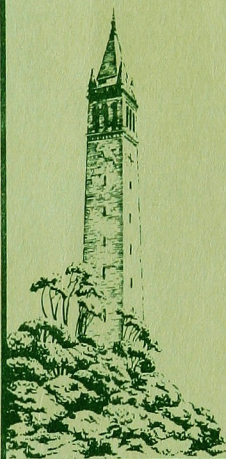


4-H

BOOK OF SONGS



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Agricultural Extension Service

Cooperative Extension Work
in
Agriculture and Home Economics,
College of Agriculture, University of California
and
United States Department of Agriculture cooperating.
Distributed in furtherance of the Acts of Congress of
May 8, and June 30, 1914.

George B. Alcorn, Director,
California Agricultural Extension Service.

America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

○ beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
○ beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sion'd stress
○ beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved In lib-er-a-ting strife,
○ beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruited plain.
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.
Who more than self their Coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life.
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undim'd by hu-man tears.

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And

crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

Words by permission of Mrs. George T. Burgess

Green Grow the Rushes

English version of an ancient Hebrew Folk Song

I'll sing you one - ho! Green grow the rush-es ho;
 What is your one-ho? One is one and all a-lone and
 ev - er - more shall be so. I'll sing you two - ho!
 Green grow the rush-es ho; What are your two - ho?
 Two, two, the lil-y-white boys, cloth-ed all in green-ho,
 One is one and all a-lone and ev-er-more shall be so.
 Three, three, the ri - vals, (to 2) Four for the gos-pel mak-ers,
 5. Five for the symbols at your door and four for the gospel makers,
 6. Six for the six proud walkers, (to 5)
 7. Sev'n for the sev'n stars in the sky and six for the. .
 8. Eight for the April rainers, (to 7)
 9. Nine for the nine bright shiners, (to 8)
 10. Ten for the ten commandments, (to 9)
 11. Elev'n for the 'lev'n went up to heav'n and ten for. .
 12. Twelve for the twelve Apostles, (to 11)

From NEW FELLOWSHIP SONGBOOK. Permission H. Walford Davies

Possible meaning: I refers to Deity; II, Hebrew version Tables of the Law. III, Trinity or Patriarchs; IV, Gospel writers or wives of Patriarchs; VII, Ursa Major or days of the week. X, All versions agree here; XI, Apostles minus Judas, or 11 stars seen by Joseph; XII, Apostles, or tribes of Israel.

GREEN GROW THE CLOVERS

Tune: Green Grow the Rushes, Ho

Leader: I'll sing you one Ho!

Chorus: Green grow the clovers—O;
What is your one Ho?

Leader: One the Head to run the show
and ever more shall be so.

Leader: I'll sing you two Ho's!

Chorus: Green grow the clovers—O;
What are you two Ho's?

Leader: Two, two, the Hands so true,
ready, useful work to do.

All: One the Head to run the show
and ever more shall be so.

Leader: I'll sing you three Ho's!

Chorus: Green grow the clovers—O;
What are your three Ho's?

Leader: Three, three, the Health glow.

All: Two, two, the Hands so true,
ready, useful work to do.
One the Head to run the show,
and ever more shall be so.

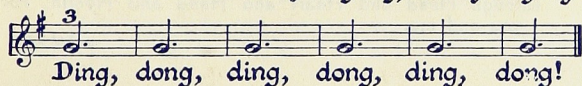
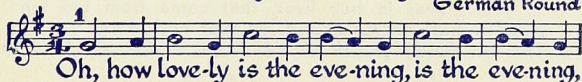
Four for the Heart that's friendly.

Five for the Seniors dressed in white.

Six for the Four-H leaders.

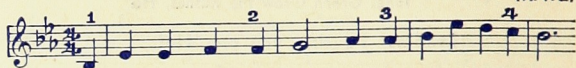
Lovely Evening

German Round

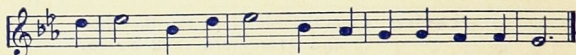


Now All the Woods Are Waking

M.V.E.



Now all the woods are wak-ing, The sun is rid-ing high.



Wake up, now! Get up, now! Be-fore the dew is dry.

This round may be sung in any number of parts up to eight.

STRIVING ON

Tune: Going Home—Dvorak

1. Striving on, striving on, towards the 4-H goal,
Eyes so keen, mind serene, and a tranquil soul.
Skillful hands, helpful hearts, heads that plan and do,
Will for all to play their parts, health to see us through.
2. Join our throng, raise a song with a will tonight.
Flames leap high, towards the sky, from our campfire
bright.
Clover green o'er the scene casts its happy spell.
Joys abound, echoes sound, telling "All is well."
3. Rolling on, rolling on, to our yearly treat.
Head and heart, hands and health, bring us to this meet.
On the farm, life will charm, we'll learn methods new.
Fun prolong, close with song, rest when day is through.

THE CLOVER OF CLUB WORK

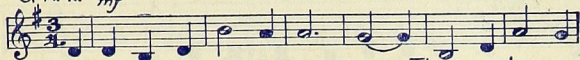
1. The clover of Club Work, Ah! see it is growing
In young lives in true lives, that come from the land,
New strength to our nation 'tis ever bestowing
Through sturdy growth of Head and Heart, and Health
and Hand.
2. The clover of Club Work adorns our green banners.
We hail it the emblem of progress to be.
"To make the best better" we all must be planners
Through Head and Heart and Hand and Health, For
you and me.

—W.M.

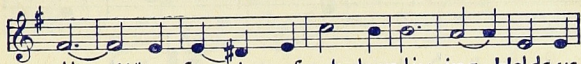
Song of the Open Country

C. A. R. *mf*

Clare A. Rood



A song of the o-pen coun-try—That we love so
The a-wak'-ning of life in spring-time—Gives us hope a-
So life in the o-pen coun-try, With growing things a-



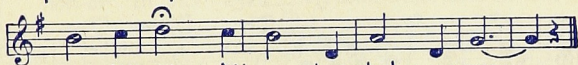
well,—Where free-dom of out-door liv-ing—Holds us
new,—The long grow-ing days of sum-mer—Give us
round,—Where our—cre-a-tor's wis-dom On ev-ry



in its spell;—The splen-dor of skies at dawn-ing, The
work to do.—In au-tumn the gold-en har-vest Ful-
hand is found, Gives youth of the o-pen coun-try A



gold-en sun-set's glow.—Our hopes a-rise 'neath
fills our hopes of spring—And proves the love of
part-ner-ship with Him.—The work we share builds



star-lit skies, All na-ture helps us grow.—
Him a-bove Who guards each liv-ing thing.—
us four-square, Head, heart, hands, health for Him.—

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FOUR-H PLEDGE

I pledge my Head to clearer thinking,
My Heart to greater loyalty,
My Hands to larger service
And my Health to better living for my club,
My community and my country.

Four - H Friendship Song

Fannie R. Buchanan

Rena M. Parish

Lively mf

Ev - 'ry - bod - y needs a bit of friend - ship,

Friend - ship that is tried and true. Ev - 'ry - bod - y

needs a bit of friend - ship, Wheth - er skies are gray or

blue. Ev - 'ry - bod - y ev - ry - where must have it,

Ev - 'ry day the whole year through. Ev - 'ry - bod - y

needs a bit of friend - ship, And I need you.

Dreaming

Fannie R. Buchanan

Rena M. Parish

My home must have a high tree A-bove its o-pen
 My home must have a friend-ship With ev - ery hap-py
 My home must have its moth - er, May I growsweet and

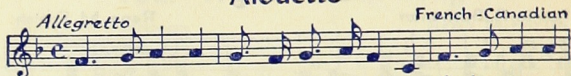
gate. — My home must have a gar - den Where
 thing. — My home must of - fer com - fort For
 wise. — My home must have its fa - ther With

lit-tle dream-ings wait. — My home must have a wide —
 an - y sor-row - ing. — And ev - ery heart that en -
 hon-or in his eyes. — My home must have its chil-

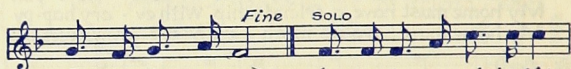
view Of field and mead-ow fair, — Of dis-tant hill, of
 ters Shall hear its mu-sic there — And find some sim-ple
 dren, God grant the par-ents grace — To keep our home thru

o - pen sky, With sun - light ev - ery - where. —
 beau - ty, That ev - ery life may share. —
 all the years, A kind - ly, hap - py place. —

Alouette



A-lou-et-te, gen-tille A-lou-et-te, A-lou-et-te,



Je te plu-me-rai. 1. Je te plu-me-rai la tête,



Je te plu-me-rai la tête, Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!

2. Le bec

4. Le dos

6. Le cou

3. Le nez

5. Les pattes

WE'RE FOR CLUB WORK

Tune: Alouette

Refrain:

We're for club work,

Hard and steady club work,

We're for club work

All the year around.

Leader (1) See our pigs so big and fat.

Chorus See our pigs so big and fat.

Leader Pigs so fat.

