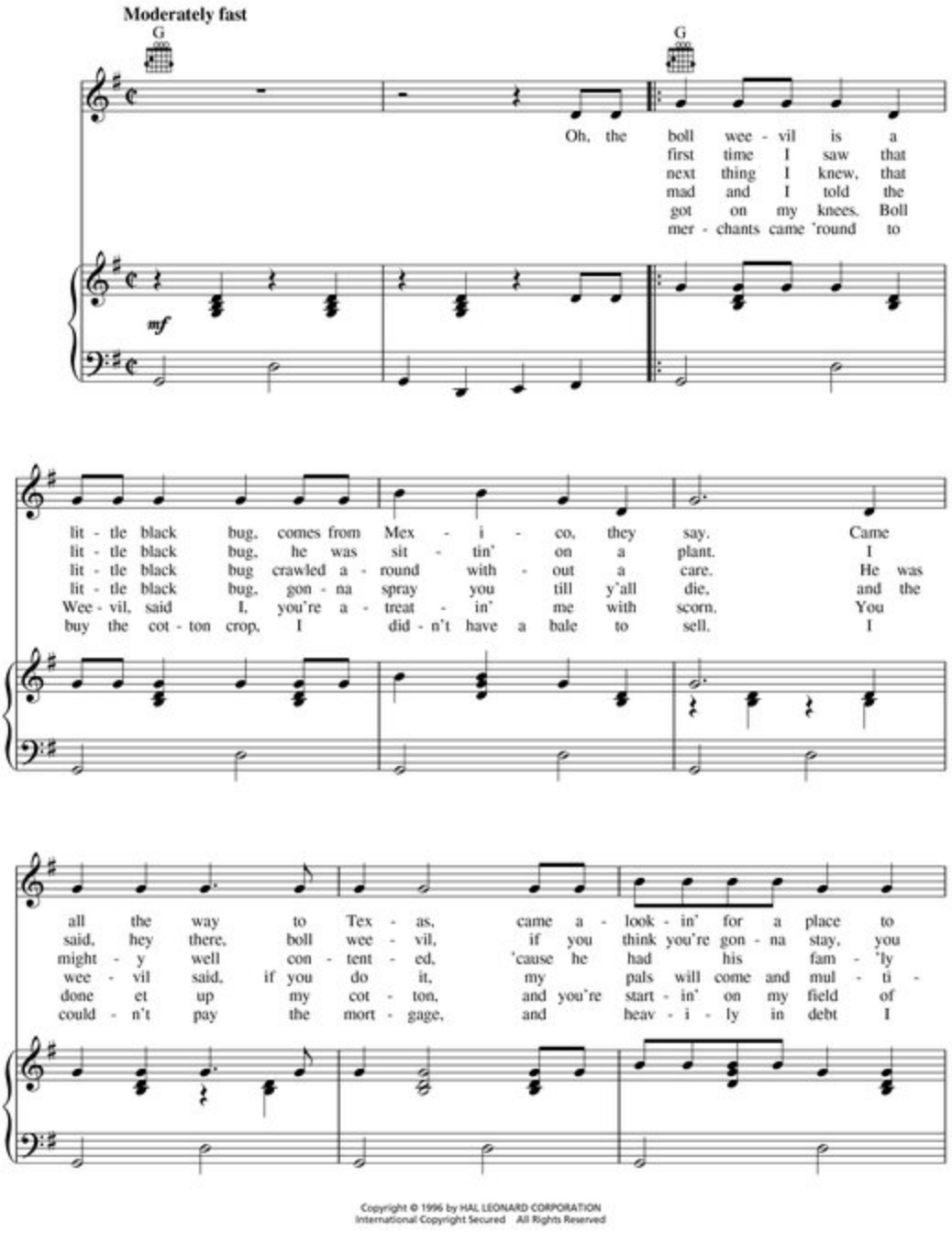
THE BOLL WEEVIL

Texas Folksong, c. 1890



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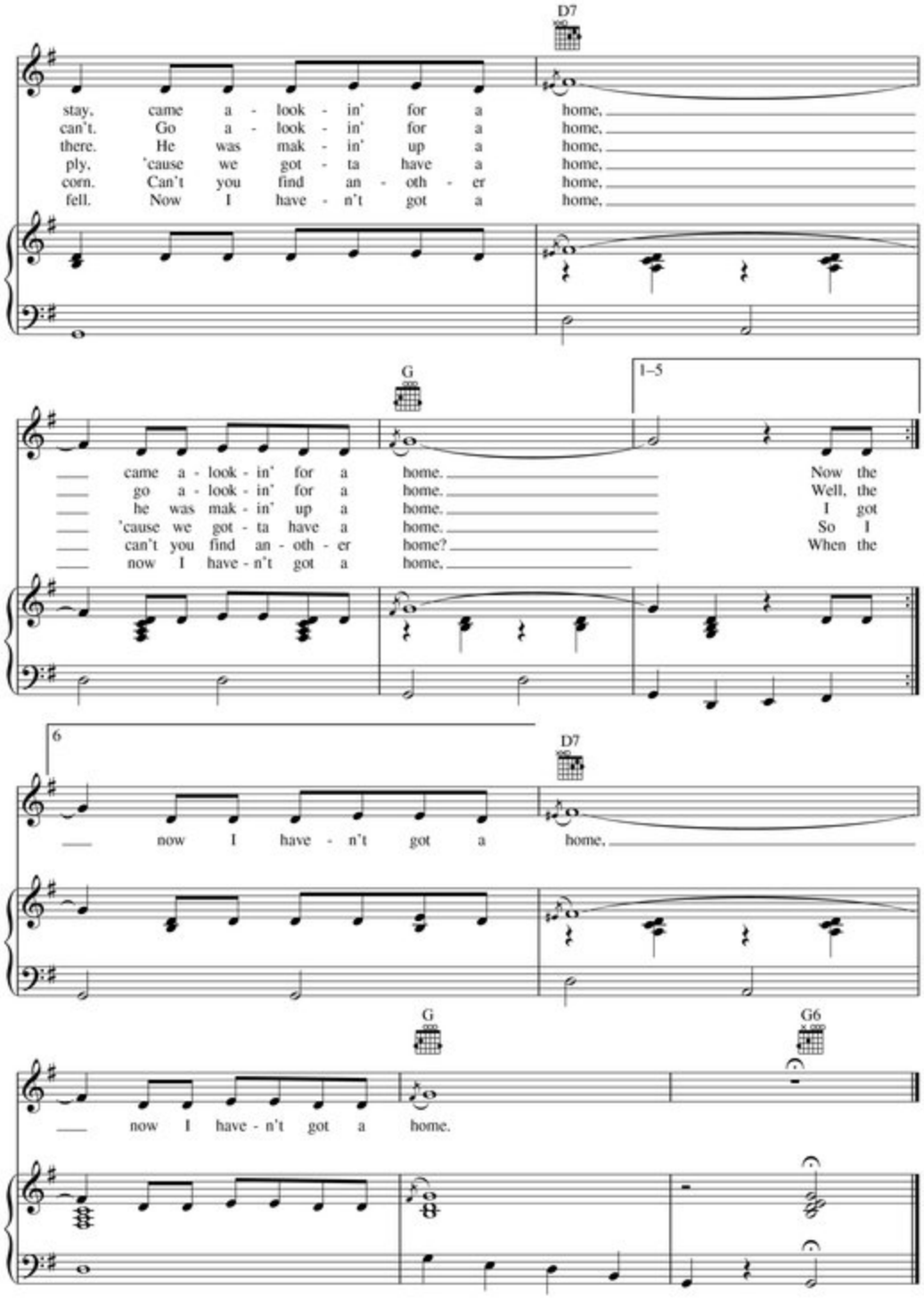

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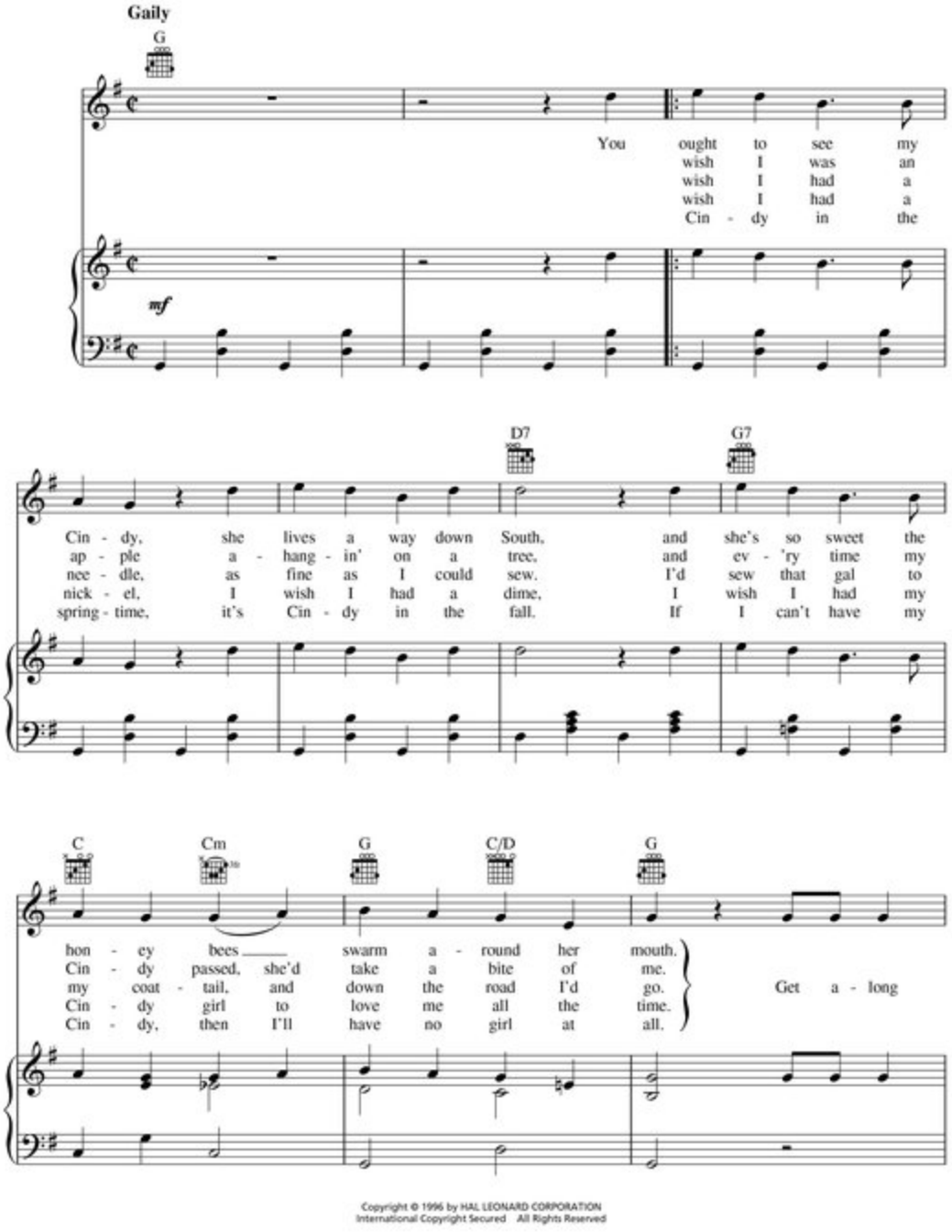
C I N D Y

Southern Appalachian Folksong



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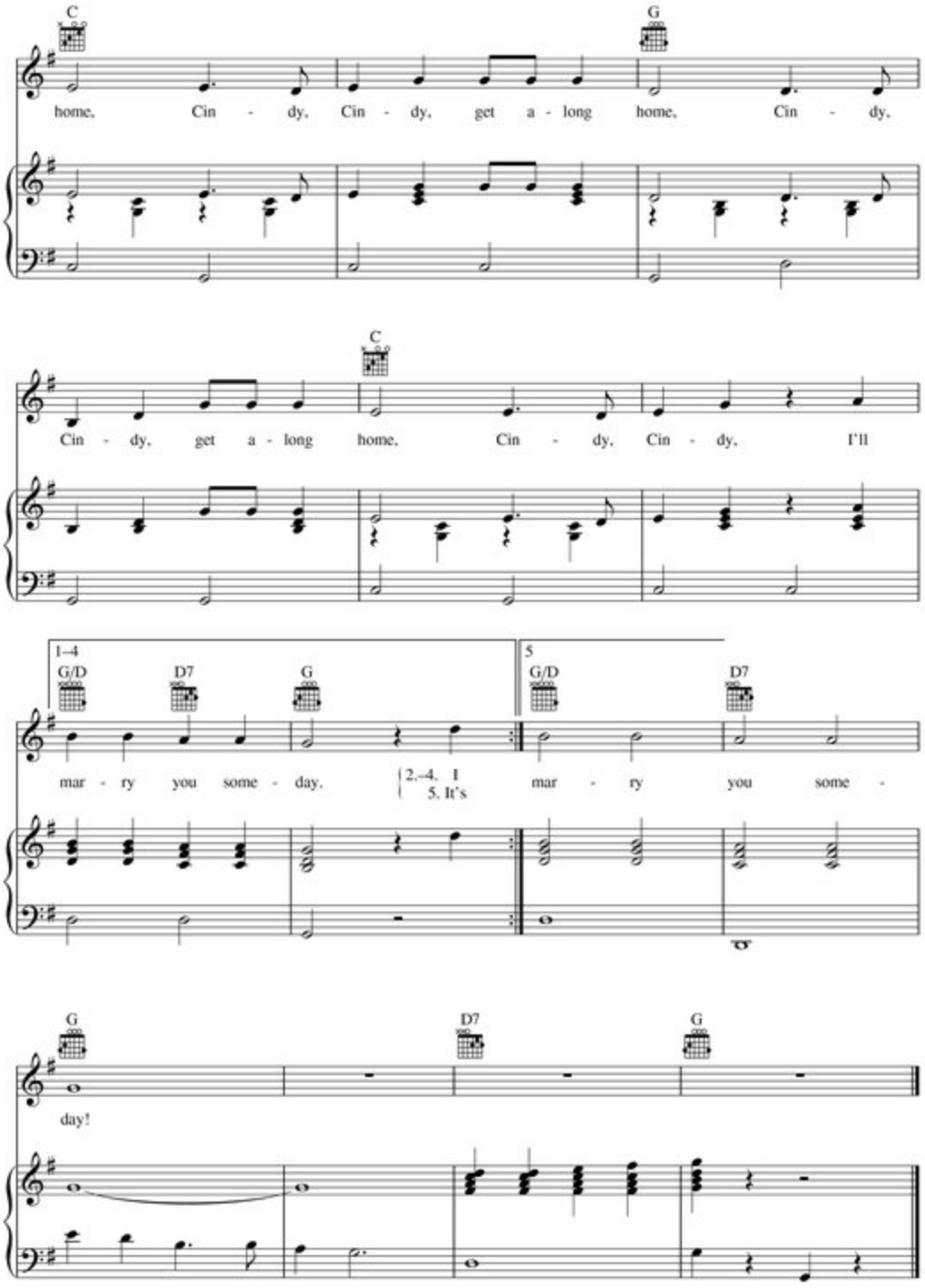

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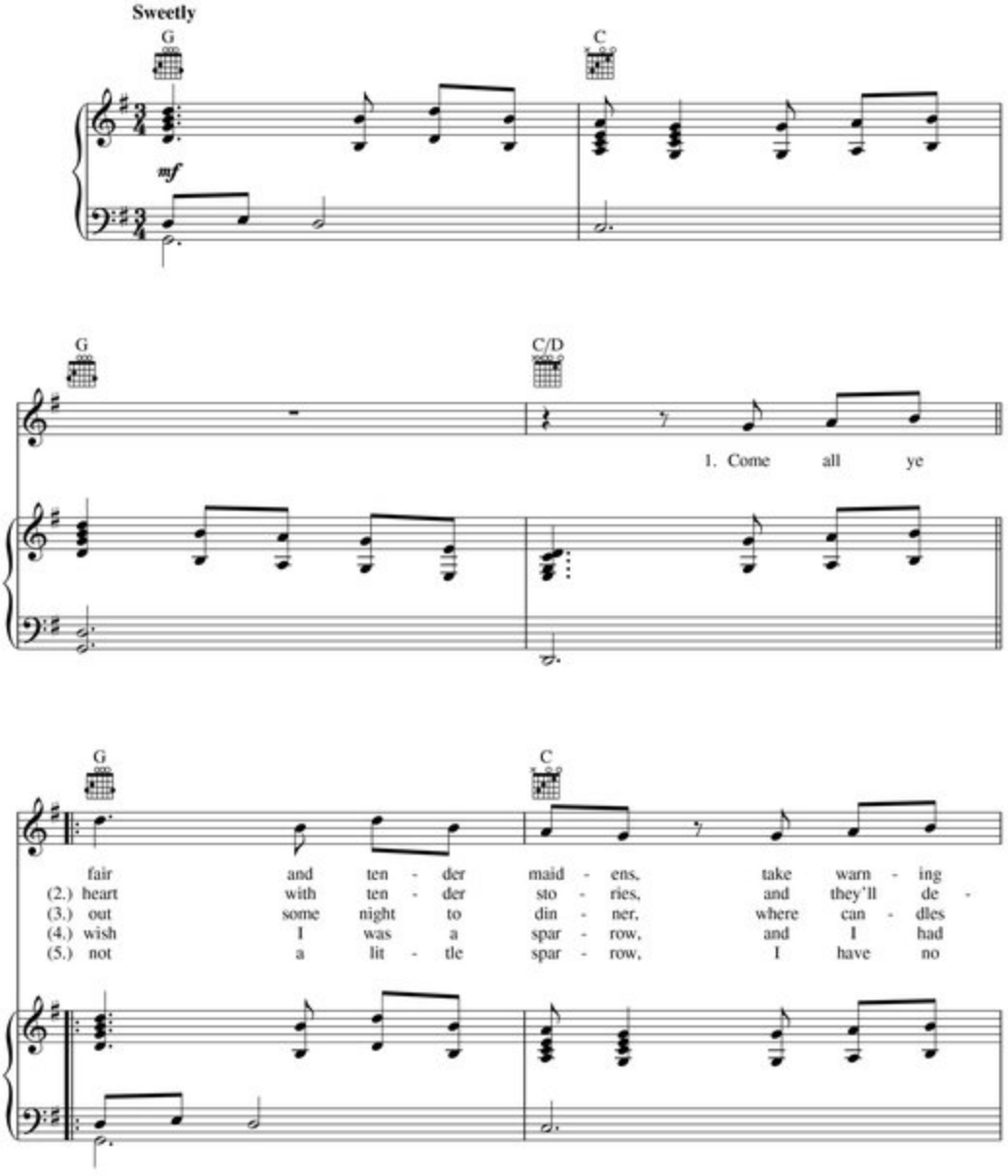
COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER MAIDENS

Kentucky Folksong



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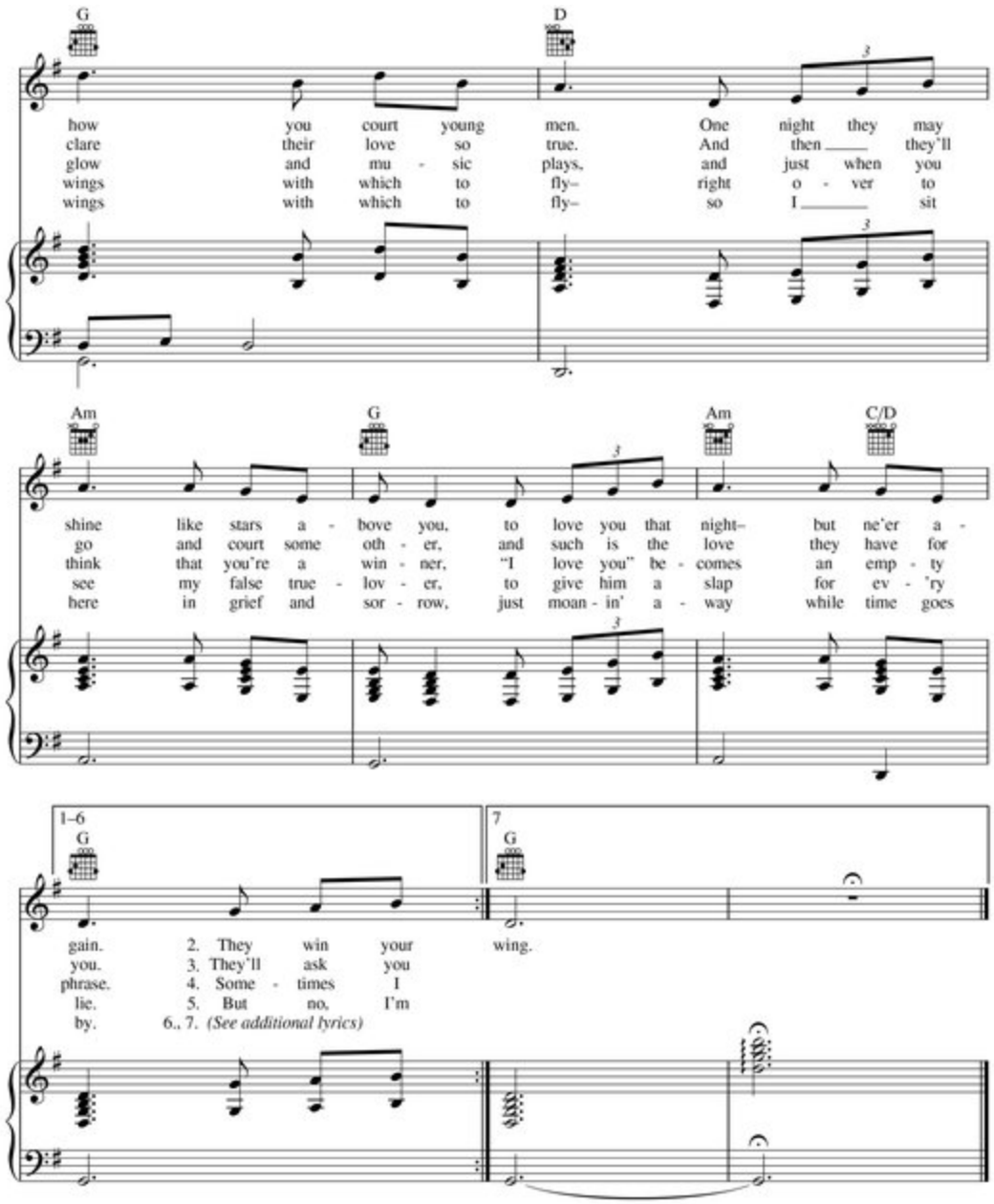

Additional Lyrics

6. Come all ye fair and tender maidens,
Take warning how you court young men.
One night they may shine like stars above you,
To love you that night–but ne'er again.

7. If I had known, before he courted,
   That love was such a killing thing,
   I'd a-locked my heart in a chest of iron,
   And tied it down so it couldn't take wing.

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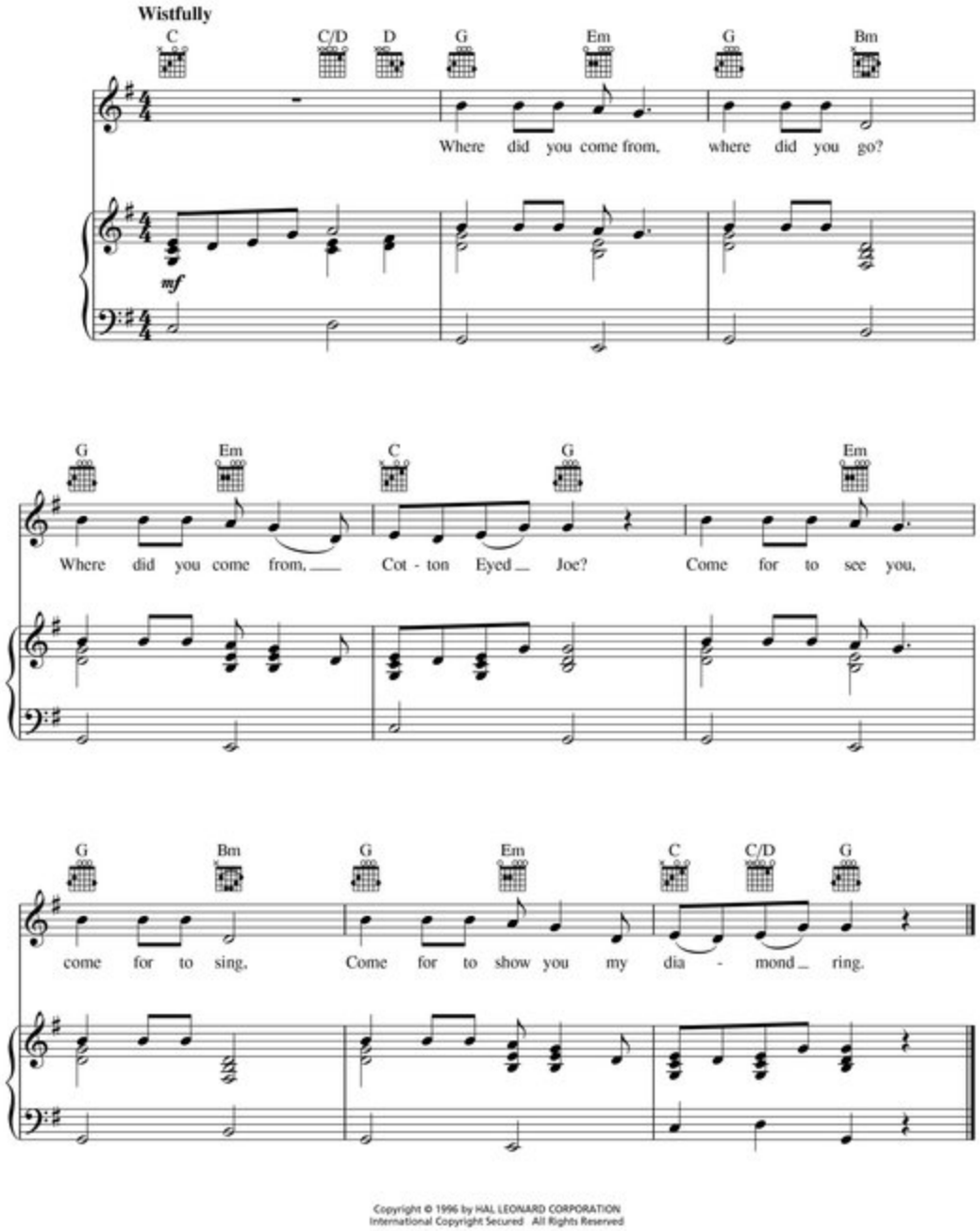
COTTON EYED JOE

Tennessee Folksong



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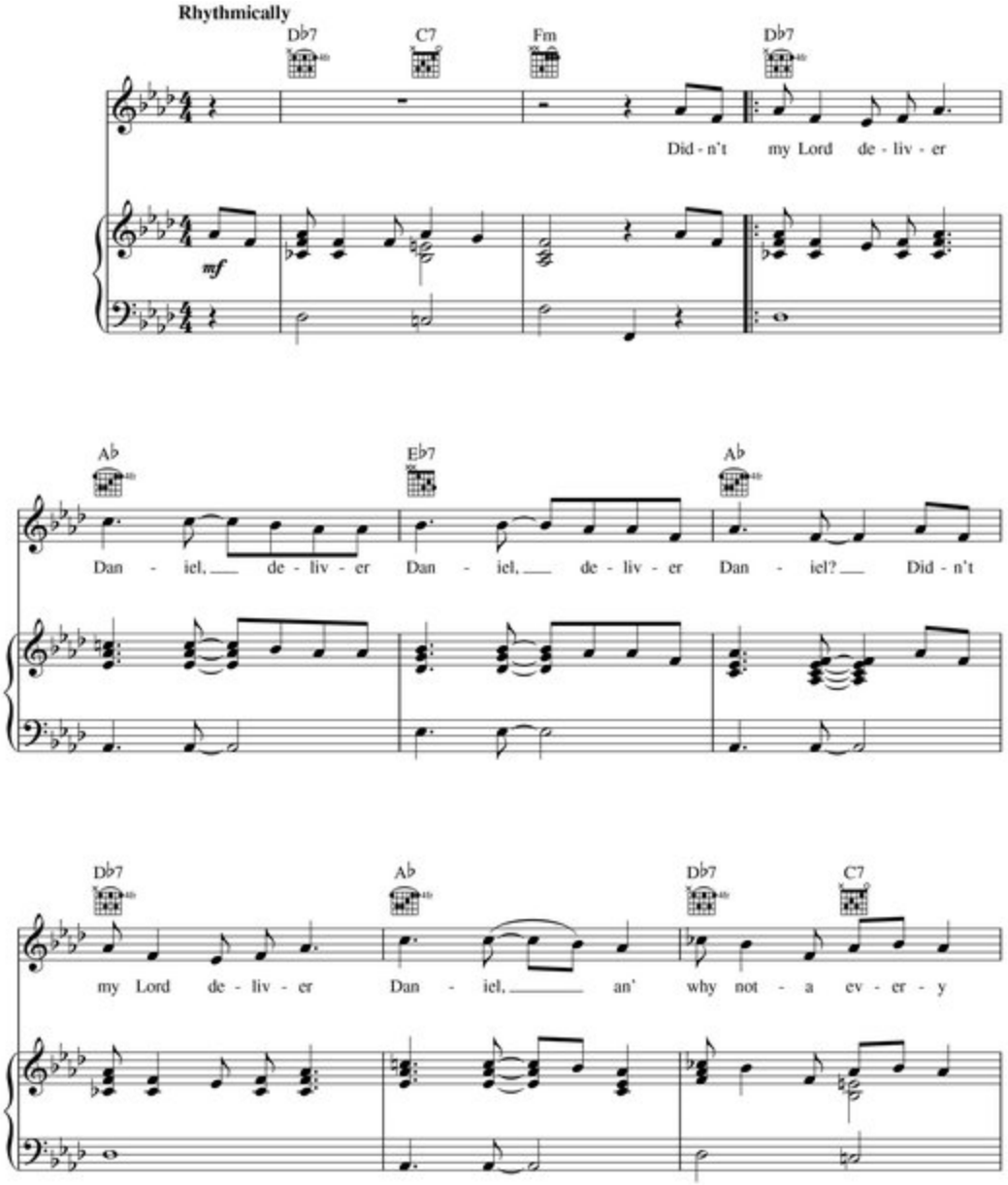
DIDN'T MY LORD DELIVER DANIEL?

African-American Spiritual



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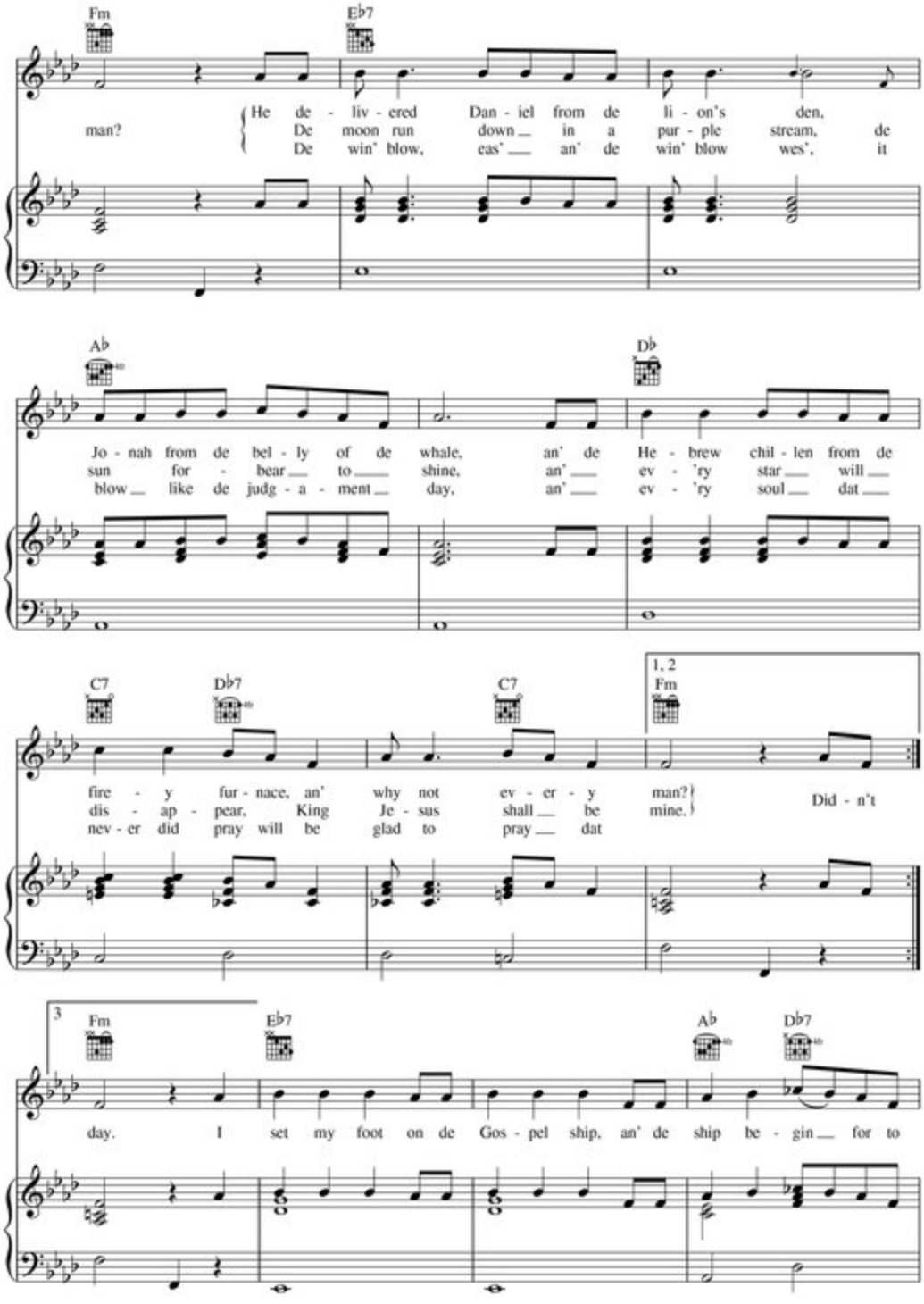
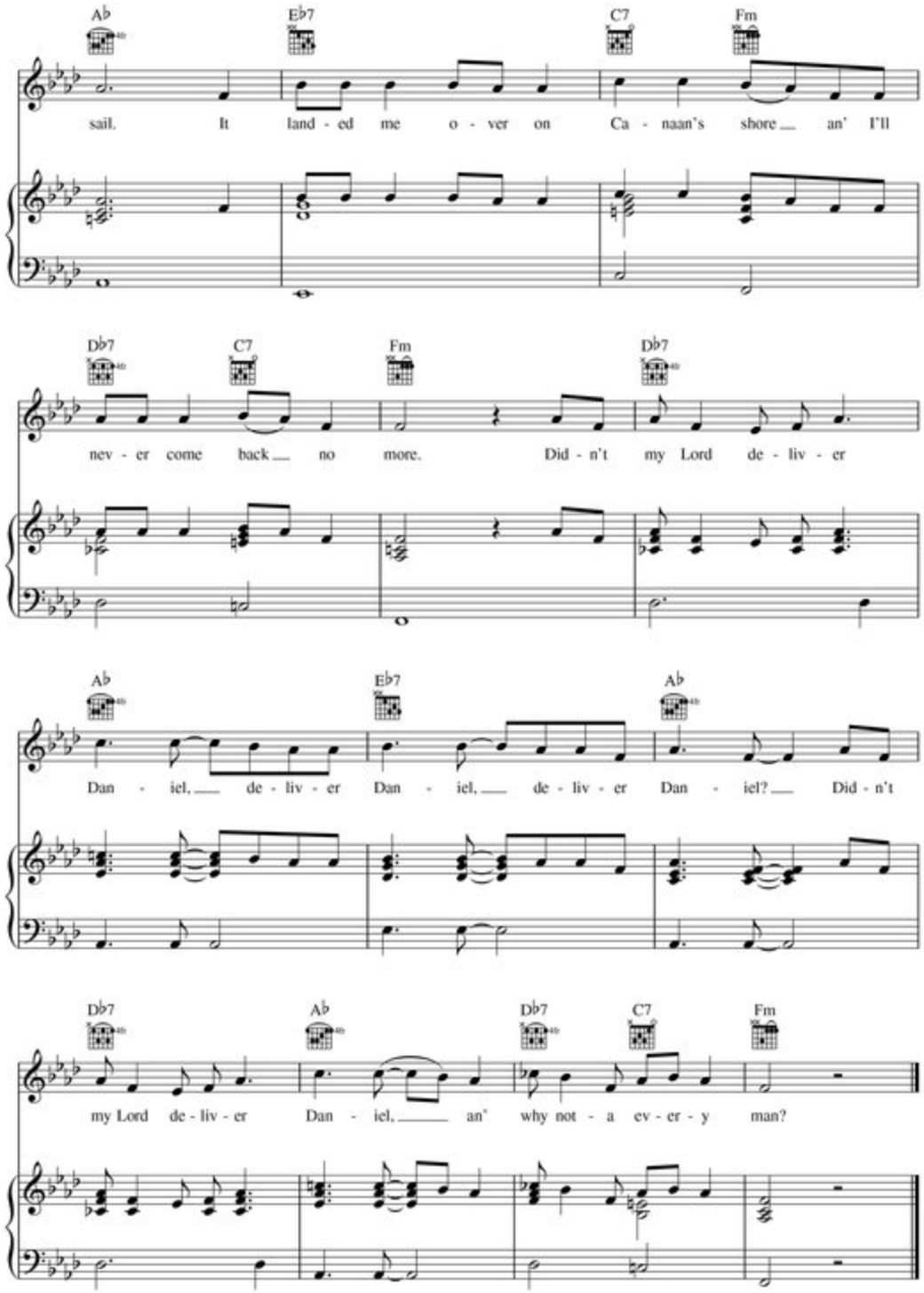

Fm
E♭7
man?
He de - liv - ered Dan - iel from de li - on's den,
De moon run down in a pur - ple stream, de
De win' blow, eas' an' de win' blow wes', it
A♭
D♭
Jo - nah from de bel - ly of de whale, an' de He - brew chil - len from de
sun for - bear to shine, an' ev - 'ry star will
blow like de judg - a - ment day, an' ev - 'ry soul dat
C7
D♭7
C7
1, 2
Fm
fire - y fur - nace, an' why not ev - er - y man?
dis - ap - pear, King Je - sus shall be mine.
nev - er did pray will be glad to pray dat
Did - n't
3
Fm
E♭7
A♭
D♭7
day. I set my foot on de Gos - pel ship, an' de ship be - gin for to



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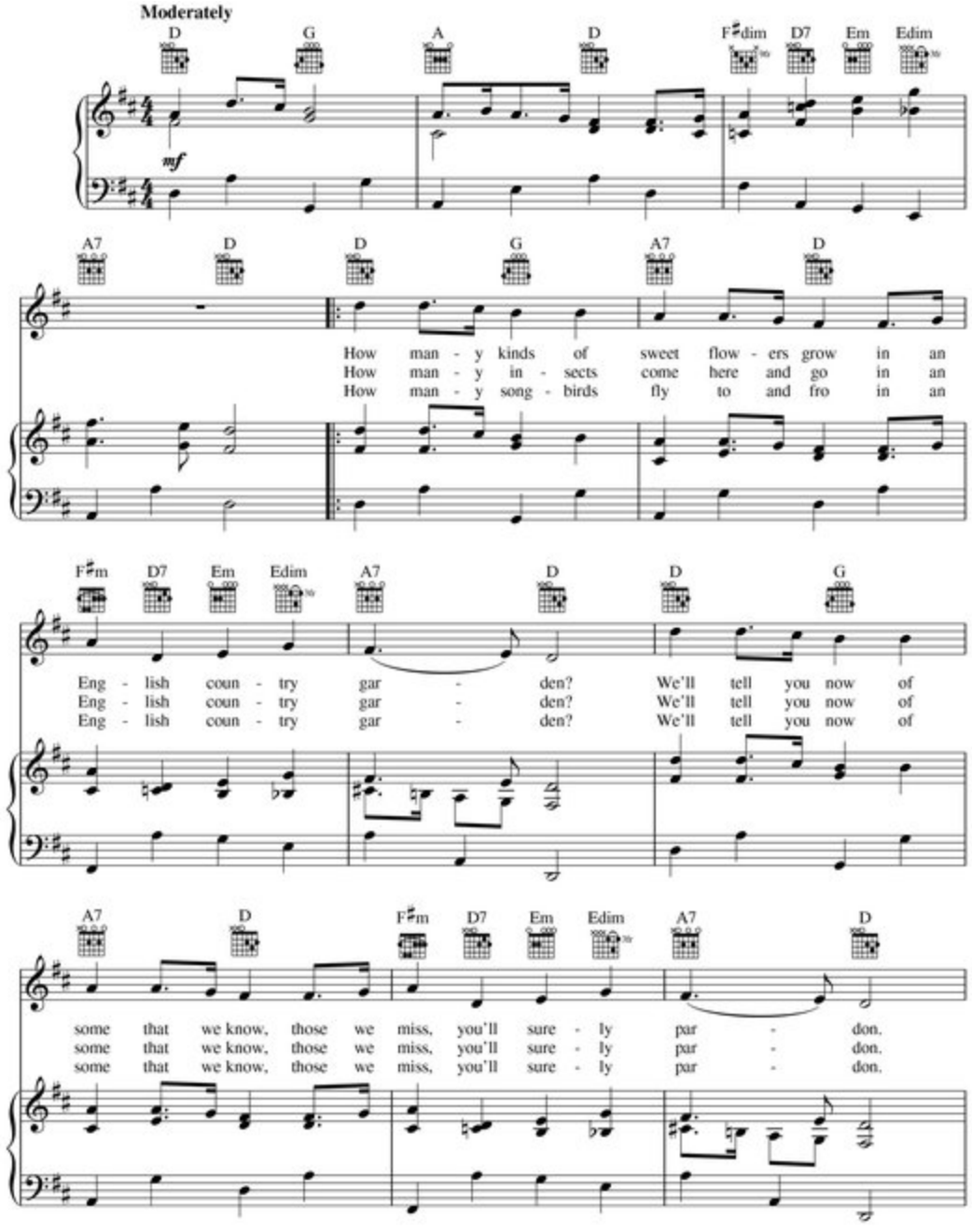
COUNTRY GARDENS

Traditional



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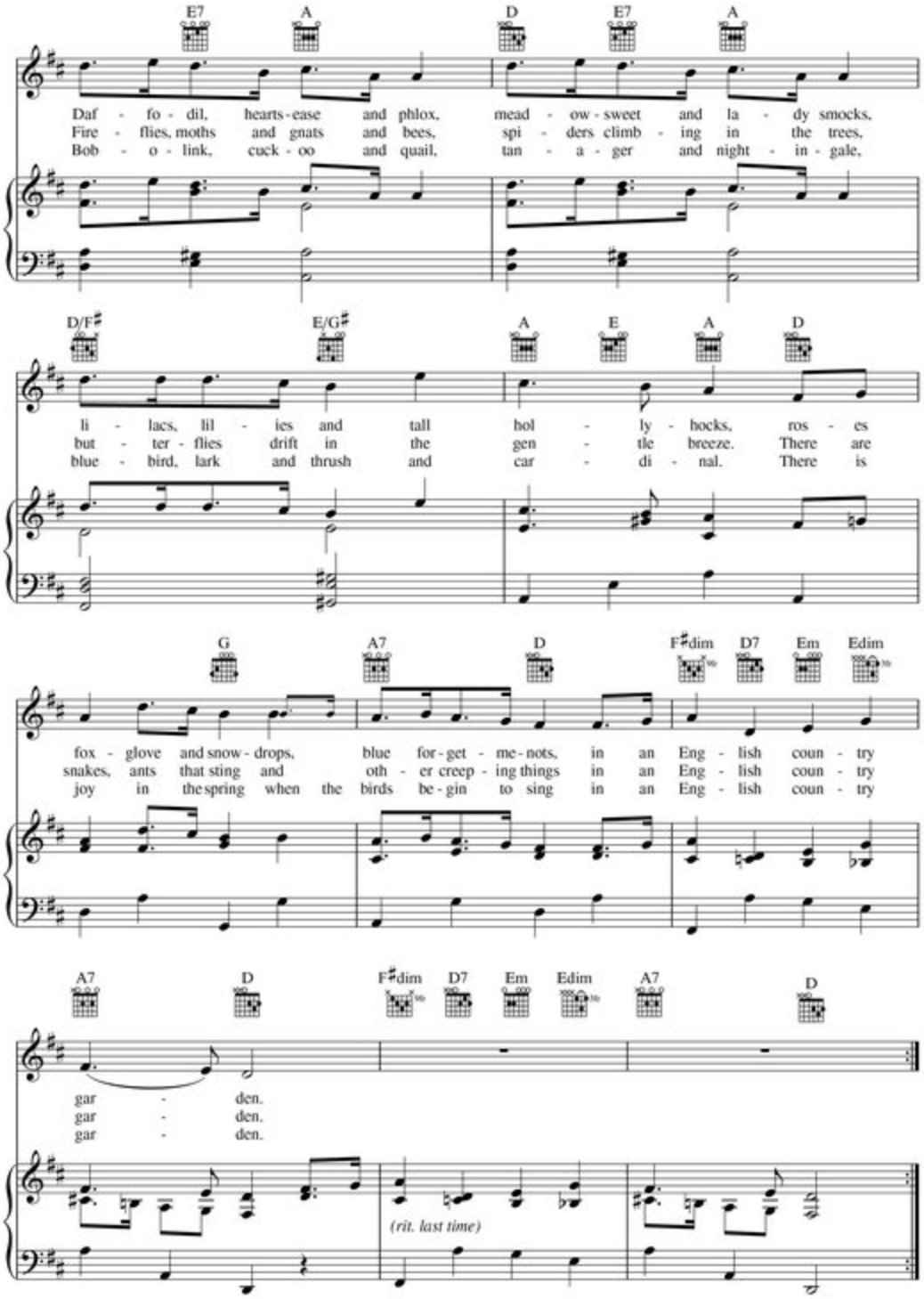

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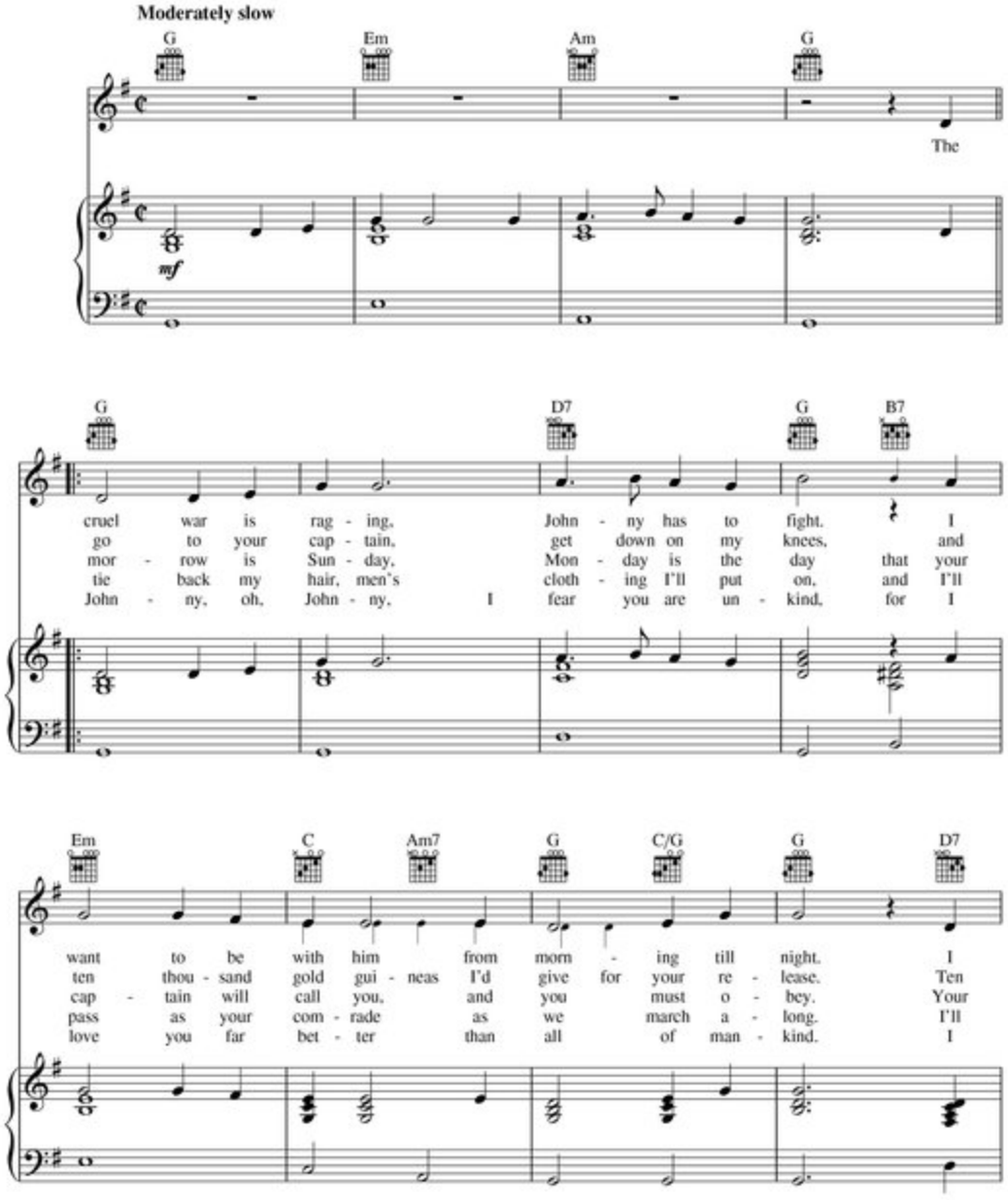
THE CRUEL WAR IS RAGING

American Folksong



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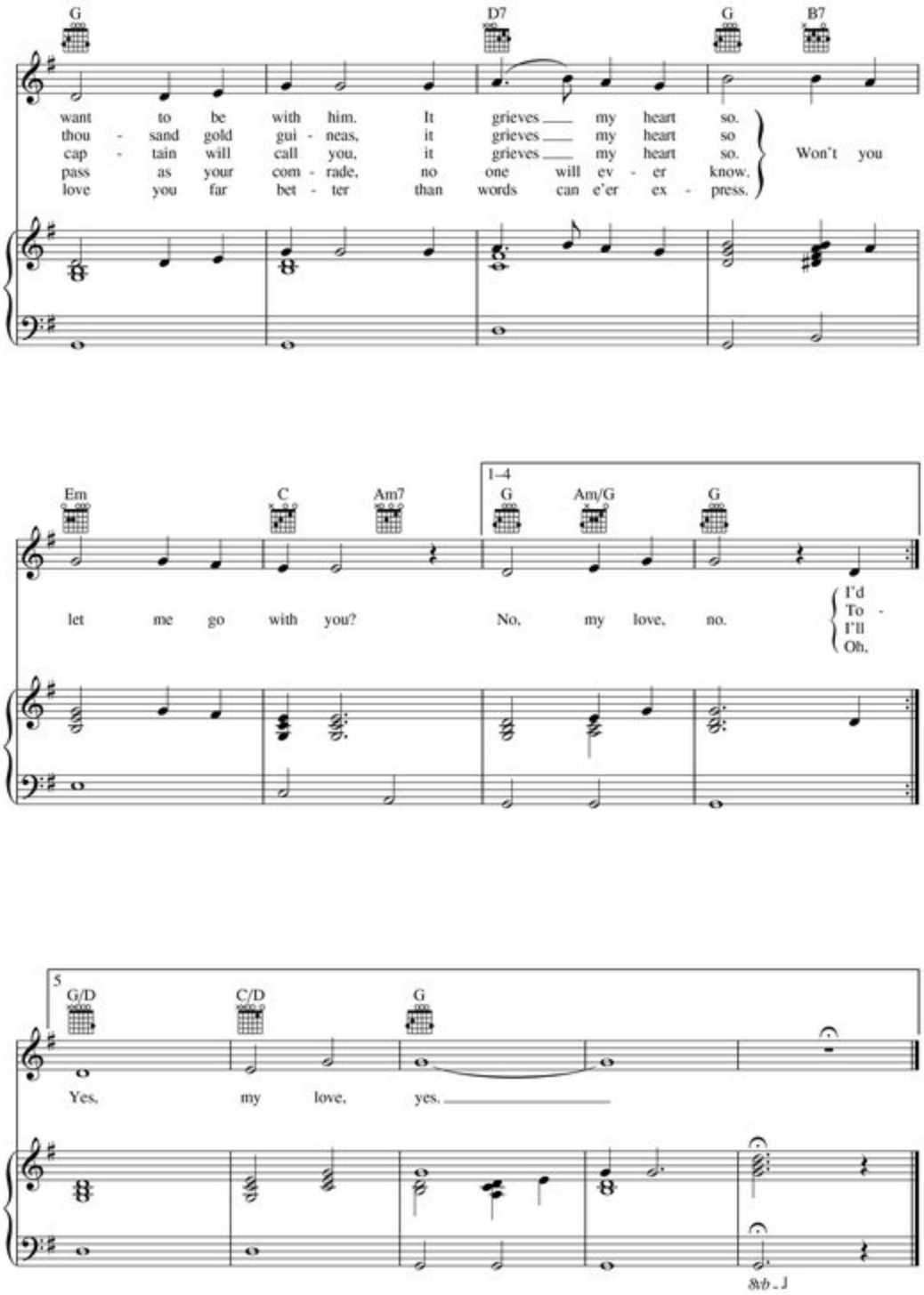

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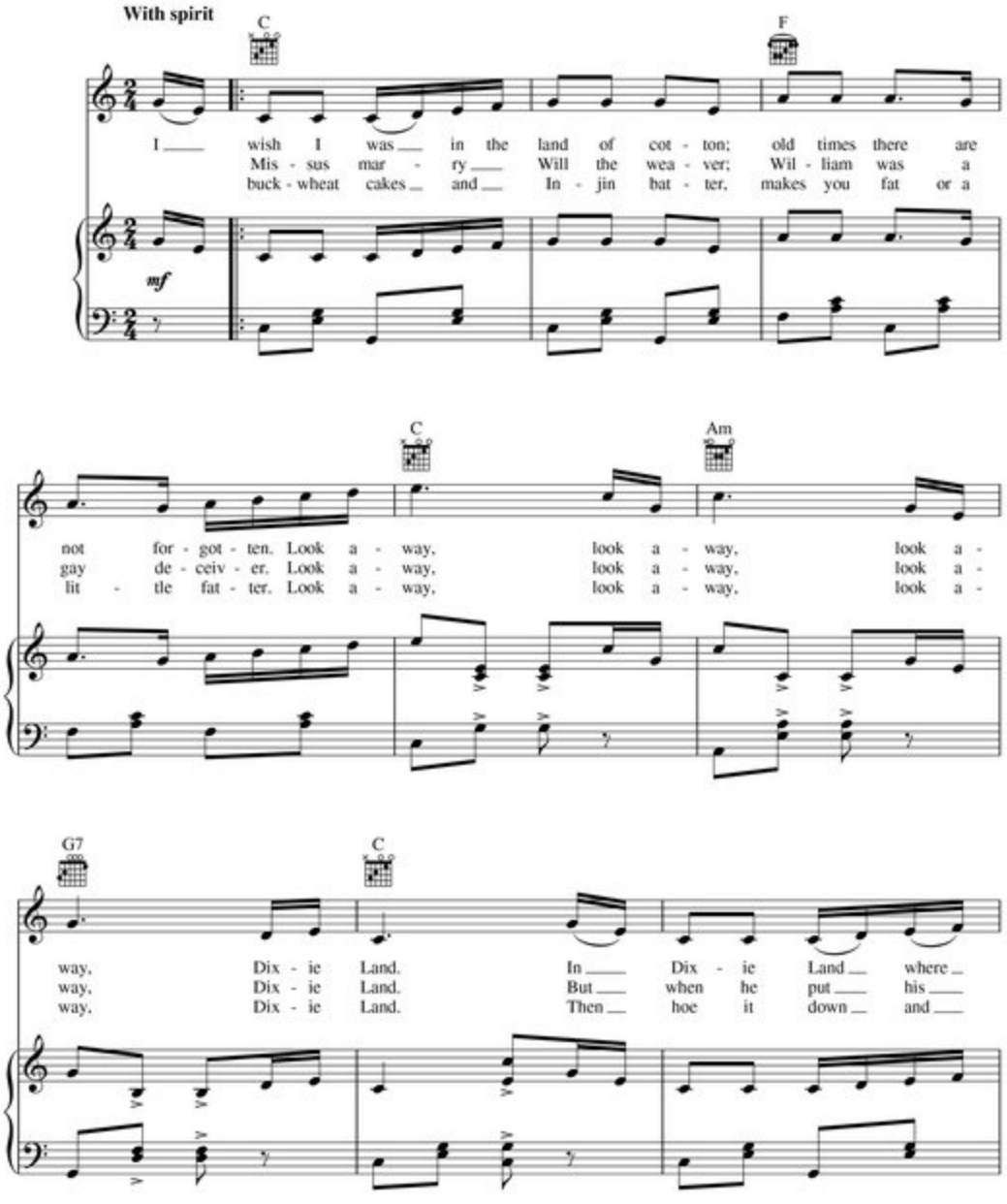
(I Wish I Was In)

D I X I E

Words and Music by
DAN DECATUR EMMETT



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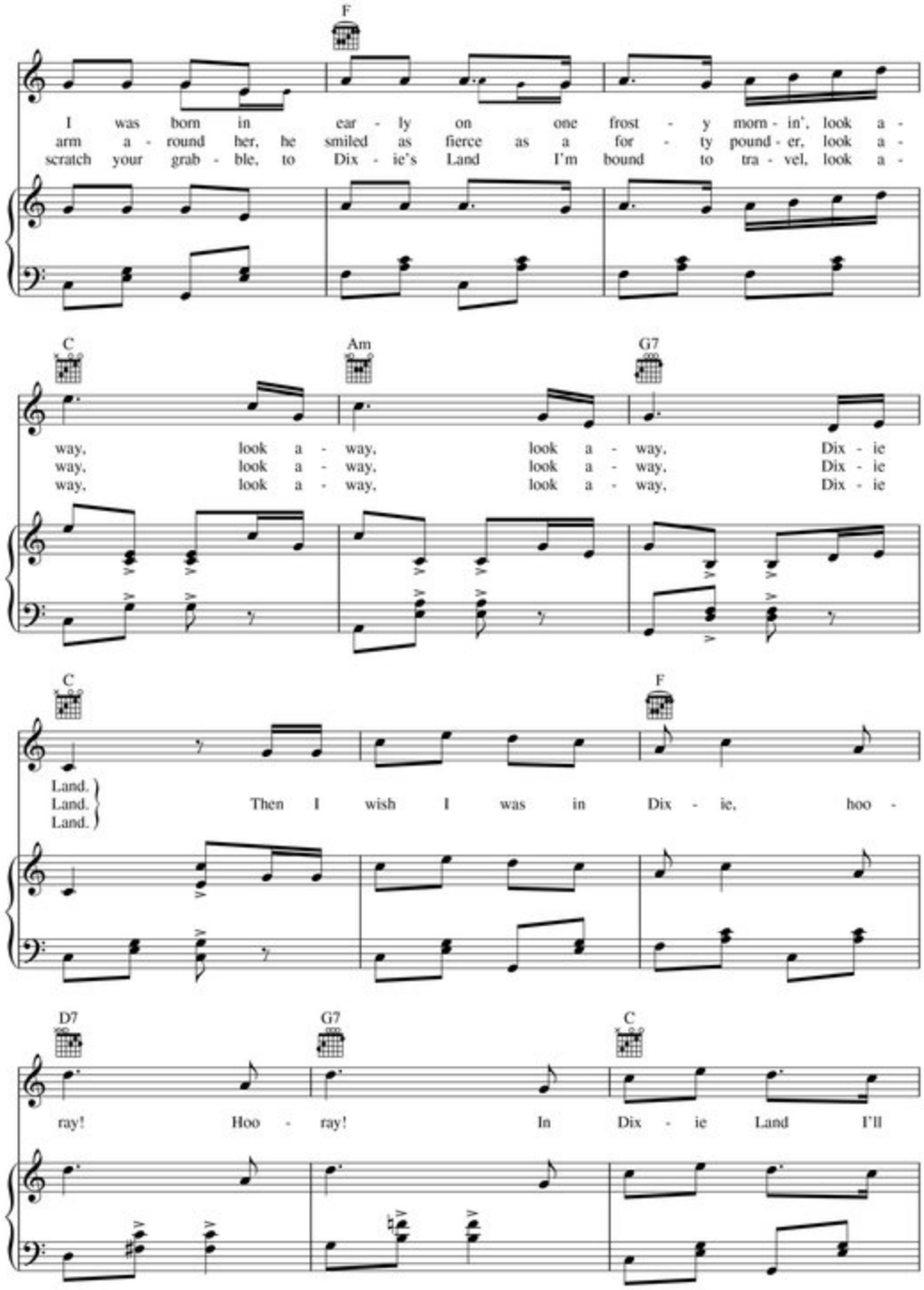
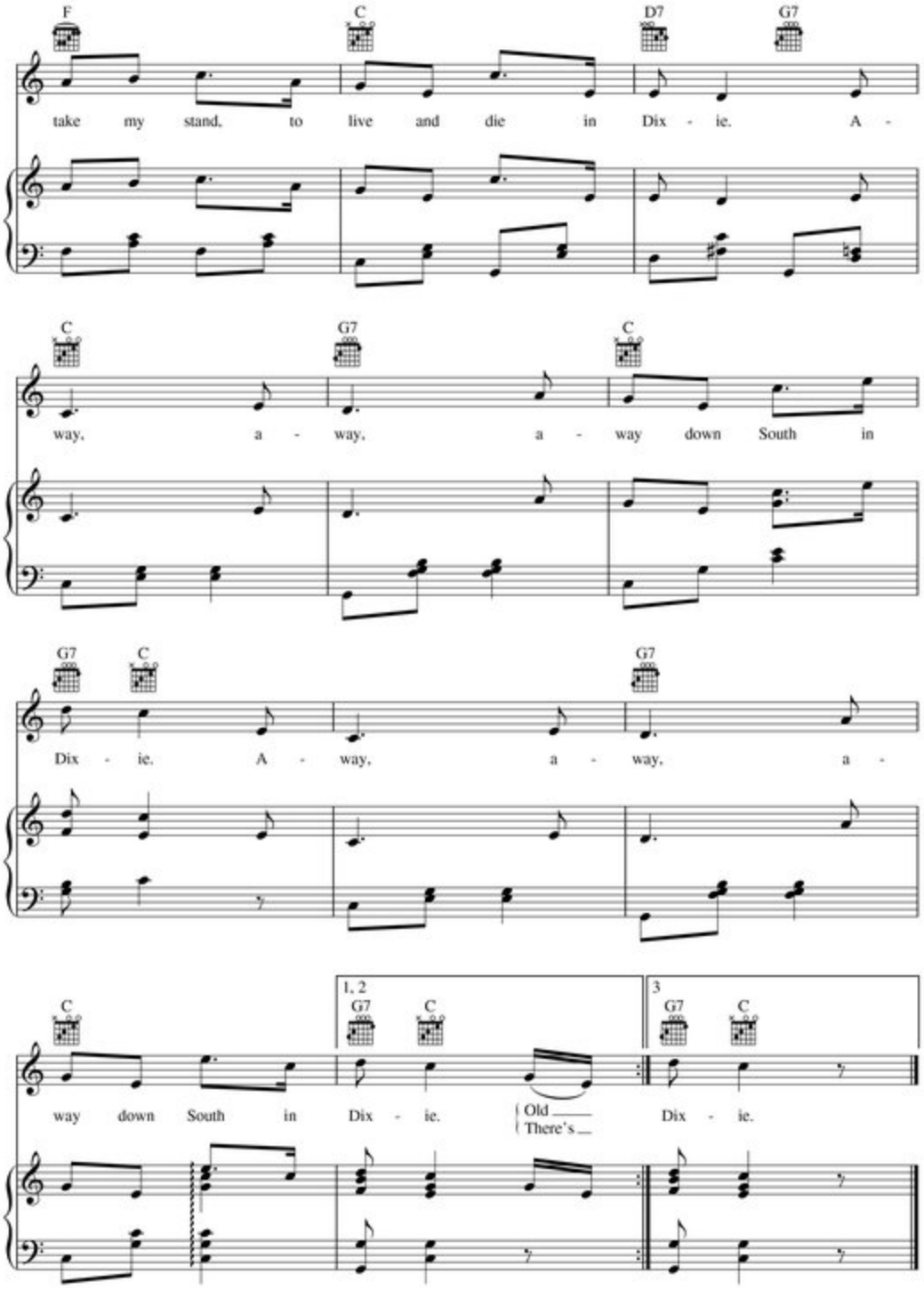

F
I was born in ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in', look a -
arm a - round her, he smiled as fierce as a for - ty pound - er, look a -
scratch your grab - ble, to Dix - ie's Land I'm bound to tra - vel, look a -
C
Am
G7
way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie
way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie
way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix - ie
C
F
Land.
Land.
Land.
Then I wish I was in Dix - ie, hoo -
D7
G7
C
ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll



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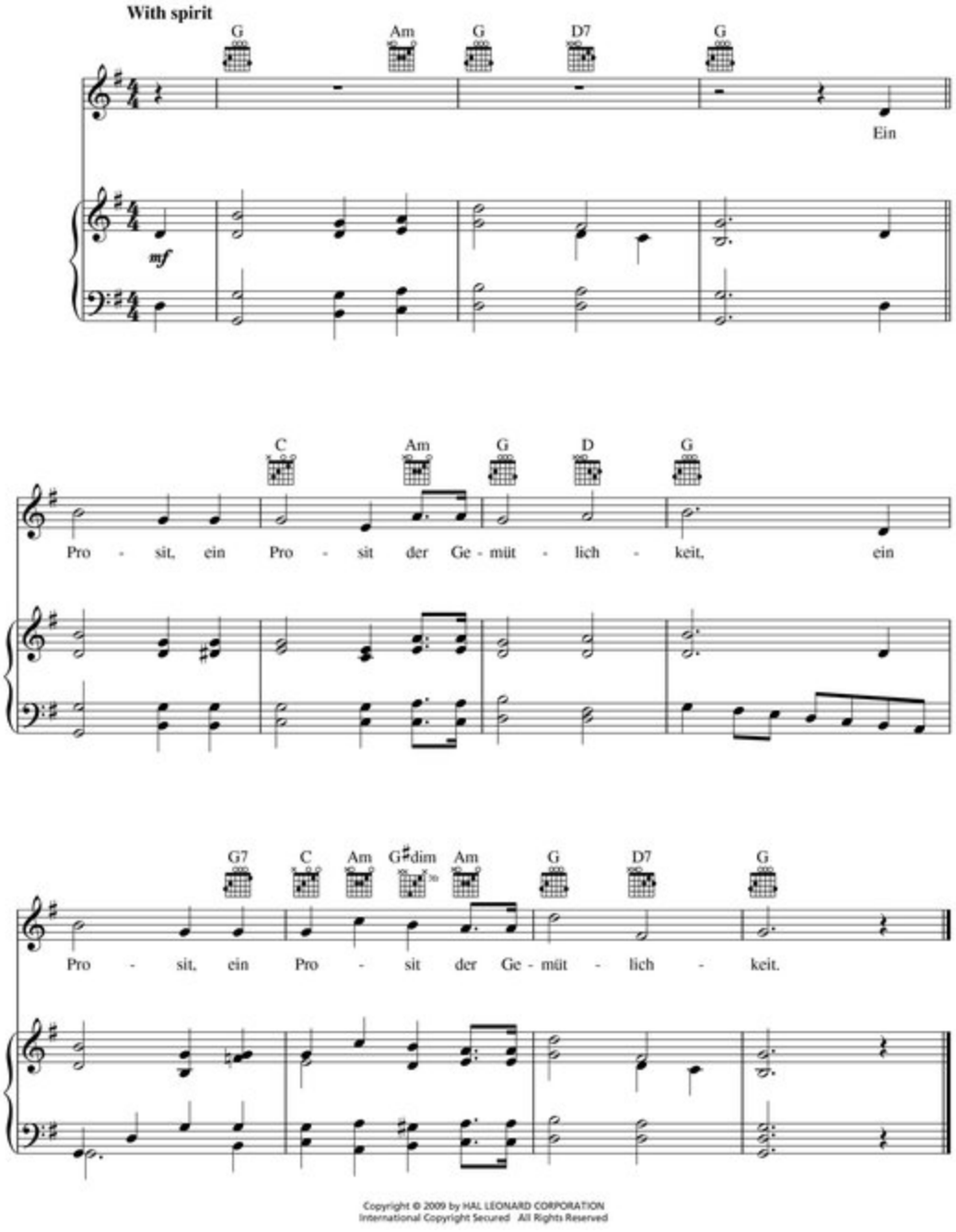
EIN PROSIT DER GEMÜTLICHKEIT

German Drinking Song



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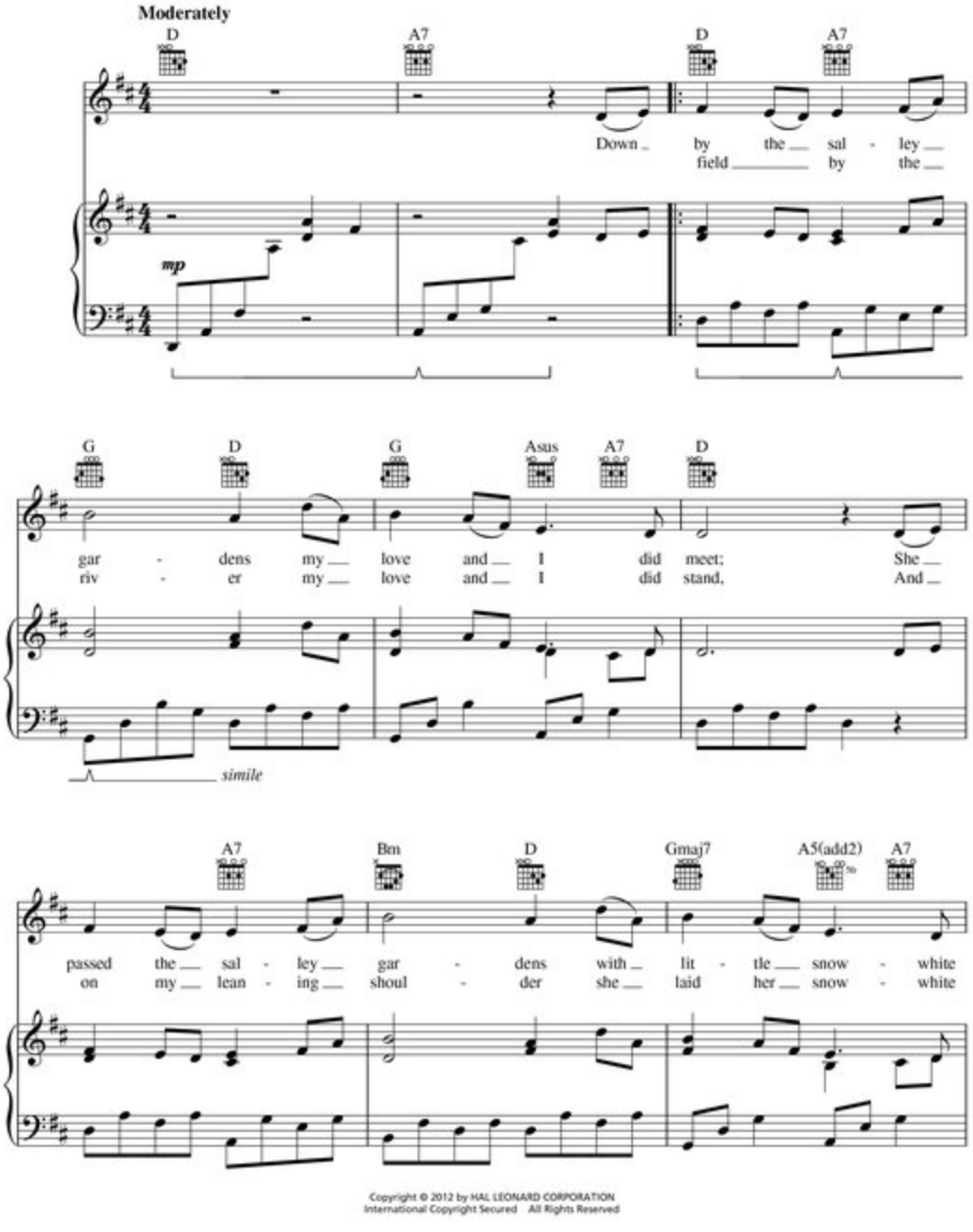
DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

Poem by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
Music from Irish Air “The Maids of Mourne Shore”



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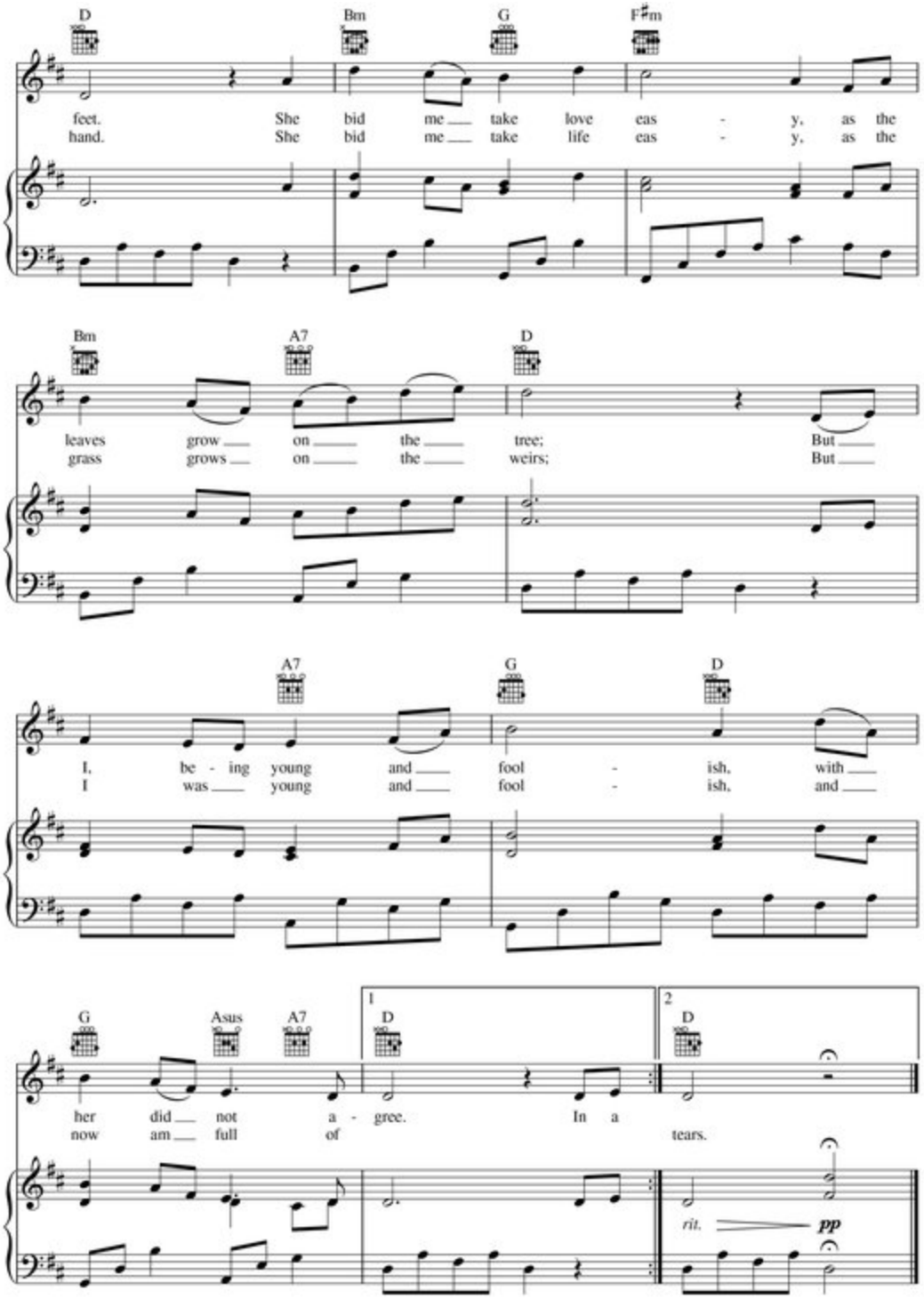

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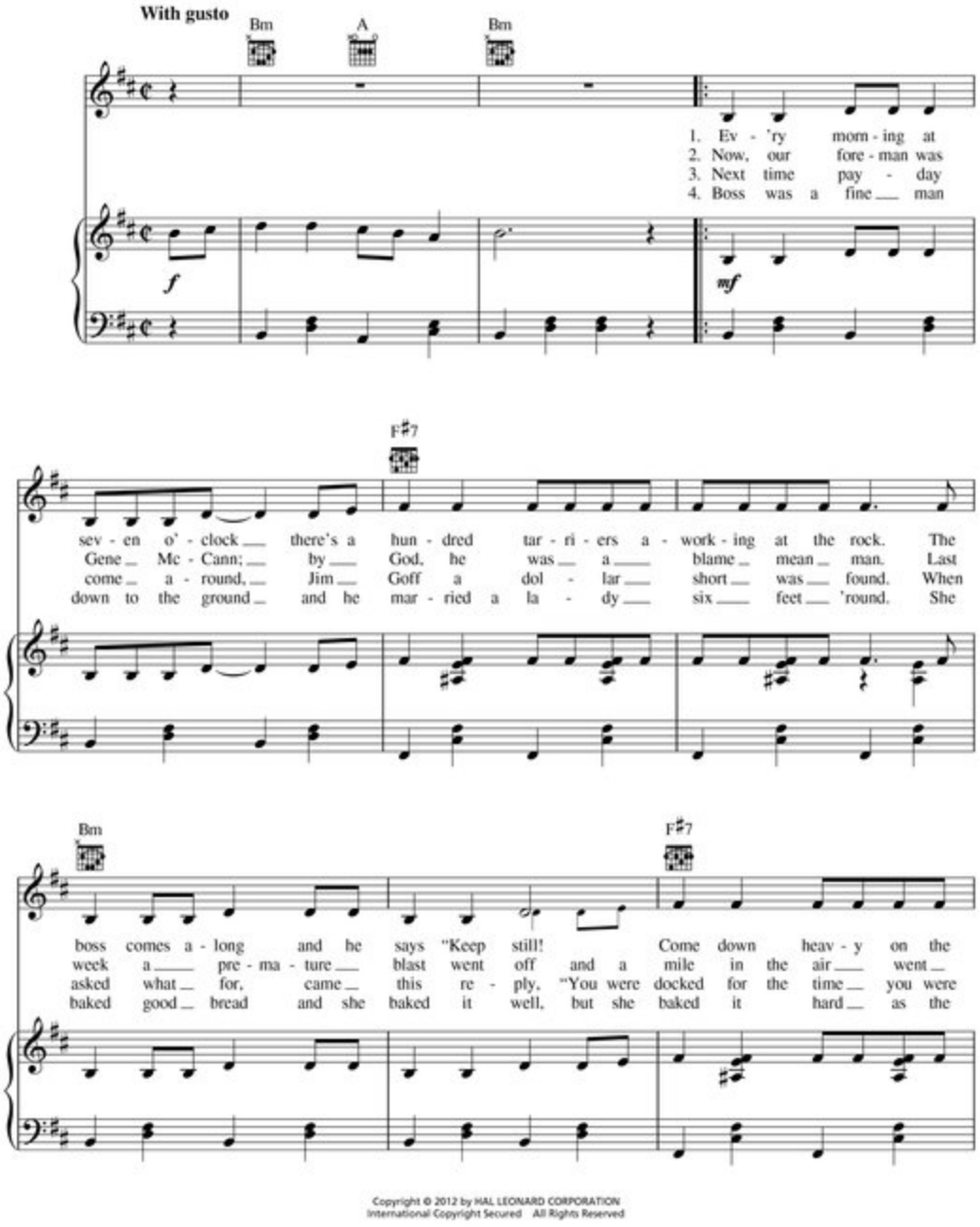
DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL

Words and Music by
THOMAS CASEY



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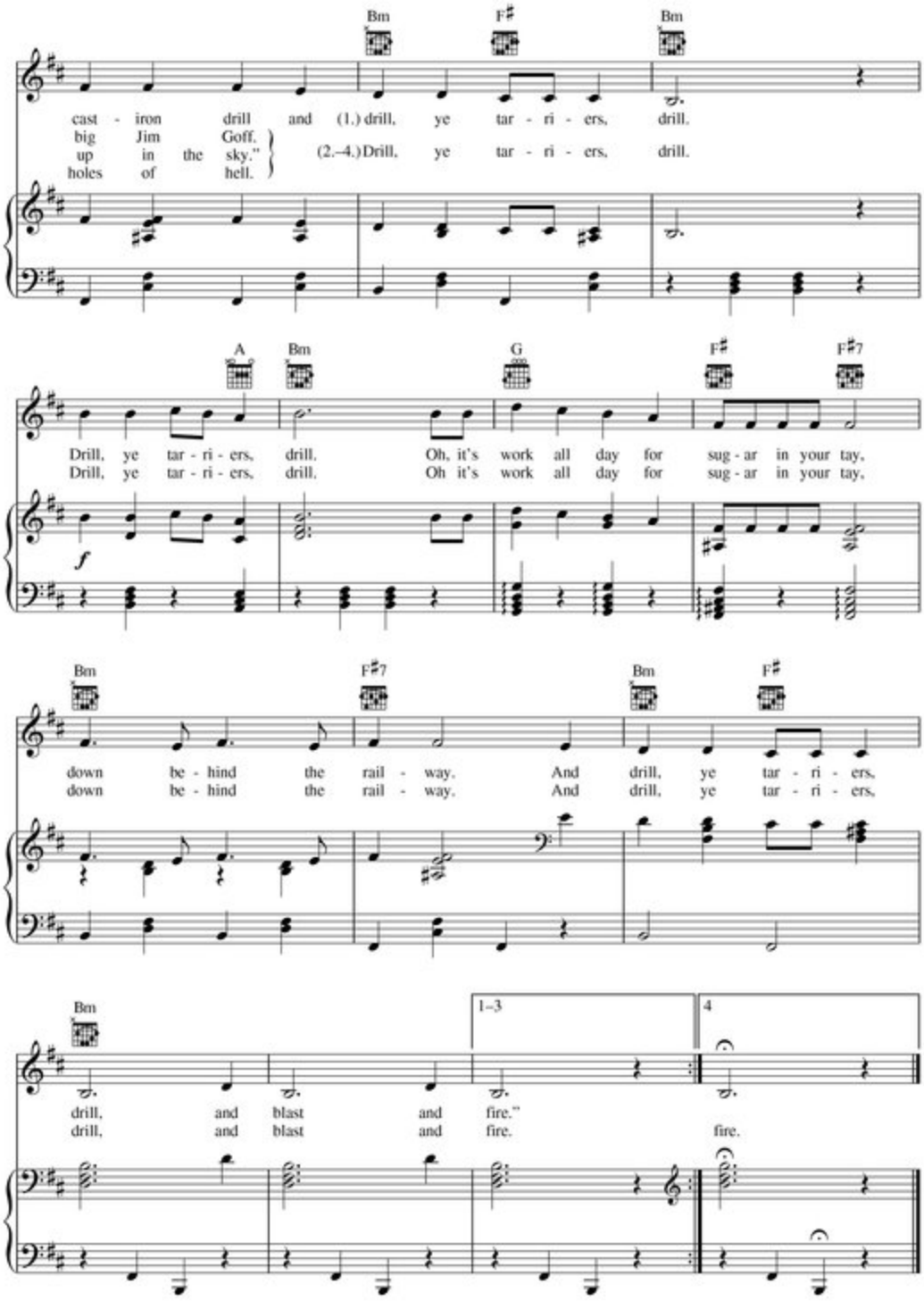

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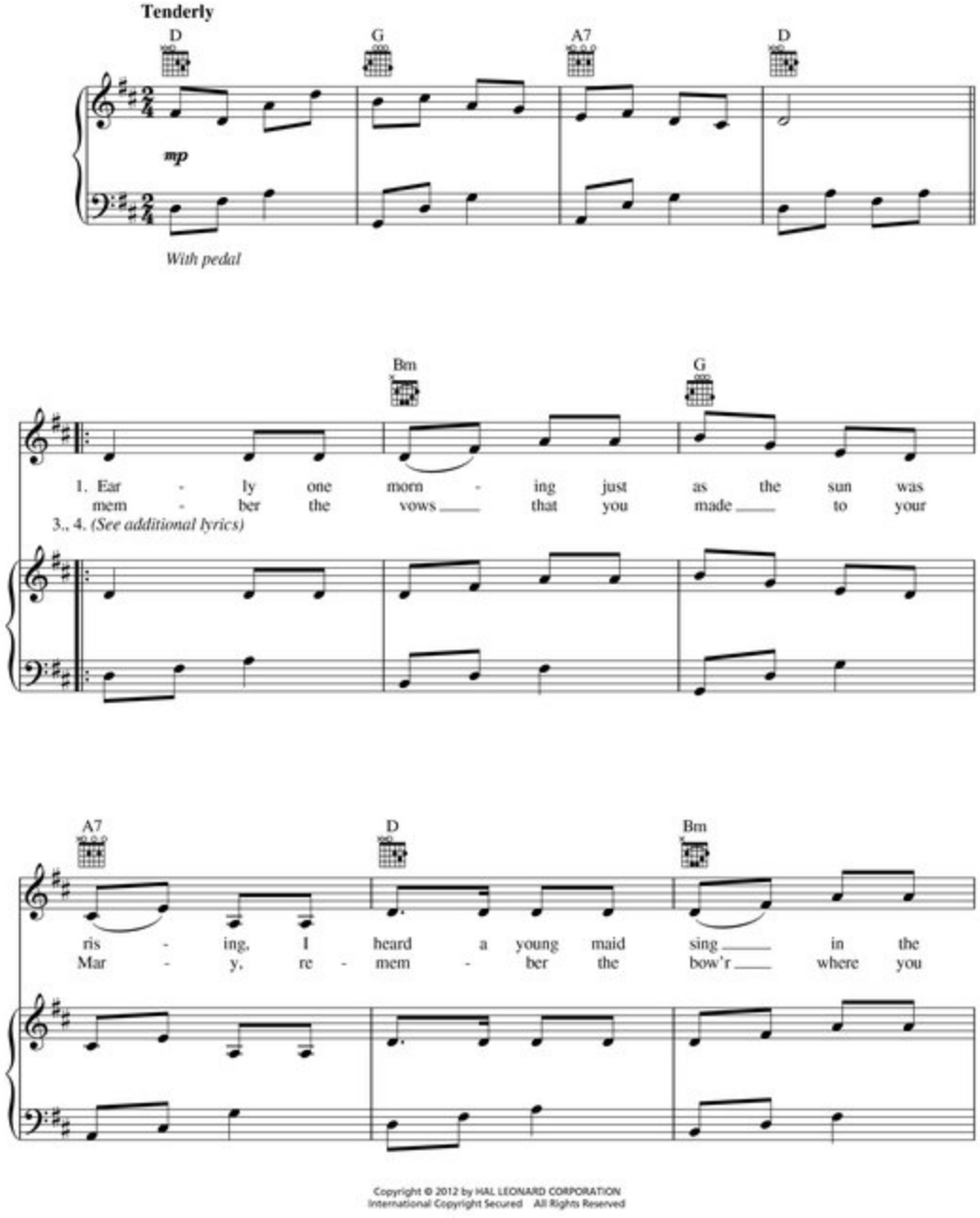
EARLY ONE MORNING

Traditional English Folksong



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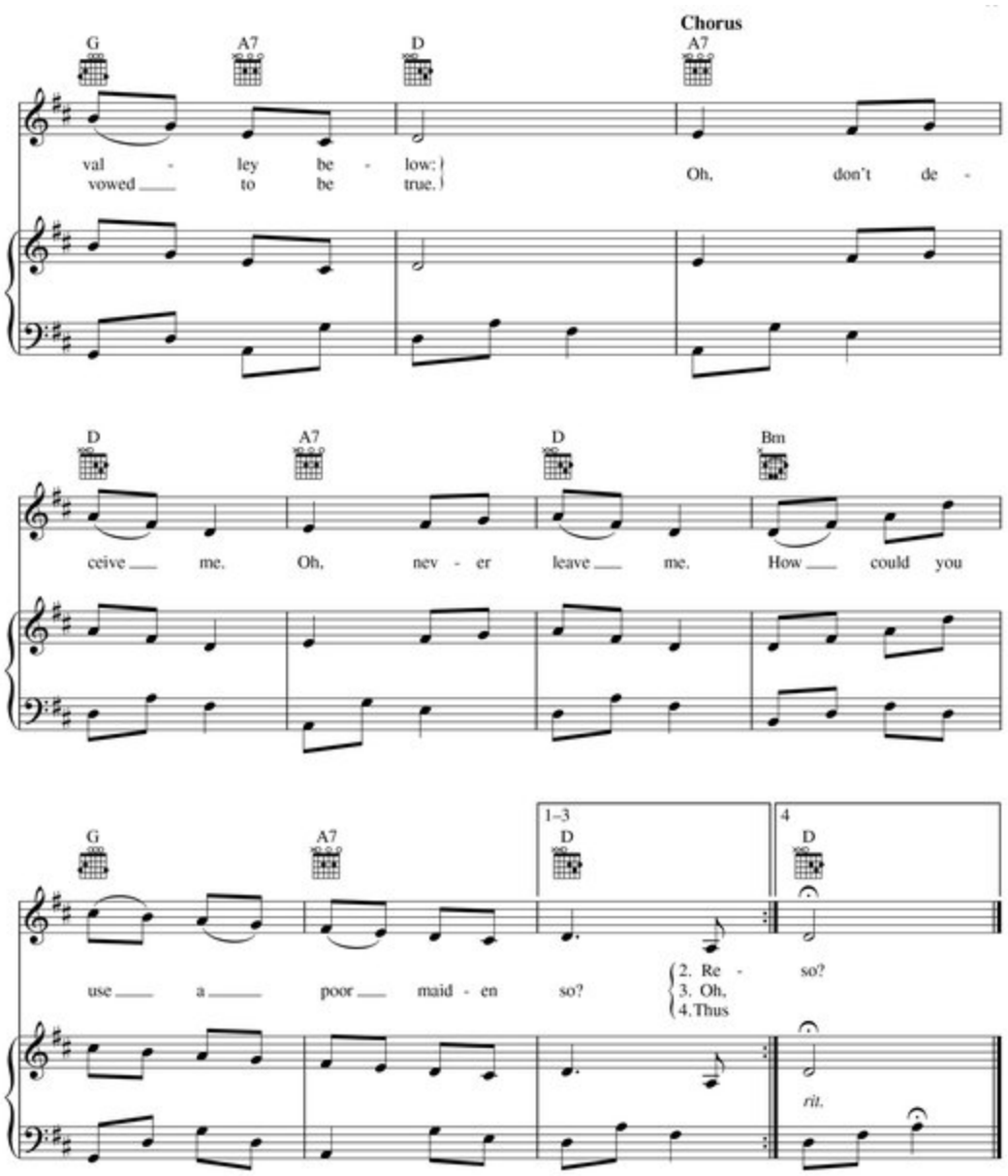

Additional Lyrics

3. Oh, gay is the garland and frewsh are the roses
   I've culled from the garden to place upon thy brow.
   Chorus

4. Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
   Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:
   Chorus

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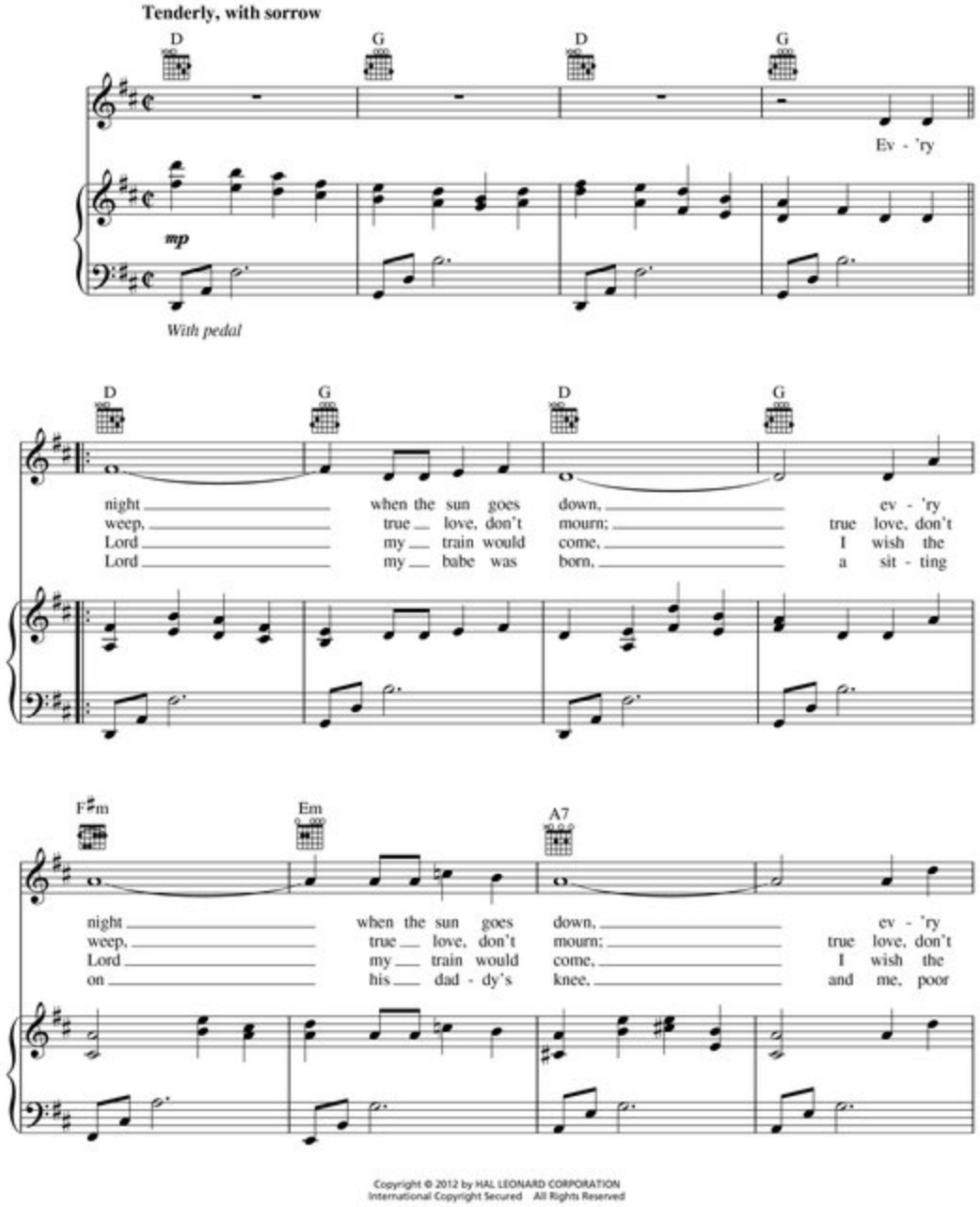
EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Southern Appalachian Folksong



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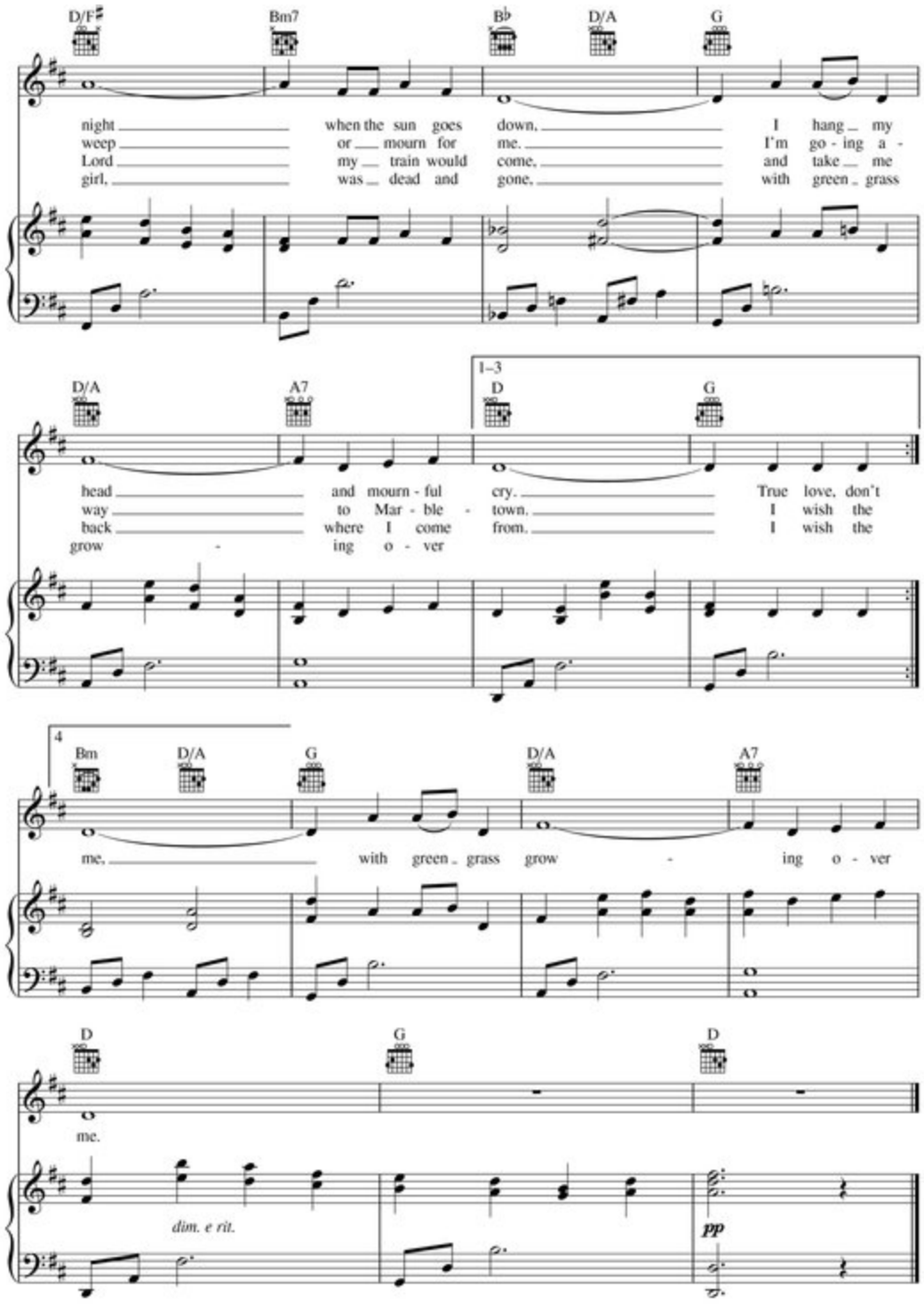

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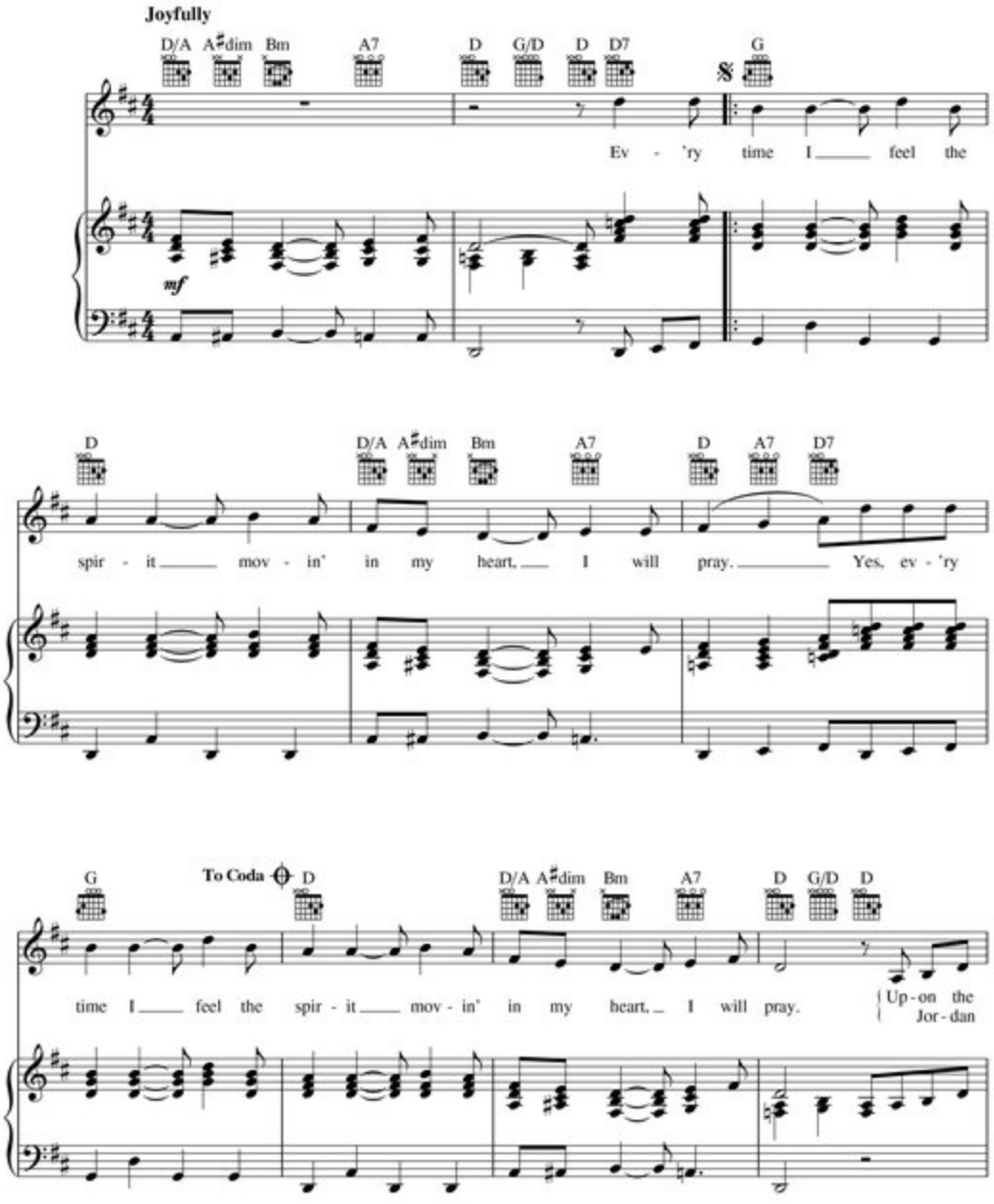
EVERY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