Chorus Pigs so fat.

Leader Think of that.

Chorus Think of that.

All OH!

Refrain:

So on through the following responses, each time backwards from the one just given to "Think of that."

(2) Count the eggs our chickens lay
(Chickens lay.)

(3) We raise calves and make them pay.
(Calves that pay.)

(4) See the dresses that we make.
(Dresses make.)

(5) See the bread and cakes we bake.
(Cakes we bake.)

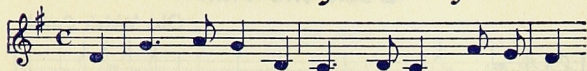
(6) From our projects we make "mon."
(We make "mon.")

(7) At our meetings we have fun.
(We have fun.)

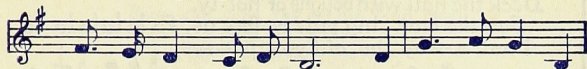
(8) See how tall and straight we grow.
(Straight we grow.)

(9) Then to summer camp we go.
(Camp we go.)

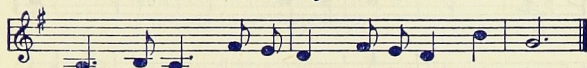
The Wind Sighs Gently



The wind sighs gent-ly thru the trees, Far a-bove



stars look down, shin-ing bright. Our camp-fire winks its



sleep - y eyes, So to rest now is best, good night.

4-H CAMPING SONG

1. Now the boys and girls are coming
From the valley and the plain
To our camps within the forests
In old Nature's broad domain.
Hearts with joy are all o'erflowing
As they view the peaceful scene,
Where the campfire flames are glowing
On our 4-H banner green.
2. How we love our 4-H Club work
And its program through the year,
For our leaders' inspiration
Makes all difficulties clear.
From our projects we are learning
How to work with methods new,
And success we all are earning
Through our four-fold program too.

WATCH US GROW

Tune: Are You Sleeping

Four-H Club Work, Four-H Club Work,
Watch us grow, Watch us grow,
Here in California, Here in California,
So us do, So us do.

The Swan Sings



The swan sings teer-i-li-o, teer-i-li-o, teer-i-li-o.

Also sung as a 3-part canon. End on a chord, all voices sustaining "O"

Deck the Hall

Old Welsh Carol

Deck the hall with boughs of hol-ly,
See the blaz-ing yule be-fore us, Fa la la la la
Fast a-way the old year pas-ses,

'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly,
la la la. Strike the harp and join the cho-rus, Fa la la la
Hail the new, ye lads and las-ses,

Don we now our gay ap-par-el,
la la la la. Fol-low me in mer-ry meas-ure,
Sing we joy-ous all to-geth-er,

Fa la la la la la la la. Troll the an-cient
While I tell of
Heed-less of the

yule-tide car-ol,
yule-tide treas-ure. Fa la la la la la la la.
wind and weath-er,

4-H CLOVER SONG

Tune: Deck the Halls

1. Hail we now the 4-H Clover,
fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Boys and girls the whole land over,
fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
Work we cheerfully together,
fa-la-la, fa-la-la, la-la-la,
Heedless of the wind and weather,
fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
2. Head and Hand we're always training,
Skill through projects ever gaining,
Hearts assisting others gaily,
Health through proper habits daily.
3. Farm and home crafts we are learning.
To the land our thoughts are turning.
Forward go our thousands cheering
Ever onward, nothing fearing.
4. Now we join in summer camping,
O'er the mountains gaily tramping.
See the campfire gleam before us.
Raise your voices—join the chorus.
5. California—now we hail thee!
We will strive, nor ever fail thee.
We will bring cooperation,
To the problems of the Nation.

Kookaburra

M. Sinclair

Australian Round



Koo-ka-bur-ra sits on an old gum tree, Merry, merry king of the



bush is he, Laugh, koo-ka-bur-ra, laugh, koo-ka-bur-ra, Gay your life must be.

—From the DITTY BAG, by Janet Tobitt, used by permission.

4-H Field Song

Fannie R. Buchanan

Renu M. Parish

Sing for the wide, wide fields. — Sing for the wide, wide

sky. — Sing for the good, glad earth, — For the

sun on hill-tops high. — Sing for the com-rade

true, — Sing for the friend-ship sweet. — Sing as to-

geth-er we swing a-long, With the turf be-neath our feet. —

8v

Used by special permission of the National 4-H Club Committee.

THE 4-H CANDLE

This little 4-H light of mine I'm going to let it shine.
 This little 4-H light of mine I'm going to let it shine.
 This little 4-H light of mine I'm going to let it shine.
 Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

All around the neighborhood, I'm going to let it shine.
 (Repeat twice)

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

Hide it under a bushel no! I'm going to let it shine.
 (Repeat twice)

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

Don't you go and (blow) it out, I'm going to let it shine.
 (Repeat twice)

Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

All around the neighborhood I'm going to let it shine.
 Hide it under a bushel! No I'm going to let it shine.
 Don't you go and (blow) it out, I'm going to let it shine.
 Let it shine, let it shine all the time.

WE ALL CLAP HANDS

(Tune: Mulberry Bush)

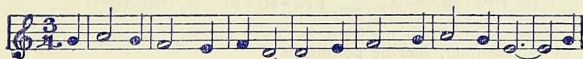
My head, my shoulders, my knees, my toes, (three times)
 (touch each part as words are sung)

We all clap hands together.

Reverse words and action by beginning with toes and moving upward.

My Hat

German



My hat it has three corners; Three corners has my hat; And
Mein Hut der hat drei Eck-en; drei Eck-en hat mein Hut; Und

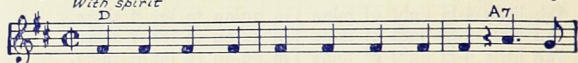


had it not three corners; It would not be my hat.—
hat ernicht drei Eck-en; denn das ist nicht mein Hut...

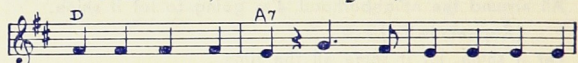
Marching to Pretoria

English by Josef Marais
With spirit

South African Folk Song



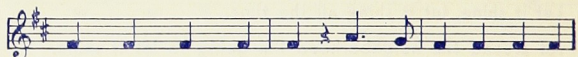
I'm with you and you're with me, And so we are
We have food, the food is good, And so we will



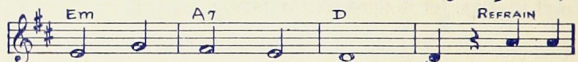
all to- geth- er, So we are all to- geth- er,
eat to- geth- er, So we will eat to- geth- er,



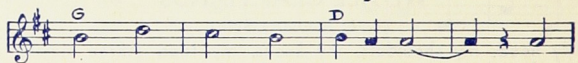
So we are all to- geth- er. Sing with me, I'll
So we will eat to- geth- er. When we eat, 'twill



sing with you, And so we will sing to- geth- er,
be a treat, And so let us sing to- geth- er,



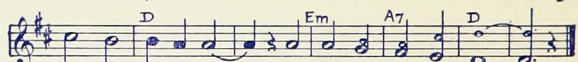
As we march a - long. — We are



march - ing to Pre - to - ri - a, — Pre -



to - ri - a, — Pre - to - ri - a, — We are march - ing

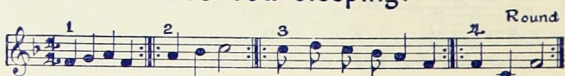


to Pre - to - ri - a, — Pre - to - ri - a, hur - rah! —

From Songs From the Veld by Josef Marais, Copyright, 1942,
by G. Schirmer, Inc. by permission.

Note: To sing in parts, let half the group sing a third below
the tune all the way except where small notes are given for
the second part.

Are You Sleeping?



Are you sleeping? Brother John, Morning bells are ringing, Ding, ding, dong!

Hail to California

C.R.M.

With dignity

Clinton R. Morse '96

Hail to Cal-i-for-nia, Al-ma Ma-ter dear—
Hail to Cal-i-for-nia, Queen in whom we're blest—

Sing the joy-ful cho-rus, Sound it far and near—
Spread-ing light and goodness O-ver all the West—

Rally-ing round her ban-ner We will nev-er fail—
Fight-ing neath her standard We shall sure pre-vail—

Cal-i-for-nia Al-ma Ma-ter Hail! Hail! Hail!
Cal-i-for-nia Al-ma Ma-ter Hail! Hail! Hail!

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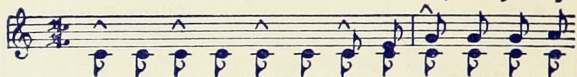
Round of Thanks

For health and strength and dai-ly food we praise Thy name, O Lord!

From "Graded Rounds and Canons", by permission J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., London

Sarasponda

Spinning Song



GIRLS:

Boys: Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da,

Sa-ra-spon-da, Sa-ra-

spon-da, Sa-ra-spon-da, Ret-set-set! Sa-ra-
Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da,spon-da, Sa-ra-spon-da, Sa-ra-spon-da, Ret-set-set!
Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da, Boom-da.

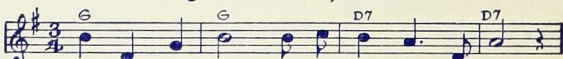
Ah - do - ray-oh! Ah-do-ray-boom-day-oh! Ah-



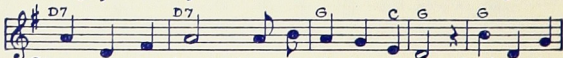
do-ray-boom-day-ret-set-set! Aw-say-paw-say-oh!

The "Boom-da" sung very softly represents the "burr" of the spinning wheel.

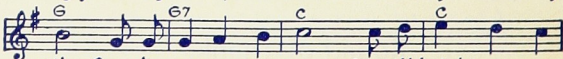
Sing Your Way Home



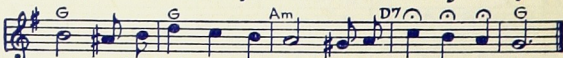
Sing your way home at the close of the day,



Sing your way home, drive the shadows a-way. Smile ev-'ry



mile, for wher-ev-er you roam It will bright-en your



road, It will light-en your load. If you sing your way home.

Morning Comes Early

Katherine Davis

Slovakian Folk Song



Morn-ing comes ear-ly and bright with dew, Un-der your
Why do you lin-ger so long in bed? O-pen your



win-dow I sing to you. Up, then, my com-rade, up, then, my
win-dow and show your head. Up, then, with singing, up, then, with



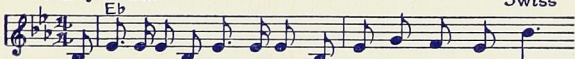
com-rade, Let us be greet-ing the morn so blue.
sing-ing, O-ver the mead-ows the sun comes red.

From "Ten Folk Songs and Ballads," © 1931, E. C. Schirmer. By permission

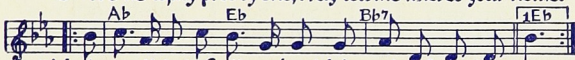
Vreneli

Trans. by V. M. S.

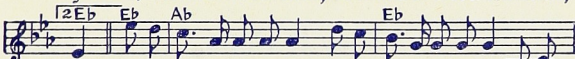
Swiss



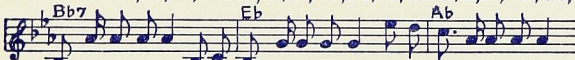
"O Vre-ne-li, my pret-ty one, Pray tell me where's your home?"



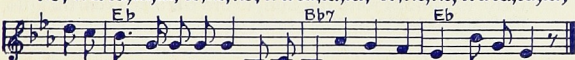
"My home, it is in Swit-zer-land, It's made of wood and stone;



stone." Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho,



ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la;



Yo, ho, ho, Tra la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho, Tra, la, la, la; Yo, ho, ho.

"O Vreneli, my pretty one,
Pray tell me where's your heart?"
"O that," she said, "I gave away,
But still I feel it smart."

"O Vreneli, my pretty one.
Pray tell me where's your head?"
"O, that I also gave away,
It's with my heart," she said.

—From the DITTY BAG, by Janet Tobitt, used by permission.

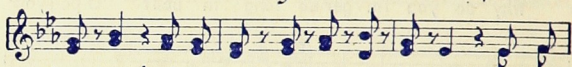
Tiritomba

*As for a leisurely walk**

Italian Folk Song



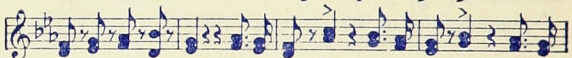
When the moun-tain top thru pur-ple mist is
When the morn-ing dew is still on pet - al



glow-ing, And the wood faint green is show-ing, When with
cling-ing, And the lark his song is fling-ing, O'er my



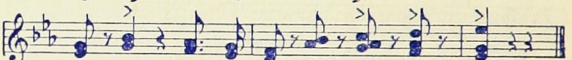
mer-ry rip-ple all the brooks are flow-ing, Then must
shoul-der stick and bun-dle gai-ly sling-ing, To the



I be on my way. Tir-i-tom-ba, Tir-i-tom-ba, All the
road I take my way. Tir-i-tom-ba, Tir-i-tom-ba, With my



world is call-ing, call-ing to me so, Tir-i-tom-ba, Tir-i-
lust-y song the countryside will ring, Tir-i-tom-ba, Tir-i-



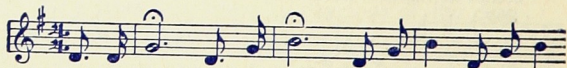
tom-ba, Tir-i-tom-ba, I must go!
tom-ba, Tir-i-tom-ba, I must sing!

*Two steps to a measure.

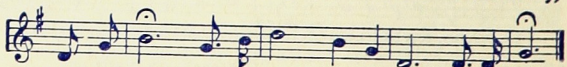
From TEN FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS, permission E. C. Schirmer

Day Is Done

TAPS



Day is done, Gone the sun, From the lake, From the hills,
Fad-ing light Dims the sight, And a star Gems the sky,



From the sky; All is well, Safe-ly rest, God is nigh.
Gleam-ing bright. From a-far, Draw-ing nigh, Falls the night.

Walking at Night

Czech Folk Song

mf

Walk-ing at night a-long the mead-ow way, Home from the dance
 be-side my maiden gay. Walk-ing at night a-long the
 mead-ow way, Home from the dance be-side my maiden gay. Hey!

Sto-do-la,sto-do-la,sto-do-la,pum-pa,Sto-do-la,pum-pa,
 sto-do-la,pum-pa; Sto-do-la,pum-pa, pum, pum, pum.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is marked *mf*. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff ends with a repeat sign and a fermata. The fourth staff begins with a first ending bracket and a fermata. The fifth staff begins with a second ending bracket and a fermata, followed by the instruction *D.S.* and a final cadence.

2. Nearing the wood we heard the nightingale,
Sweetly it helped me tell my begging tale; (2)
3. Many the stars that brightly shone above,
But none so bright as her one word of love; (2)

Used by permission of A. D. Zanzig

Wind, Wind

John Galsworthy

Marie Gaudette

Wind, wind, heath-er gyp-sy, Whist-ling in my tree,
 All the heart of me is tip-sy On the sound of thee!
 Sweet with scent of clo-ver, Salt with breath of sea.
 Wind, wind, way-man lov-er, Whist-ling in my tree!

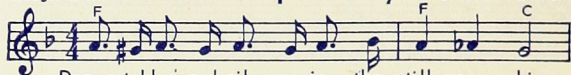
The musical score is written on four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written above the lyrics. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: E-flat, A-flat, E-flat, B-flat7, E-flat, B-flat, E-flat. The second staff continues the melody with chord symbols: A-flat, B-flat, E-flat, B-flat7. The third staff continues with chord symbols: D-flat E-flat, B-flat, E-flat, E-flat, B-flat7, E-flat. The fourth staff continues with chord symbols: A-flat, B-flat7, E-flat, A-flat, B-flat7.

From THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN GASWORTHY; copyright
 1924, 1926, 1934, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

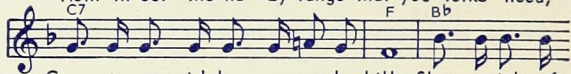
Badger Clark

Roundup Lullaby

Clifton W. Barnes



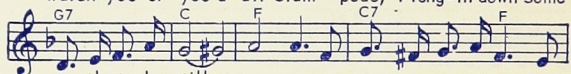
Des-ert blue and sil-ver in the still moon-shine,
Noth-in' out the ha-zy range that you folks need,



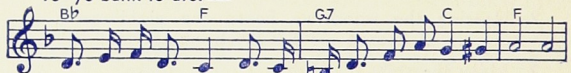
Coy-ote yap-pin' la-zy on the hill, Sleep-y winks of
Noth-in' we kin see to take your eye, Yet we got to



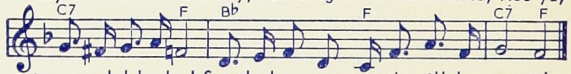
light-nin' down the far sky-line, Time for mil-lin'
watch you or you'd all stam-pede, Plung-in' down some



cat-tle to be still.— So, now, the lightnin's far a-way, The
'ro-yo bank to die.—



coy-ote's noth-in' skeer-y, He's sing-in' to his dear-ie; Hee-ya,

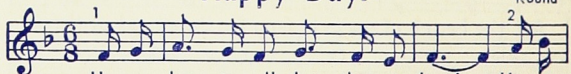


tam-ma-lal-le-day! Set-tle down, you cat-tle, till the morn-in'.