African-American Spiritual



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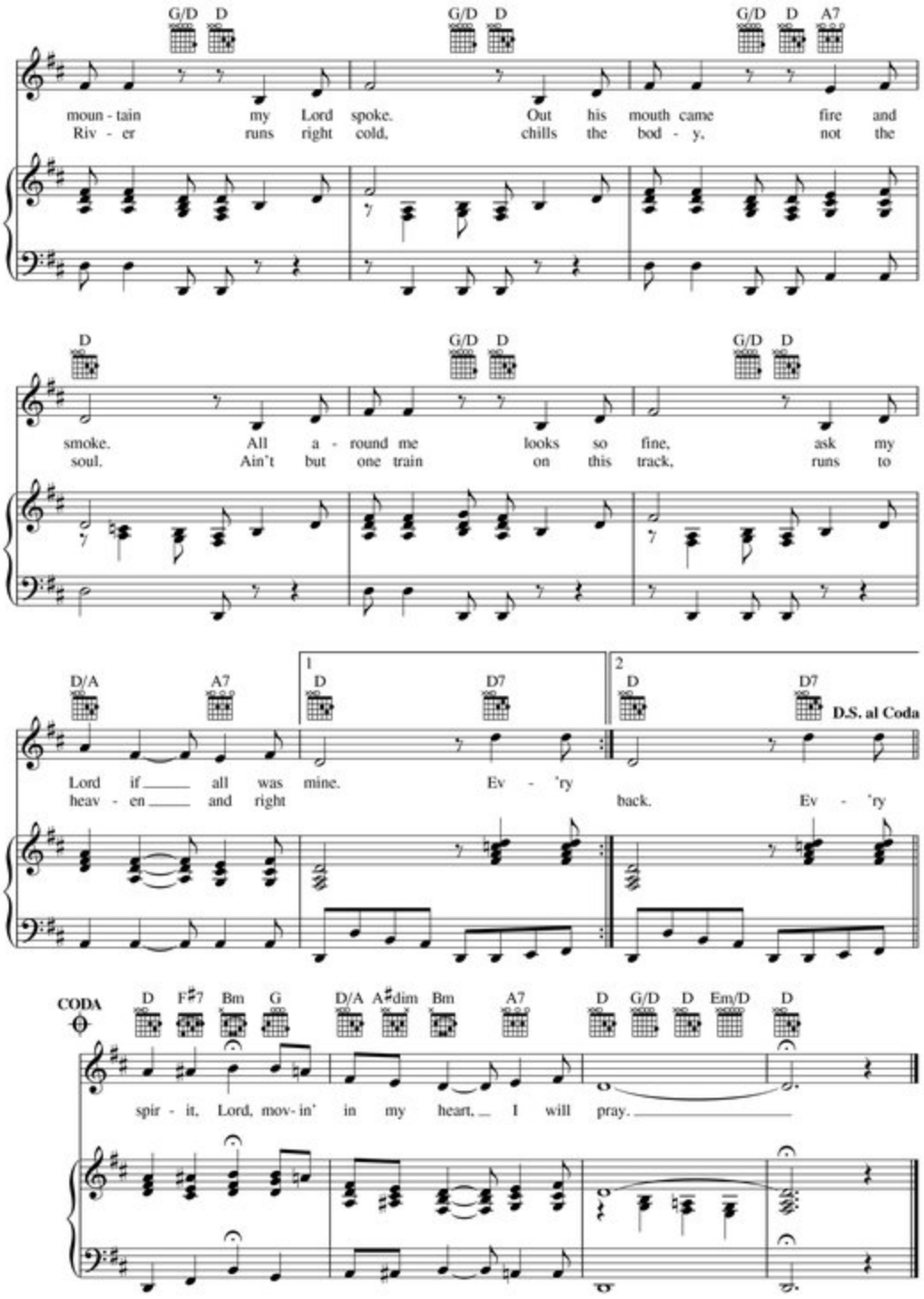

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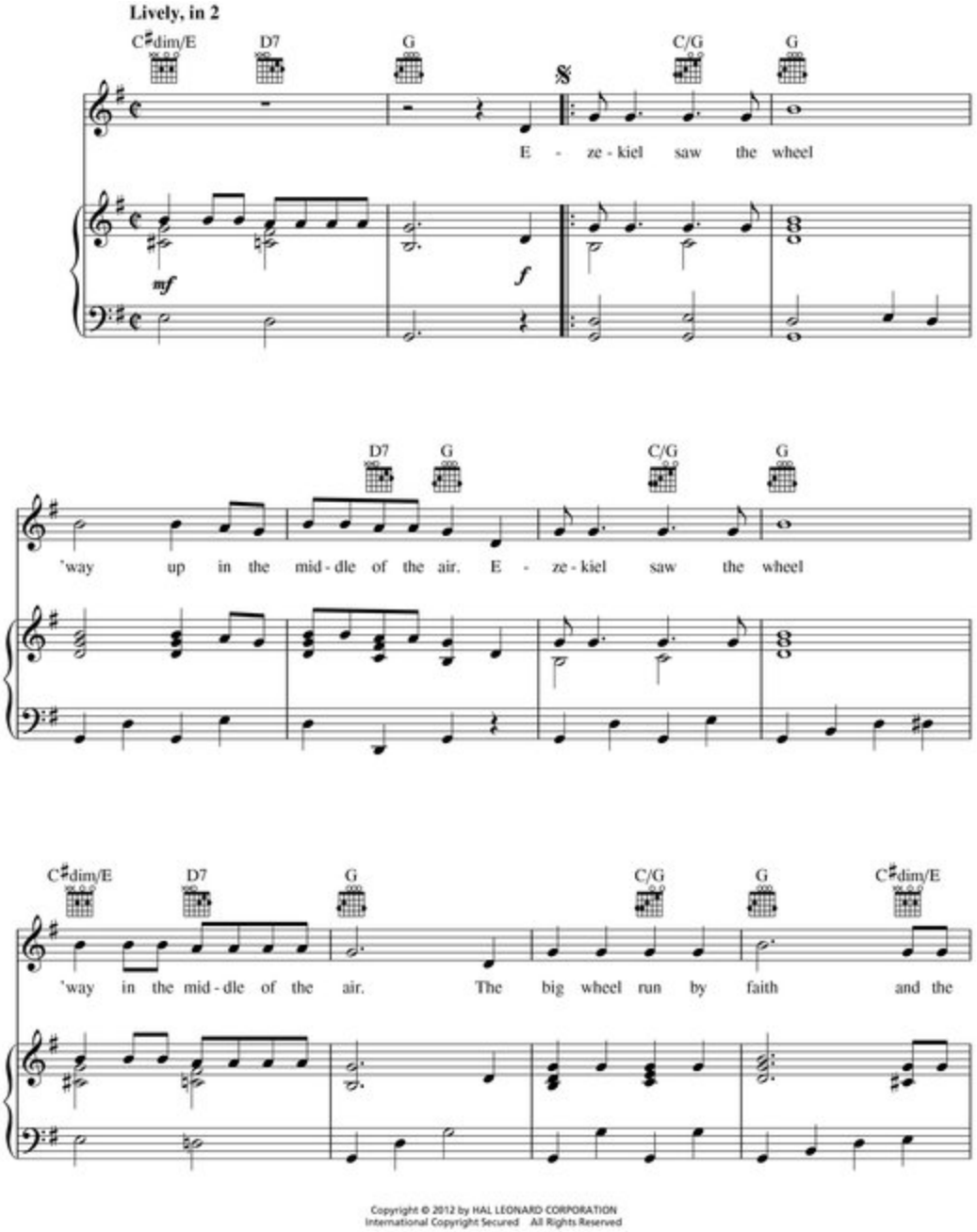
EZEKIEL SAW THE WHEEL

African-American Spiritual



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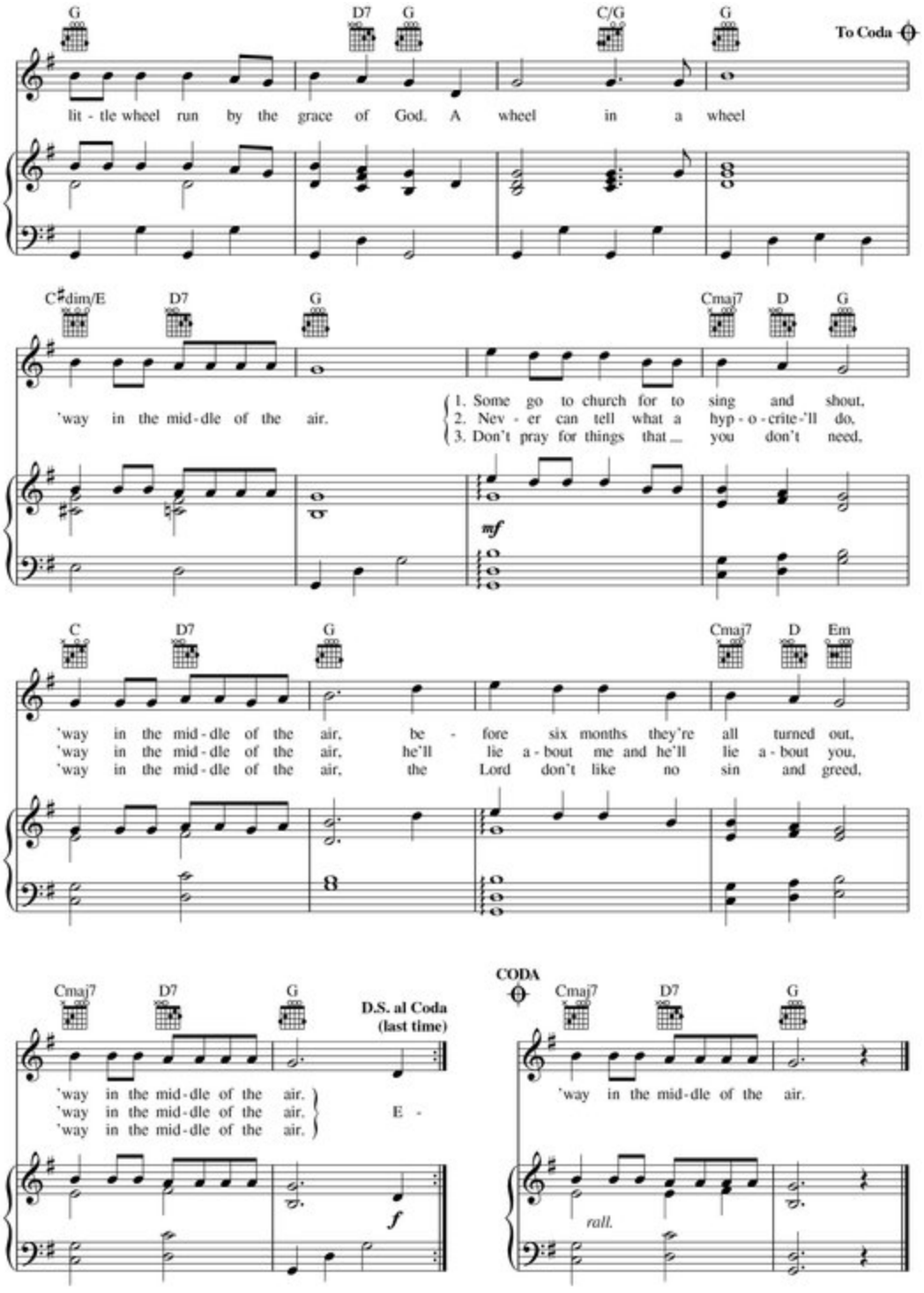

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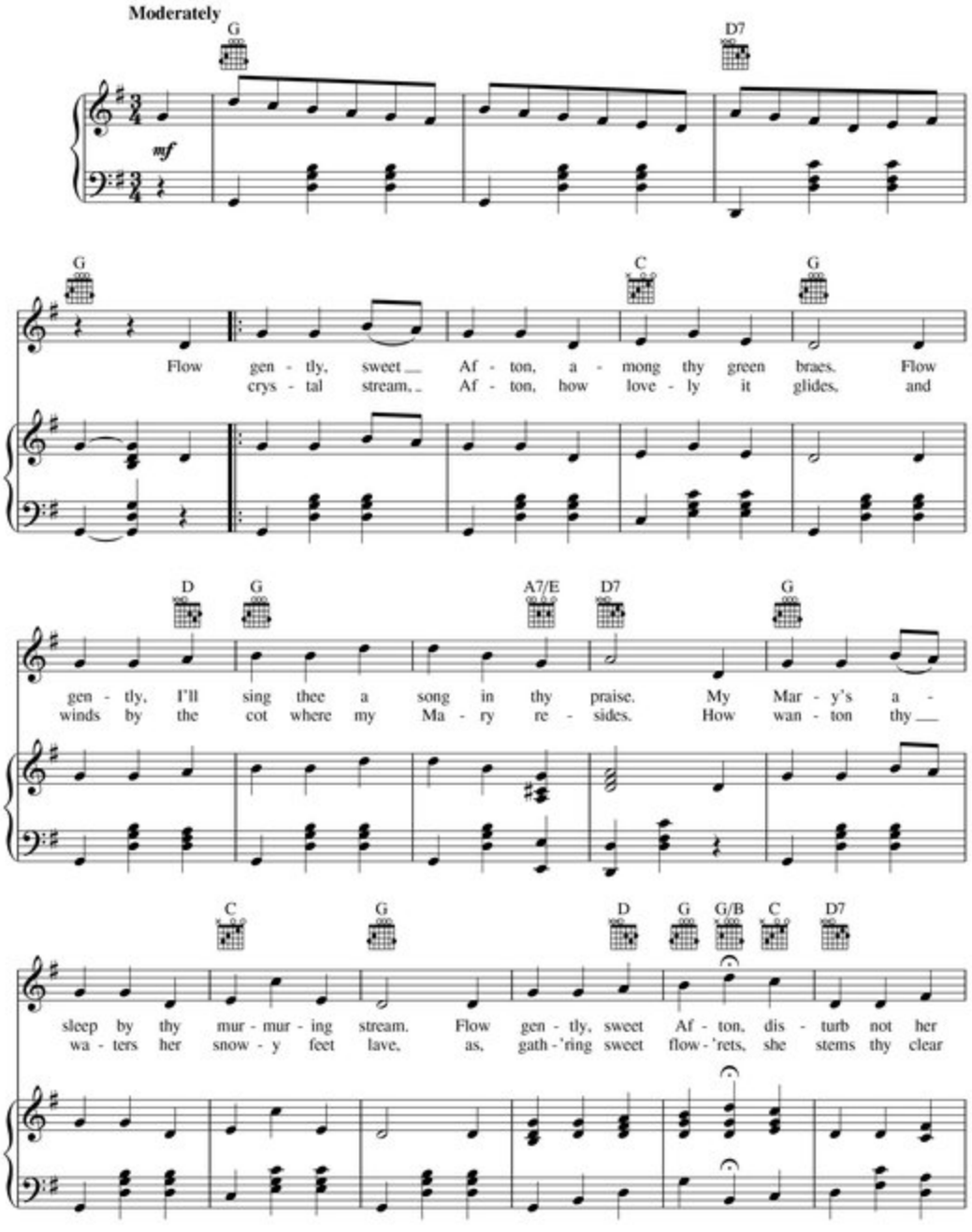
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Words by ROBERT BURNS
Music by ALEXANDER HUME



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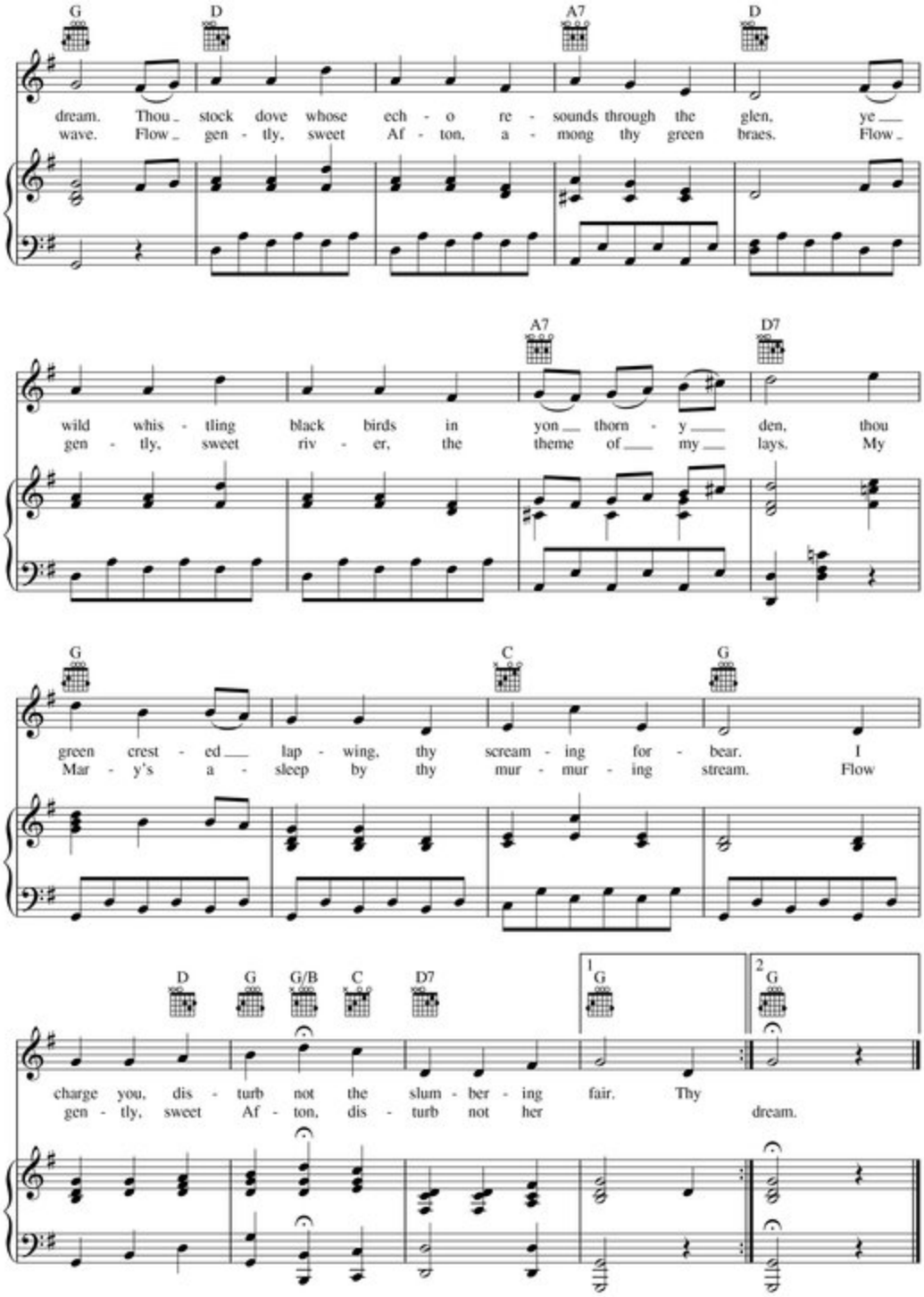

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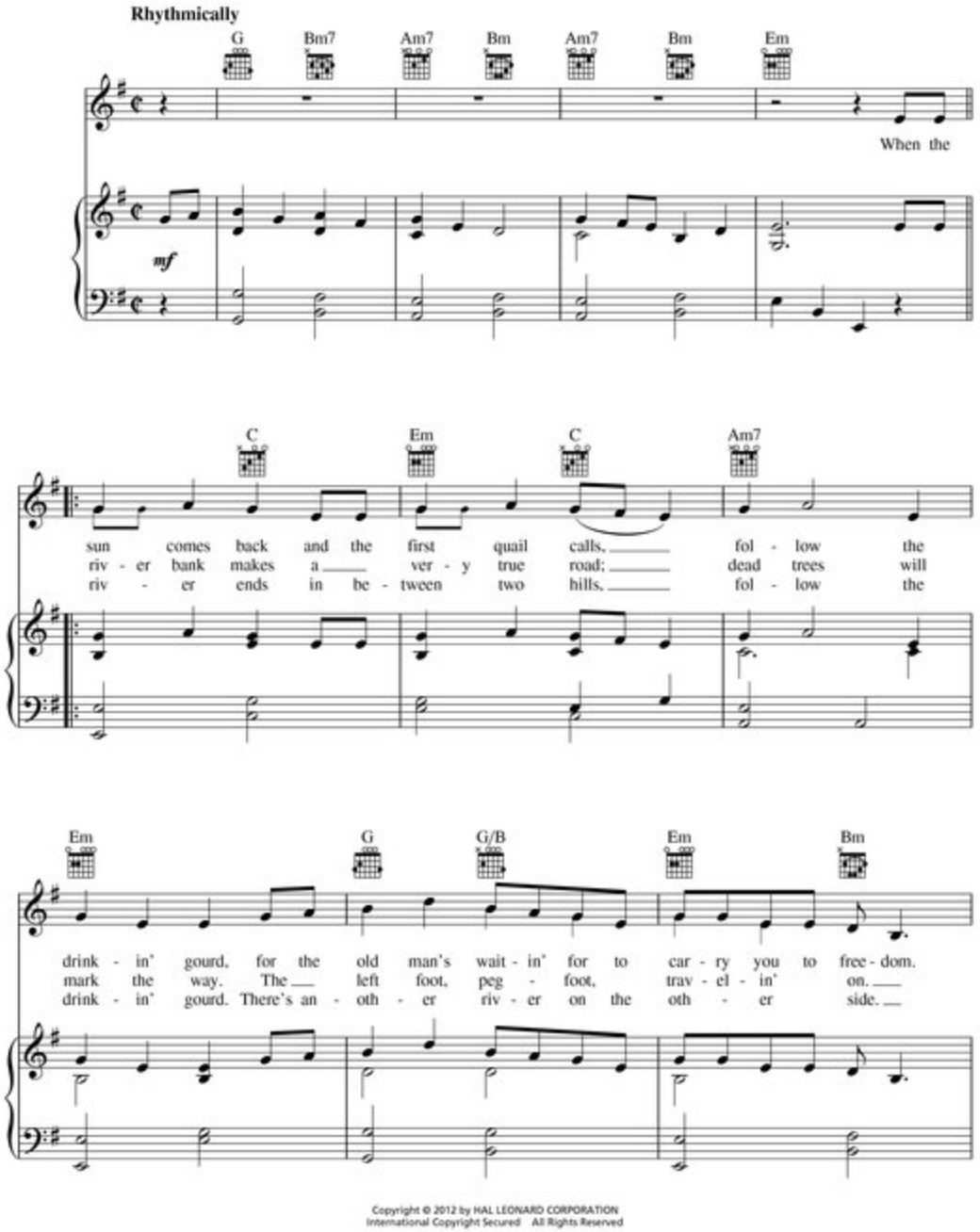
FOLLOW THE DRINKIN' GOURD

African-American Spiritual



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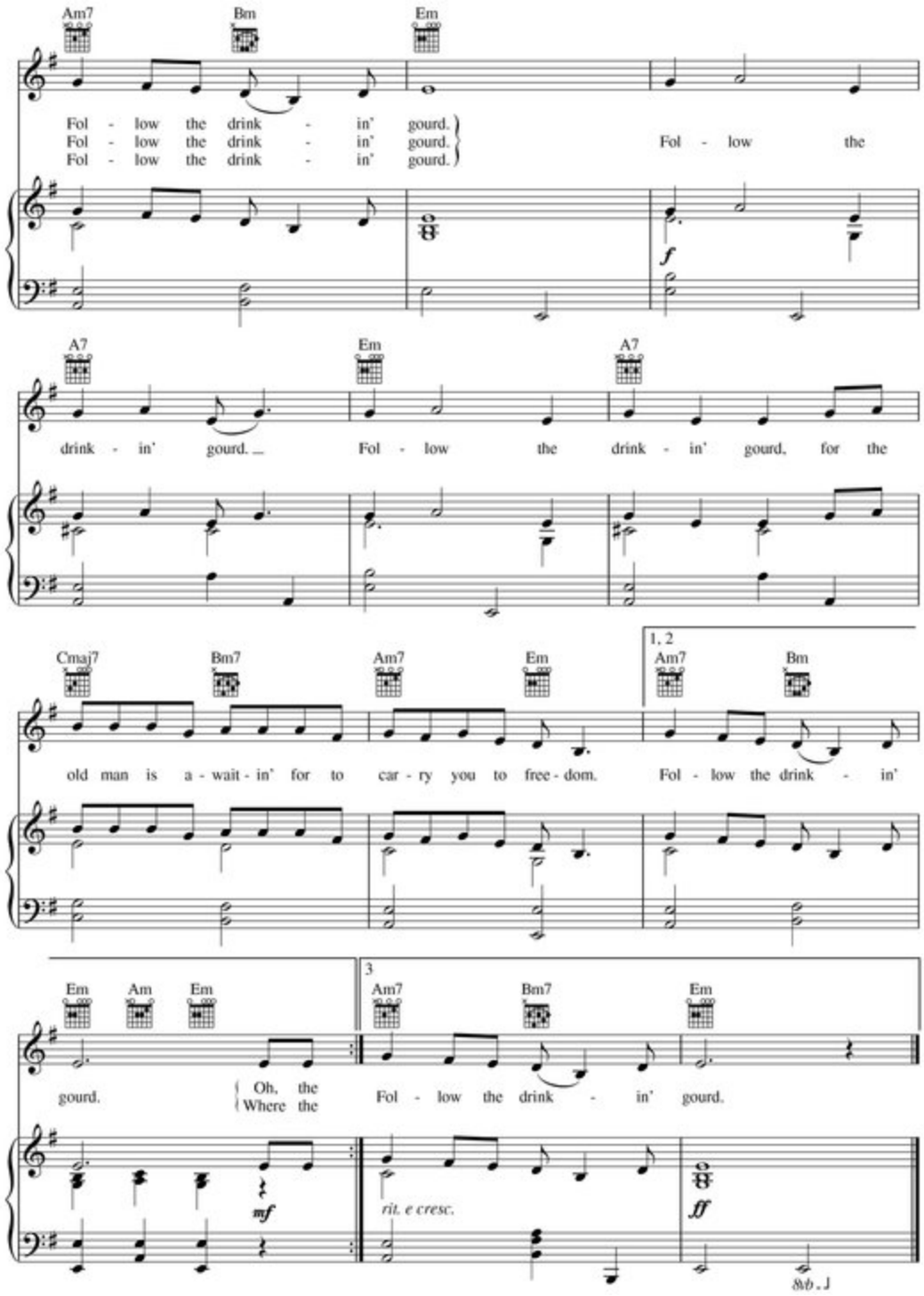

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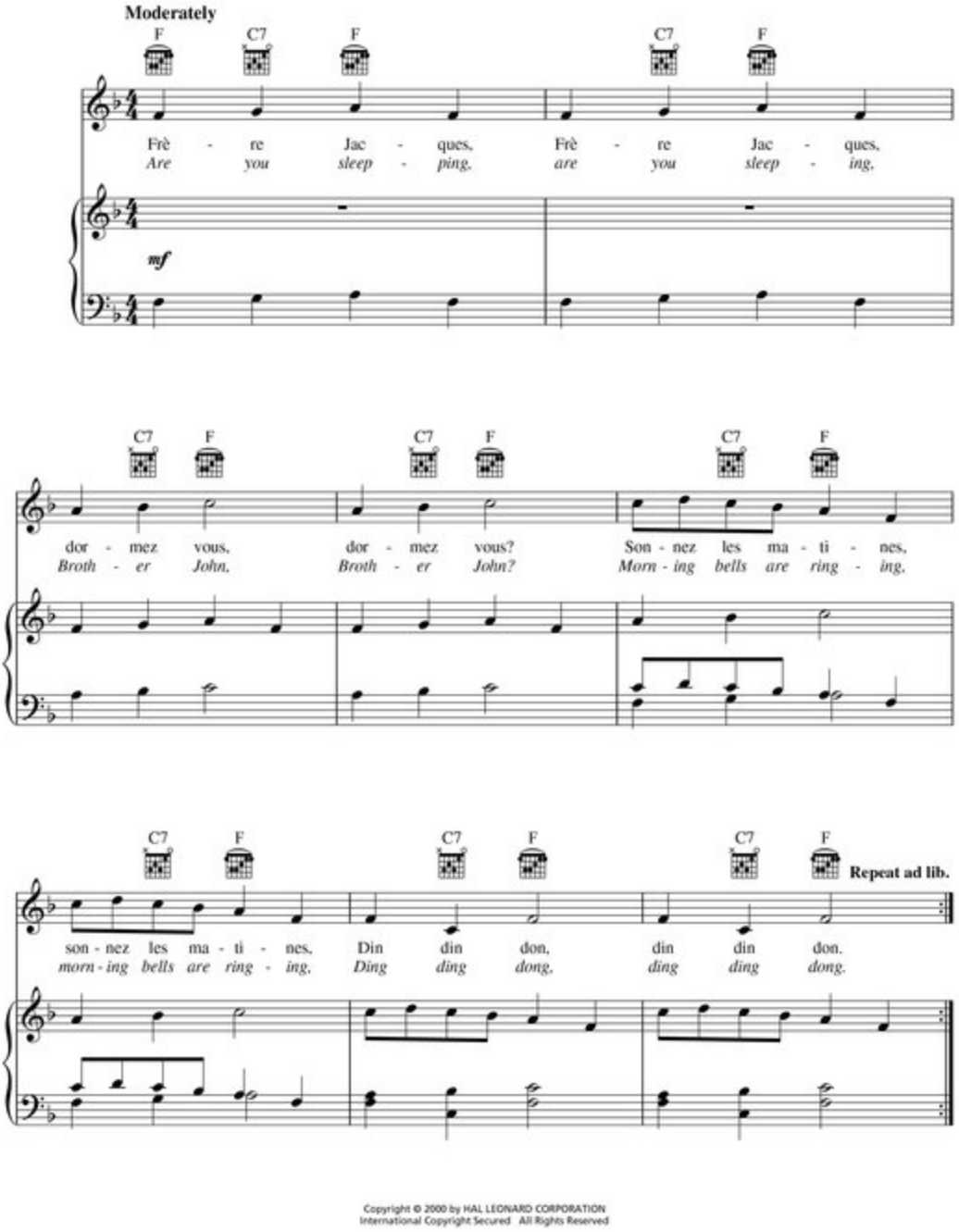
FRÈRE JACQUES

(Are You Sleeping?)

French Folksong



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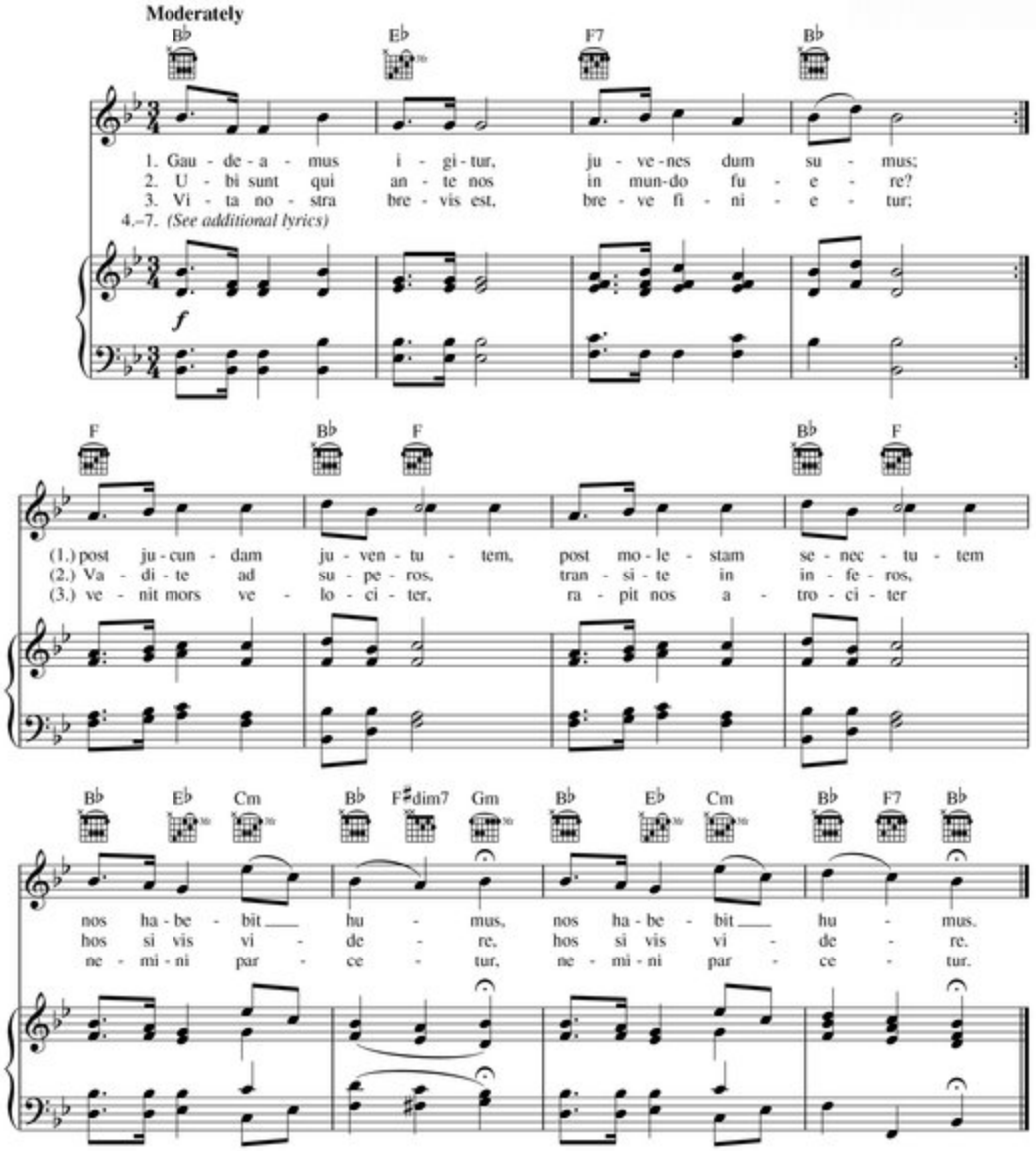
GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Words by C.W. KINDLEBEN, 1781
Traditional Melody



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Additional Lyrics

4. Vivat academia,
   Vivant professores!
   Vivat membrum quodlibet,
   Vivat membra quælibet,
   Semper sint in flore!

5. Vivant omnes virgines,
   Faciles, formosæ!
   Vivant et mulieres,
   Teneræ, amabiles,
   Bonæ laboriosæ!

6. Vivat et republica
   Et qui illam regit!
   Vivat nostra civitas,
   Mæcenatum caritas,
   Quæ nos hic protegit!

7. Pereat tristitia,
   Pereant osores,
   Pereat diabolus,
   Quivis antiburschius
   Atque irrisores!

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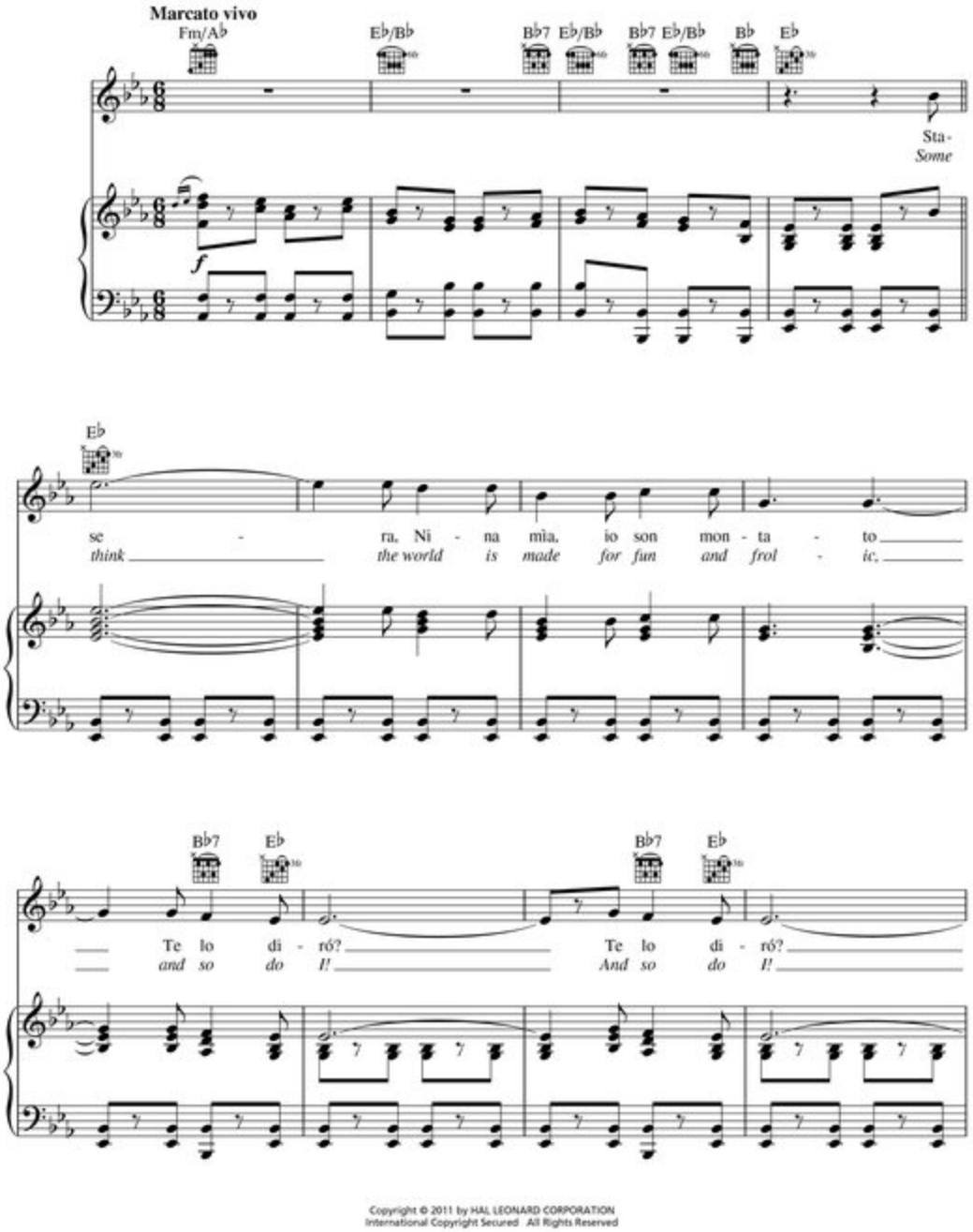
FUNICULI, FUNICULA

Words and Music by
LUIGI DENZA



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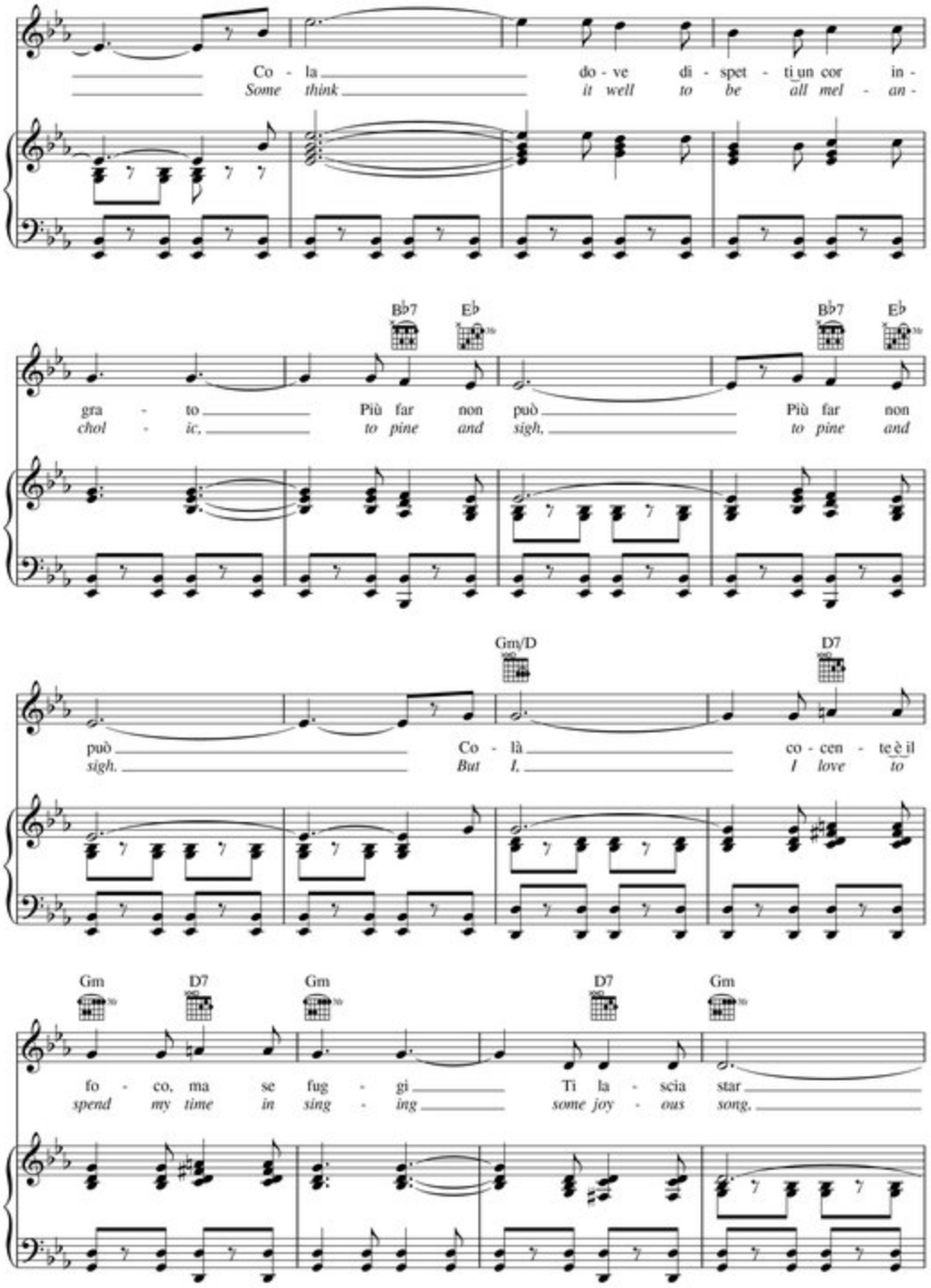
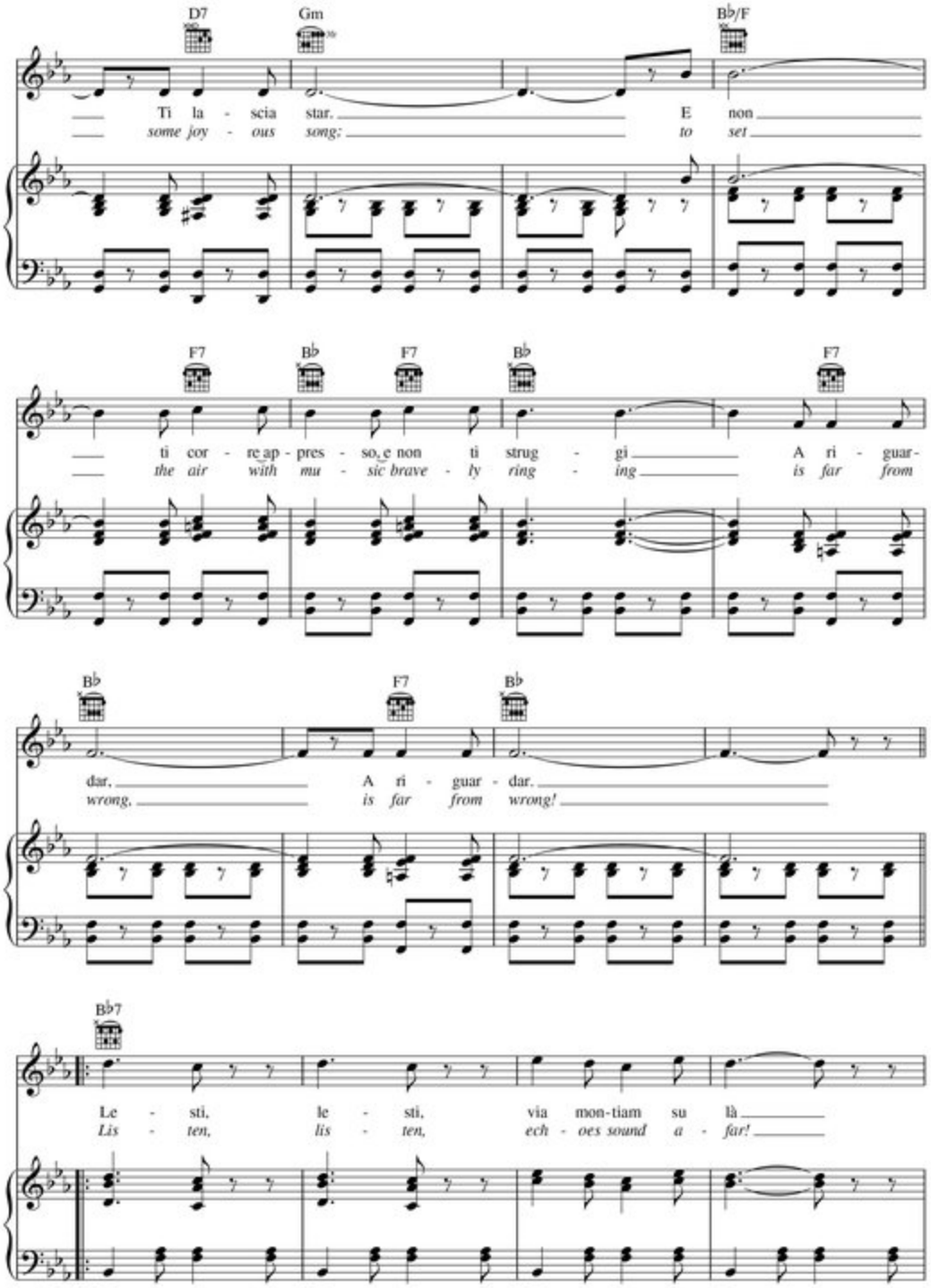
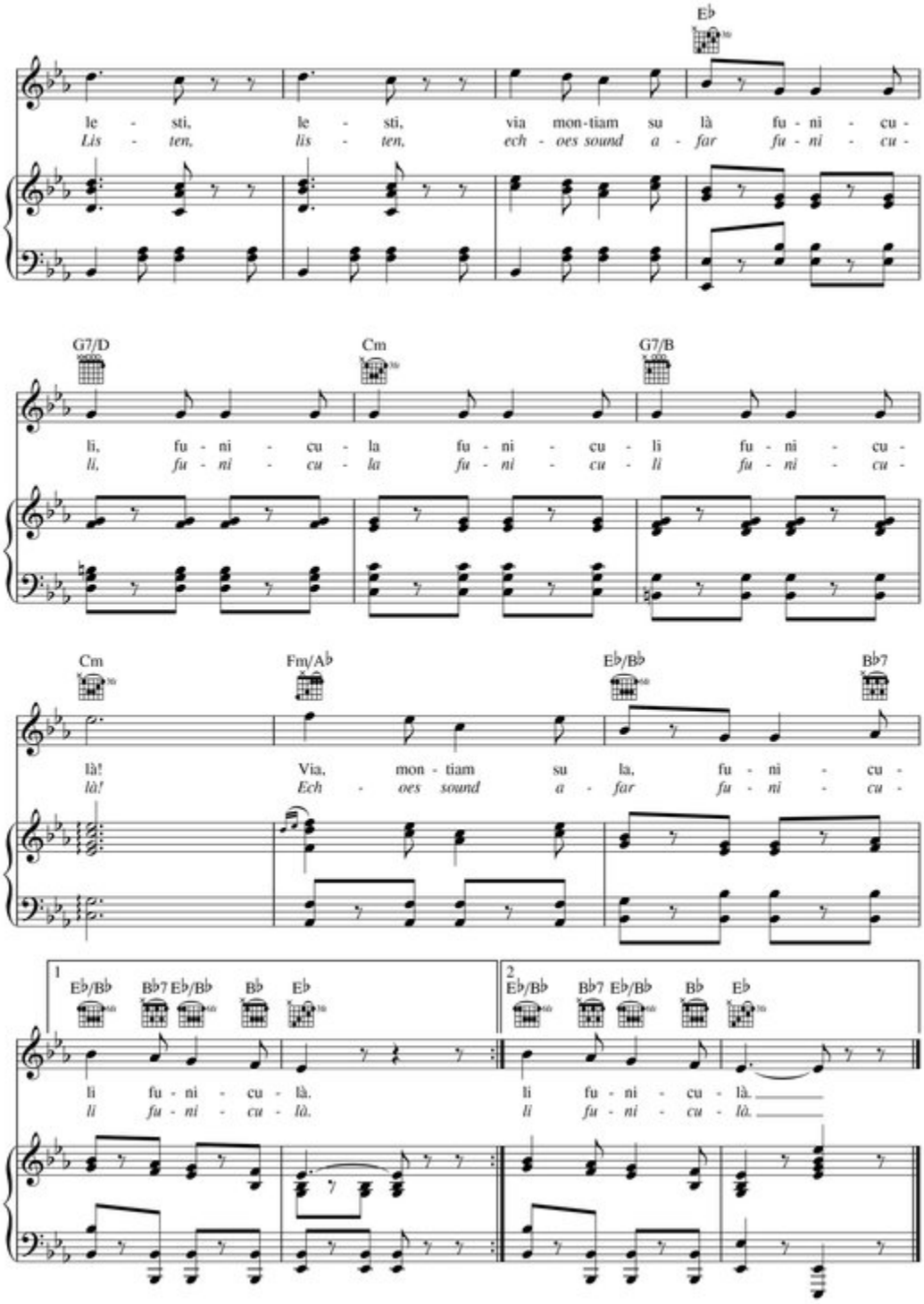

Co - la do - ve di - spet - ti un cor in -
Some think it well to be all mel - an -
B♭7 E♭ B♭7 E♭
gra - to Più far non può Più far non
chol - ic, to pine and sigh, to pine and
Gm/D D7
può Co - là co - cen - te è il
sigh. But I, I love to
Gm D7 Gm D7 Gm
fo - co, ma se fug - gi Ti la - scia star
spend my time in sing - ing some joy - ous song,


D7
Gm
B♭/F
Ti la - scia star. E non
some joy - ous song; to set
F7
B♭
F7
B♭
F7
ti cor - re ap - pres - so, e non ti strug - gi A ri - guar-
the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing is far from
B♭
F7
B♭
dar, A ri - guar - dar.
wrong, is far from wrong!
B♭7
Le - sti, le - sti, via mon-tiam su là
Lis - ten, lis - ten, ech - oes sound a - far!



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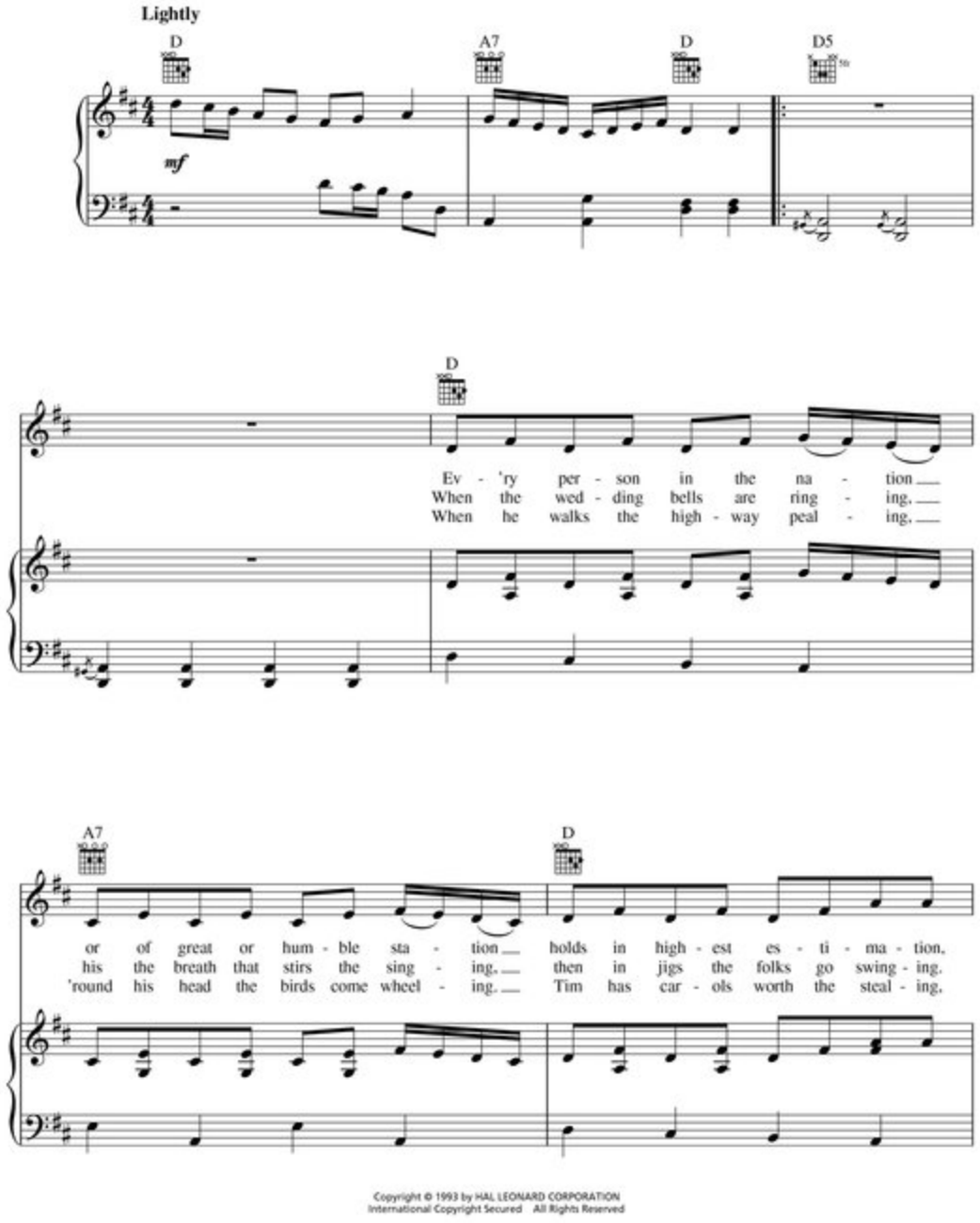
THE GALWAY PIPER

Irish Folksong



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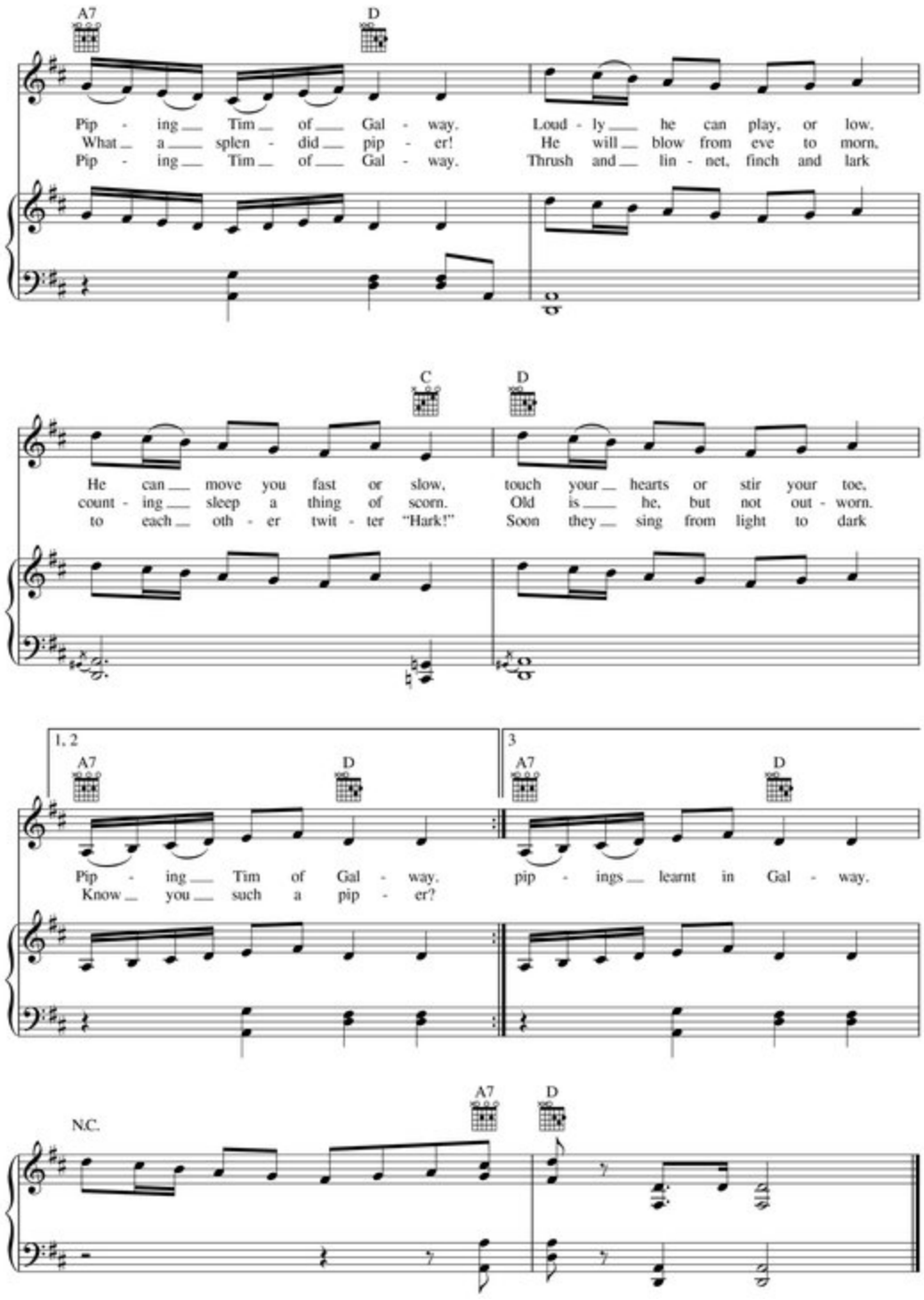

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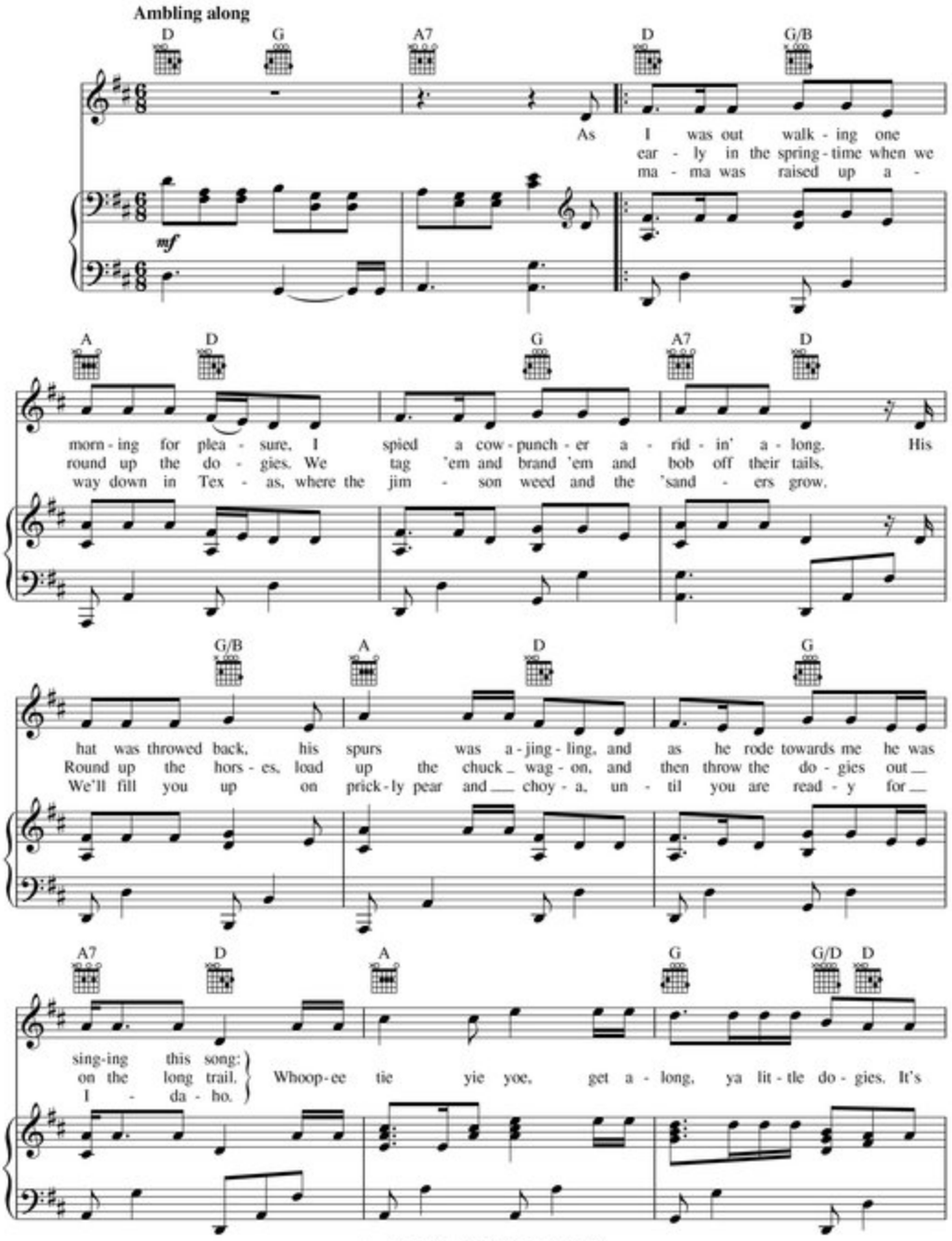
GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES

Traditional American Cowboy Song



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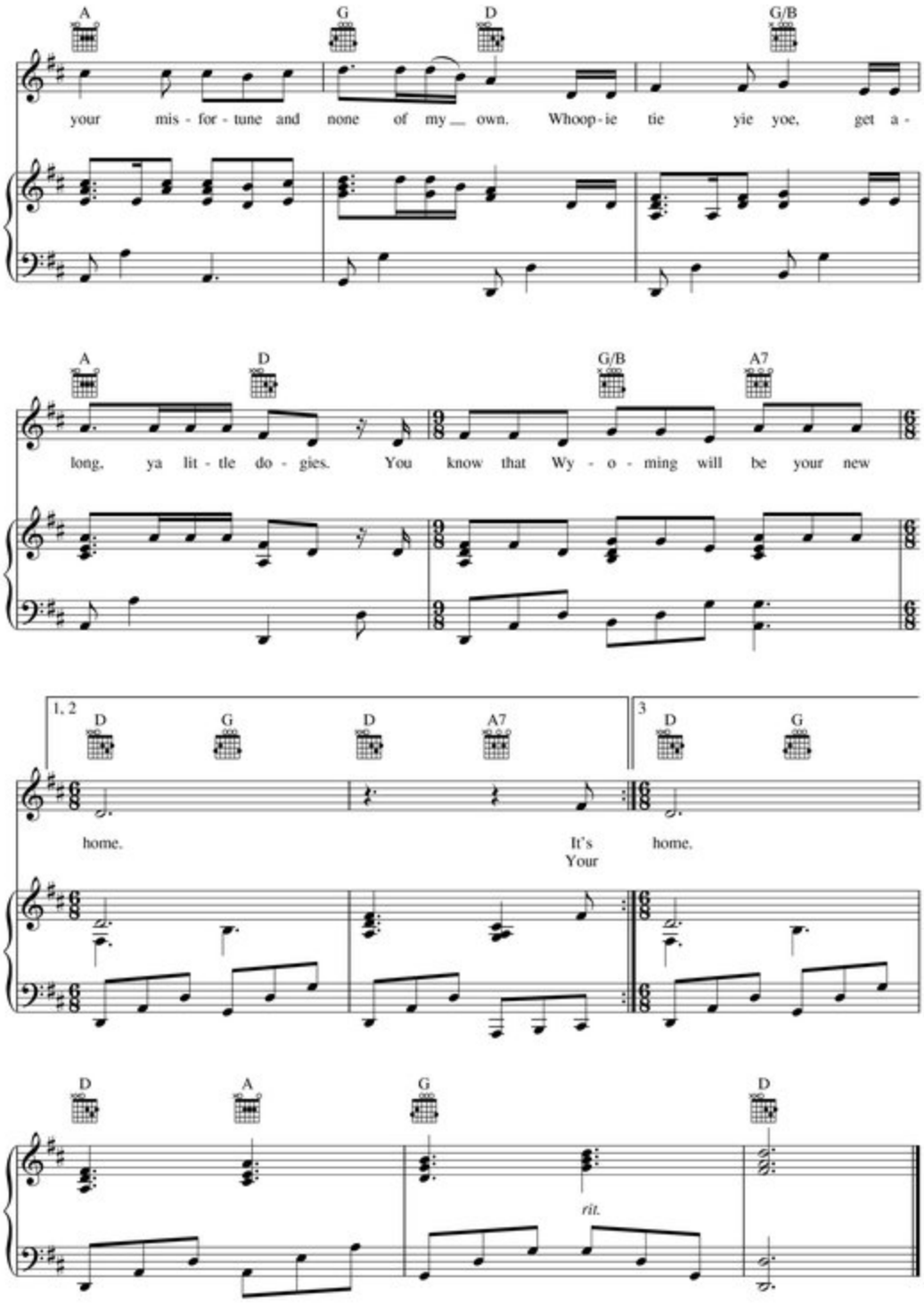

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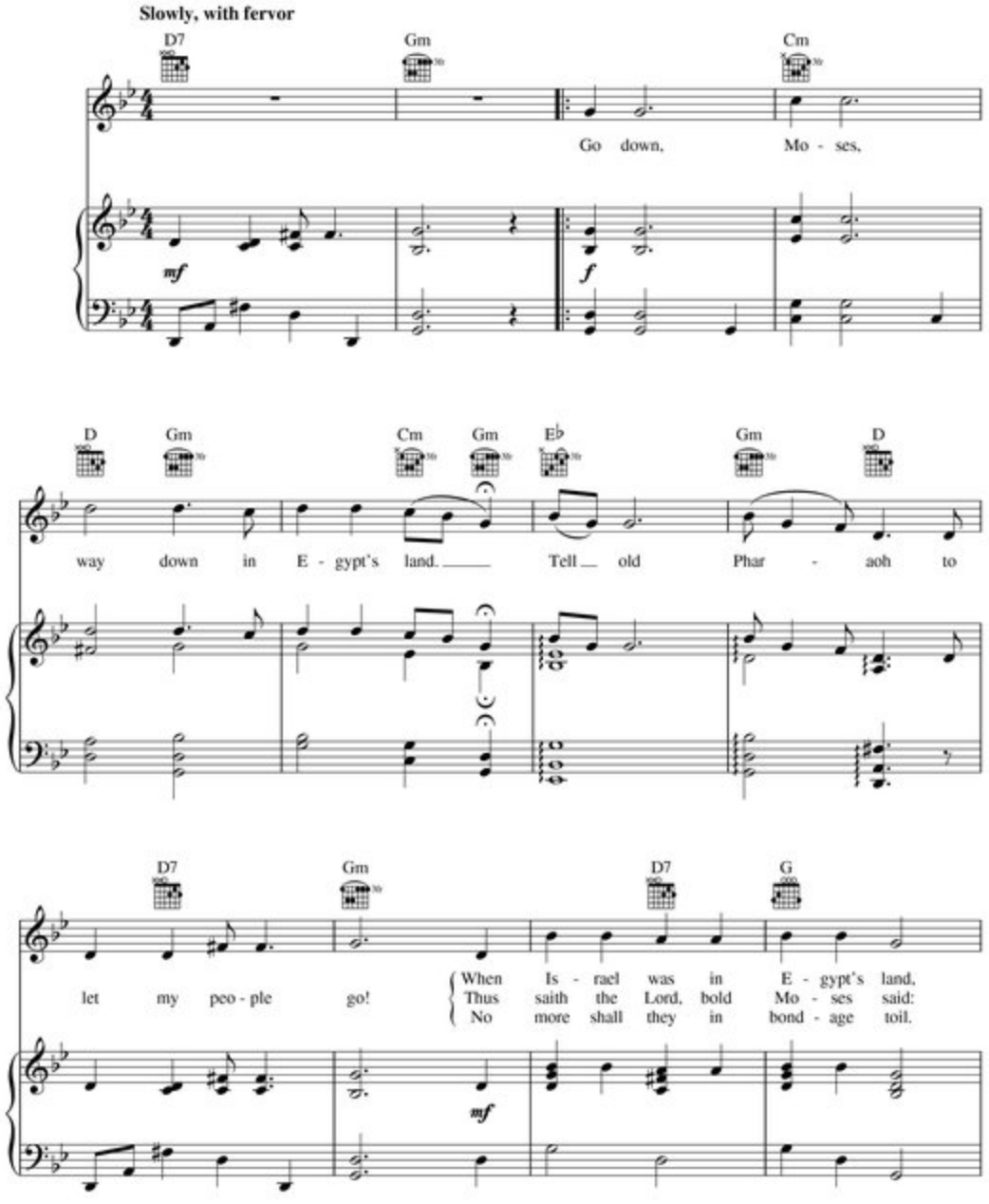
GO DOWN, MOSES

African-American Spiritual



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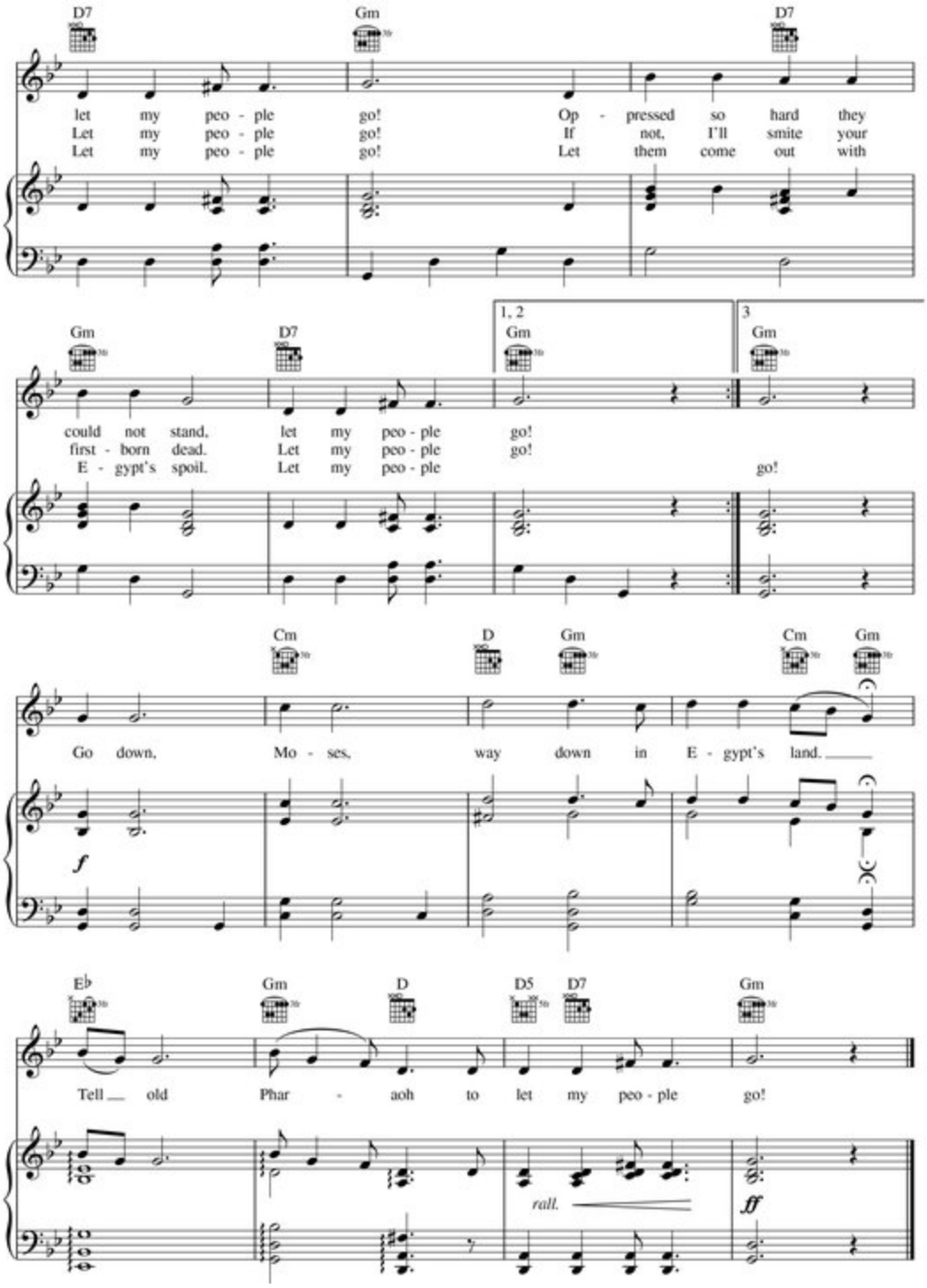

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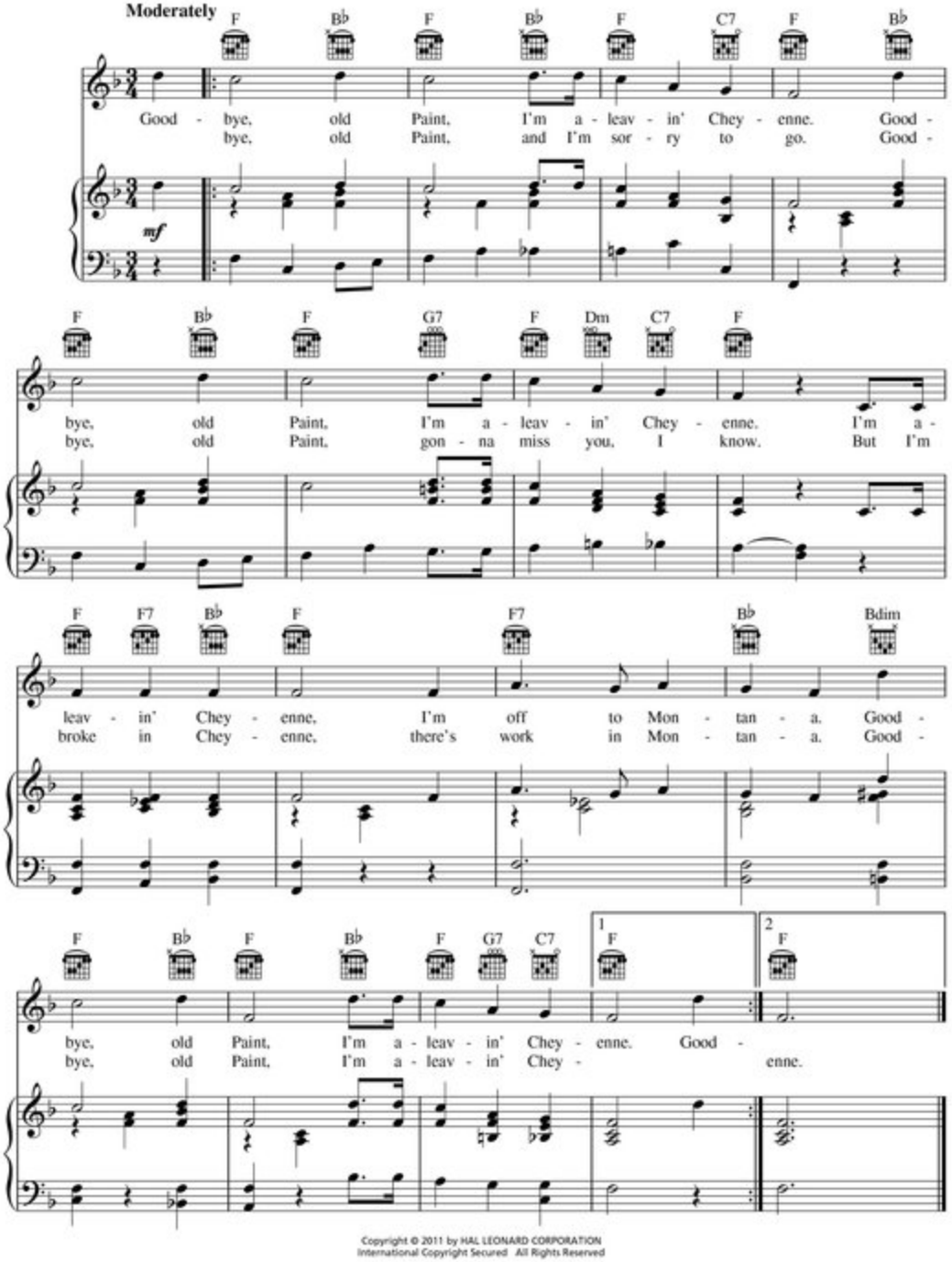
GOODBYE, OLD PAINT

Western American Cowboy Song



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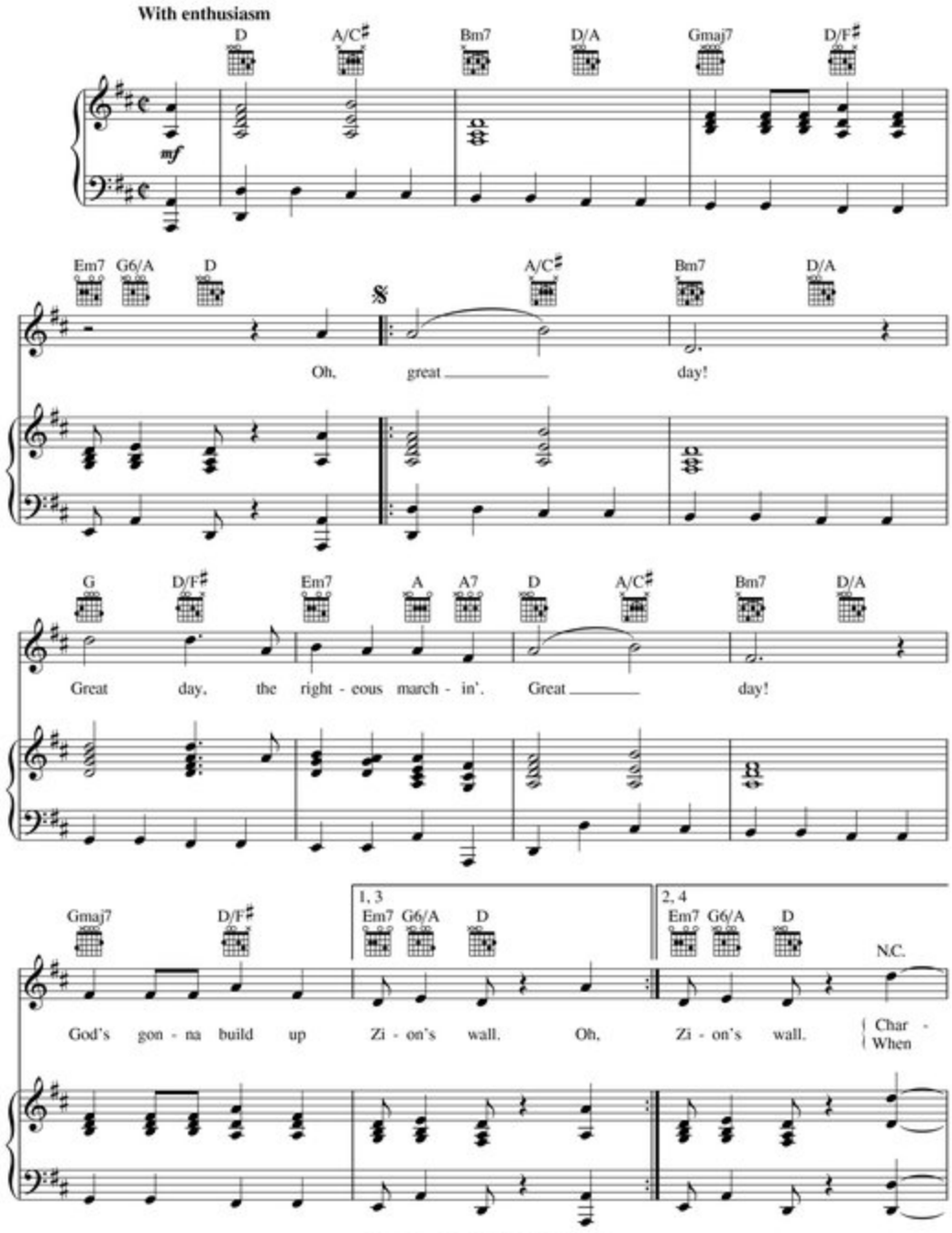
GREAT DAY

African-American Spiritual



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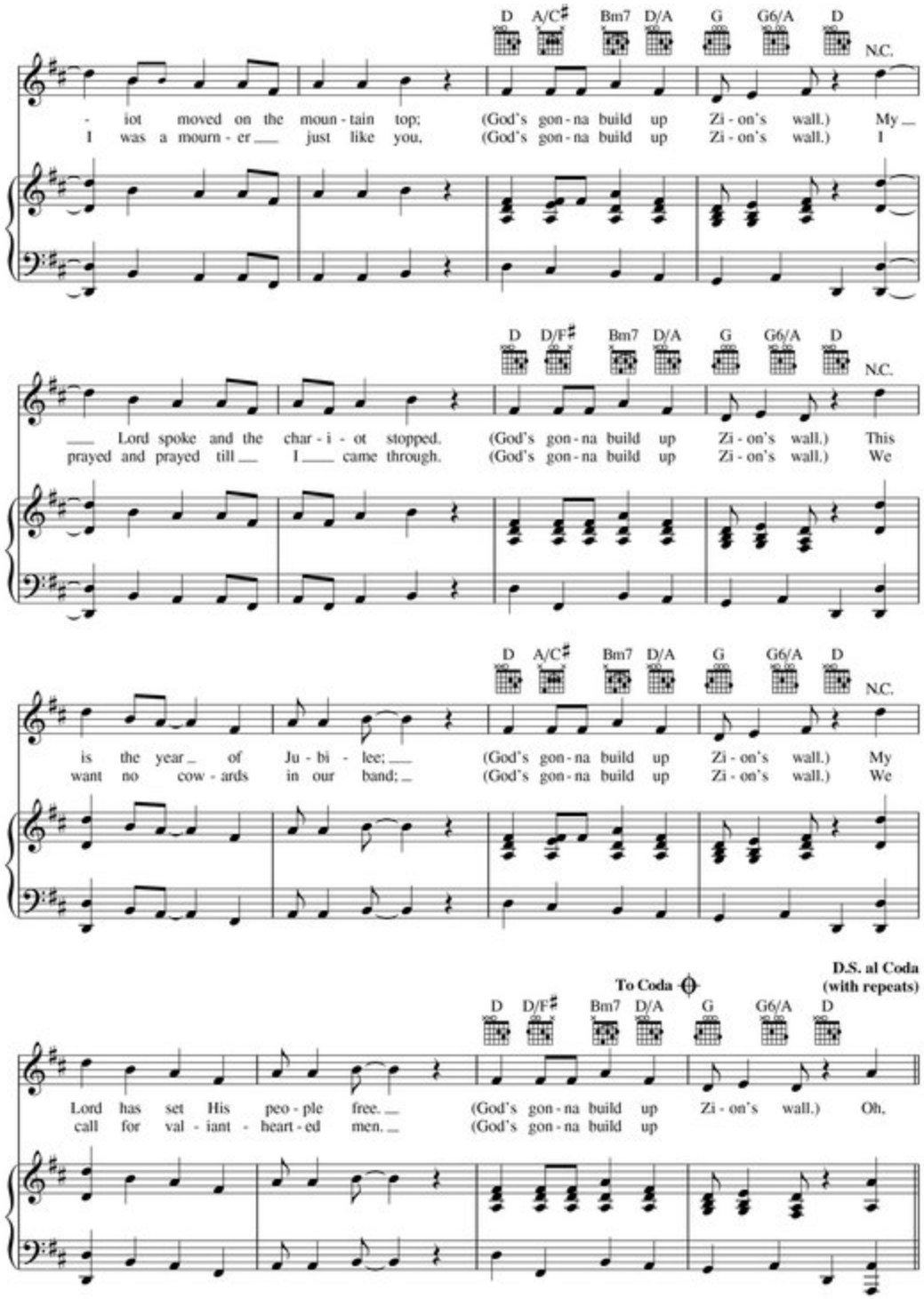
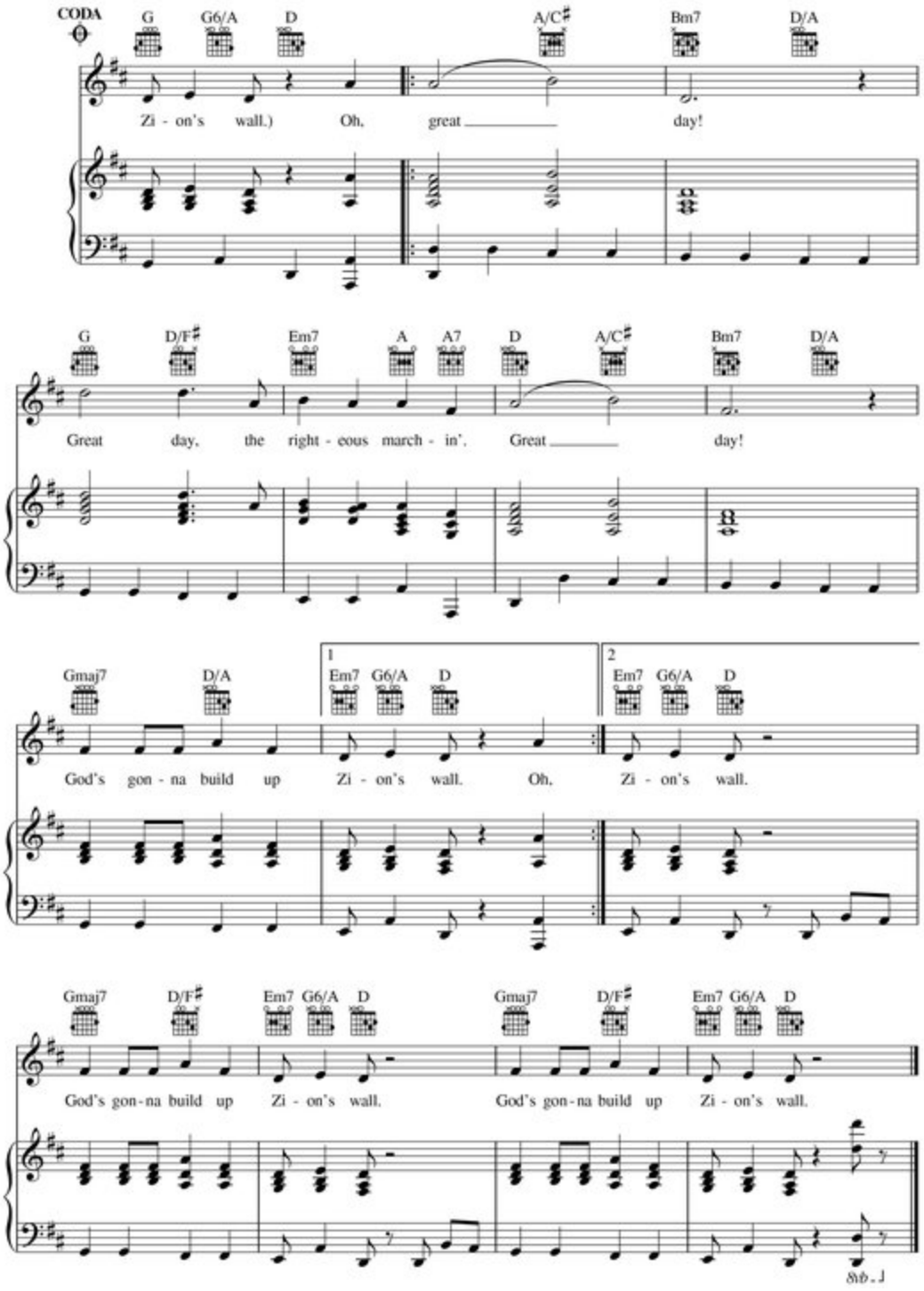

D A/C♯ Bm7 D/A G G6/A D N.C.
- iot moved on the moun - tain top; (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) My
I was a mourn - er just like you, (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) I
D D/F♯ Bm7 D/A G G6/A D N.C.
Lord spoke and the char - i - ot stopped. (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) This
prayed and prayed till I came through. (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) We
D A/C♯ Bm7 D/A G G6/A D N.C.
is the year of Ju - bi - lee; (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) My
want no cow - ards in our band; (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) We
To Coda
D.S. al Coda (with repeats)
D D/F♯ Bm7 D/A G G6/A D
Lord has set His peo - ple free. (God's gon - na build up Zi - on's wall.) Oh,
call for val - iant - heart - ed men. (God's gon - na build up



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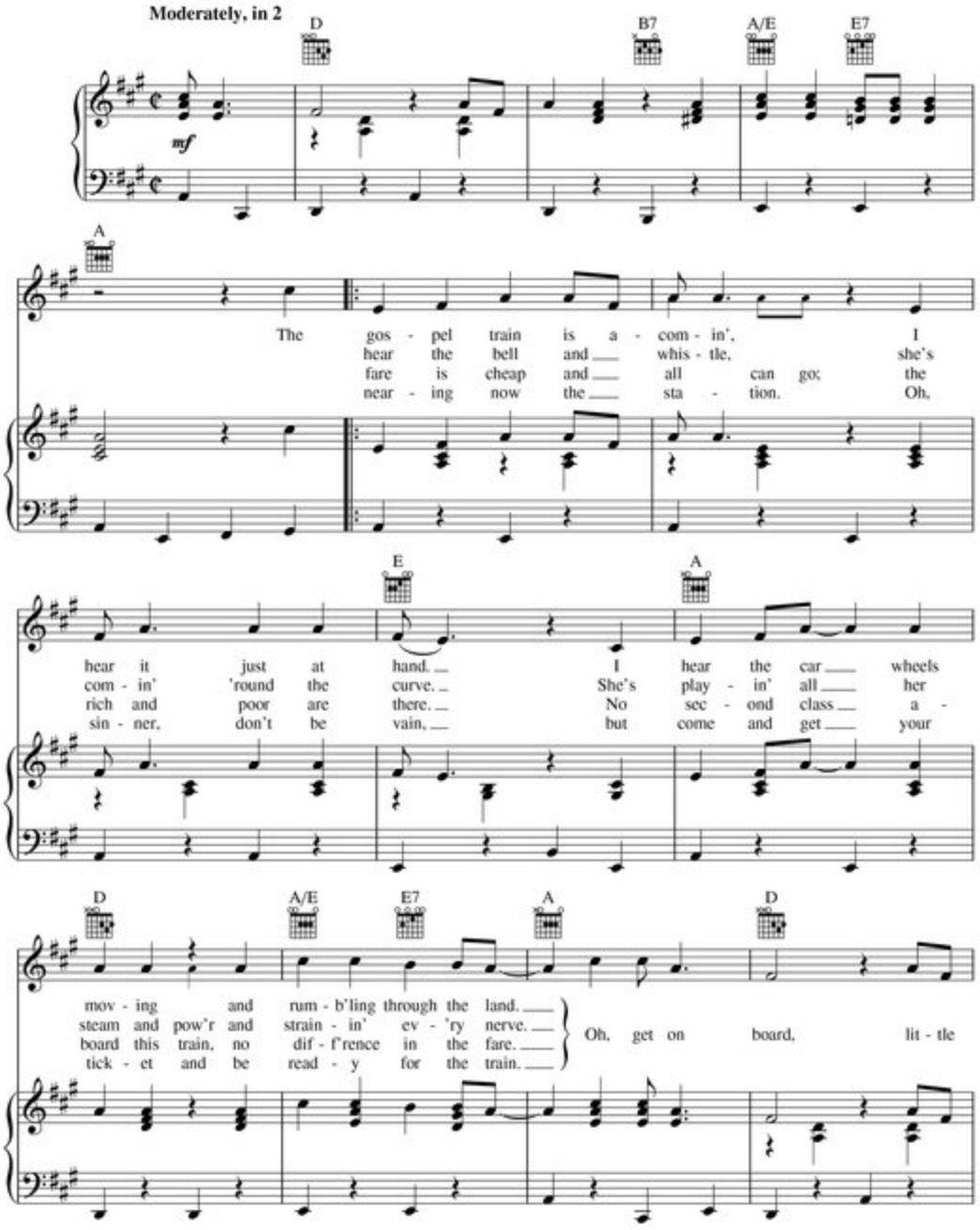
THE GOSPEL TRAIN

African-American Spiritual



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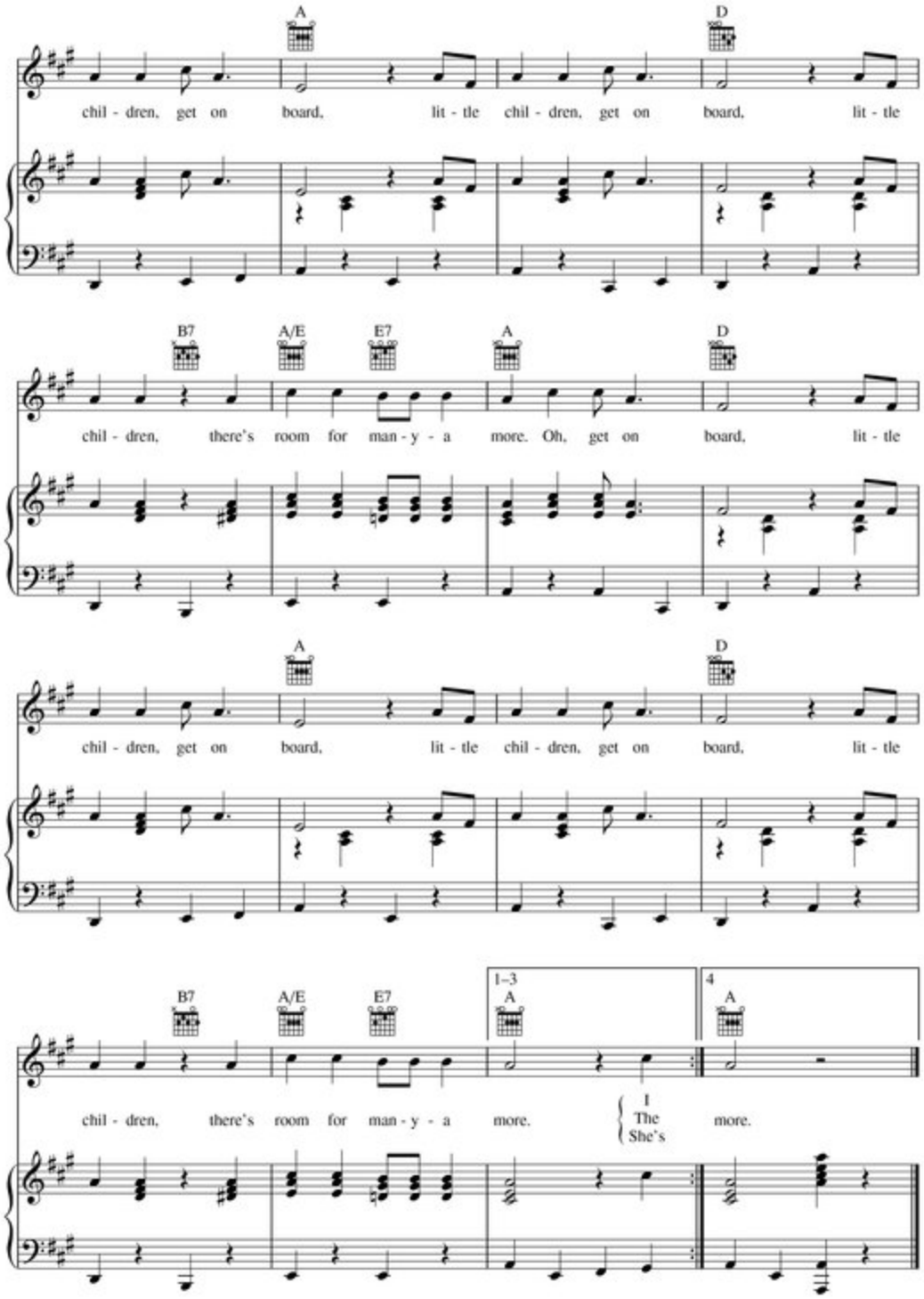

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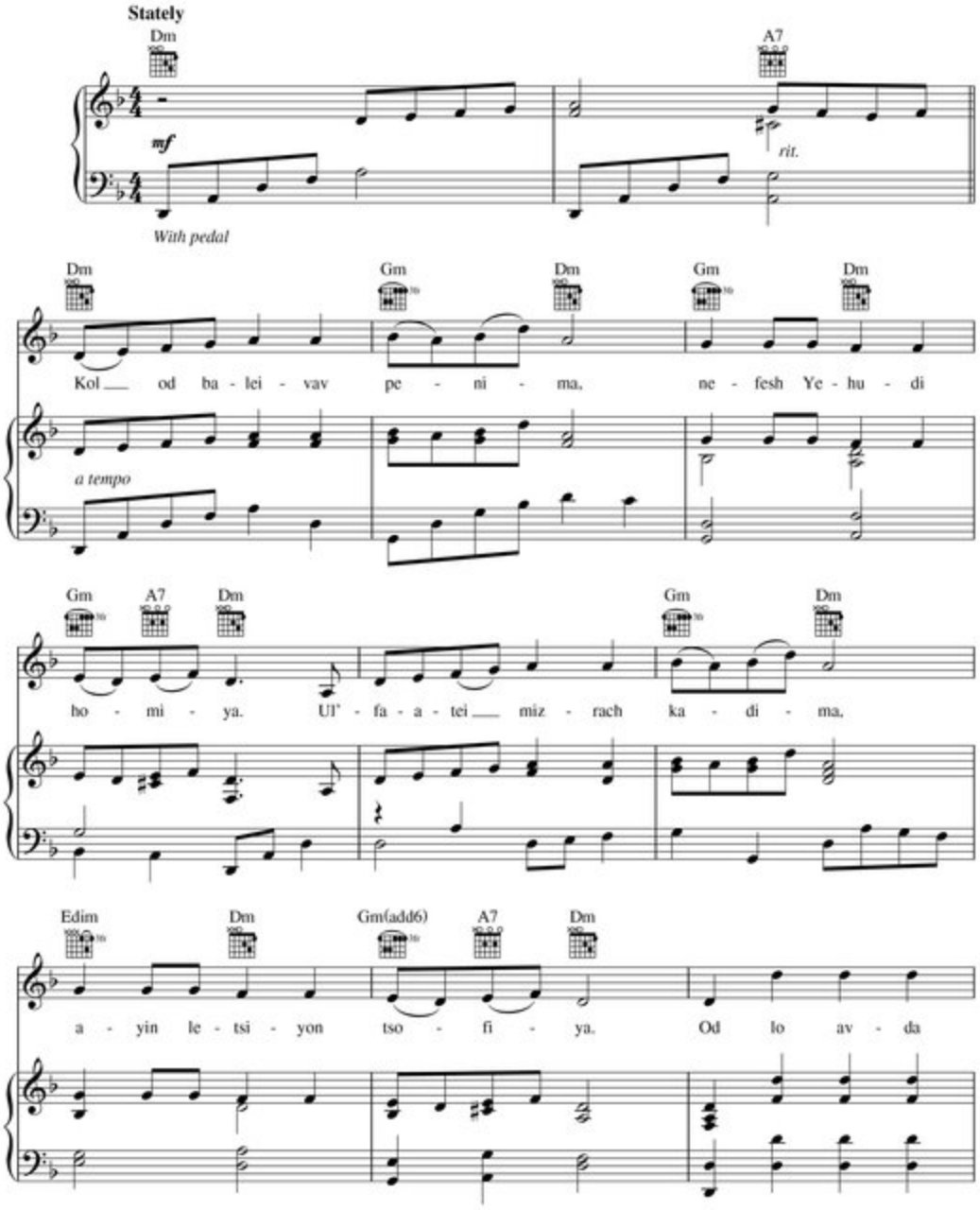
H A T I K V A H