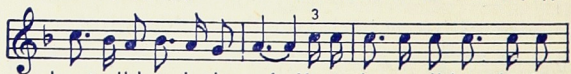
From SUN AND SADDLE LEATHER, © 1935, 1936, Chapman & Grimes, Inc.
Music copyright 1947 by Ralph H. Lyman. Used by permission

Happy Days

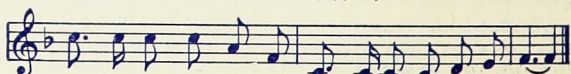
Round



Hap-py days to all those that we love! — Hap-py



days to all those that love us! — Hap-py days to all those that love



them that love those that love them that love those that love us.—

The Happy Plowman

Eng. by Mrs. Albert Magnuson

Swedish Folk Song
Arr by Leonhard Deutsch

Near a home in a wood, with a horse ver-y good, A poor young farm-er
In the house near the wood, where the farmer stood, There lived his help-mate

smiled as he stood; Looking down at his plow, In his heart was a
love-ly and good; As she cooked and she stirred, She was glad that she

glow; Then he sang as he plowed the row:
heard, And she ech-oed ev-'ry word: Heigh-ho, my lit-tle but-ter-cup!

We'll dance un-til the sun comes up!" Thus he sang as he plowed, and he
Thus she sang as she stirred, and she

smiled as he sang, While the woods and the wel-kin rang.
smiled as she sang,

The Owlet

Trans. by Muna Lee
Altered by A. D. Z.

Mexican Folk Song



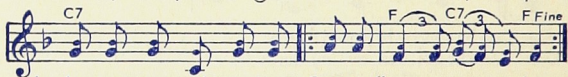
1. Ba-by owl-et, pur-ple owl-et, Sing-ing as dawn
2. If I were a lit-tle owl-et, I would nev-er
1. *Te-co-lo-ti-to mo-ra-do Pá-ja-ro ma-*
2. *Si yo fue-ro te-co-lo-te No me lan-za-*



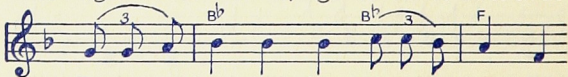
shines a-bove; Won't you lend me your swift
steal a-way; Till my wings were strong and
dru-ga-dor. Me pres-ta-ras tus a-
ría vo-lar. Me que-da-ra en mi ni-



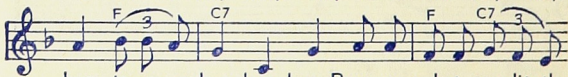
pin-ions, Won't you lend me your swift pin-ions, Won't you
stead-y, Till my wings were strong and stead-y, Till my
li-tas, Me pres-ta-ras tus a-li-tas, Me pres-
di-to, Me que-da-ra en mi ni-di-to, Me que-



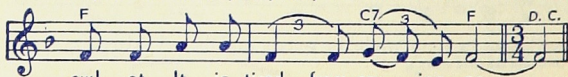
lend me your swift pin-ions, So to fly a-way to my love.
wings were strong and stead-y, Safe with-in my nest I'd stay.
ta-ras tus a-li-tas, Pa-ra ir a ver a mi-a-mor.
da-ra en mi ni-di-to, Ya-ca-bán-do-me de cri-ar.



Te-cu-ru kwa, kwa, kwa, te-cu-ru kwa, kwa,
Te-cu-ru cua, cua, cua, te-cu-ru cua, cua,



kwa, te-cu-ru kwa, kwa, kwa, Poor wee owl-et, poor lit-tle
cua, te-cu-ru cua, cua, cua, Po-bre-ci-to te-co-lo-



owl-et, It is tired from cry-ing so. —
ti-to, Ya se can-sa de llo-rar. —

From BOTSFORD COLLECTION OF FOLK SONGS

Copyright 1930, G. Schirmer, Inc., N. Y. Used by permission

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stars do shine, Tell me
Be-cause God made the stars to shine, Be-cause God

why the i - vy twines, Tell me why the o - cean's
made the i - vy twine, Be-cause God made the o - cean

blue, And I will tell you just why I love you.
blue, Be-cause God made you, that's why I love you.

Peace of the River

Glendore Gosling

Viola Wood

Pi C Slowly, with expression

G Am G C

{ Peace I ask of thee, O Riv - er, Peace, peace, peace. }
{ When I learn to live se - rene - ly Cares will cease. }

F C G C

{ From the hills I gath - er cour - age, Vi - sion of the day to be, }
{ Strength to lead and faith to fol - low, All are giv - en un - to me. }

C G Am G C

Peace I ask of thee, O Riv - er, Peace, peace, peace.

The Keeper

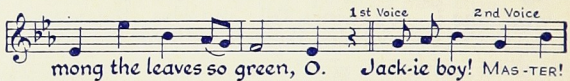
English Folk Song



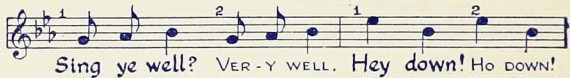
The keep-er would a-hunt-ing go, And un-der his coat he
The first doe she did cross the plain, The keep-er fetched her
The sec-ond doe she cross'd the brook, The keep-er fetched her



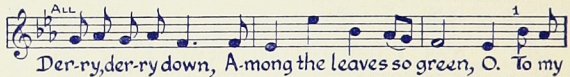
car-ried a-bow, All for to shoot at a men-rie lit-tle doe, A-
back — a-gain; Where she is now she-may-re-main, A-
back with his hook; Where she is now you may go and look, A-



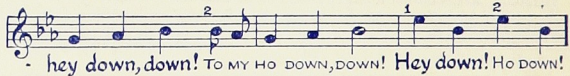
mong the leaves so green, O. Jack-ie boy! MAS-TER!



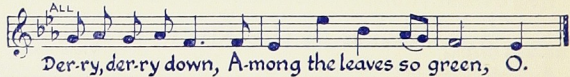
Sing ye well? VER-Y WELL. Hey down! Ho DOWN!



Der-ry, der-ry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O. To my



hey down, down! TO MY HO DOWN, DOWN! Hey down! Ho DOWN!

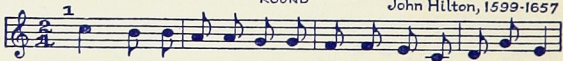


Der-ry, der-ry down, A-mong the leaves so green, O.

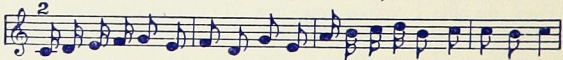
Come, Follow, Follow

ROUND

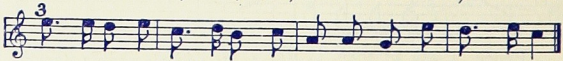
John Hilton, 1599-1657



Come, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me.



Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, Whither shall I follow, follow thee?

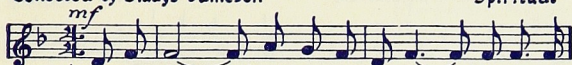


To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree.

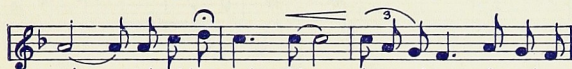
Lonesome Valley

Collected by Gladys Jameson

Spiritual



Je-sus walk'd — this lone-some val-ley, — He had to
We must walk — this lone-some val-ley, — We have to
You must go — and stand your tri-al, — You have to



walk — it by Him-self, Oh — no-bod-y else could walk it
walk — it by our-selves, Oh — no-bod-y else can walk it
stand — it by your-self, Oh — no-bod-y else can stand it



for Him, He had to walk it by — Him-self.
for us, We have to walk it by — our-selves.
for you, You have to stand it by — your-self.

Canoe Song

Round



My pad-dle's keen and bright, Flash-ing with sil-ver.
Dip, dip and swing her back, Flash-ing with sil-ver.

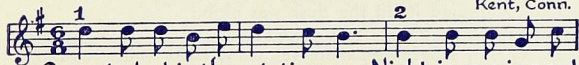


Fol-low the wild goose flight, Dip, dip and swing.
Swift as the wild goose flies, Dip, dip and swing.

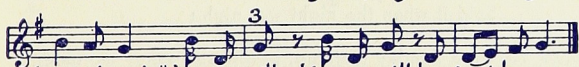
Contributed by Vera Holleuffer

Whippoorwill

Anne H. Chapin
Kent, Conn.



Gone to bed is the set-ting sun, Night is com-ing and



day is done, Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, has just be-gun.

Written at First Girl Scout Training School, Long Pond, Mass., 1921

Polish Haying Song

Eng. by Edmund Lukaszewski

Polish Folk Song

On a Mon-day morn-ing, sun-ny Mon-day morn-ing,

Sowed our seed, ta-tus* and I, sowed it when the sun was high;

Sowed our seed, ta-tus and I, sowed it when the sun was high.

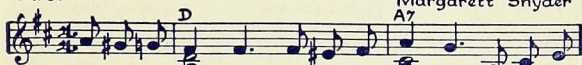
* pronounced "tah'-toosh"; affectionate term for "father"

2. On a Tuesday morning, sunny Tuesday morning,
:Mowed our hay, tatus and I,
Mowed it when the sun was high.:
3. On a Wednesday morning, . . .
Dried our hay, tatus and I, . . .
4. On a Thursday morning, . . .
Raked our hay, tatus and I, . . .
5. On a Friday morning, . . .
:Hauled our hay, tatus and I,
Hauled it 'til the dusk was nigh.:
6. On a Saturday morning, sunny noon and evening,
:Sold our hay, tatus and I,
Sold it when the night was nigh.:
7. On a Sunday morning, bright and sunny morning,
:Bowed our heads, tatus and I,
Thanked the Lord who dwells on high.:

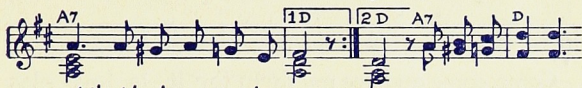
Witchcraft

M. S.

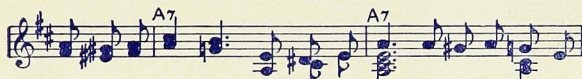
Margarett Snyder



If there were witch-craft I'd make two wish-es, A wind-ing
And then I'd wish for a blaz-ing camp-fire To wel-come



road that beck-ons me to roam
me when I'm re-turn-ing home. But in this real world



there is no witch-craft, And gold-en wish-es do not grow on



trees. Our fond-est day-dreams must be the mag-ic To bring us



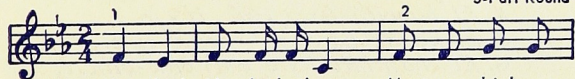
back these hap-py mem-o-ries. Mem-ories that lin-ger;



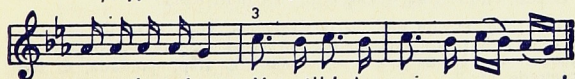
con-stant and true; Mem-ories we cher-ish, _____ of you.

Hey, Ho! Nobody Home

3-Part Round



Hey, ho! No - bod-y home, Meat nor drink nor

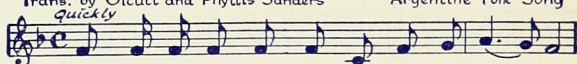


mon-ey have I none, Yet will I be mē - - ry!

My Farm - *Mi Chacra*

Trans. by Olcott and Phyllis Sanders

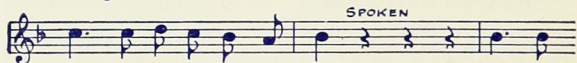
Argentine Folk Song



Come, come and see my farm for it is love - ly;
Ven - gan a ver mi cha - cra que es her - mo - sa;



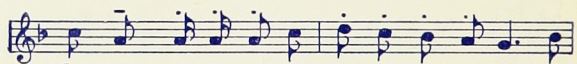
Come, come and see my farm for it is love - ly;
Ven - gan a ver mi cha - cra que es her - mo - sa;



El po - lli - to goes like this: peep - peep; El po -
El po - lli - to ha - ce a sí: pi - pl - rí; El po -



l - li - to goes like this: peep - peep.
l - li - to ha - ce a sí: pi - pi - rí: O pas, ca - ma - rade



O pas, ca - ma - rade, O pas, O pas, O pas; O



pas, ca - ma - rade, O pas, ca - ma - rade, O pas, O pas, O pas.

2. El perrito goes like this: bow-wow...
3. El gatito goes like this: mee-au...
4. El burrito goes like this: hee-haw...
5. El patito goes like this: quack-quack...
6. El chanchito goes like this: oink-oink...

2. El perrito hace así: guau-guau...

3. El gatito hace así: mi-au...

4. El burrito hace así: jí-jo...

5. El patito hace así: cua-cua...

6. El chanchito hace así: oinc-oinc...

O pas, camarade, - Oh, pah, cah-mah-rahd'.

This song, though popular in Argentine, appears to be of French origin. It is suggested that the refrain be sung in the original language. The chorus might well mean "O step, comrade, O step, comrade, etc."

Trampin'

LEADER ALL

I'm a-tramp-in', tramp-in', Tryin' to make heav-en my

LEADER ALL

home, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a-tramp-in, tramp-in', Tryin' to make

Fine LEADER

heav-en my home. I've nev-er been to heav-en but I've been told,

ALL LEADER

Tryin' to make heav-en my home, That the streets up there are

ALL D.C.

paved with gold; Tryin' to make heav-en my home.

I'm Gonna Sing

G

1. I'm gon-na sing when the Spir-it says "Sing," — I'm gon-na

G D7 G

sing when the Spir-it says "Sing," — I'm gon-na sing when the

C G D7 G

Spir-it says "Sing," — And o-bey the Spir-it of the Lord. —

2. Shout. . . 3. Preach. . . 4. Pray. . . 5. Sing. . .

The Frogs

Round

1 2

Hear the live-ly song of the frogs in yon-der pond,

3 4

Crick, crick, crick-i-ty-crick, Br-r-r - ump!

Six Little Ducks

Six lit-tle ducks that I once knew, Fat ones,
 skin-ny ones, fair ones too, But the one little duck with a
 feath-er on his back, He led the oth-ers with his
 quack,quack,quack! quack,quack,quack,quack,quack,quack!
 He led the oth-ers with his quack! quack! quack!

2. Down to the river they would go,
Wibble, Wabble, Wibble, Wabble to and fro.
3. Home from the river they would come,
Wibble, Wabble, Wibble, Wabble, Ho-hum-hum!

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Un-der the spread-ing chest-nut tree. We'll be as
 hap-py as can be. If you don't be-lieve it, come and
 see, Un-der the spread-ing chest-nut tree.

- First time, sing as written.
 Second time, omit "tree" and imitate
 tree with gestures.
 Third time, omit "nut" and tap head.
 Fourth time omit "chest" and pat same.

Damper Song

Oh, you **PULL** the dam-per out, And you **PUSH** the dam-per in, And the
 smoke goes up the chim-ney just the same. Just the same, just the
 same, And the smoke goes up the chim-ney just the same.

Oh! you **PULL** the damper out,
 (long pull from arm's length)
 And you **PUSH** the damper in,
 (Push it clear back.)
 And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same;
 (Curl it up the chimney in a spiral.)
 Just the same, (full arm sweep to the right)
 Just the same, (full arm sweep to the left)
 And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same,
 (Curl it up in a spiral again.)

2. Whistle it with all the motions.
3. Silently putting in all the motions.

Puffer Billies

¹ Down at the sta-tion Ear-ly in the morn-ing, See the lit-tle
² Round
 puf-fer bil-lies All in a row. See the en-gine dri-ver
³
 turn a lit-tle han-dle, CHUG, CHUG, PUFF, PUFF, Off they go.

The Duke of York

Oh, the no-ble Duke of York, He had ten
 thou-sand men; He marched them up to the
 top of the hill and marched them down a-gain.

2

Oh, when they were up, they were up;
 And when they were down, they were down,
 And when they were only half way up,
 They were neither up nor down.

3

Oh, a-hunting we will go; a-hunting we will go.
 We'll catch a little fox, and put him in a box,
 And never let him go.

O Won't You Sit Down

Who's that yon-da dressed in red? Must be the chil-len that
 Mo-ses led. O won't you sit down? Lord, I can't sit down,
 O won't you sit down? Lord, I can't sit down, 'Cause I
 just got to heav-en, got-ta look a-round.

2. Who's that yonda dressed in white?
 Must be the chillen of the Israelite.
3. Black? . . . Hypocrites turnin' back.
4. Pink? . . . Solomon tryin' to think.
5. Green? . . . 'Zekiel in his flyin' machine.

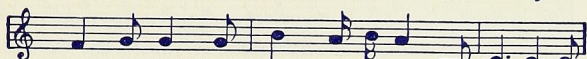
What Aloha Means



Al - o - ha means we wel - come you; It



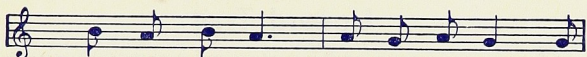
means more than words can say. Al-o-ha means good.



luck to you, Good night at the close of day. It's



just like a love song with a haunt-ing sweet re-frain



Bring - ing you joy, Bring - ing you pain. Al-



o - ha means fare-well to you Un-til we meet a-gain.

As learned in Hawaii. Set down by W. Metcalf

Man's Life's a Vapor

Round



Man's life's a va - por, full of woes,



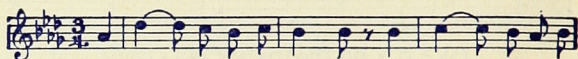
He cuts a ca - per, down he goes. Down he,



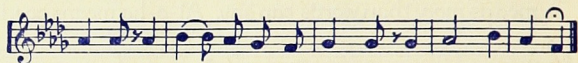
down he, down he, down he, down he goes.

The Silver Moon Is Shining

Italian



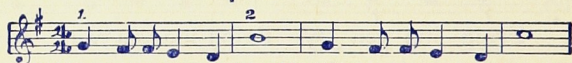
The sil - ver moon is shin - ing Up - on — the si - lent
 The night - in - gale is sing - ing Be - yond — the for - est
 How love - ly is the moon - light Be - tween the shad - ows



mead - ow, I walk — a - down the mead - ow With no one near me.
 shad - ow, I sigh — with - in the shad - ow Where none can hear me.
 break - ing My heart — would ease its ach - ing If thou wert near me.