(With Hope)

Words by N.H. IMBER
Traditional Hebrew Melody



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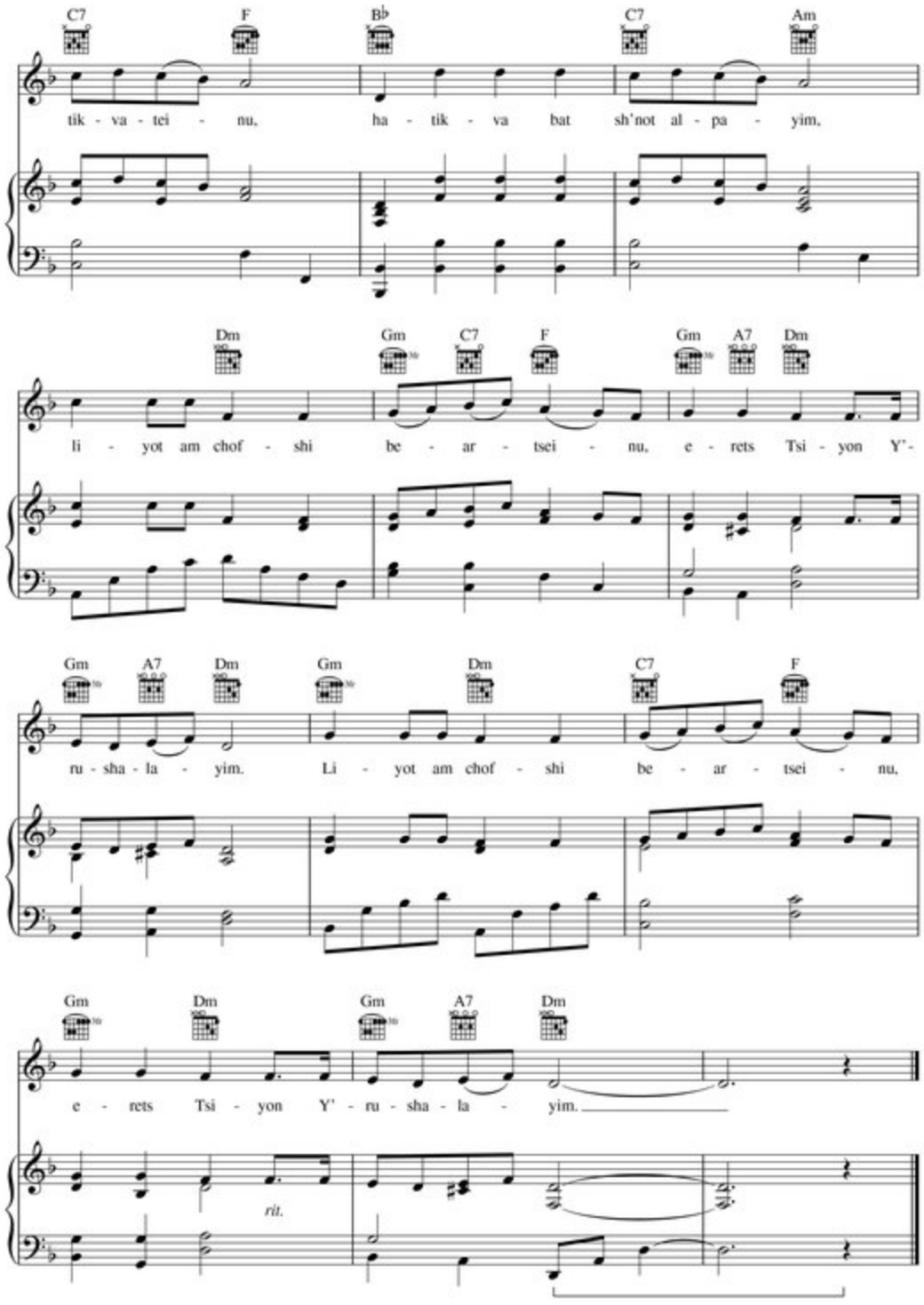

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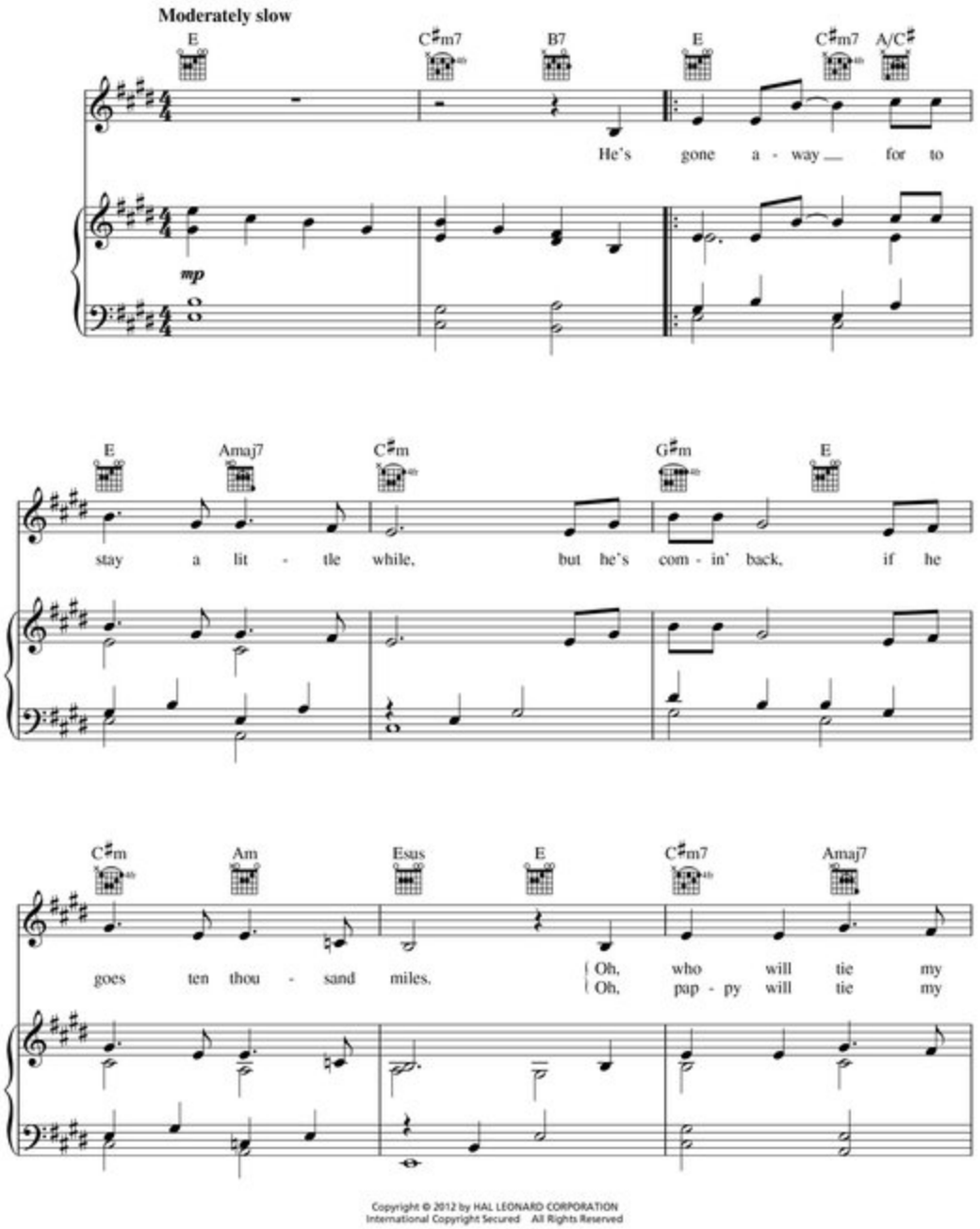
HE'S GONE AWAY

American Folksong



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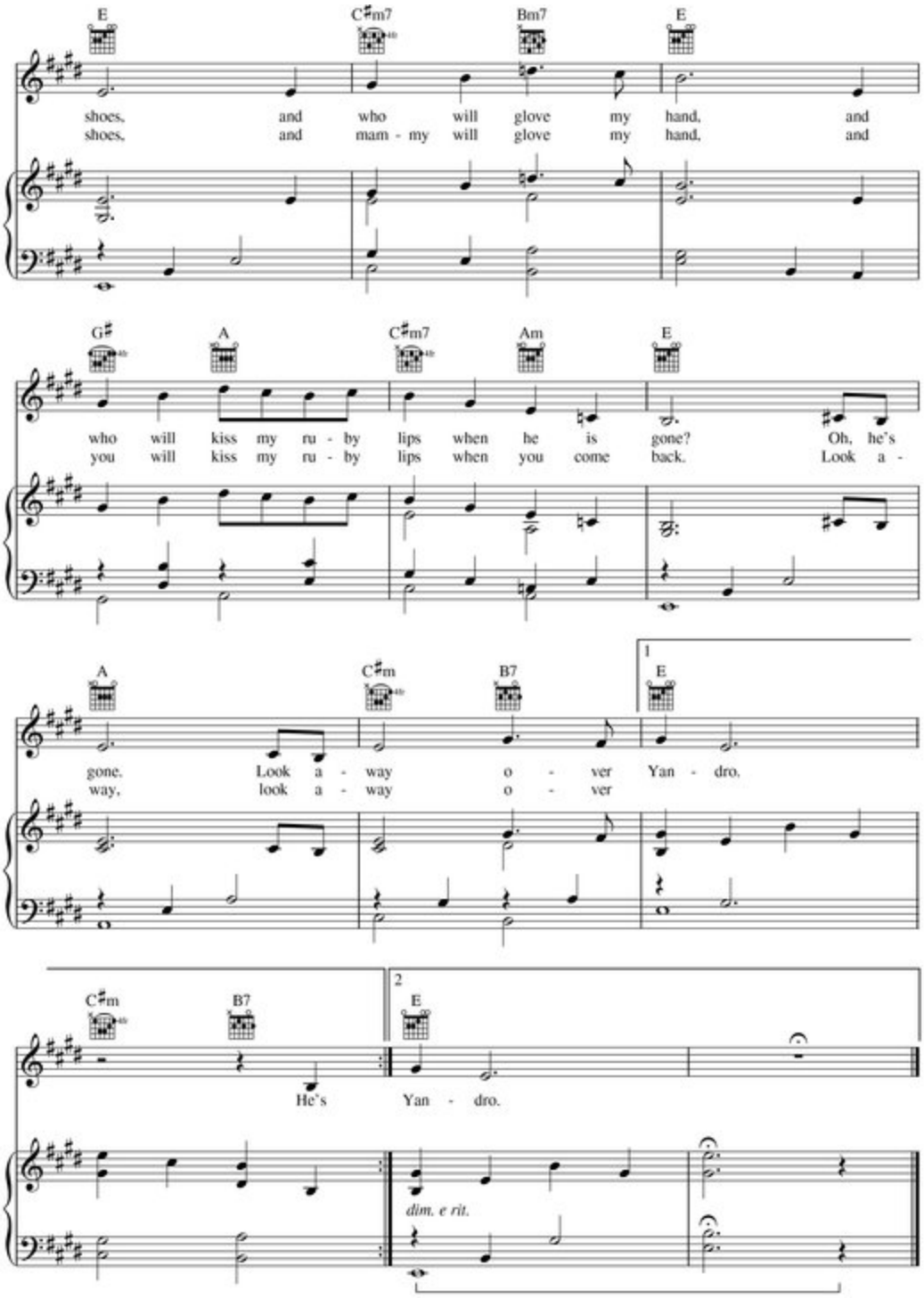

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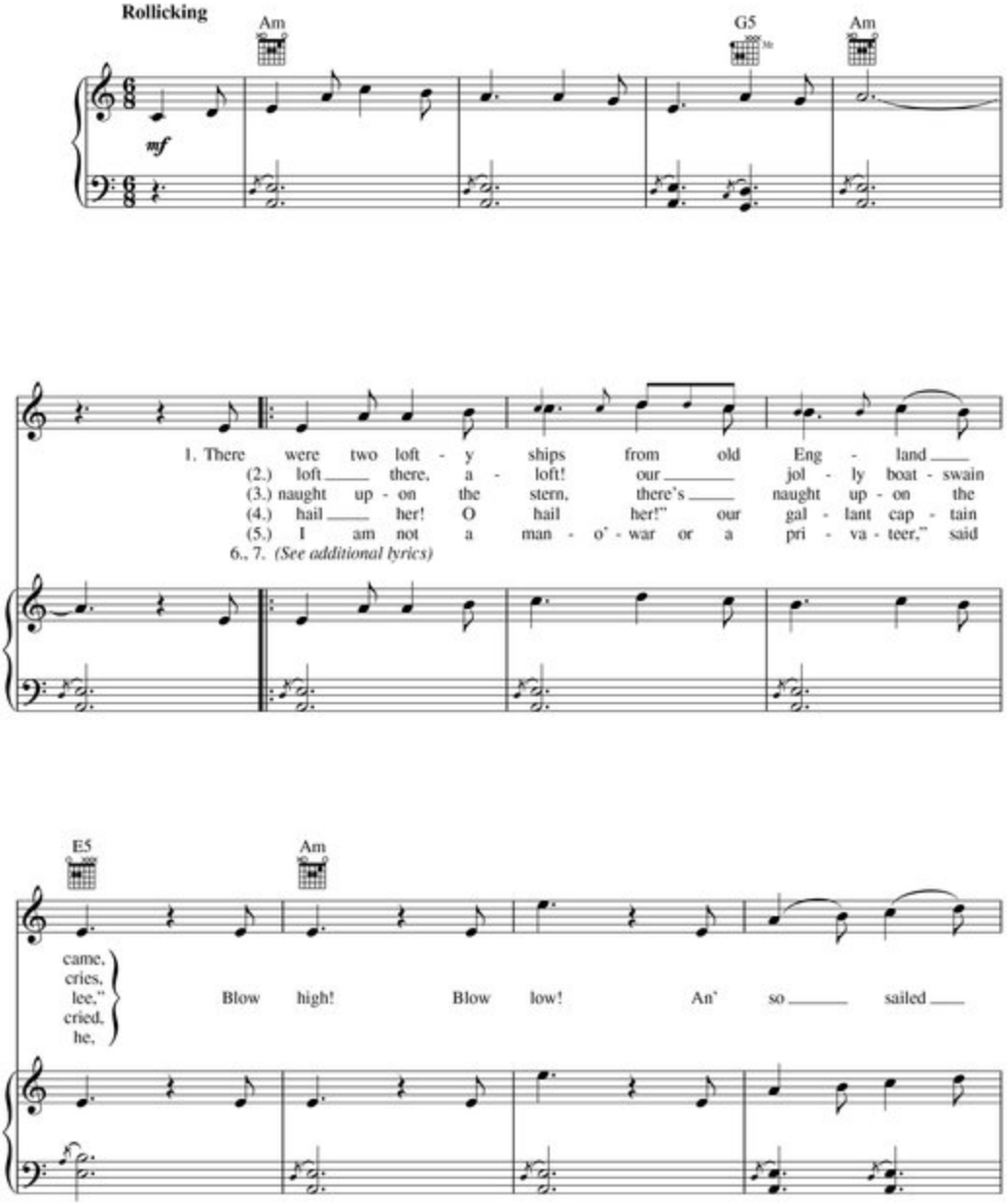
HIGH BARBAREE

American Sea Chantey
sometimes attributed to CHARLES DIBDIN



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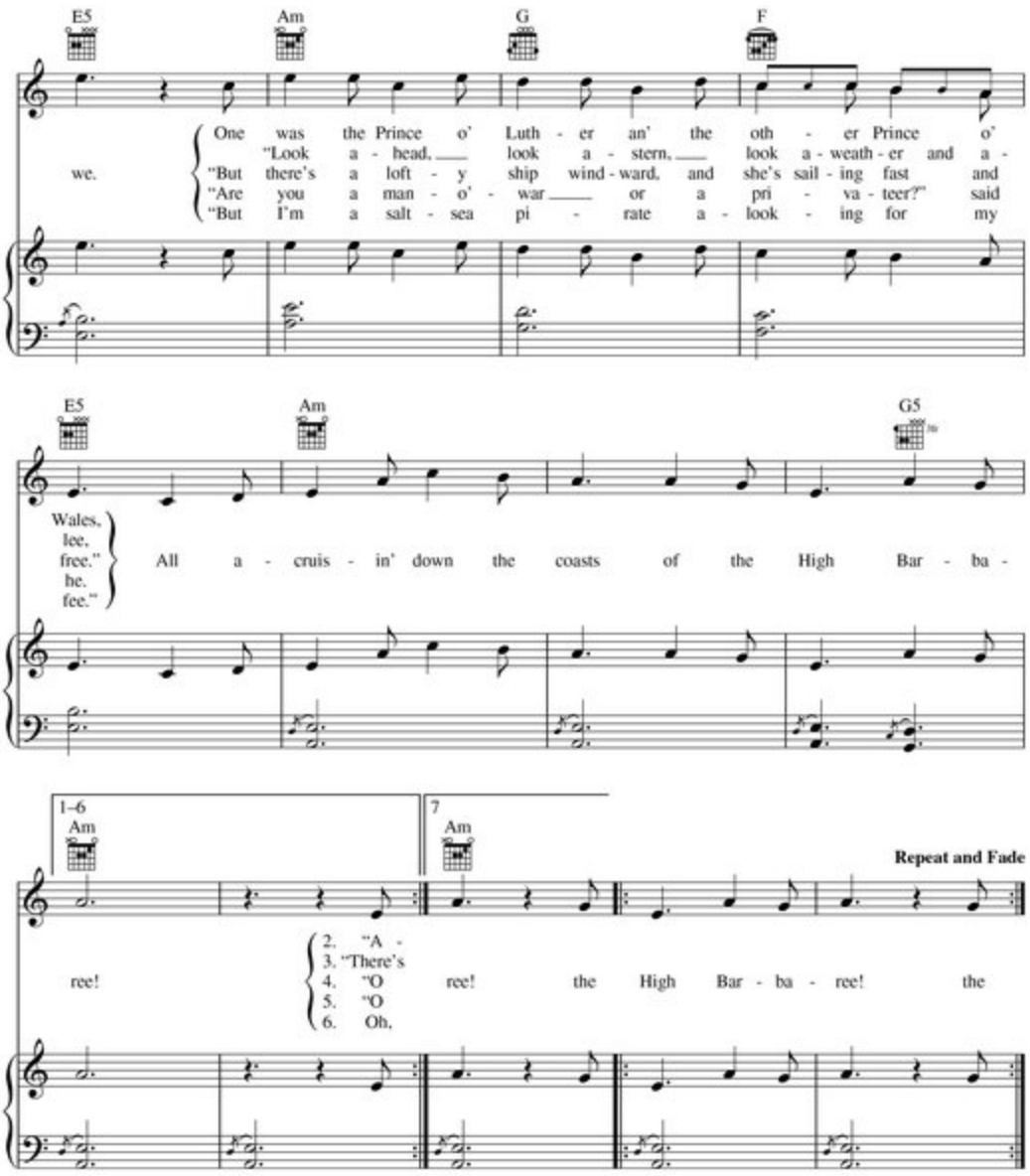

Additional Lyrics

6. Oh, 'twas broadside to broadside a long time we lay,
   Blow high! Blow low! An' so sailed we.
   Until the Prince of Luther show the pirate's masts away.
   All a-cruisin' down the coasts of the High Barbaree!

7. "O quarter! O quarter!" those pirates then did cry,
   Blow high! Blow low! An' so sailed we.

But the quarter that we gave them—we sunk them in the sea.
All a-cruisin’ down the coasts of the High Barbaree!

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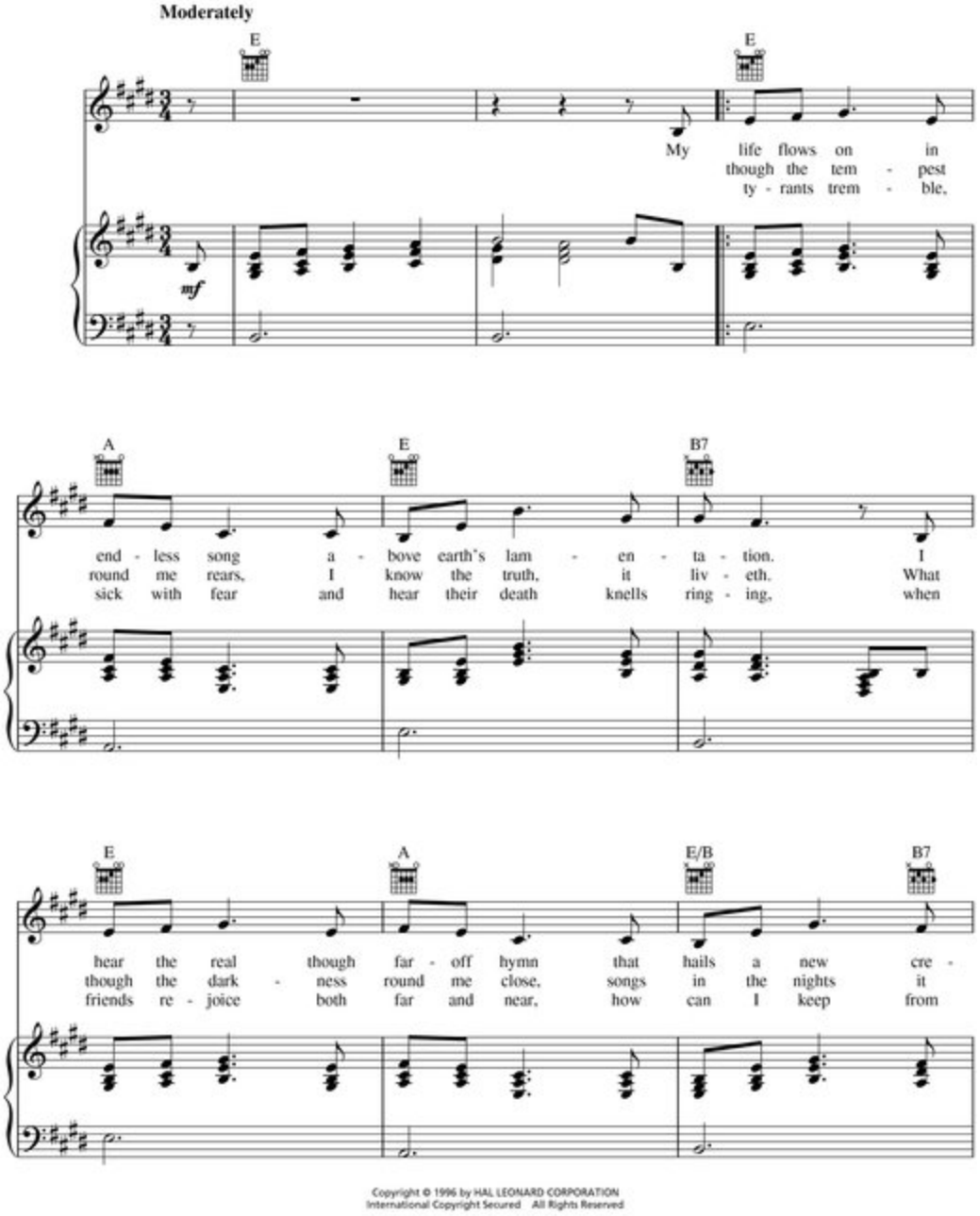
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

Words and Music by
REV. ROBERT LOWREY



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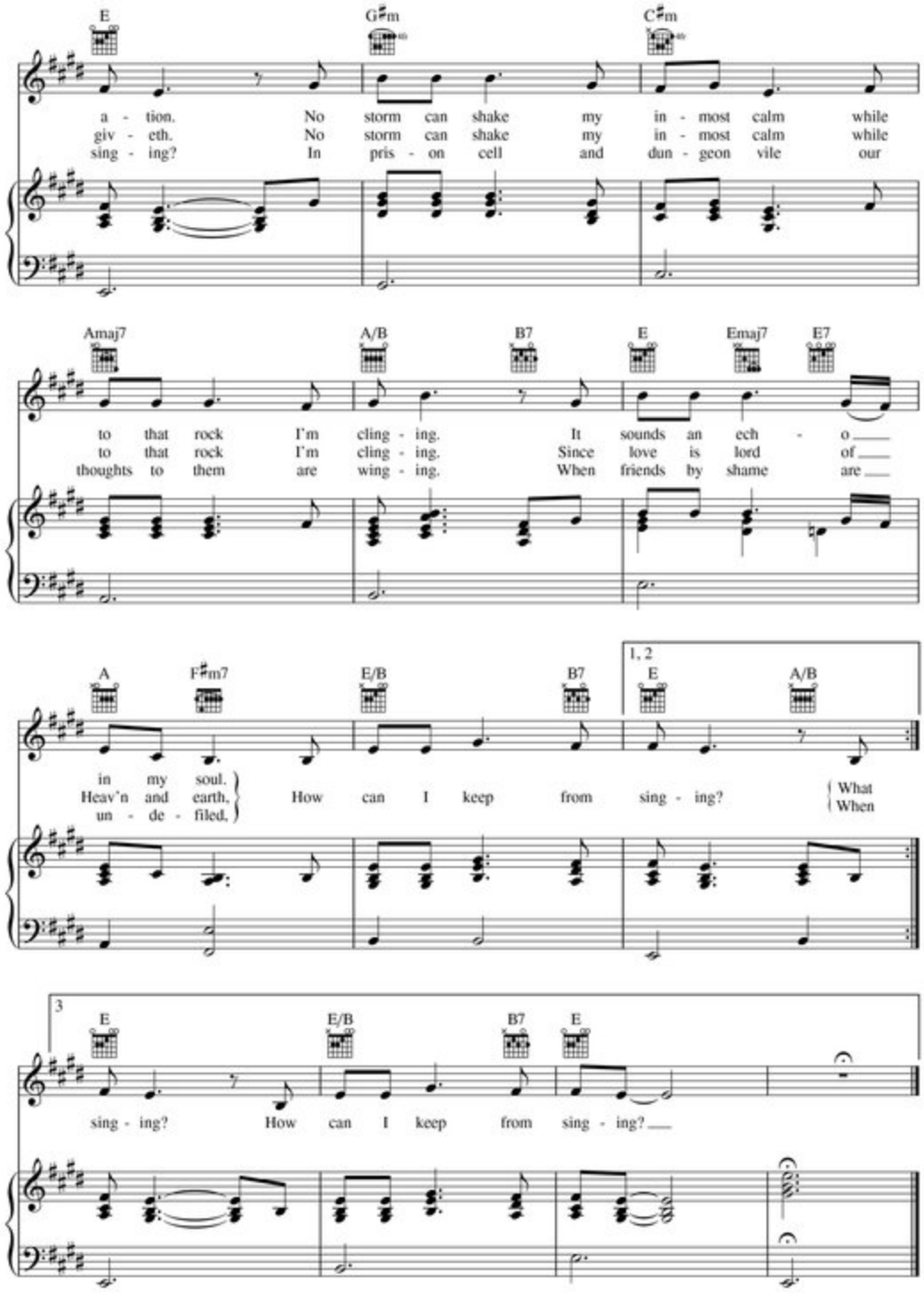

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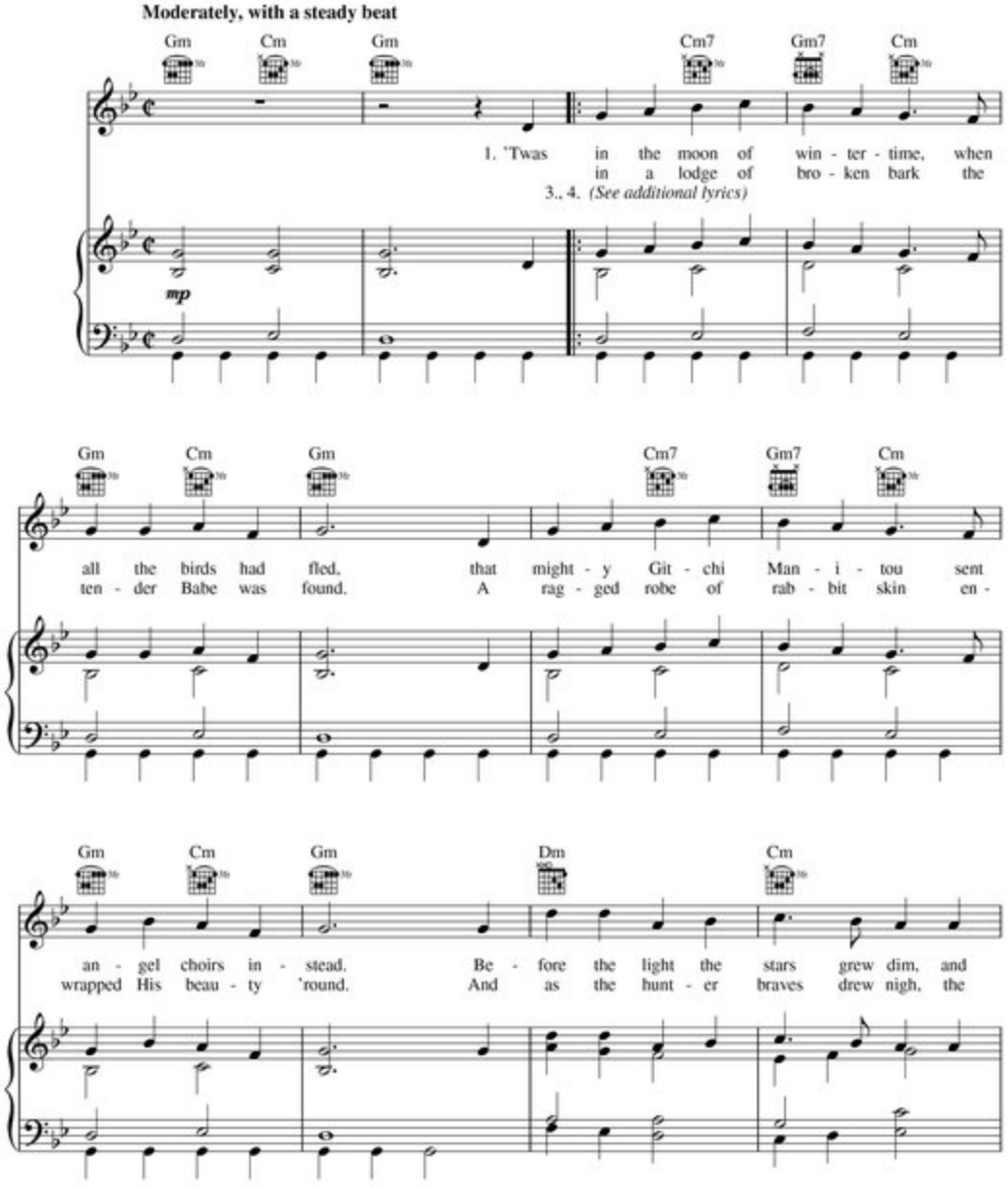
THE HURON CAROL

Words by JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON
16th Century French Melody



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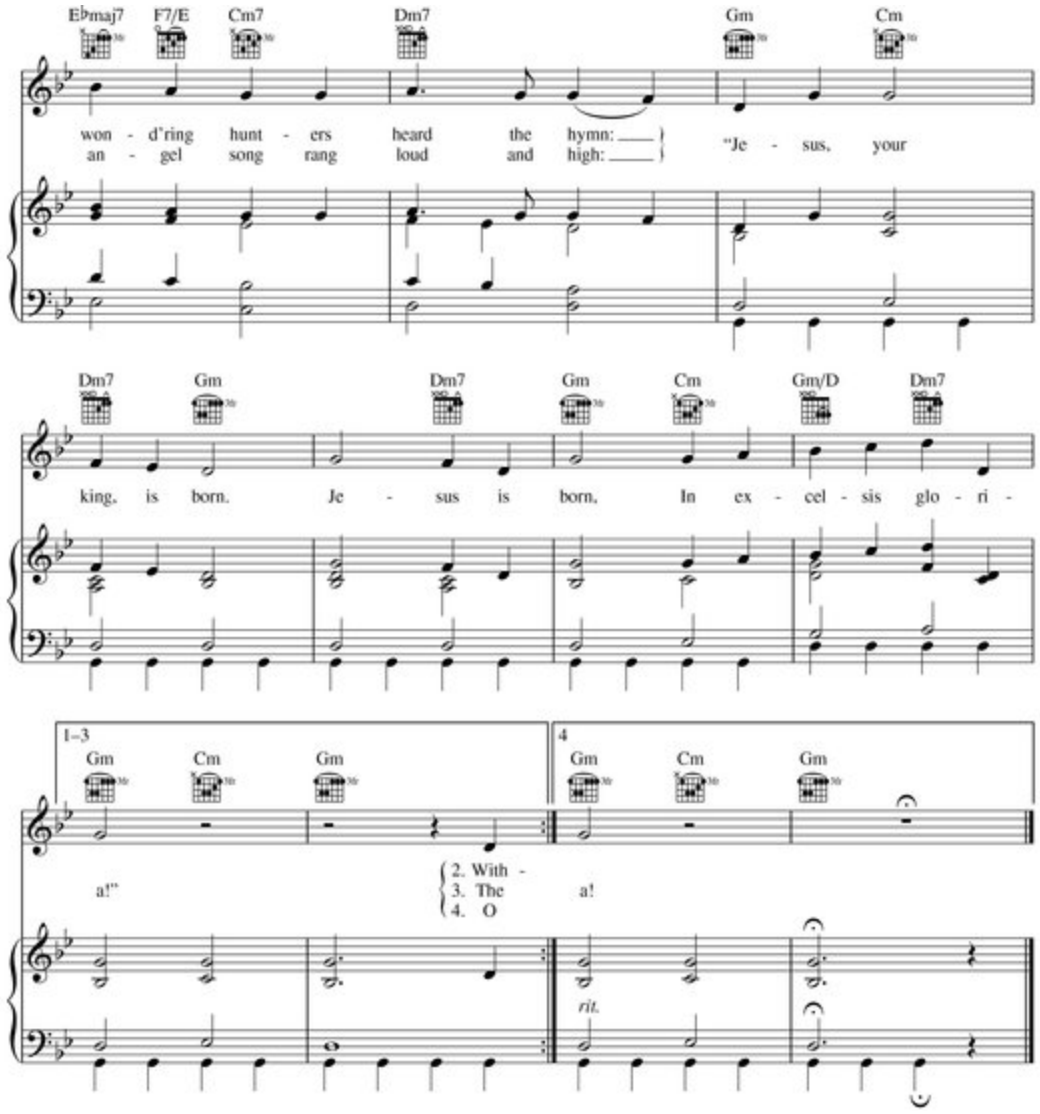

Additional Lyrics

3. The earliest moon of wintertime is not so round and fair
   As was the ring of glory or the helpless Infant there.
   The chiefs from far before Him knelt
   With gifts of fur and beaver pelt.
   Jesus, your king, is born.
   Jesus is born,
   In excelsis gloria!

4. O children of the forest free, O sons of Manitou,
   The Holy Child of earth and heav’n is born today for you.
   Come kneel before the radiant Boy
   Who brings you beauty, peace, and joy.
   Jesus, your king, is born.
   Jesus is born,
   In excelsis gloria!

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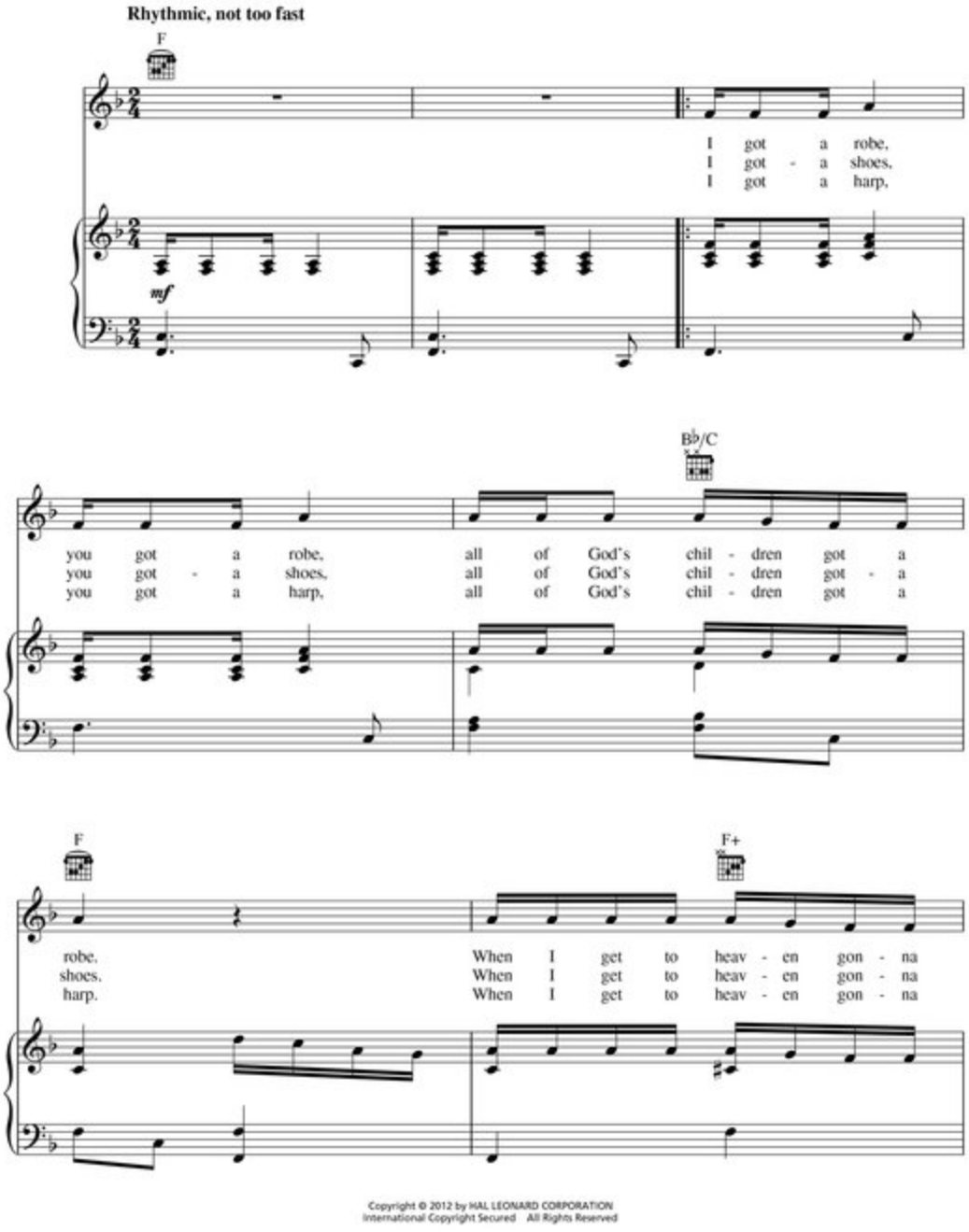
I GOT A ROBE

African-American Spiritual



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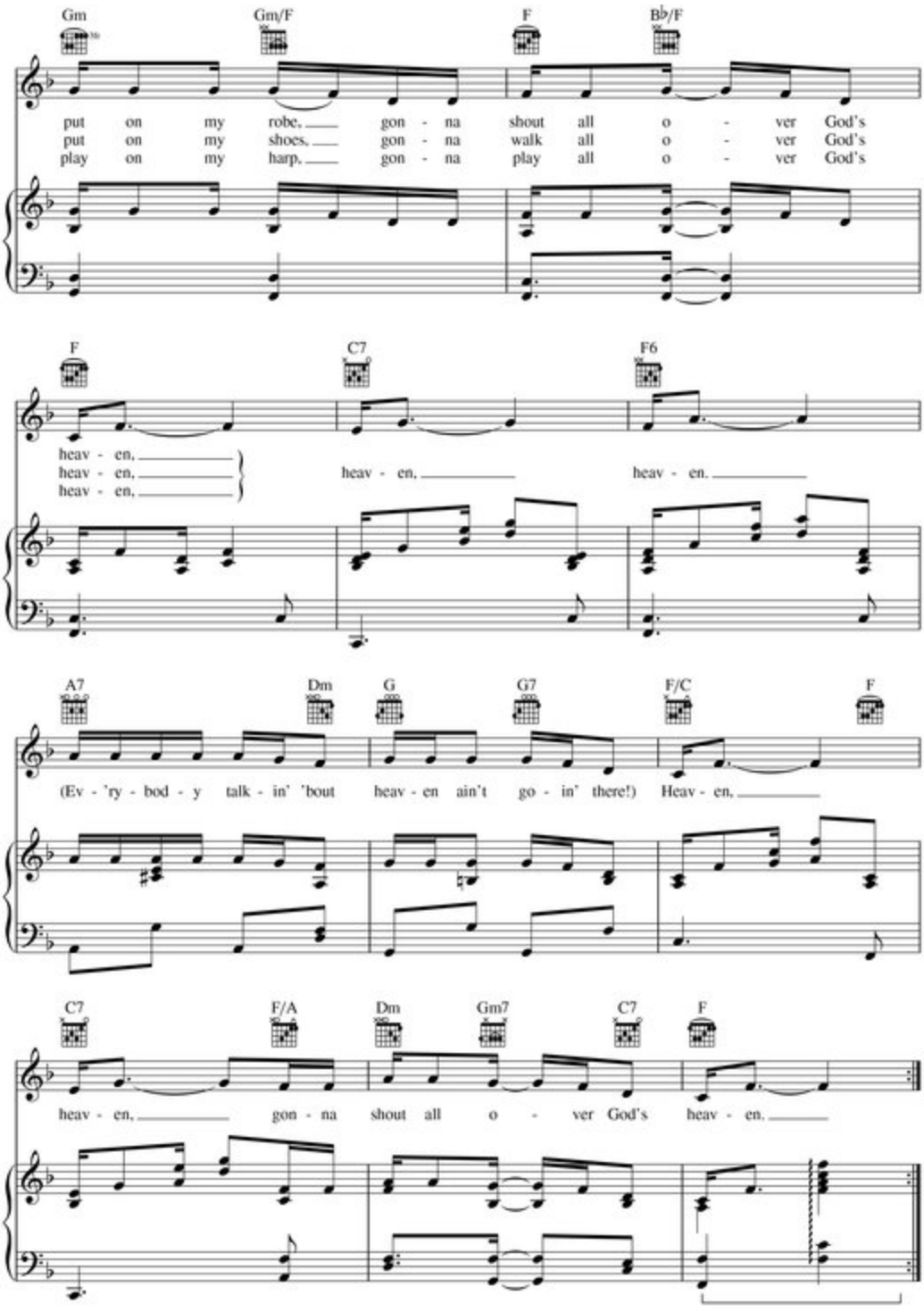

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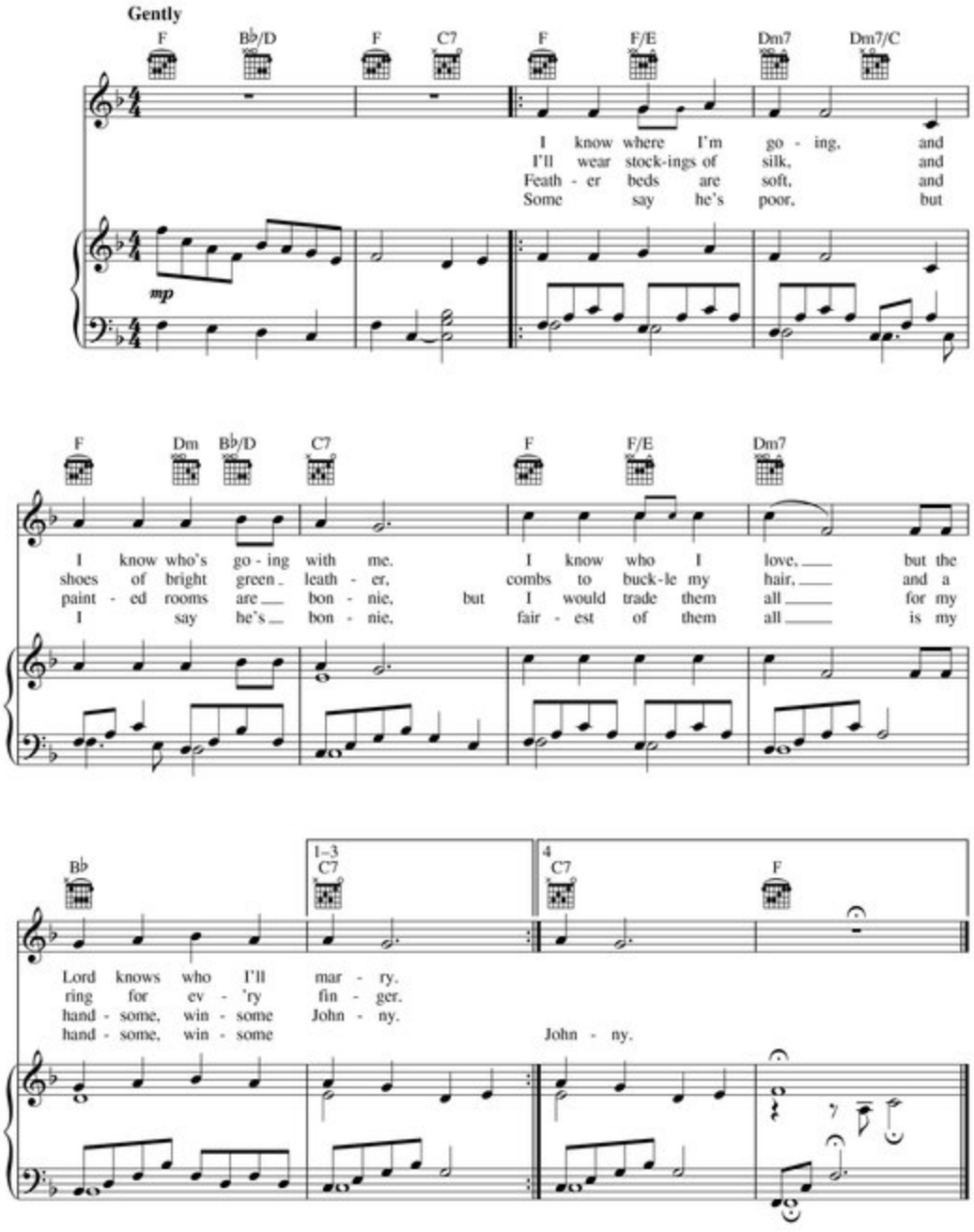
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'

English Folksong



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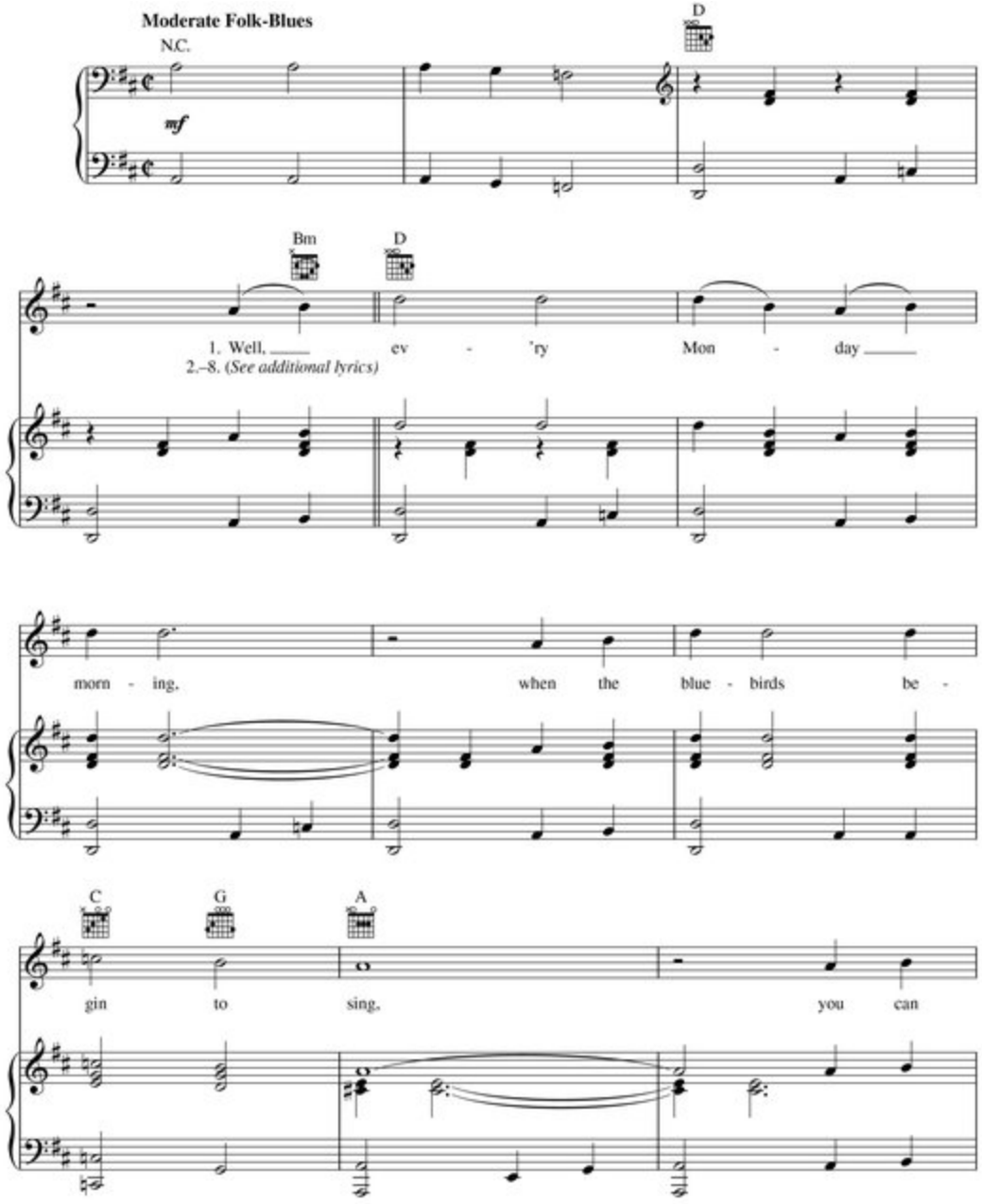
JOHN HENRY

West Virginia Folksong



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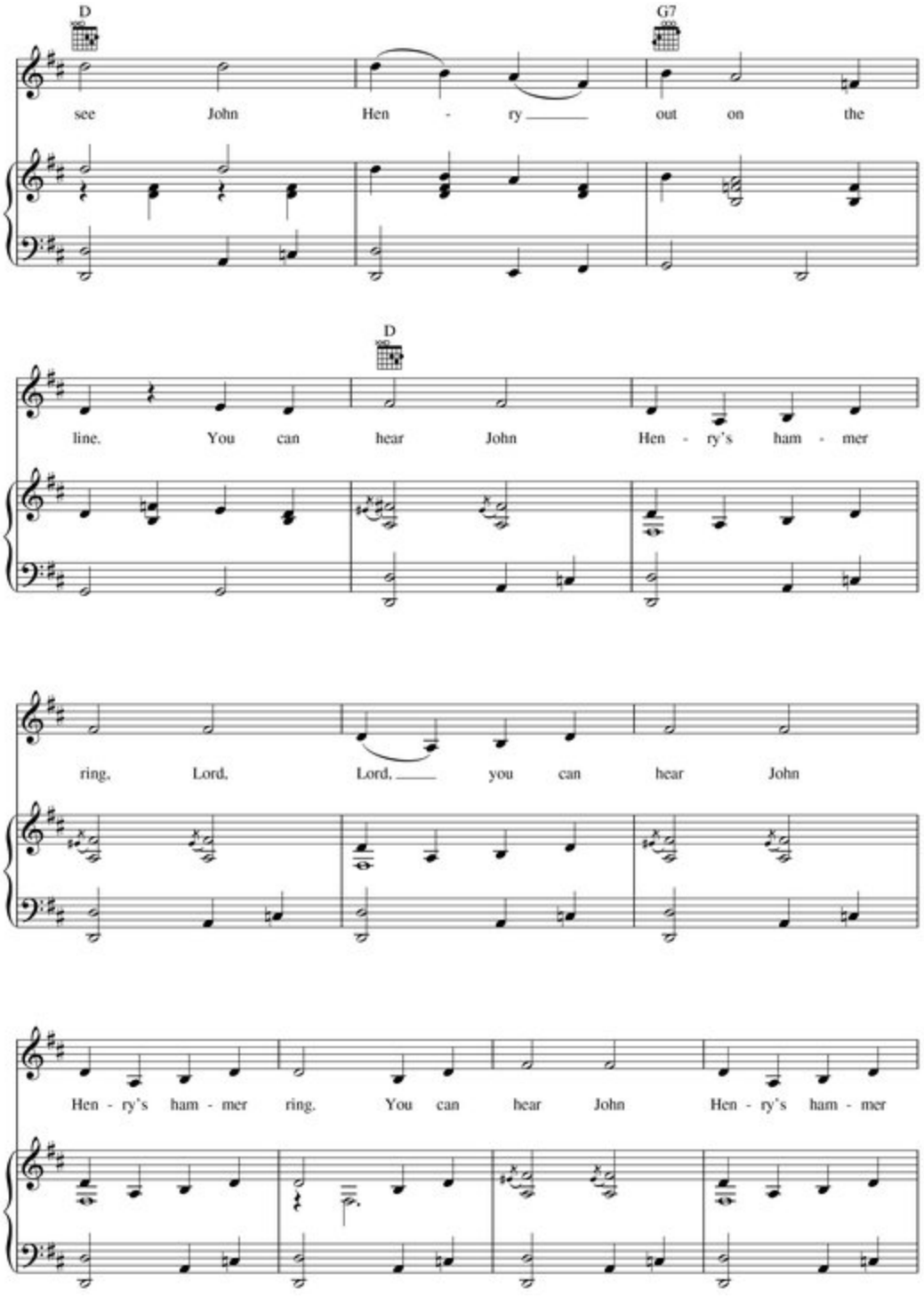
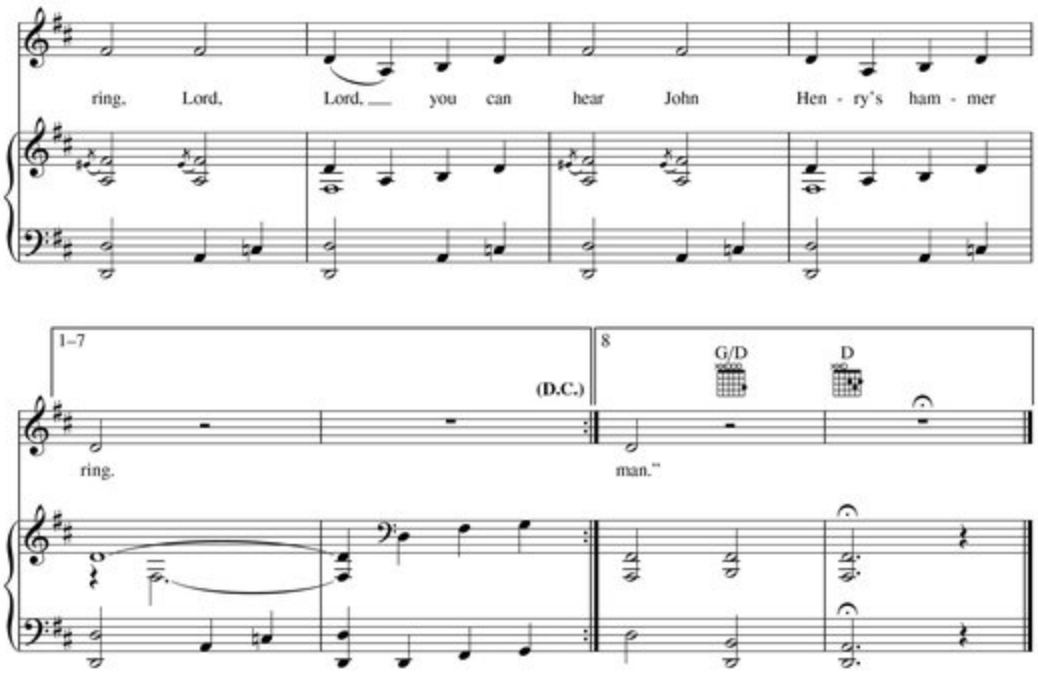

D
G7
see John Hen - ry out on the
D
line. You can hear John Hen - ry's ham - mer
ring. Lord, Lord, you can hear John
Hen - ry's ham - mer ring. You can hear John Hen - ry's ham - mer



Additional Lyrics

2. When John Henry was a little boy,
   A-sitting on his papa's knee,
   He picked up a hammer and a little
   piece of steel,
   Said, "Hammer's gonna be the death
   of me"...

3. Well, the captain said to John Henry,
   "Gonna bring me a steam drill 'round,
   Gonna bring me a steam drill out on the job.
   Gonna whup that steel on down"...

4. John Henry said to his captain,
   "A man ain't nothin' but a man,
   And before I let that steam drill beat
   me down,
   I'll die with a hammer in my hand"...

5. John Henry said to his shaker,
   “Shaker, why don’t you pray?
   ’Cause if I miss this little piece of steel,
   Tomorrow be your buryin’ day”...

6. John Henry was driving on the mountain
   And his hammer was flashing fire.
   And the last words I heard that poor boy say,
   “Gimme a cool drink of water ’fore I die”...

7. John Henry, he drove fifteen feet,
   The steam drill only made nine.
   But he hammered so hard that he broke
   his poor heart,
   And he laid down his hammer and he died...

8. They took John Henry to the graveyard
   And they buried him in the sand.
   And every locomotive comes a-roaring by says,
   “There lies a steel-driving man”...

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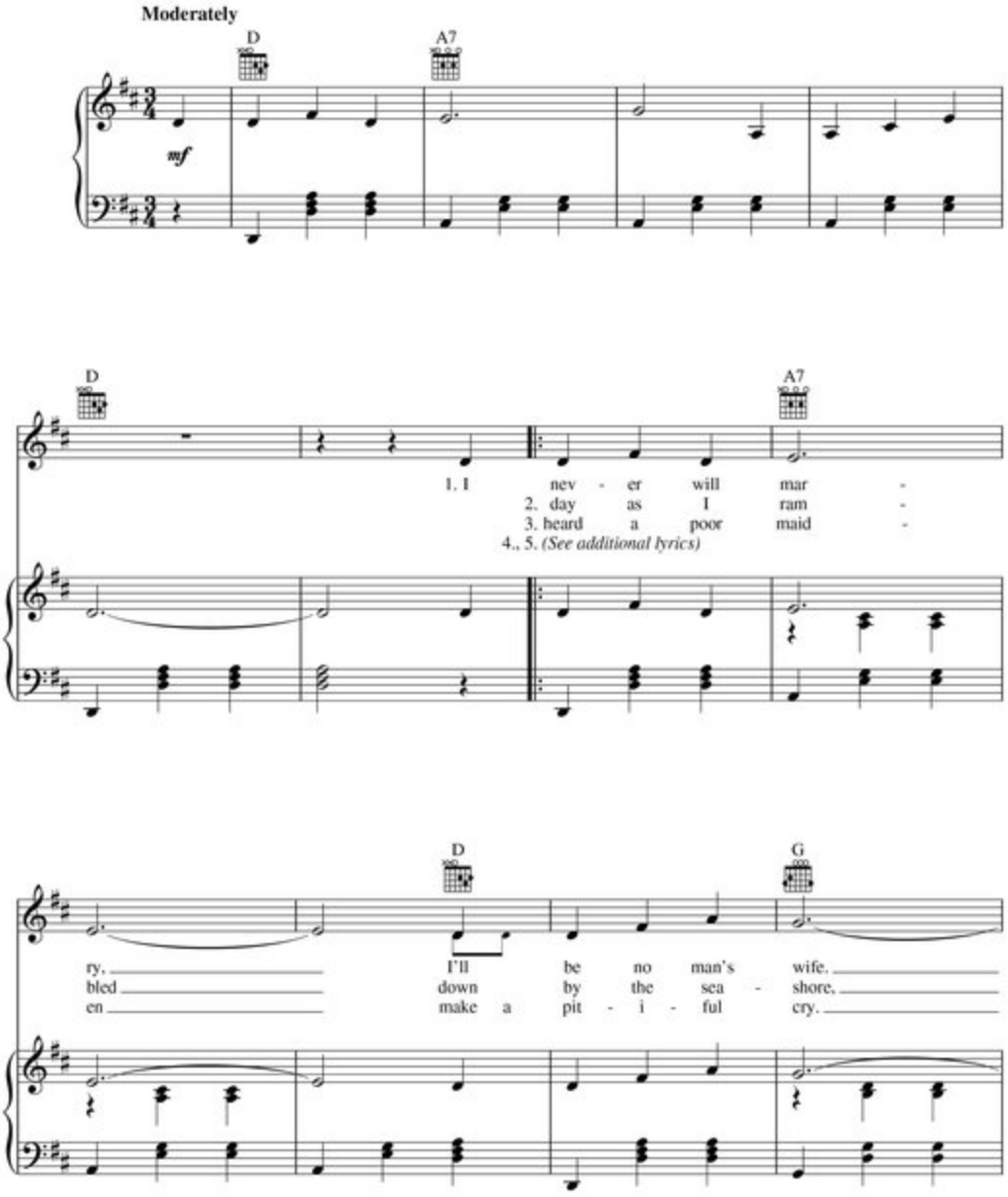
I NEVER WILL MARRY

Traditional Folksong



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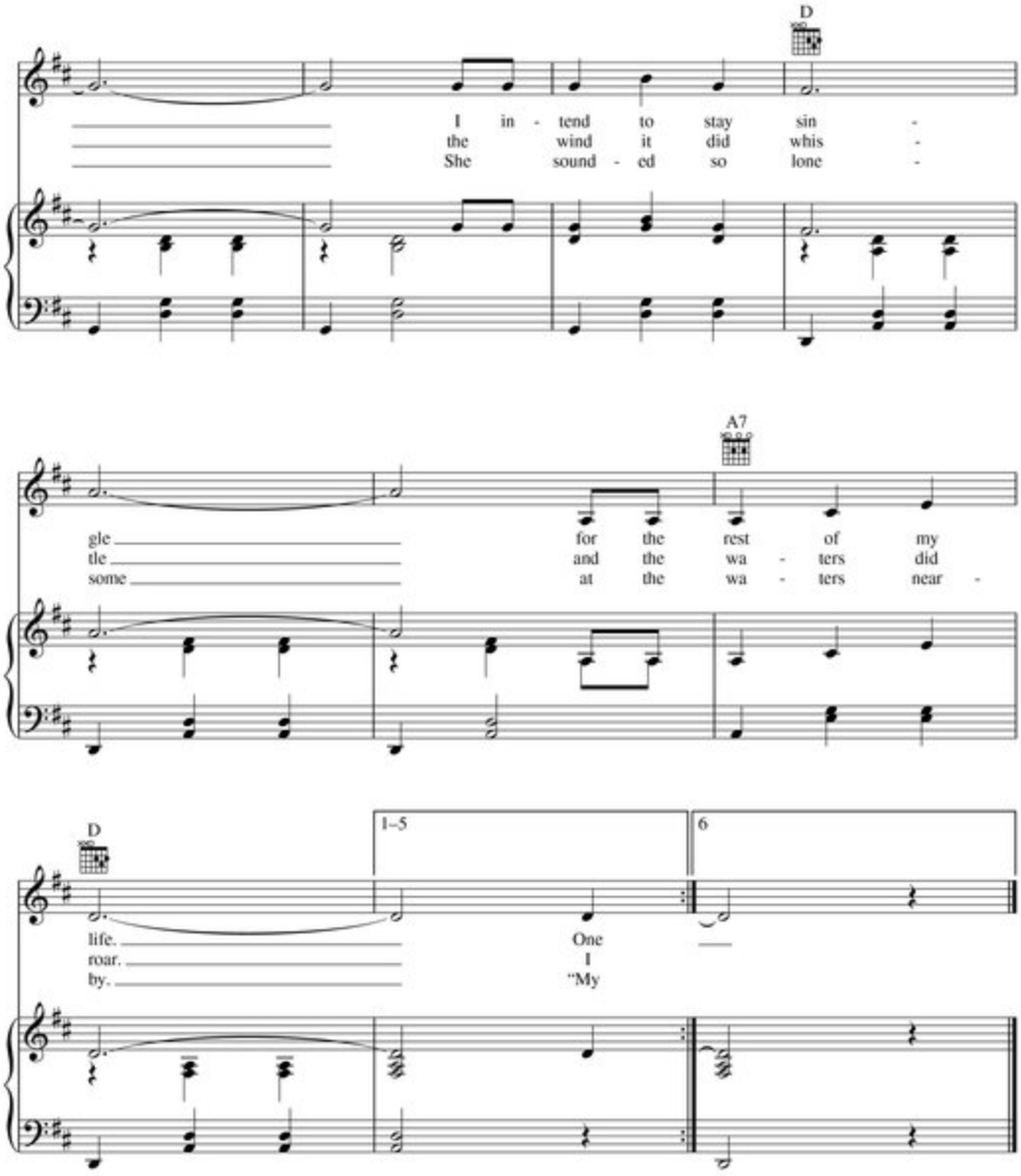

Additional Lyrics

4. “My love’s gone and left me, he’s the one I adore.
   I never will see him, no never, no more.”

5. “The shells in the ocean will be my deathbed,
   And the fish in the water swim over my head.”

6. She plunged her fair body in the water so deep.
   And she closed her pretty blue eyes in the water to sleep.

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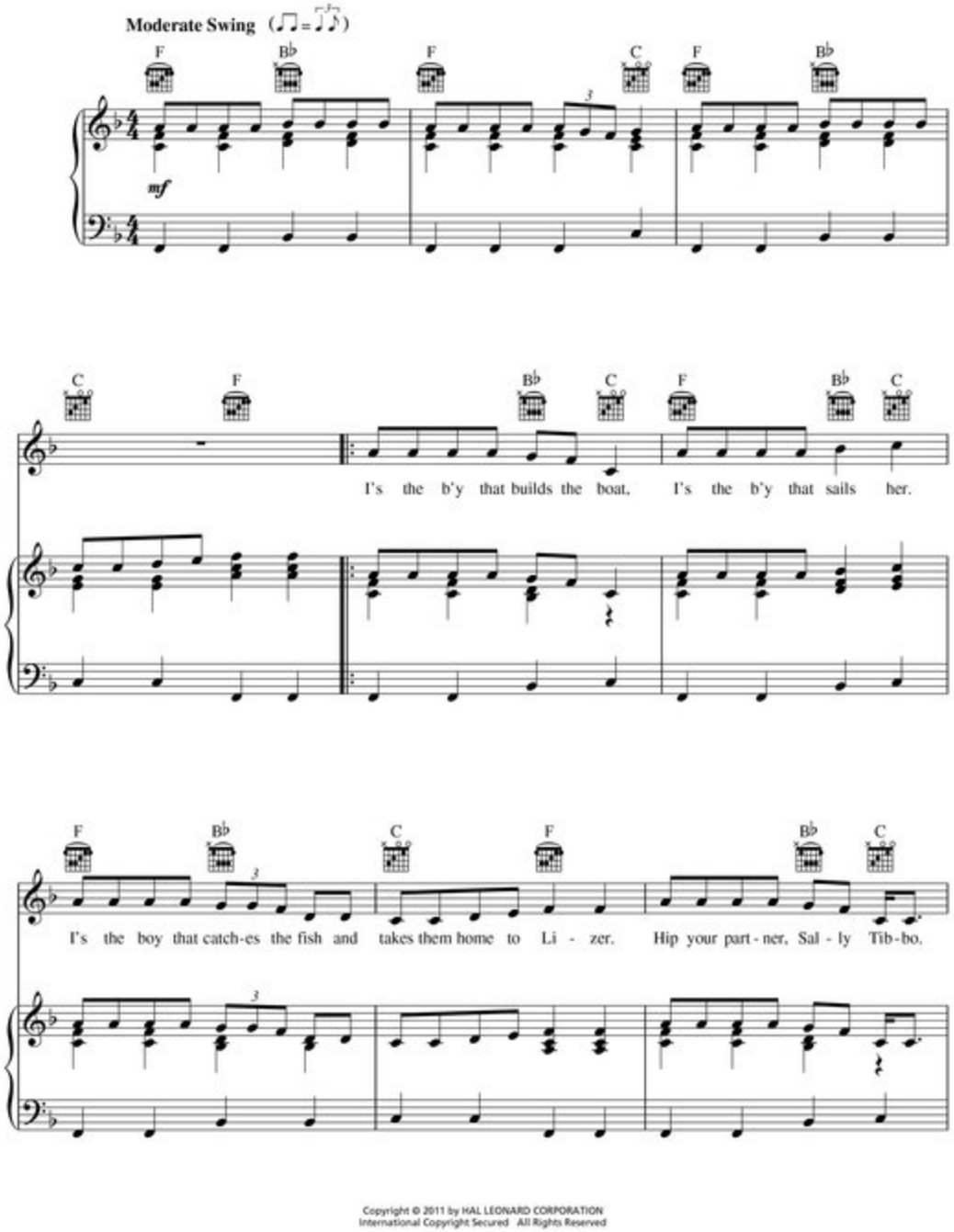
I’S THE B’Y

Newfoundland Folksong



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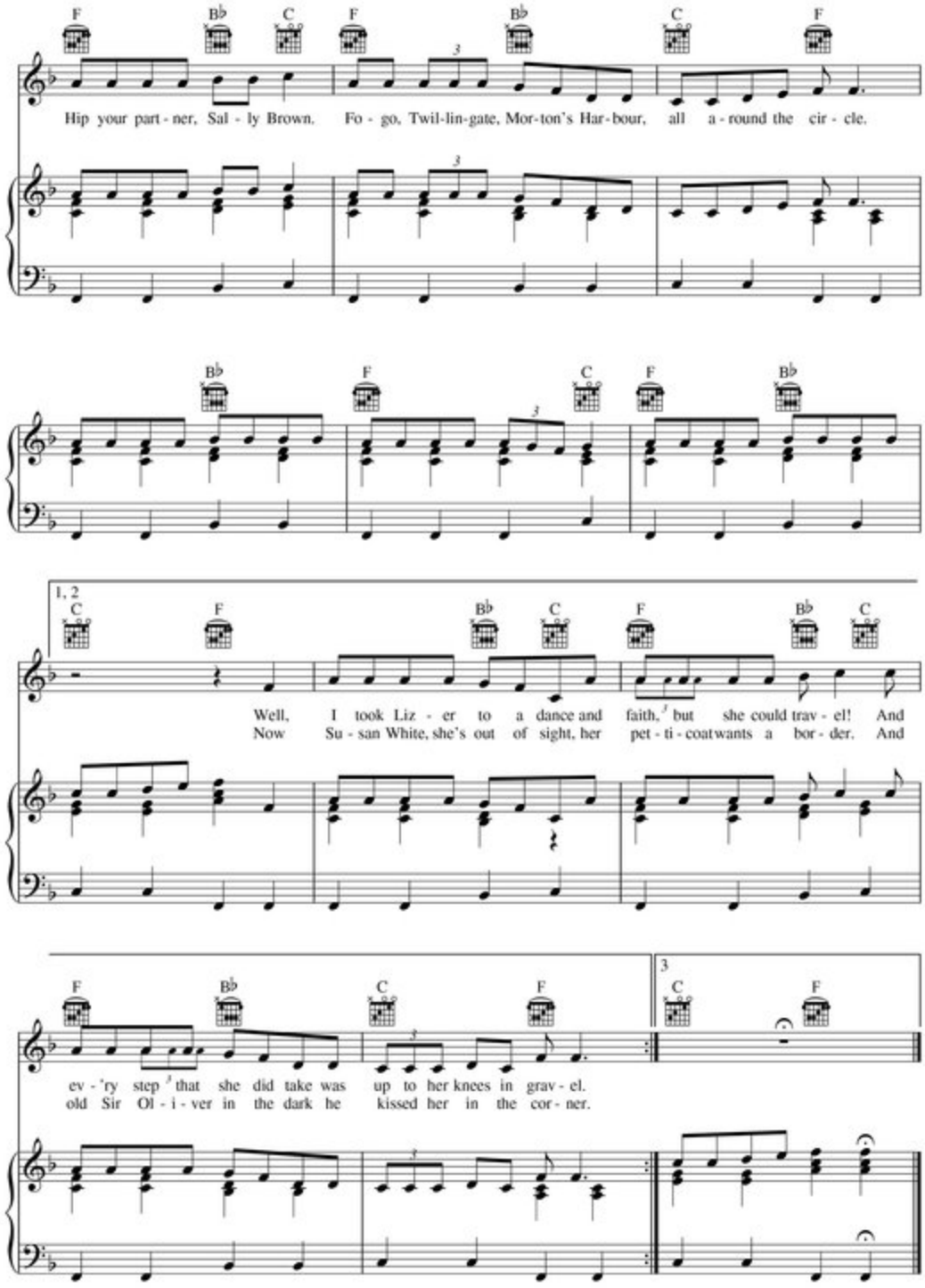

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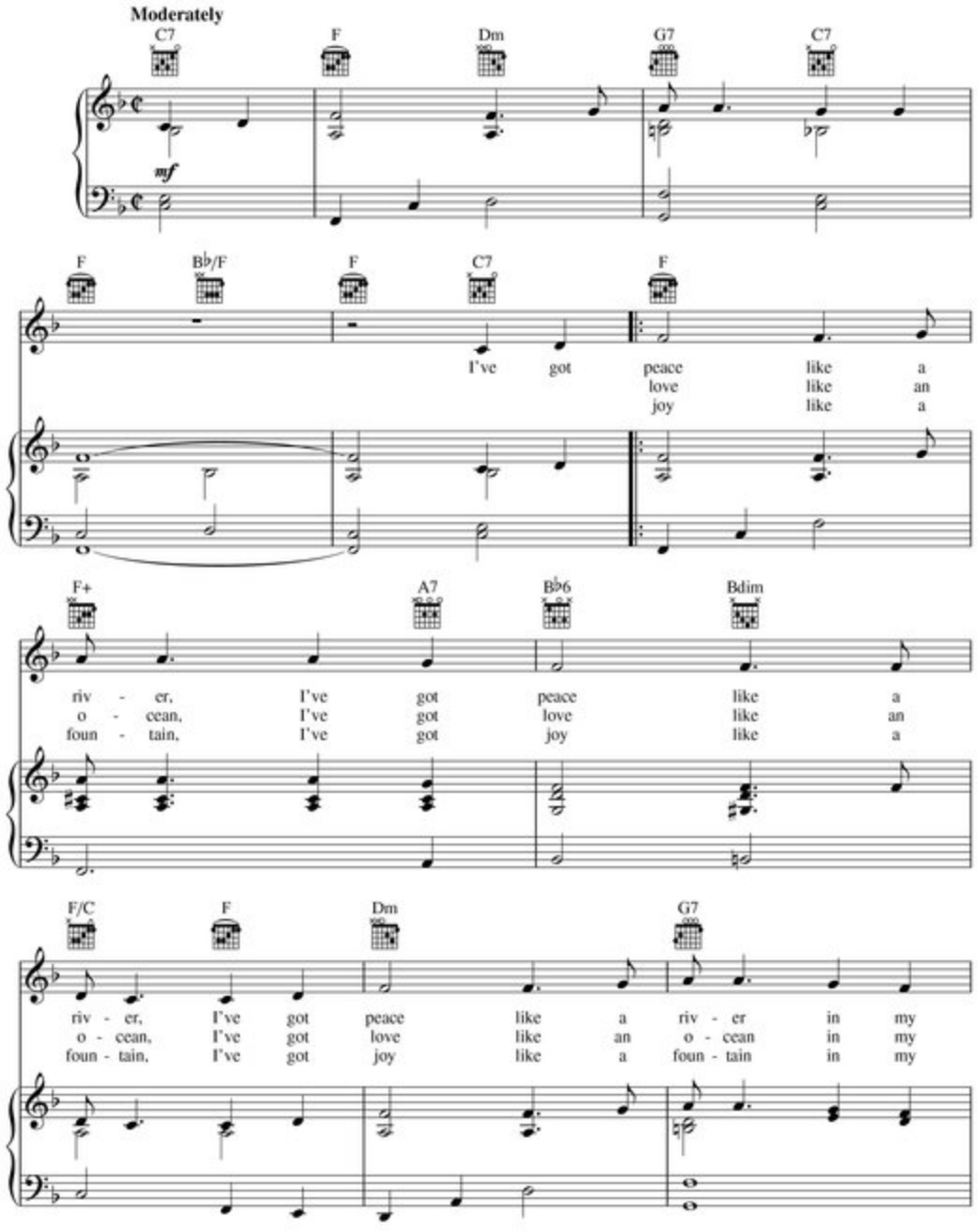
I’VE GOT PEACE LIKE A RIVER

Traditional



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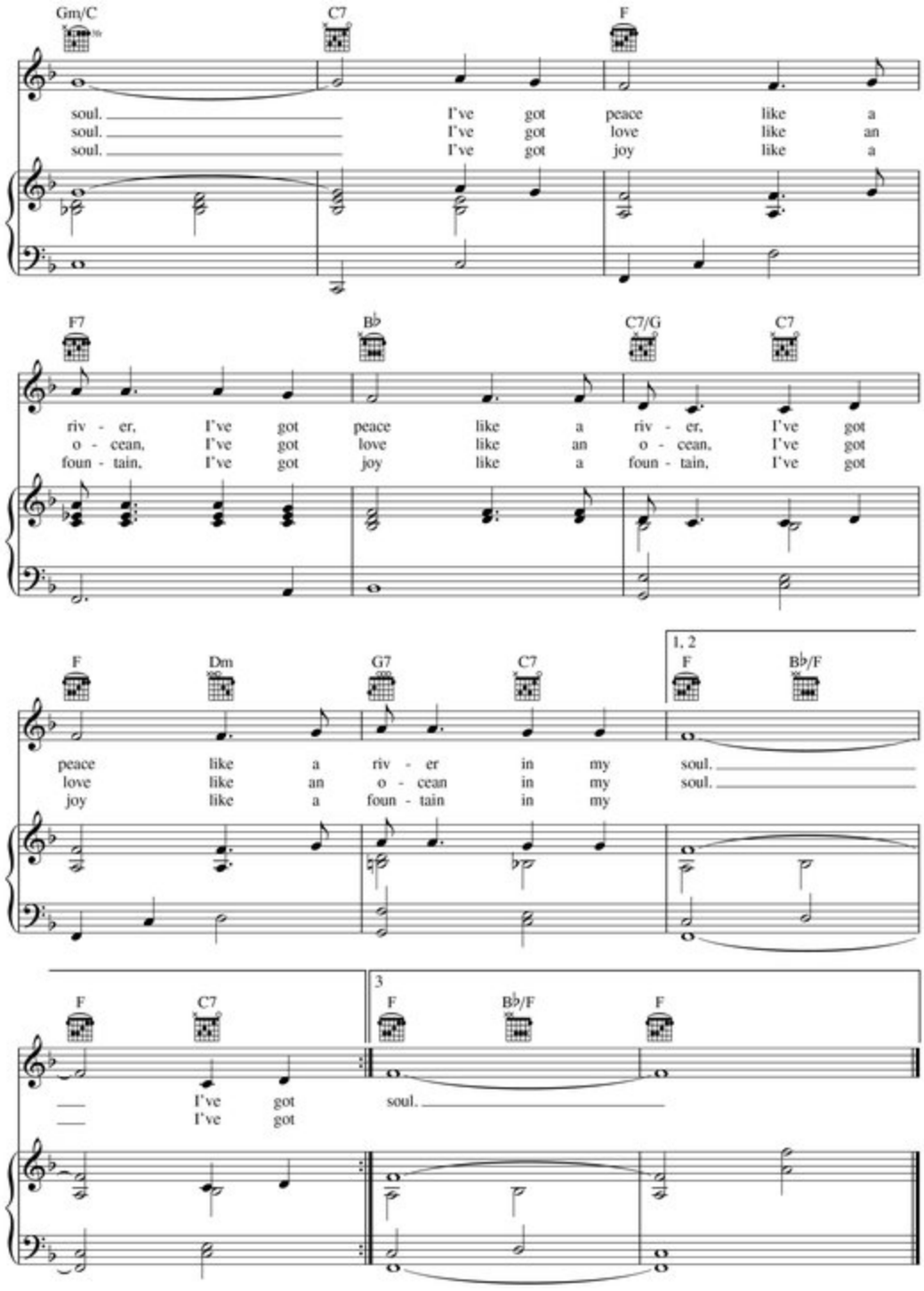

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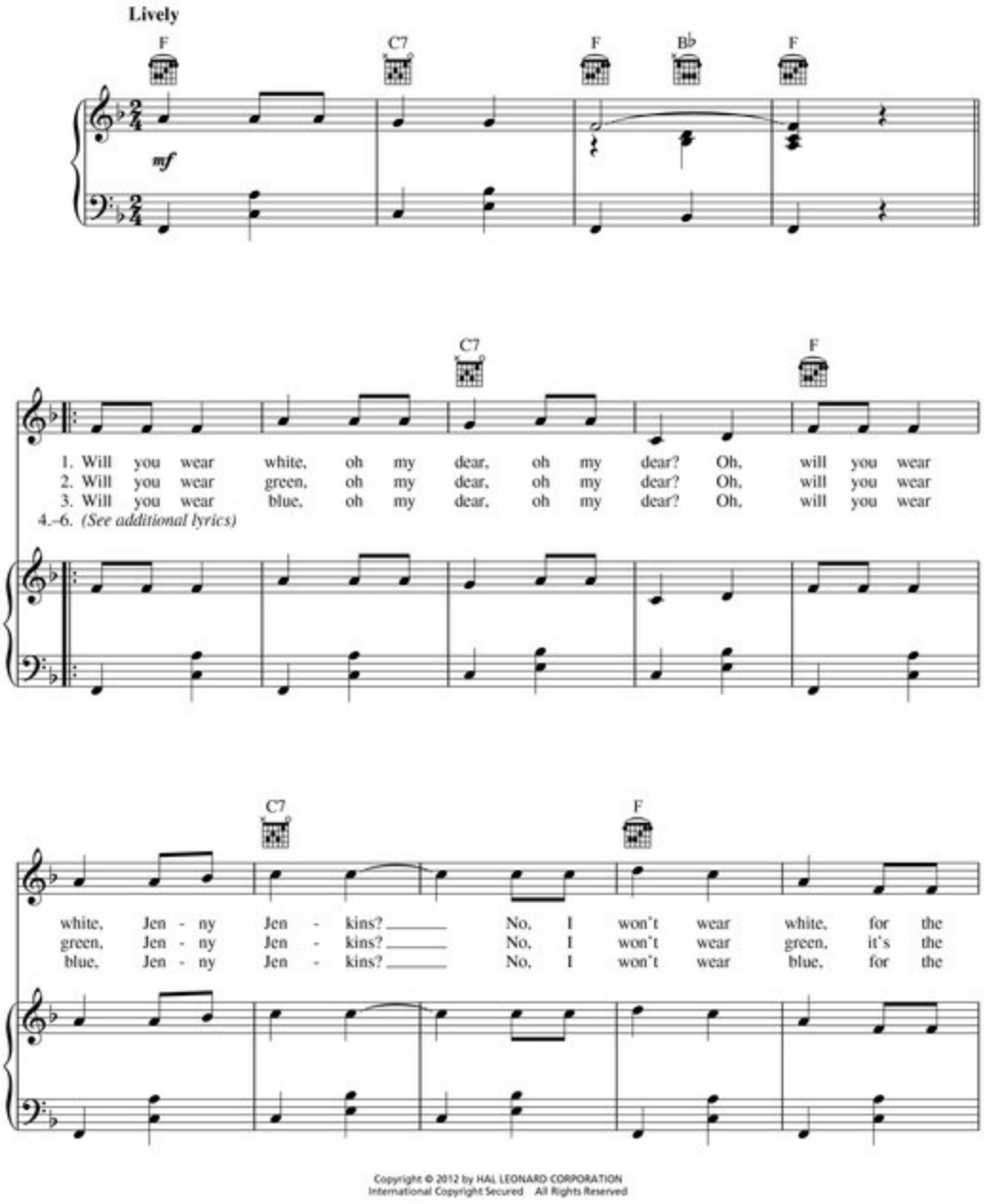
JENNY JENKINS

18th Century American Folksong



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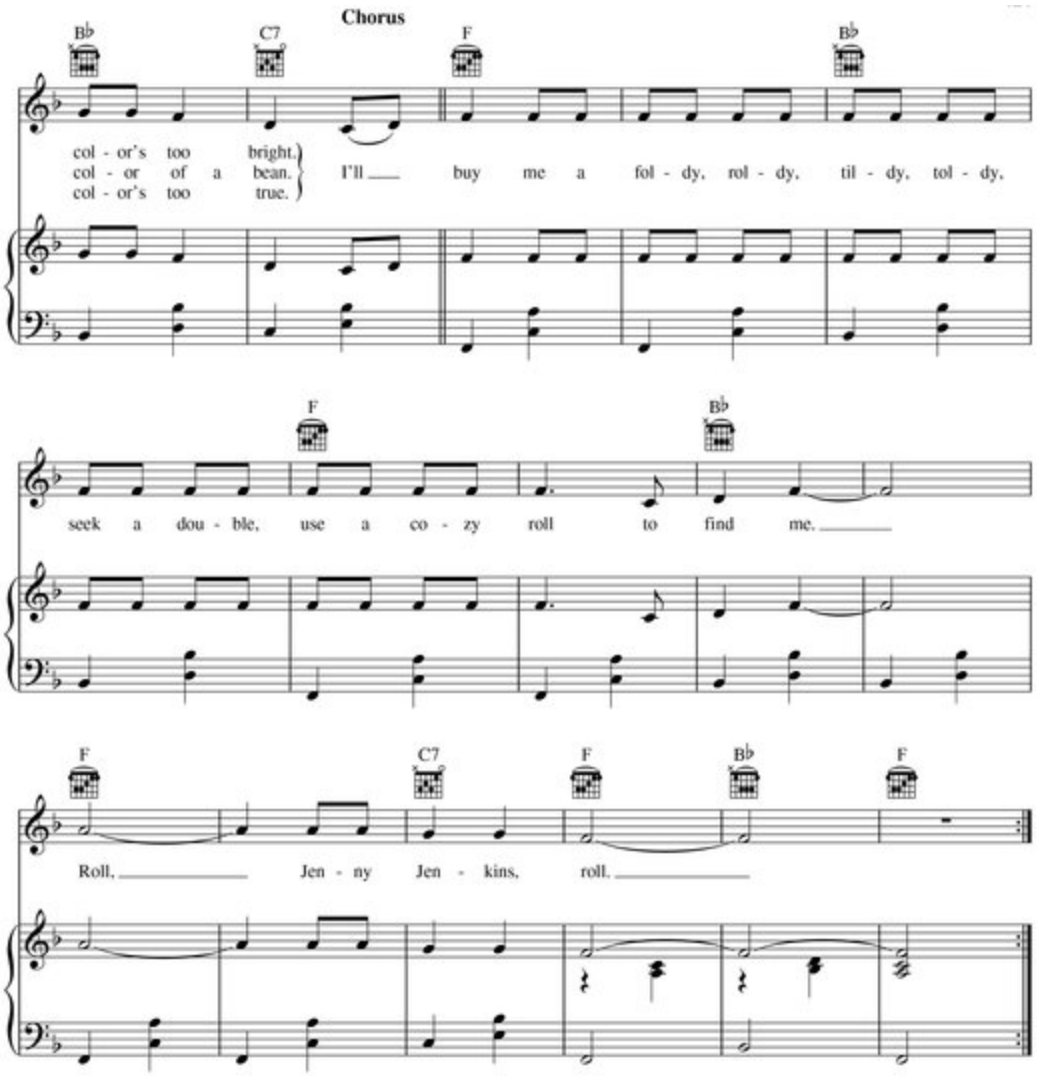

Additional Lyrics

4. Will you wear yellow, oh my dear, oh my dear?
   Oh, will you wear yellow, Jenny Jenkins?
   No, I won't wear yellow, for I'd never get a fellow.
   Chorus

5. Will you wear brown, oh my dear, oh my dear?
   Oh, will you wear brown, Jenny Jenkins?
   No, I won't wear brown, for I'd never get around.
   Chorus

6. Will you wear beige, oh my dear, oh my dear?
   Oh, will you wear beige, Jenny Jenkins?
   No, I won’t wear beige, for it shows my age.
   Chorus

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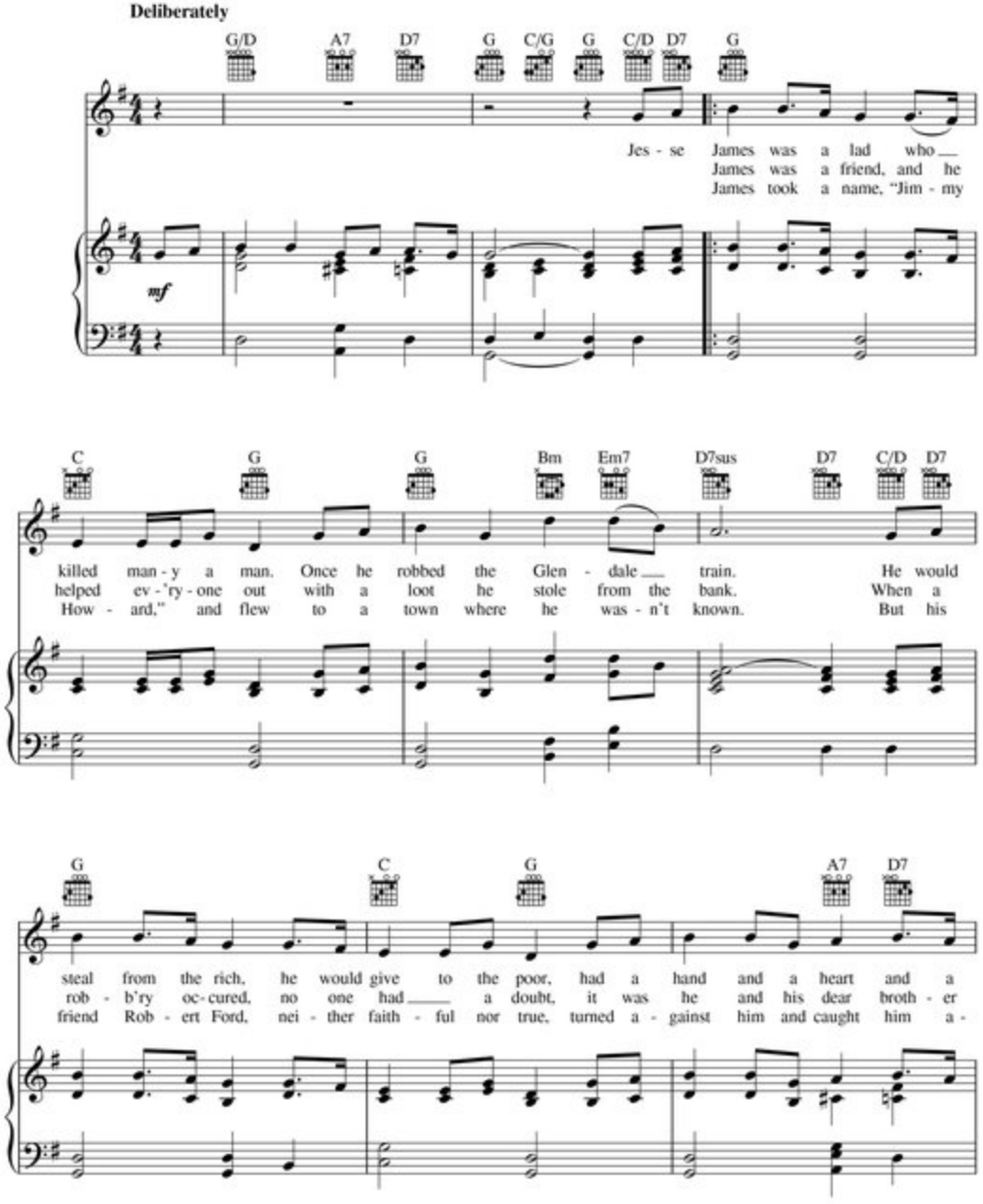
JESSE JAMES

Missouri Folksong



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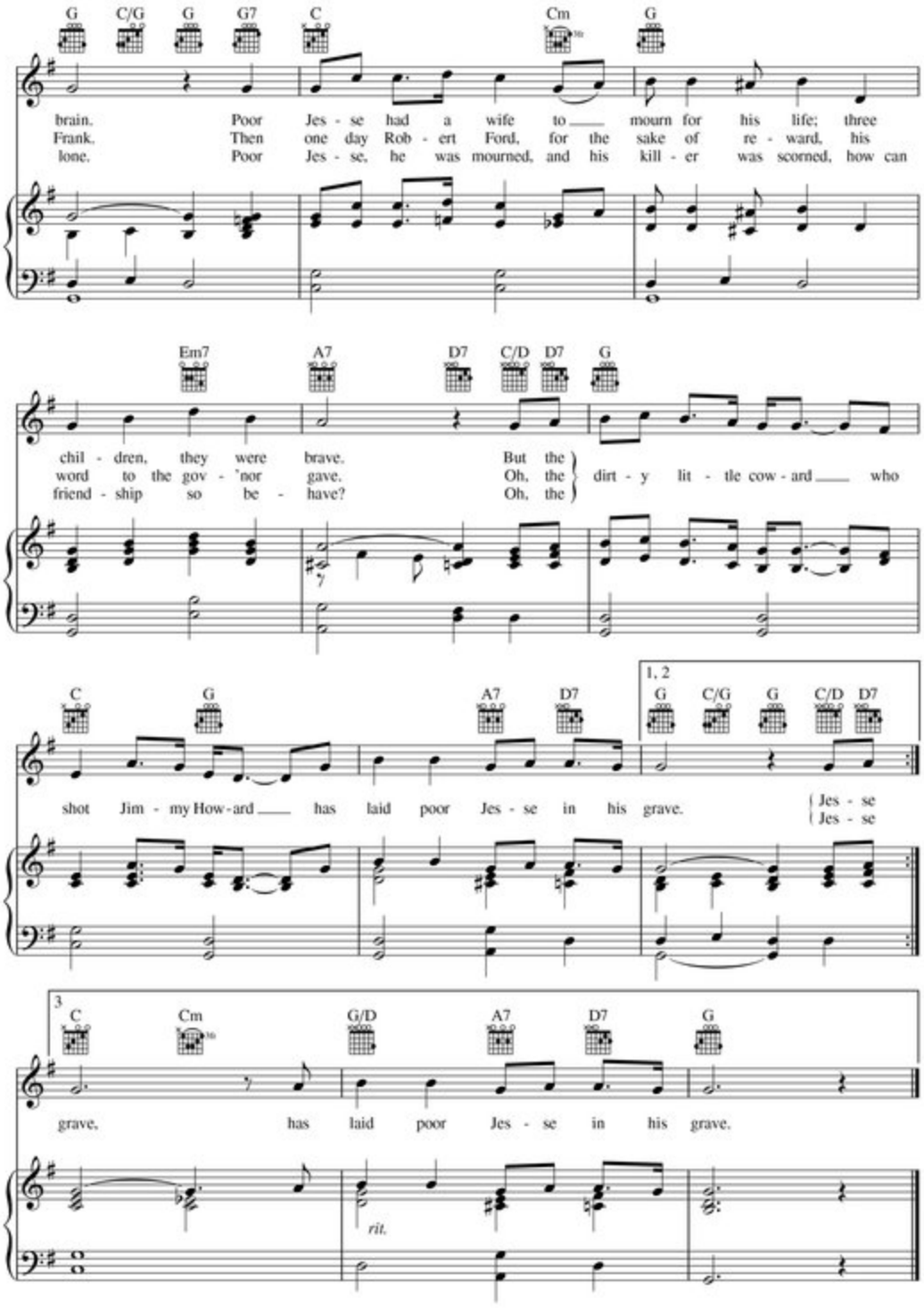

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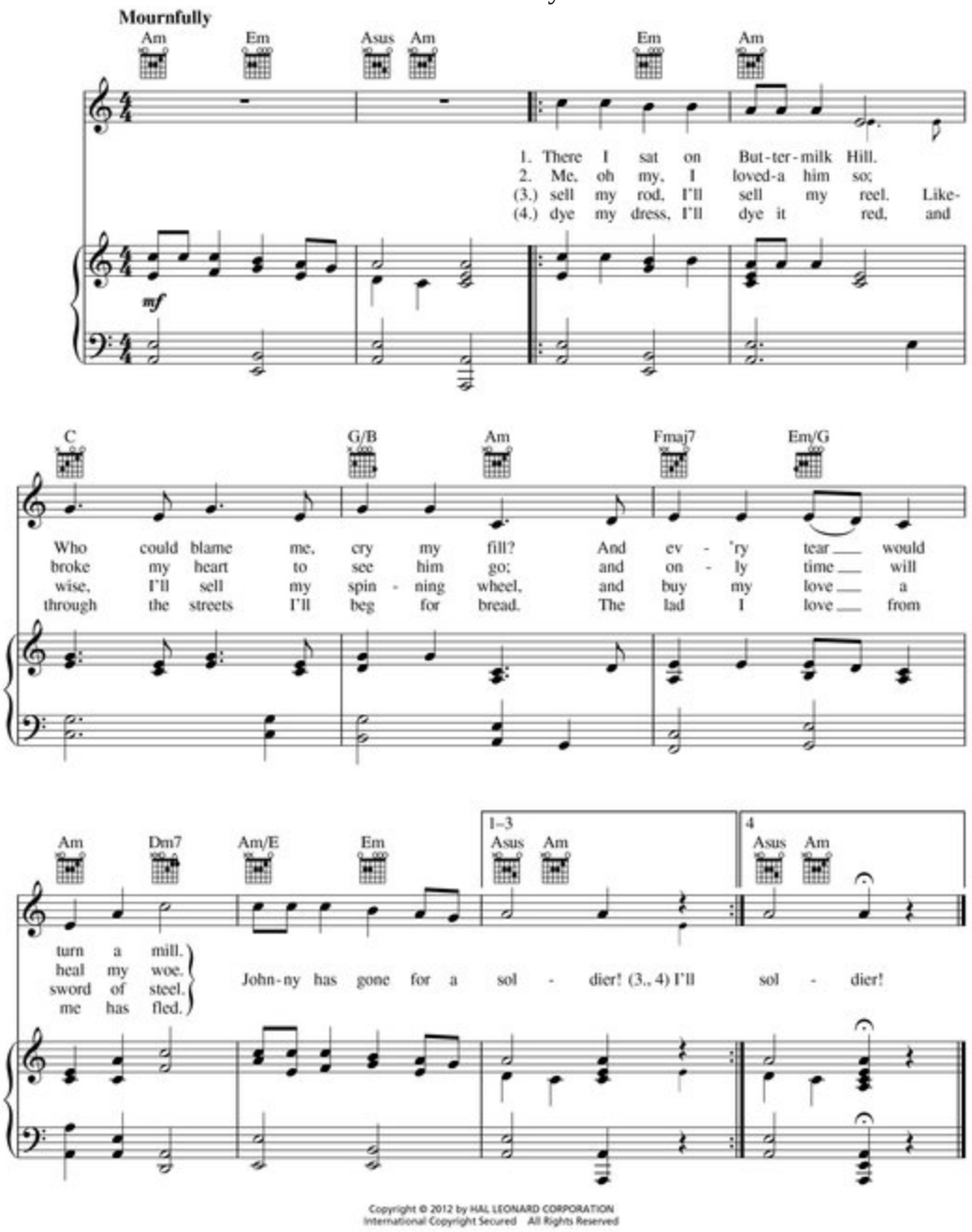
JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER

American Revolutionary War Song
Based on a 17th Century Irish Tune



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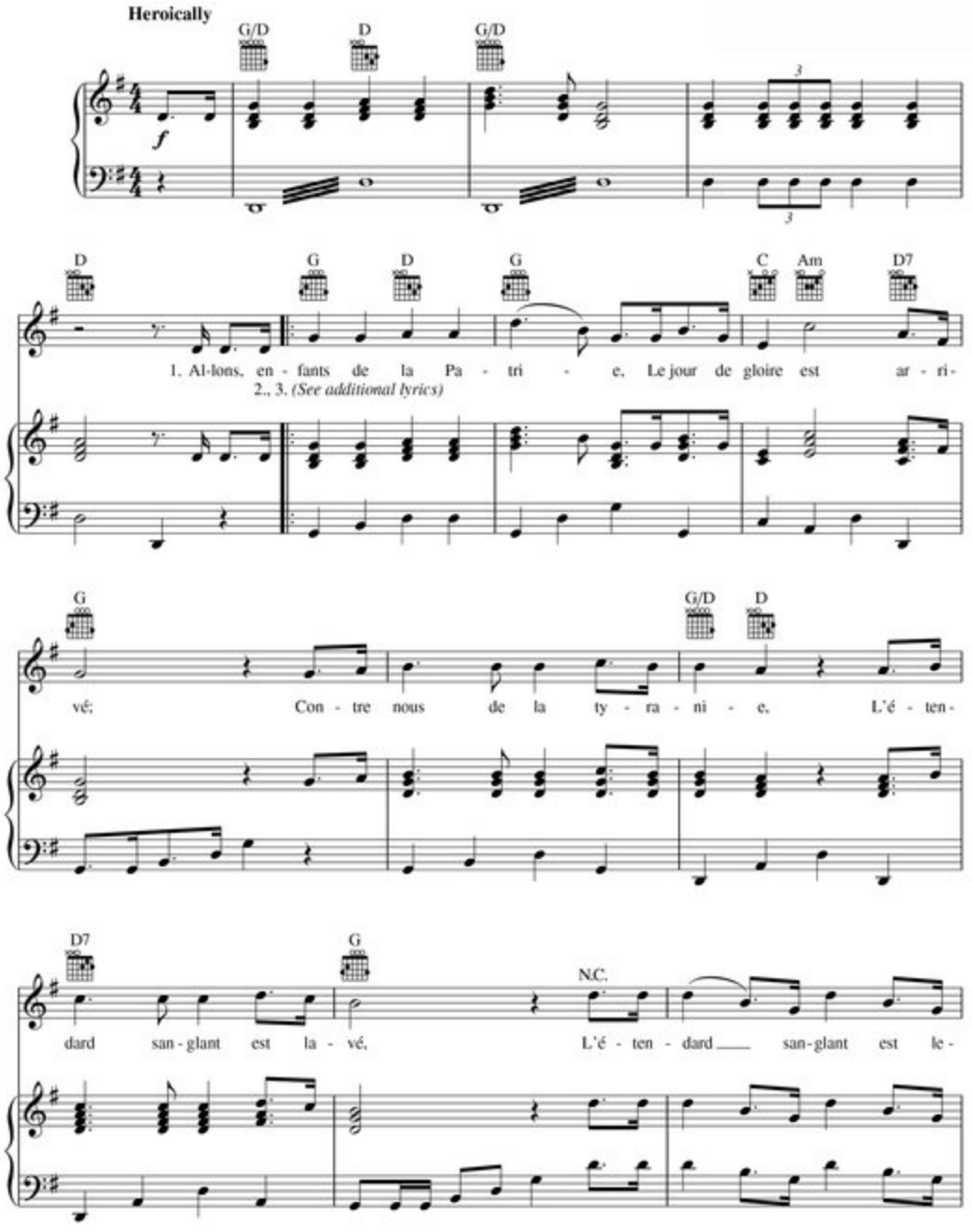
L A M A R S E I L L A I S E

Words and Music by
CLAUDE ROUGET DE LISLE



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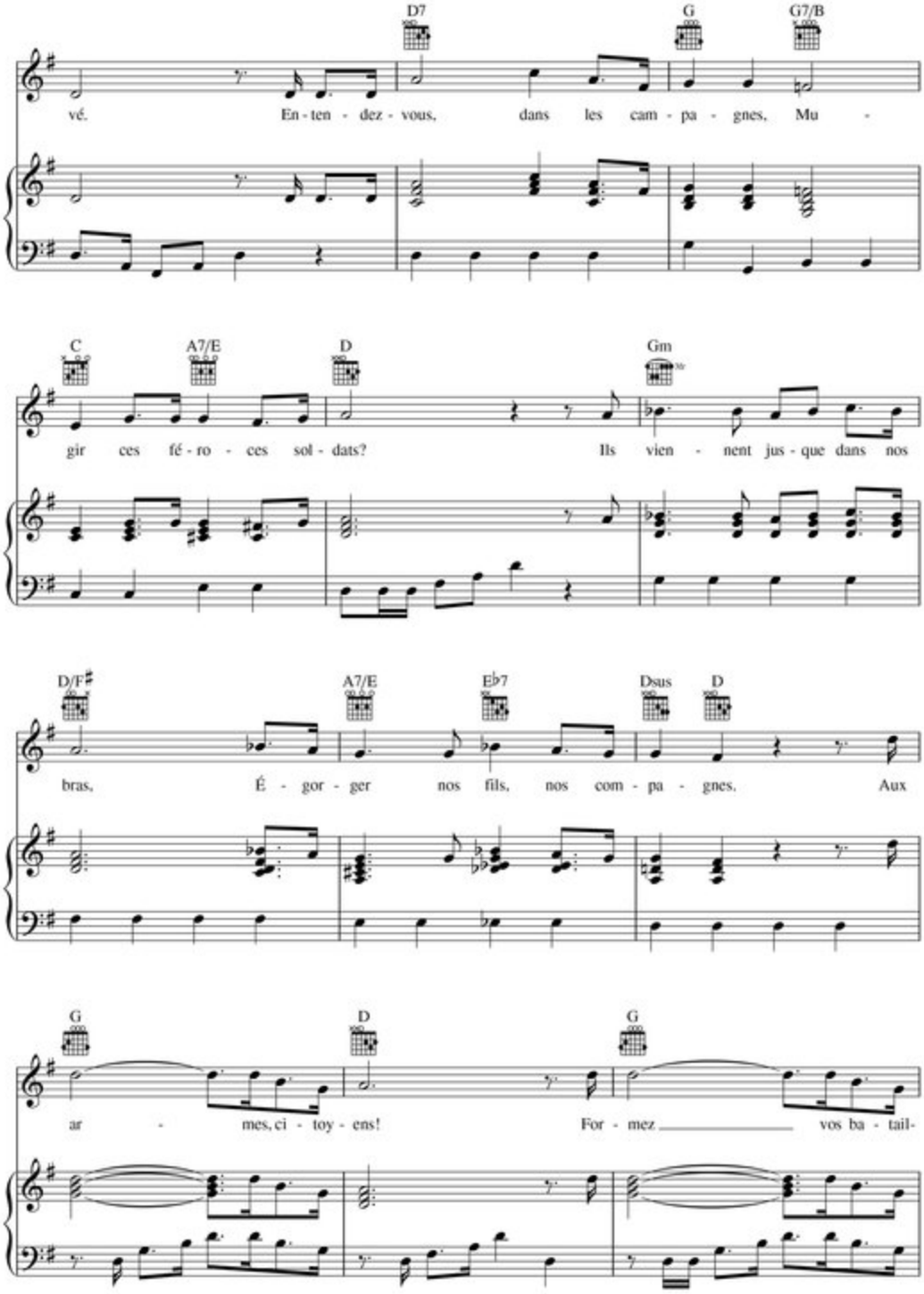
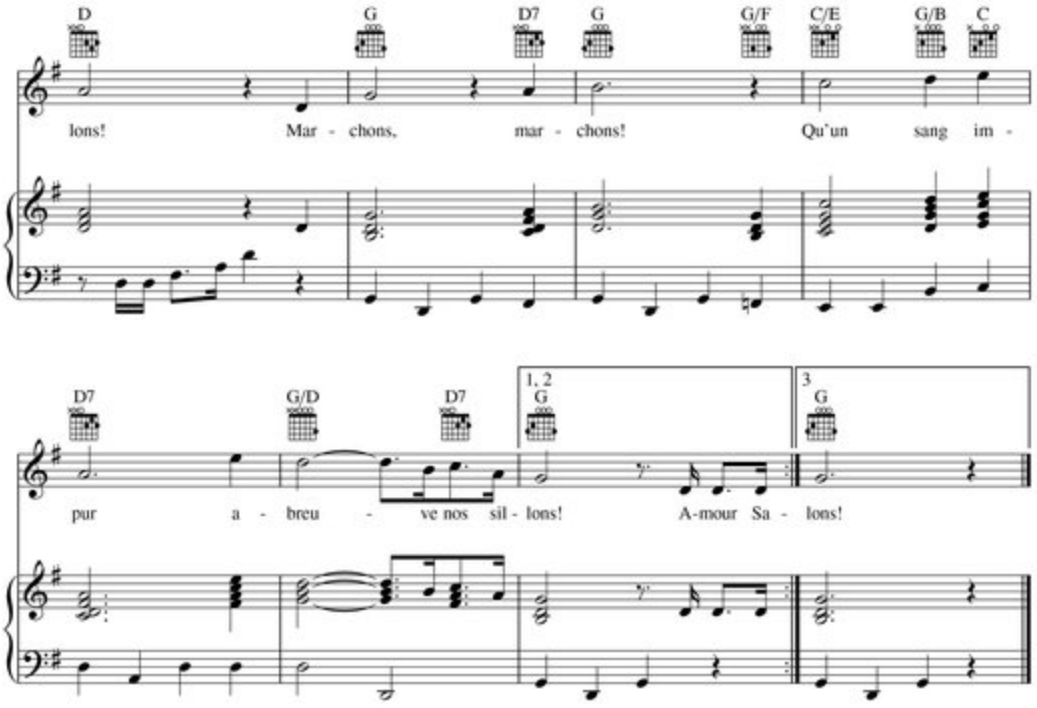

D7
G
G7/B
vé. En - ten - dez - vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu -
C
A7/E
D
Gm
gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos
D/F♯
A7/E
E♭7
Dsus
D
bras, É - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa - gnes. Aux
G
D
G
ar - mes, ci - toy - ens! For - mez vos ba - tail-



Additional Lyrics

2. Amour Sacré de la Patrie,
   Conduis, soutiens, nos bras vengeurs.
   Liberté, liberté chérie
   Combats avec tes défenseurs!
   Combats avec tes défenseurs!
   Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
   Accours à tes mâles accents!
   Que tes ennemis expirants
   Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
   Aux armes, etc.

3. Nous enterons dans la carrière
   Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus.
   Nous y trouverons leur poussière
   Et la trace de leurs vertus,
   Et la trace de leurs vertus,
   Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre

Que de partager leur cercueil
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre.
Aux armes, etc.

English Translation

1. *Arise you children of our Motherland,*
Oh now is here our glorious day!
Over us the bloodstained banner
Of tyranny holds sway!
Of tyranny holds sway!
Oh, do you hear there in our fields
The roar of those fierce fighting men
Who came right here into our midst
To slaughter sons, wives and kin?
To arms, oh citizens!
Form up in serried ranks!
March on, march on!
And drench our fields
With their tainted blood!

2. *Supreme devotion to our Motherland,*
Guides and sustains avenging hands.
Liberty, oh dearest Liberty,
Come fight with your shielding bands!
Come fight with your shielding bands!
Beneath our banner come, oh Victory,
Run at your soul-stirring cry.
Oh come, come see your foes now die,
Witness your pride and our glory.
To arms, etc.

3. Into the fight we too shall enter,
When our fathers are dead and gone,
We shall find their bones laid down to rest
With the fame of their glories won,
With the fame of their glories won!
Oh, to survive them care we not,
Glad are we to share their grave,
Great honor is to be our lot
To follow or to venge our brave.
To arms, etc.

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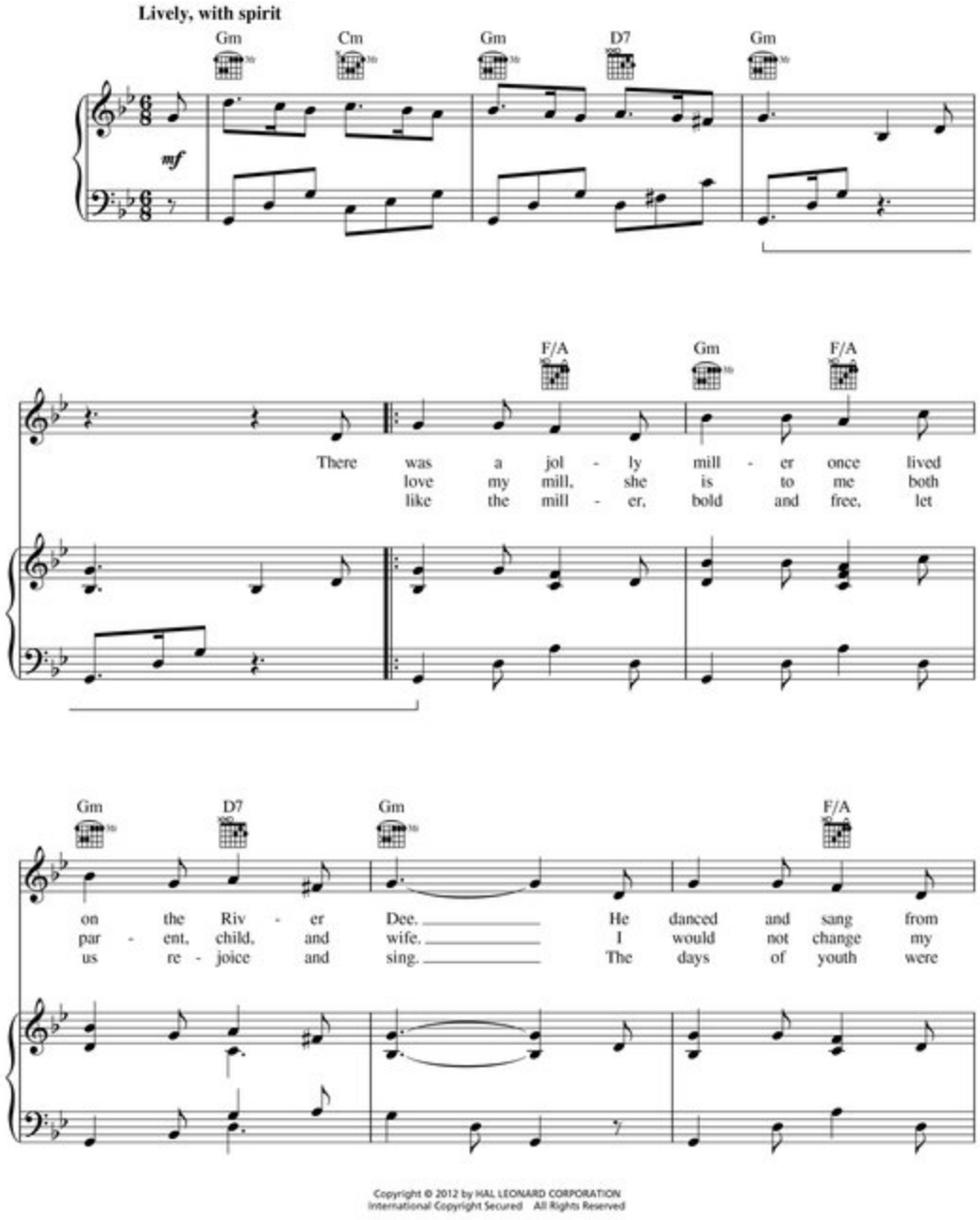
THE JOLLY MILLER

English Folksong



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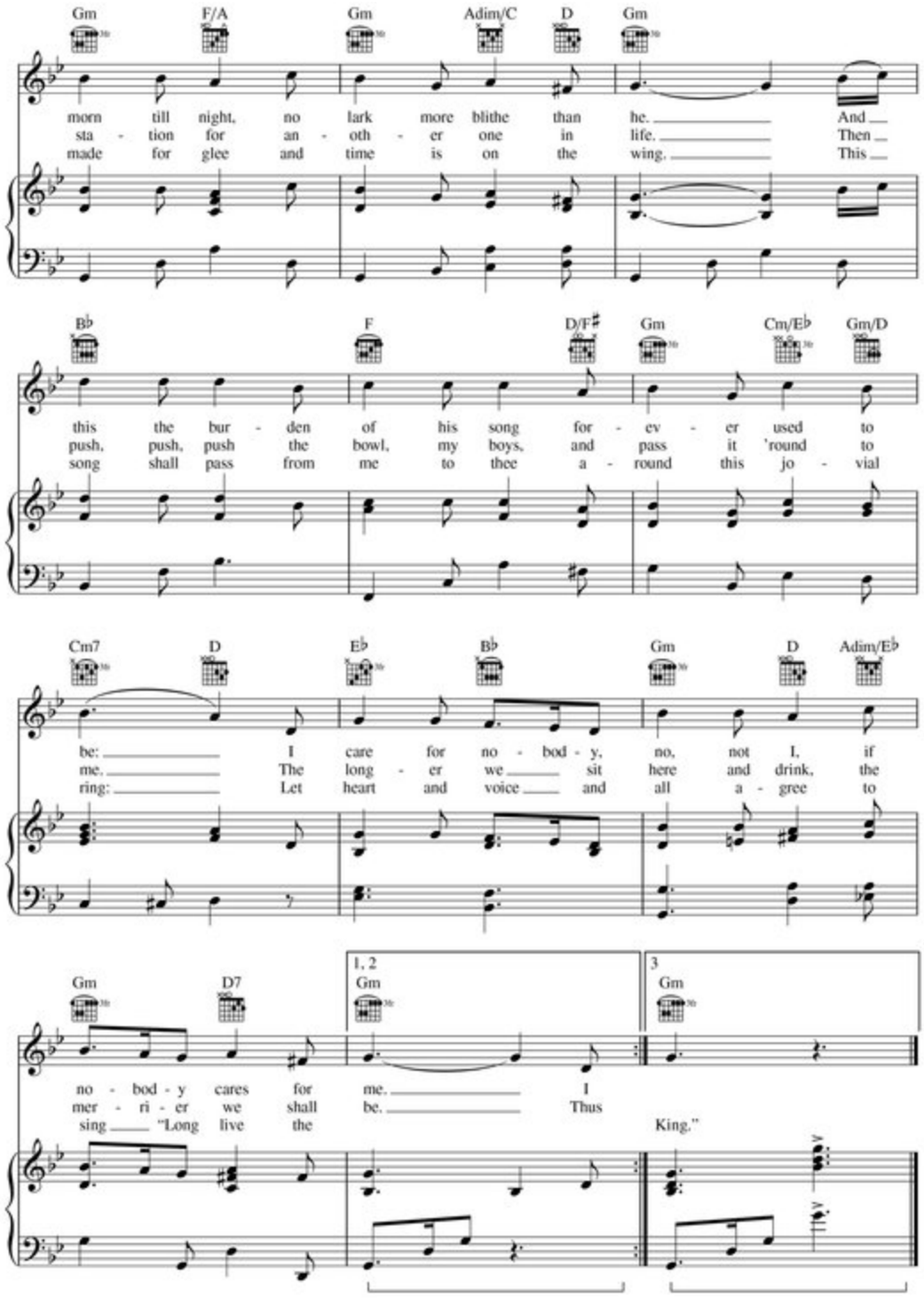

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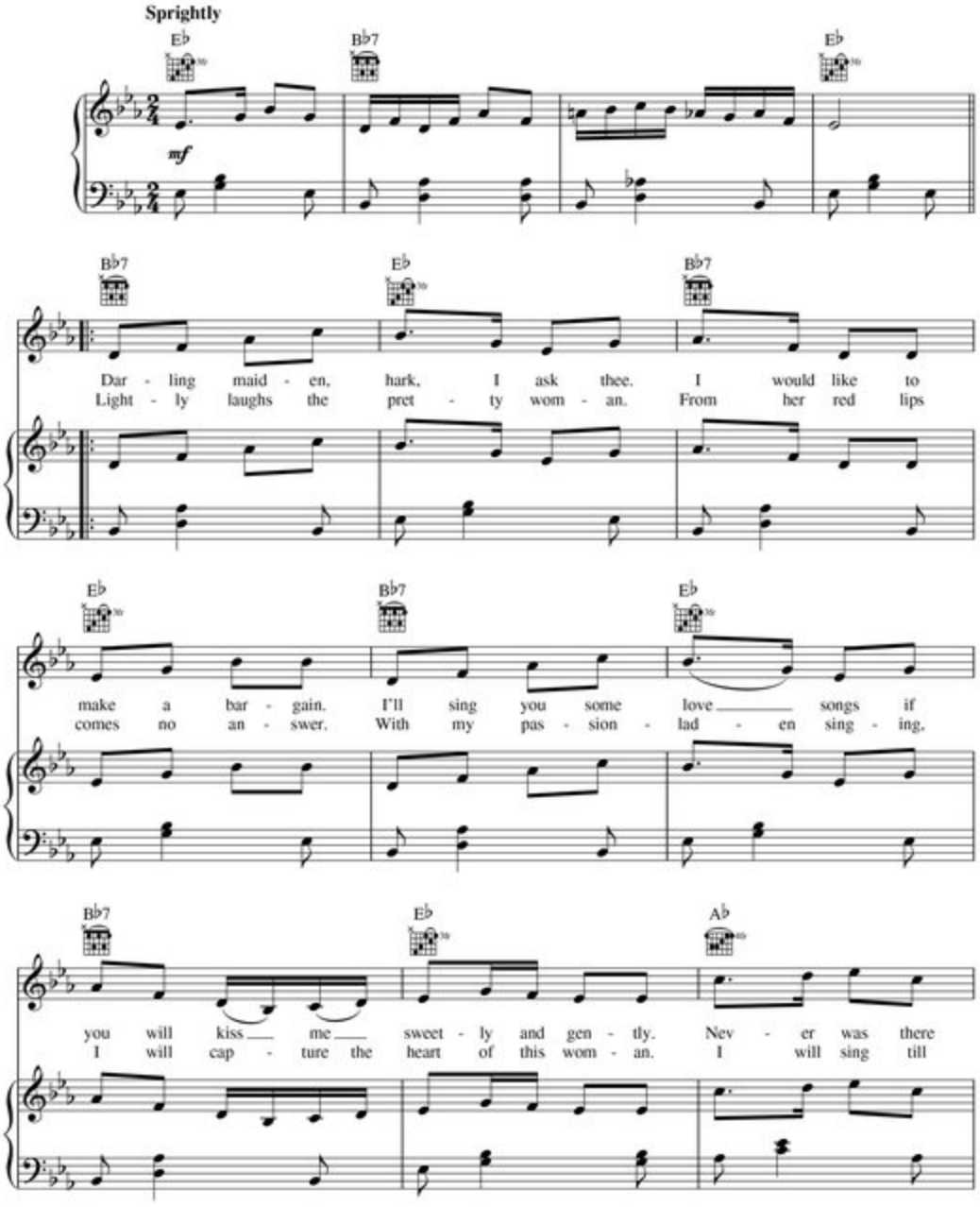
K R A K O W I A K

(Darling Maiden, Hark, I Ask Thee)

Polish Folksong



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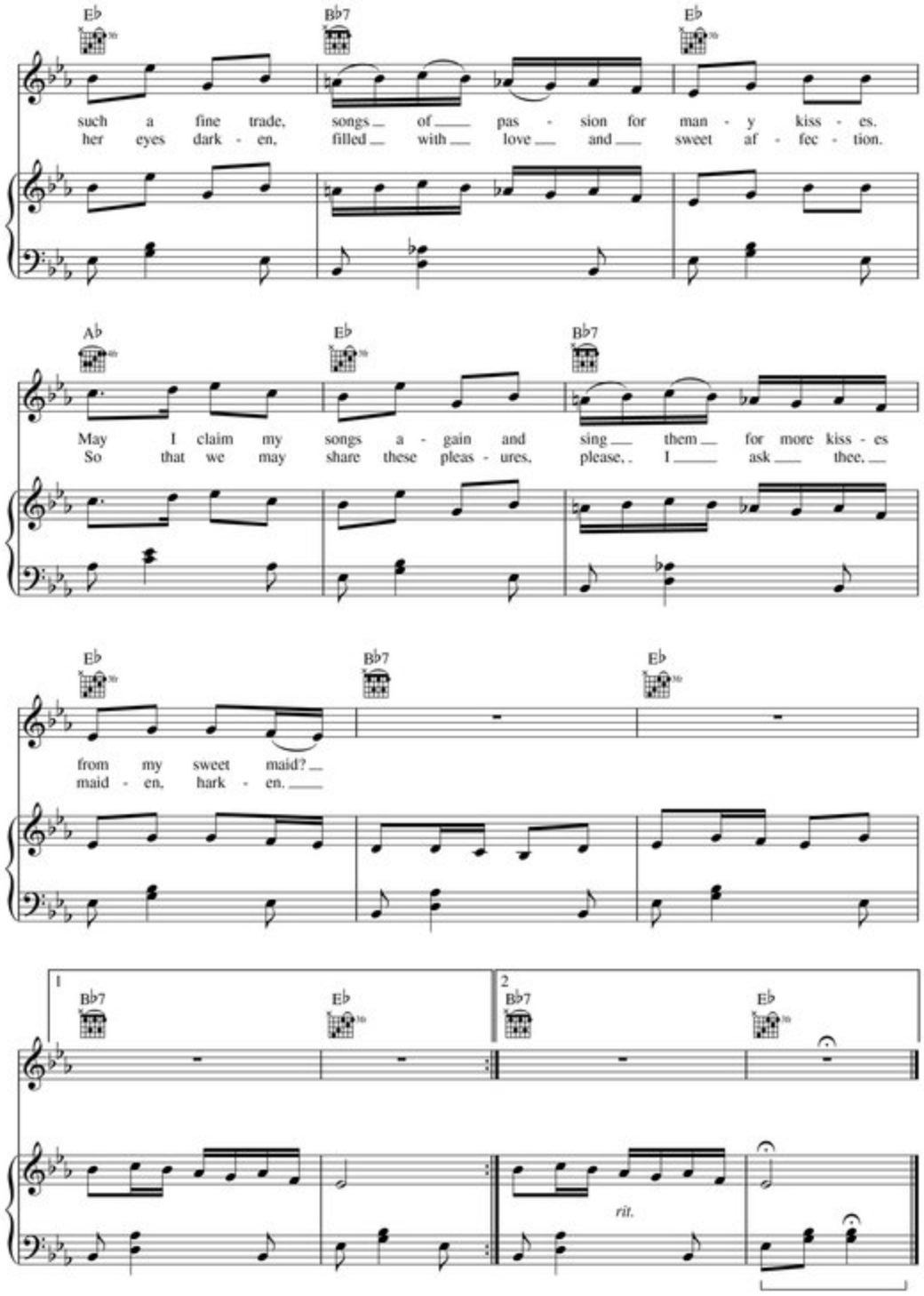

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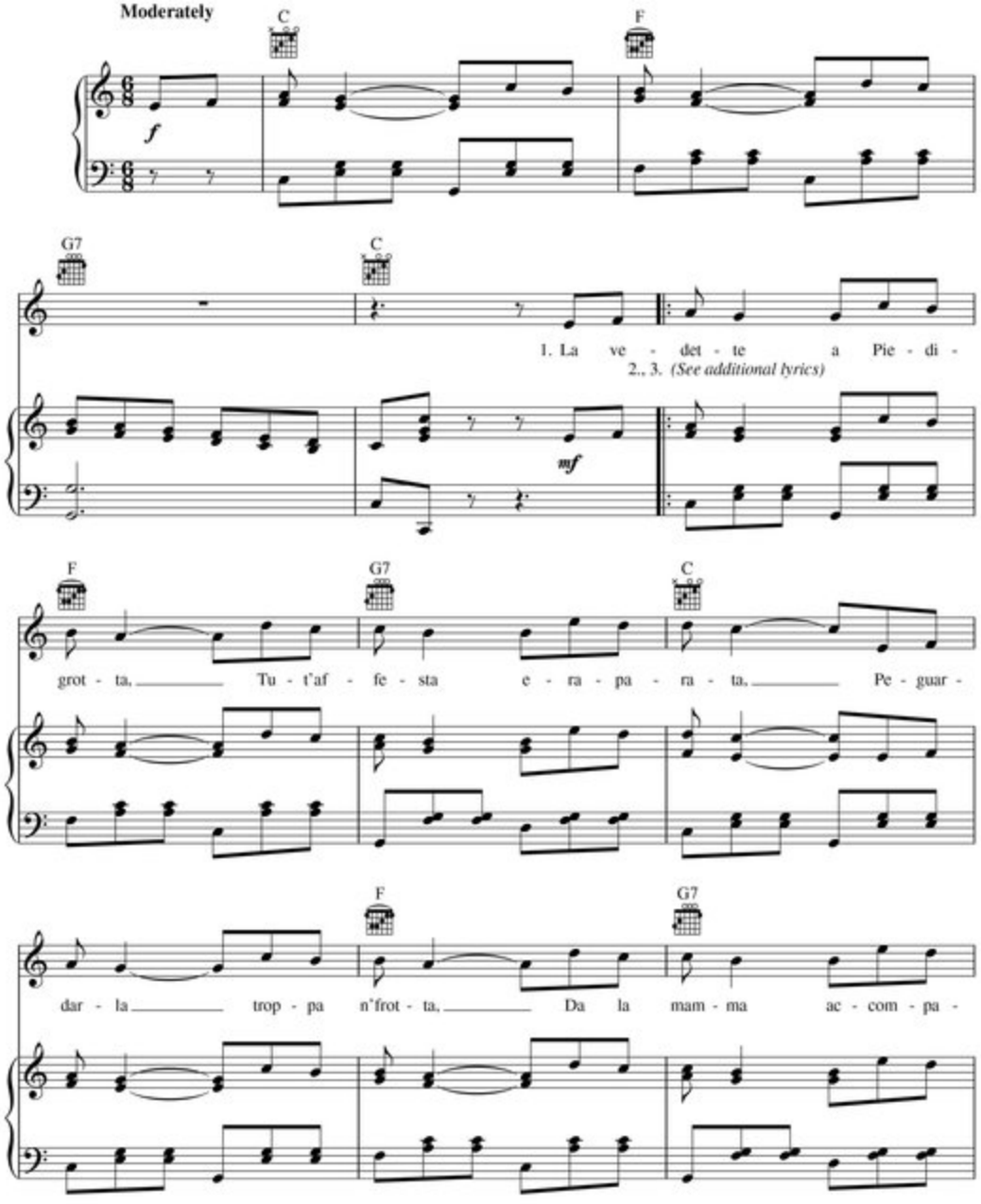
L A V E R A S O R R E N T I N A

(The Fair Maid of Sorrento)

Neapolitan Folksong



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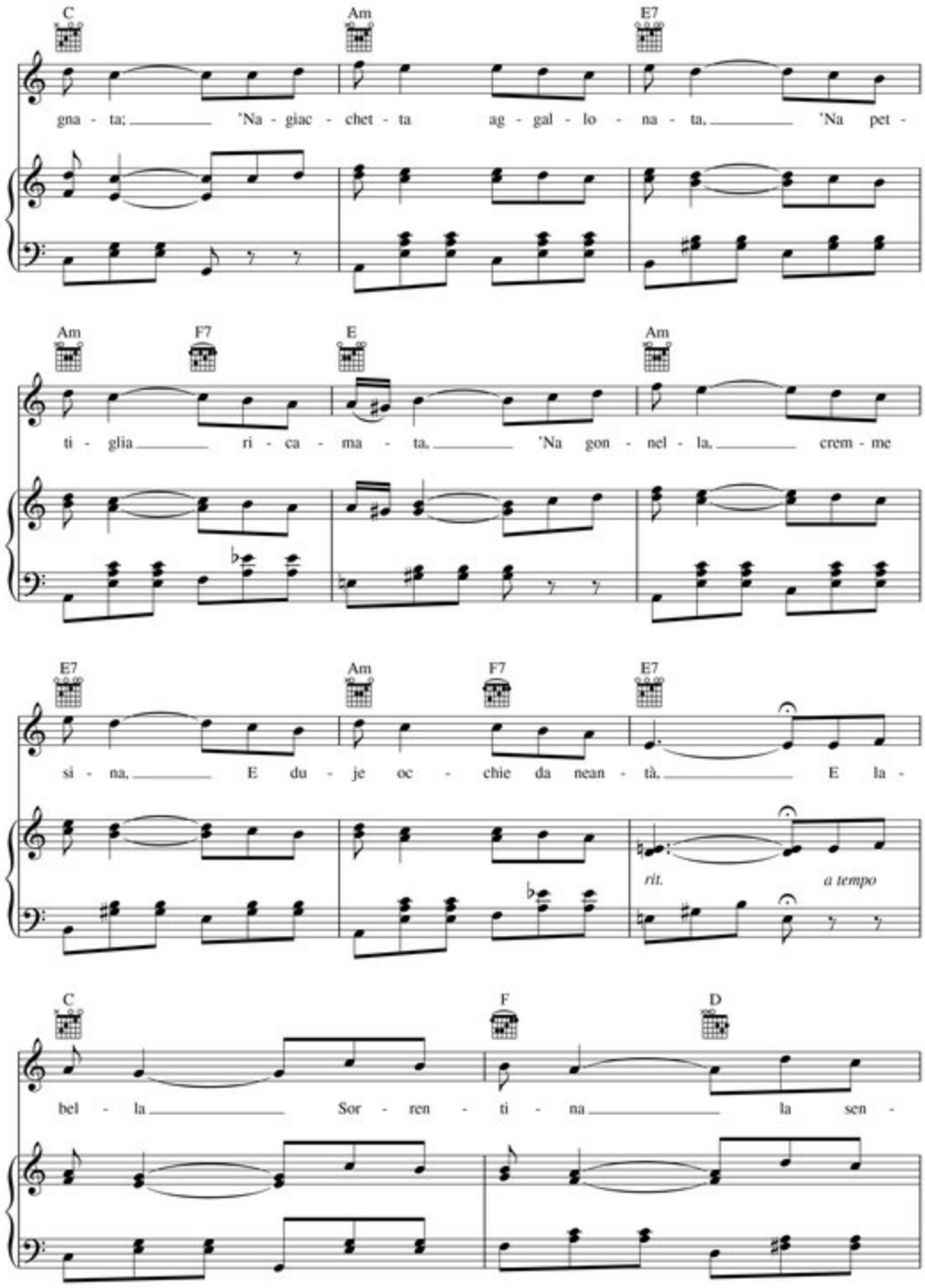
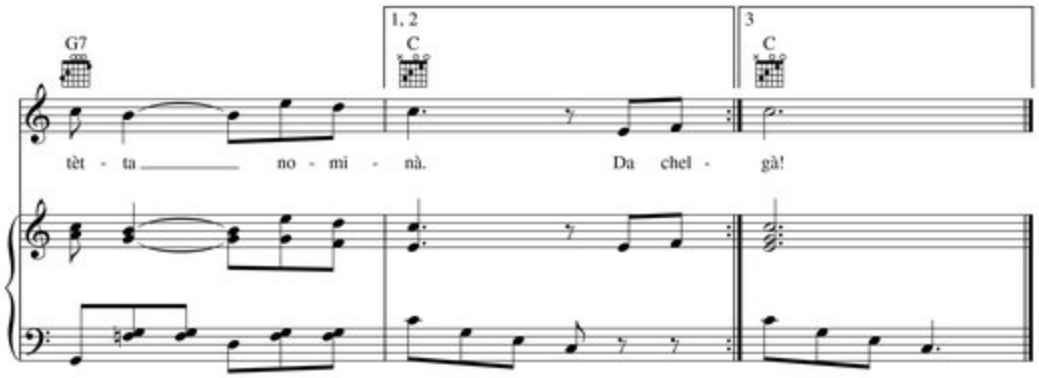

C
Am
E7
gna - ta; 'Na - giac - chet - ta ag - gal - lo - na - ta, 'Na pet -
Am
F7
E
Am
ti - glia ri - ca - ma - ta, 'Na gon - nel - la, crem - me
E7
Am
F7
E7
si - na, E du - je oc - chie da nean - tà, E la -
rit.
a tempo
C
F
D
bel - la Sor - ren - ti - na la sen -



Additional Lyrics

2. Da chell’ ora nn’aggio pace,
Stongo sempe a sosperare;
Chiù la rezza non me piace,
Chiù no ntenno lo ppescare.
Co la misera barchetta
A Sorriento ’nfretta, ’nfretta
Ogne sera, ogne mattina
Vace lagreme a jettà.
Ma la sgrata Sorrentina
Non ha maje de me pietà.

3. Se non cura chesti pene
Quanto cana, tanto bella,
Voto strada, e do lo bbene
A quacc’ altra nennella,
Ma che vedo? che sventura,
Lampa, e l’aria se fa scura.
Aggio spersa la banchina
La barchetta è p’affonnà!
Pe tte sprata Sorrentina
Io mi vado ad affogà!

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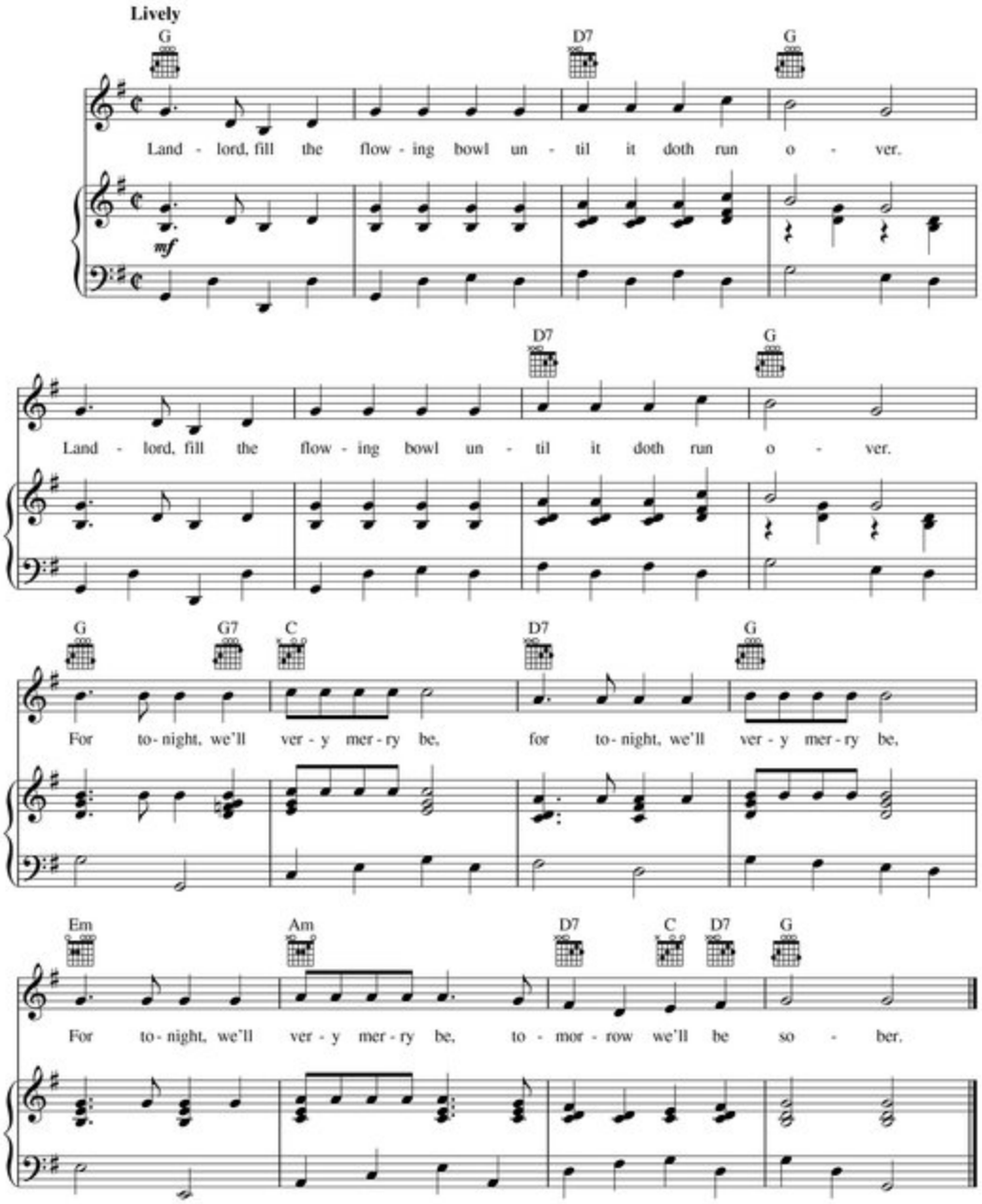
LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Traditional



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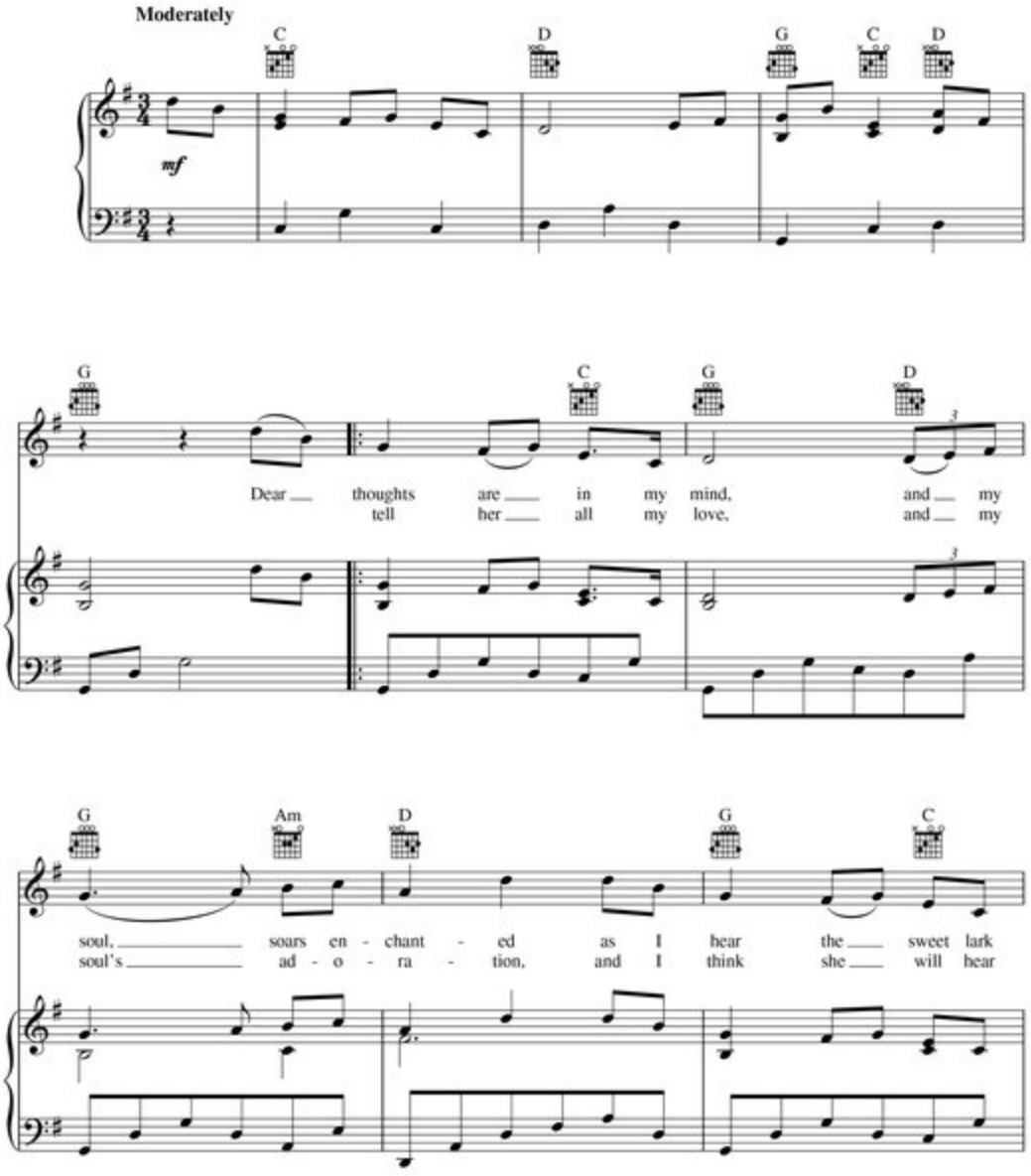
THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR

Words and Music by
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON



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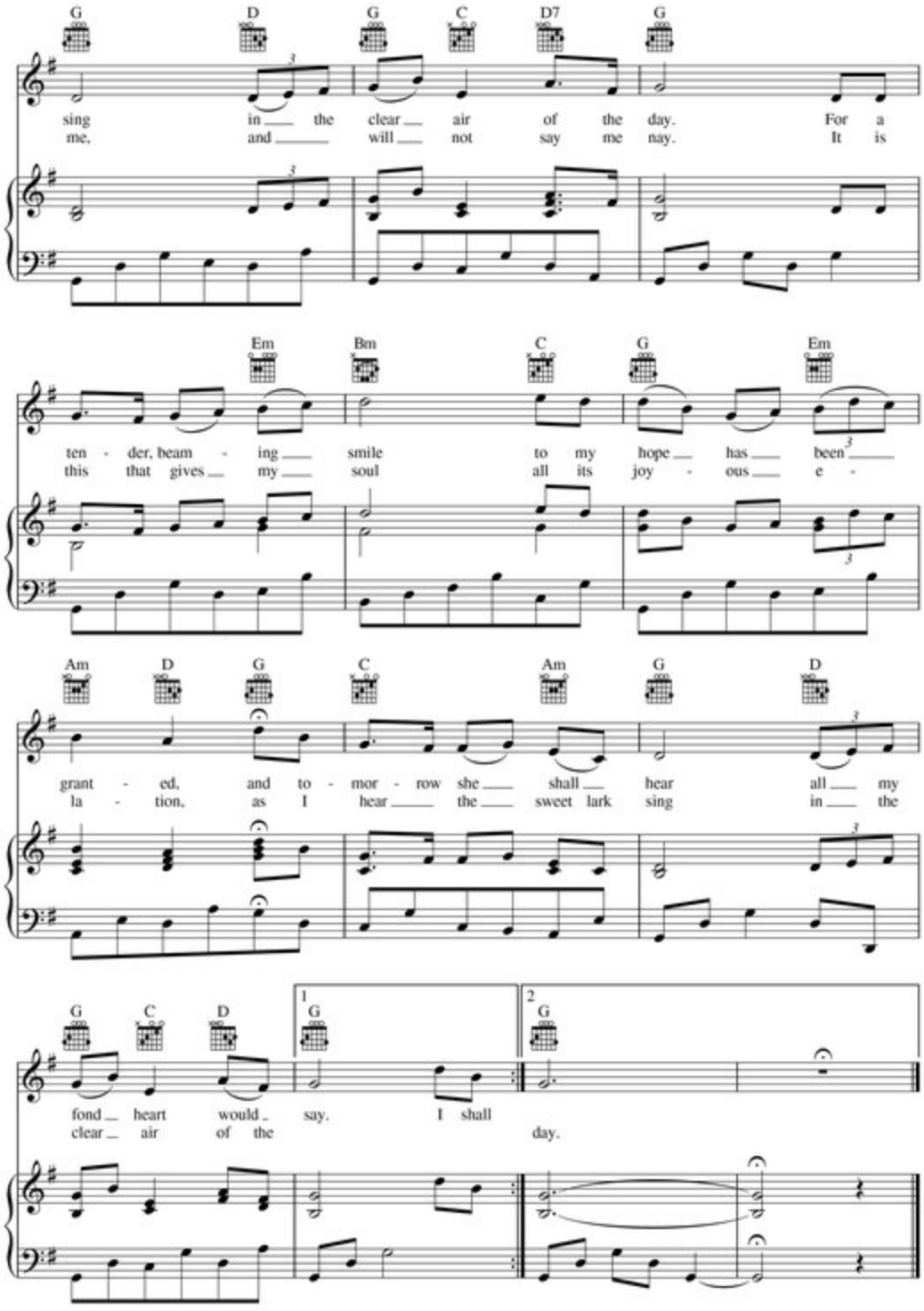

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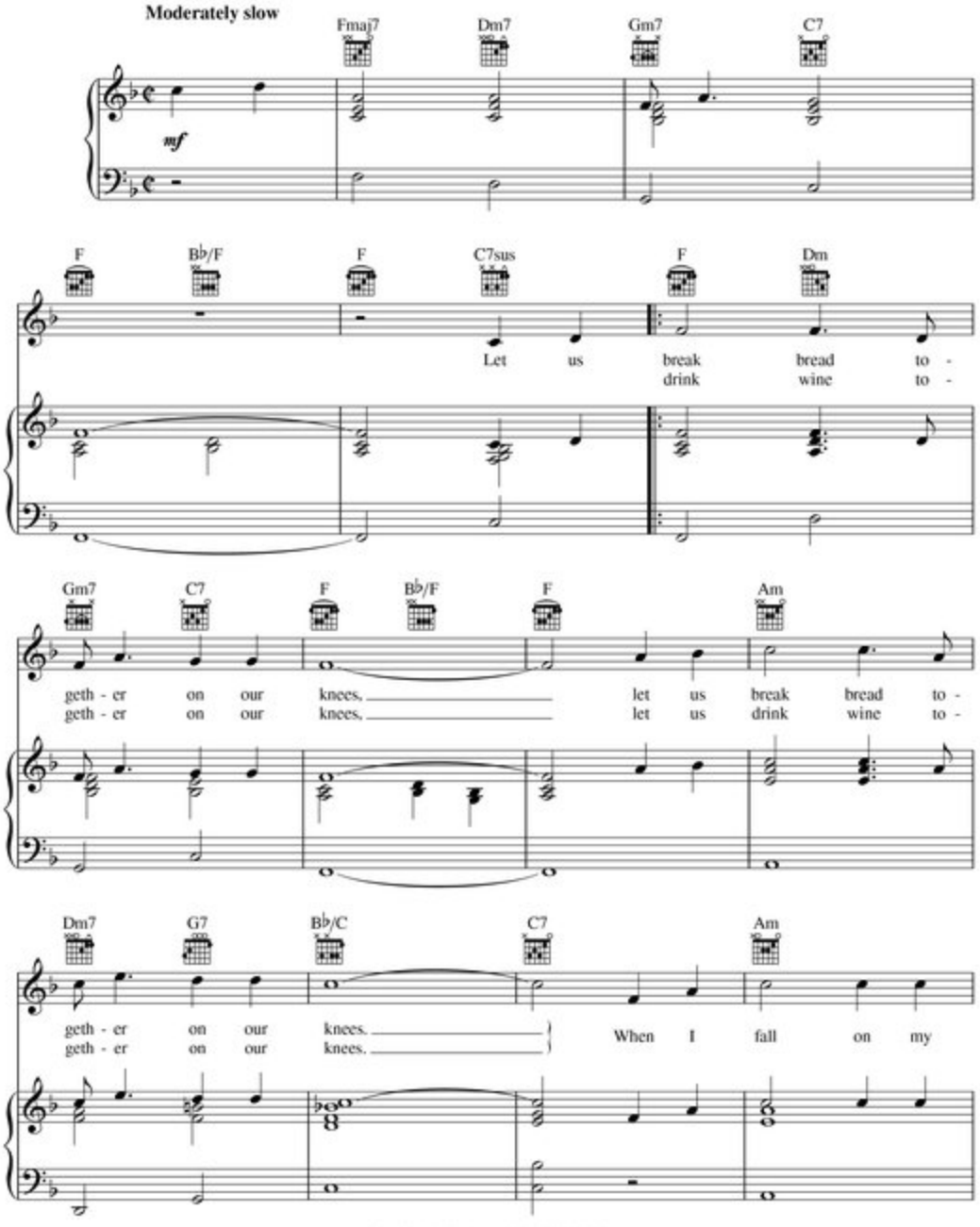
LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER

African-American Spiritual



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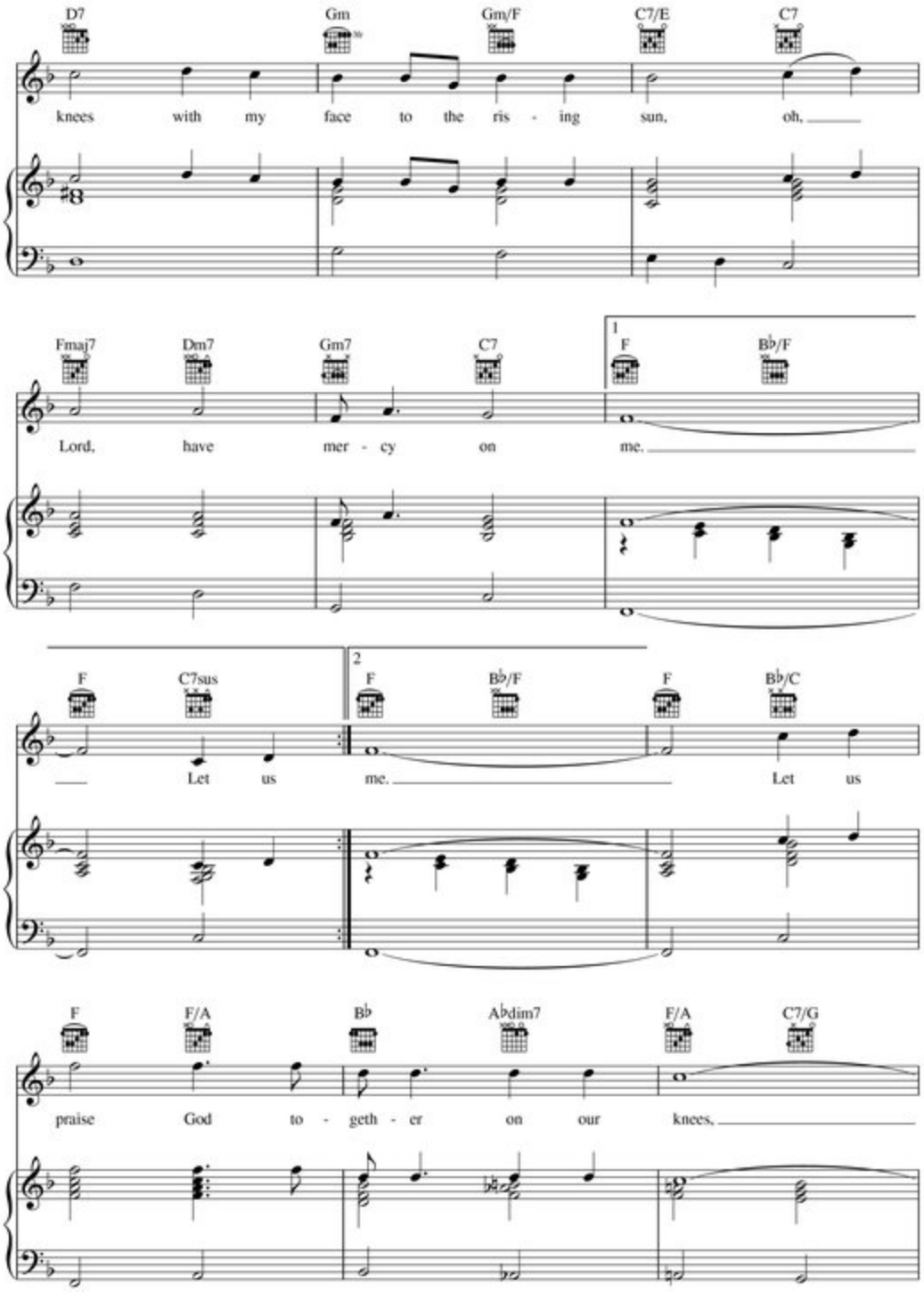
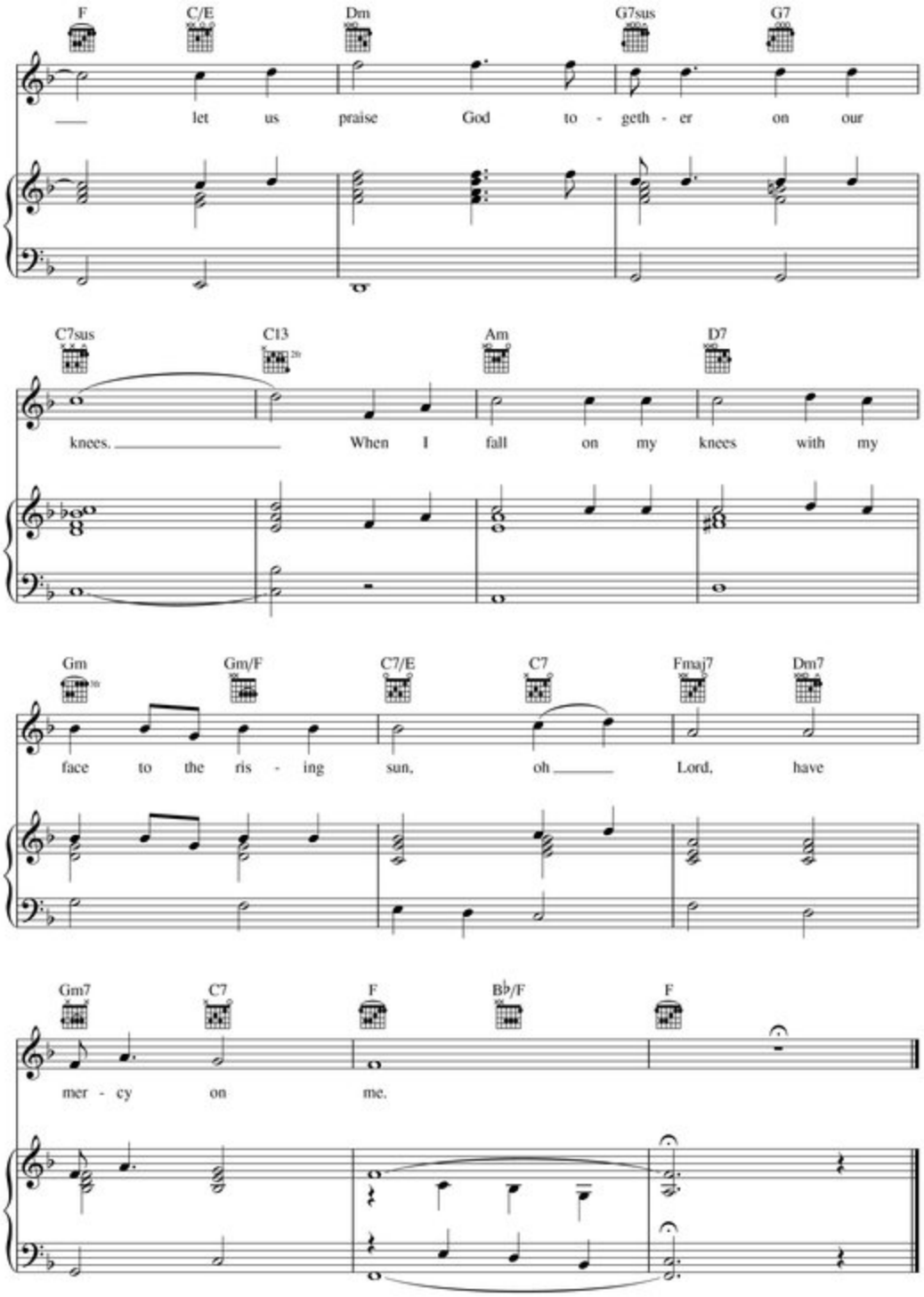

D7 Gm Gm/F C7/E C7
knees with my face to the ris - ing sun, oh,
Fmaj7 Dm7 Gm7 C7 1 F B♭/F
Lord, have mer - cy on me.
F C7sus 2 F B♭/F F B♭/C
Let us me. Let us
F F/A B♭ A♭dim7 F/A C7/G
praise God to - geth - er on our knees,



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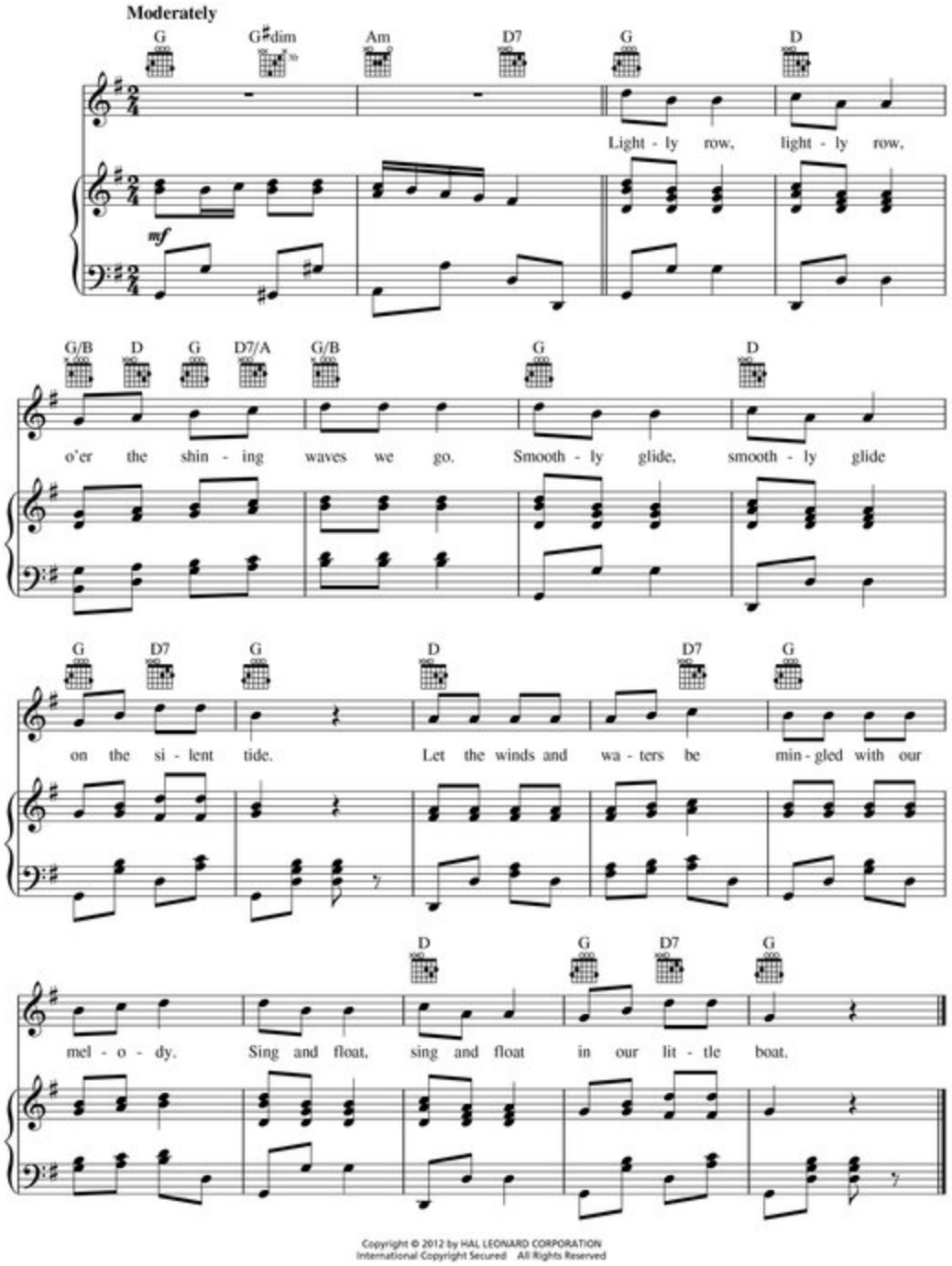
LIGHTLY ROW

Traditional



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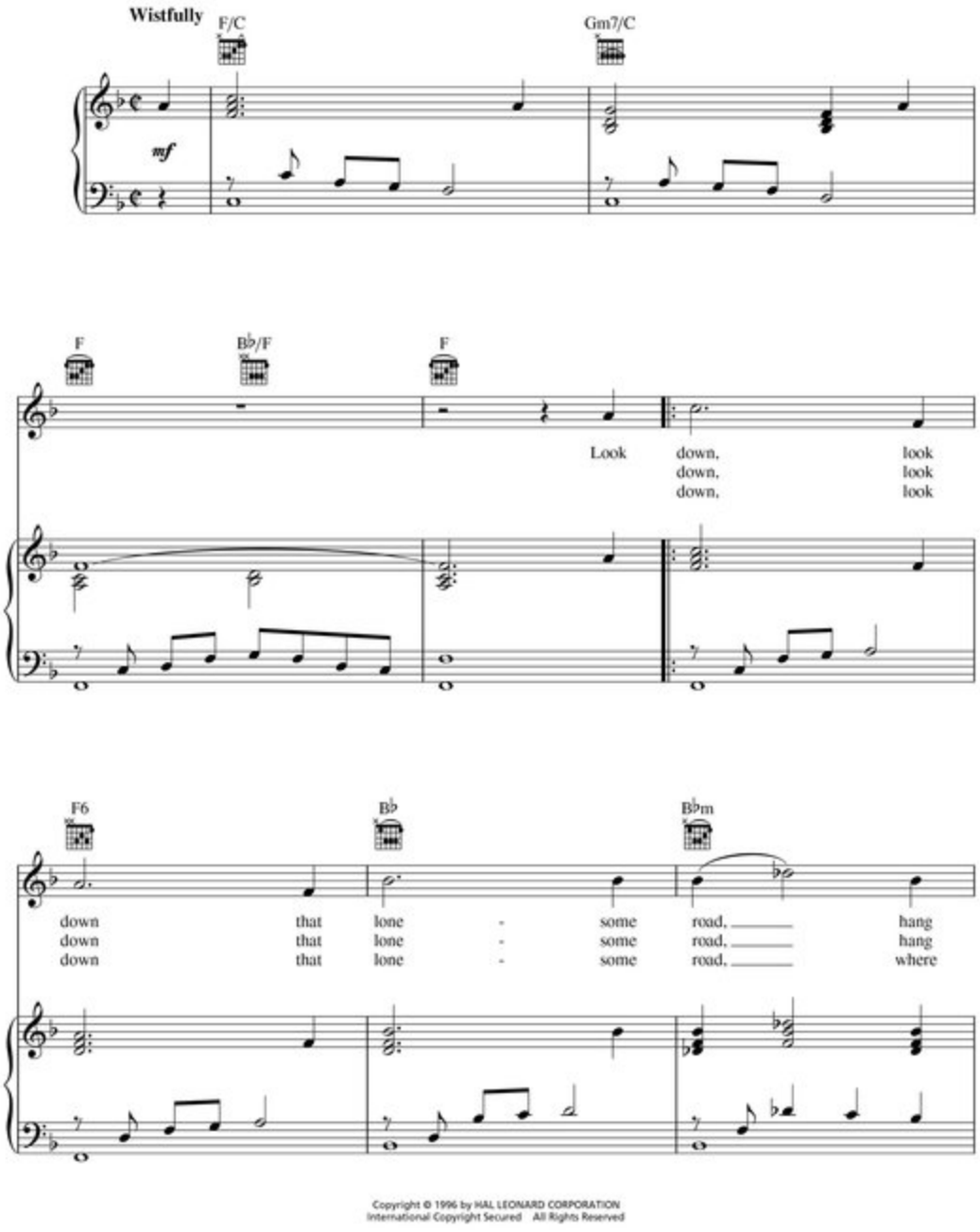
THE LONESOME ROAD

African-American Spiritual



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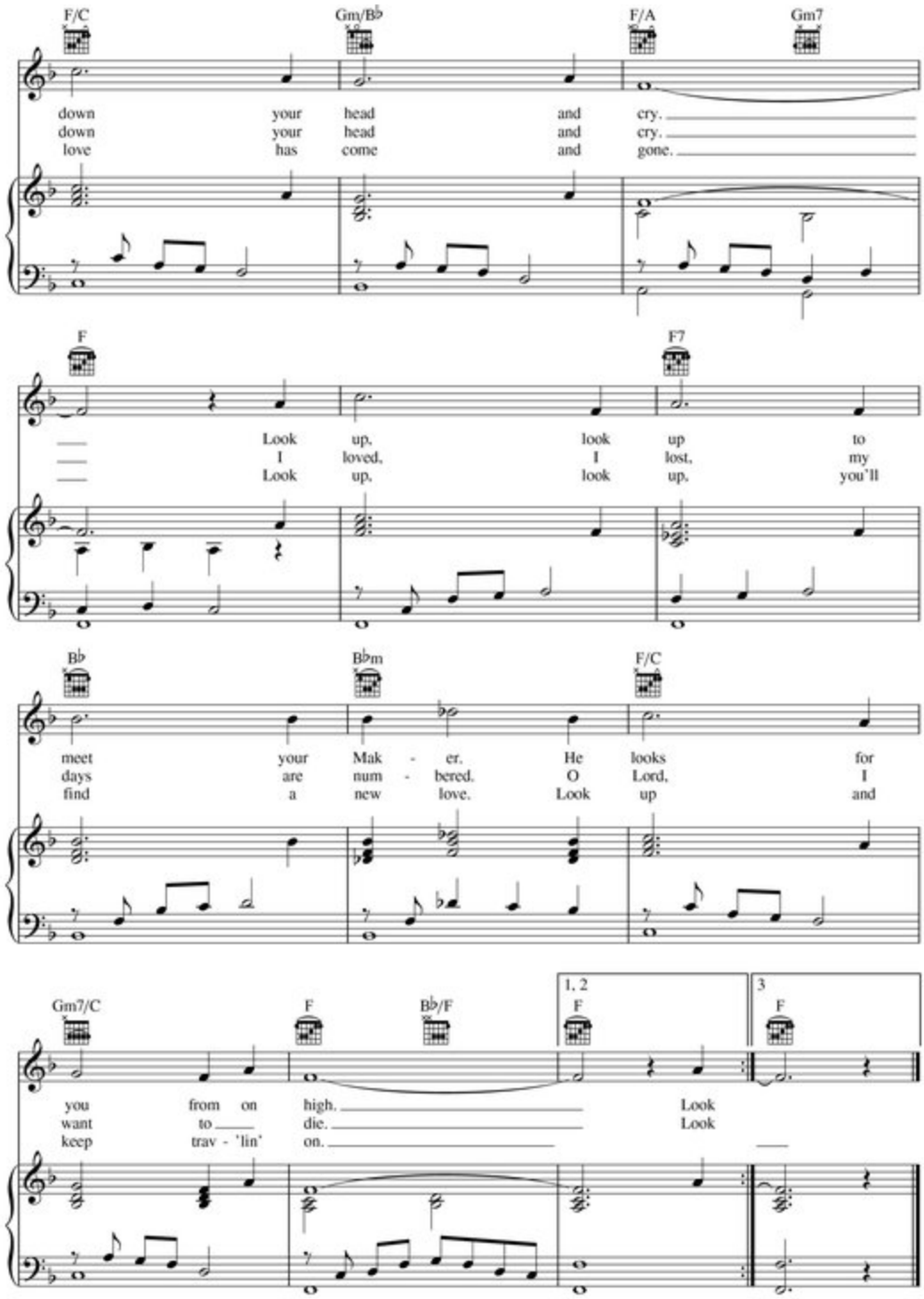

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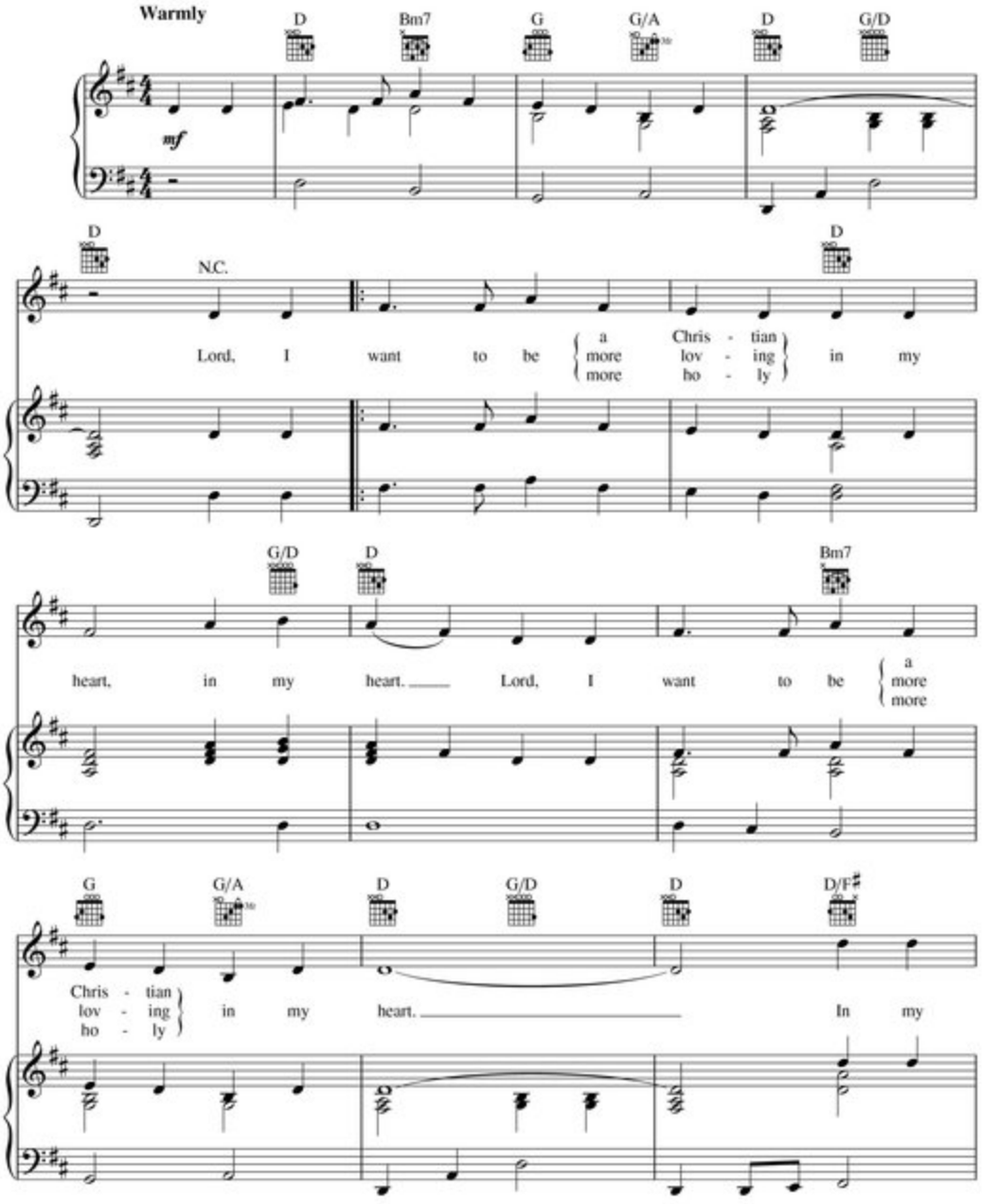
LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN

African-American Spiritual



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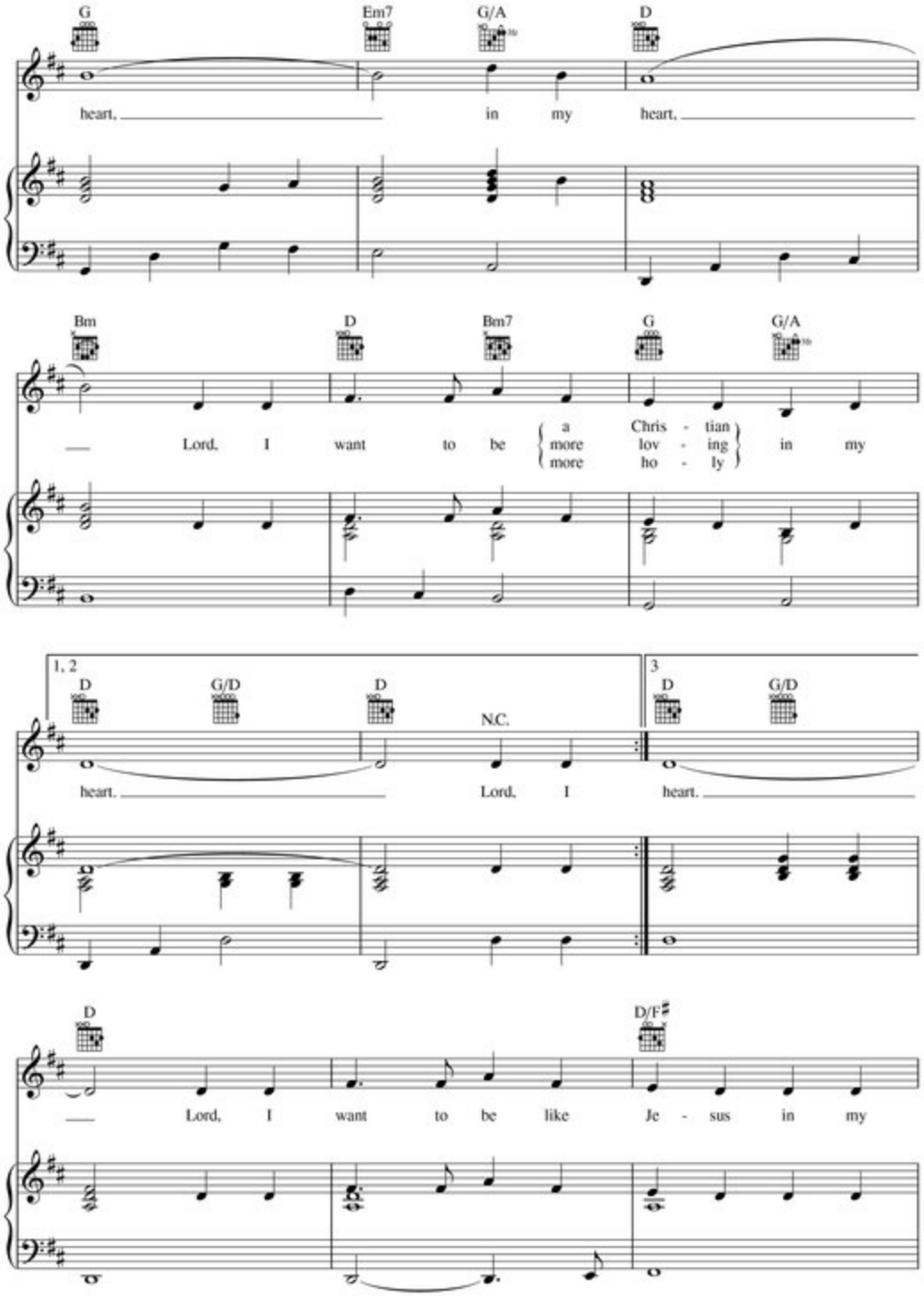
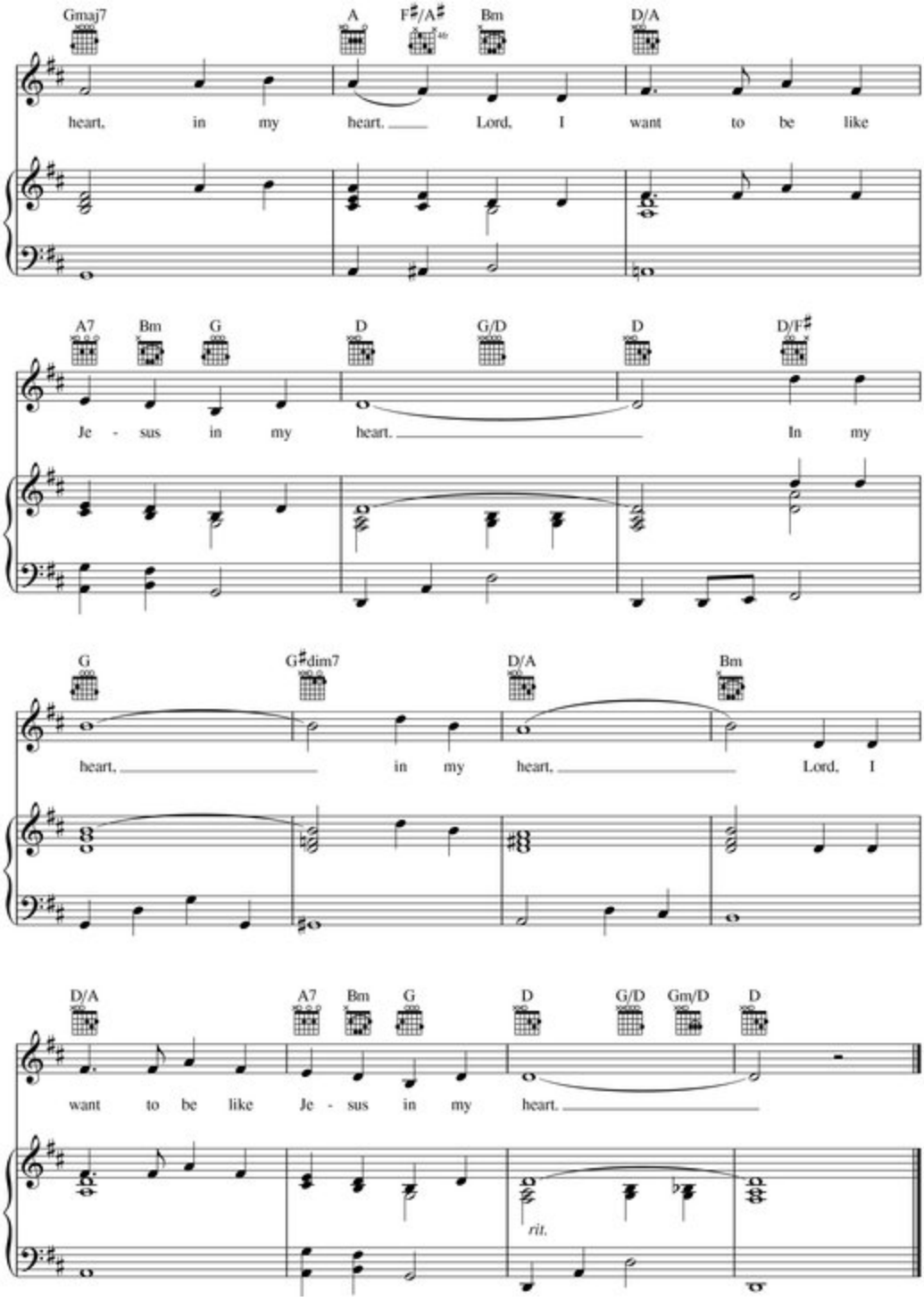

G
Em7
G/A
D
heart, in my heart,
Bm
D
Bm7
G
G/A
Lord, I want to be a more more Chris - tian lov - ing ho - ly in my
1, 2
D
G/D
D
N.C.
heart. Lord, I
3
D
G/D
heart.
D
D/F♯
Lord, I want to be like Je - sus in my



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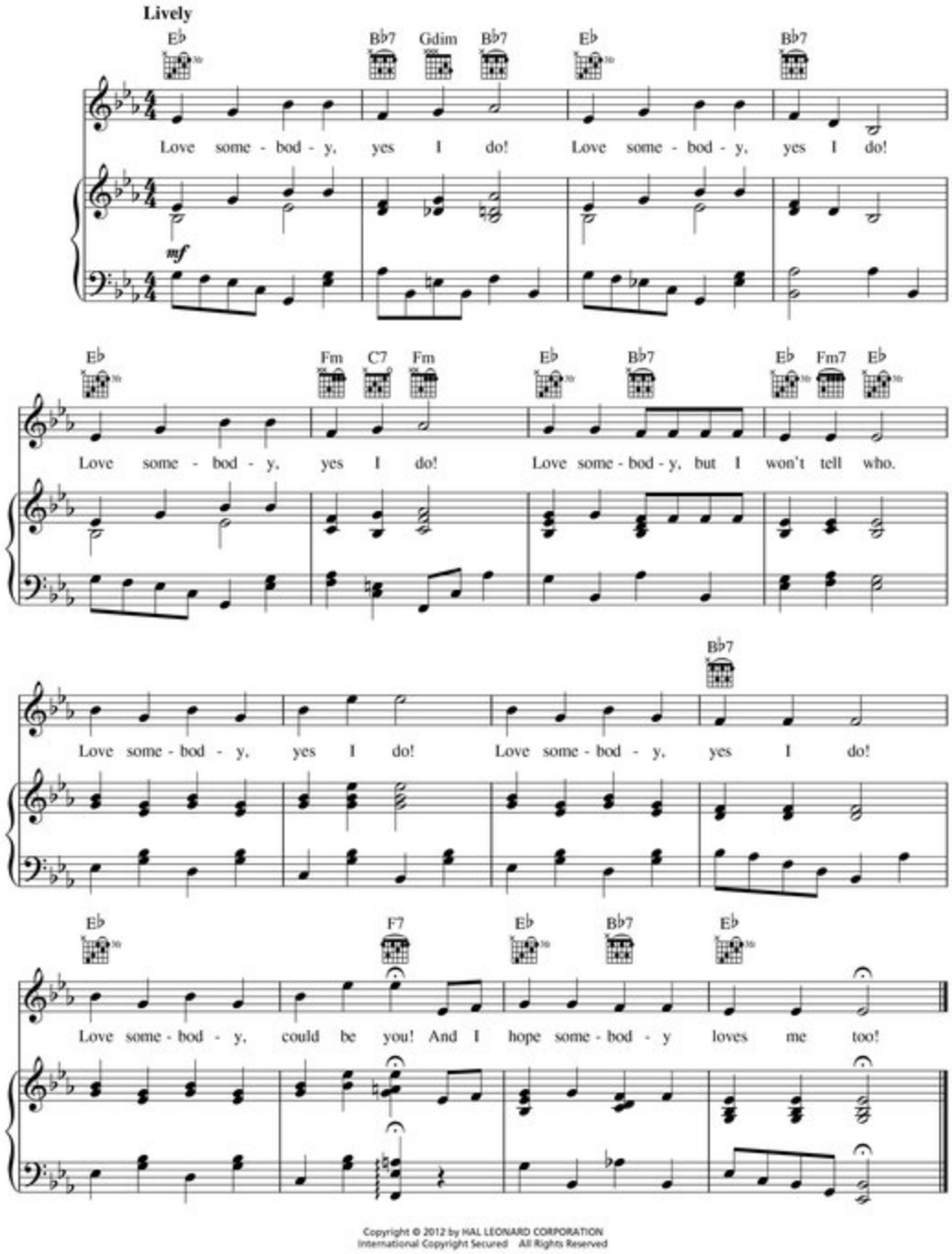
LOVE SOMEBODY

Traditional



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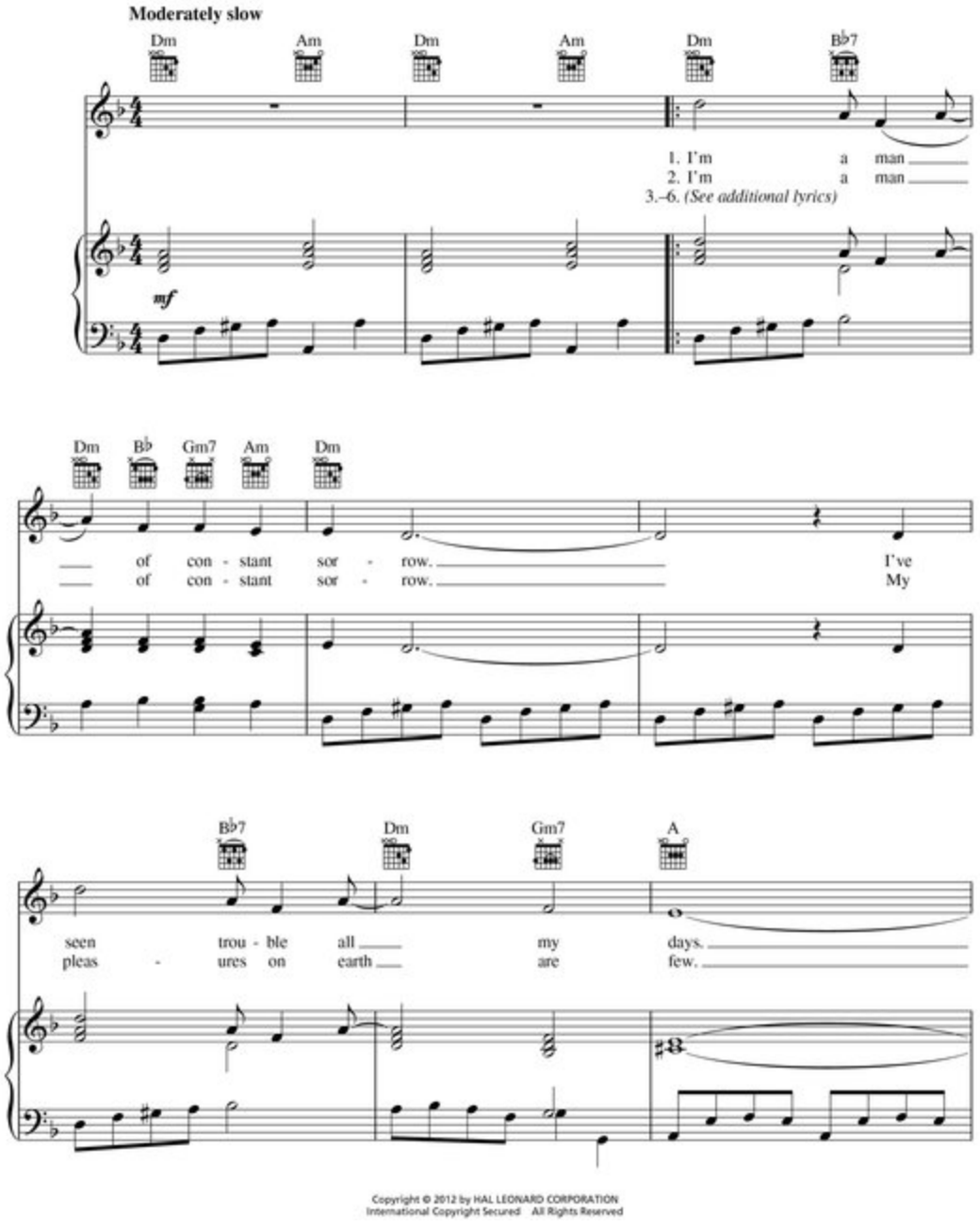
MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

Appalachian Folksong



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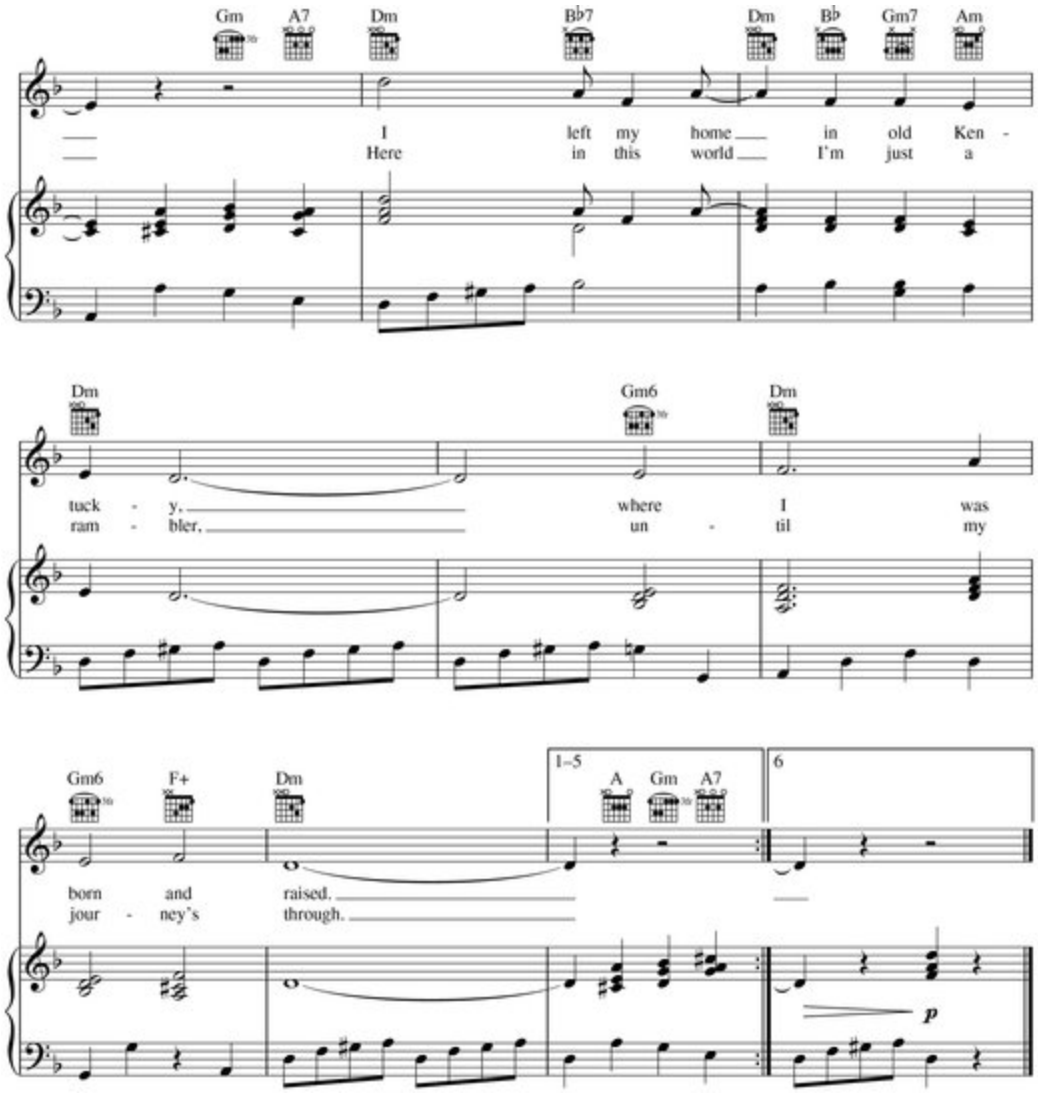

Additional Lyrics

3. I’m a man of constant sorrow.
   Farewell to the one I love.
   I’m bound to take the lonely highway,
   Till the Lord takes me above.

4. I’m a man of constant sorrow,
   A stranger in every town.
   Friends I have none to give me comfort
   While I go roaming ’round.

5. I’m a man of constant sorrow.
   My face you may see no more.
   One thing I know I can be sure of:
   We’ll meet on one same shore.

6. I’m a man of constant sorrow.
   I’ve seen trouble all my days.
   I left my home in old Kentucky,
   Where I was born and raised.