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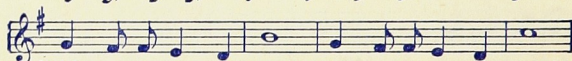
Upward Trail



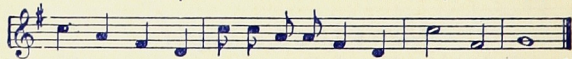
We're on the up - ward trail! We're on the up - ward trail!



Sing - ing, sing - ing, ev'ry - bod - y sing - ing, As we go!



We're on the up - ward trail! We're on the up - ward trail!



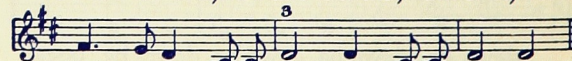
Sing - ing, sing - ing, ev'ry - bod - y sing - ing, Home - ward bound!

Chairs to Mend

Round



Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend, Mack - er - el, fresh



mack - er - el, An - y old rags, An - y old rags?

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Spiritual

mp Solo *mf* Chorus

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,-- Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

Solo Chorus Fine

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,-- Com-in' for to car-ry me home.

f Solo

I looked o-ver Jor-dan, an' what did I see,--
If you get--there be-fore-- I do,--
I'm some-times--up an'-- some-times down,--

ff Chorus *mf* Solo

Com-in' for to car-ry me home! A band--of an-gels
Jes'tell--my fren's that But still--my soul feels

mp Chorus *D.C.*

com-in' af-ter me,--
I'm a-com-in' too,-- Com-in' for to car-ry me home.
heav-en-ly--boun',--

Old Ark's A-movering

Negro Spiritual

O the old ark's a-mov-er-ing, a-mov-er-ing a-

mov-er-ing, The old ark's a-mov-er-ing, And I'm going

home, O the I'm going home. See that sis-ter
See that broth-er
See that sis-ter
Th'ain't but the one thing

dressed so fine? She ain't got Je - sus
dressed so gay? Death's goin' a come for to
com - in' so slow? She wants to go to Heav'n fore the
grieves my mind; Sis-ter's gone to Heav'n and

D.C. Sing before 1st and after 4th stanzas
in - a her mind. Th'old ark she reeled, The old ark
car-ry him a-way. Heav-en doors close. left-a me be-hind.

D.S.
she rocked, the old ark she land-ed on the moun-tain top. O the

Jacob's Ladder

pp D D D D A
 We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are
 A A7 G D *mf* D Bm
 climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are climb-ing
 G G D *p* D *pp*
 Ja-cob's lad-der, Sol-diers of the cross.—

- 2—Every round goes higher, higher,
 3—Sinner, do you love my Jesus?
 4—If you love Him, why not serve Him?
 5—We are climbing higher, higher

Two Wings

LEADER CHORUS
 { Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face,
 Oh, Lord, I want two wings to fly a-way,
 Oh, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face,
 ALL *Fine* LEADER
 So the dev-il can't do me no harm. My
 1, 2, CHORUS
 Lord, did he come at the break of day? No!
 Lord, did he come in the heat of noon? No!
 Lord, did he come in the cool of the
 3 ALL *d.c.*
 eve-ning? Yes! And he washed my sins a-way.

Rocka My Soul

Spiritual

Oh, a rock-a my soul, in the bo-som of A - bra-
ham; A rock-a my soul in the bo-som of A-bra-ham; A
rock-a my soul in the bosom of A - bra-ham;
Oh, rock-a my soul. So high, you can't get o-ver it;
So low, you can't get un-der it; So wide, you
can't get a-round it; You must go in at the door.

Red River Valley

Not too fast

American Folk Song

mf
1. From this val - ley they say you are go - ing, -
Refrain: Come and sit by my side if you love me, -
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
Do not has - ten to bid me a - dieu,
For they say you are tak - ing the sun - shine -
But re - mem - ber the Red Riv - er Val - ley -
That - bright - ens our path - way a - while. -
And the girl that has loved you so true. -

Dona Nobis Pacem

PART I

CANON FOR EQUAL VOICES

Source Unknown

Do - na no - bis pa - cem pa - cem

Do - na no - bis pa - cem

Do - na no - bis pa - cem

Do - na no - bis pa - - cem.

Do - na no - bis pa - - cem.

Do - na no - bis pa - - cem.

White Coral Bells

Round

{ White cor-al bells up-on a slen-der stalk,
 { Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?

Lil-ies of the val-ley deck my gar - den walk,
 That will hap-pen on - ly when the fair - ies sing.

Goose Round

Why should-n't my goose Sing as well as thy goose,

When I paid for my goose Twice as much as thou?

Evening Star

Chr. Richardt

Trans. by S. D. Rodholm

Carl Mortensen

Eve-ning star up yon-der, Teach me like you to
Teach me, gen-tle flow-ers, To wait for spring-time
Might-y o-cean, teach me To do the task that

wan-der Will-ing and o-be-dient-ly The path that
show-ers; In this win-ter world to grow Green and
needs me And re-lect, as days de-part, Heav-en's

pp
God or-dained for me! Eve-ning star up yon-der!
Strong be-neath the snow, Teach me, gen-tle flow-ers.
peace with-in my heart. Might-y o-cean, teach me.

Shady lanes, refreshing,
Teach me to be a blessing,
To some weary soul each day,
Friends or foes who pass my way,
Shady lanes, refreshing.

Evening sun, descending,
Teach me, when life is ending.
Night shall pass, and I like you,
Shall rise again, where life is new.
Teach me, sun descending.

From World of Song, permission Danish American Young People's League, Grandview College, Des Moines, Ia.

O Worship the King

LYONS

Robert Grant

Adapted from J. M. Haydn

O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove,
 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite?
 Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail,

O grate-ful-ly sing His power and His love;
 Whose robe is the light, Whose can-o-py space.
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of Days,
 His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form,
 It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain,
 Thy mer-cies how ten-der, how firm to the-end,

Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
 Our Ma-ker, De-fen-der, Re-deem-er and Friend!

God of Our Fathers

NATIONAL HYMN

Daniel Crane Roberts

George W Warren

God of our fa-thers, whose Al-might-y
Thy love di-vine hath led us in the
From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-
Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toilsome

hand
past,
lence,
way,
³ Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry
In this free land by thee our lot is
Be thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-
Lead us from night to nev-er end-ing

band
cast;
fence;
day;
³ Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor thru the
Be thou our rul-er; guard-ian, guide and
Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-

skies,
stay,
crease,
vine,
³ Our grate-ful songs before thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er thine.

All Creatures of Our God and King

LASST UNS ERFREUEN

St. Francis of Assisi

17th Century German Melody

All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your
Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that
Thou flow-ing wa-ter, pure and clear, Make mu-sic

voice and with us sing Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia!
sail in heav'n a-long, O—praise Him, Al-le-lu - ia!
for thy Lord to hear, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia!

Thou burn-ing sun with gol-den beam, Thou sil-ver
Thou ris-ing morn, in praise re-joice, Ye lights of
Thou fire so mas-ter-ful and bright That giv-eth

moon with sof-ter gleam, O praise Him, O praise Him!
eve-ning, find a voice. O praise Him, O praise Him!
man both warmth and light. O praise Him, O praise Him!

Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia, Al-le-lu - ia!

Trans. by W. H. Draper; permission J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.
Arrangement permission the Oxford University Press.

For the Beauty of the Earth

Dix

Arr. from

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864

Conrad Kocher, 1838

For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty
 For the won-der of each hour, Of the day and
 For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er; sis-ter;
 For Thy Church that ev-er-more Lift-eth ho-ly

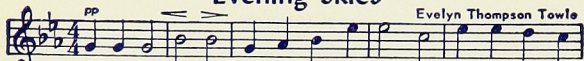
of the skies; For the love which from our birth
 of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,
 par-ent, child; Friends on earth, and friends a-bove;
 hands a-bove, Off-'ring up on ev-'ry shore

O - ver and a-round us lies, Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 Sun and moon and stars of light;
 For all gen-tle thoughts and mild,
 Her pure sac-ri-fice of love;

This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-men.

Evening Skies

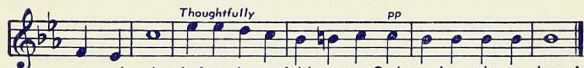
Evelyn Thompson Towle



Evening skies! Sunrise! Lakes and rushing wa-ter; Make all things un-
Star-ry skies! Moonrise! Far, e - ter-nal heavens; Take a - way my



love-ly from my soul de-part; Purple mountains rising high! Trees a-
smallness, make me long to grow; Vast-ness of the u-ni-verse! Timeless-



gainst the sky; Life is beautiful because God speaks within my heart!
ness of space; Life is wonderful because God speaks within my soul!

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Abide with Us, O Lord

Herr, bleibe bei uns

Luke 24:29

German



Herr, blei - be bei uns, Denn es wird A-bend
A - bide with us, O Lord, For - it is now the



wer - den; Der Tag hat sich ge - nei - get.
eve - ning, The day is past and o - ver.

from CHANSONS DE NOTRE CHALET

To Ope Their Trunks

Round



To ope their trunks the trees are never seen, How then do they put



on their robes of green? They leave them out!

Day Is Dying

CHAUTAUQUA

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877

William F. Sherwin, 1877

Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing
Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -

earth with rest, Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning
verse, Thy home, Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of

REFRAIN

Lamps a - light Thro' all the sky. — Ho - ly, ho - ly,
Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh. —

ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee!

Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

Good Night to You All

1
Good night to you all and sweet be your sleep; May
2
si - lence sur-round you, your slum-ber be deep. Good-
3
night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

Praise for Bread

A. R. Ledoux

Morn-ing }
Noon-time } is here, the board is spread,
Eve-ning }

Thanks be to God, Who gives us bread.

From "List to the Lark"; arranged from Norfolk Chimes by Clarence Dickinson. Copyright 1945 H. W. Gray Co., N.Y. Used by permission.

Fare Thee Well

Trans. by M.V. E.

1
Fare thee well, God rest with thee,
2
3
4
When you're a-way Just re-mem-ber me.

Ezek'el Saw the Wheel

Negro Spiritual

E-zek'el saw the wheel 'Way up in the mid-dle o' the air, E-

ze-k'el saw the wheel 'Way in the mid-dle o' the air, The

big wheel moved by Faith, The lit-tle wheel moved by the Grace o'

God, A wheel in a wheel 'Way in the mid-dle o' the air. *Fine*

1. Jes' let me tell you what a hy-po-crite 'll do,—
2. Watch out my sis-ter how you walk— on the cross,
3. You say the Lord— has— set— you— free,—

'Way in the mid-dle o' the air, He'll talk a-bout me an' he'll
Yo' foot— might slip an' yo'
Why don't— you let yo'—

talk a-bout you!_
soul _ get lost!_ 'Way in the mid-dle o' the air. E-
neigh - bor be!_

D. S.

FROM AMERICAN NEGRO SONGS by John W. Work. Theo. Presser, Philadelphia

The Lord Is My Shepherd

Brightly

Old Cornish Canon

The Lord is my shep-herd, My guard and my guide.

What-so-ev - er I want, He will sure-ly pro-vide.

Ev - er since I was born, It is He that hath crowned

The life that He gave me With bless-ings all 'round.

The life that He gave me With blessings, with blessings,

With bless-ings, with bless-ings all 'round.

Ground Bass in 4 parts

Max V. Exner

The Lord _ is my shep-herd, My guard and my guide. —

Burden Down

Prayerfully, not too loud

Arr. by Olive J. Williams

LEADER CHORUS

Bur-den down, Lord, Bur-den down, Lord, Since I

lay my bur-den down. Bur-den down, Lord, Bur-den
bur-den down

down, Lord, Since I lay my bur-den down.

2. Wonder will my sister know me, ...
3. Wonder will my brother know me, ...
4. Burden down, Lord, ... (same as 1st stanza)

Go Down, Moses

Negro Spiritual

LEADER CHORUS

1. { When Is-ra-el was in E-gypt's land: Let my peo-ple go;
{ Op-press'd so hard they could not stand,
2. { Oh, let us all from bond-age flee,
{ And let us all in Christ be free!

REFRAIN

Go down, Mo-ses, 'way down in E-gypt's land,

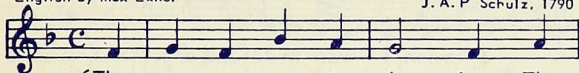
Tell— ol'— Pha-raoh, Let my peo-ple go.

The Western Moon

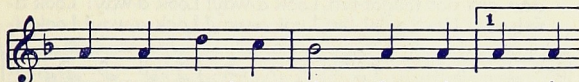
(Der Mond ist aufgegangen)

Matthias Claudius
English by Max Exner

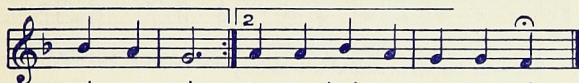
J. A. P. Schulz, 1790



1. { The west-ern moon is splen - der, The
 { The for - est dreams in shad - ow And
 2. { How safe the earth is cov - ered By
 { A cham - ber where la - ment - ing And



stars are spread in splen - dor A - cross the
 from the sil - ent mead - ow The
 twi - light's pin - ions, hov - ered Up - on the
 day - cares un - re - lent - ing In



vel - vet night. mist is climb - ing, won - drous white.
 sil - ent sky: sleep - ing can for - got - ten lie.

3. So lay you down, my brother,
 And trust our heavn'ly father;
 The breath of night is chill.
 Our sins, Lord, do not number;
 Grant to us healing slumber,
 And to our neighbors lying ill.

This Daily Food

Fairly slowly

Max V. Exner



This dai - ly food is from Thy hand, O God of love, O God of love.

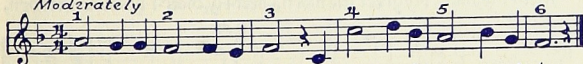
Silver and Gold

St. Peter (Acts 3:6)

6-part Round

Max V. Exner

Moderately

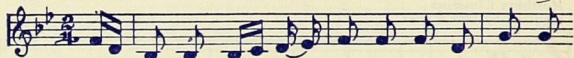


Sil - ver and gold have I none, But such as I have, give I thee.

Dixie

D. D. E.

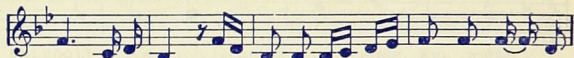
Daniel D. Emmett



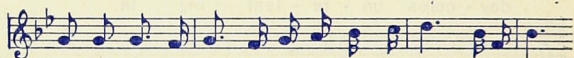
I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times
Der's buckwheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter; Makes you



dar am not forgot-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-
fat or a lit-tle fat-ter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-



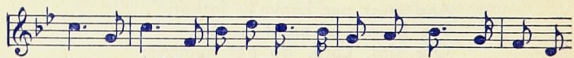
way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land where I was born in,
way! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch yo' grab-ble, To



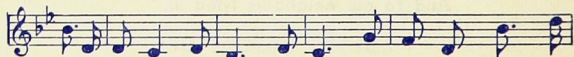
Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a-way!
Dix-ie Land I'm bound to trable,



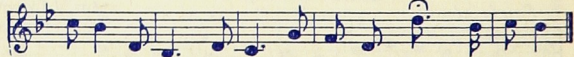
Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-



ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand, To live an'



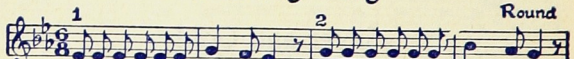
die in Dix-ie; A-way! A-way! A-way down south in



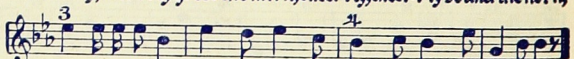
Dix-ie, A-way! A-way! A-way down south in Dix-ie.

Hunting Song

Round



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly greet the morn, Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly sound the horn,



Hark to the ech-oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale and far a-way.

Bicycle Built For Two

H. D. *Waltz moderato*

Harry Dacre

Dai - sy, Dai - sy, Give me your an - swer,
do. — I'm half cra - zy, All for the love of
you. — It won't be a styl - ish mar - riage; — I
can't af - ford a car - riage, — But you'll look sweet
on a seat of a bi - cy - cle built for two. —

East Side, West Side

Charles B Lawlor

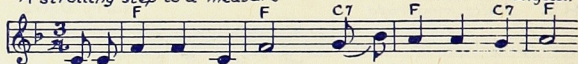
James W. Blake

East side, west side. All a - round the town, —
The kids sang "ring - a ros - ie," "Lon - don Bridge is
fall - ing down." — Boys and girls to - geth - er, —
Me and Ma - mie O'Rourke — Tripped the light fan
tas - tic On the side - walks of New York. —

Sweet Nightingale

A strolling step to a measure

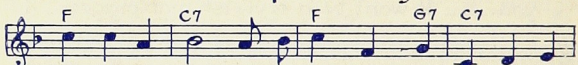
English



Pret-ty maid, come a-long! Don't you hear the fond song,
 Pret-ty Bet-ty, don't fail, For I'll car-ry your pail,
 Pri-thee sit your-self down With me on the ground,



The sweet note of the night-in-gale flow?— Don't you
 Safe-ly home to your cot as we go. — You shall
 On the bank where the prim-ro-ses grow. — You shall



hear the fond tale Of the sweet night-in-gale, As she



sings in the val-ley be-low.



As she sings in the val-ley be-low.

Music Shall Live

Fairly slow

3-part Round

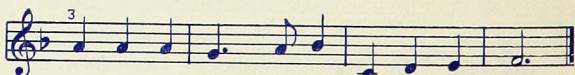
Known throughout Europe



All things shall per - ish from un - der the sky.



Mu - sic a-lone shall live, Mu - sic a-lone shall live,



Mu - sic a - lone shall live, nev - er to die.