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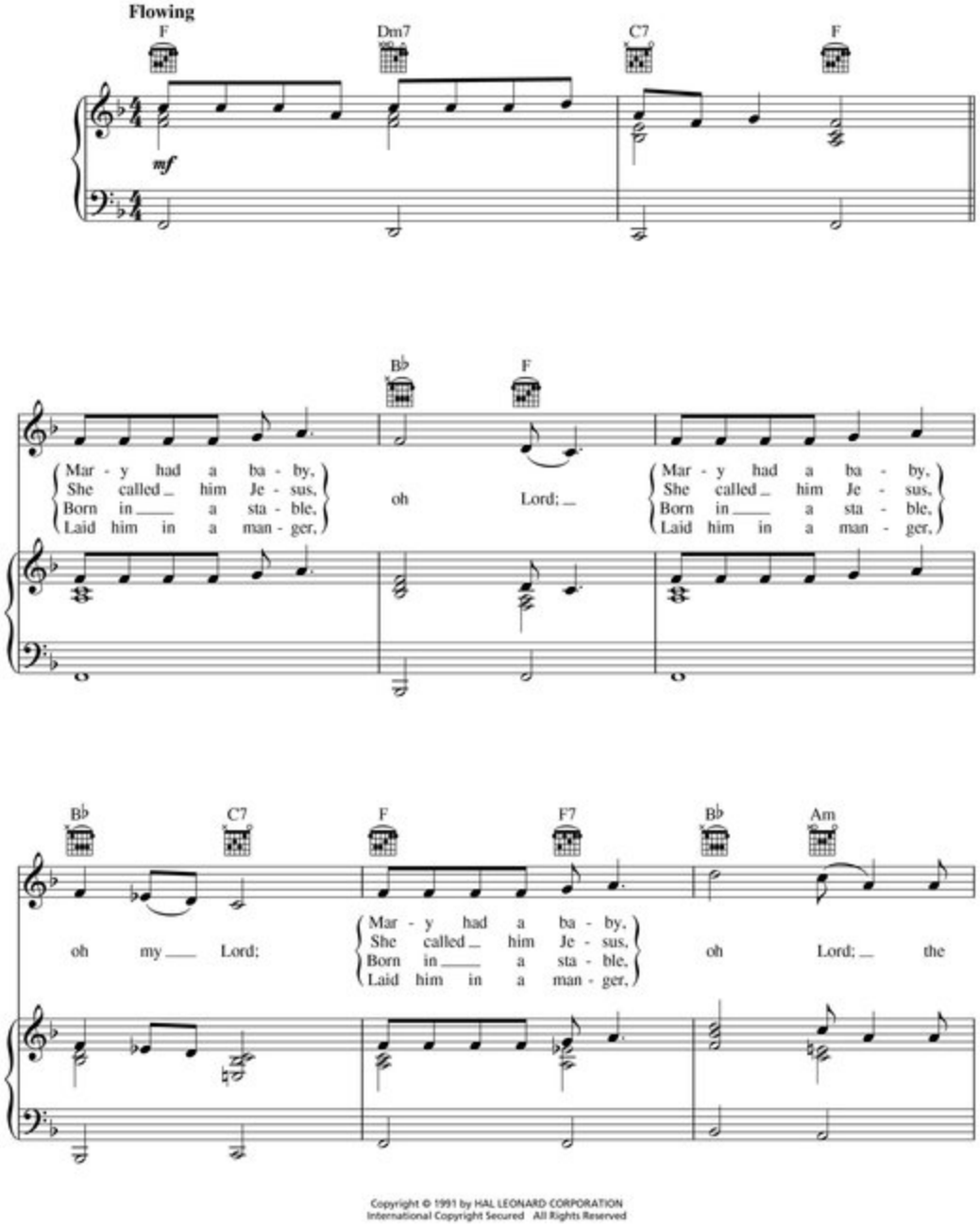
MARY HAD A BABY

African-American Spiritual



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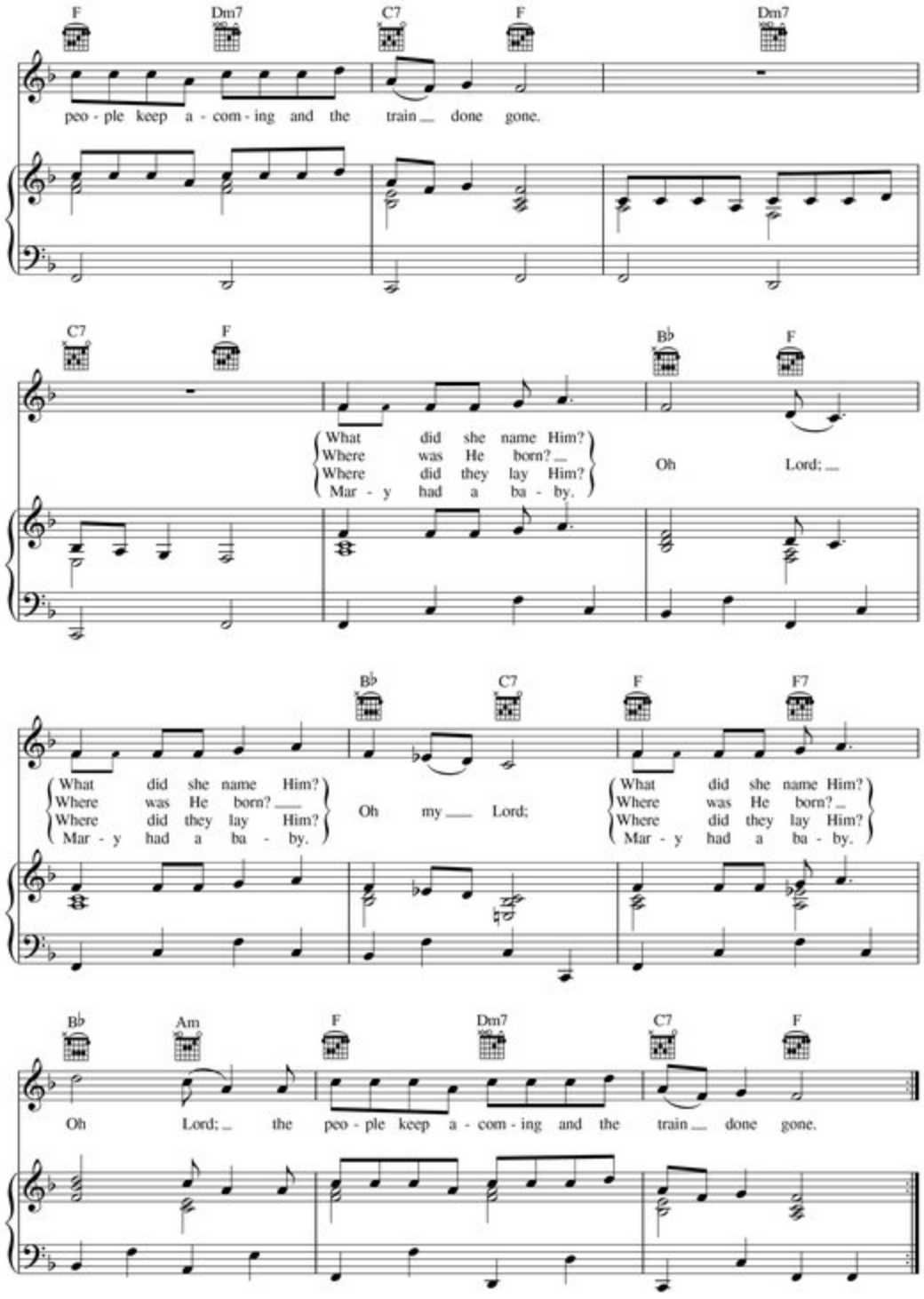

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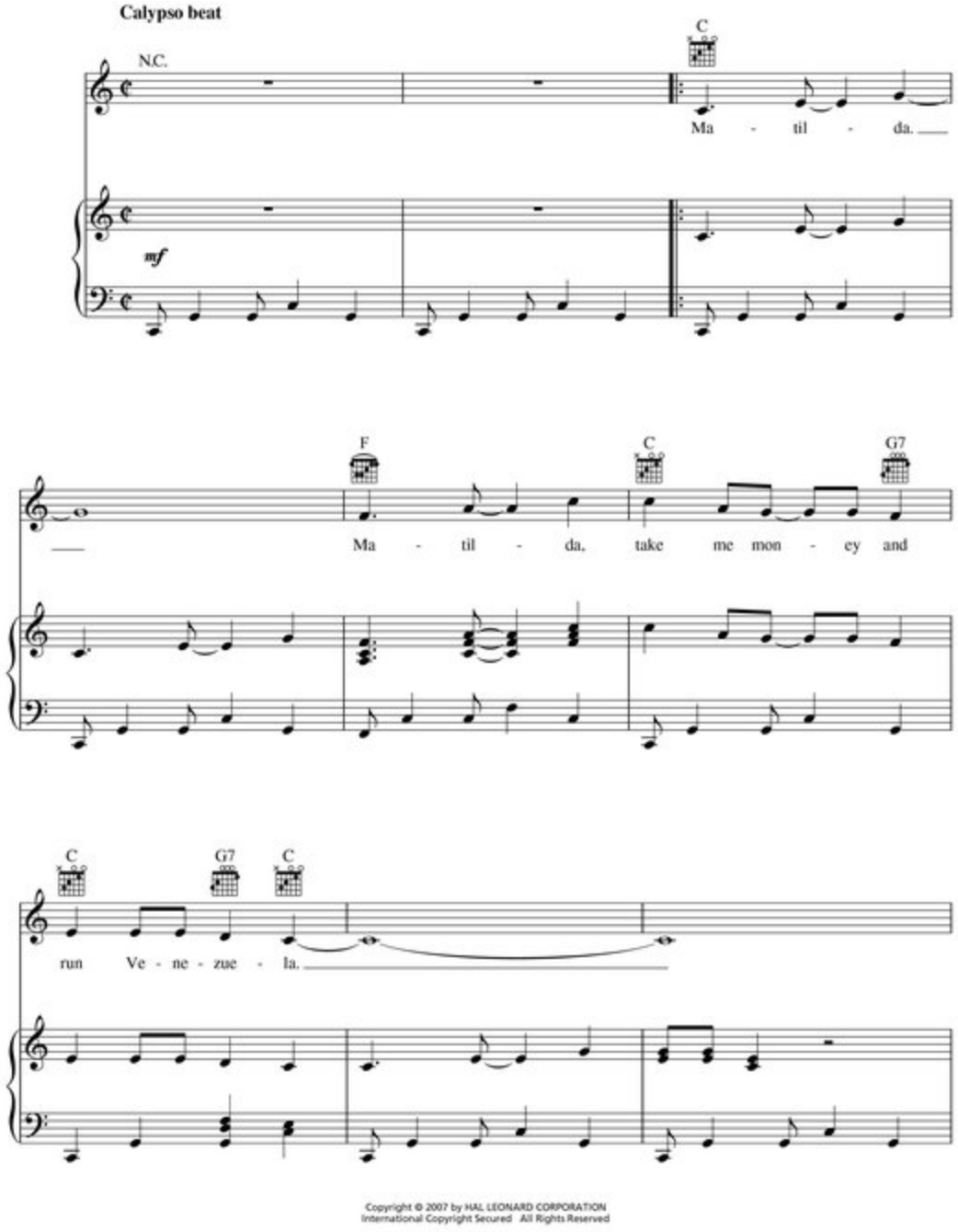
M A T I L D A

Traditional Folksong



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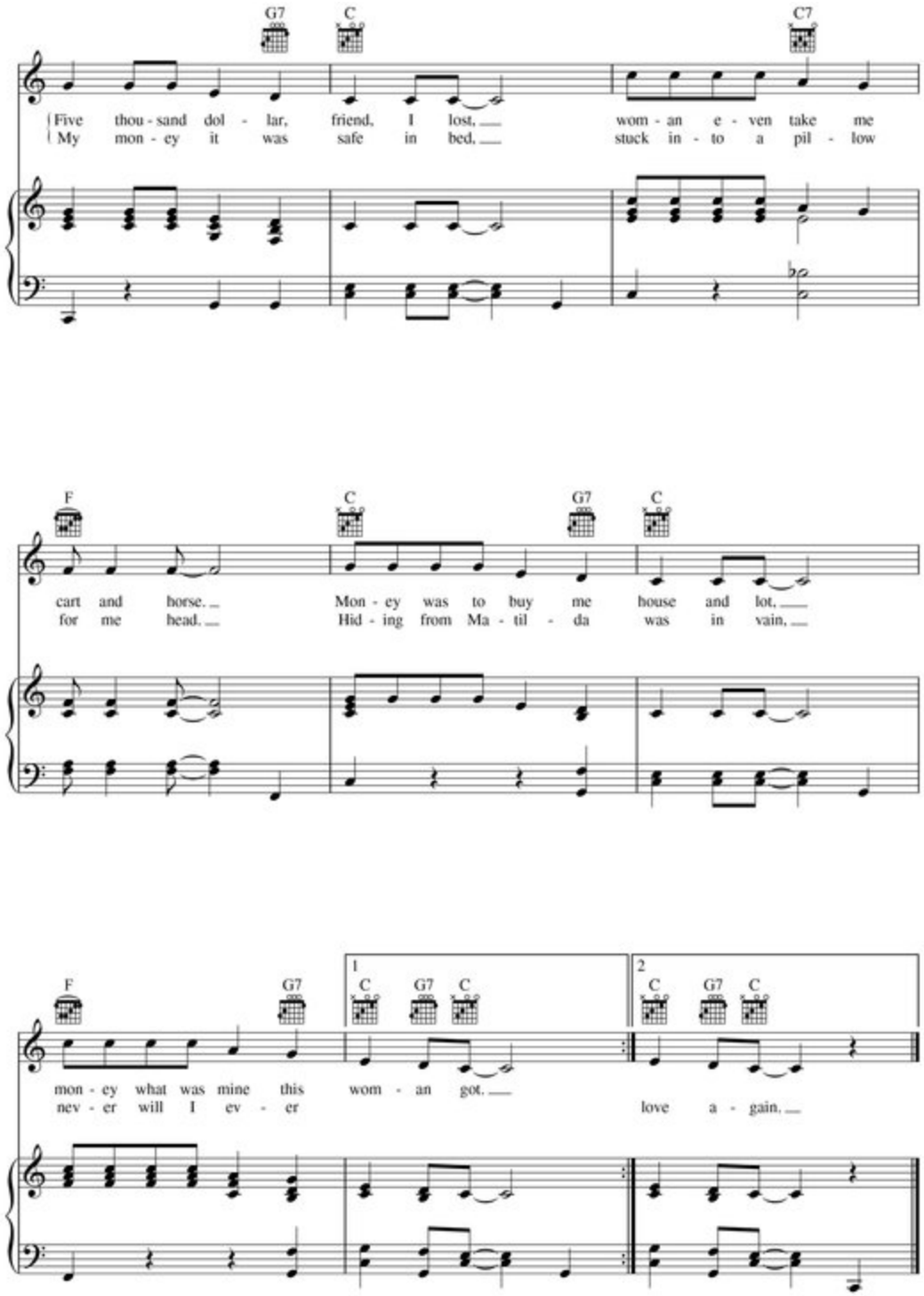

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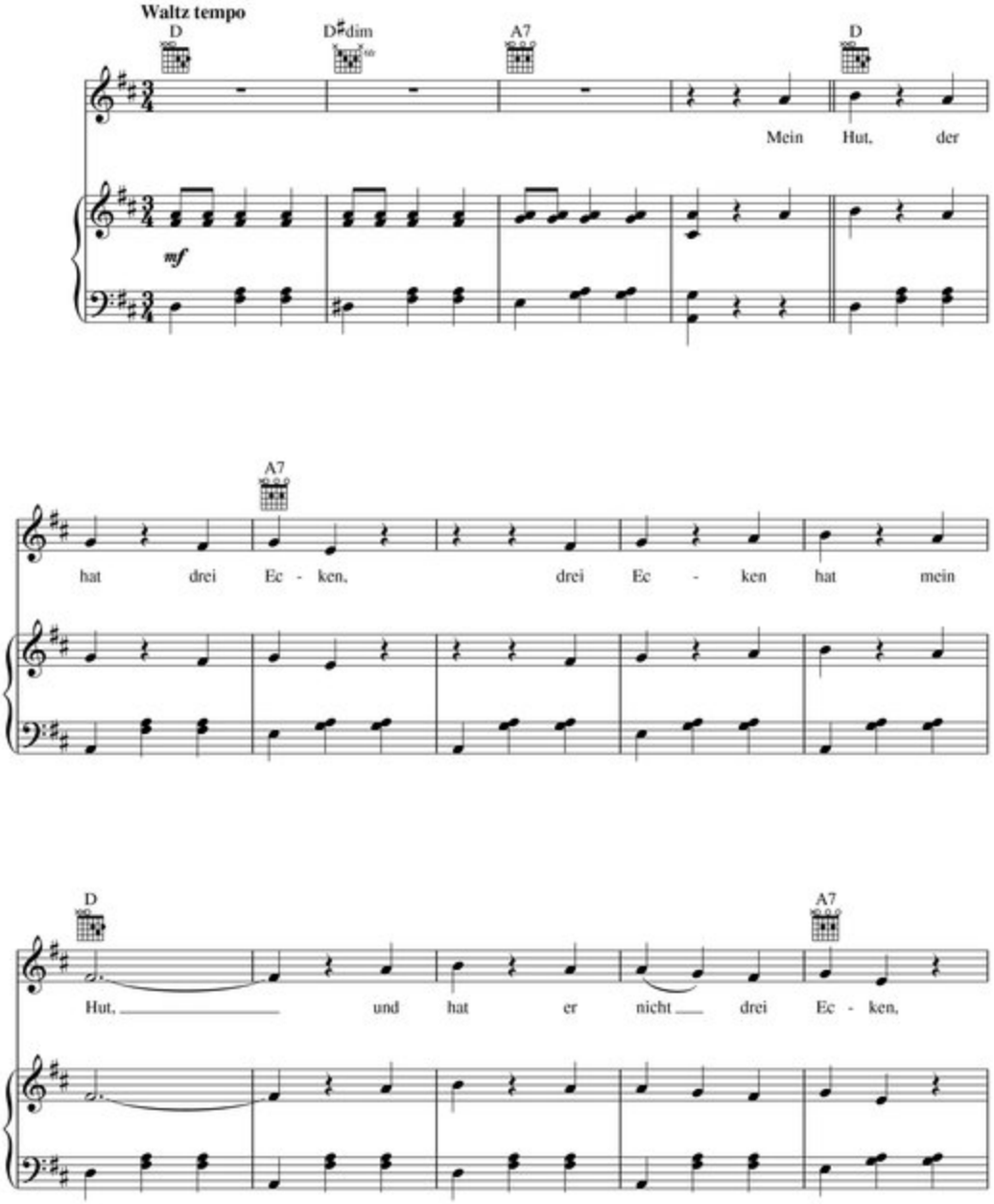
MEIN HUT, DER HAT DREI ECKEN

Words Anonymous
Melody by NICOLÒ PAGANINI



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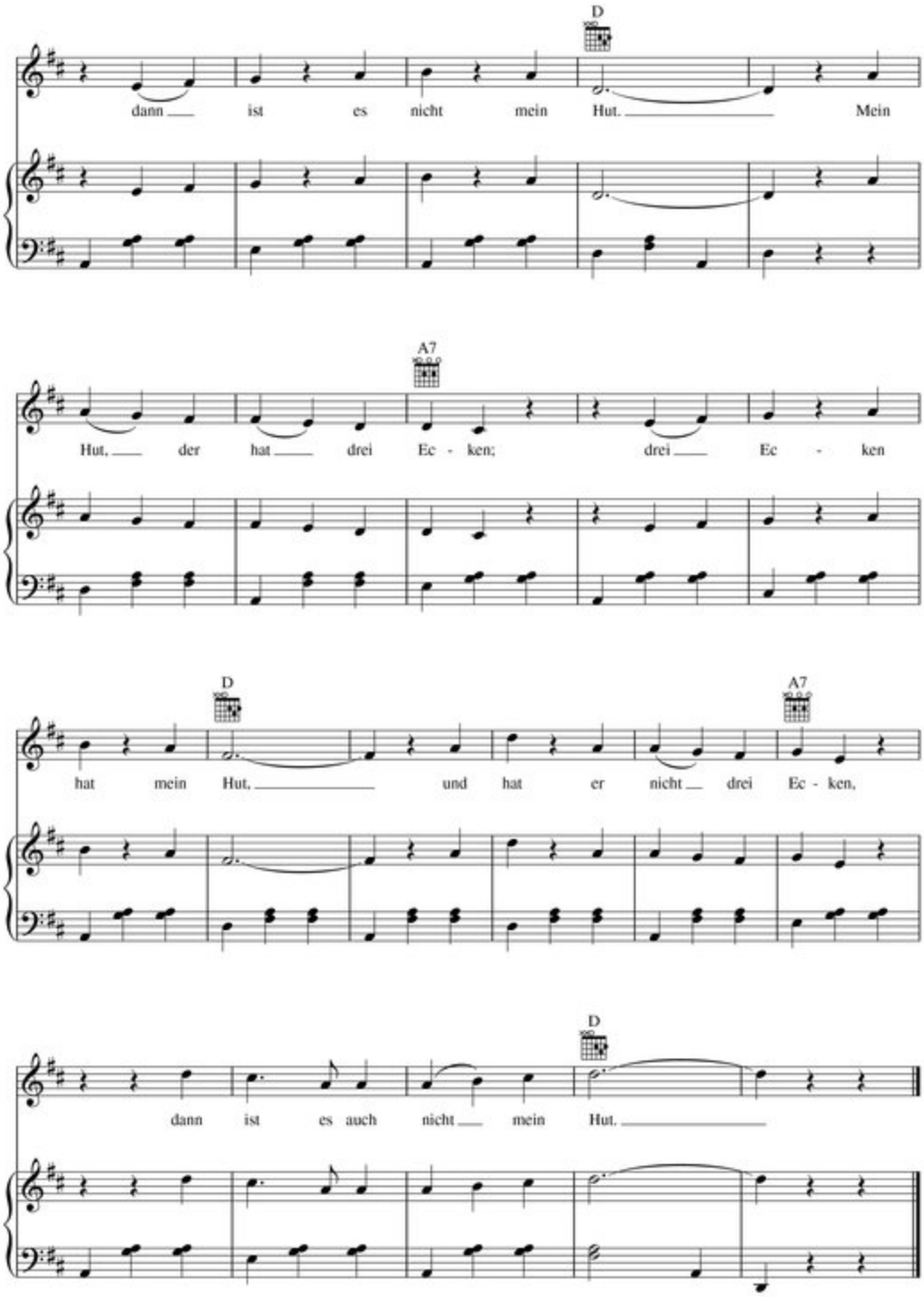

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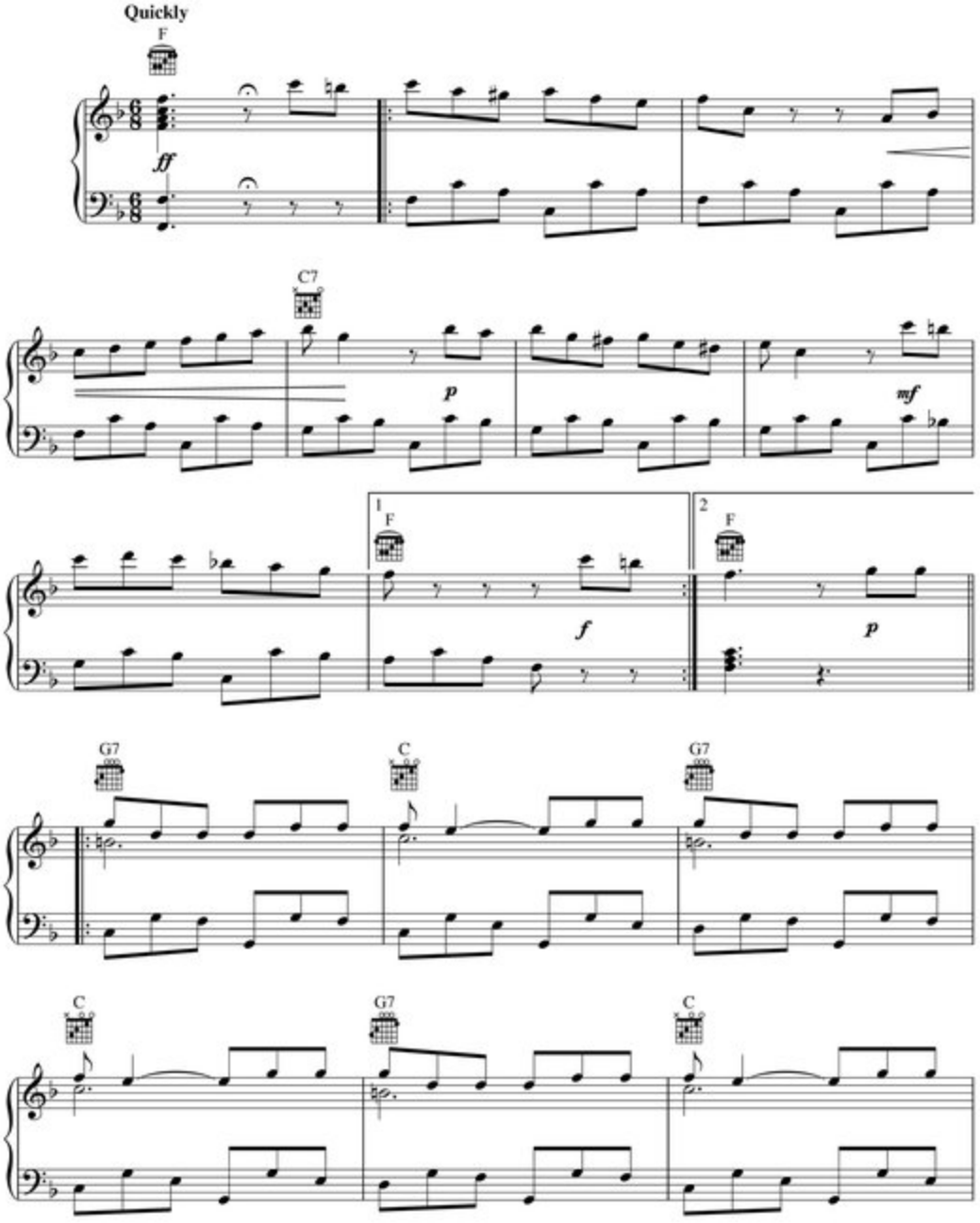
MEXICAN HAT DANCE

(Jarabe Topatio)

By F.A. PARTICHELA



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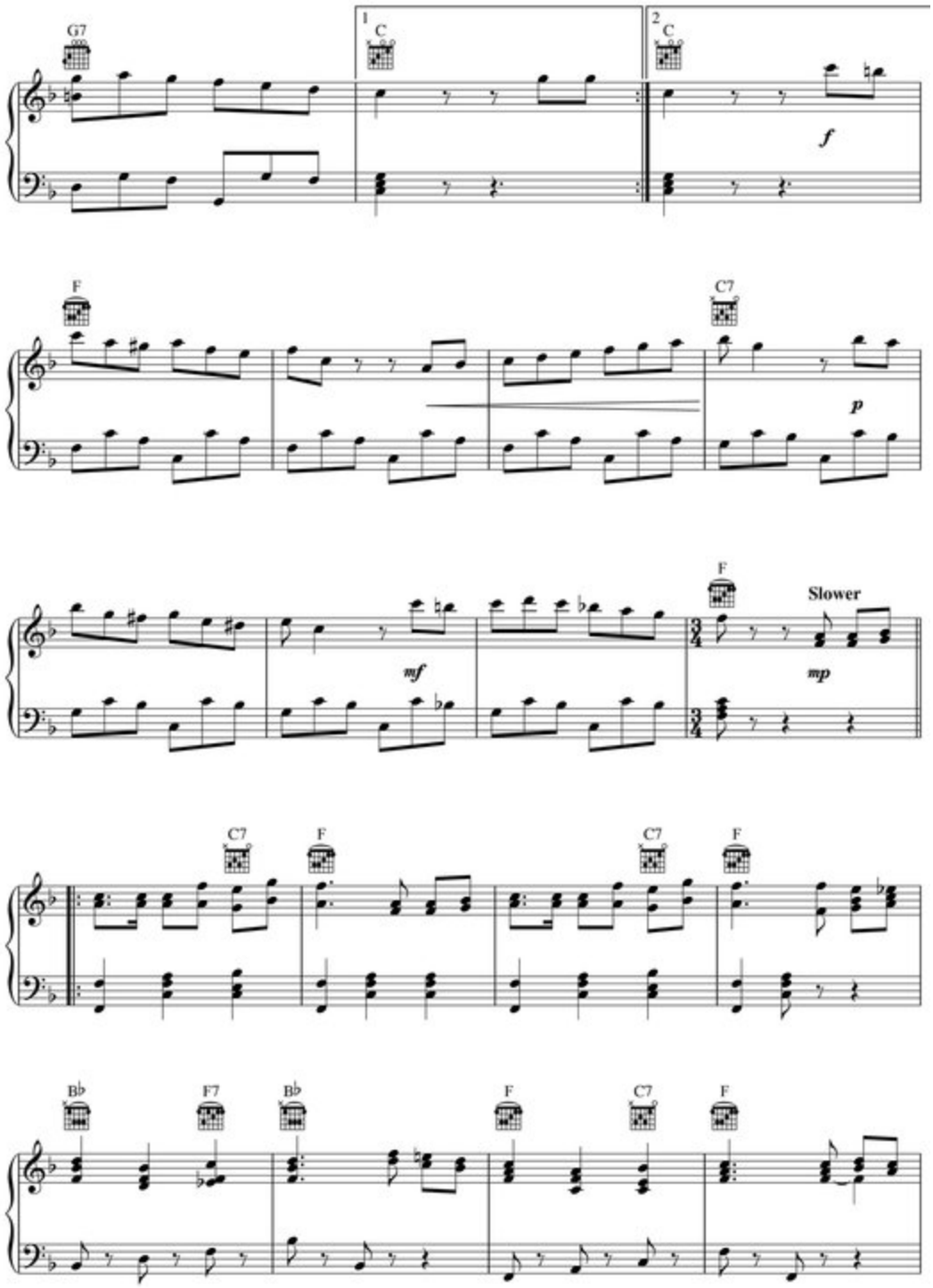
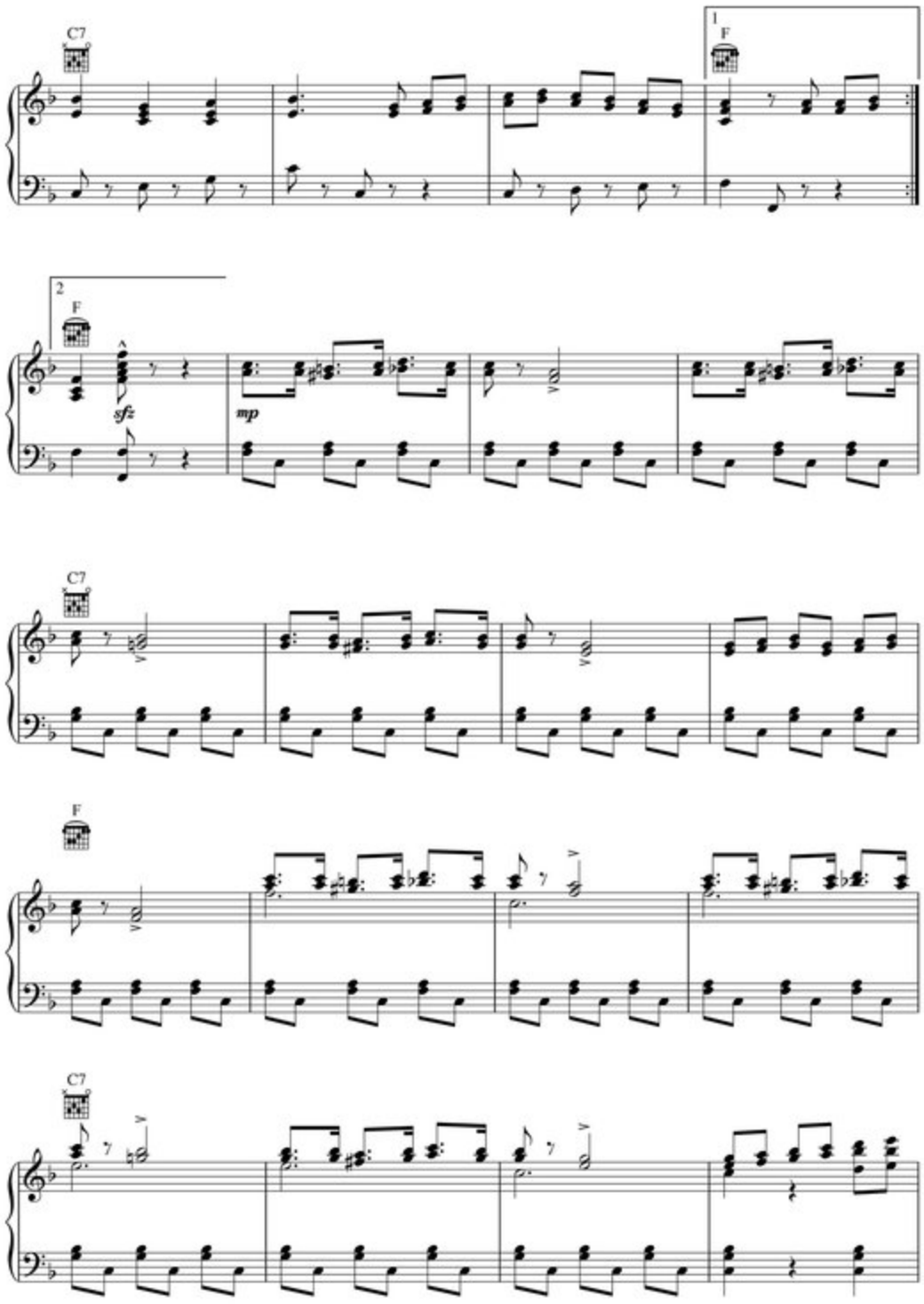
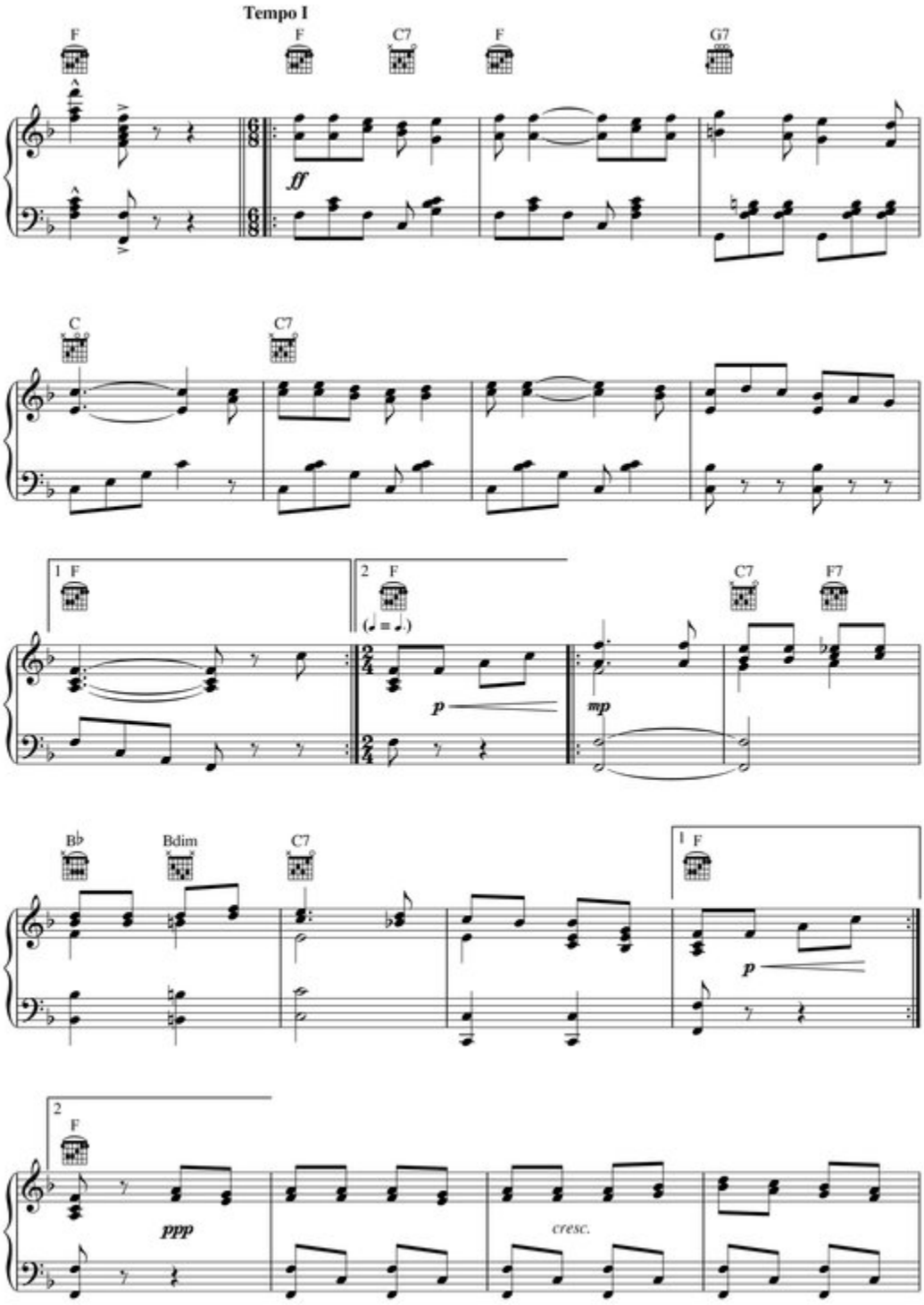

G7
1
C
2
C
f
F
C7
p
mf
F
Slower
mp
C7
F
C7
F
B♭
F7
B♭
F
C7
F


C7
1
F
2
F
sfz
mp
C7
F
C7


Tempo I
F
F
C7
F
G7
ff
C
C7
1 F
2 F
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
p
mp
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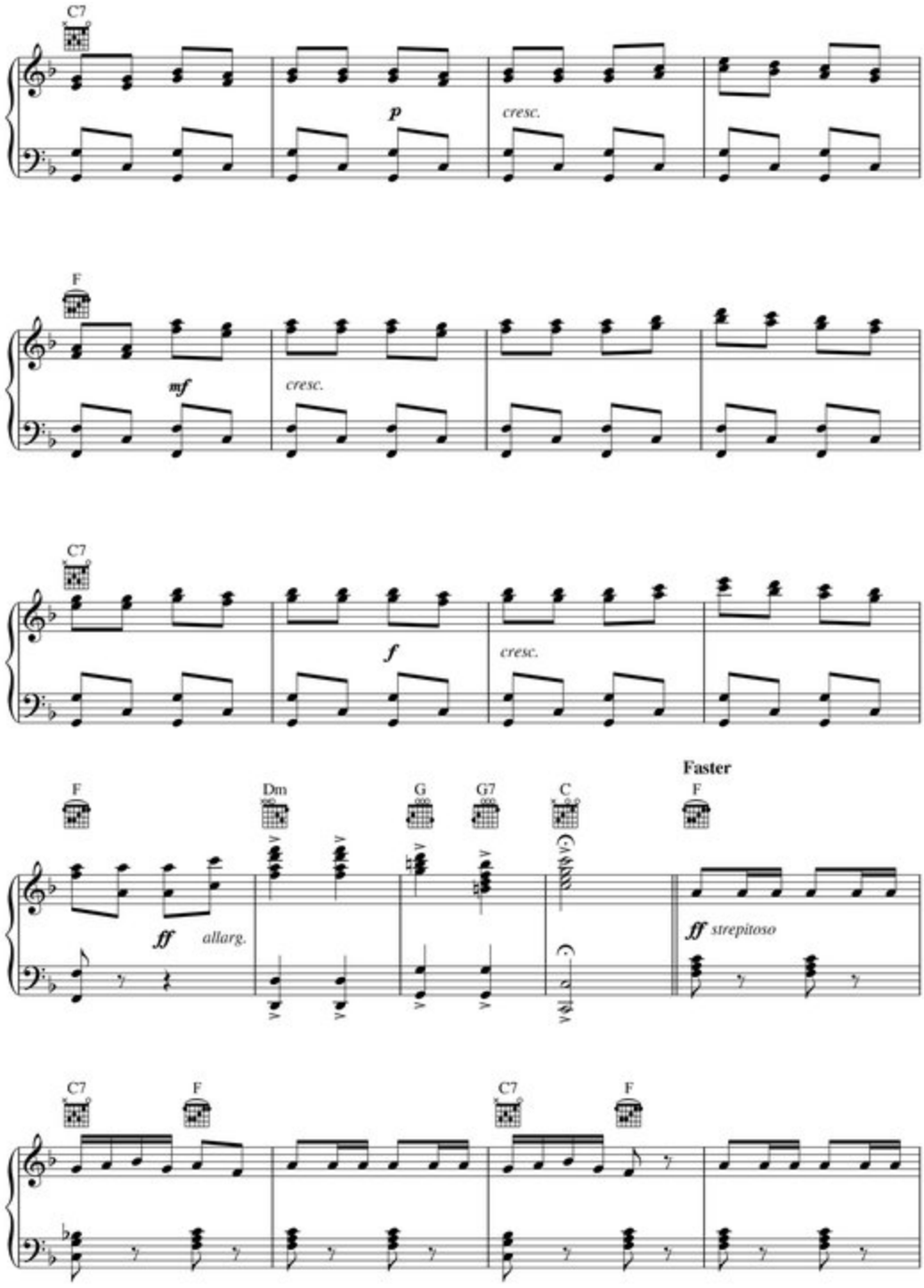
F7
B♭
Bdim
C7
1 F
p
2
F
ppp
cresc.


C7
p
cresc.
F
mf
cresc.
C7
f
cresc.
F
Dm
G
G7
C
Faster
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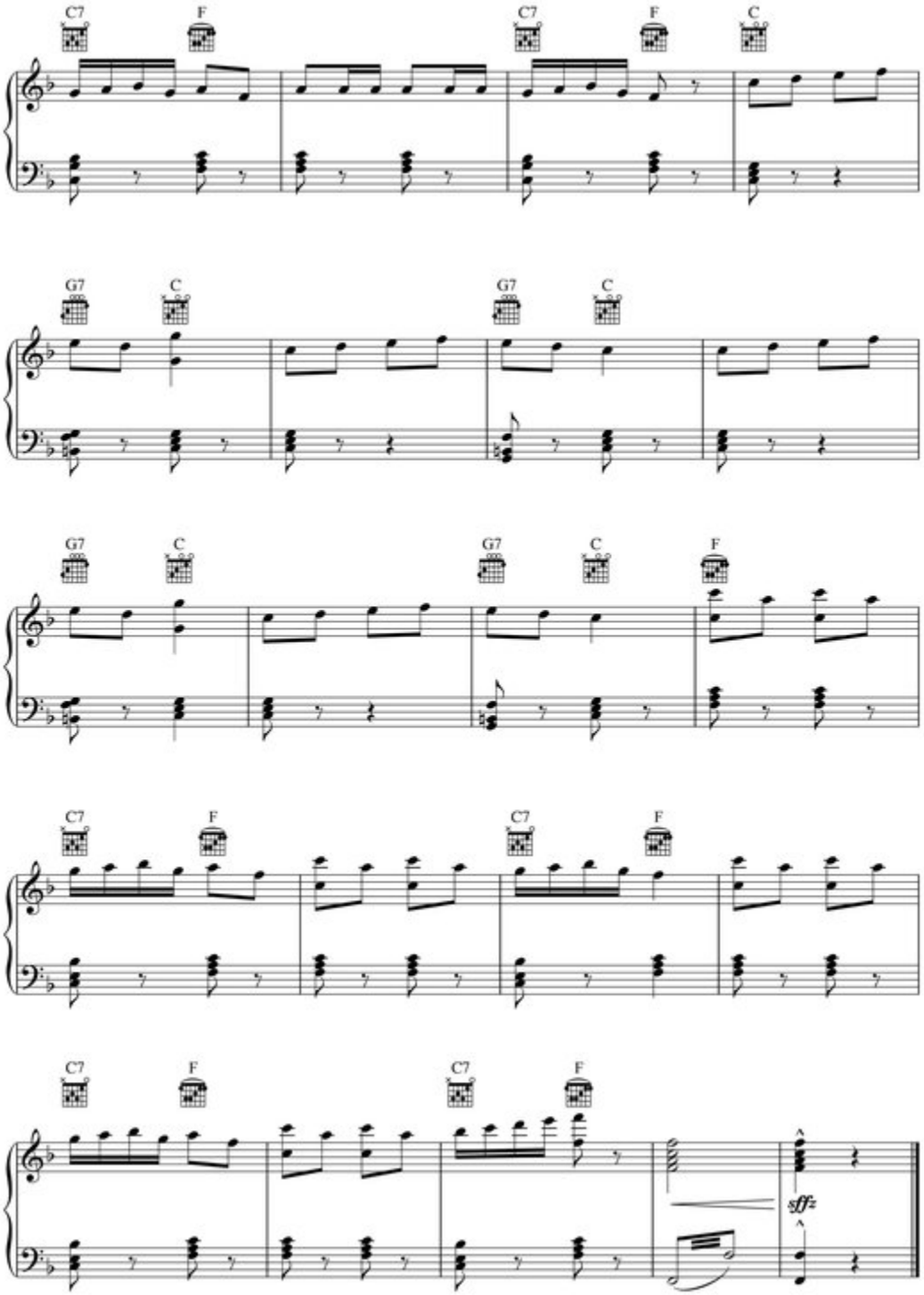
ff
allarg.
ff
strepitoso
C7
F
C7
F



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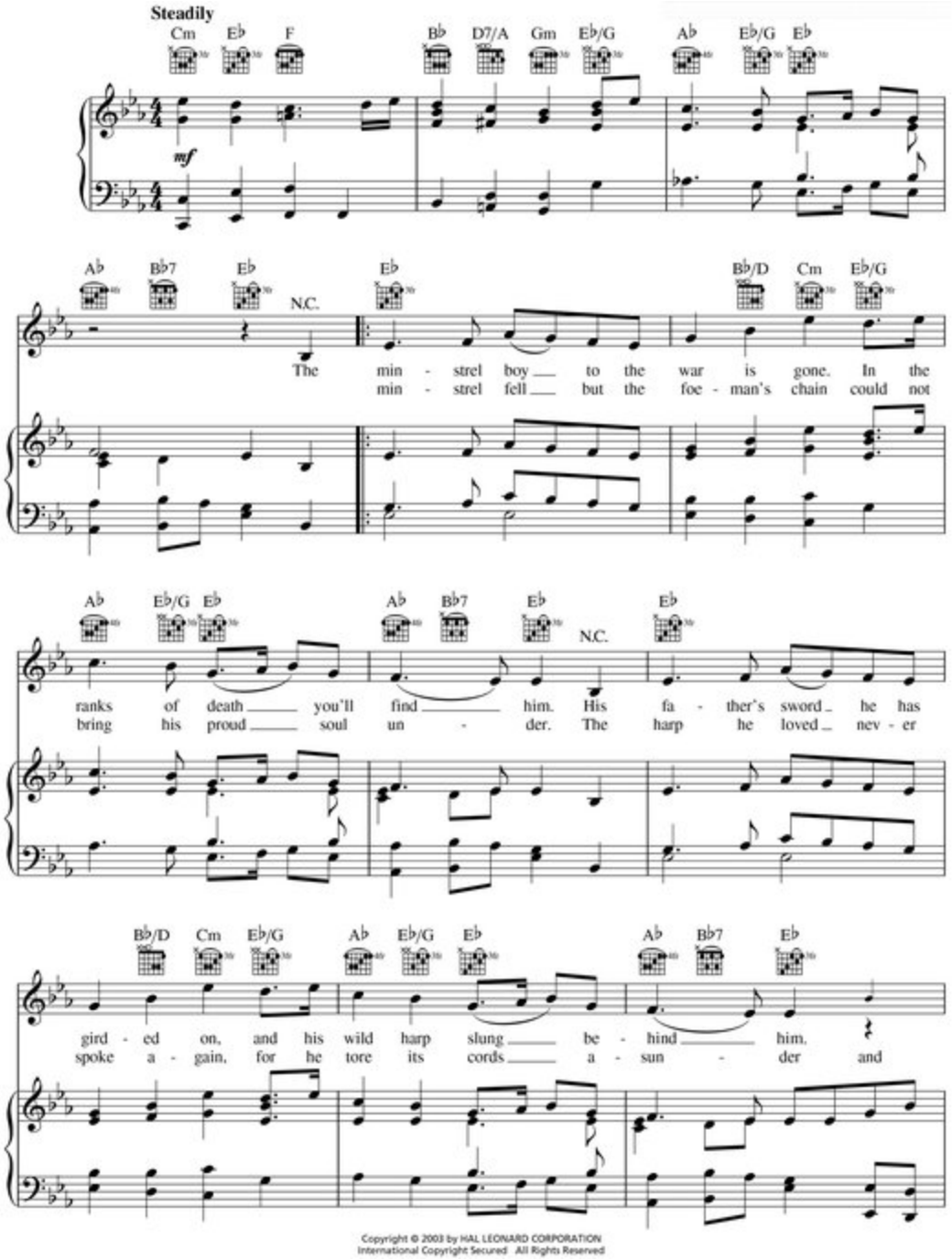
THE MINSTREL BOY

Words by THOMAS MOORE
Traditional Irish Air, “The Moreen”



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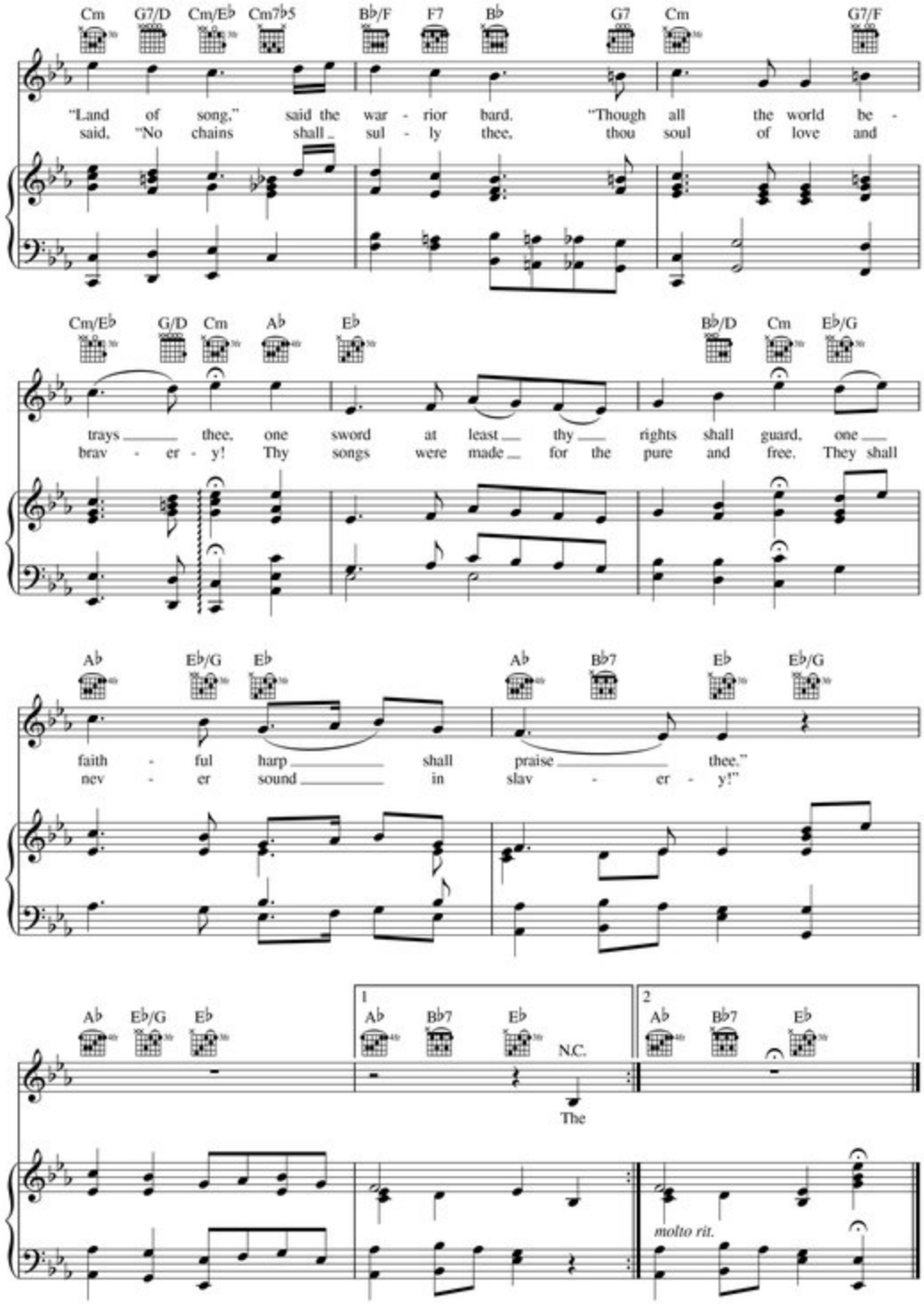

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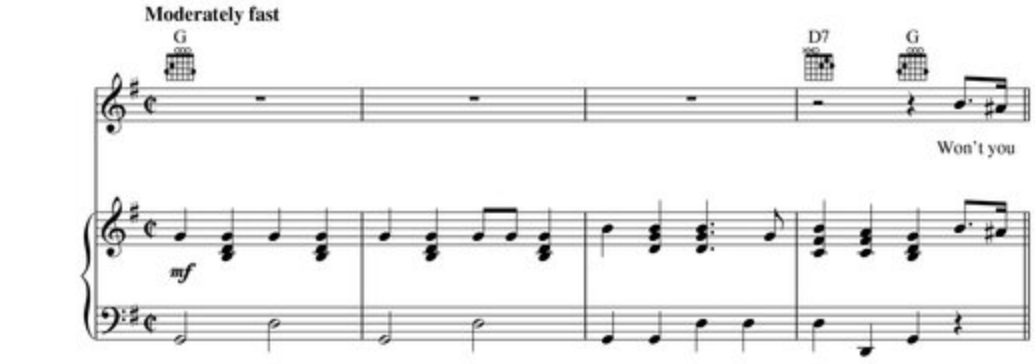
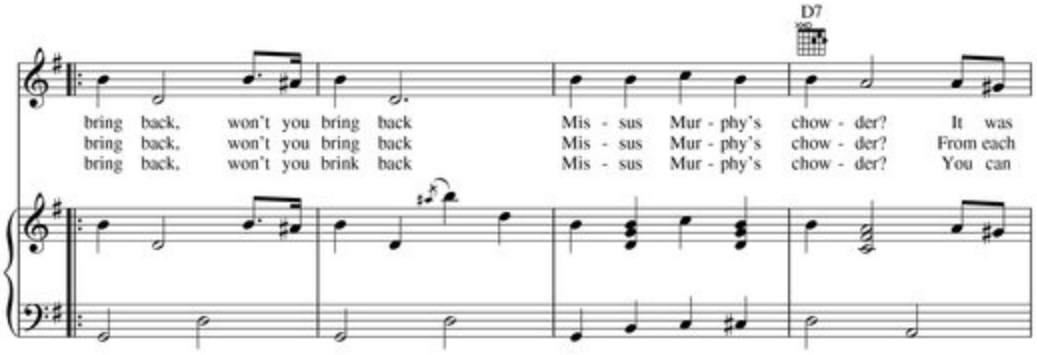
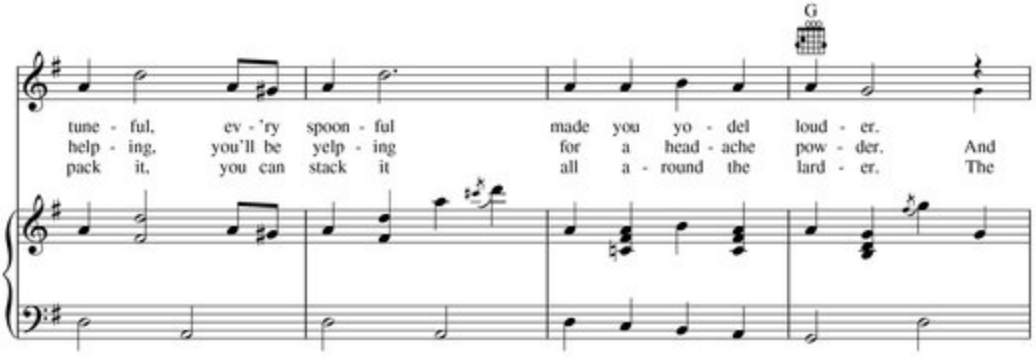
MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER

Irish Folksong







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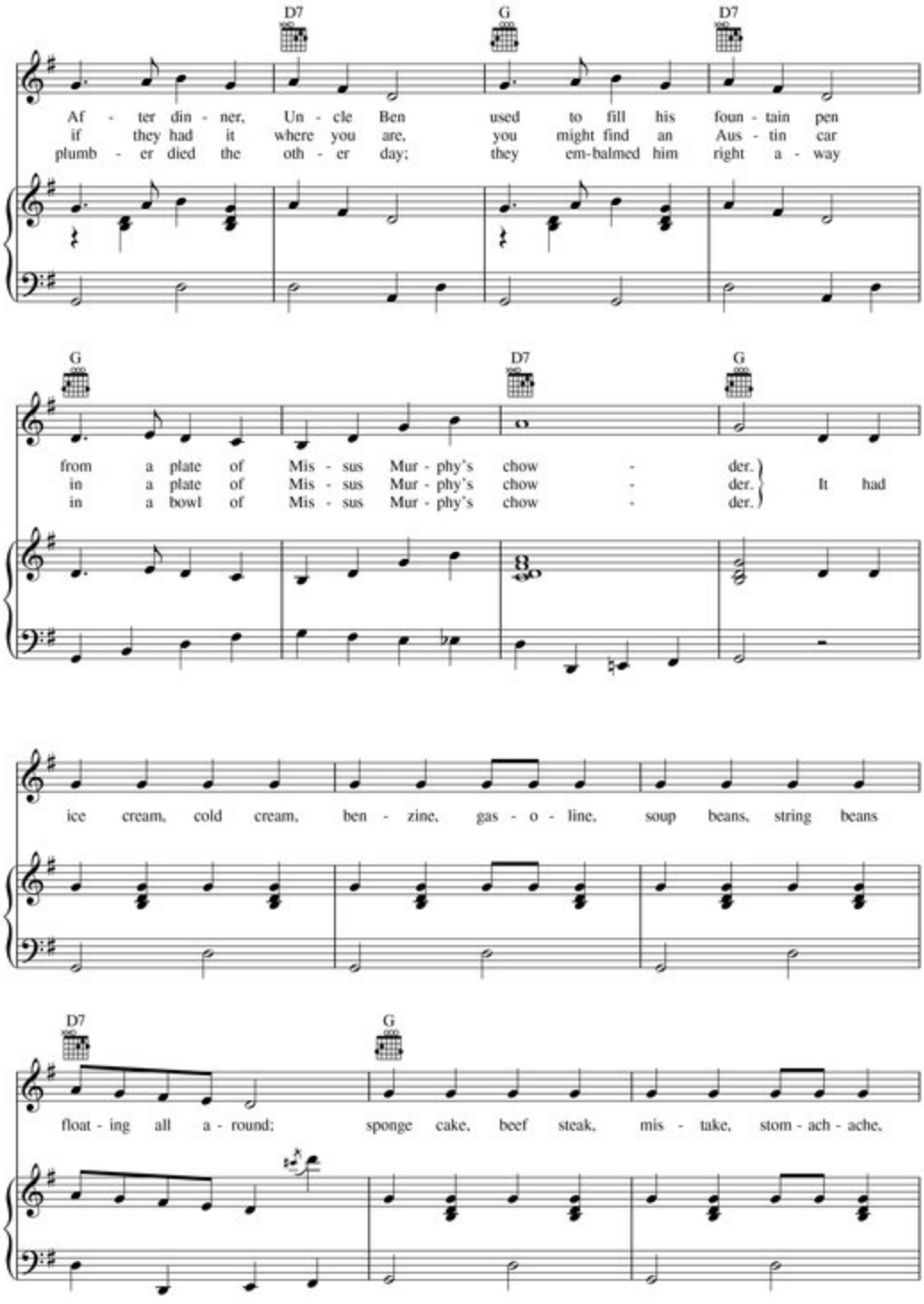
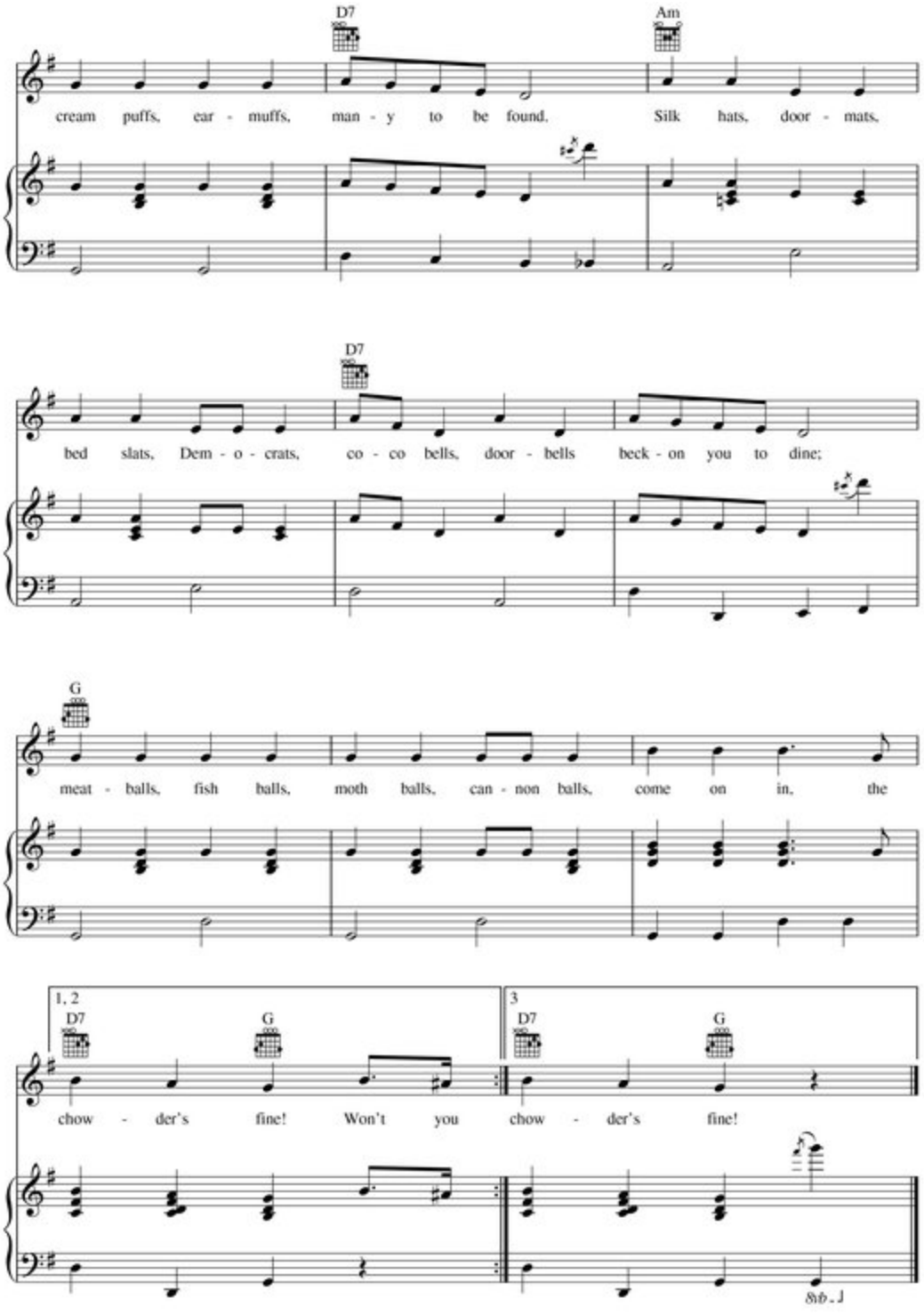

D7
G
D7
Af - ter din - ner, Un - cle Ben used to fill his foun - tain pen
if they had it where you are, you might find an Aus - tin car
plumb - er died the oth - er day; they em-balmed him right a - way
G
D7
G
from a plate of Mis - sus Mur - phy's chow - der.
in a plate of Mis - sus Mur - phy's chow - der. It had
in a bowl of Mis - sus Mur - phy's chow - der.
ice cream, cold cream, ben - zine, gas - o - line, soup beans, string beans
D7
G
float - ing all a - round; sponge cake, beef steak, mis - take, stom - ach - ache,



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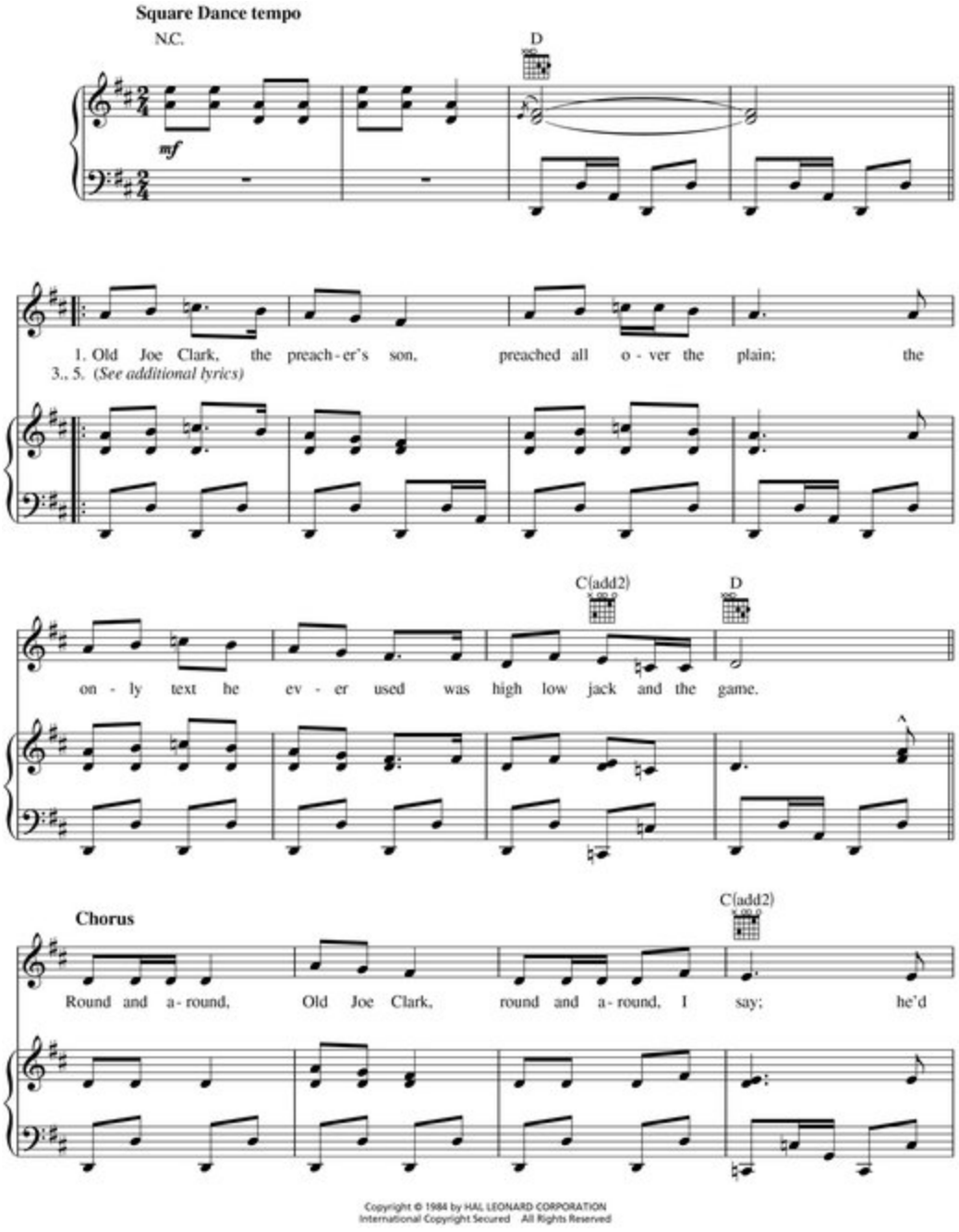
OLD JOE CLARK

Tennessee Folksong



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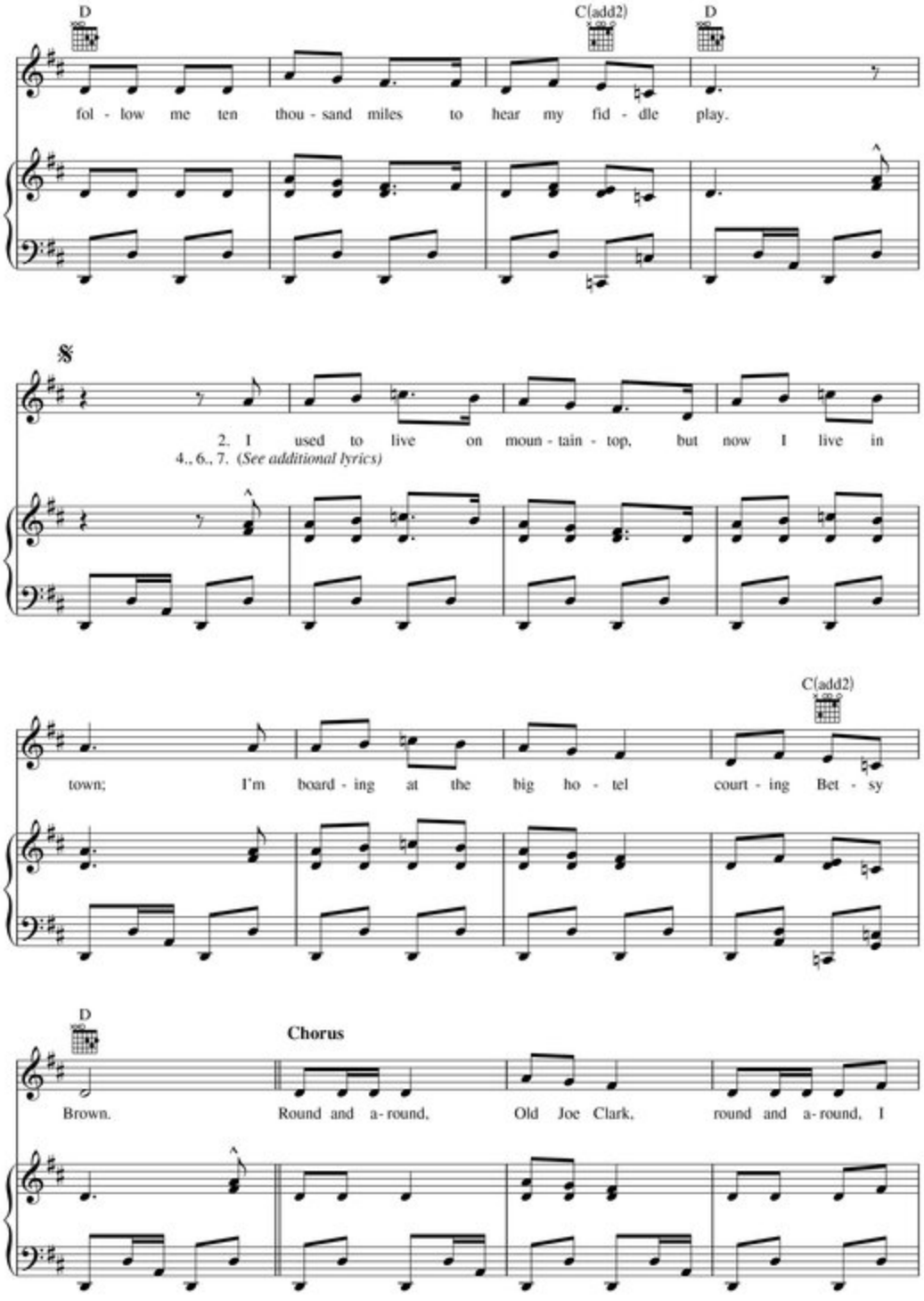
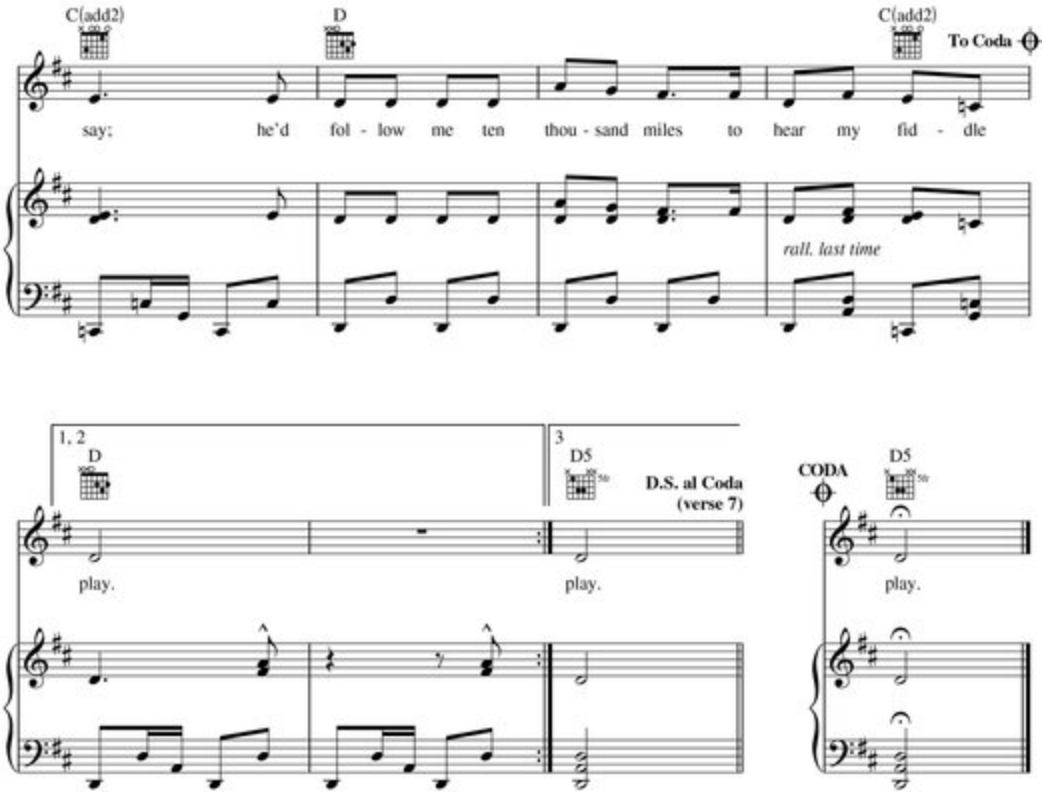

D
C(add2)
D
fol - low me ten thou - sand miles to hear my fid - dle play.
2. I used to live on moun - tain - top, but now I live in
4., 6., 7. (See additional lyrics)
town; I'm board - ing at the big ho - tel court - ing Bet - sy
D
Chorus
Brown. Round and a - round, Old Joe Clark, round and a - round, I



Additional Lyrics

3. When I was a little girl,
   I used to play with toys;
   Now I am a bigger girl,
   I'd rather play with boys.
   Chorus

4. When I was a little boy,
   I used to want a knife;
   Now I am a bigger boy,
   I only want a wife.
   Chorus

5. Wish I was a sugar tree,
   Standin' in the middle of some town;
   Ev'ry time a pretty girl passed,

I’d shake some sugar down.
Chorus

6. Old Joe had a yellow cat,
   She would not sing or pray;
   She stuck her head in a buttermilk jar
   And washed her sins away.
   Chorus

7. I wish I had a sweetheart;
   I’d set her on the shelf,
   And ev’ry time she’d smile at me
   I’d get up there myself.
   Chorus

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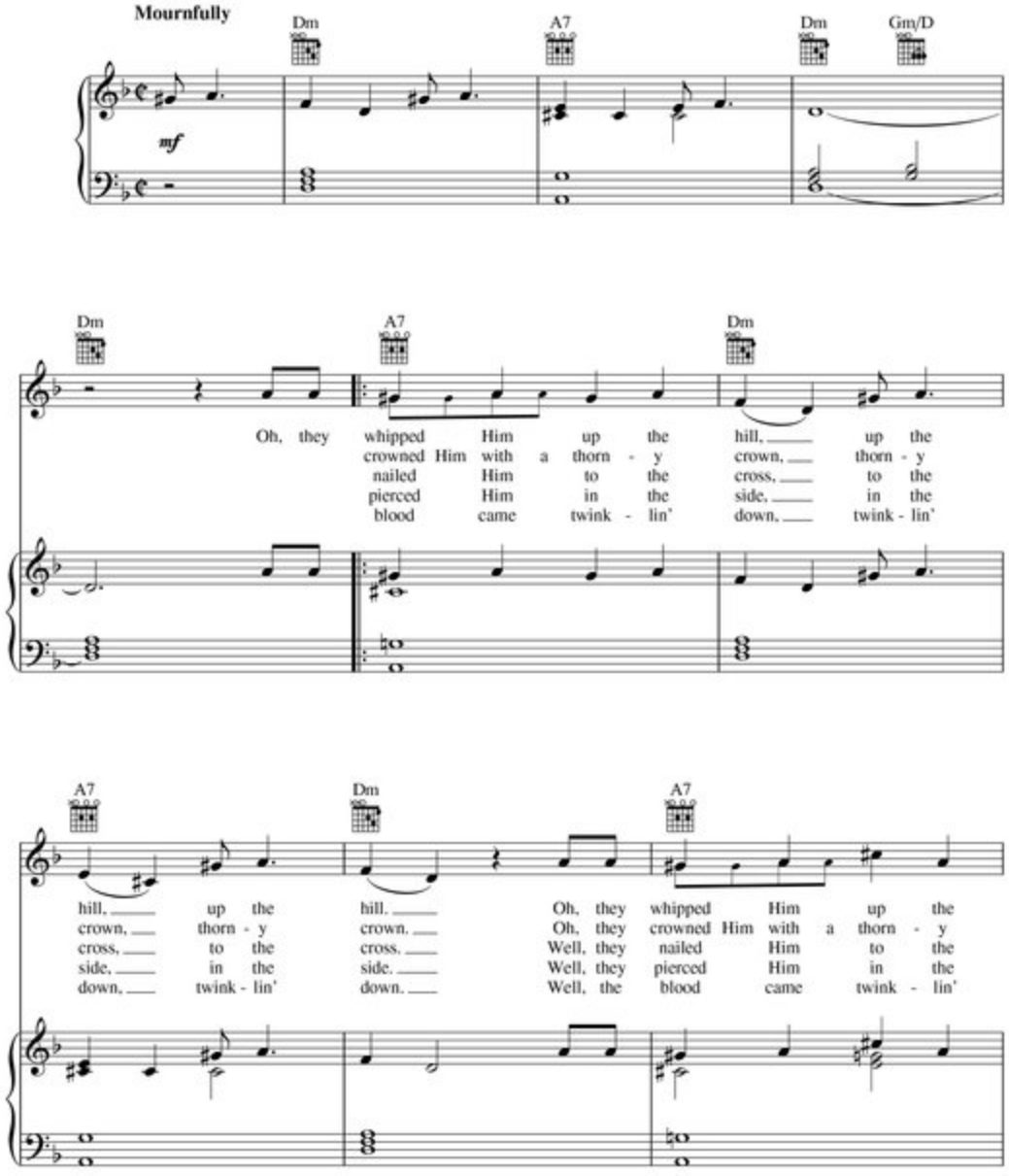
NEVER SAID A MUMBLIN' WORD

African-American Spiritual



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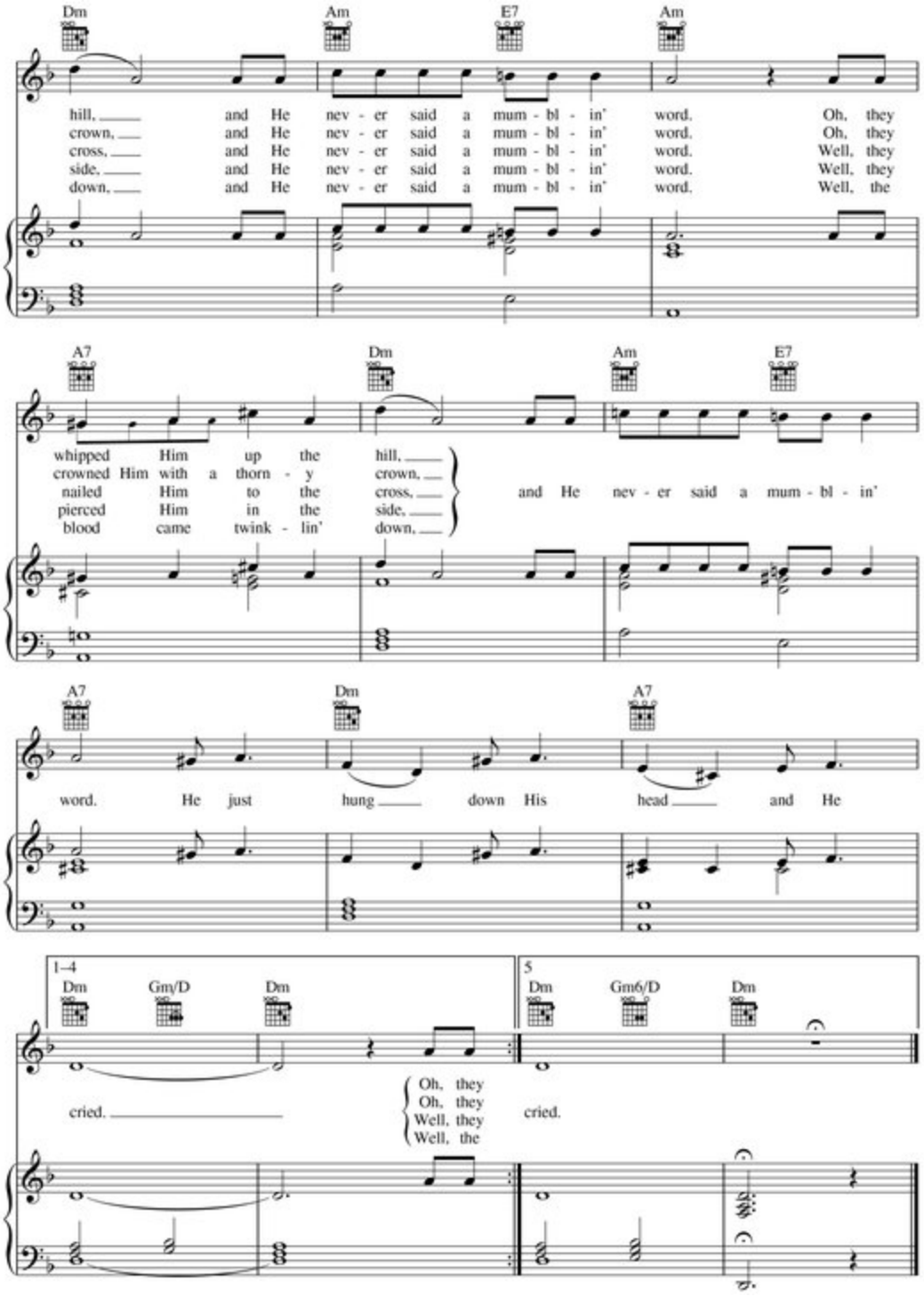

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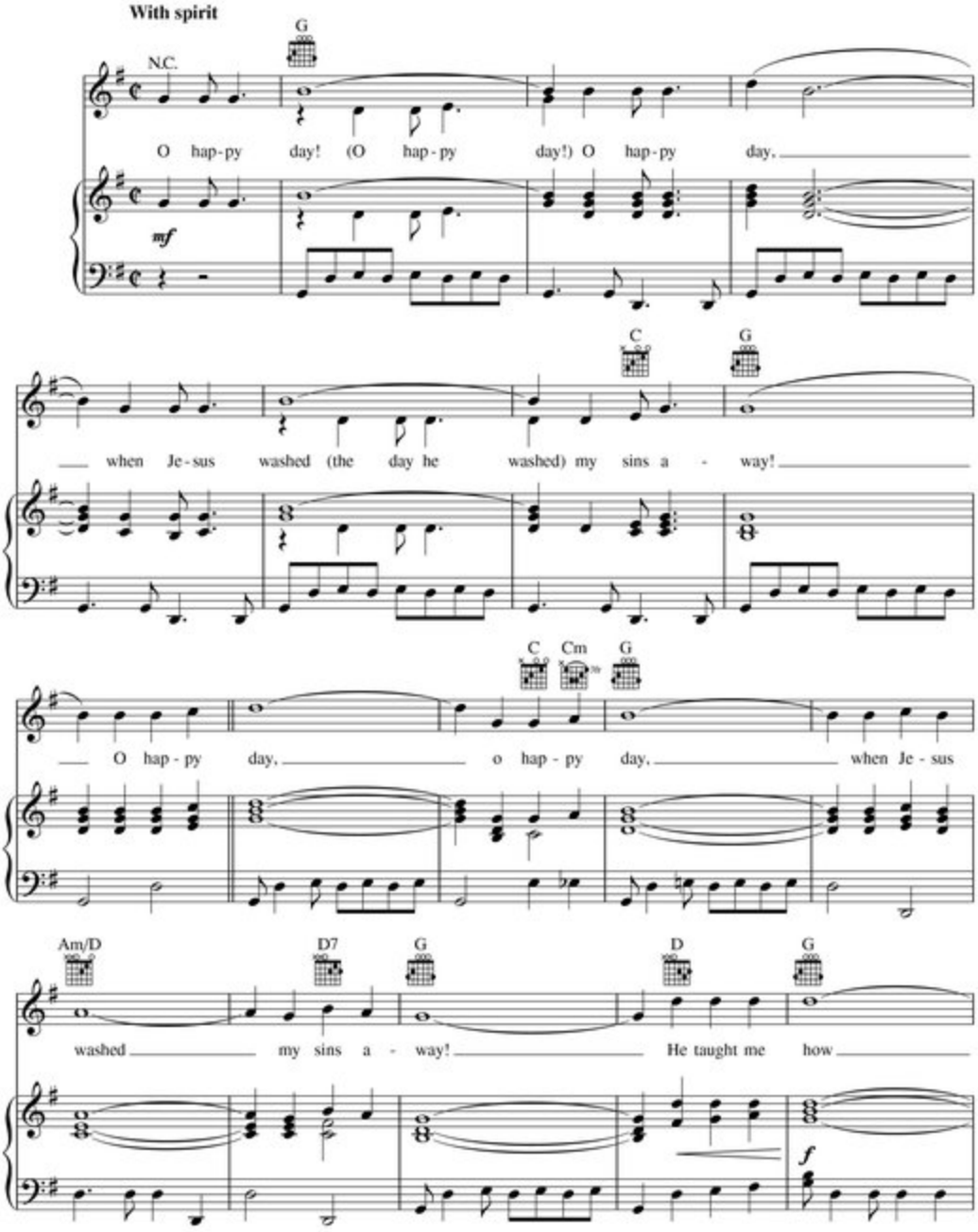
O HAPPY DAY

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE
Music by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT



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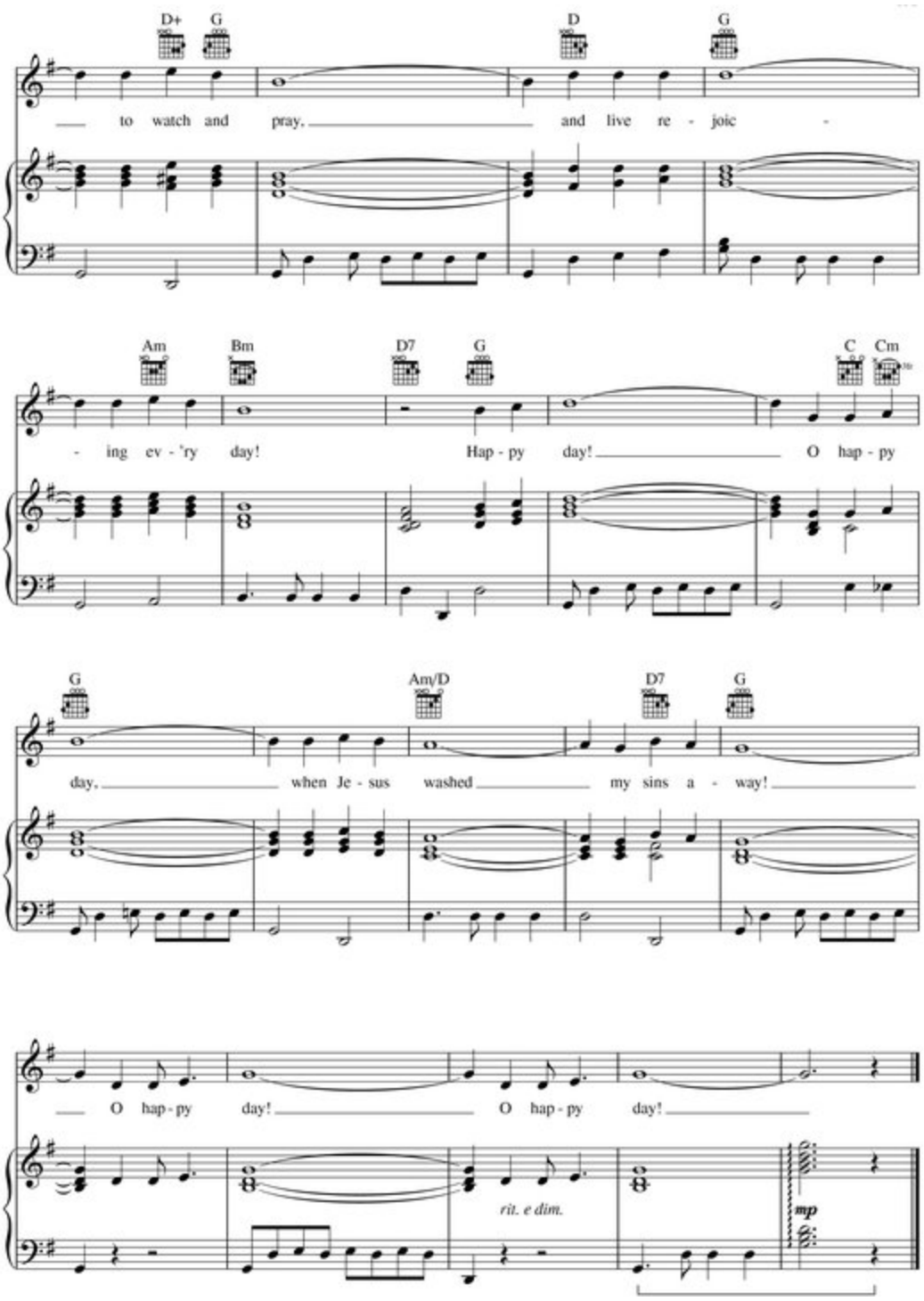

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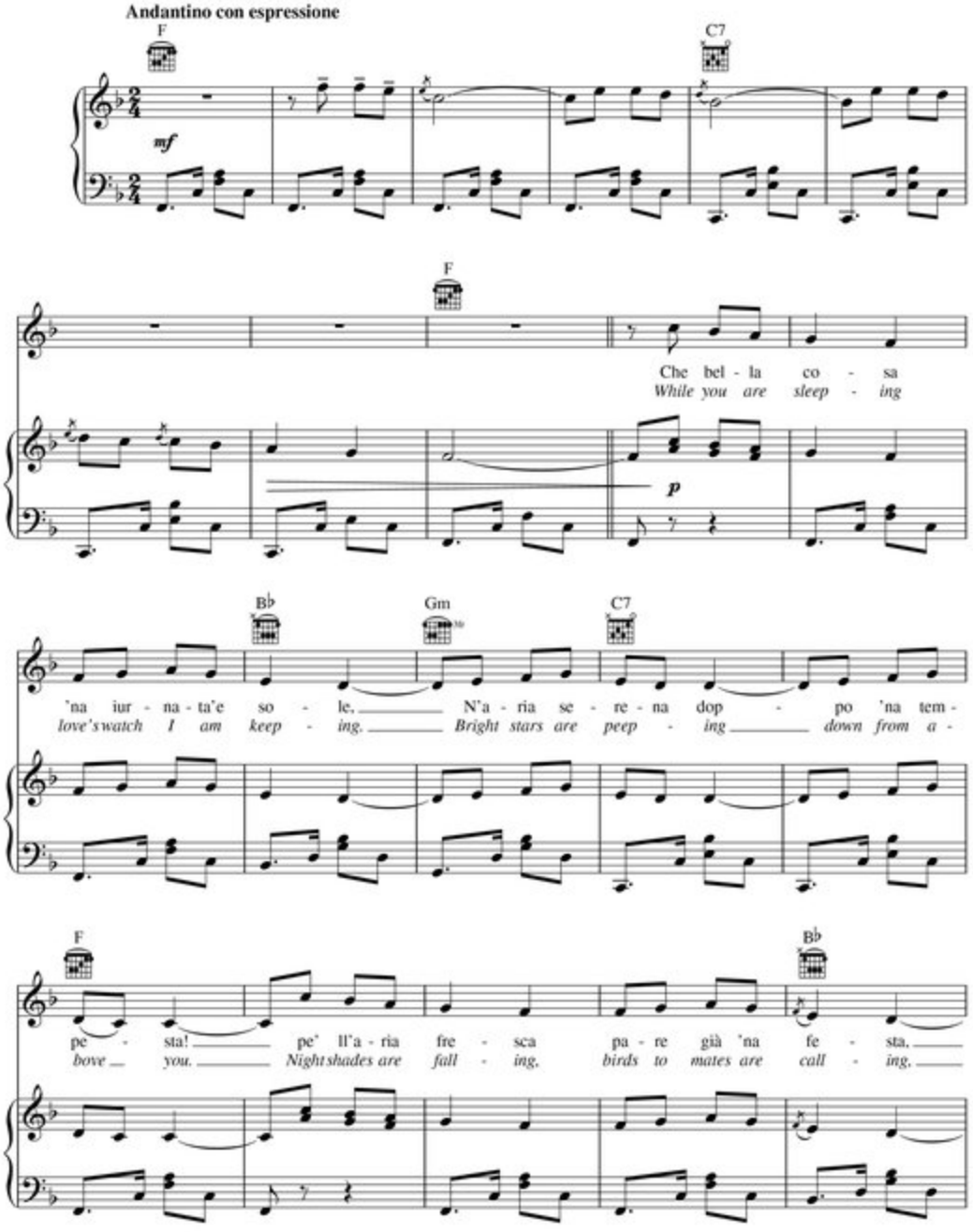
’O SOLE MIO

Words by GIOVANNI CAPURRO
Music by EDUARDO DI CAPUA



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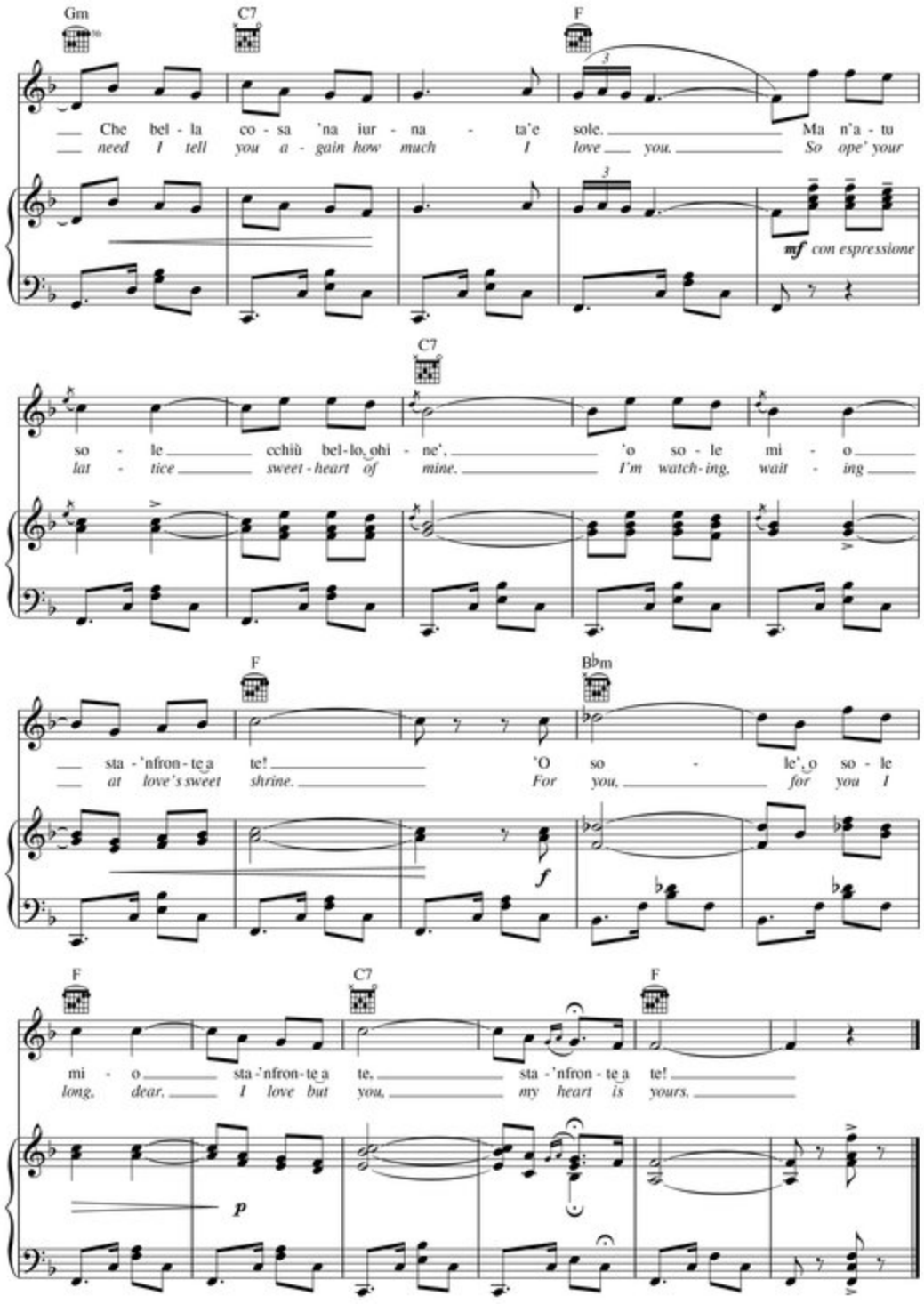

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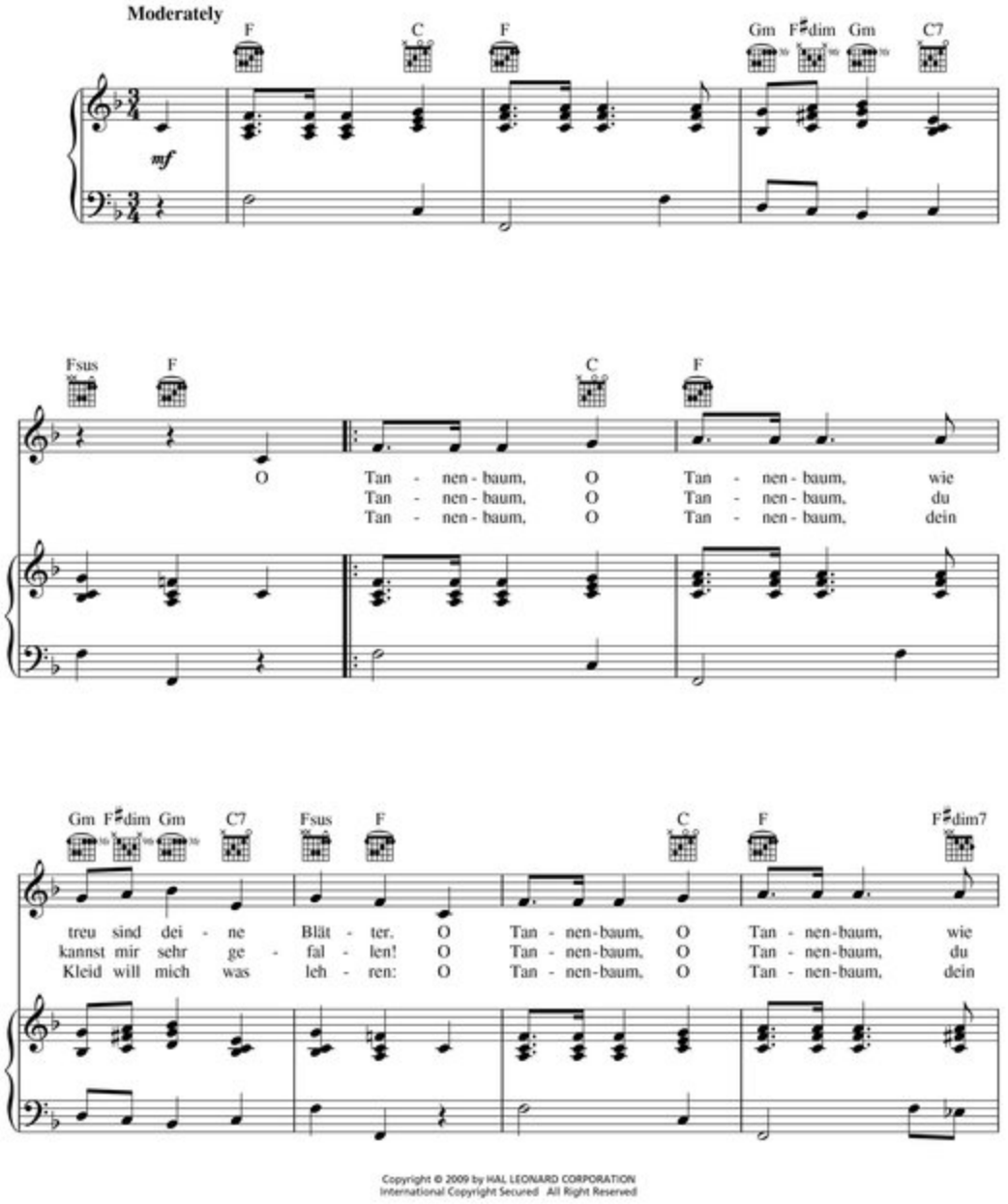
O TANNENBAUM

Words by HEINRICH ZARNACK (v.1)
and ERNST ANSCHÜTZ (v. 2, 3)
18th Century German Melody



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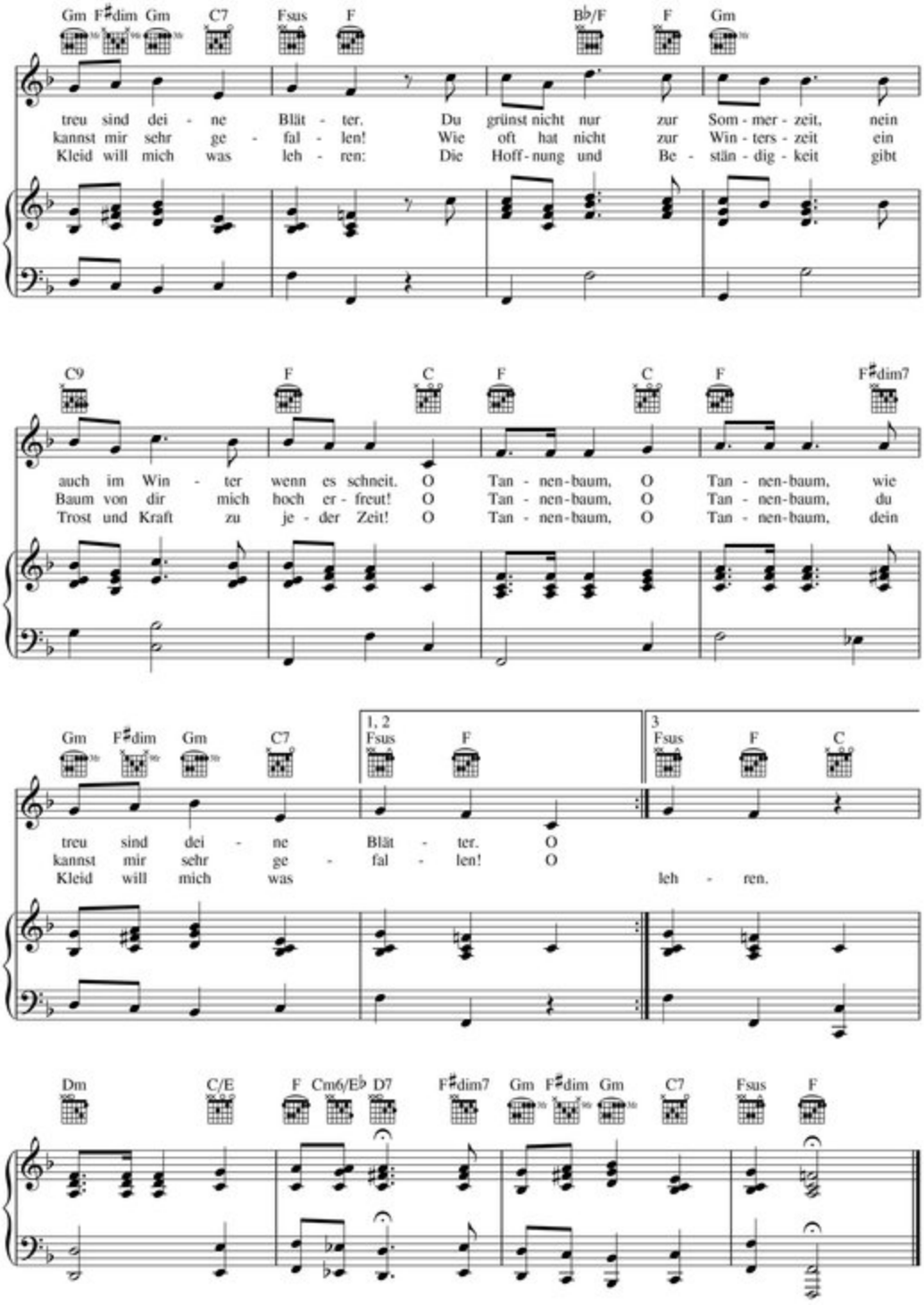

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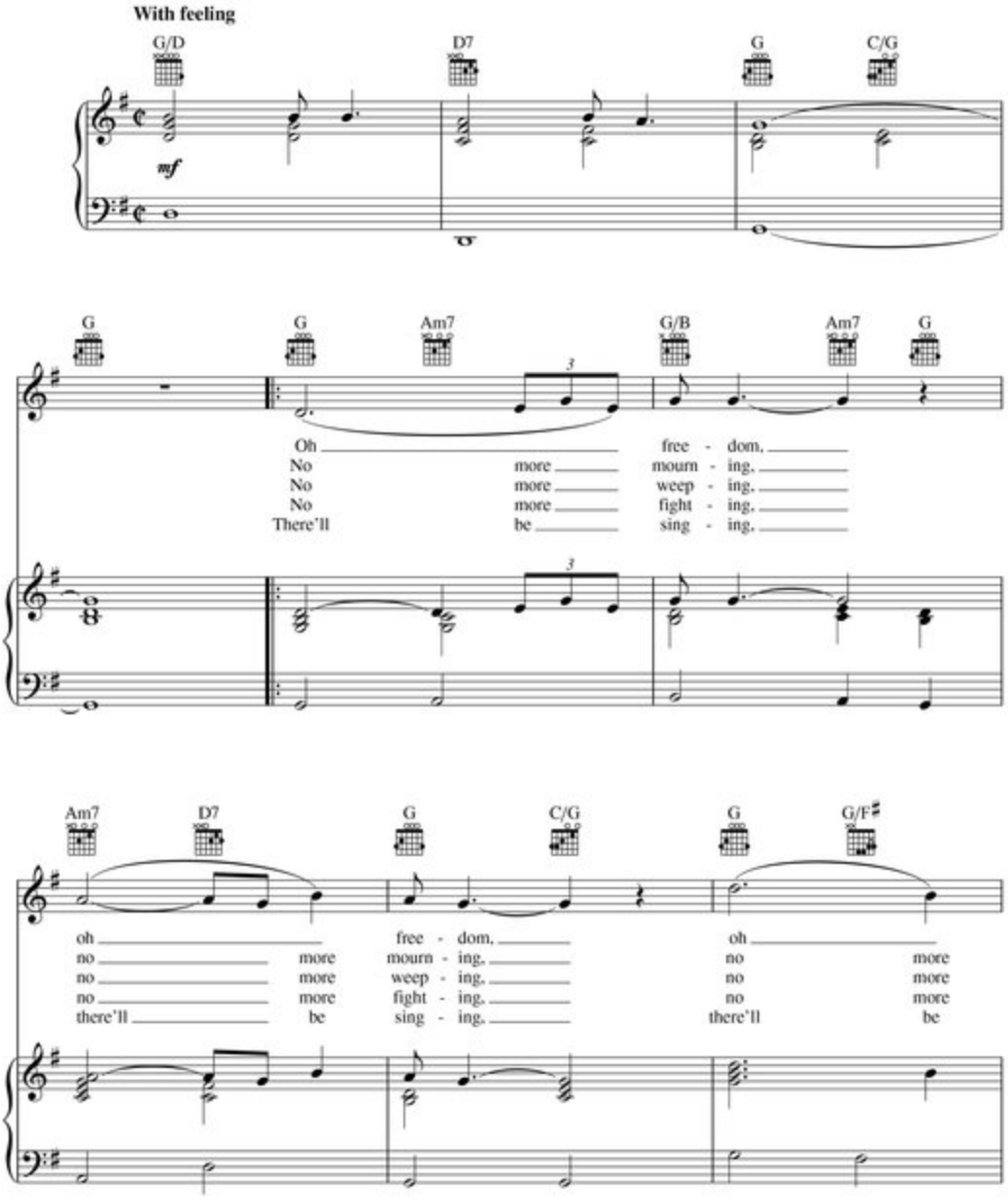
O H F R E E D O M

African-American Spiritual



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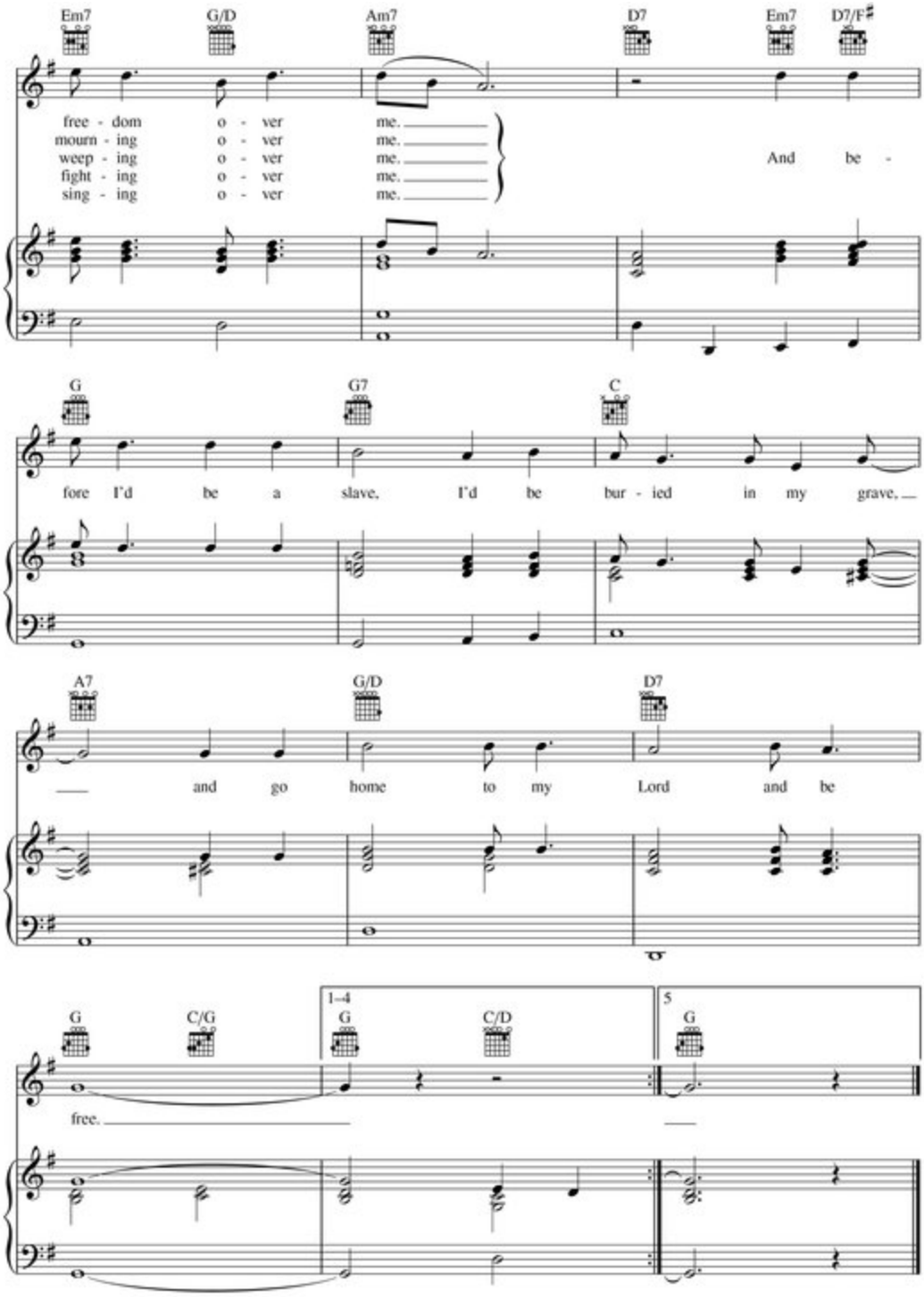

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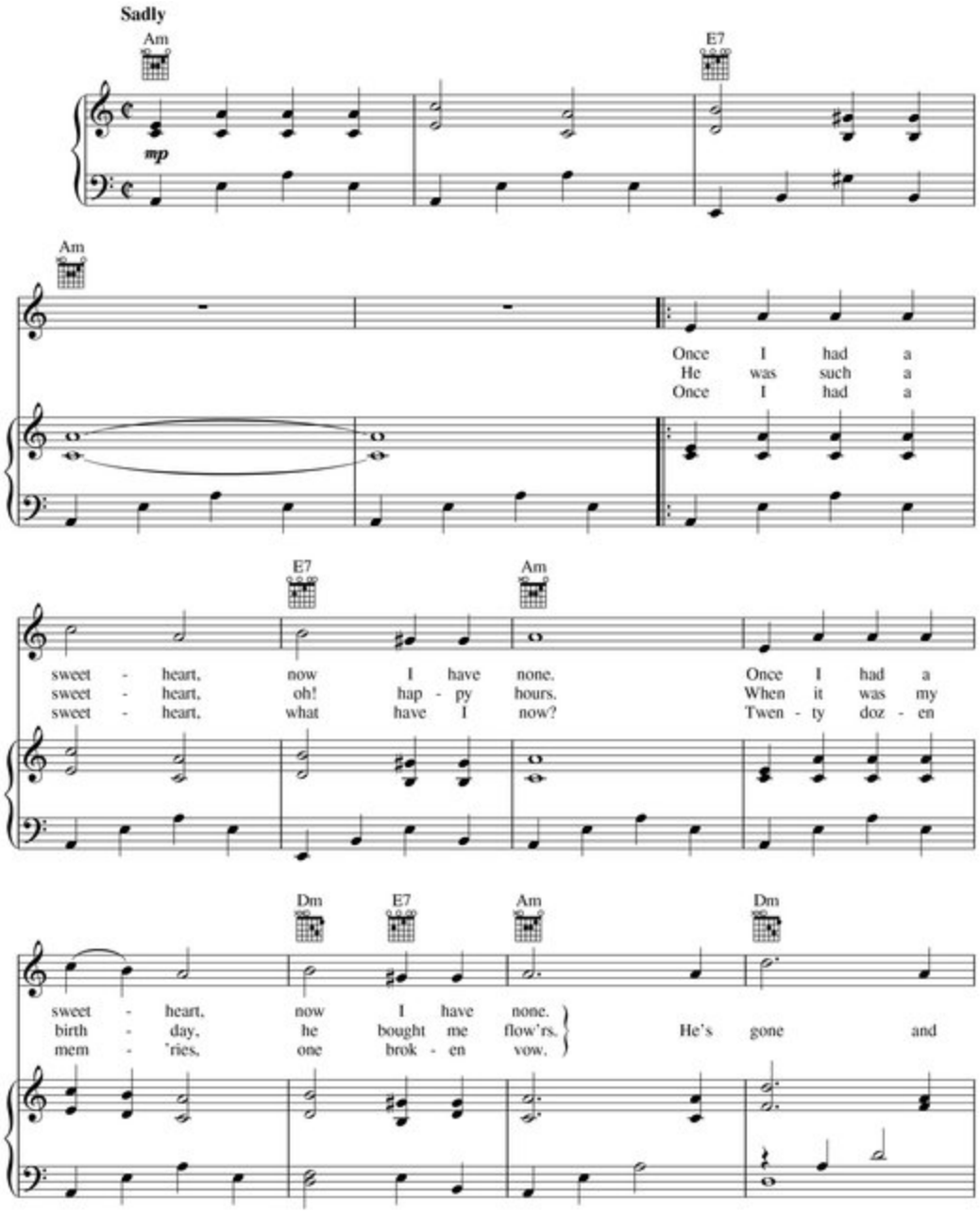
ONCE I HAD A SWEETHEART

Southern Appalachian Folksong



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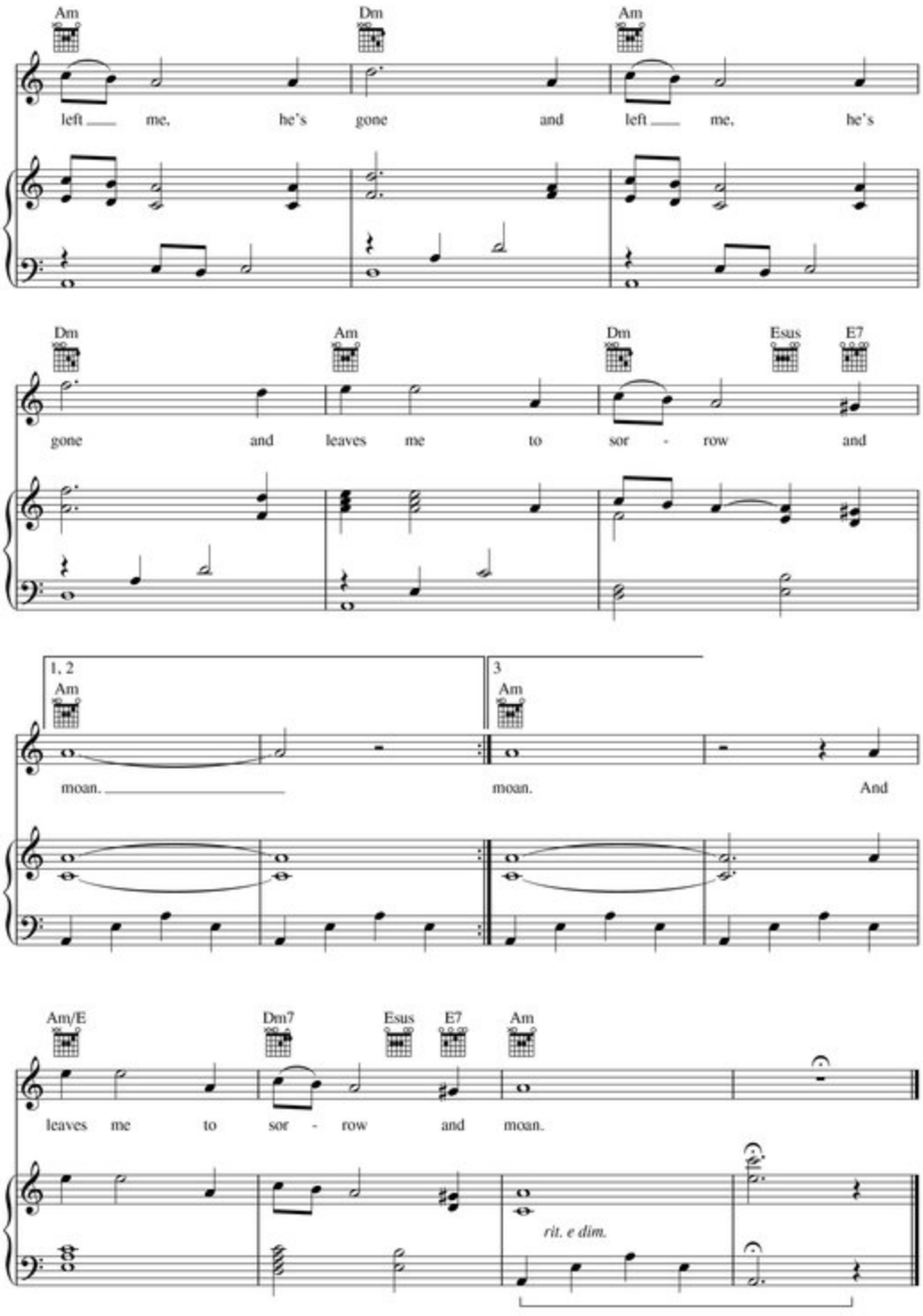

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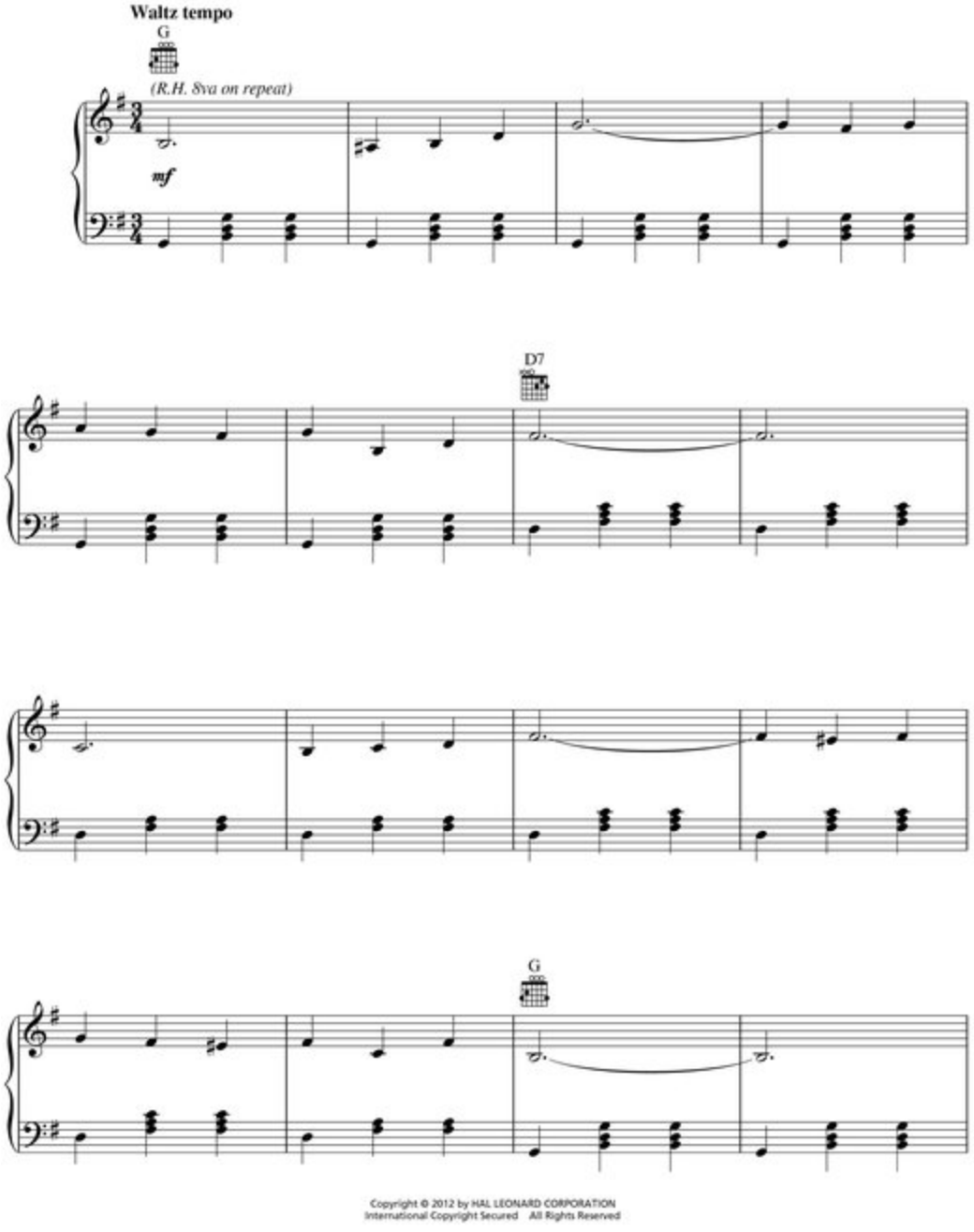
OVER THE WAVES

By JUVENTINO ROSAS



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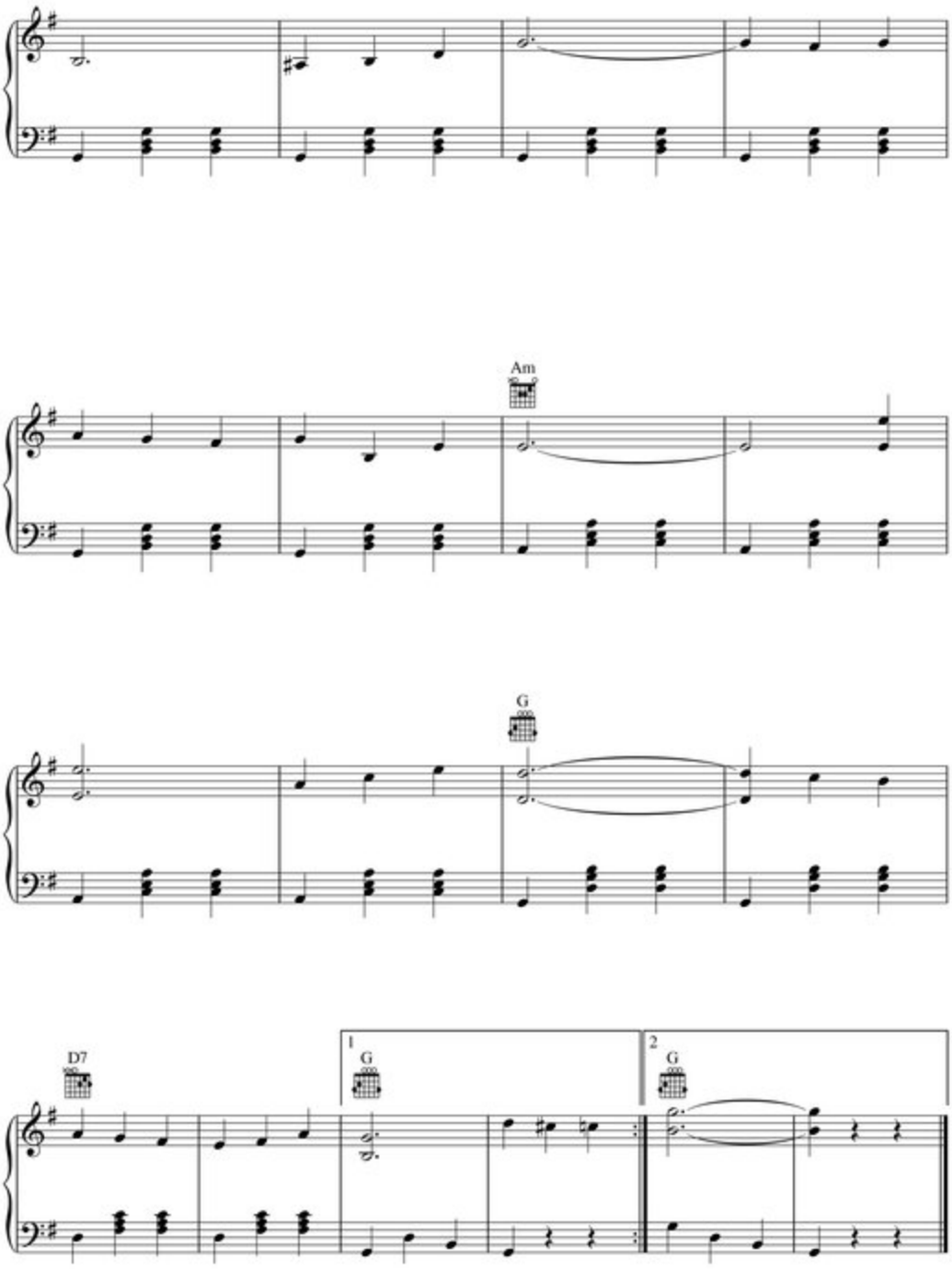

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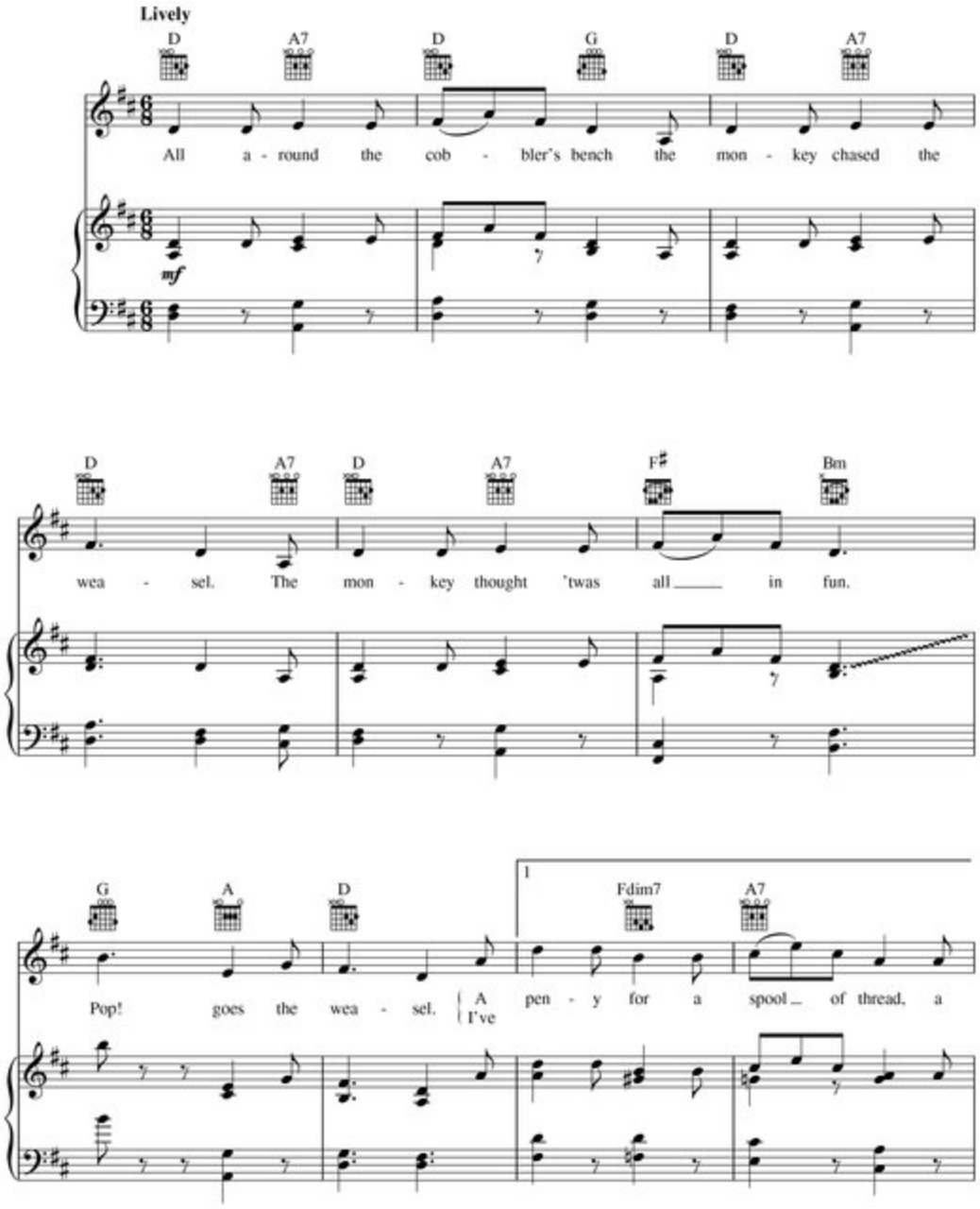
POP GOES THE WEASEL

Traditional



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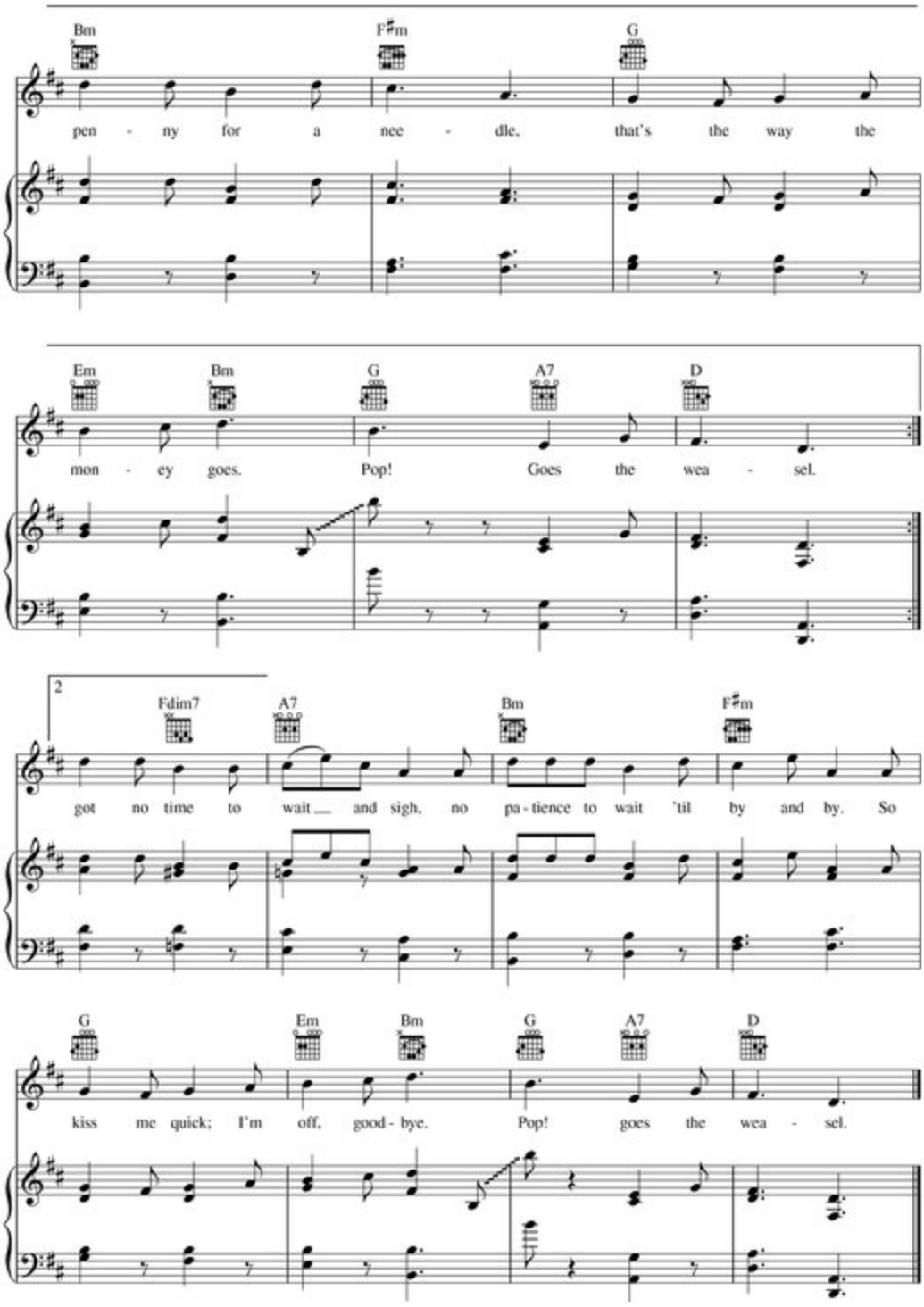

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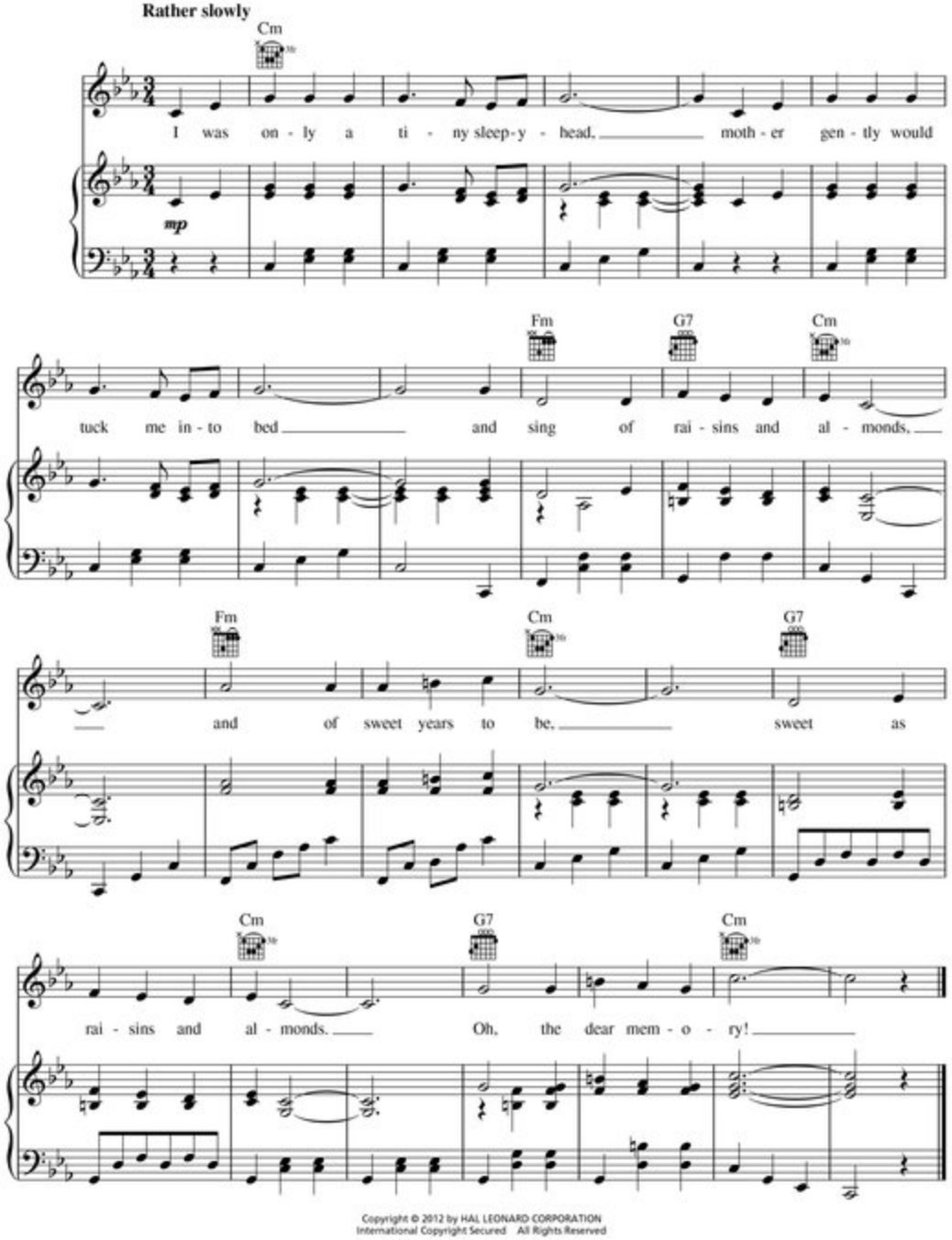
RAISINS AND ALMONDS

(Rozhinkes mit mandlen)

By ABRAHAM GOLDFADEN



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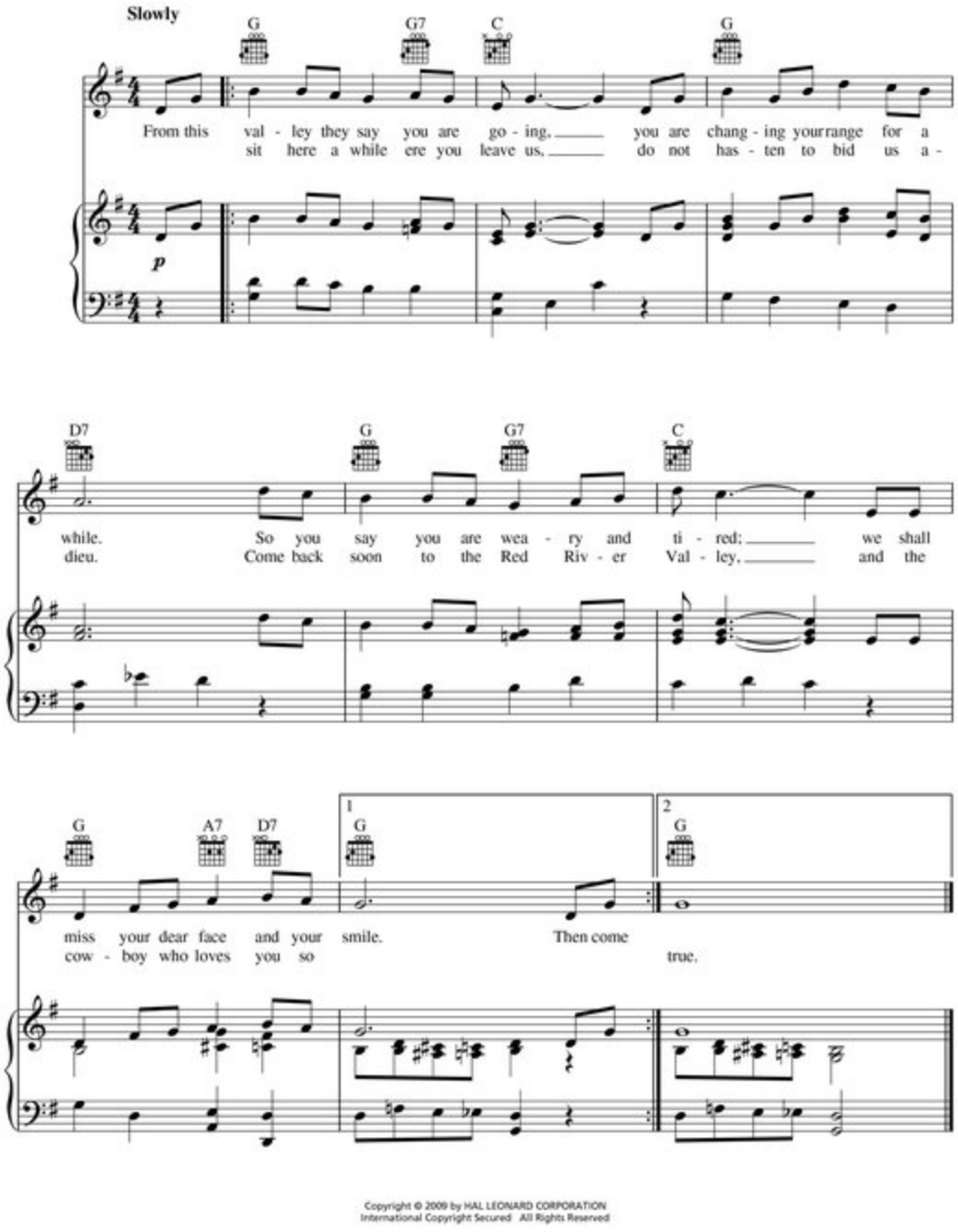
THE RED RIVER VALLEY

Traditional American Cowboy Song



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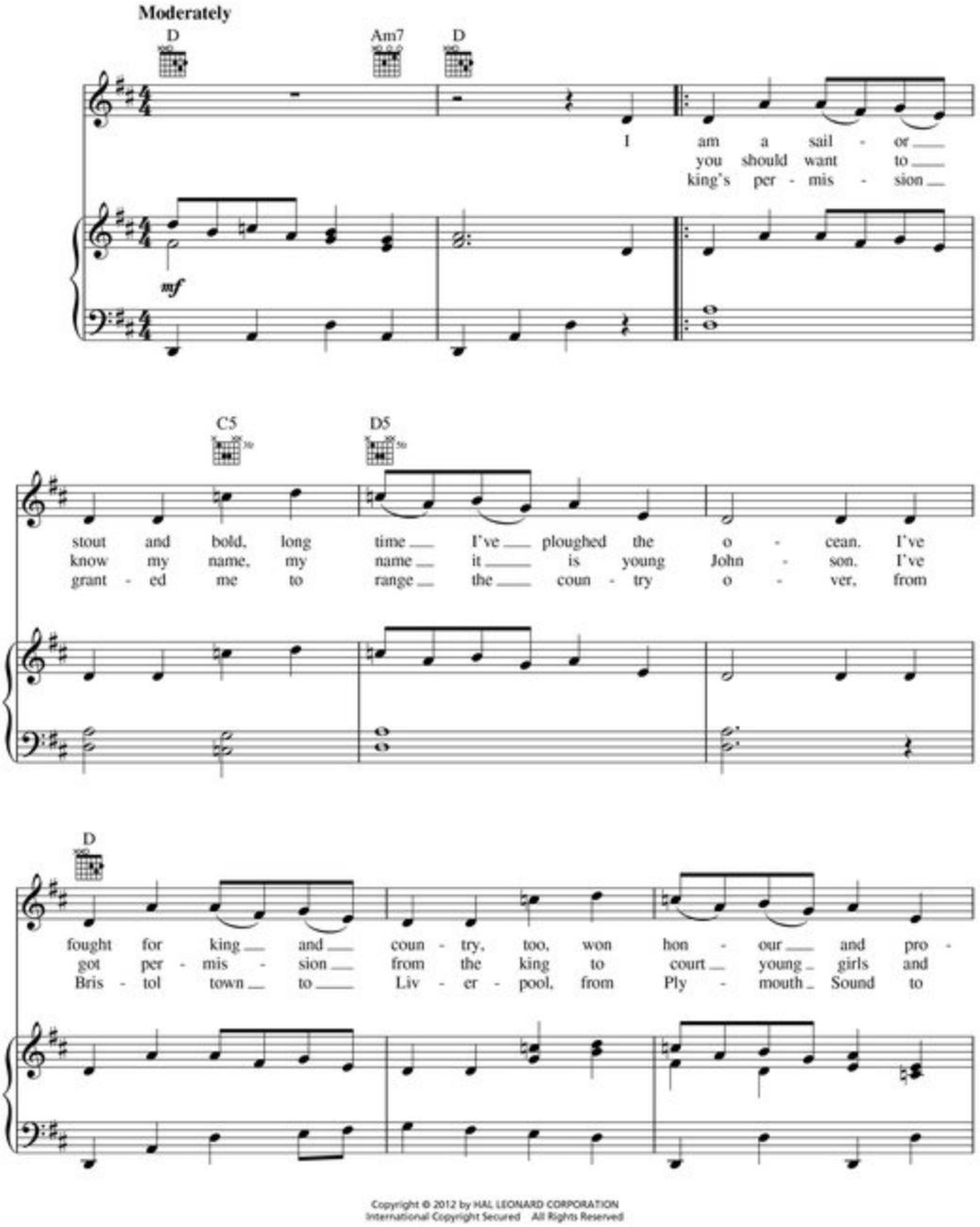
THE RAMBLING SAILOR

English Sea Chantey



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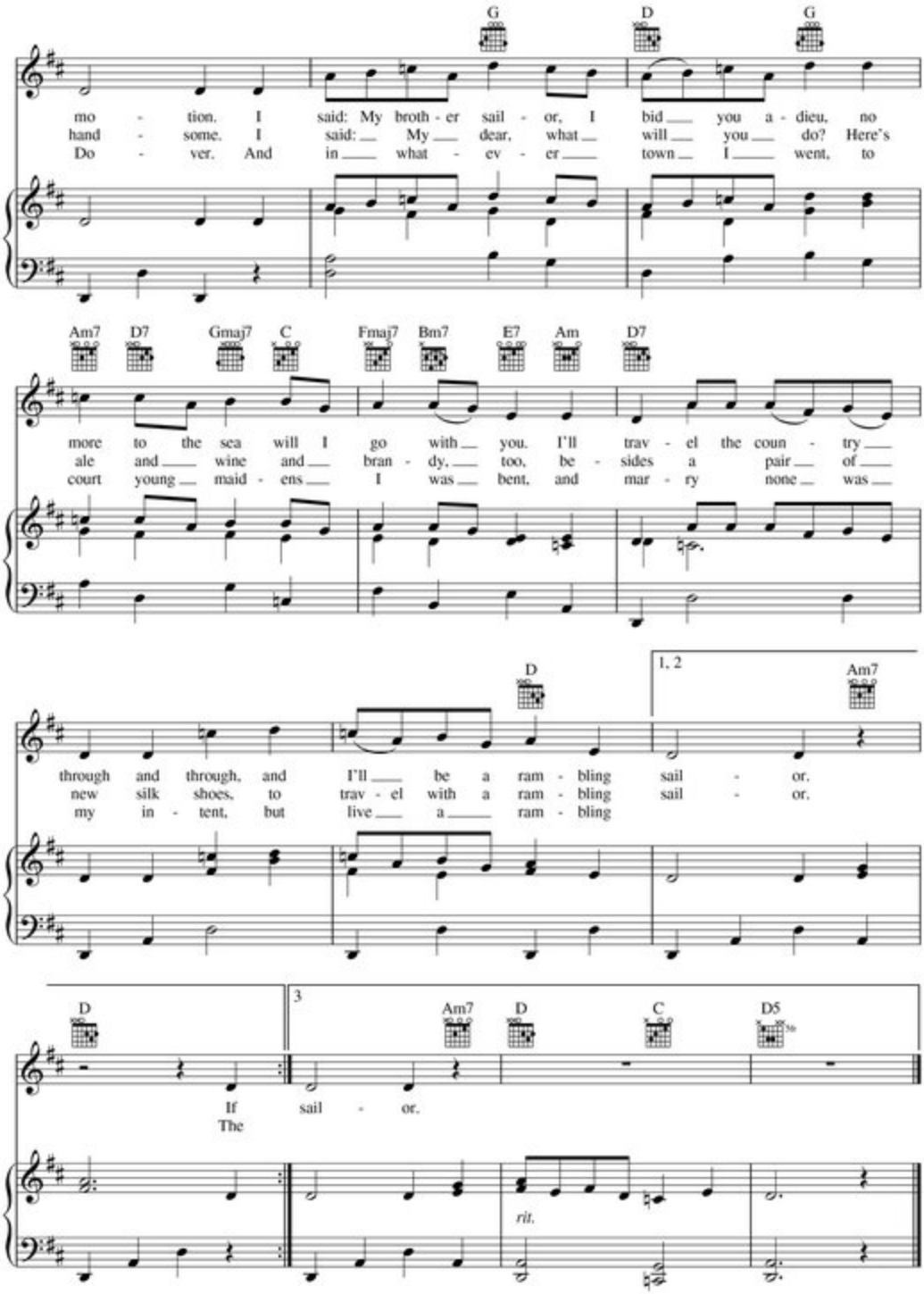

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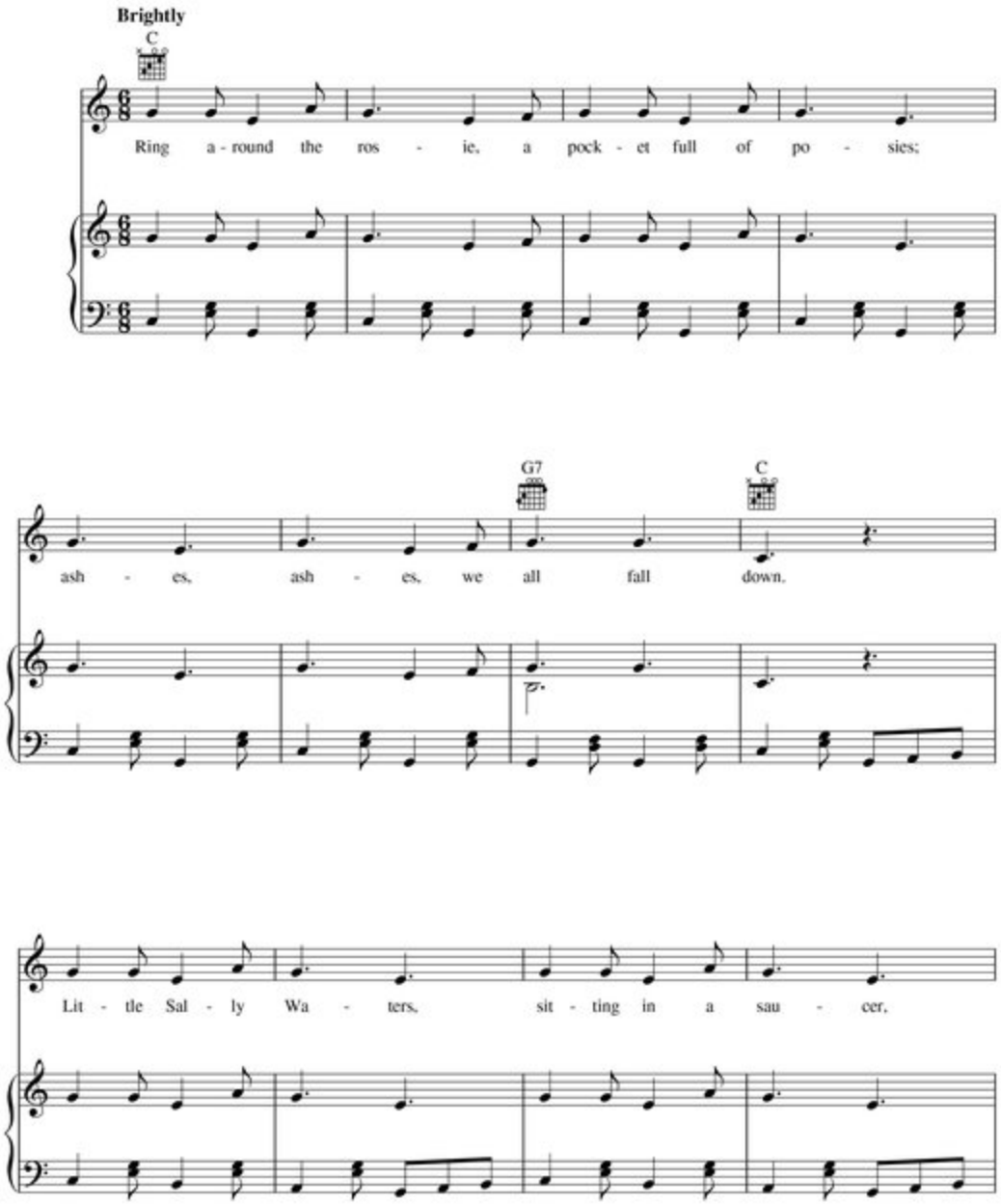
RING AROUND THE ROSIE

Traditional



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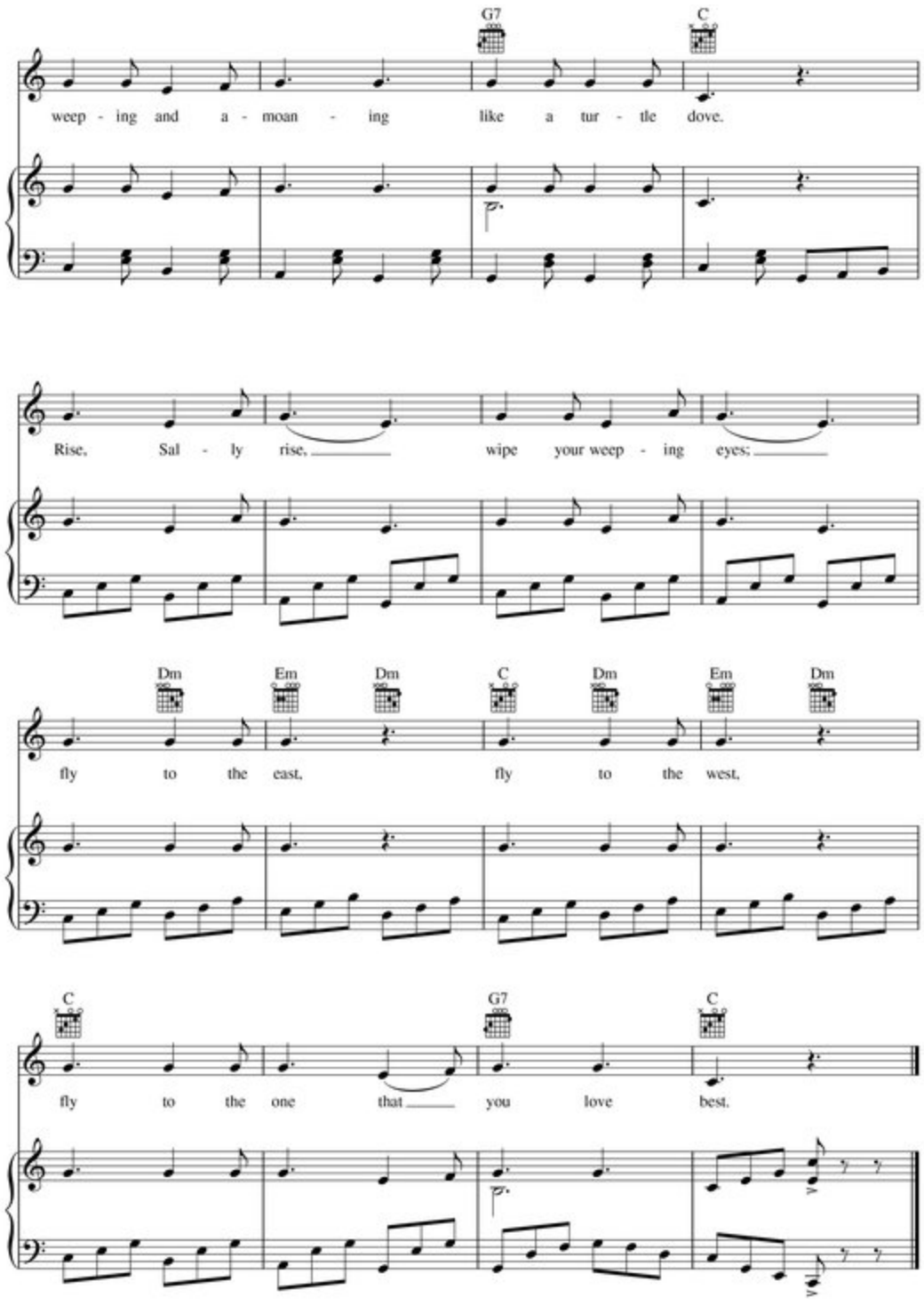

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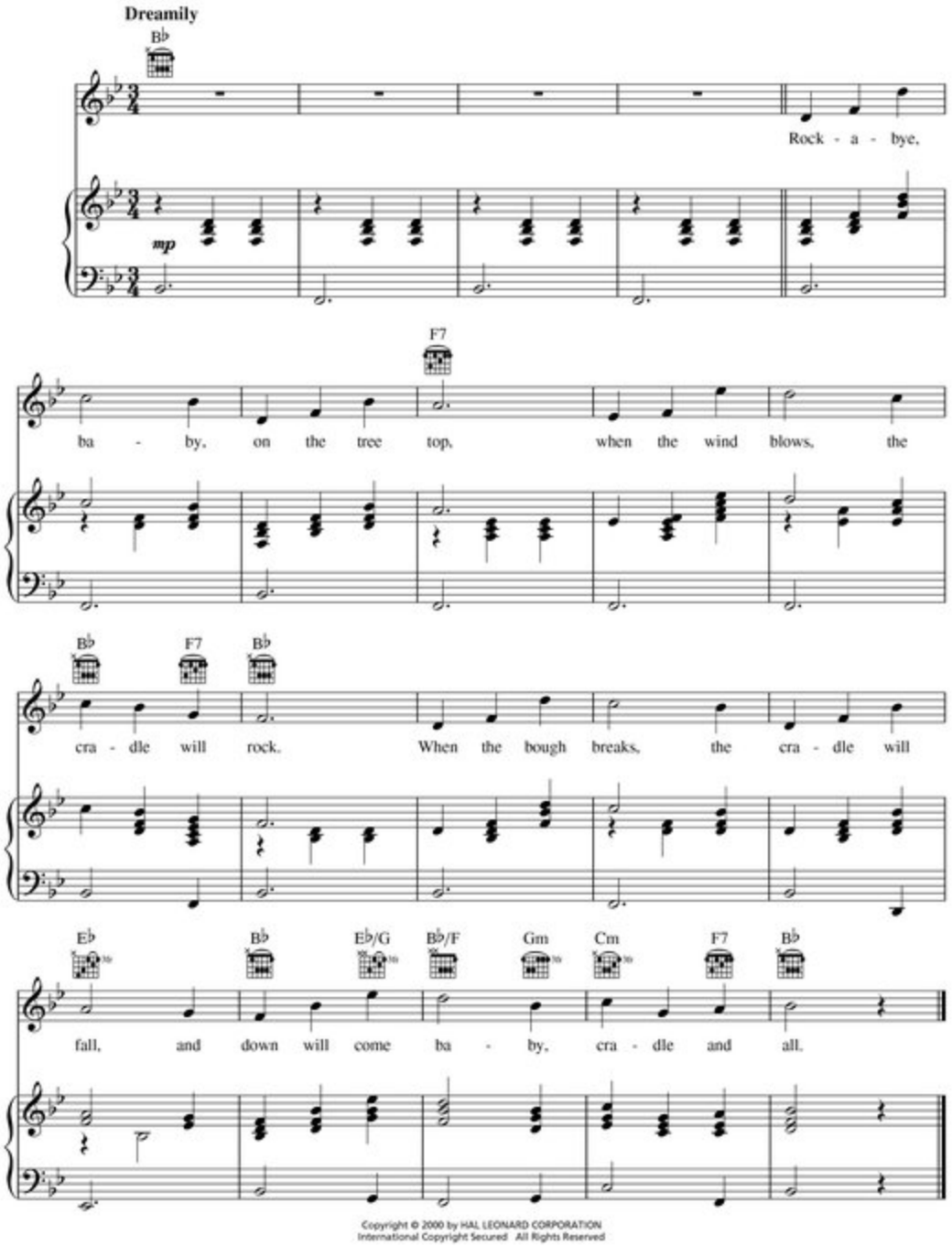
ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Traditional



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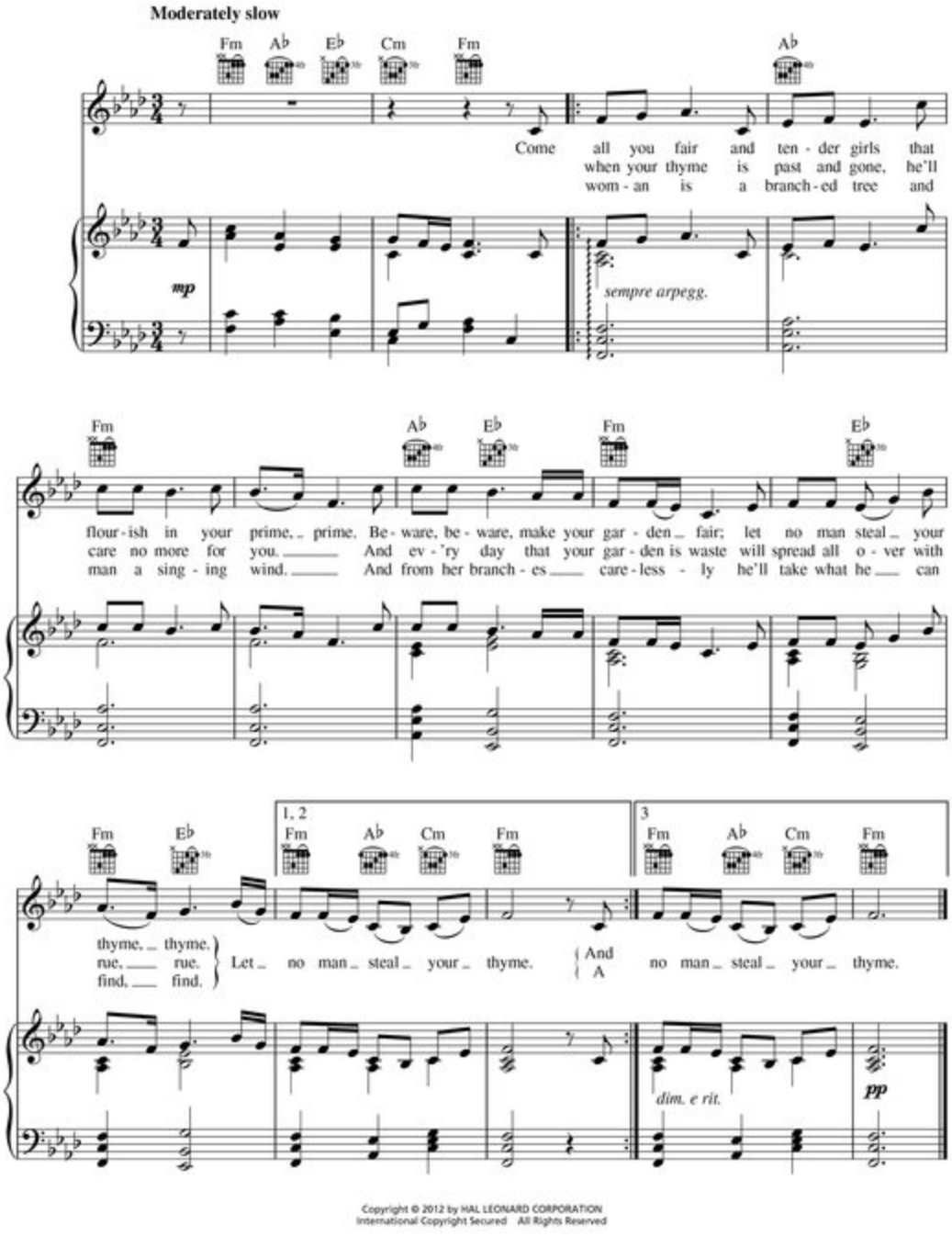
R U E

English Folksong



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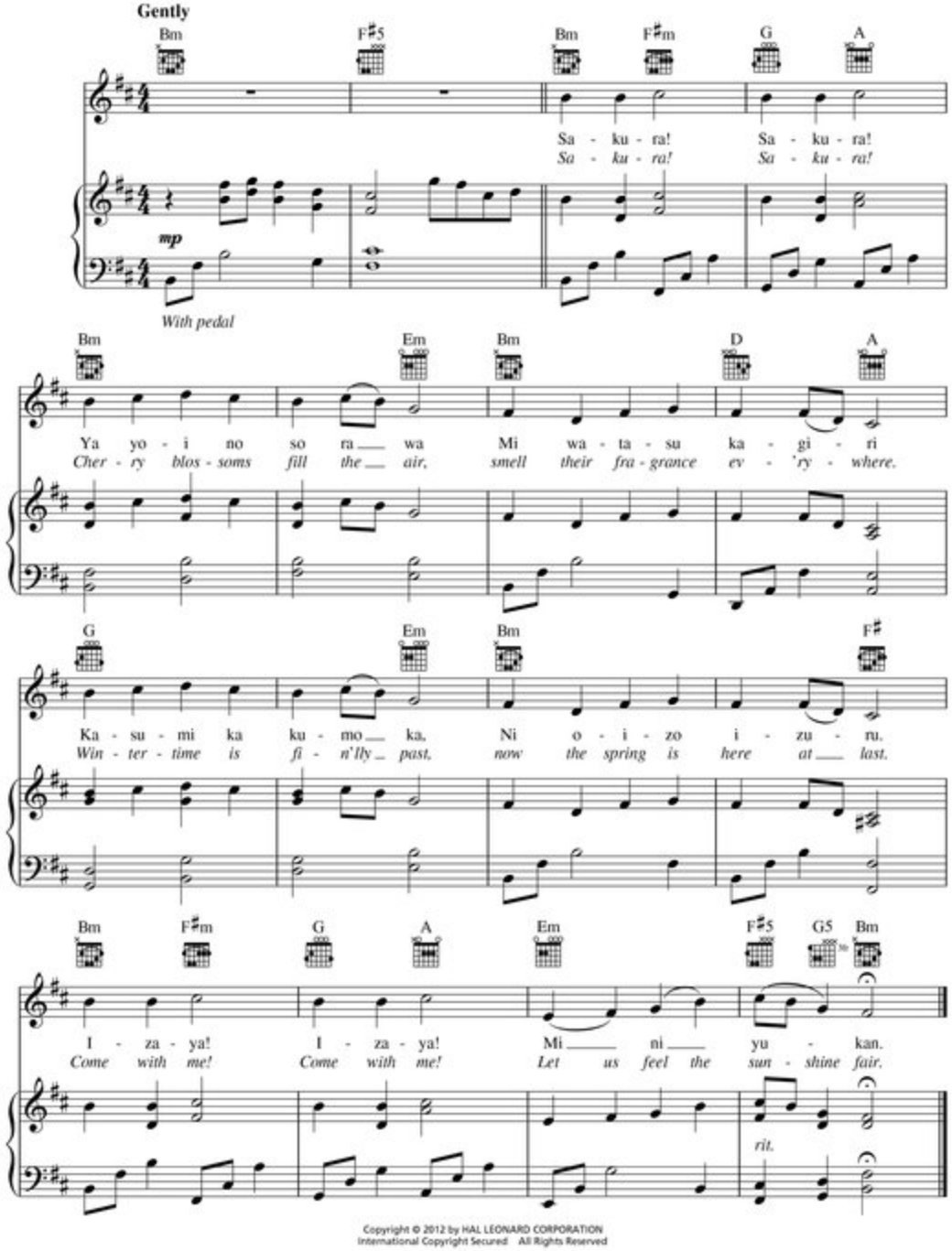
S A K U R A

(Cherry Blossoms)

Japanese Folksong



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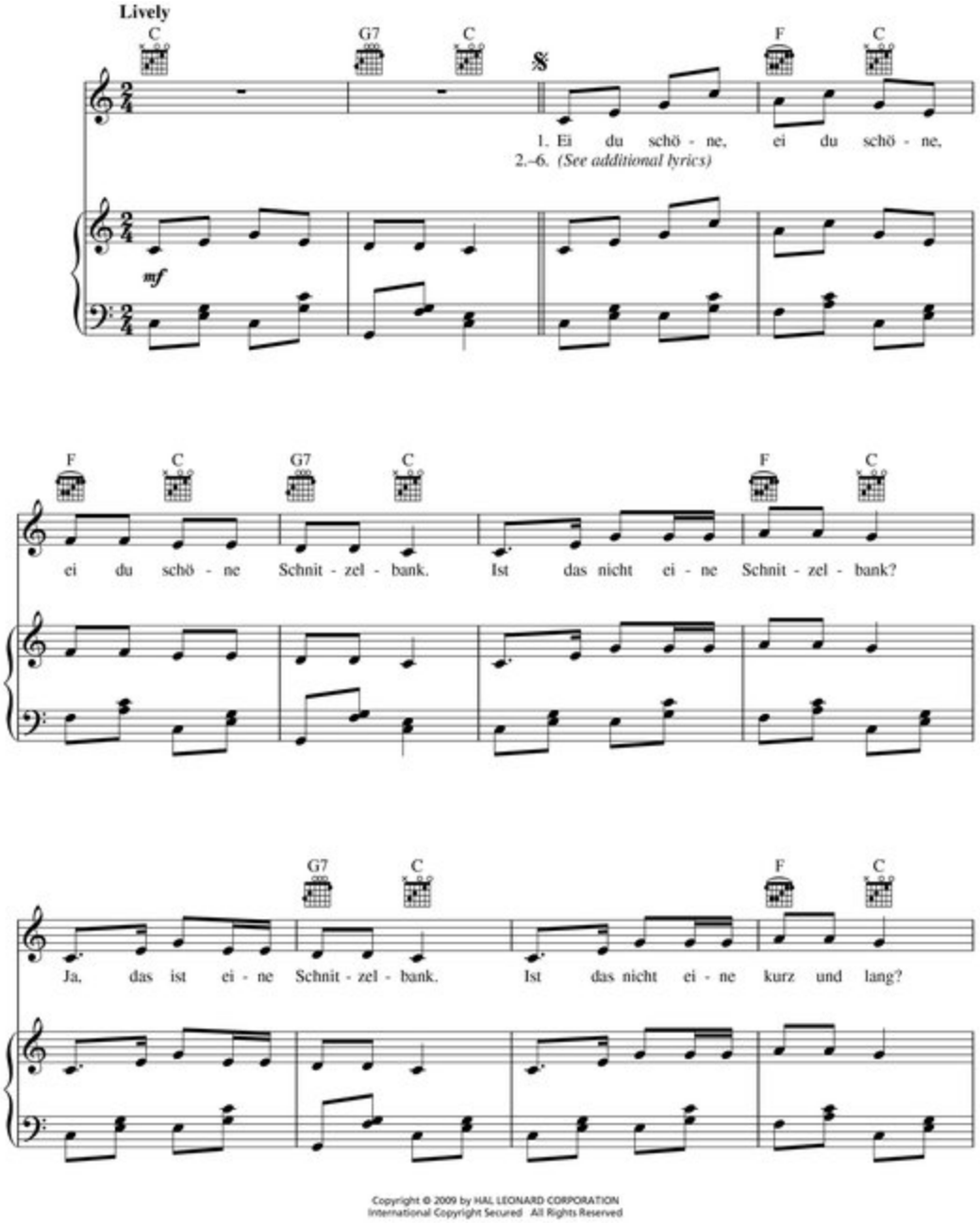
S C H N I T Z E L B A N K

German Folksong



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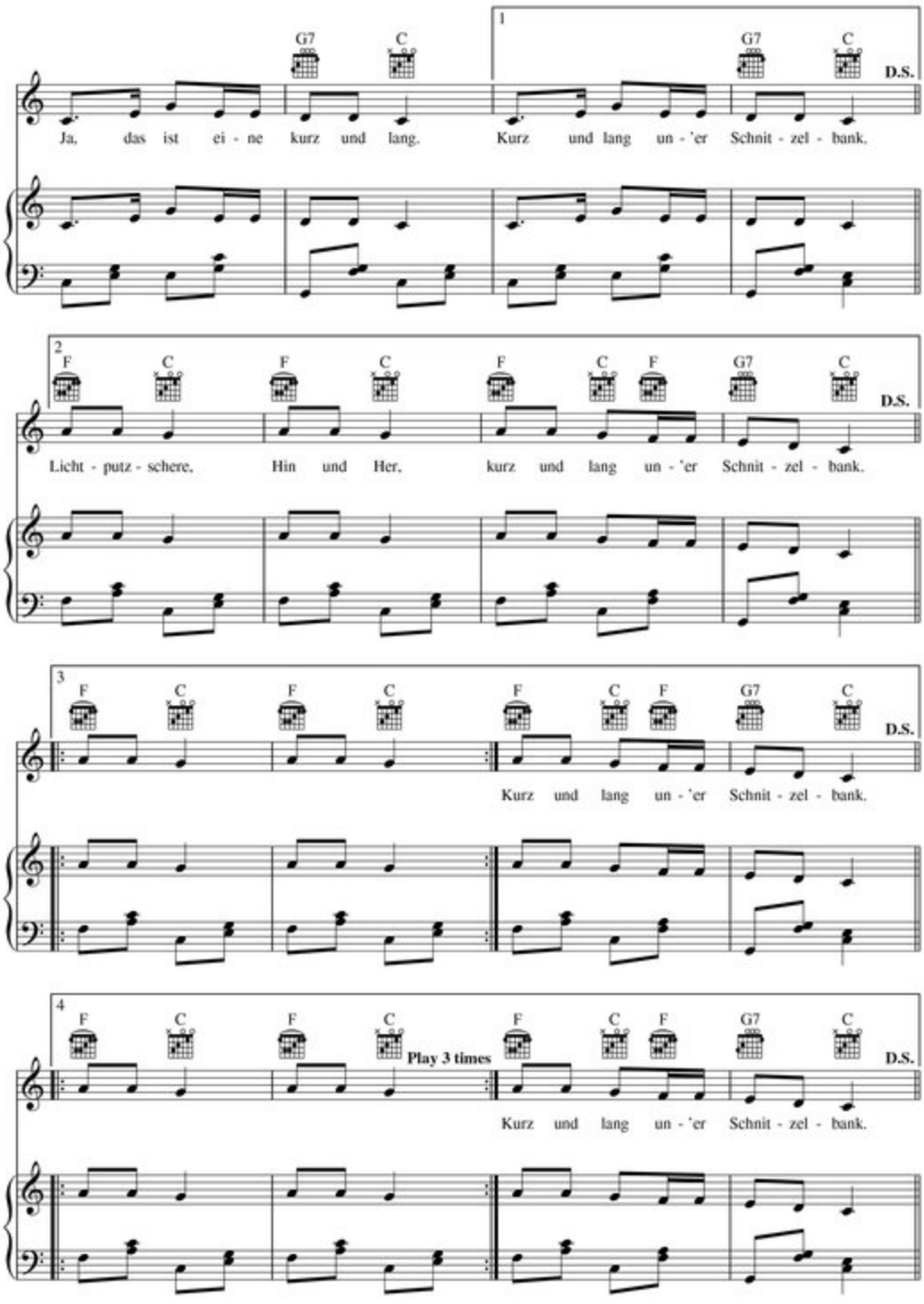
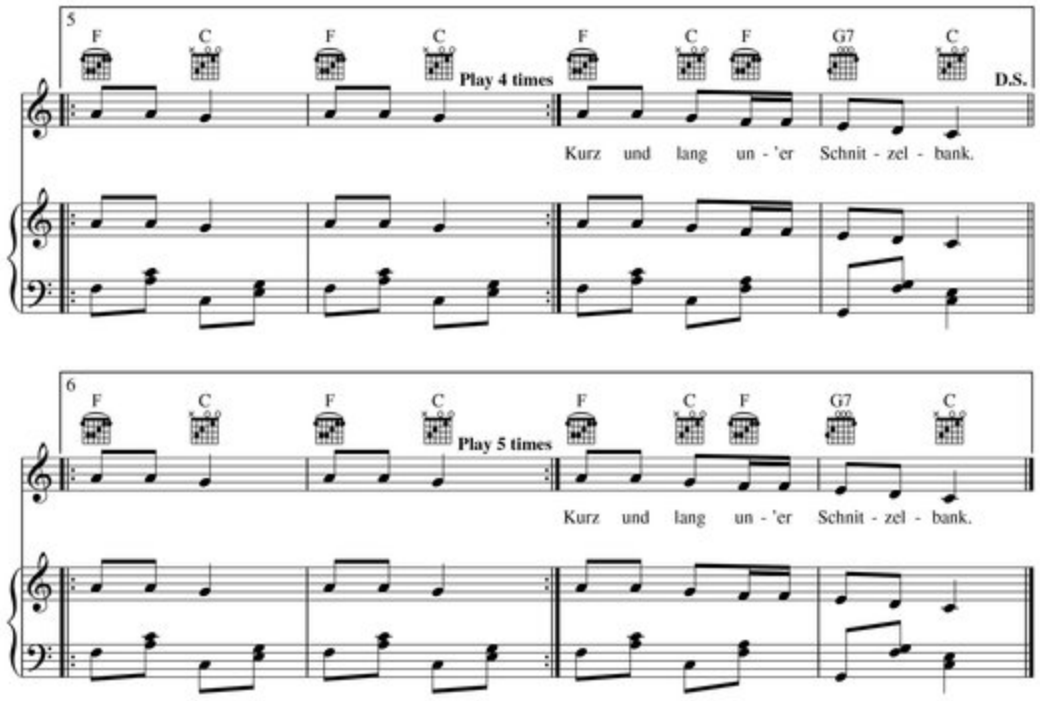

1
G7
C
G7
C
D.S.
Ja, das ist ei - ne kurz und lang.
Kurz und lang un - 'er Schnit - zel - bank.
2
F
C
F
C
F
C
F
G7
C
D.S.
Licht - putz - schere, Hin und Her, kurz und lang un - 'er Schnit - zel - bank.
3
F
C
F
C
F
C
F
G7
C
D.S.
Kurz und lang un - 'er Schnit - zel - bank.
4
F
C
F
C
Play 3 times
F
C
F
G7
C
D.S.
Kurz und lang un - 'er Schnit - zel - bank.



Additional Lyrics

2. Ei du schöne, ei du schöne,
   Ei du schöne Schnitzelbank.
   Ist das nicht ein Hin und Her?
   Ja, das ist ein Hin und Her.
   Ist das nicht eine Lichtputzschere?
   Ja, das ist eine Lichtputzschere.
   Lichtputzschere, Hin und Her,
   Kurz und lang un'er Schnitzelbank.

3. Ei du schöne, ei du schöne,
   Ei du schöne Schnitzelbank.
   Ist das nicht ein gold'ner Ring?
   Ja, das ist ein gold'ner Ring.
   Ist das nicht ein schönes Ding?
   Ja, das ist ein schönes Ding.
   Schönes Ding, gold'ner Ring, Lichtputzschere,
   Hin und Her, Kurz und lang un'er Schnitzelbank.

4. Ei du schöne, ei du schöne,
   Ei du schöne Schnitzelbank.
   Ist das nicht ein Krum und Grad?
   Ja, das ist ein Krum und Grad.
   Ist das nicht ein Wagenrad?
   Ja, das ist ein Wagenrad.
   Wagenrad, Krum und Grad,
   Schönes Ding, gold'ner Ring,
   Lichtputzschere, Hin und Her,
   Kurz und lang un'er Schnitzelbank.

5. Ei du schöne, ei du schöne,
   Ei du schöne Schnitzelbank.
   Ist das nicht ein Geisenbock?
   Ja, das ist ein Geisenbock.
   Ist das nicht ein Reifenrock?
   Ja, das ist ein Reifenrock.
   Reifenrock, Geisenbock, Wagenrad,
   Krum und Grad, Schönes Ding,
   Gold'ner Ring, Lichtputzschere, Hin und Her,
   Kurz und lang un'er Schnitzelbank.

6. Ei du schöne, ei du schöne,
   Ei du schöne Schnitzelbank.
   Ist das nicht eine gute Wurst?
   Ja, das ist eine gute Wurst.
   Ist das nicht ein großer Durst?
   Ja, das ist ein großer Durst.
   Großer Durst, gute Wurst,
   Reifenrock, Geisenbock, Wagenrad,
   Krum und Grad, Schönes Ding,
   Gold'ner Ring, Lichtputzschere, Hin und Her,
   Kurz und lang un'er Schnitzelbank.

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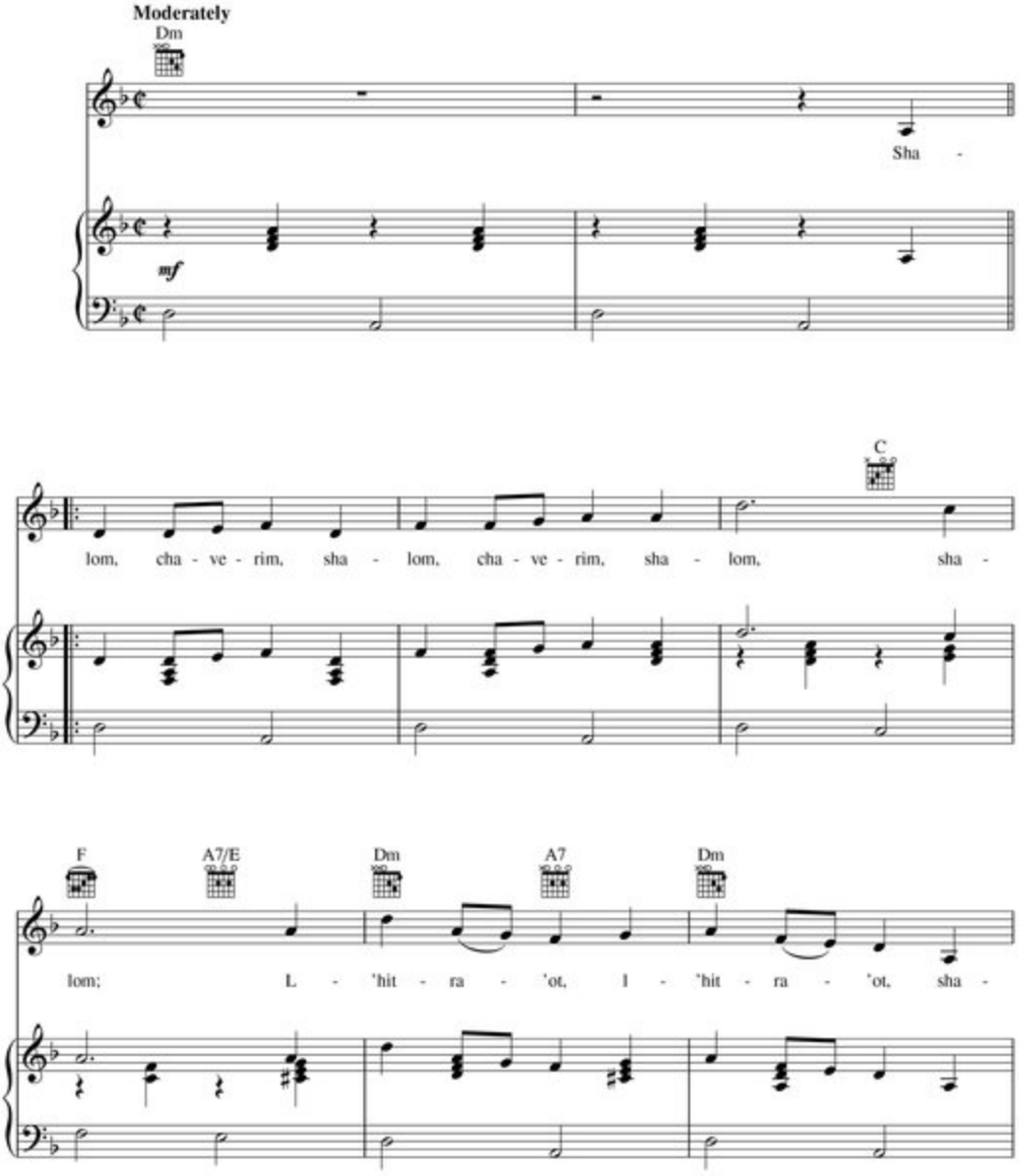
SHALOM, CHAVERIM

(Shalom, Friends)

Traditional Hebrew Round



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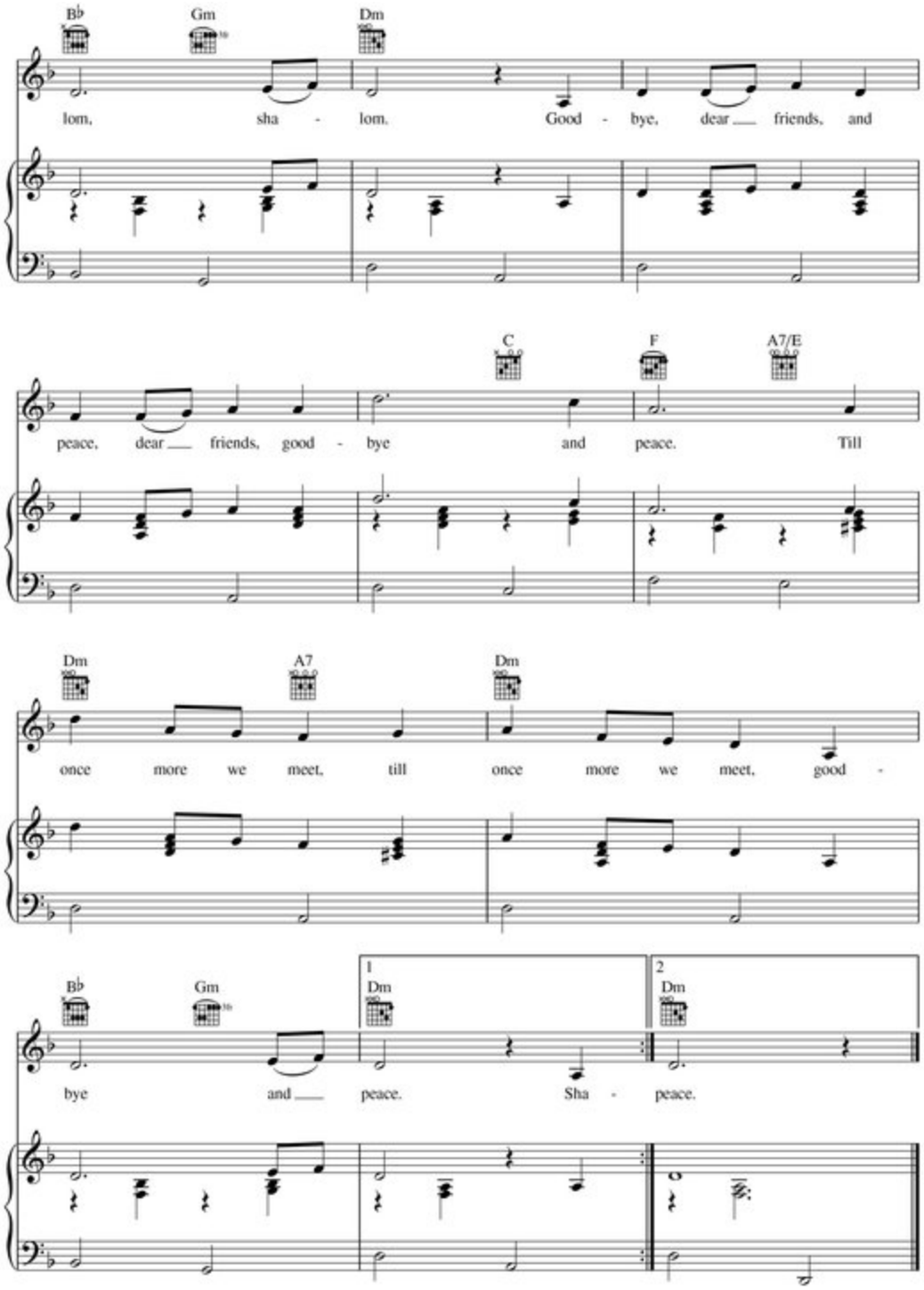

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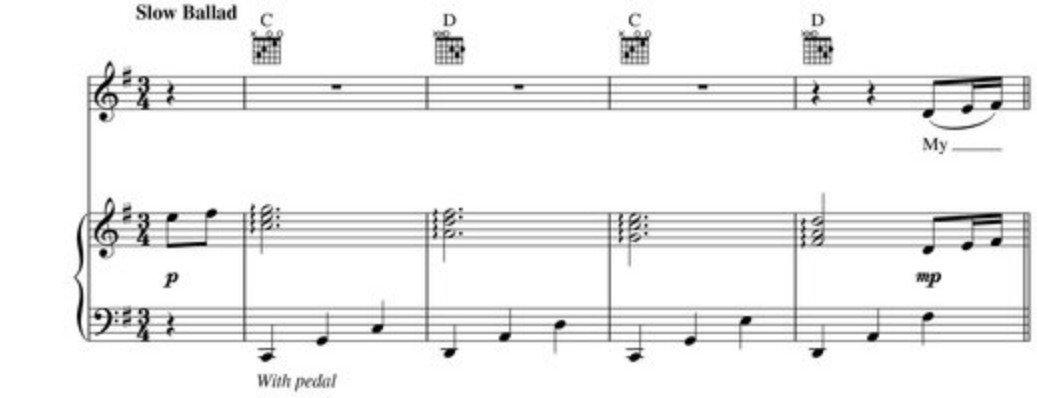
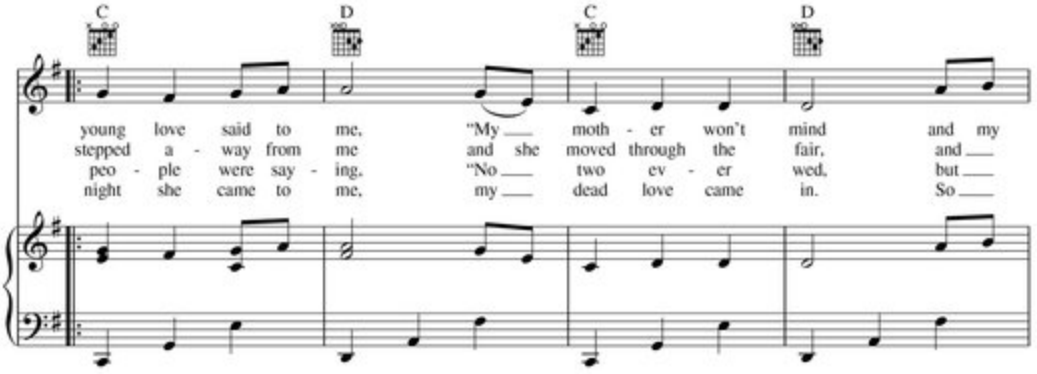
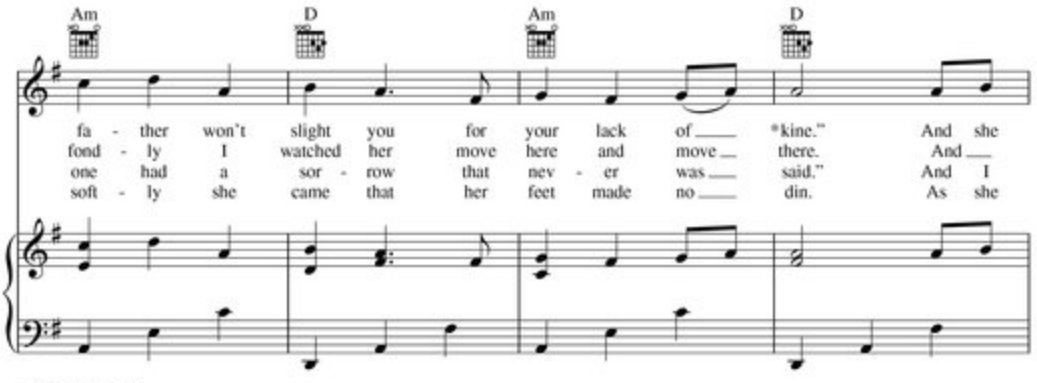
SHE MOVED THROUGH THE FAIR

Words by PADRAIC COLUM
Traditional Irish Melody







* kine = money

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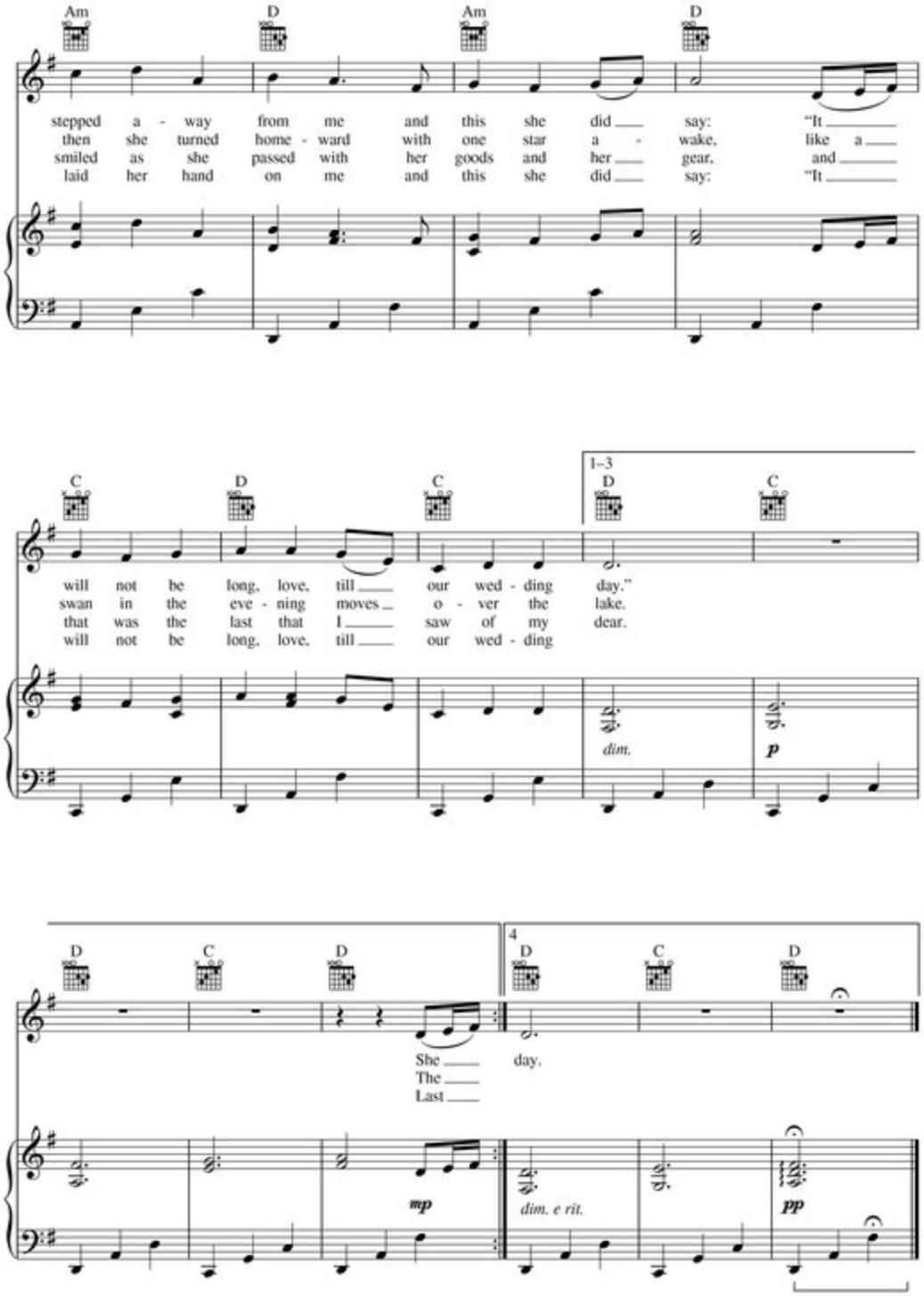

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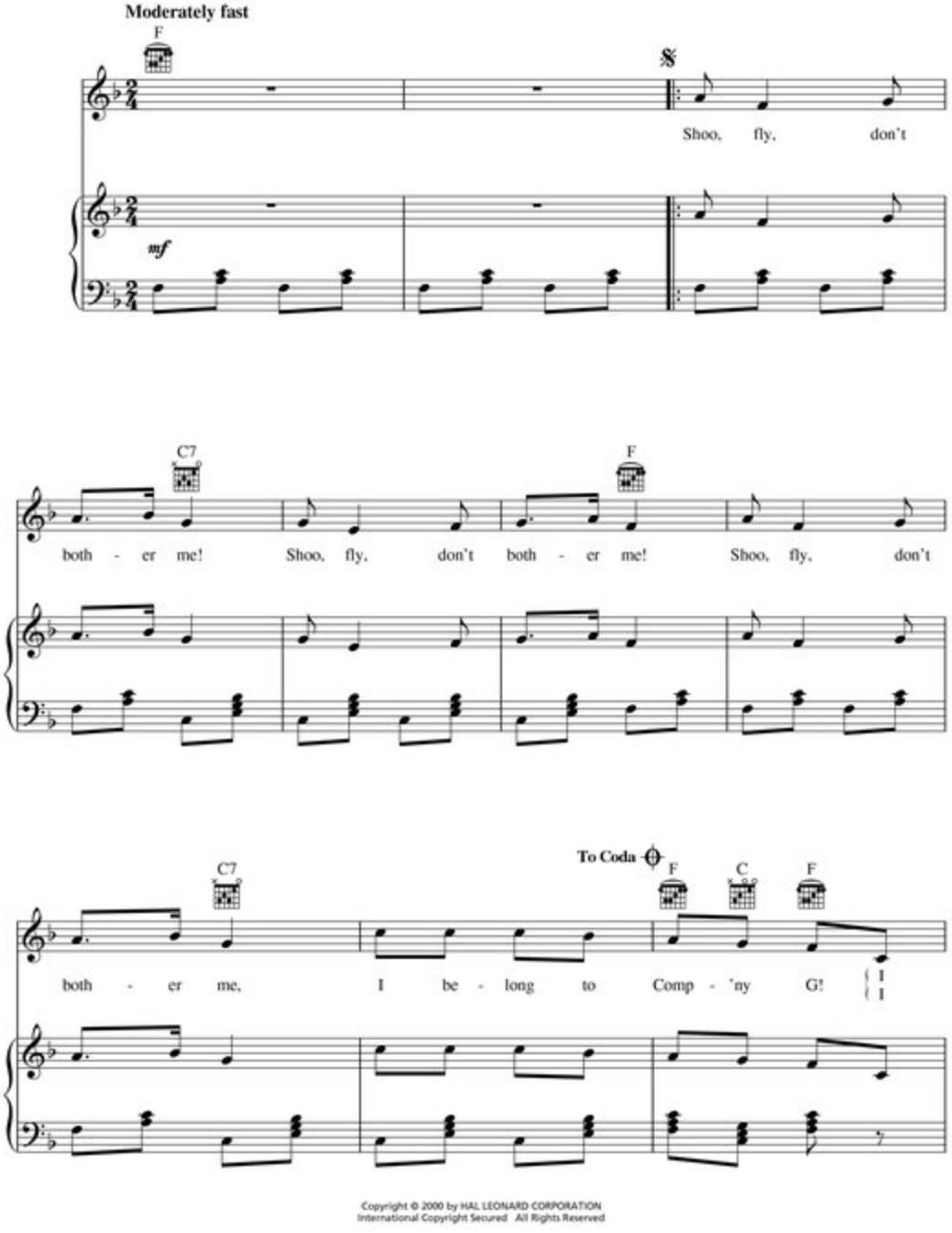
SHOO FLY, DON'T BOTHER ME

Words by BILLY REEVES
Music by FRANK CAMPBELL



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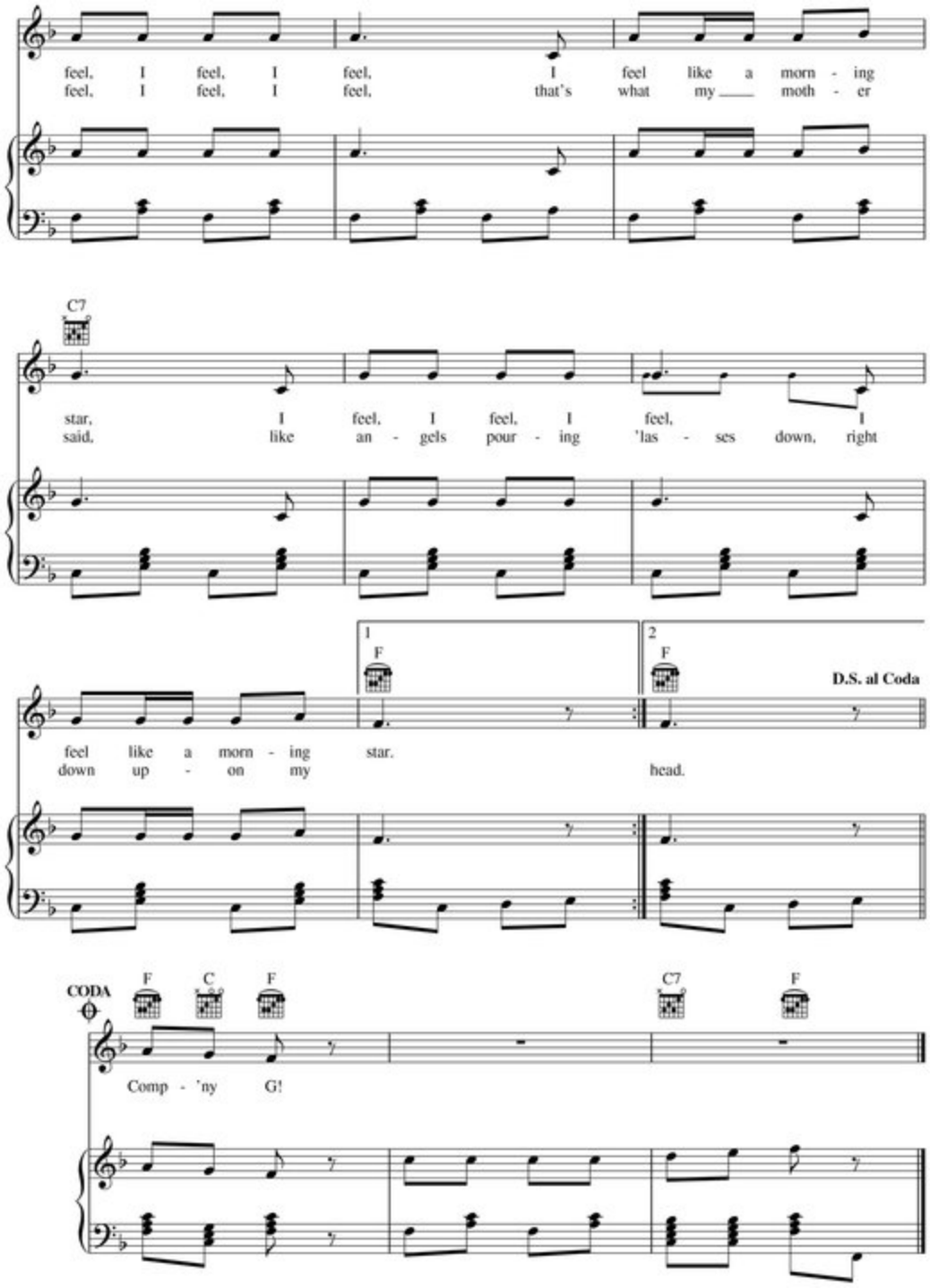

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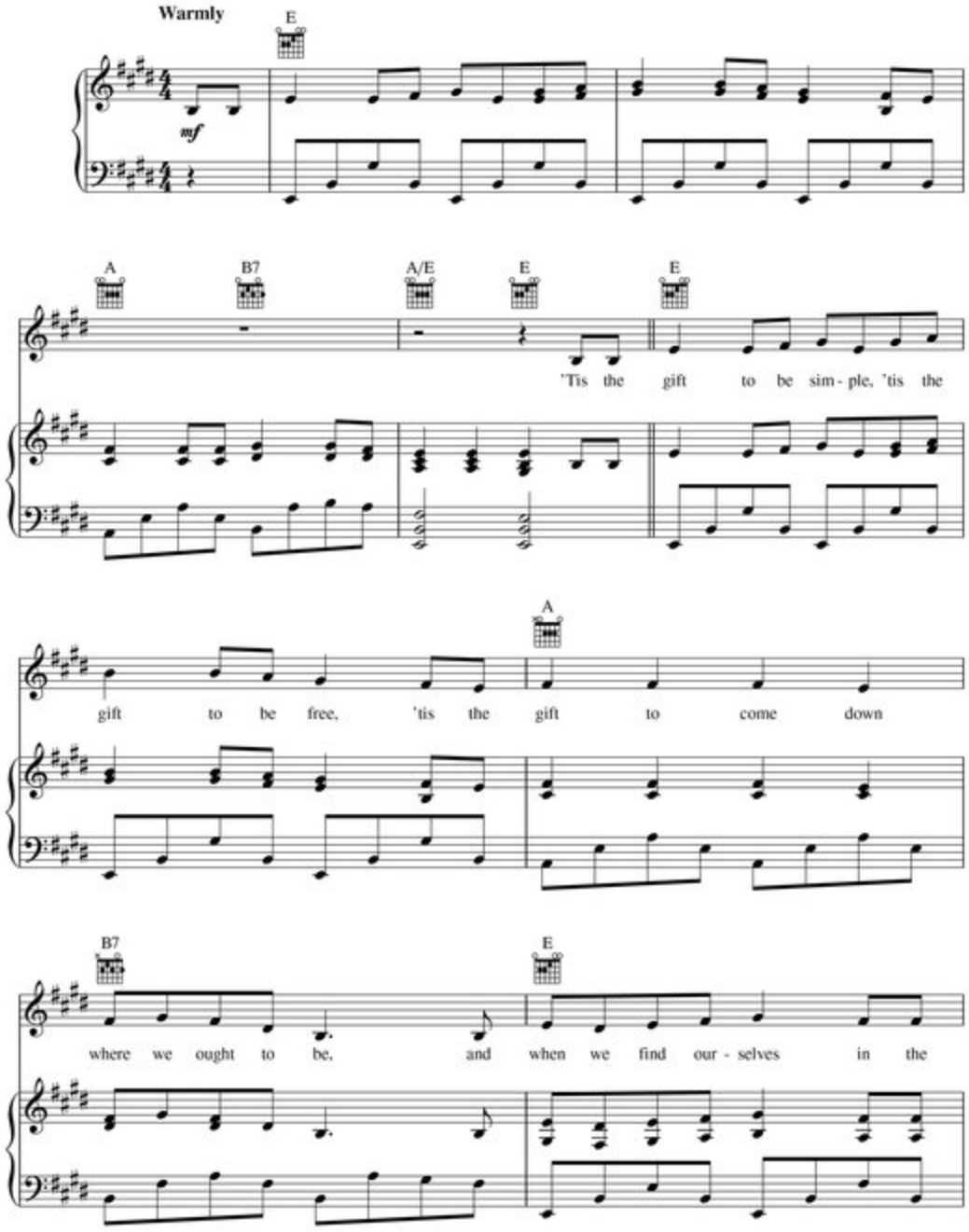
SIMPLE GIFTS

Traditional Shaker Hymn



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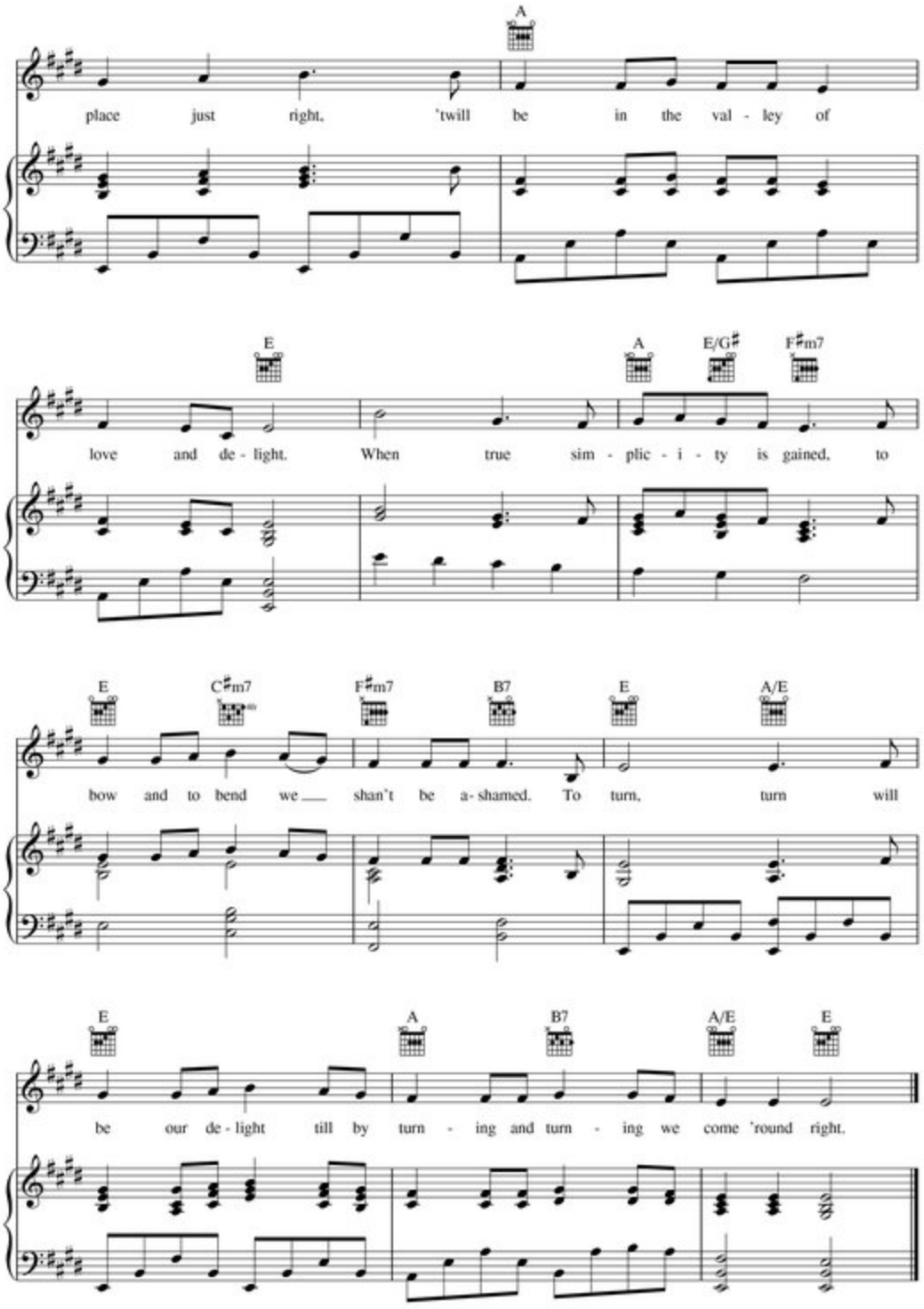

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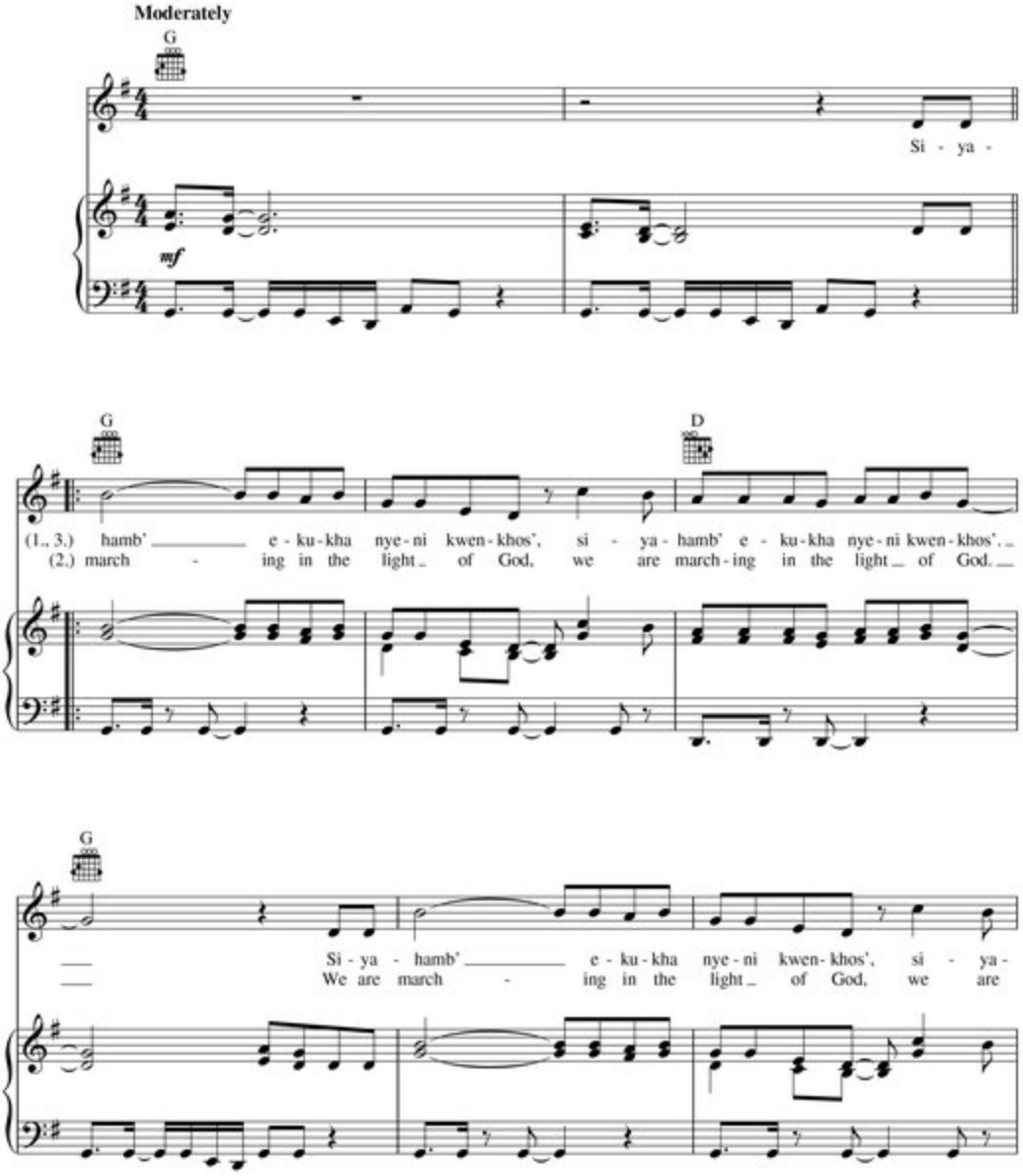
S I Y A H A M B A

(We Are Marching in the Light of God)

South African Traditional



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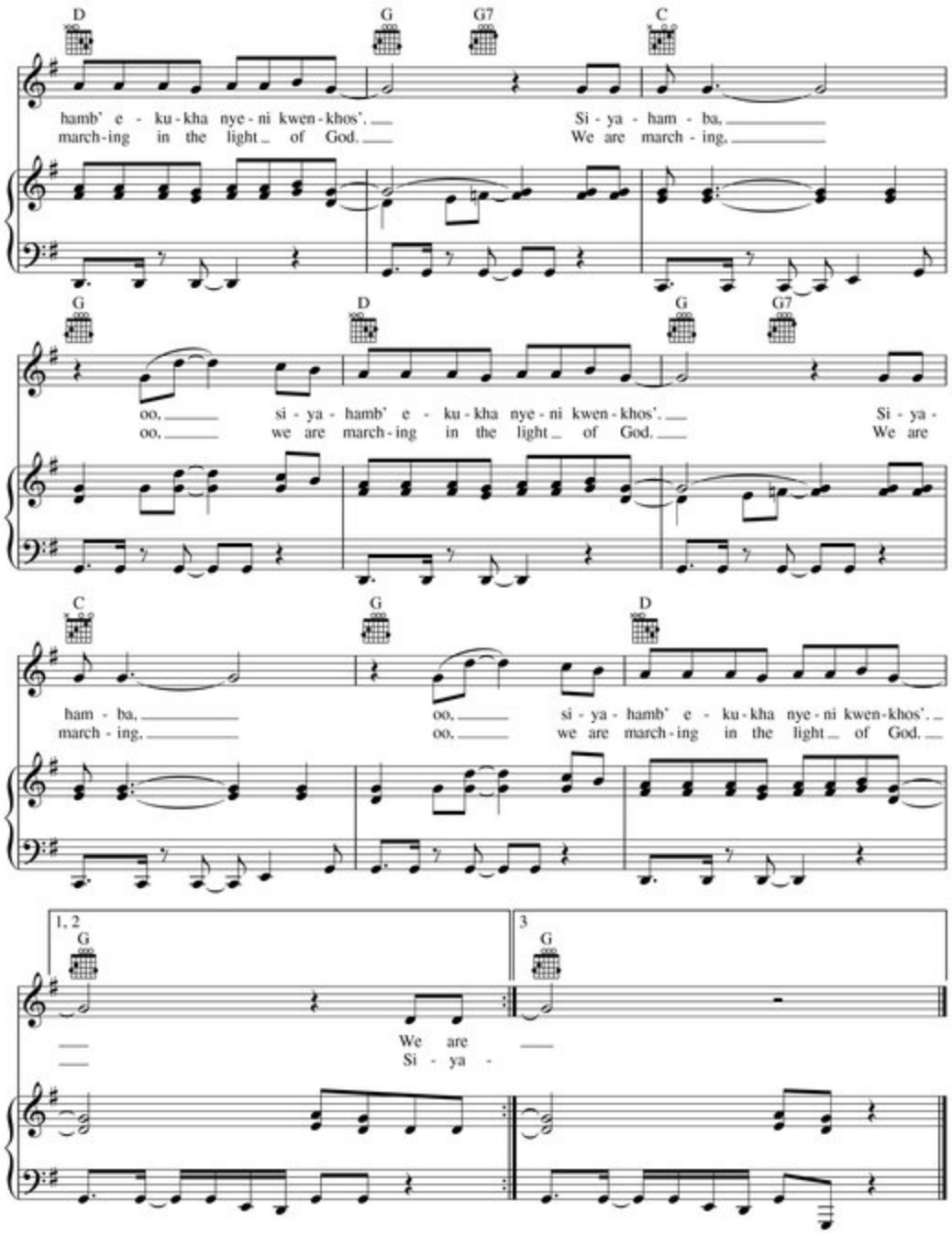

Pronunciation Guide

Siyahamba = see-yah-hahm-bah
Ekukha = eh-koo-kah
Nyeni = n_yeh-nee
Kwenkhos' = kwen-k s

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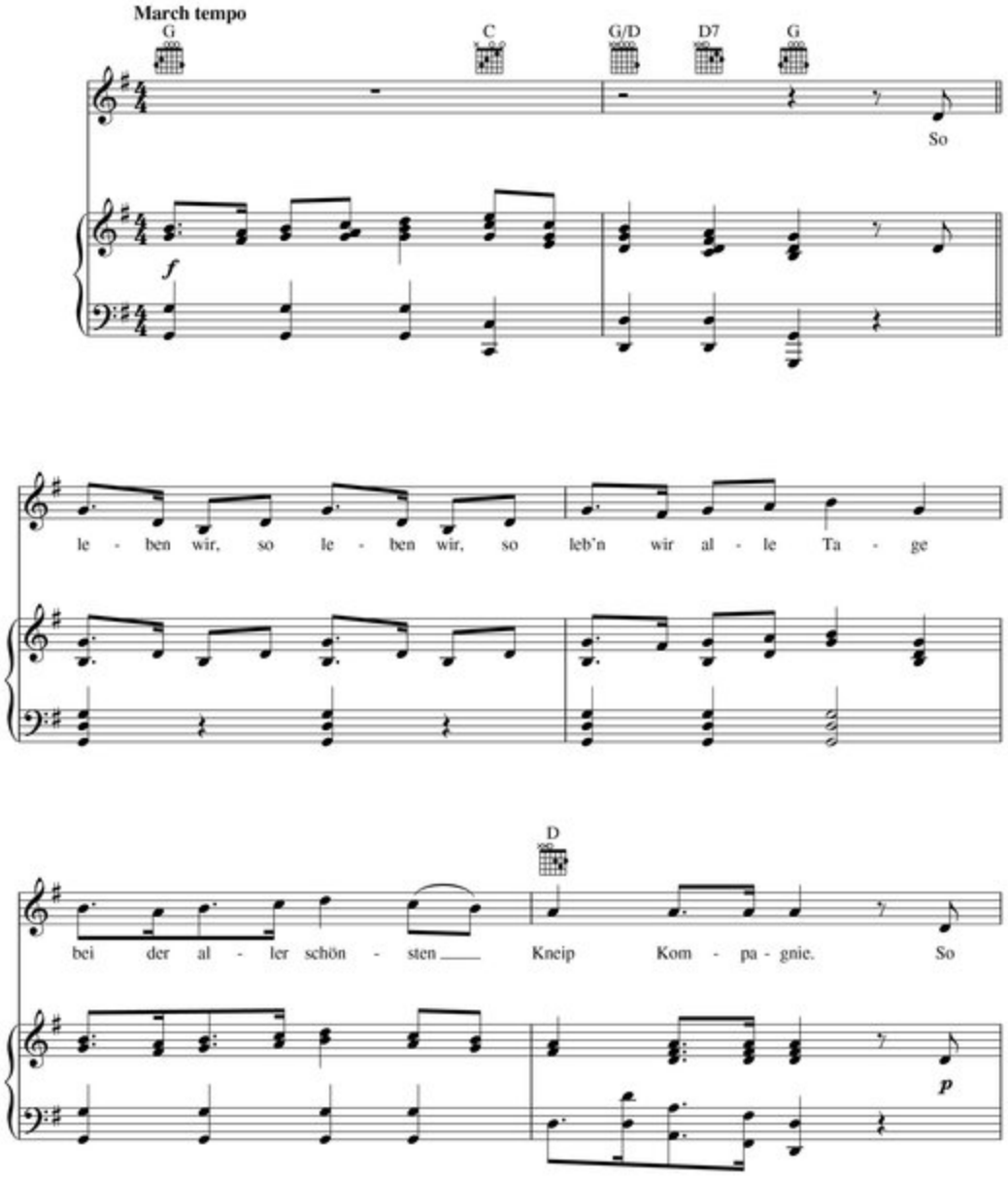
SO LEBEN WIR

(Long Live the Man)

Words anonymous
"Dessau March," 1706



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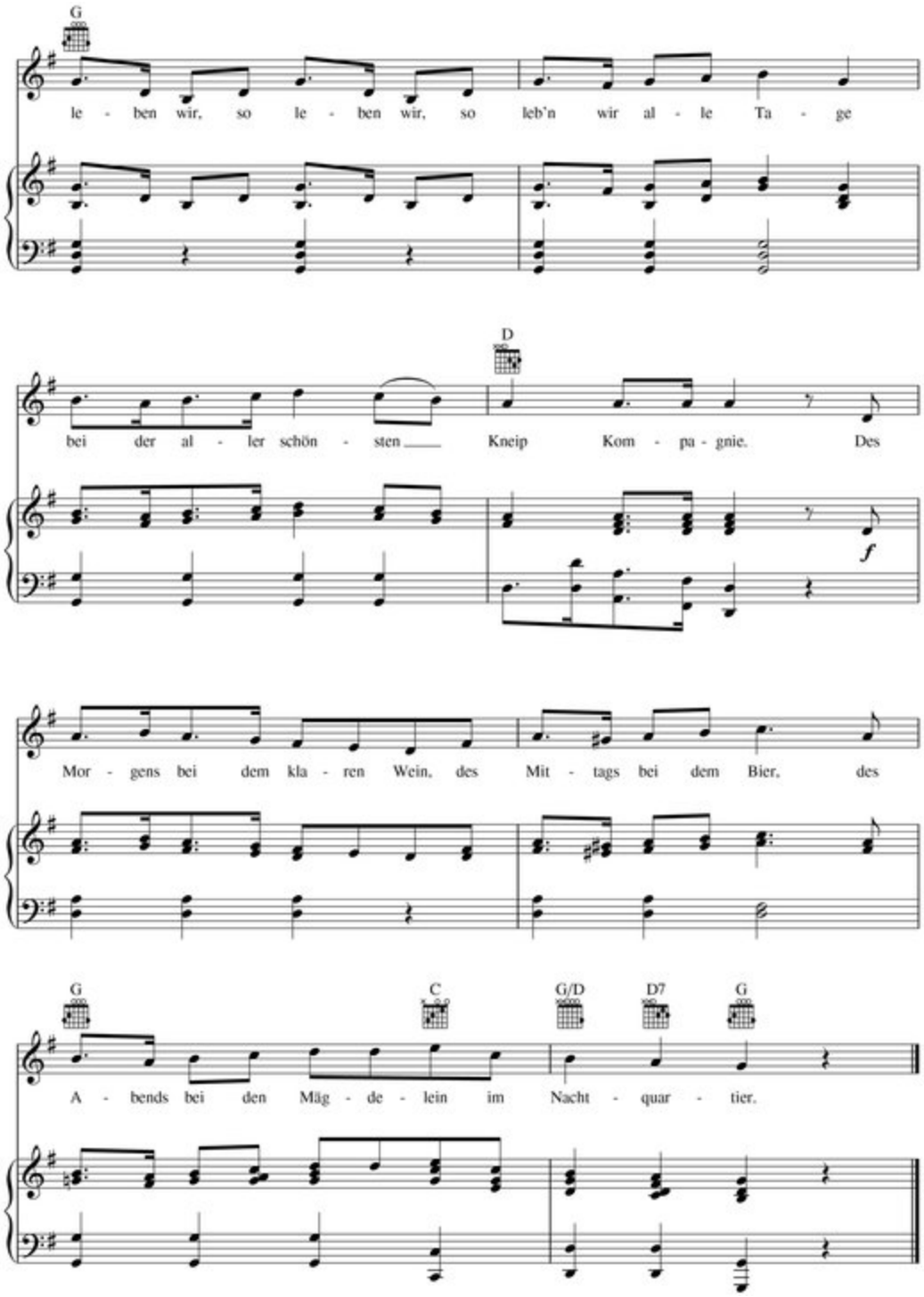

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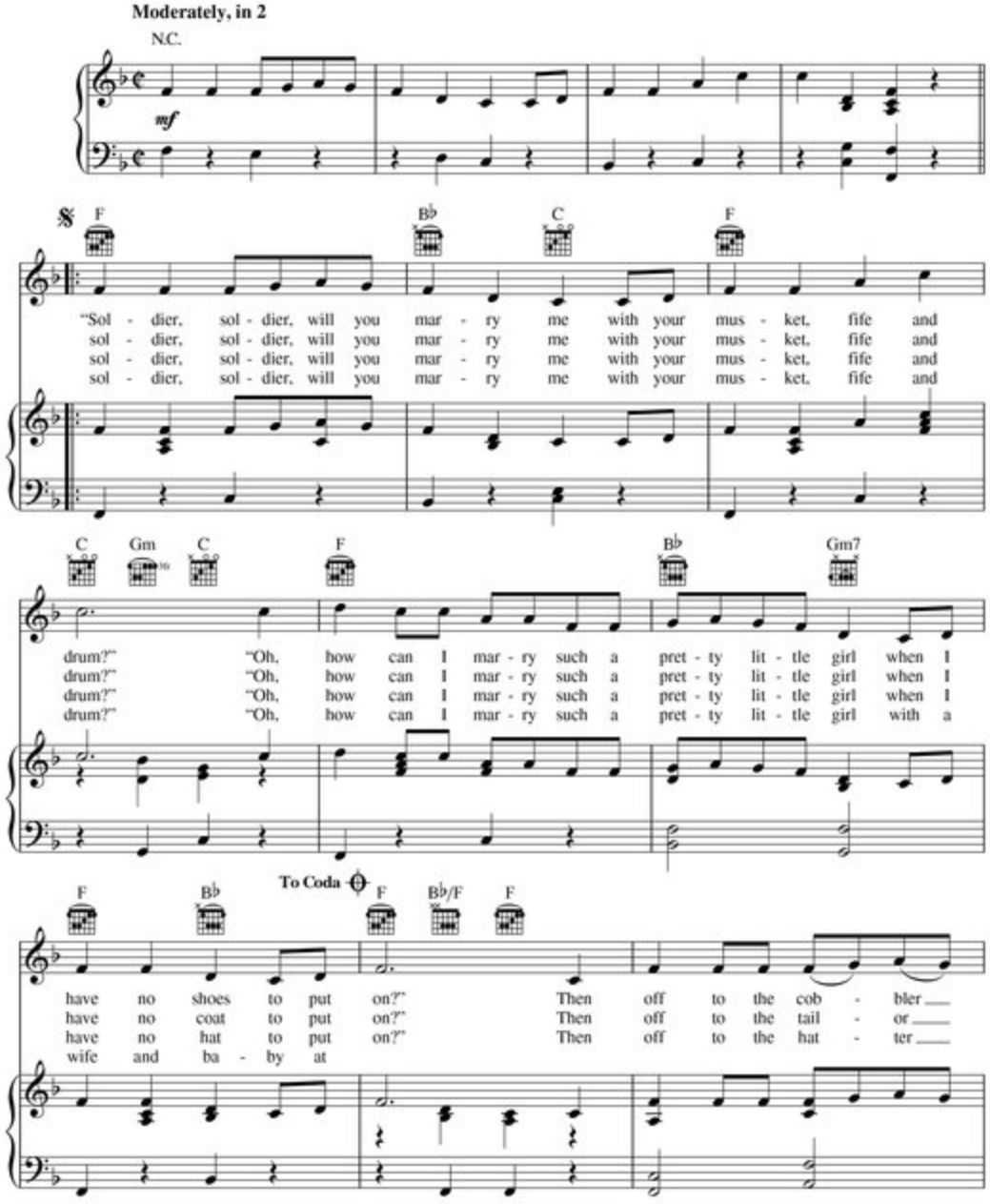
SOLDIER, SOLDIER, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

American Folksong



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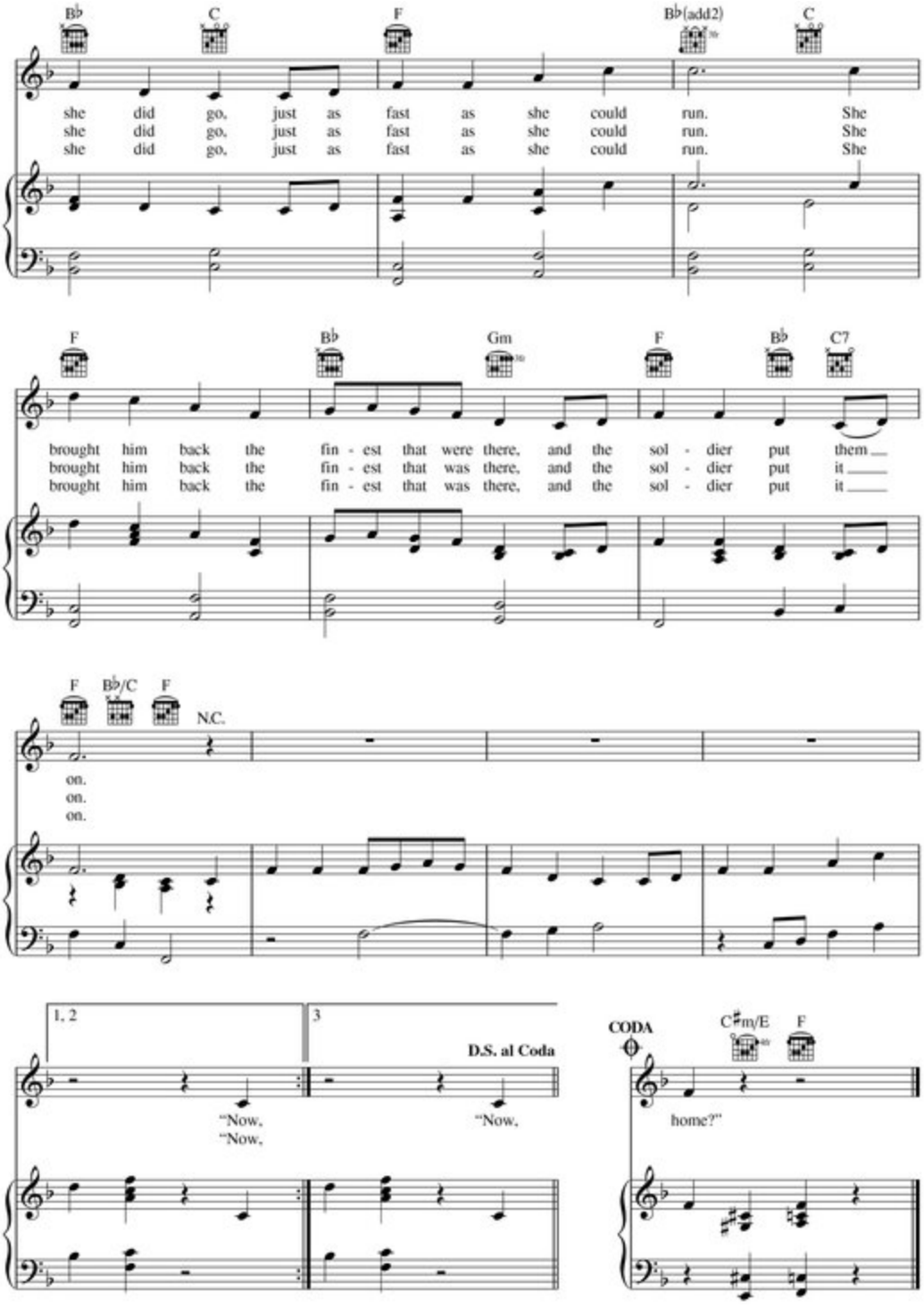

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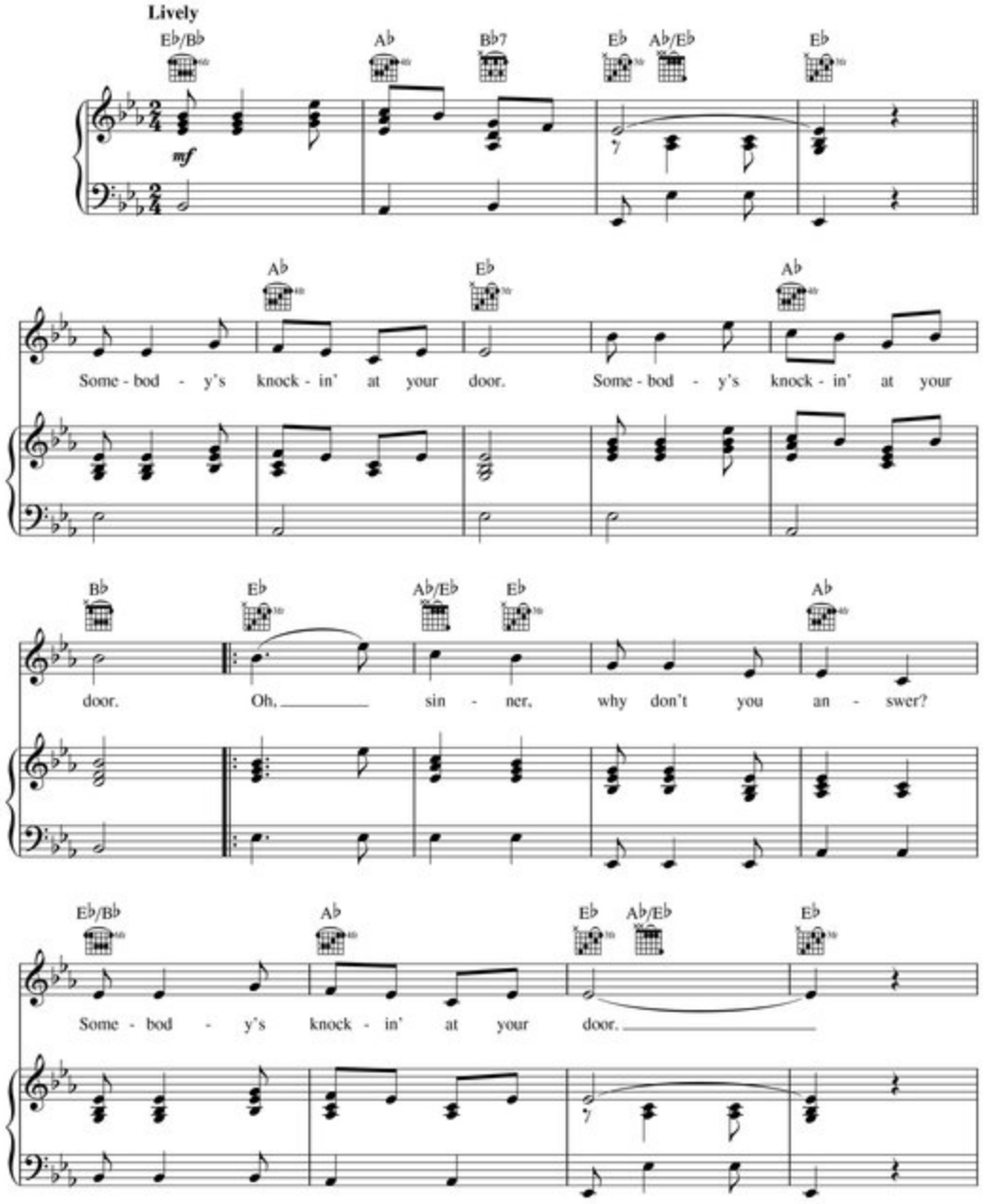
SOMEBODY'S KNOCKIN' AT YOUR DOOR

African-American Spiritual



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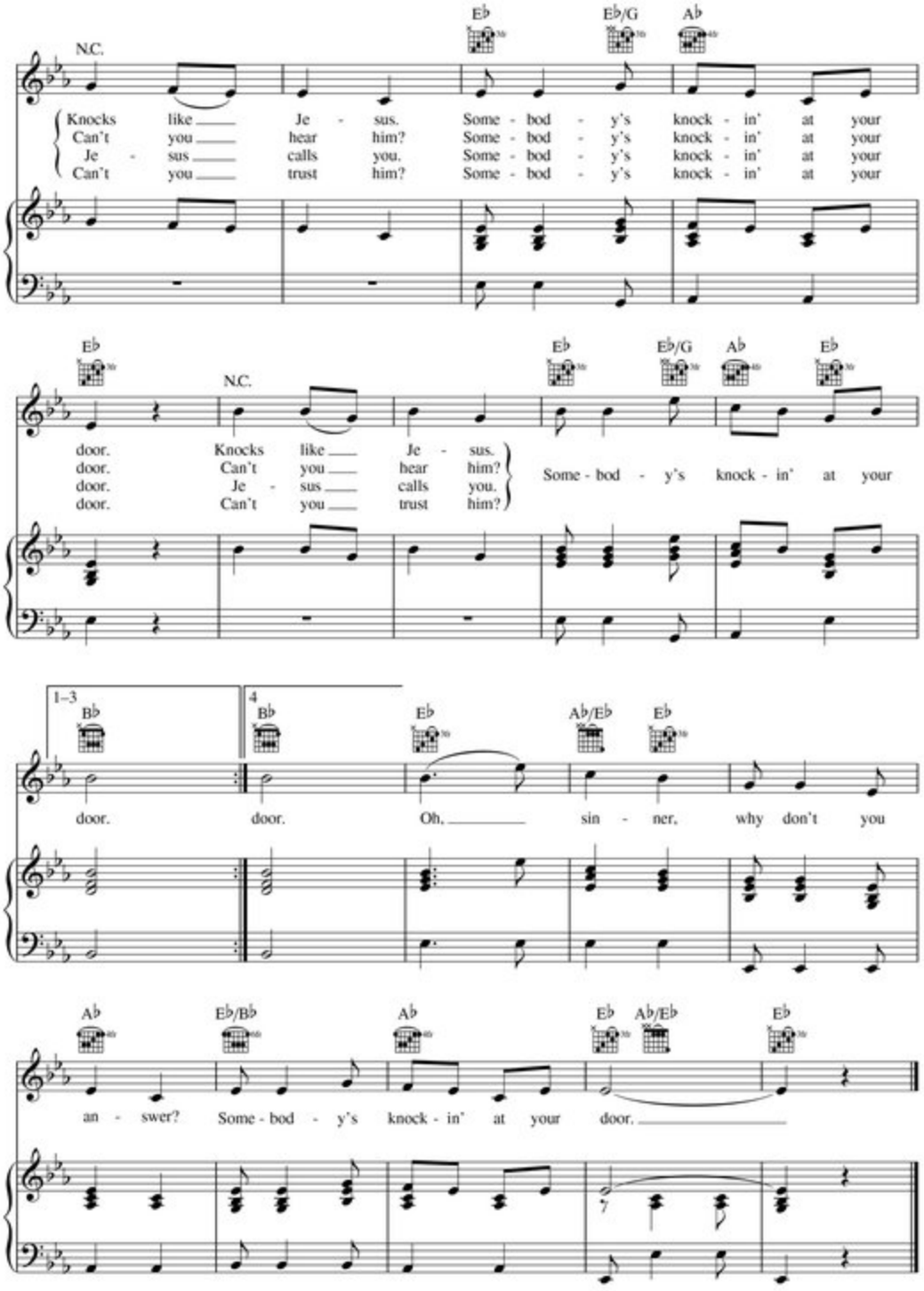

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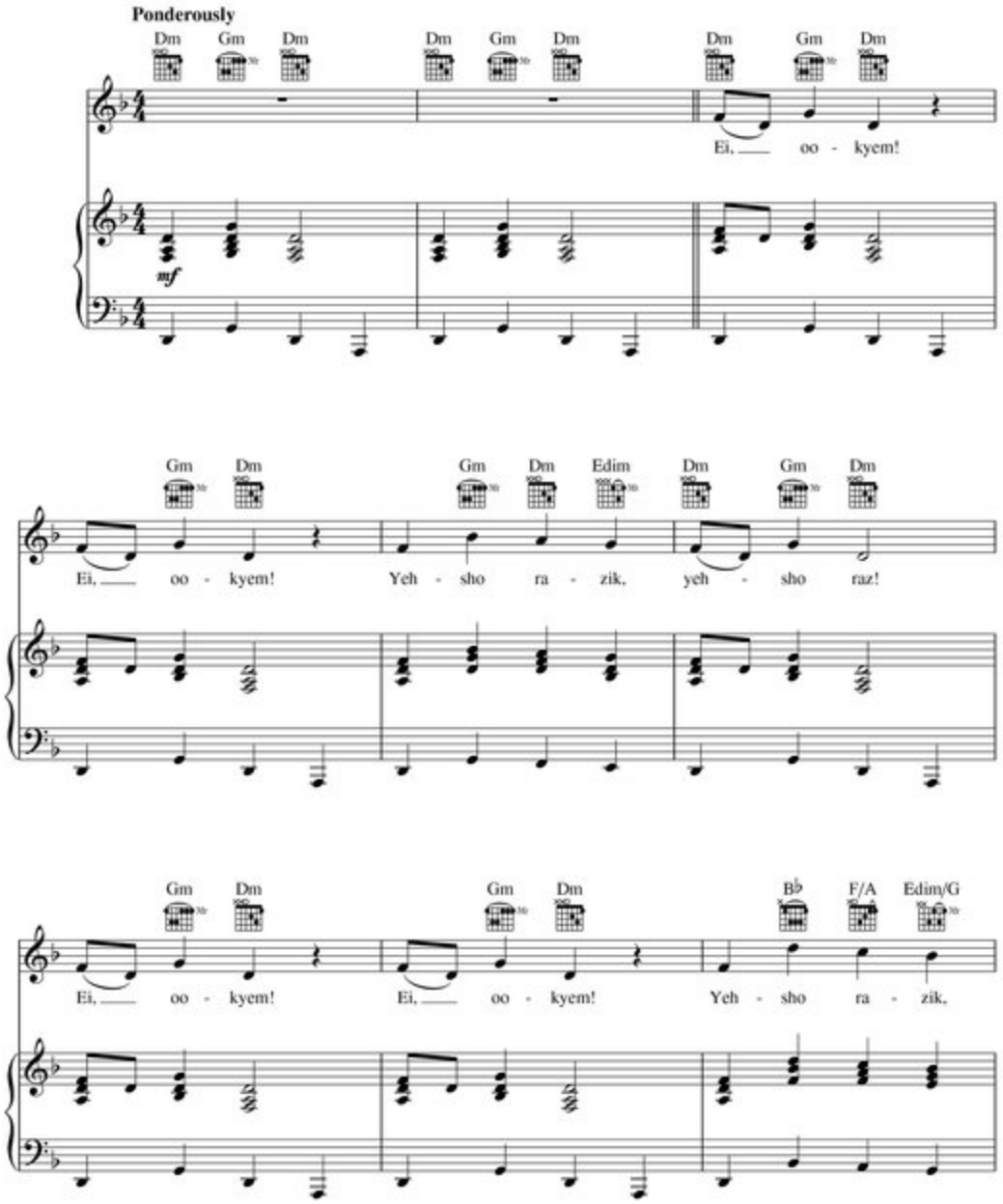
SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMAN

Russian Folksong



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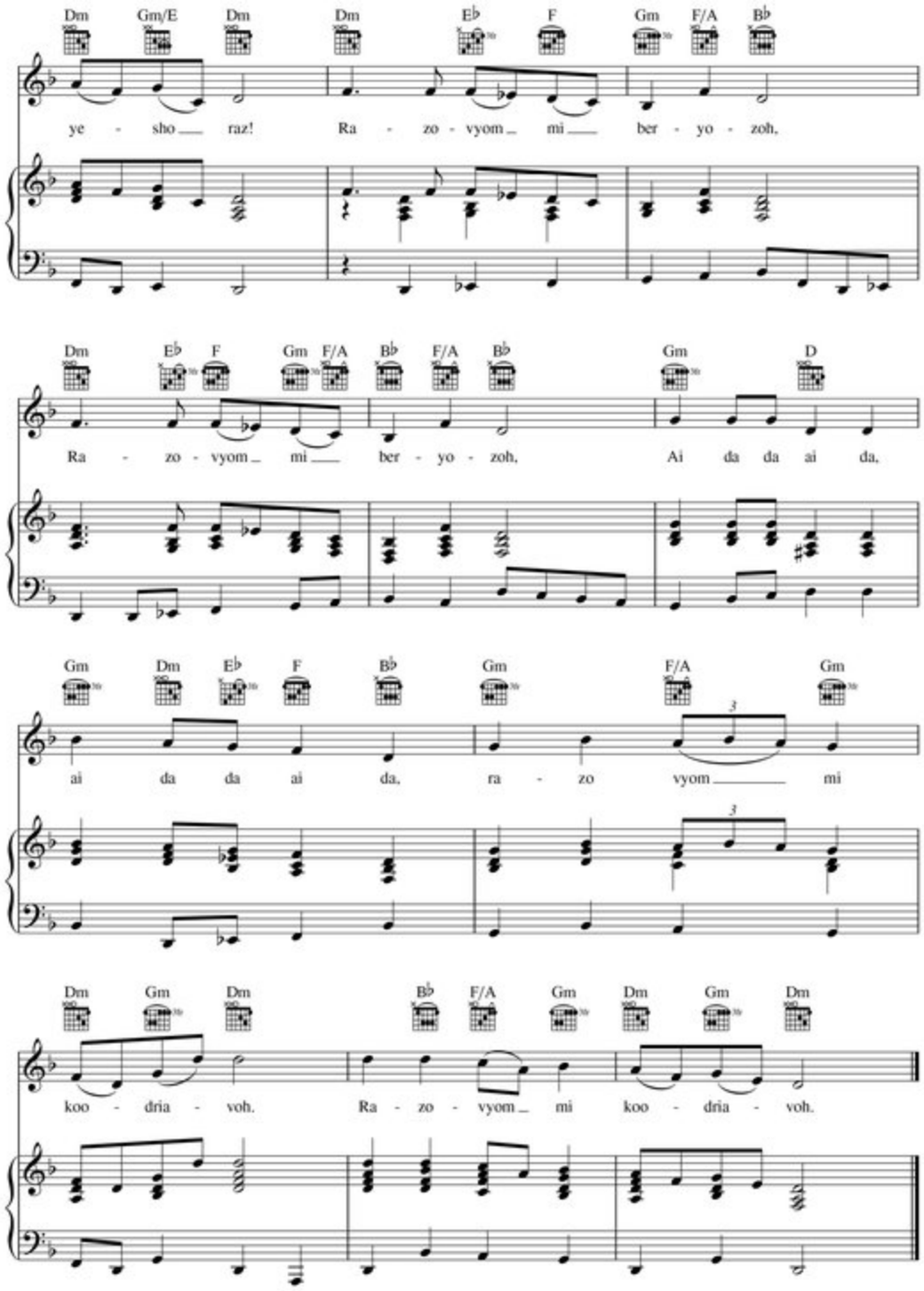

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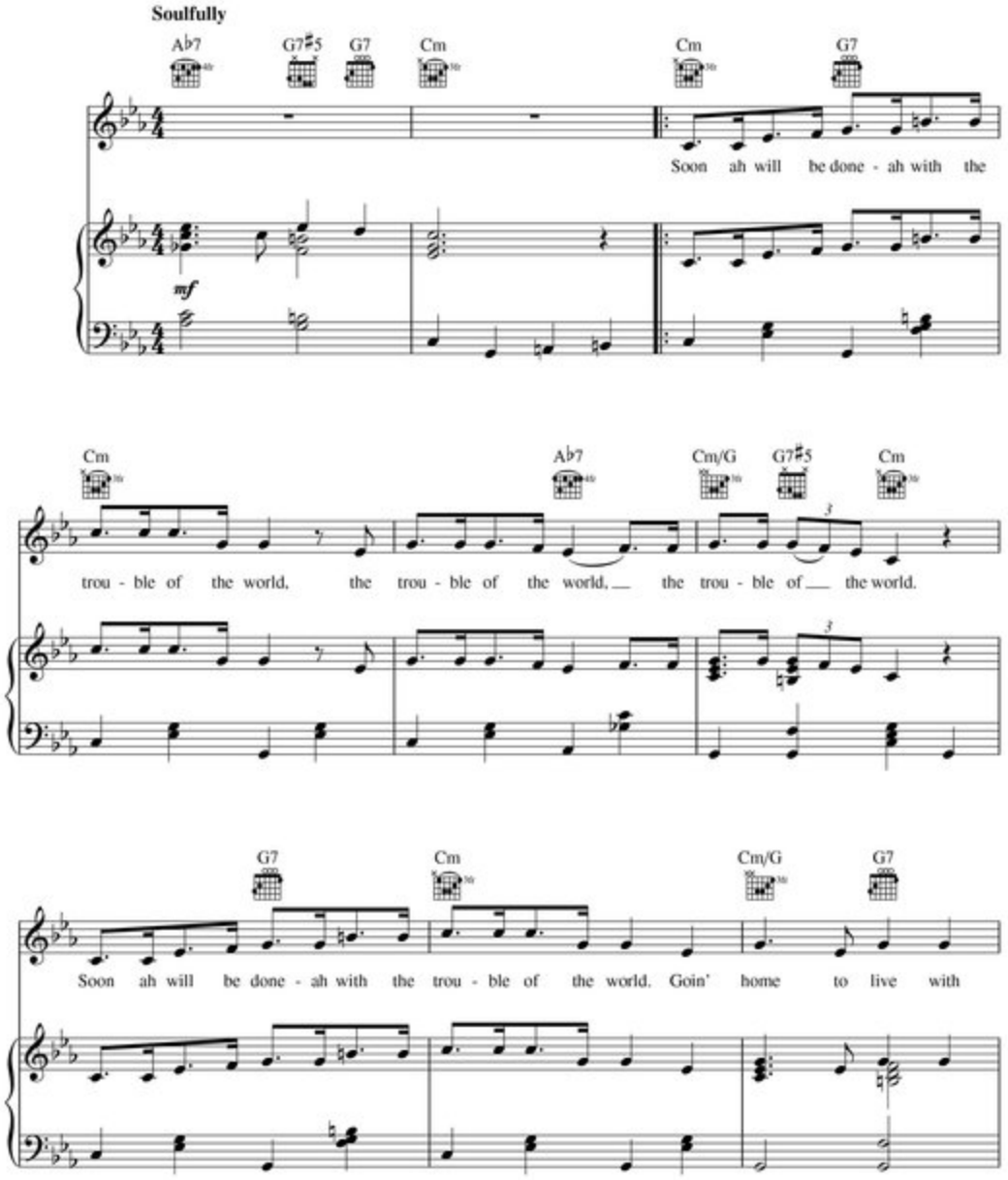
SOON AH WILL BE DONE

African-American Spiritual



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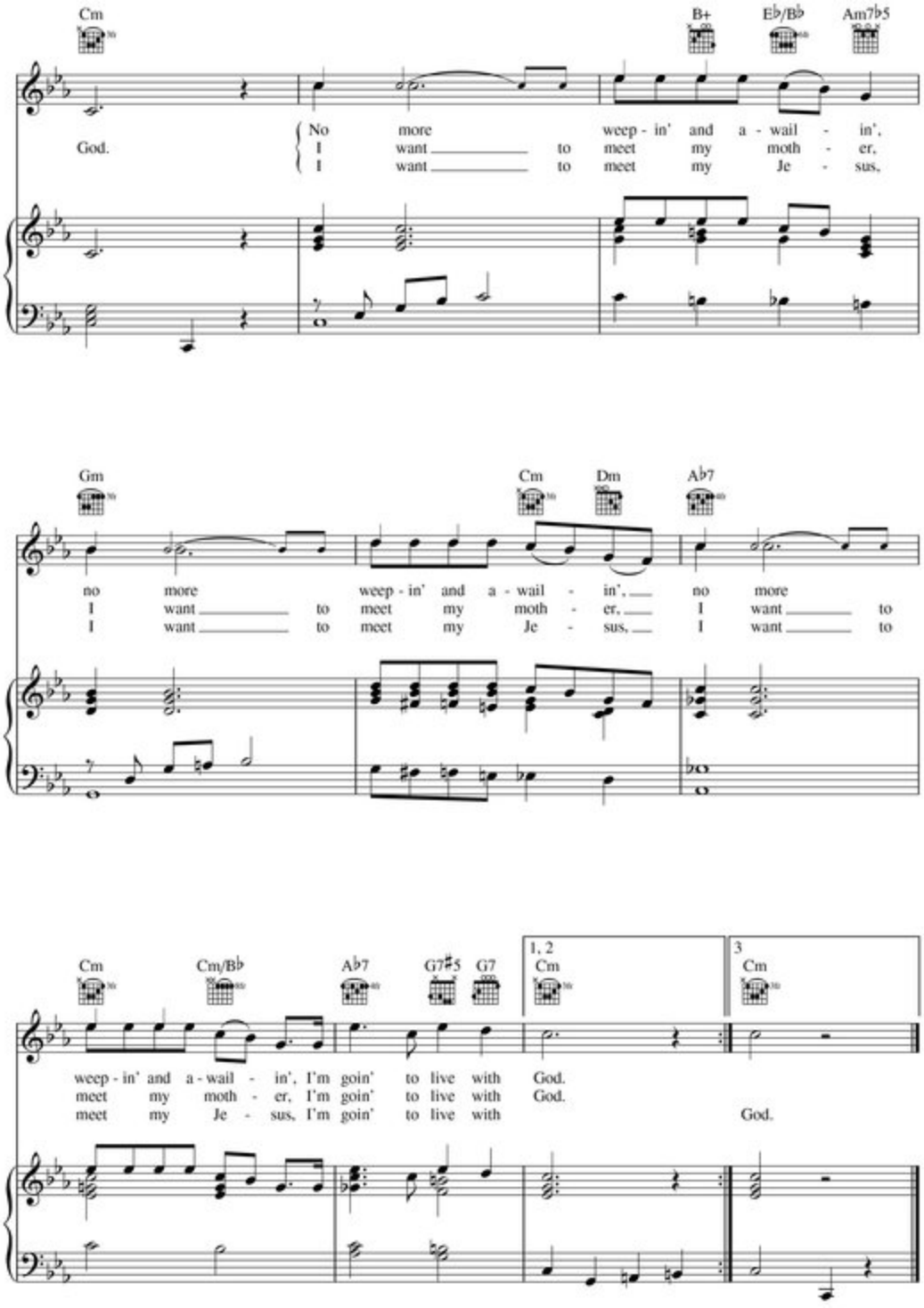

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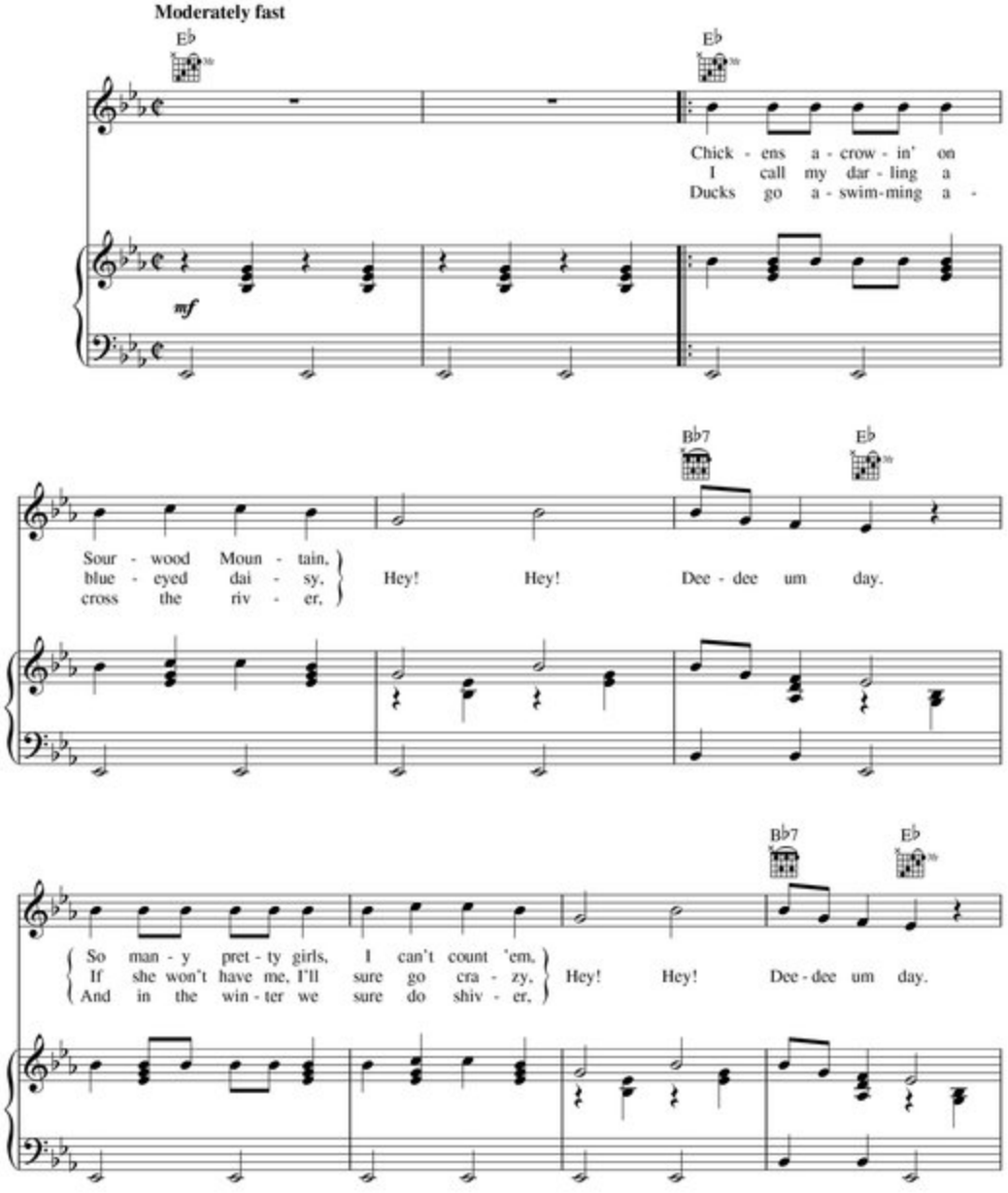
SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

Southern Appalachian Folksong



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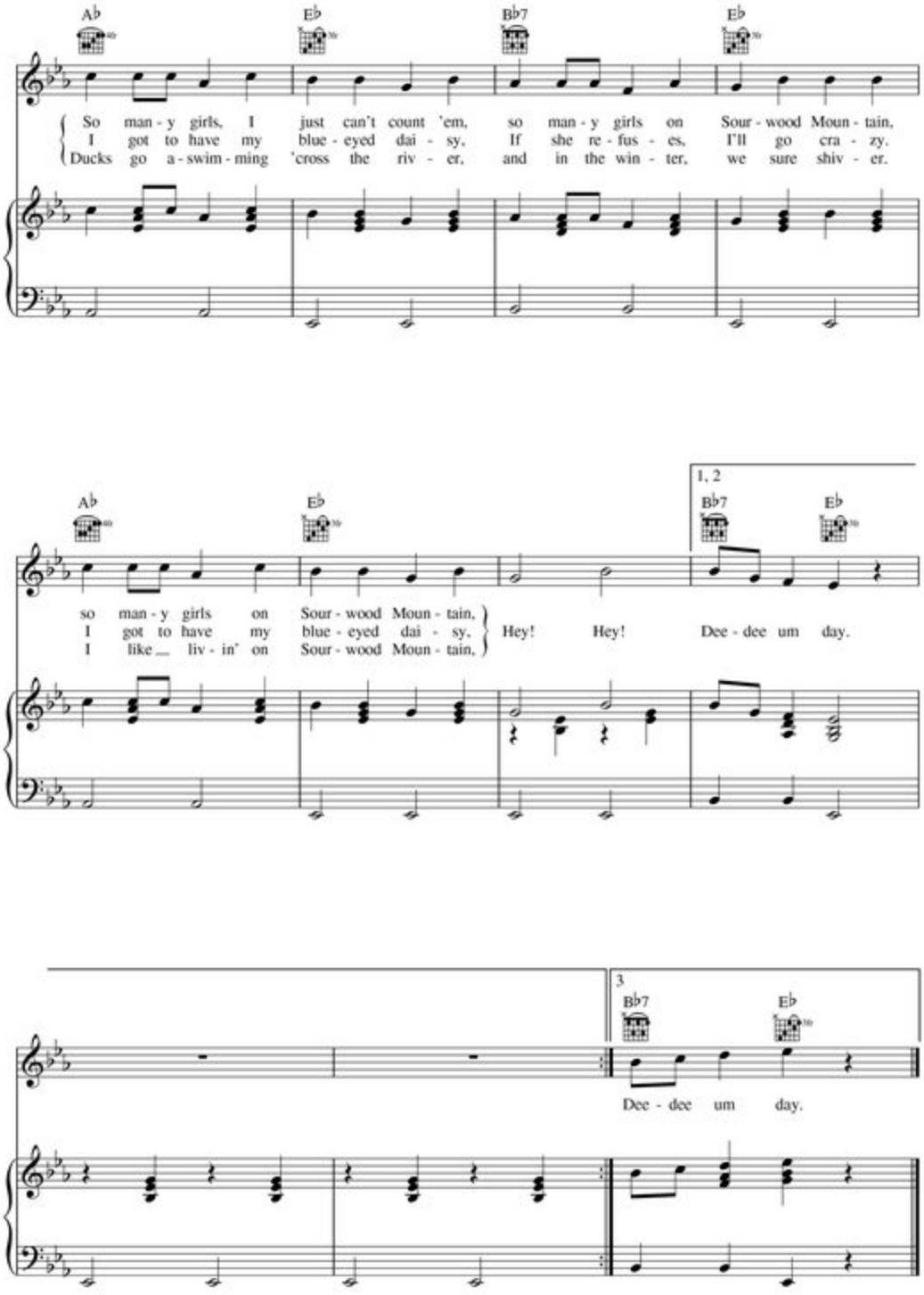

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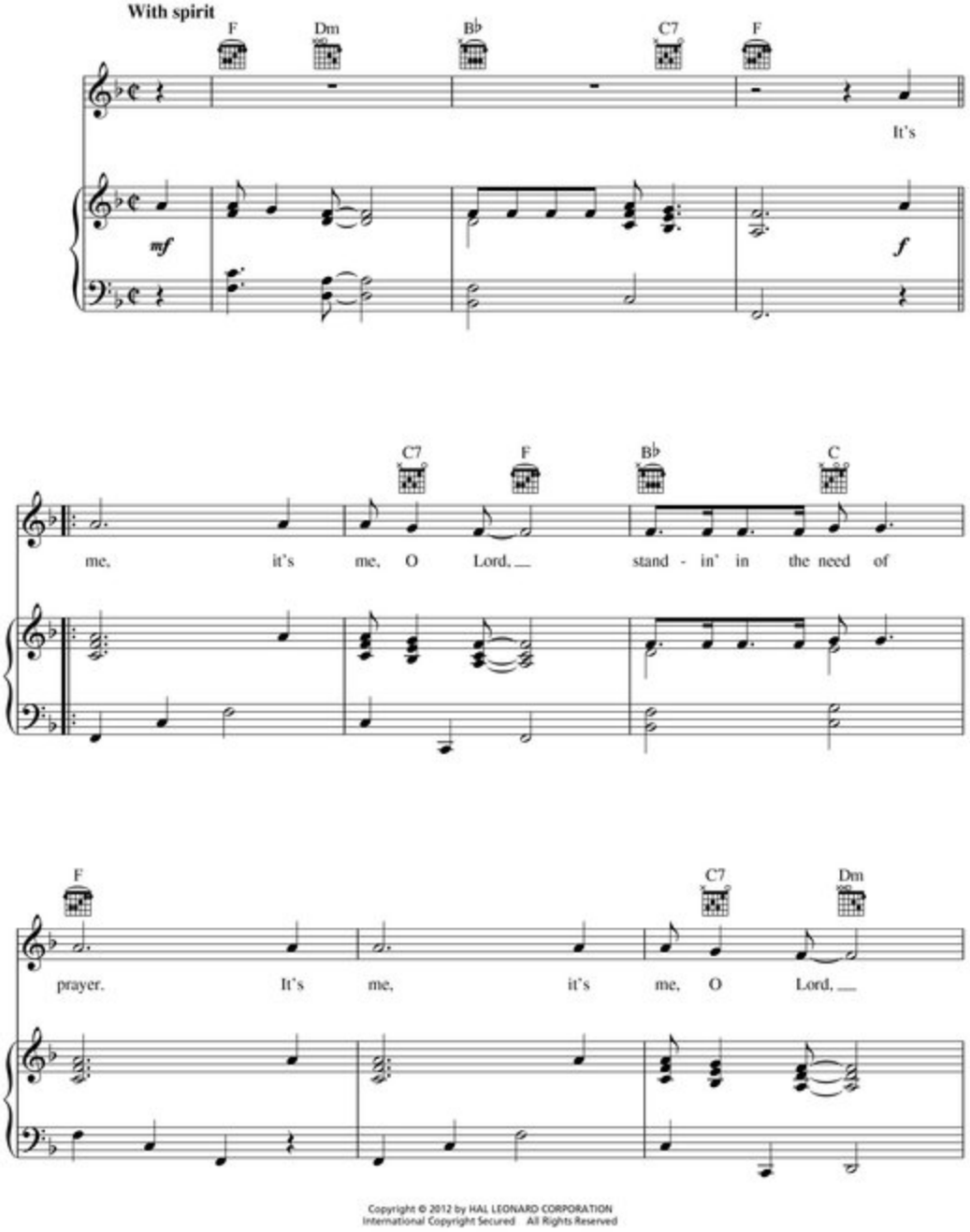
STANDIN' IN THE NEED OF PRAYER

African-American Spiritual



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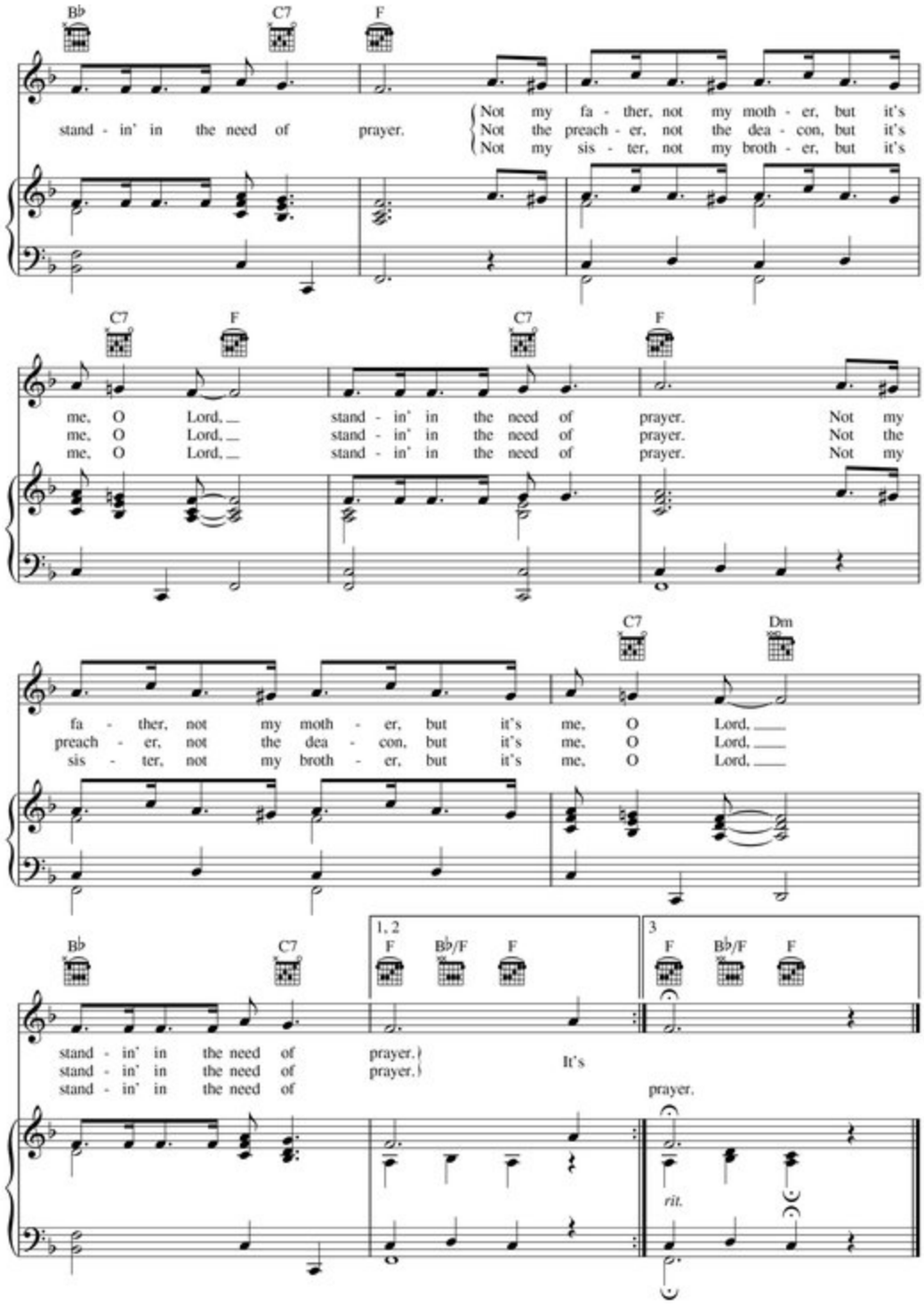

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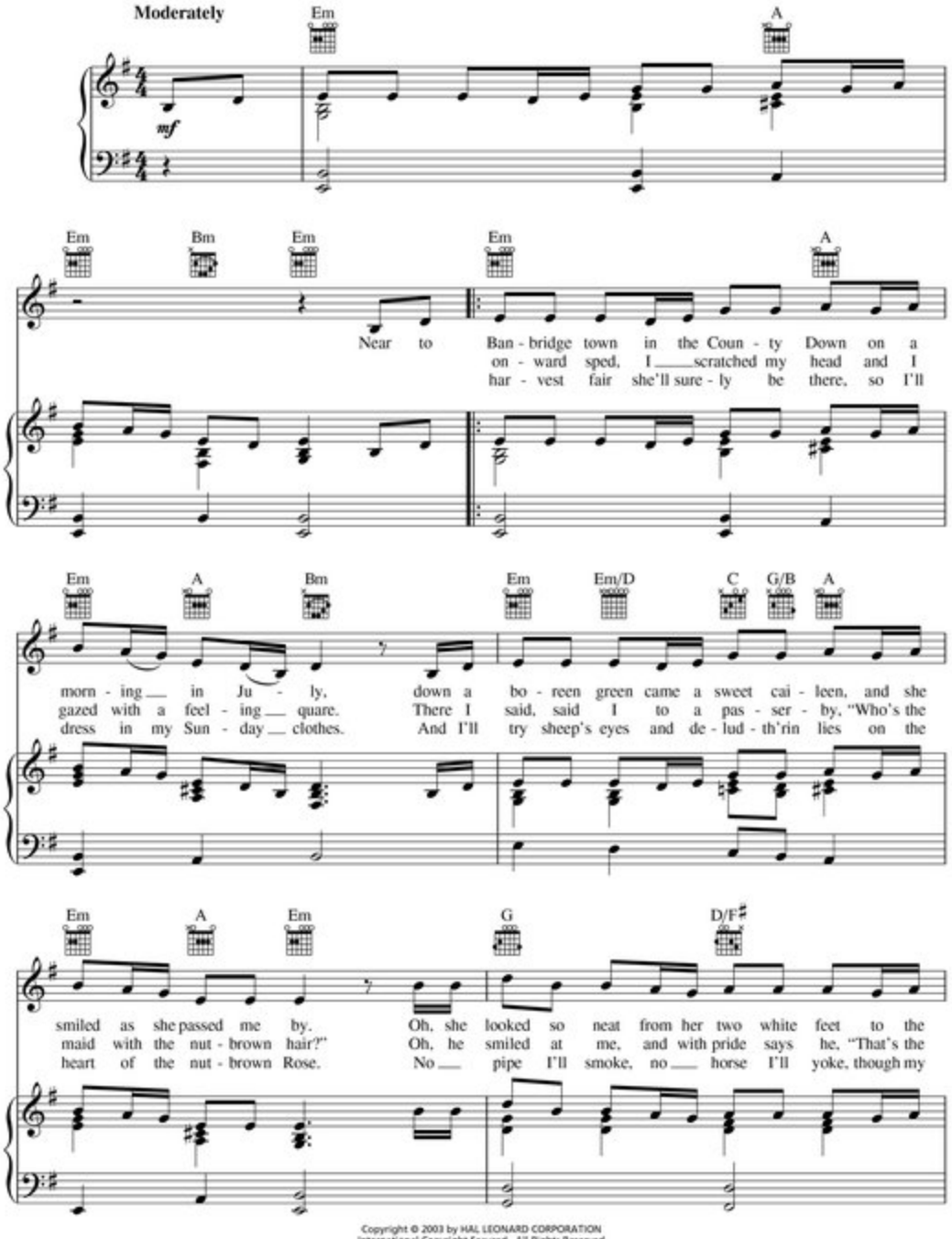
STAR OF COUNTY DOWN

Irish Folksong



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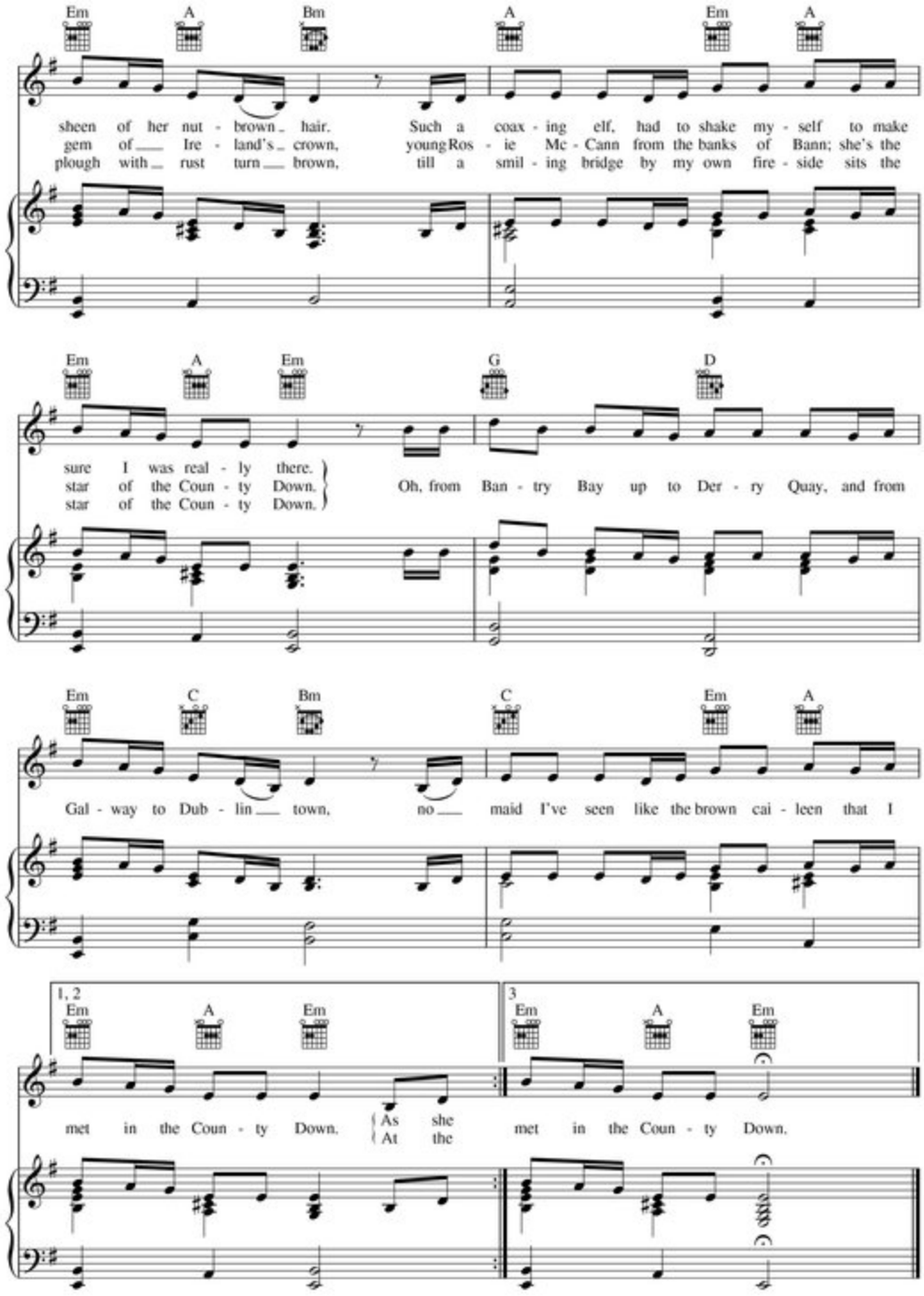

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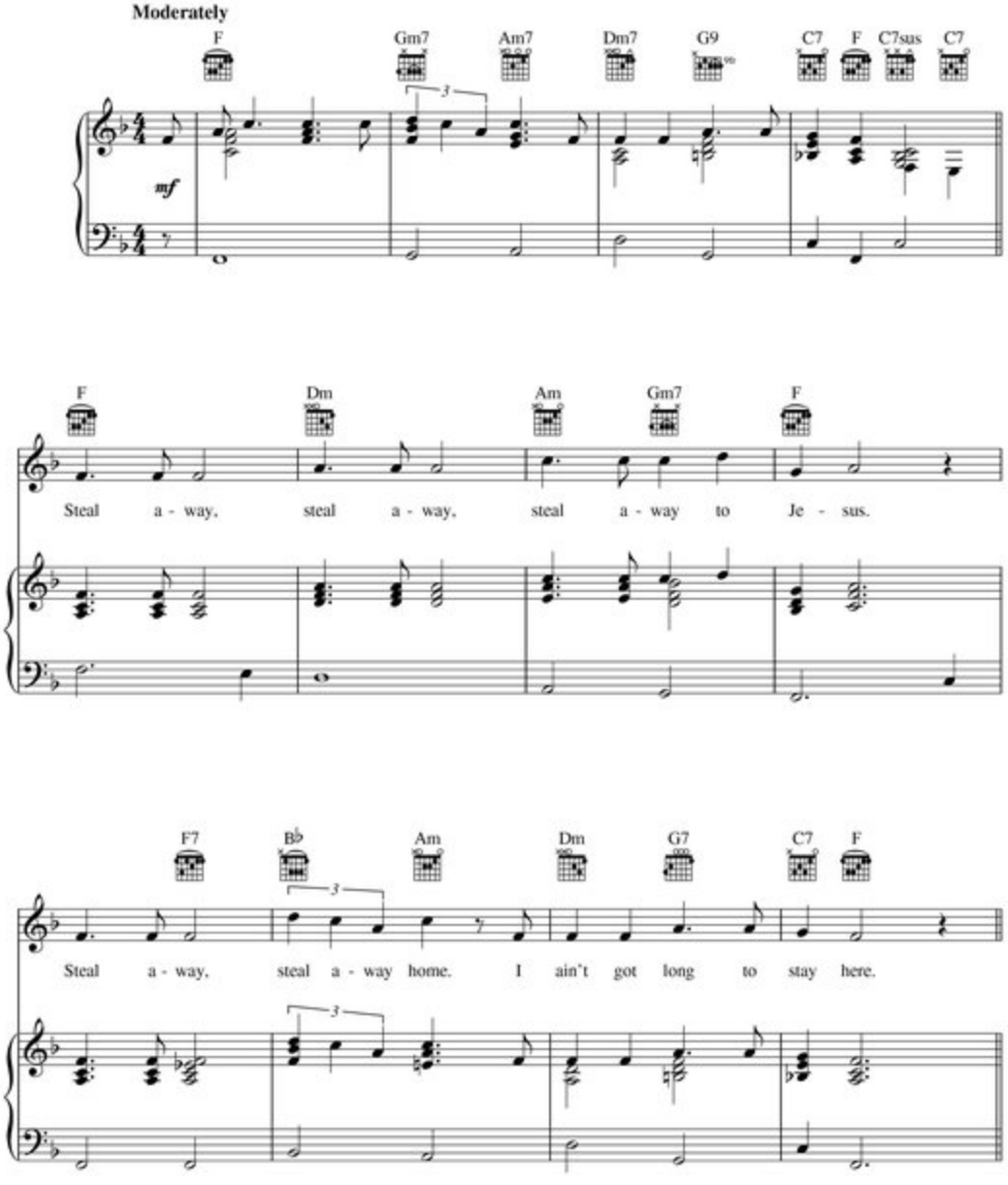
STEAL AWAY

(Steal Away to Jesus)

African-American Spiritual



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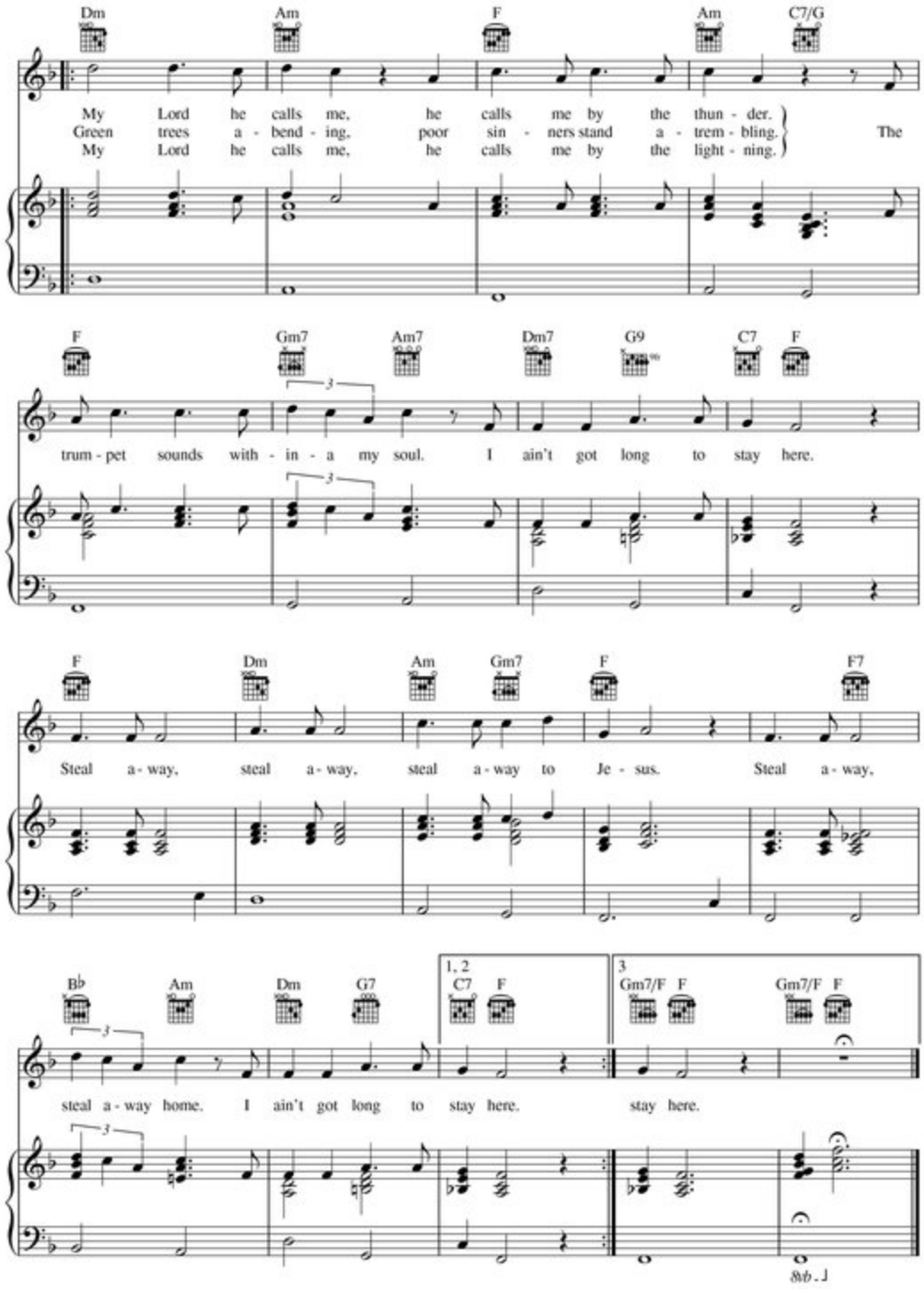

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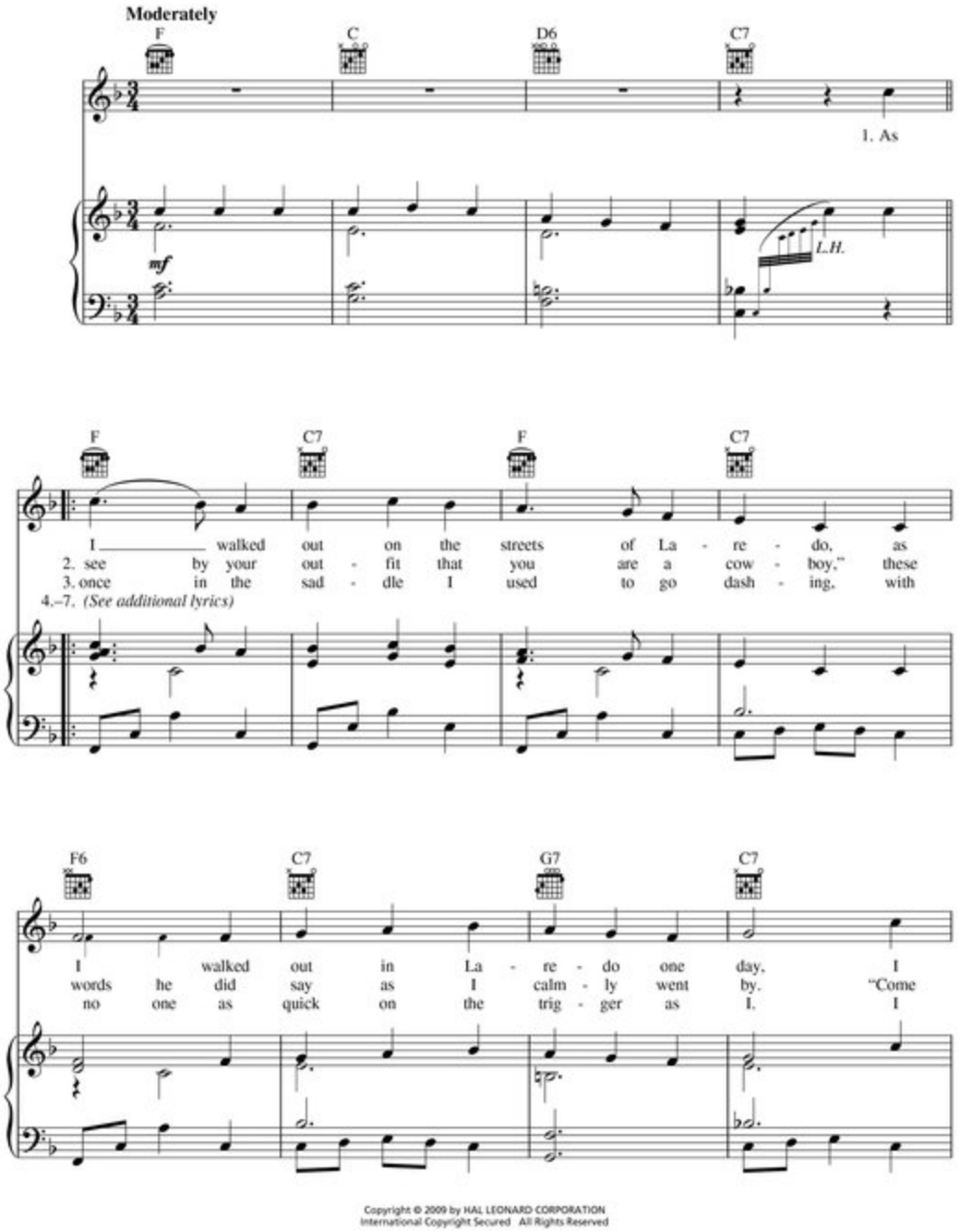
THE STREETS OF LAREDO

American Cowboy Song



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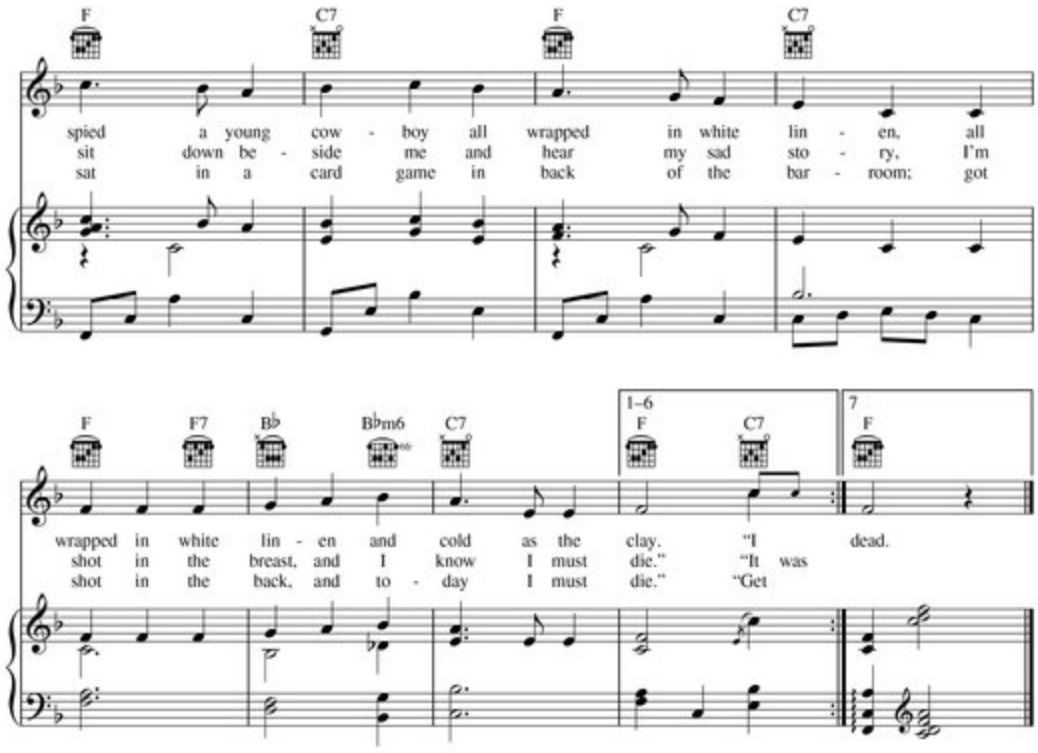

Additional Lyrics

4. “Get six of my buddies to carry my coffin,
And six pretty maidens to sing a sad song,
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o’er me,
For I’m a young cowboy who played the game wrong.”

5. “Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
And play the dead march as they carry my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
The roses will deaden the clods as they fall.”

6. “Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the story of this my sad fate.
Tell one and the other before they go farther,
To stop their wild roving before it’s too late.”

7. “Go fetch me a cup, just a cup of cold water,
   To cool my parched lips,” the cowboy then said.
   Before I returned, his brave spirit had left him,
   And gone to his Maker, the cowboy was dead.

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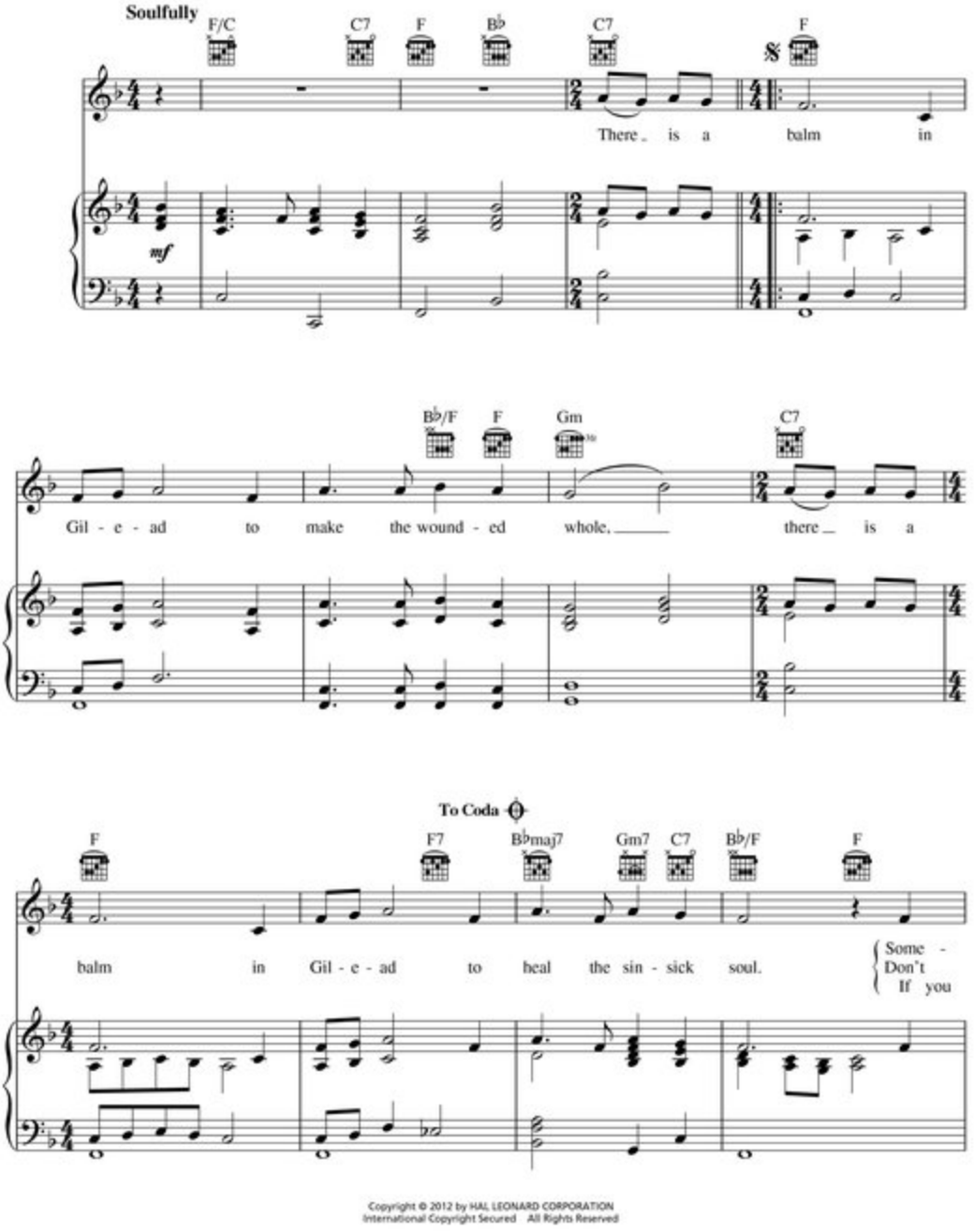
THERE IS A BALM IN GILEAD

African-American Spiritual



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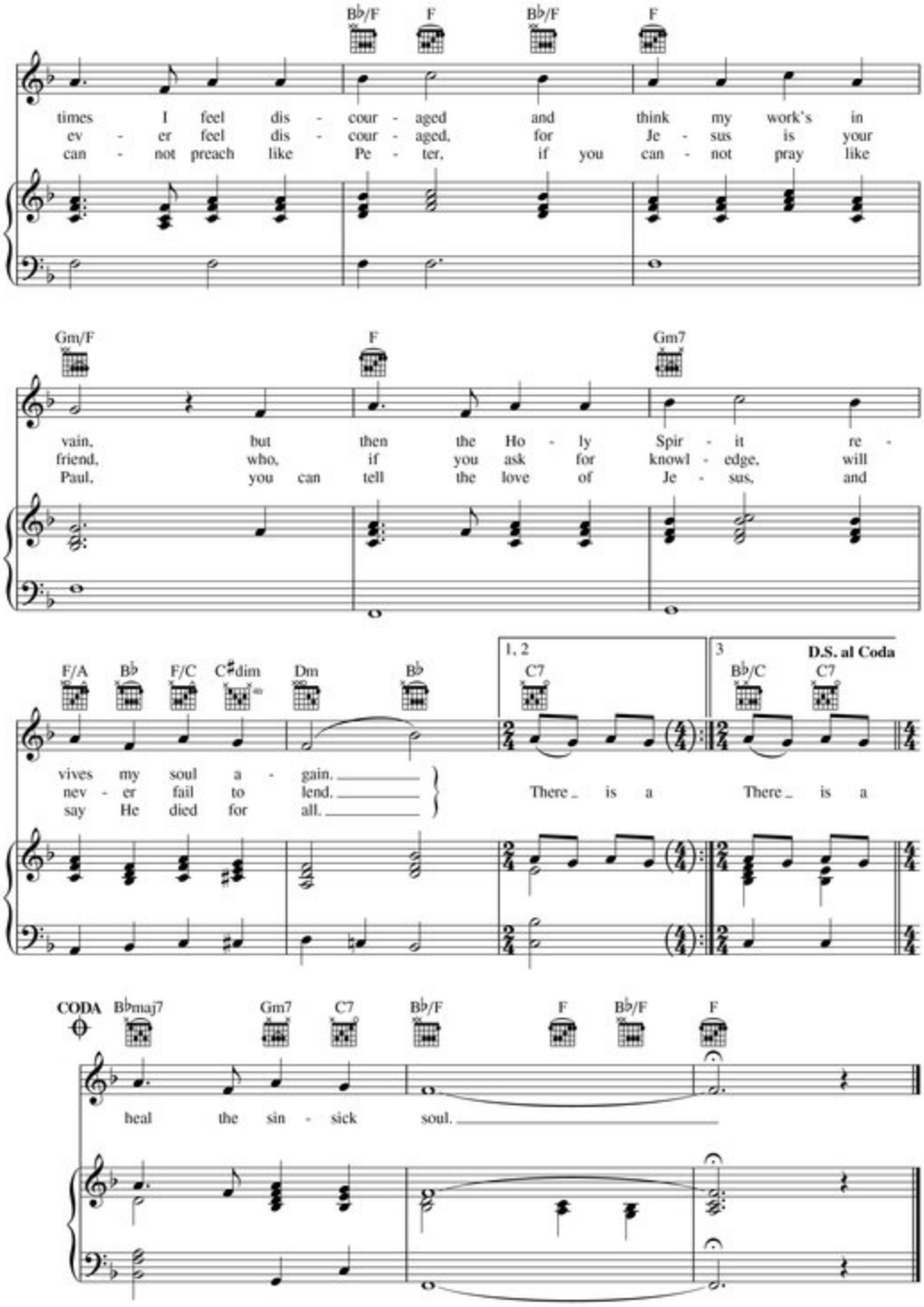

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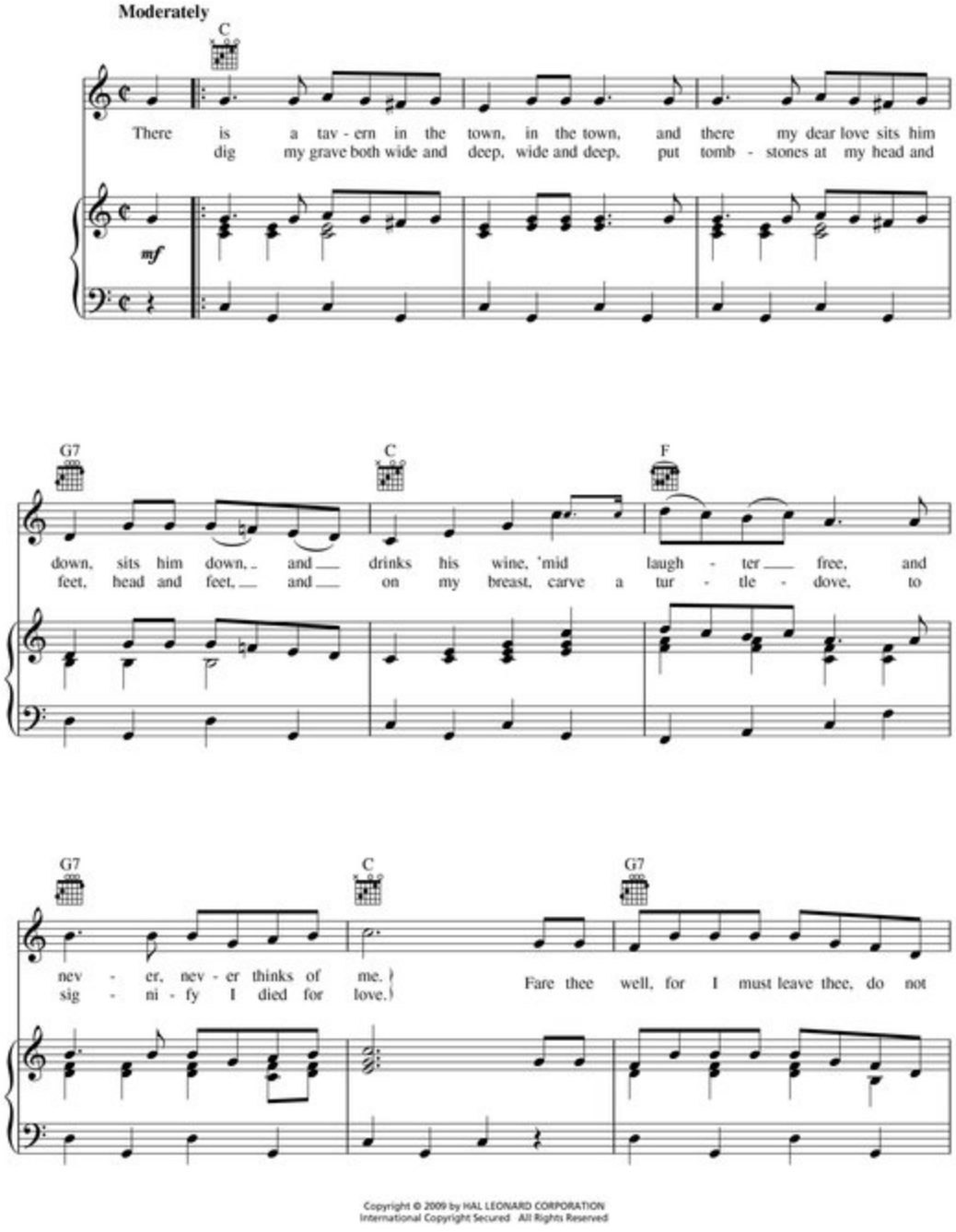
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

Traditional Drinking Song



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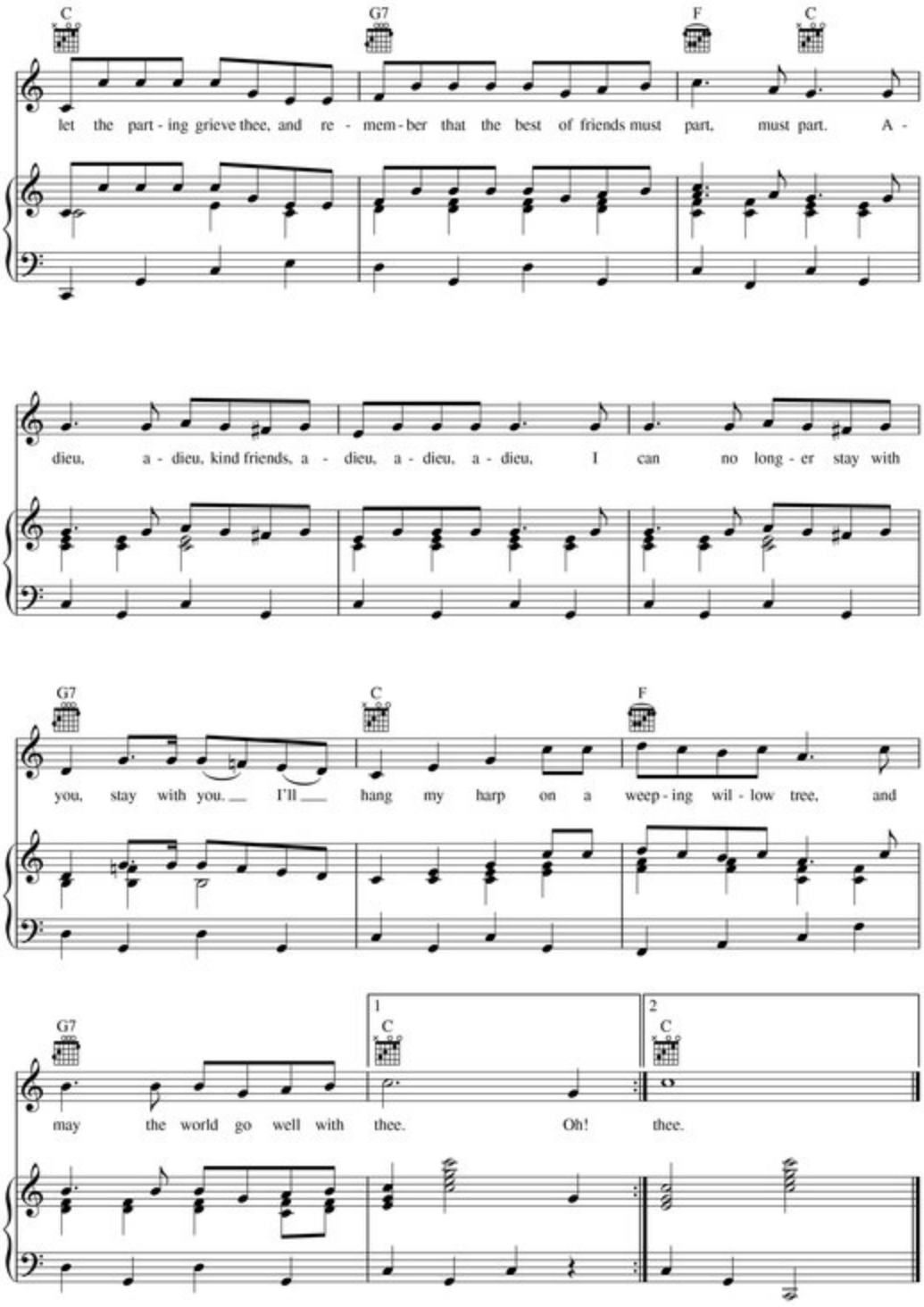

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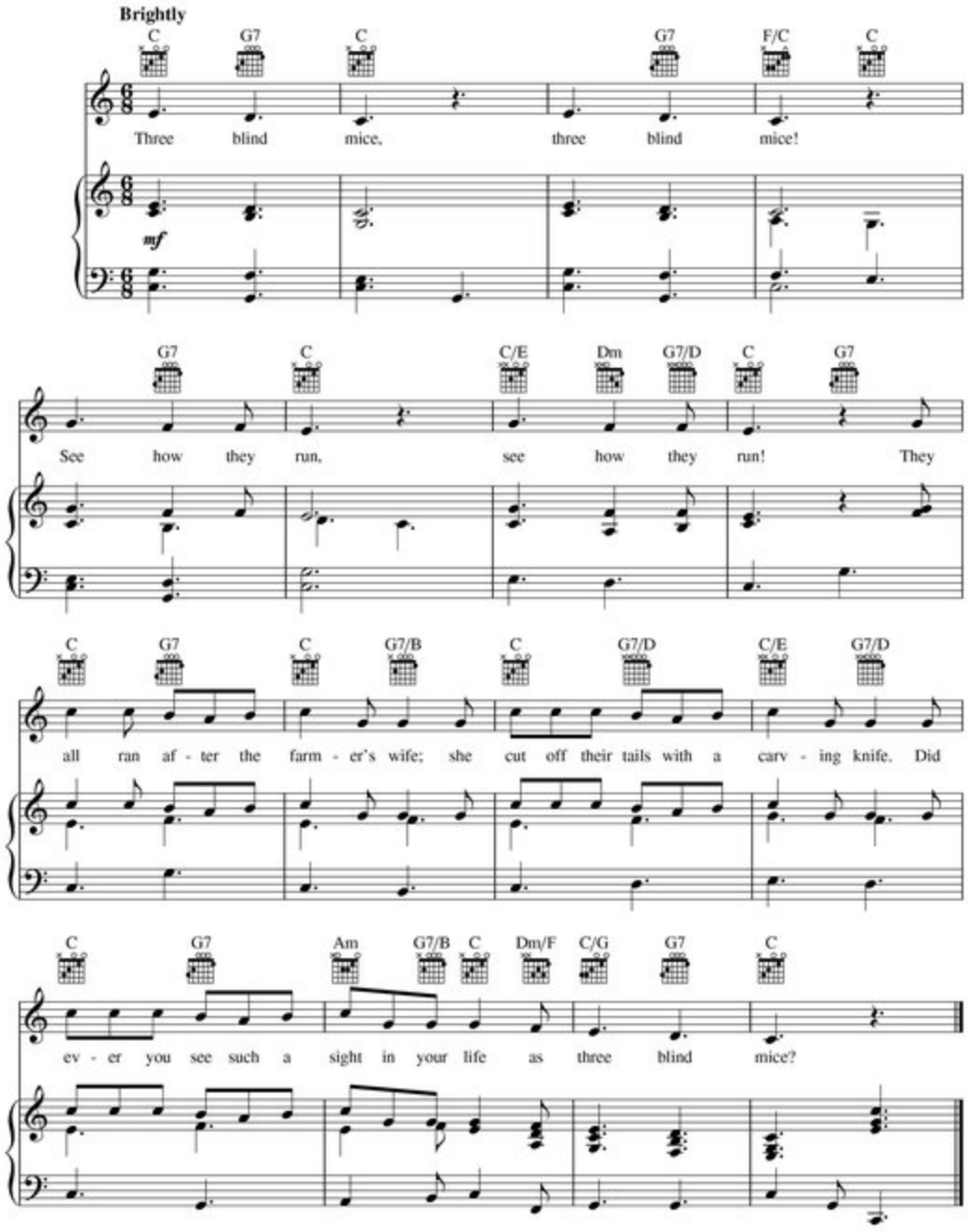
THREE BLIND MICE

Traditional



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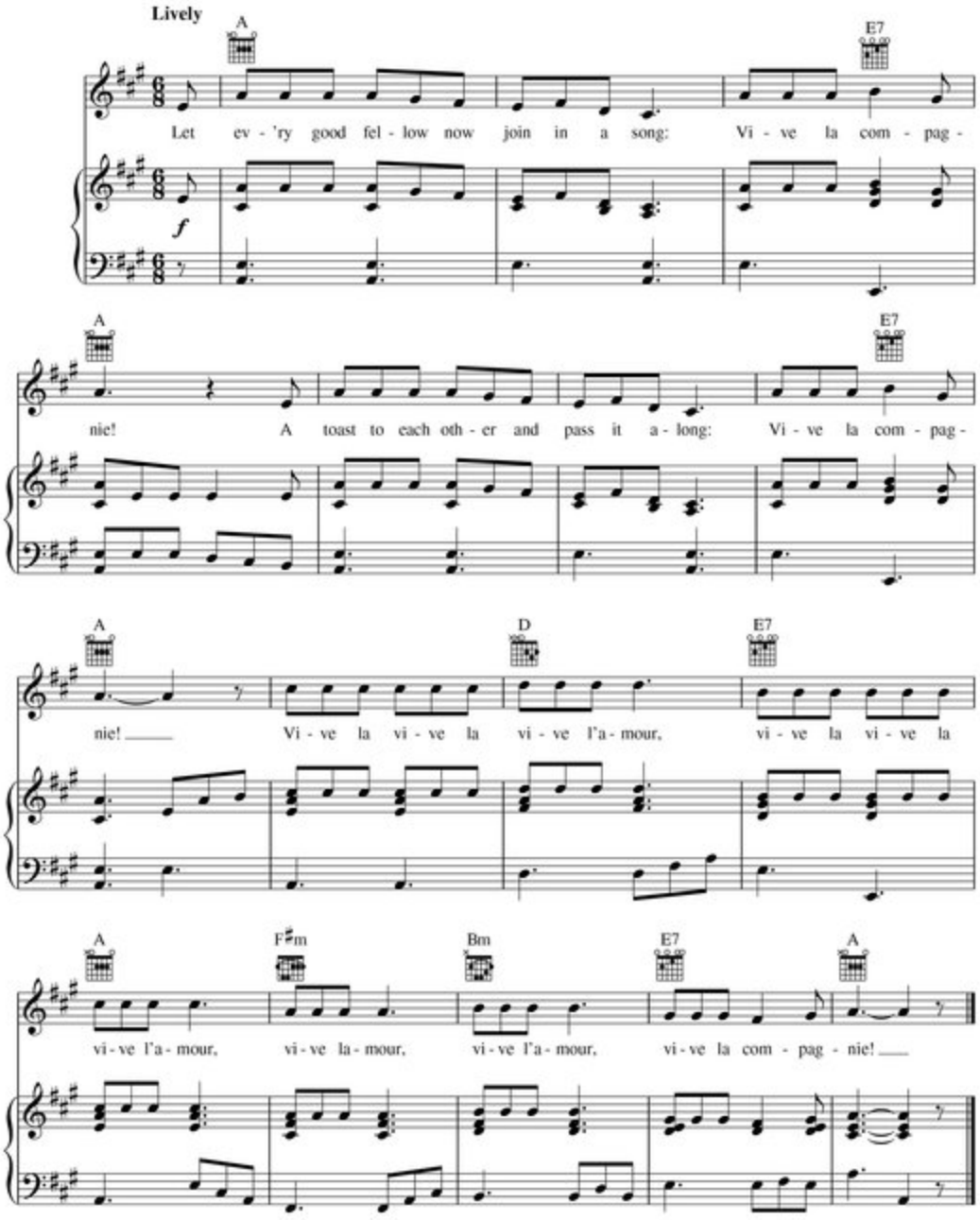
VIVE LA COMPAGNIE!

Traditional



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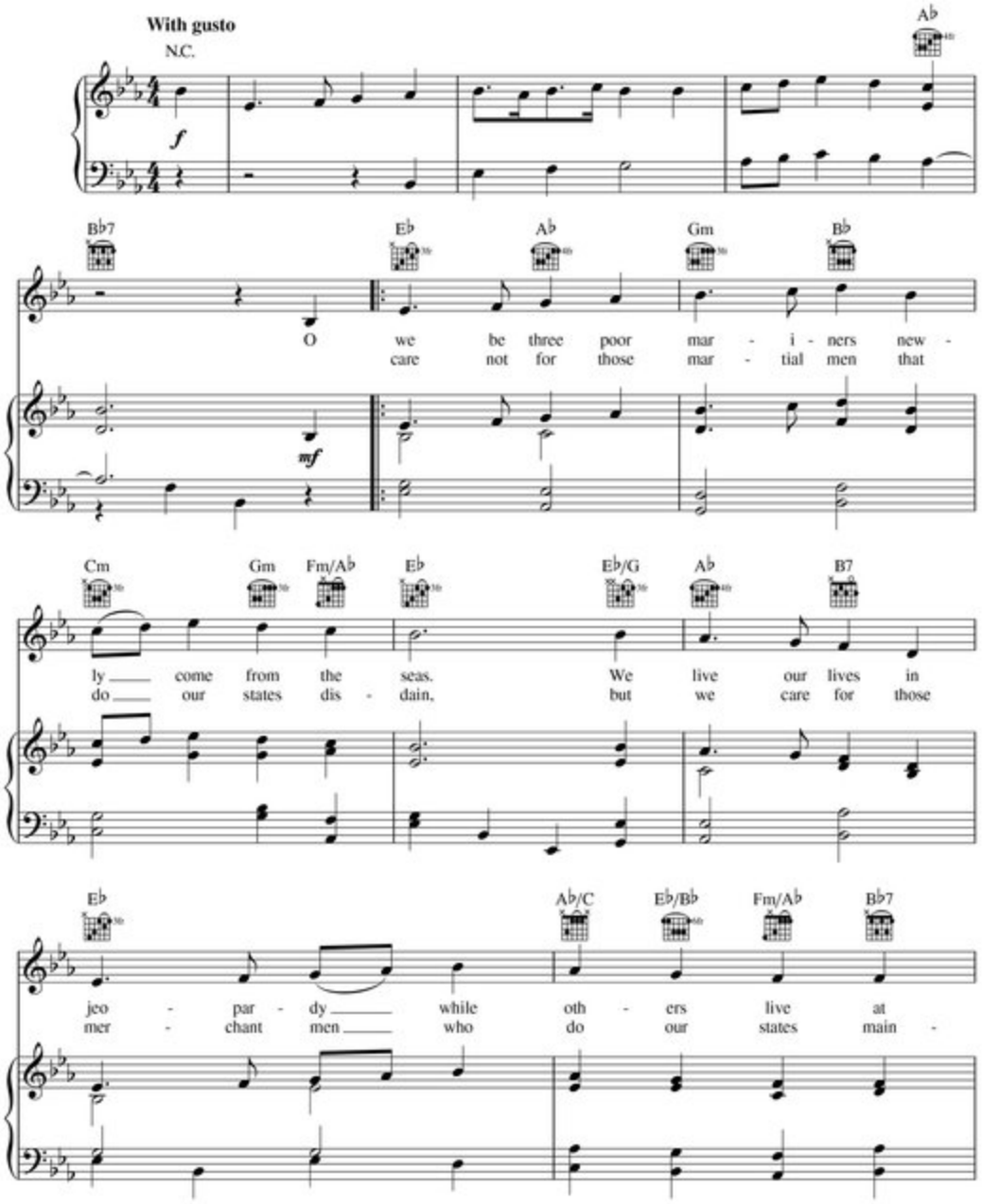
THREE POOR MARINERS

English Folksong



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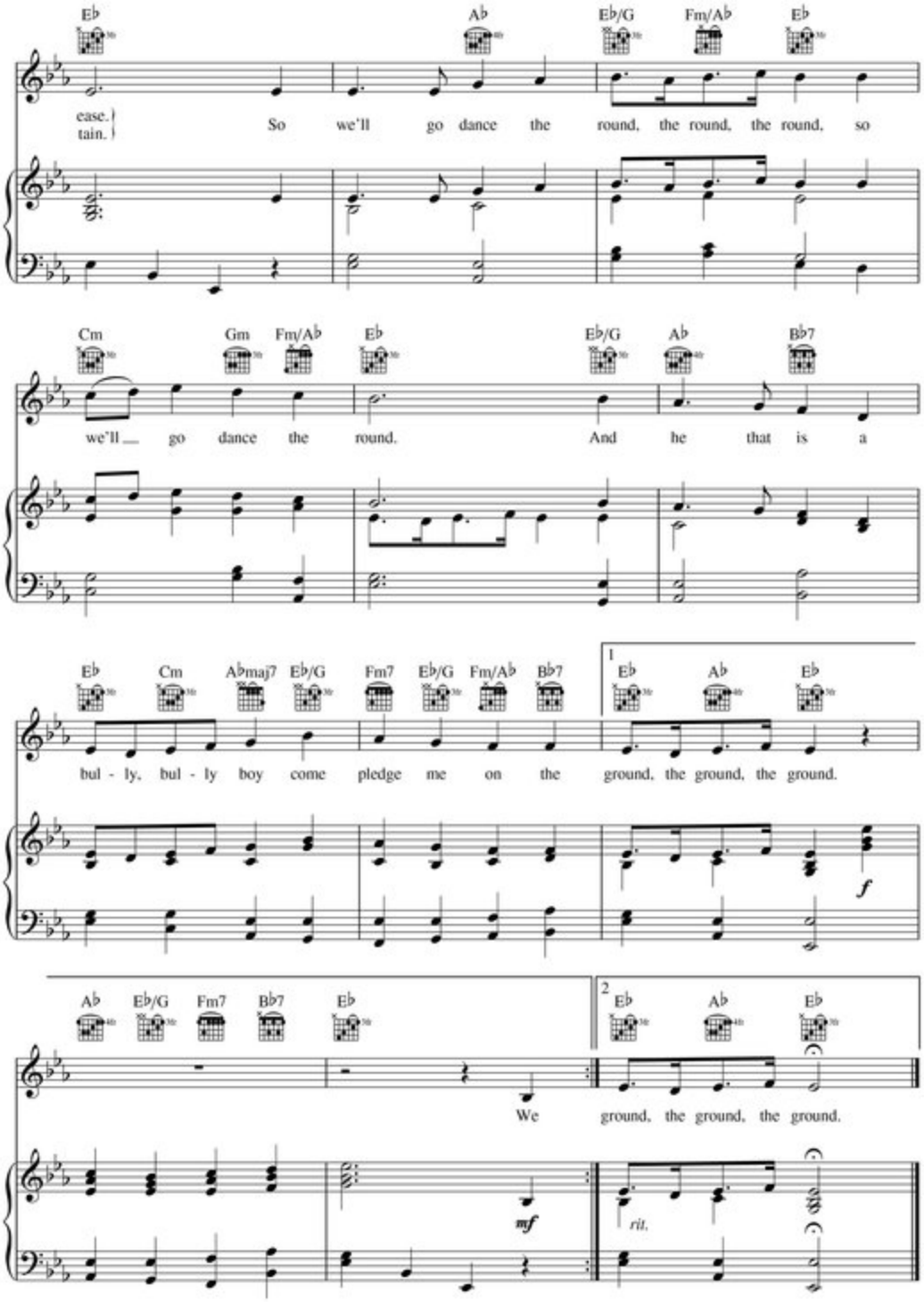

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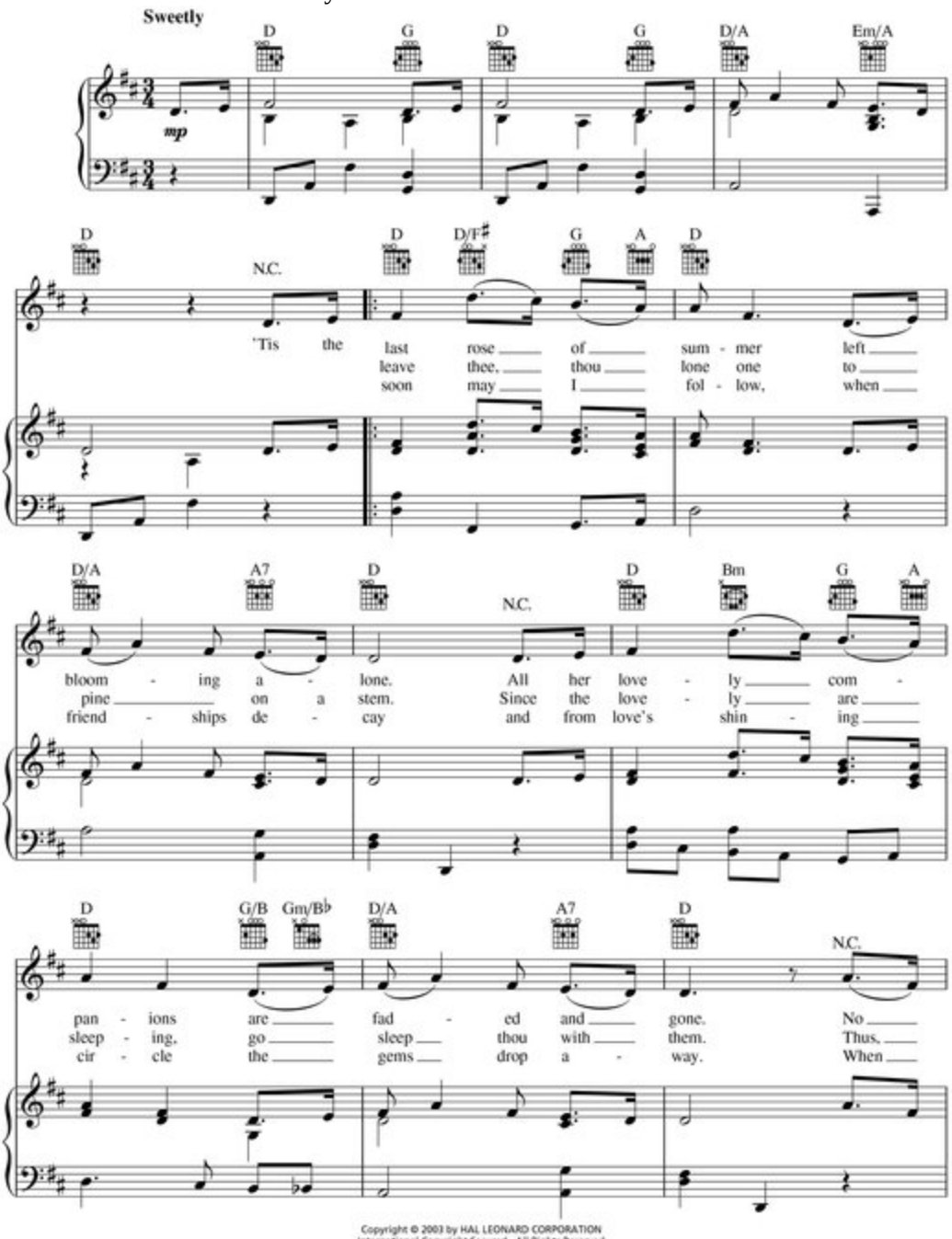
’TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

Words by THOMAS MOORE
Music by RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKEN



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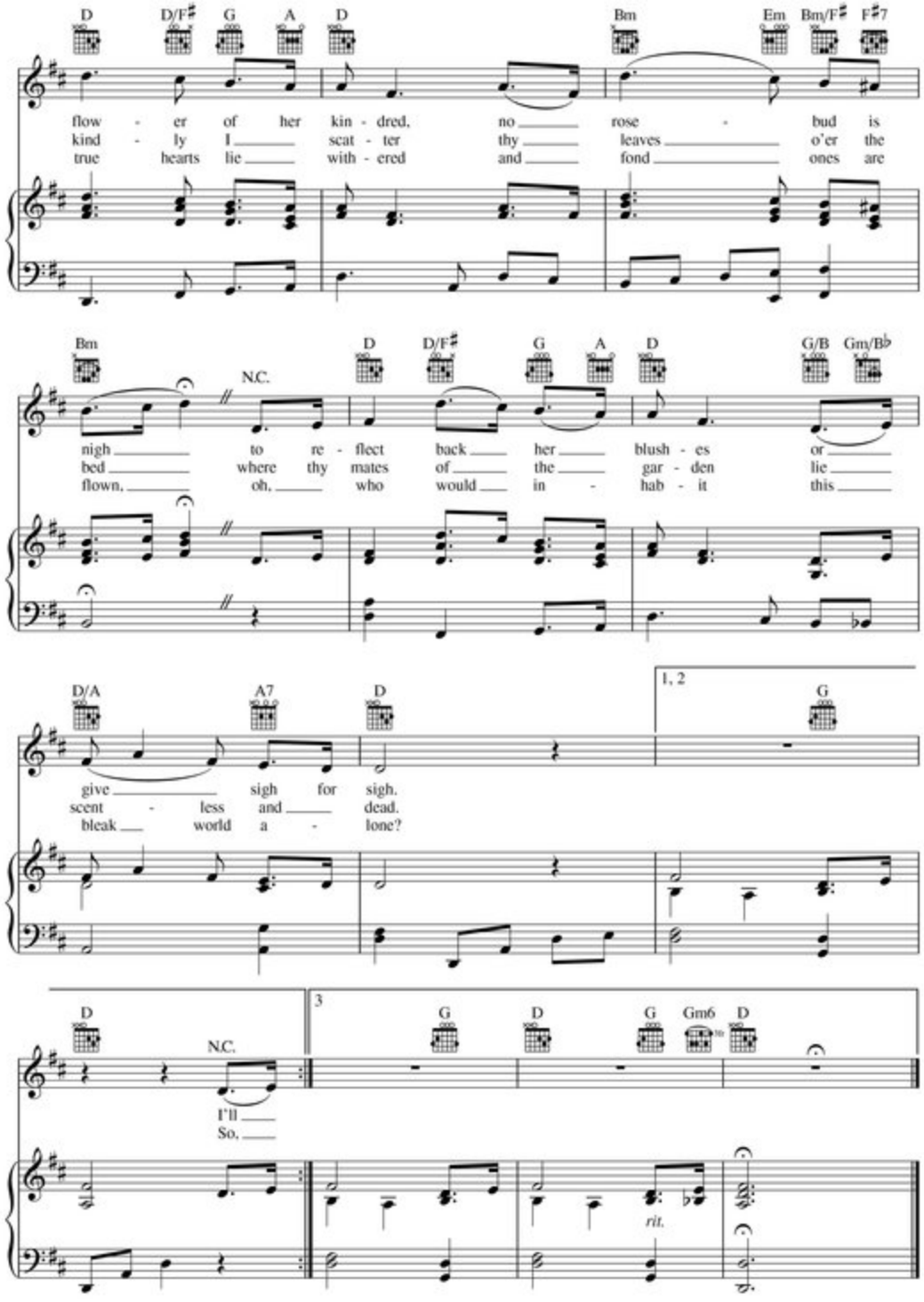

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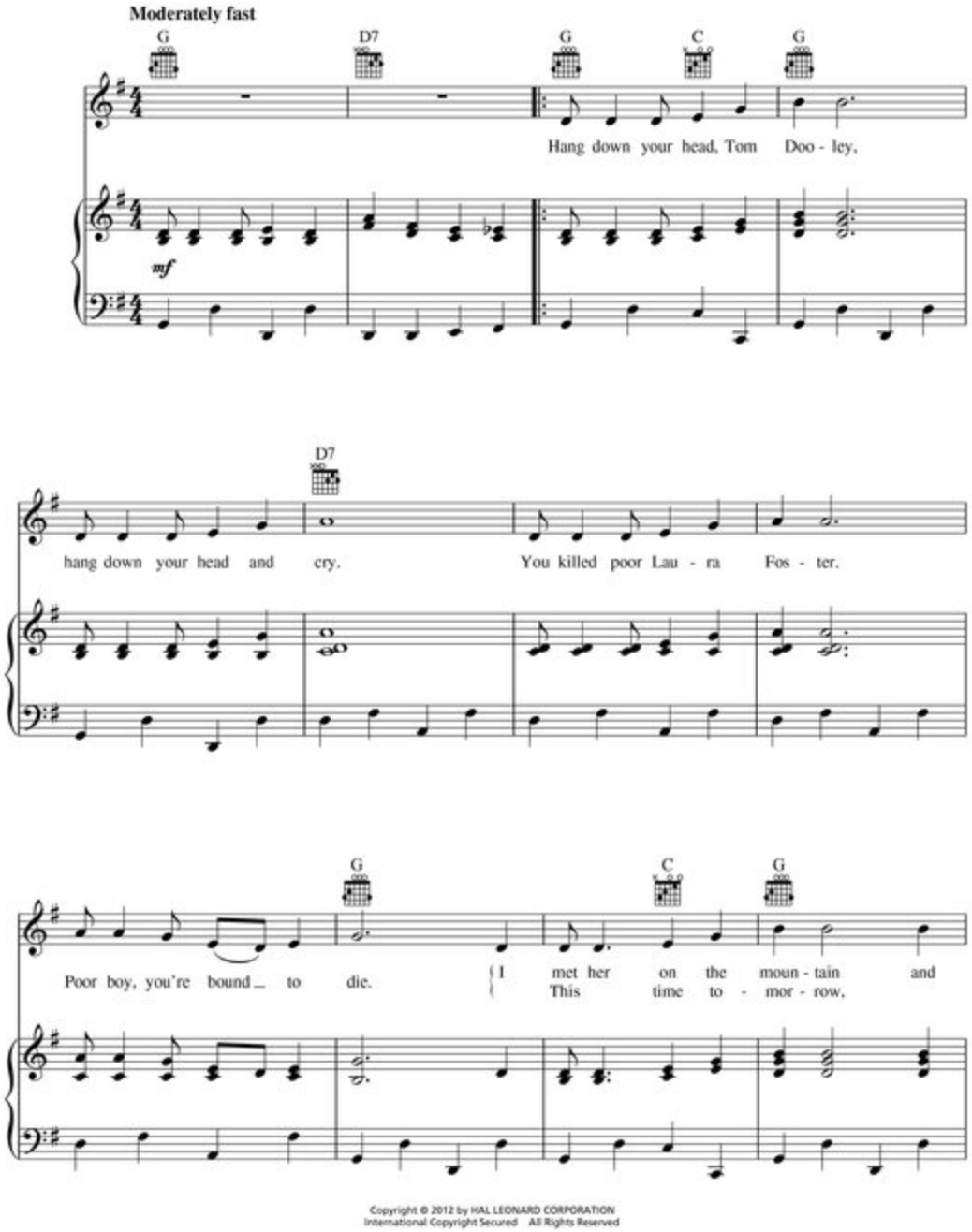
TOM DOOLEY

Traditional Folksong



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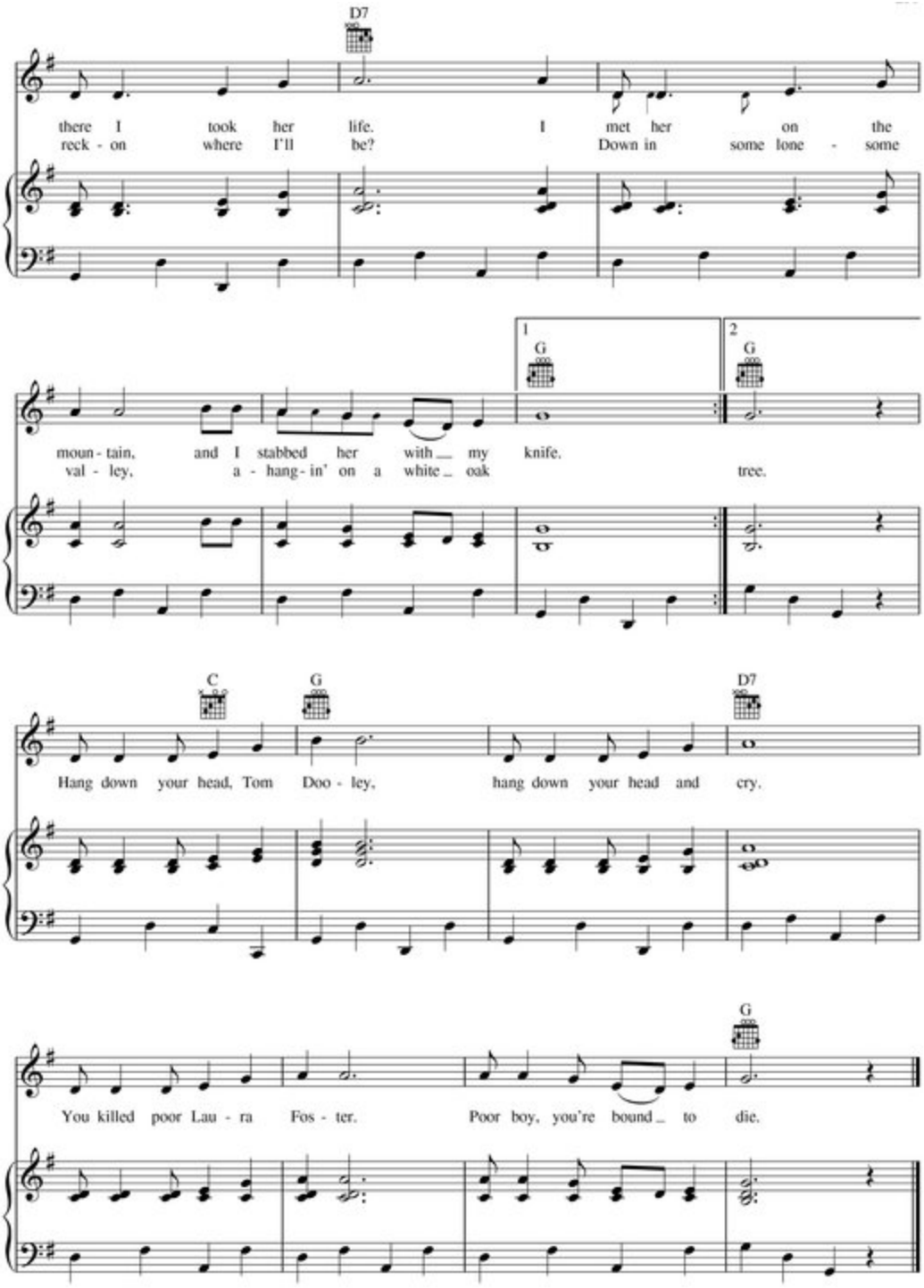

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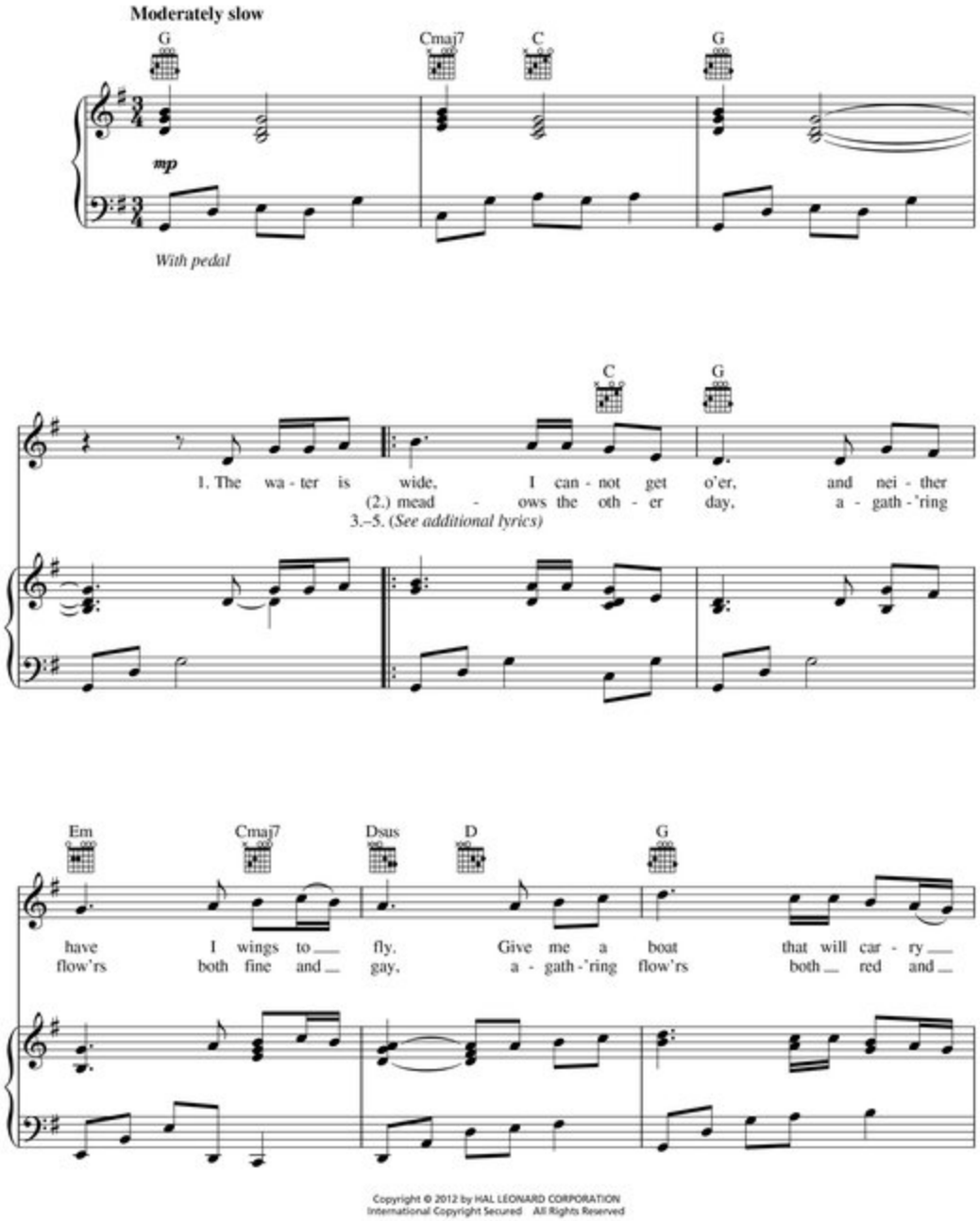
THE WATER IS WIDE

(O Waly, Waly)

English Folksong



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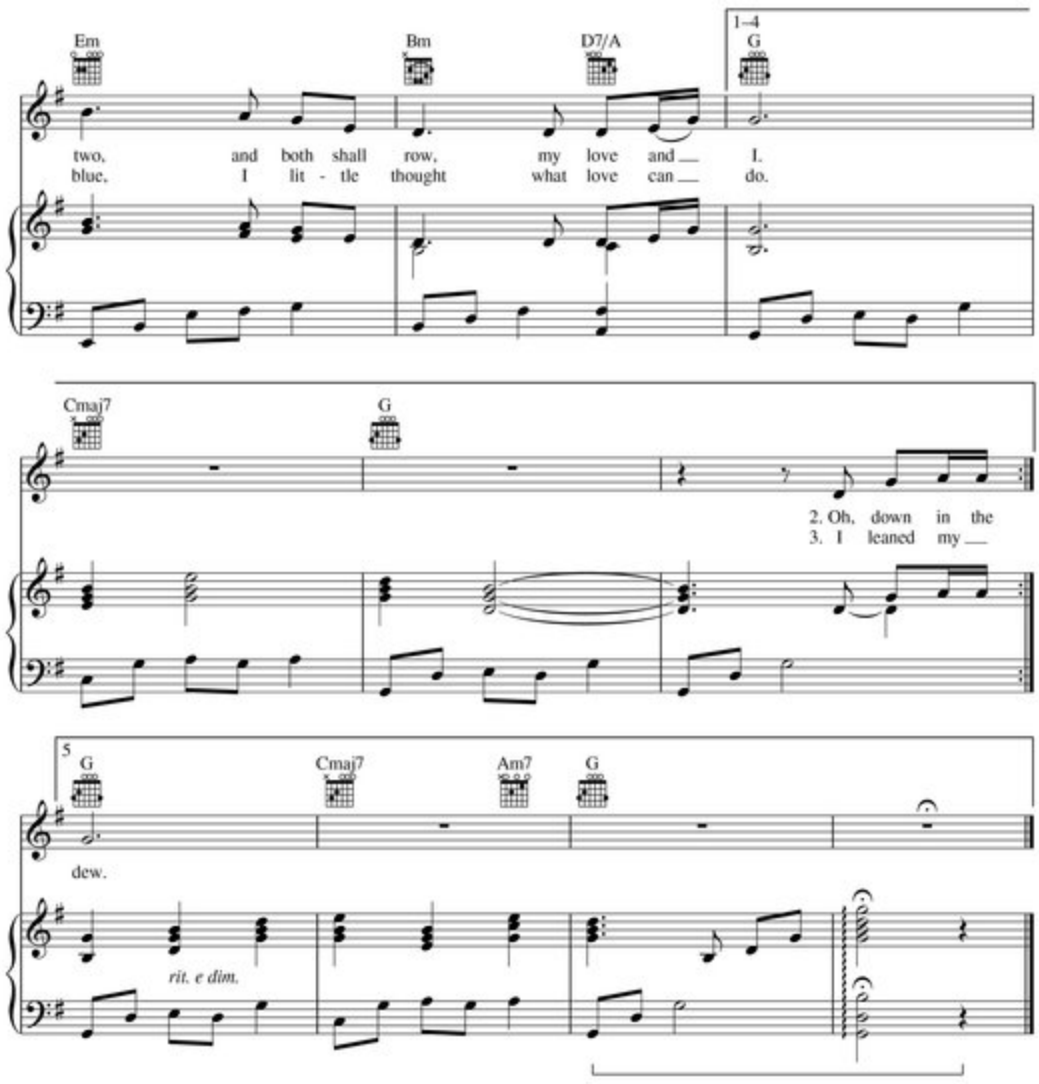

Additional Lyrics

3. I leaned my back up against some oak
   Thinking that she was a trusty tree;
   But first she bended and then she broke;
   And so did my false love to me.

4. A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
   She’s loaded deep as deep can be,
   But not so deep as the love I’m in:
   I know not if I sink or swim.

5. Oh, love is handsome and love is fine,
   And love’s a jew’l while it is new;
   But when it is old, it groweth cold,
   And fades away like morning dew.

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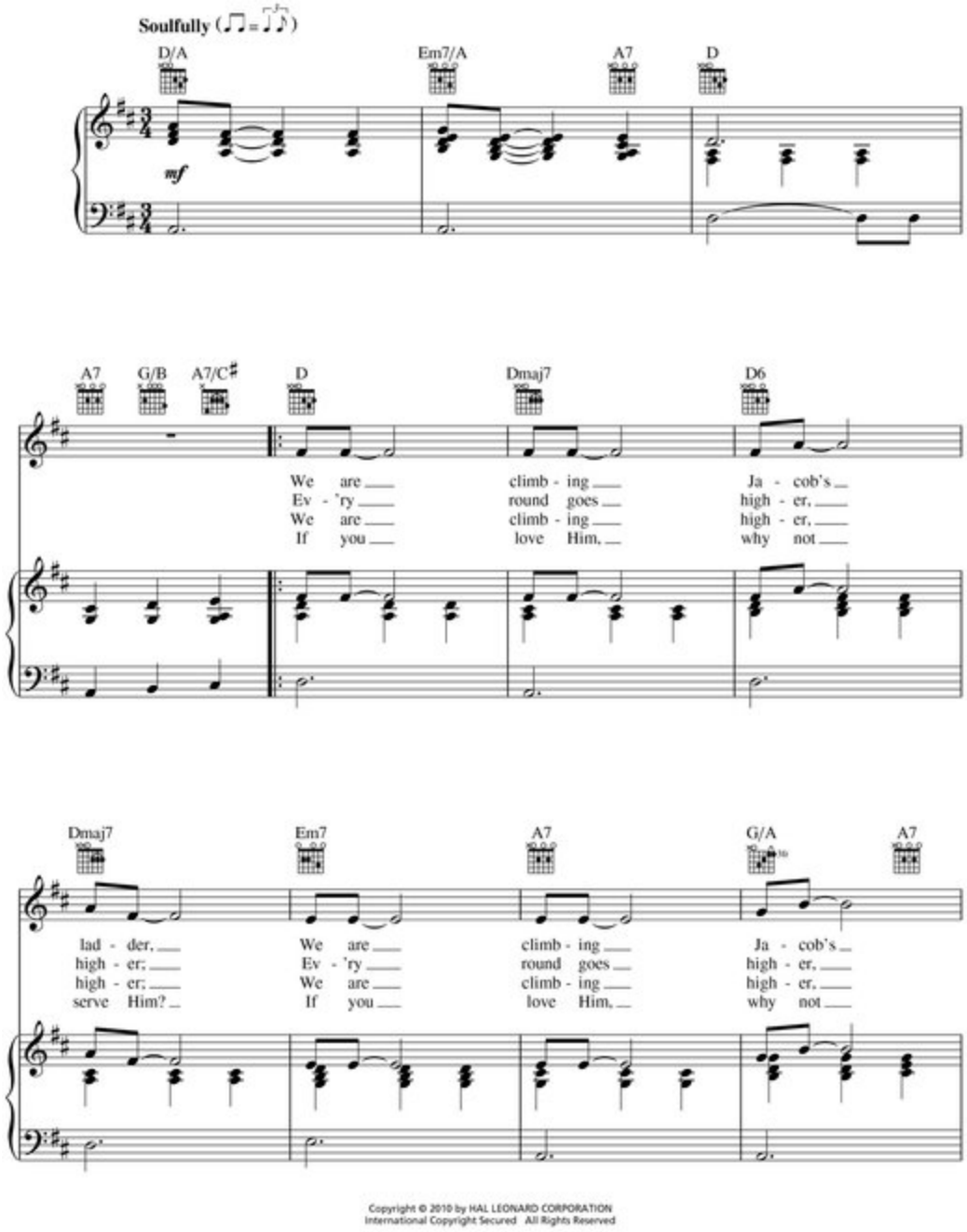
WE ARE CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER

African-American Spiritual



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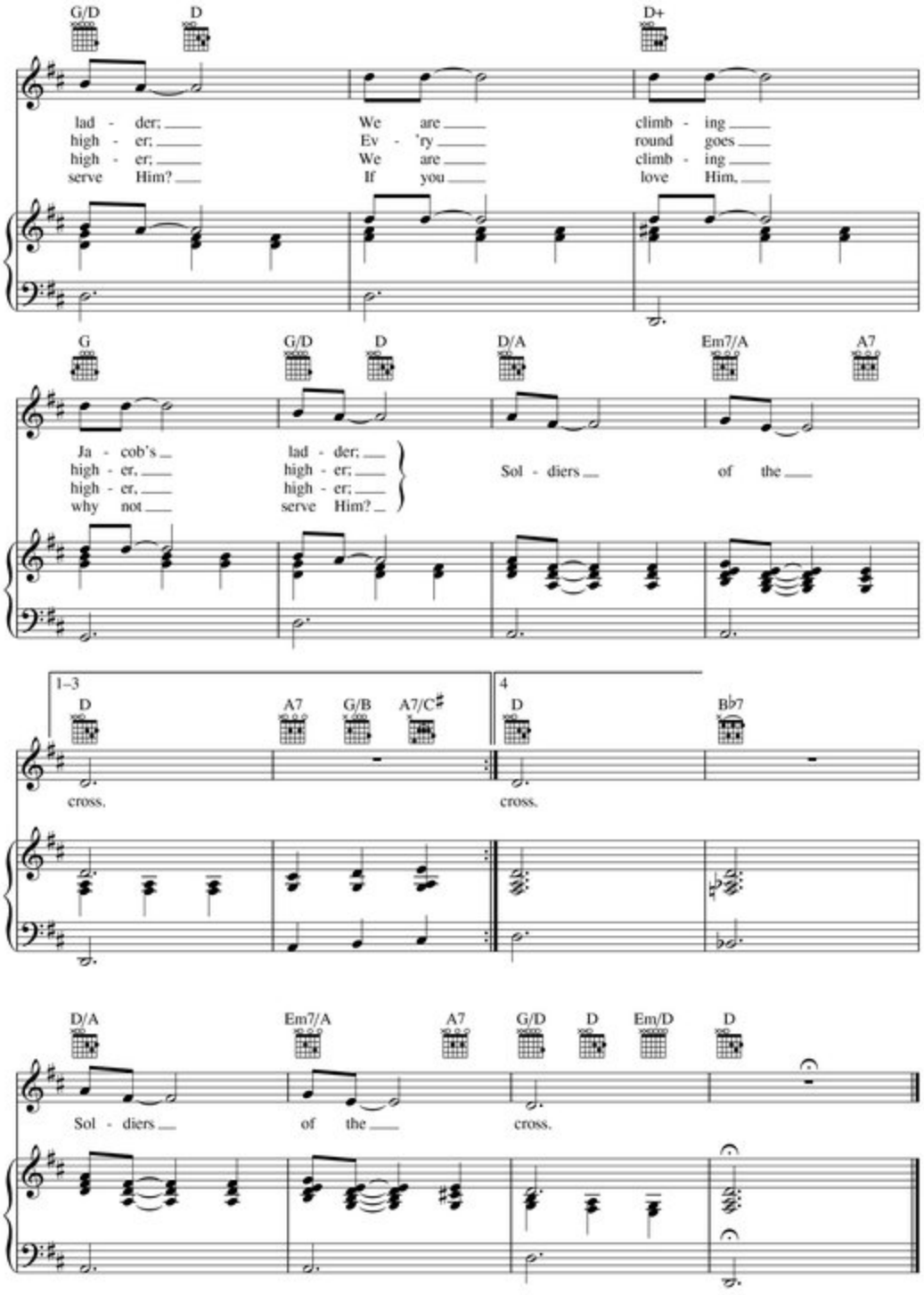

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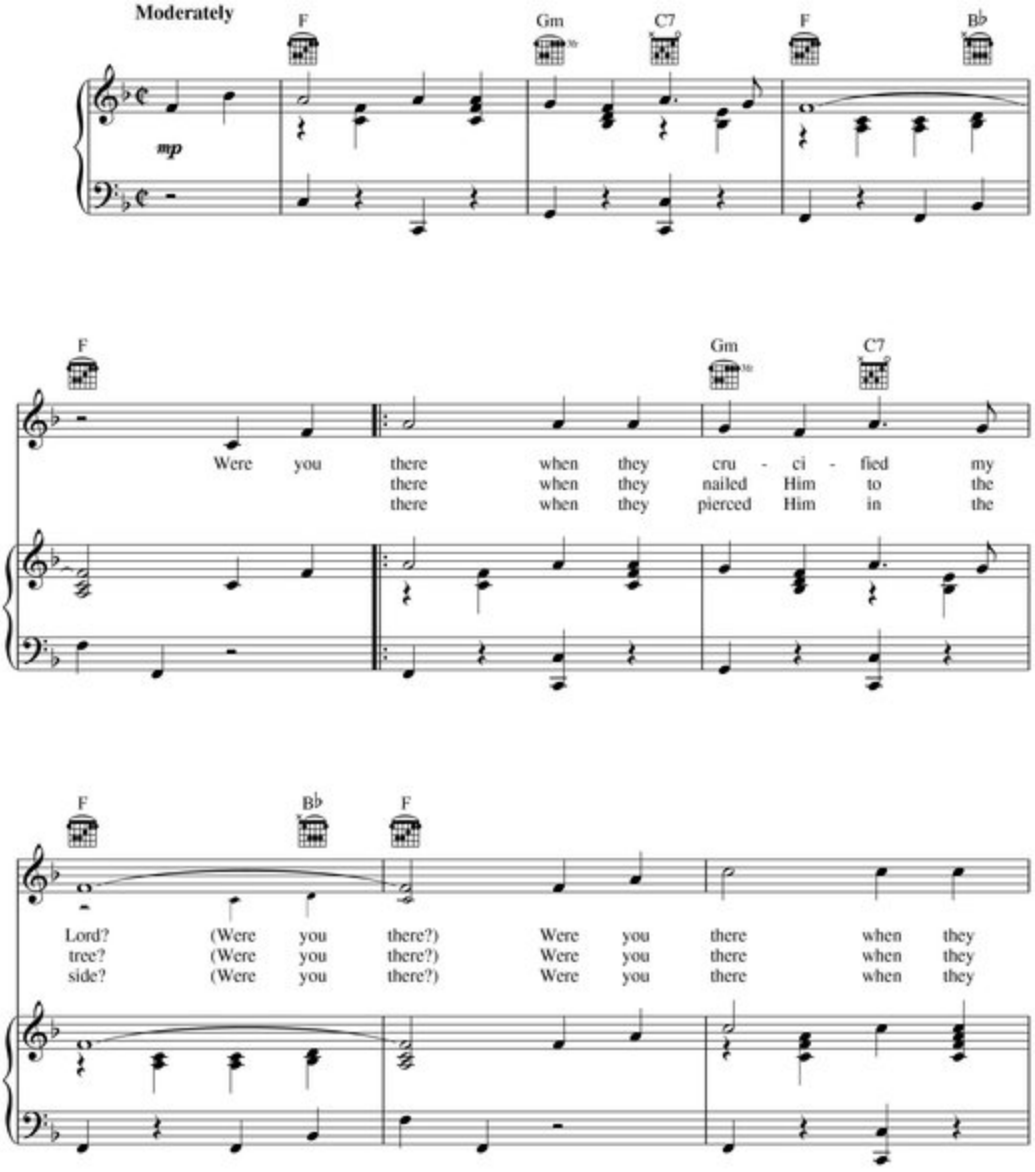
WERE YOU THERE?

African-American Spiritual



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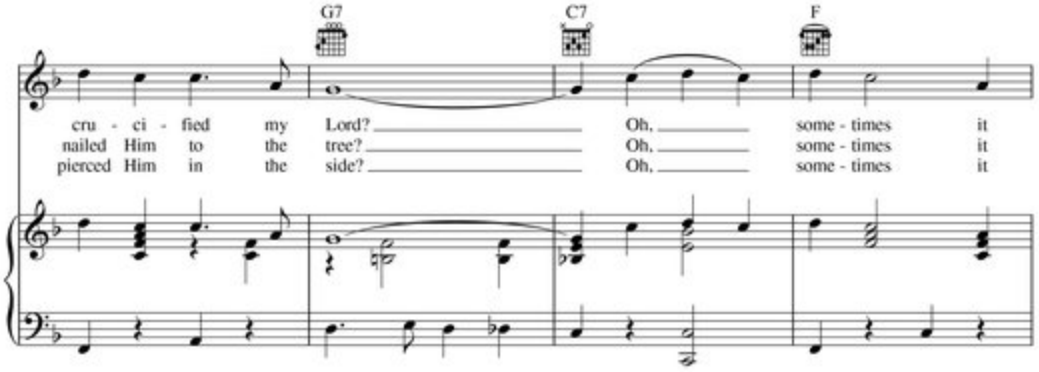
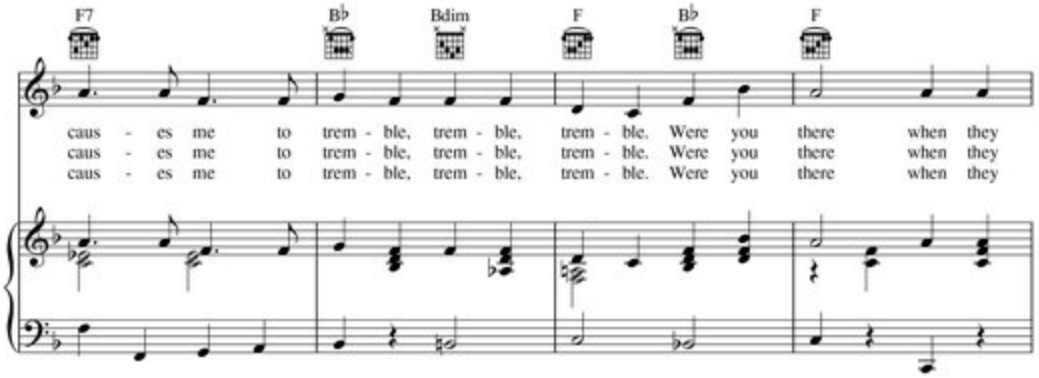
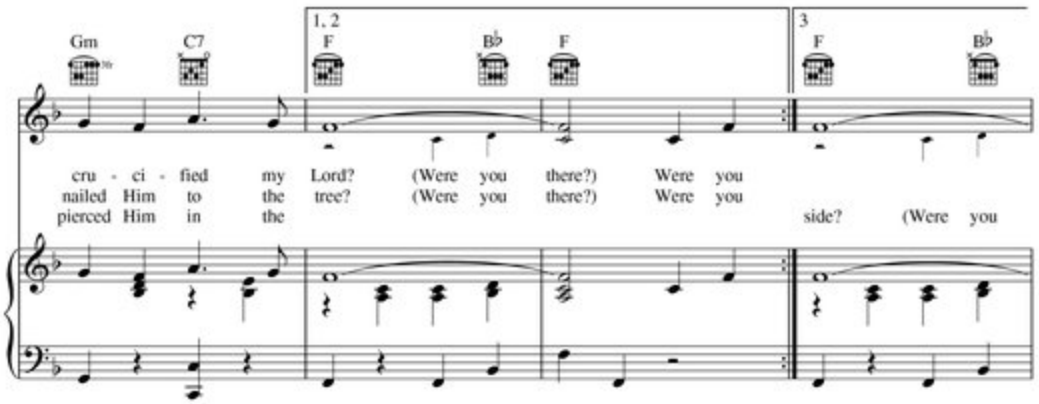
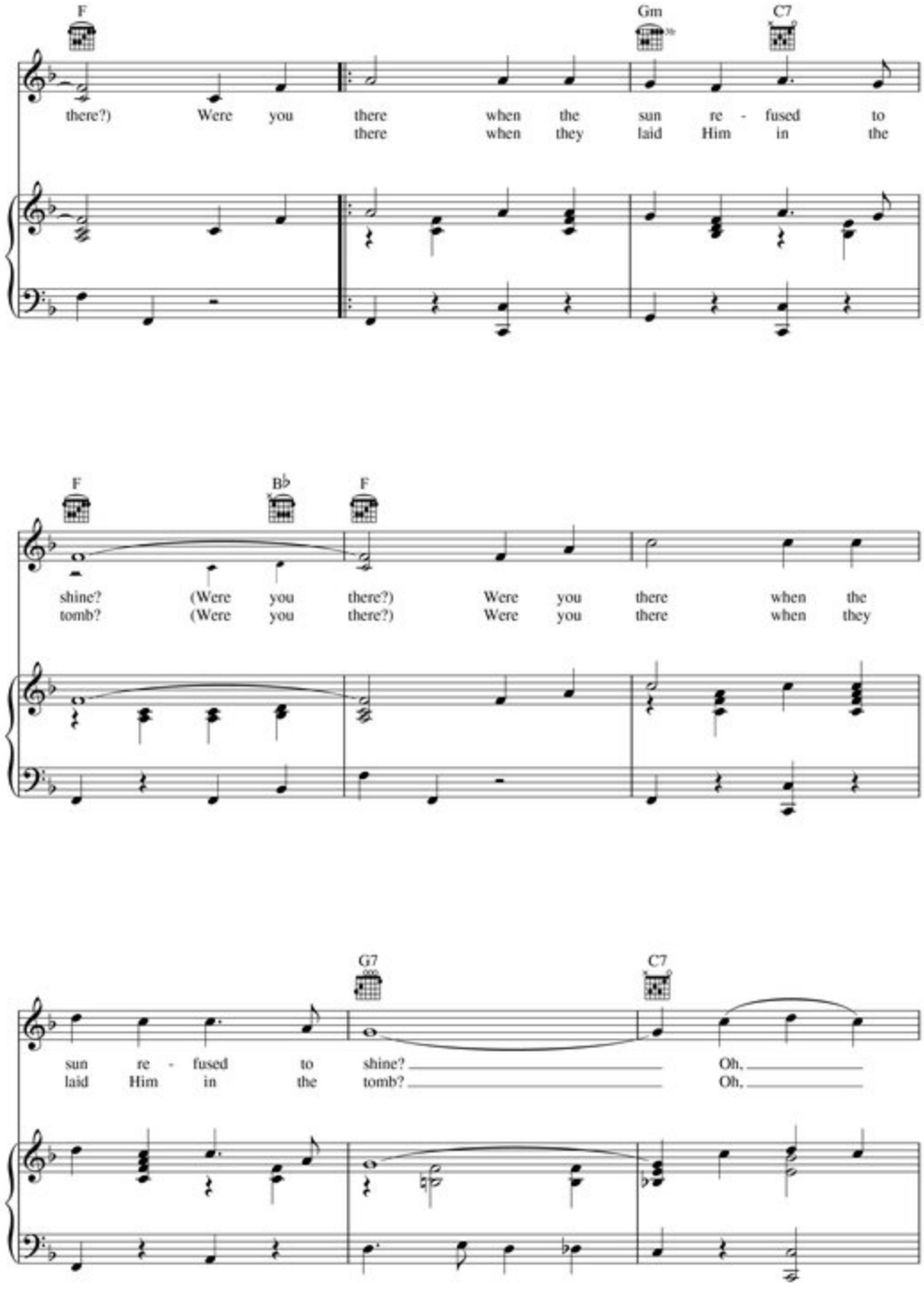
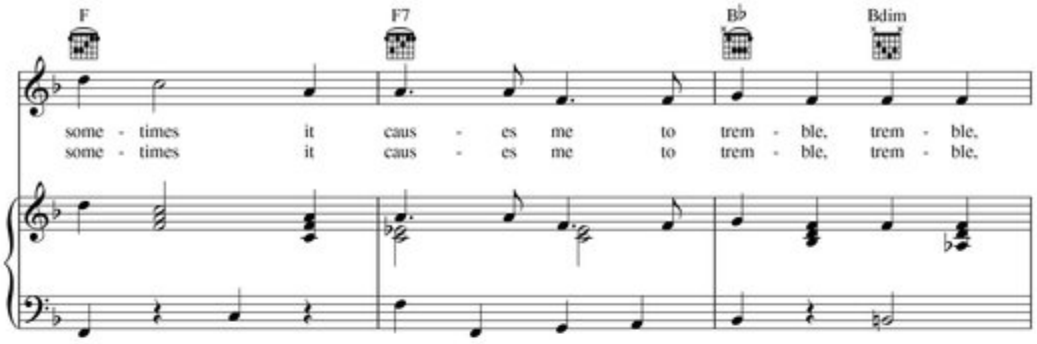
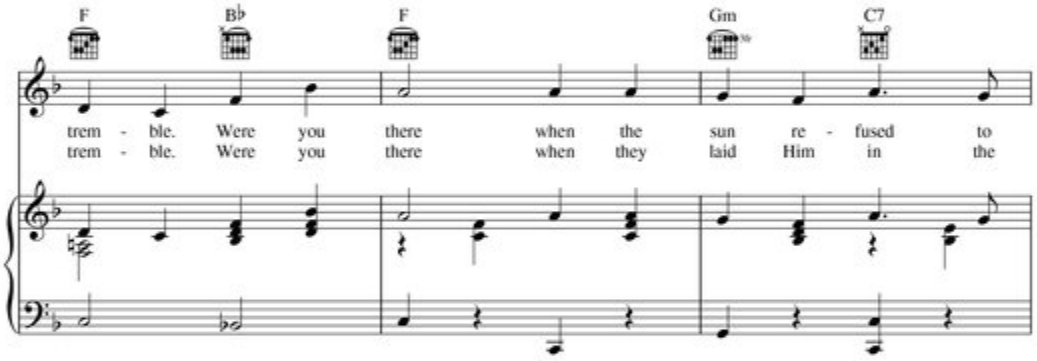

G7
C7
F
cru - ci - fied my Lord? Oh, some - times it
nailed Him to the tree? Oh, some - times it
pierced Him in the side? Oh, some - times it

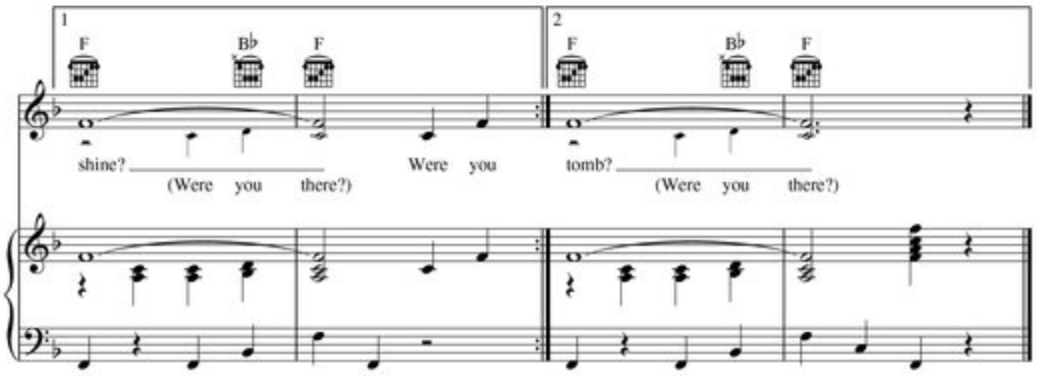

F7
B♭
Bdim
F
B♭
F
caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there when they
caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there when they
caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there when they


Gm
C7
1, 2
F
B♭
F
3
F
B♭
cru - ci - fied my Lord? (Were you there?) Were you
nailed Him to the tree? (Were you there?) Were you
pierced Him in the side? (Were you


F
Gm
C7
there?) Were you there when the sun re - fused to
there when they laid Him in the
F
B♭
F
shine? (Were you there?) Were you there when the
tomb? (Were you there?) Were you there when they
G7
C7
sun re - fused to shine? Oh,
laid Him in the tomb? Oh,







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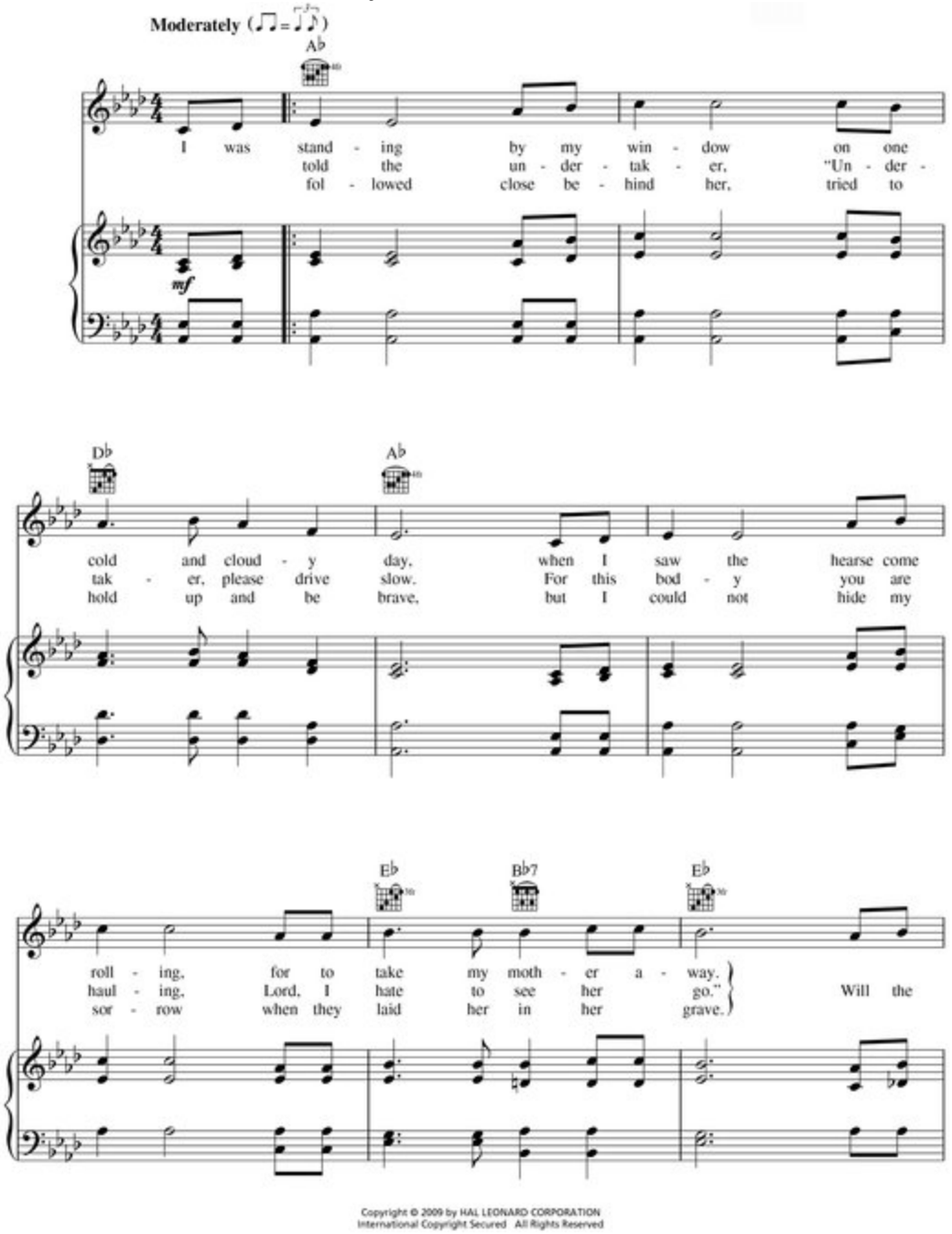
WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

Words by ADA R. HABERSHON
Music by CHARLES H. GABRIEL



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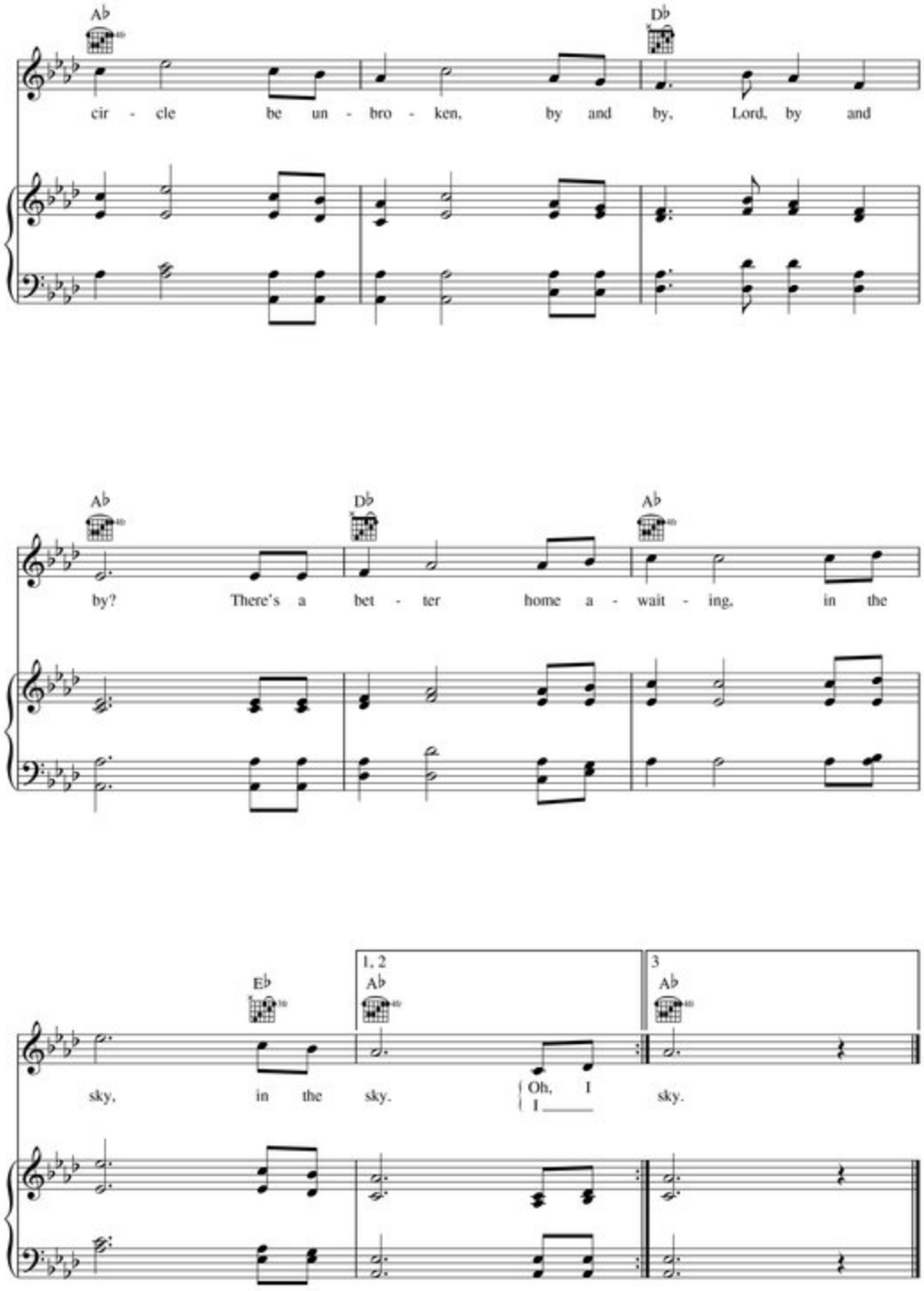

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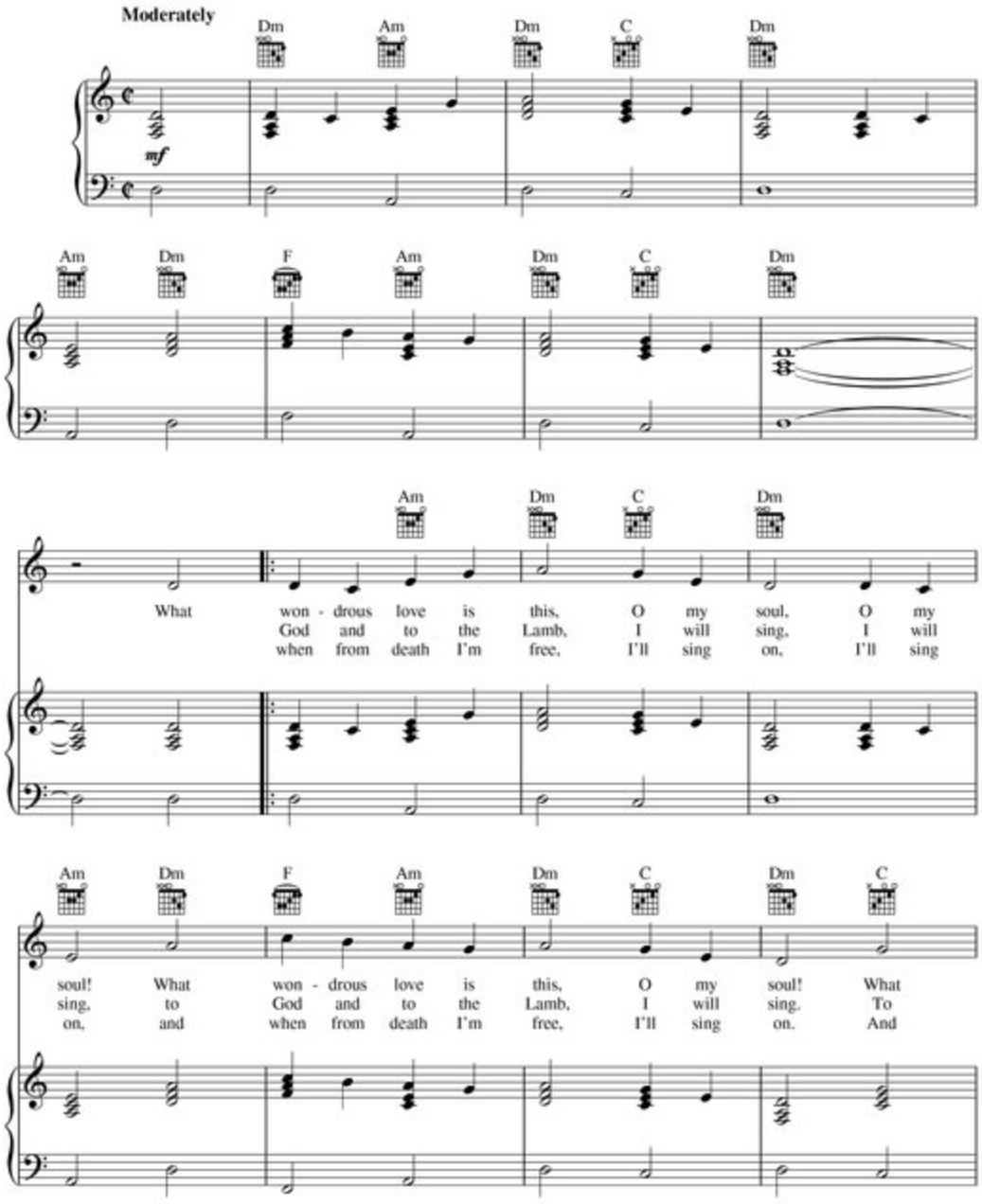
WONDROUS LOVE

Southern American Folk Hymn



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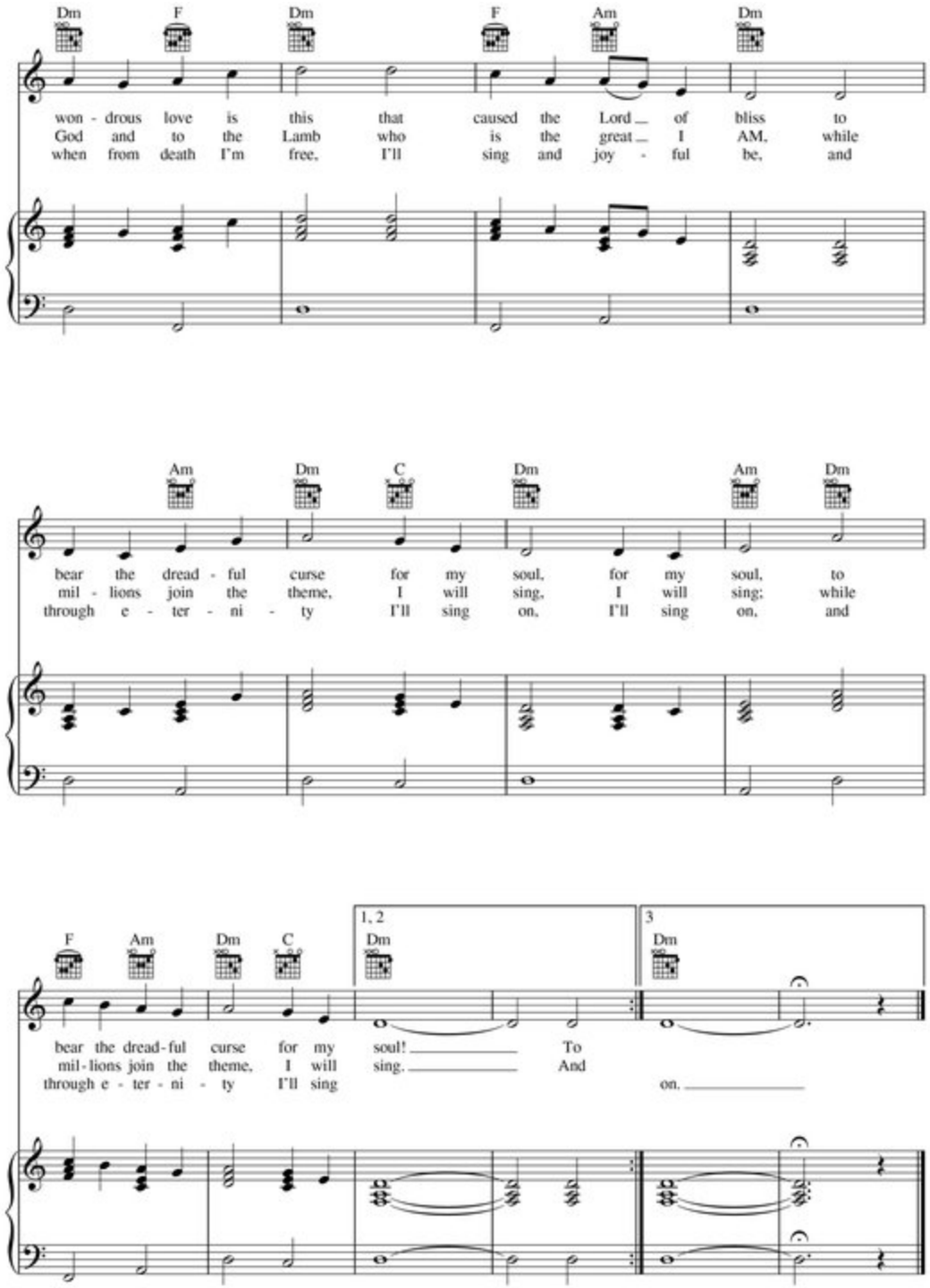

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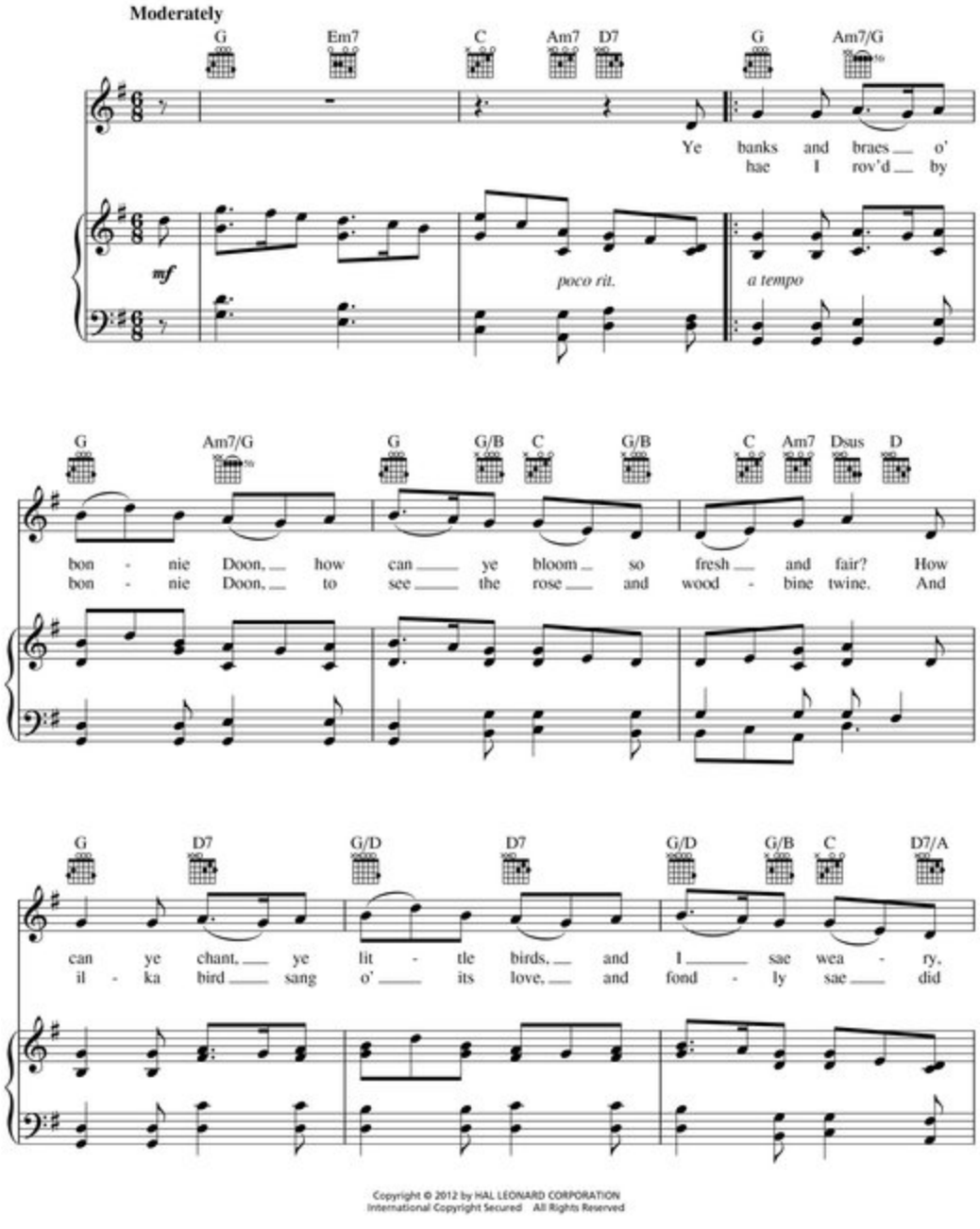
YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON

Words by ROBERT BURNS
Old Scottish Melody



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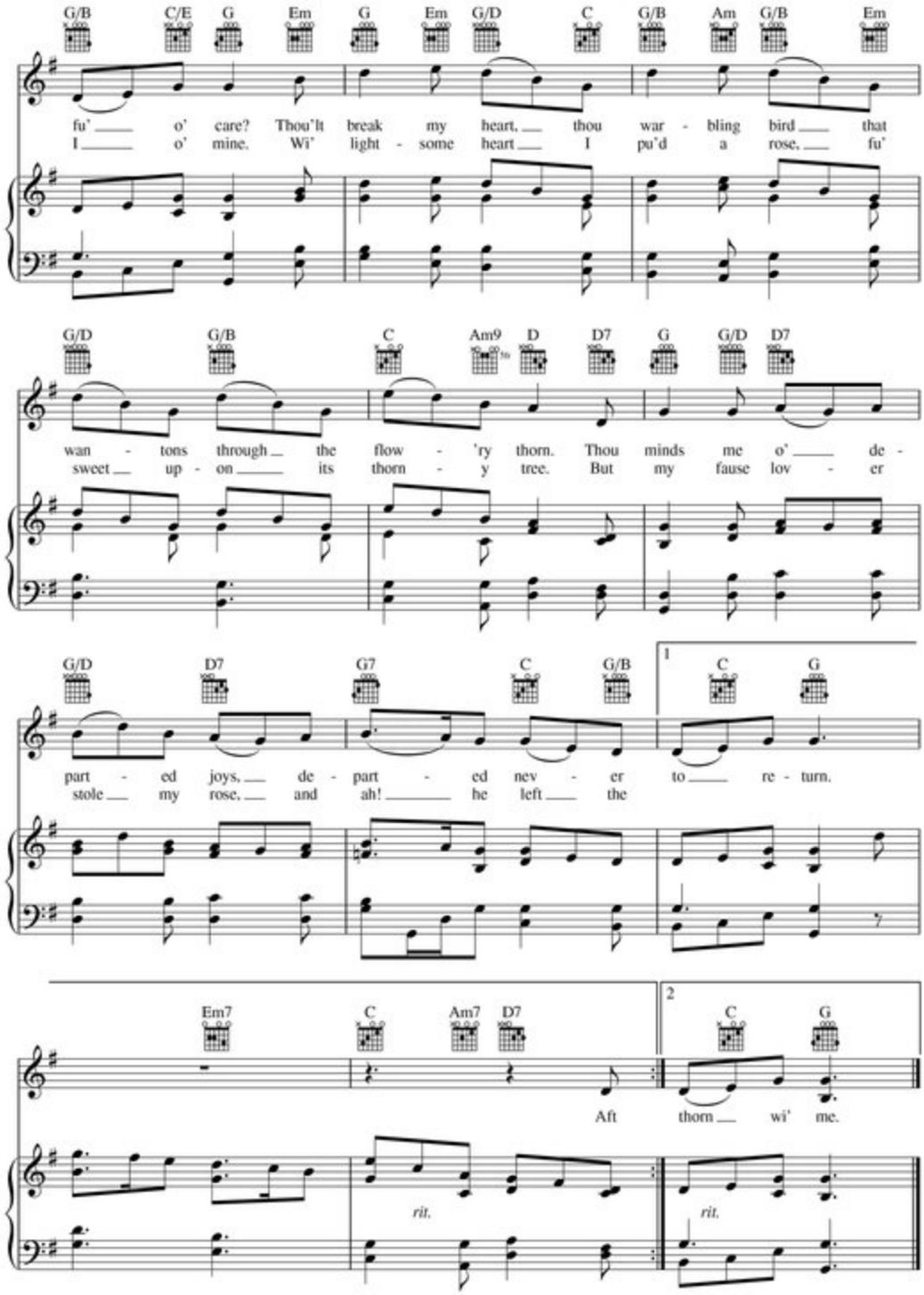

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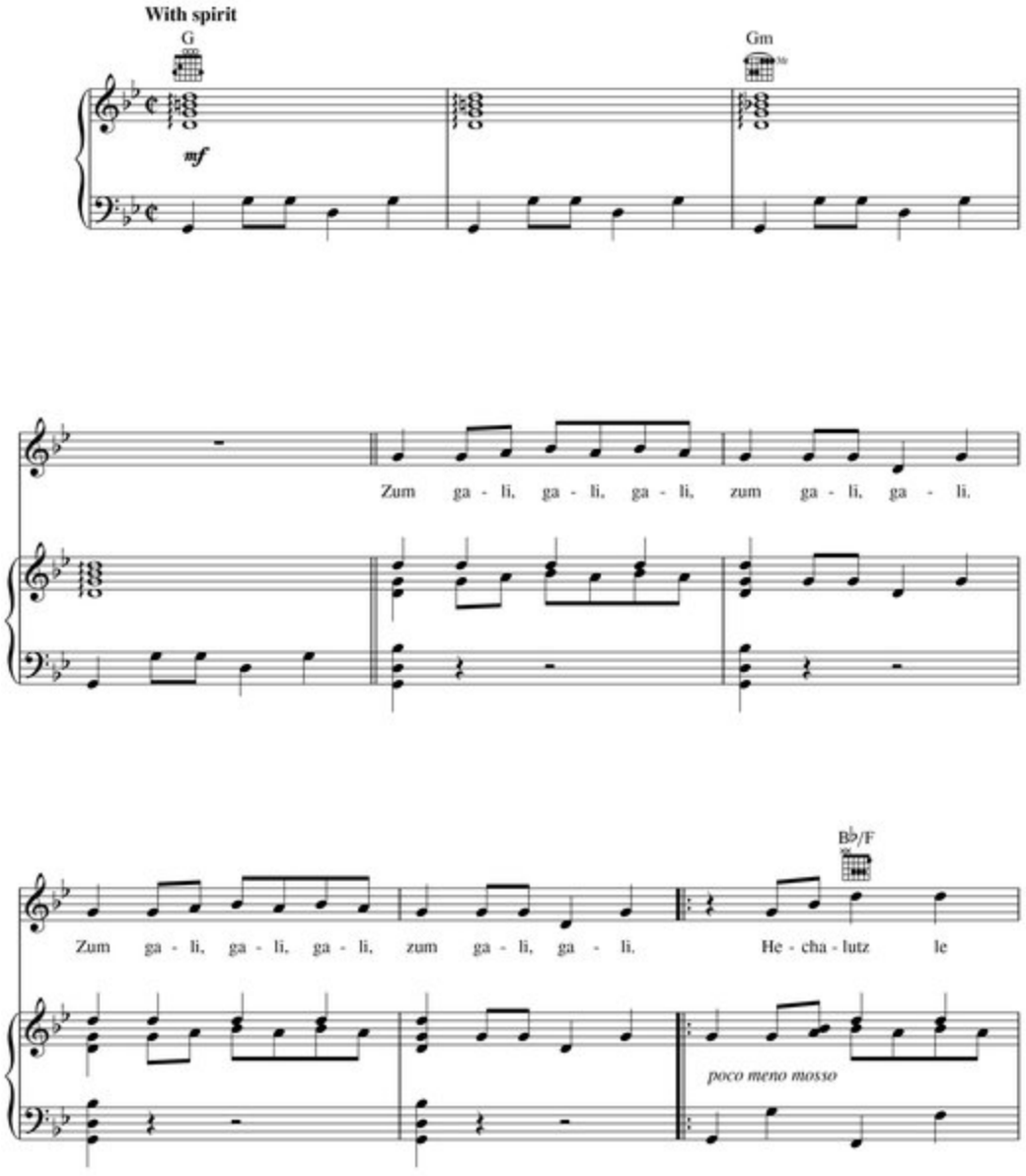
ZUM GALI GALI

Israeli Folksong



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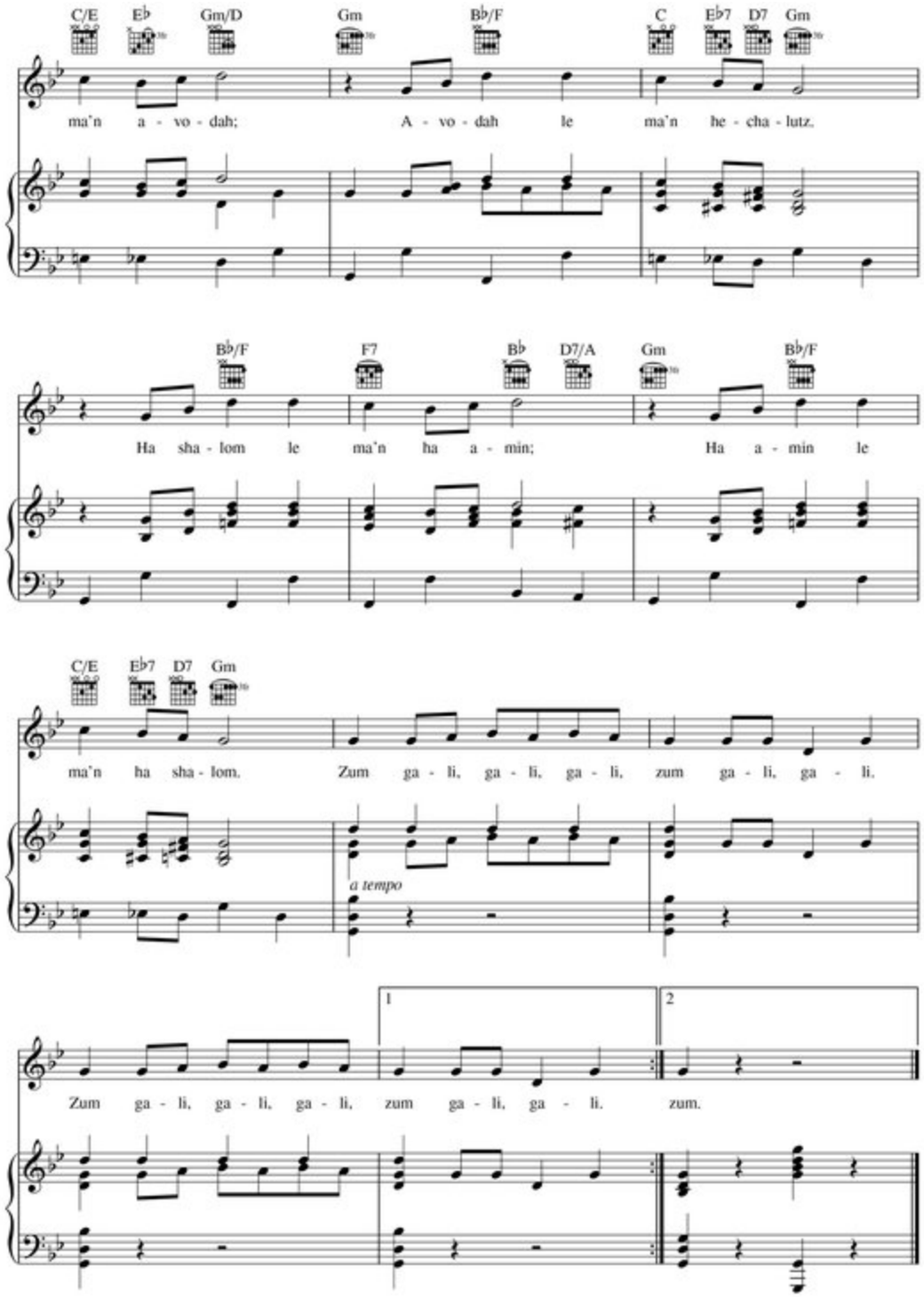

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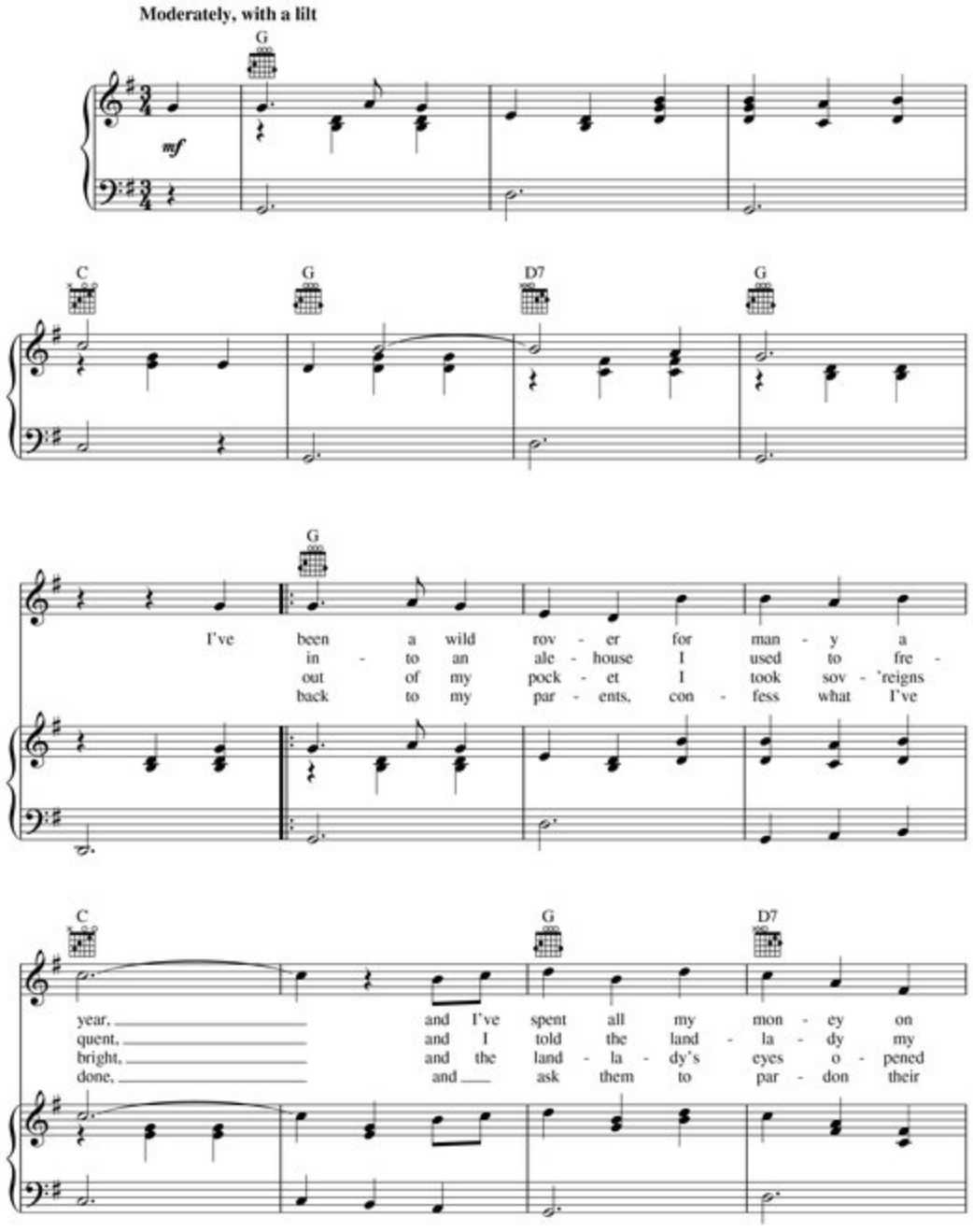
THE WILD ROVER

Irish Folksong



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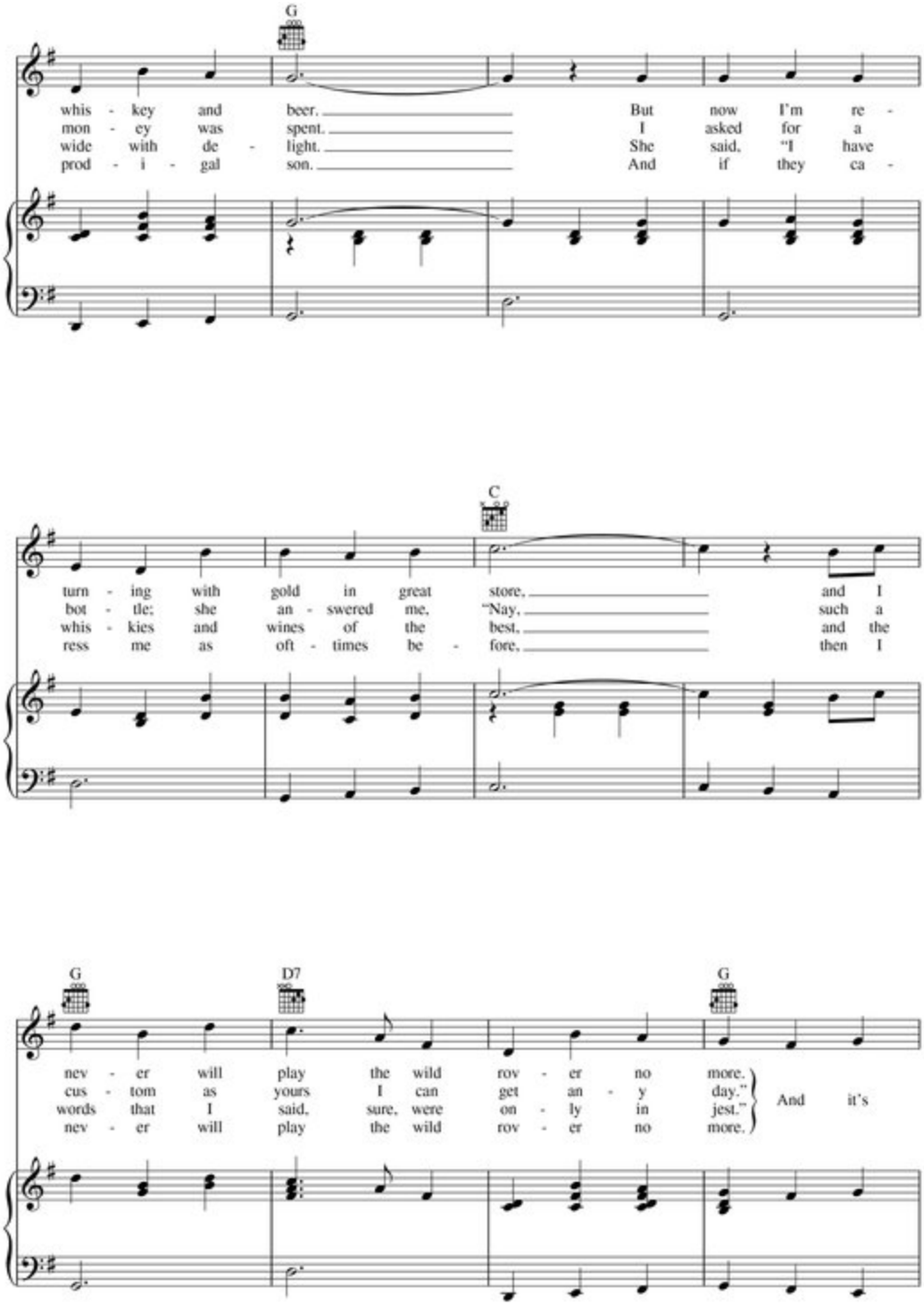
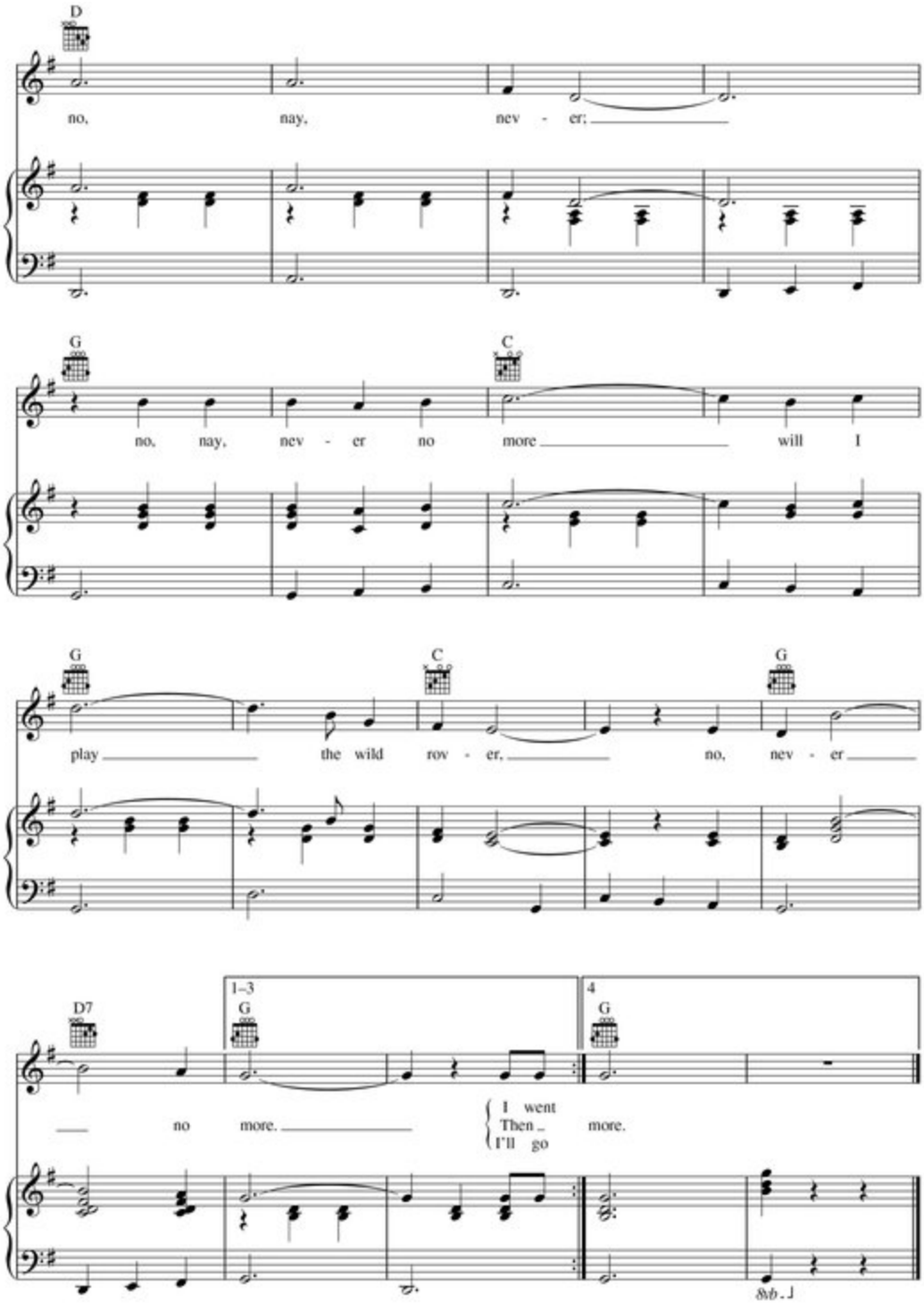

G
whis - key and beer. But now I'm re -
mon - ey was spent. I asked for a
wide with de - light. She said, "I have
prod - i - gal son. And if they ca -
C
turn - ing with gold in great store, and I
bot - tle; she an - swered me, "Nay, such a
whis - kies and wines of the best, and the
ress me as oft - times be - fore, then I
G
D7
G
nev - er will play the wild rov - er no more.
cus - tom as yours I can get an - y day."
words that I said, sure, were on - ly in jest."
nev - er will play the wild rov - er no more.
And it's



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