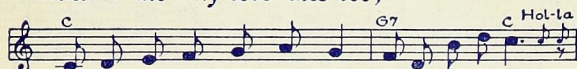
Holla Hi, Holla Ho

English by Peter Kunkel

German



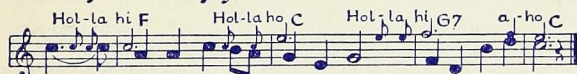
Who comes up the mead-ow way,
Peo - ple say with twink-ling eyes, **Hol-la hi! Hol-la ho!**
On my sweetheart's wed-ding day,
When I die my love dies too;



Sure-ly 'tis my sweet-heart gay.
Love is blind but age makes wise; **Hol-la hi-a-ho!**
All my sweetheart's friends are gay,
They shall say that I was true.



She goes by the o-pen door,
Lit - tle heed I when they tease, **Hol-la hi! Hol-la**
But my hope and joy are gone.
On yon hill my grave shall be.



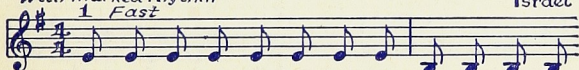
Must not love me an-y more,
ho! — I may love just whom I please, **Hol-la hi-a-ho!**
I must bear my grief a-lone.
ho! For-get-me-not shall com-fort me.

Toembai

With marked rhythm

ROUND

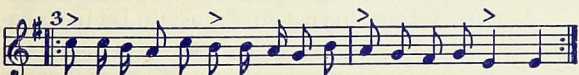
Israel



Toem-bai; toem-bai; toem-bai; toem-bai; toembai; toembai;



toem-bai. Tra-la-la, la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la - la.



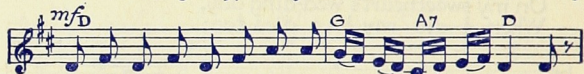
Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la - la.

The Galway Piper

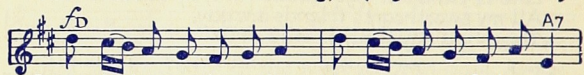
Irish



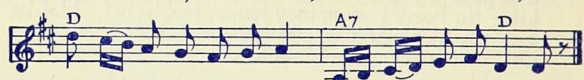
Ev'ry per-son in the na-tion, Or of great or hum-ble sta-tion,
When the wed-ding bells are ring-ing, His the breath to lead the sing-ing,
When he walks the high-way peal-ing, Round his head the birds come wheeling



Holds in high-est es-ti-ma-tion Pi-ping Tim of Gal-way.
Then in jigs the folks go swing-ing, What a splen-did pi-per!
Tim has car-ols worth the steal-ing, Pi-ping Tim of Gal-way.



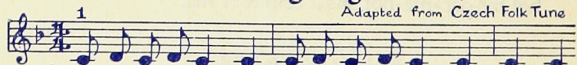
Loud ly he can play or low; He can move you fast or slow;
He will blow from eve to morn, Count-ing sleep a thing of scorn,
Thrush and lin-net, finch and lark, To each oth-er twit-ter, "Hark!"



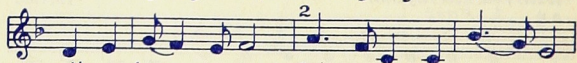
Touch your heart or stir your toe, Pi-ping Tim of Gal-way.
Old is he but not out-worn, Know you such a pi-per?
Soon they sing from light to dark Pi-pings learnt in Gal-way.

Let Us Sing Together

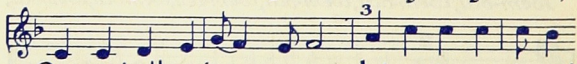
Adapted from Czech Folk Tune



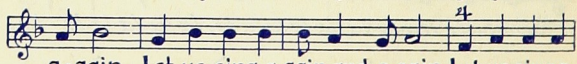
Let us sing to-gether, Let us sing to-gether, One and



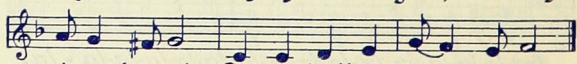
all a joy-ous song. Let us sing to-gether,



One and all a joy-ous song. Let us sing a-gain and



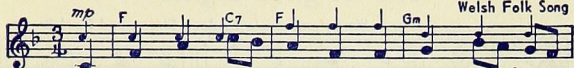
a-gain, Let us sing a-gain and a-gain, Let us sing a-



gain and a-gain, One and all a joy-ous song.

The Ash Grove

Welsh Folk Song



The ash-grove, how grace-ful, how plain-ly 'tis—
My laugh-ter is—o-ver, my step los-es—



speak-ing, The harp thro' it play-ing has
light-ness, Old coun-try-side meas-ures steal



lan-guage for me; When-ev-er the light thro' its
soft on my ear; I on-ly re-mem-ber the



branch-es is break-ing, A host of kind-
past and its bright-ness, The dear ones I



fac-es is gaz-ing on me; The friends of my
mourn for a-gain gath-er here. From out of the



child-hood a-gain are be-fore me, Each step wakes a
shad-ows their lov-ing looks greet me, And wist-ful-ly



mem-'ry as free-ly I roam; With soft whis-pers
search-ing the leaf-y green dome, I find oth-er



la-den, its leaves rus-tle o'er me, The
fac-es fond bend-ing to greet me, The

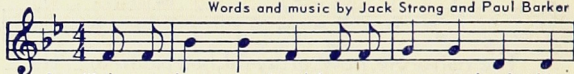


ash-grove, the ash-grove a-lone is my home.

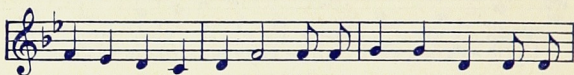
Descant by Janet E. Tobitt; used by permission Girl Scouts, U. S. A.

Land of the 4-H Clover

Words and music by Jack Strong and Paul Barker



1. We're a hap - py band from a sun - ny land, We
2. From the moun - tains grand to the o - cean strand Of
3. So it's work and play with a will and a way In



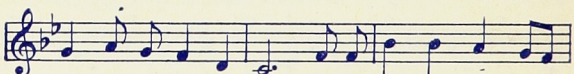
hail from Cal-i - for - nia Where the skies are blue and our
 dear old Cal-i - for - nia Sing the girls and boys of their
 dear old Cal-i - for - nia And we'll nev - er roam from our



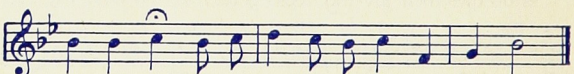
hearts beat true For the land of the 4 - H Clo - ver.
 4 - H joys In the land of the 4 - H Clo - ver.
 hap - py home In the land of the 4 - H Clo - ver.



CHORUS
 So with joy - ful song we march a - long In the

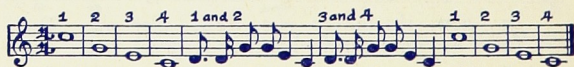


land where the sun doth shine, Pledging head and heart and



hands and health For the land of the 4 - H Clo - ver.

Harmony Greeting

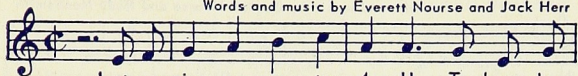


Hello,hello, We are glad to We are glad to Hello,hello,
 hello,hello, meet you; greet you, hello,hello.

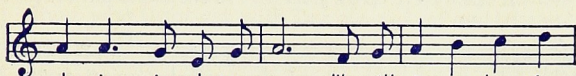
By permission E. O. Harbin

Sing a Song to 4-H

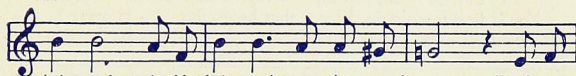
Words and music by Everett Nourse and Jack Herr



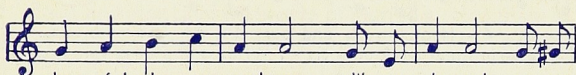
Let us sing a song to 4 H, To learn by



do - ing is what we mean. We will give a cheer for



club work, 4 H club work, our white and green. Work-ing



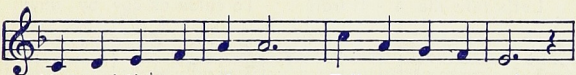
cheer - ful - ly to - geth - er, We are loy - al to our



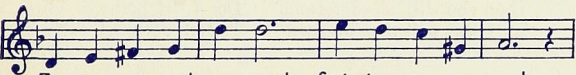
theme. Cal - i - for - nia, 4 H club work, Come



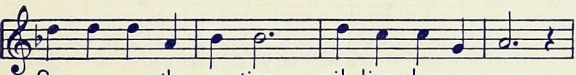
on and join our team. 4 H, 4 H, 4 H, 4 H,



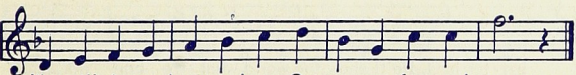
Work-ing, learn-ing, play-ing, Fill-ing ev-ery role;



Ev - er on - ward, up - ward, Striv-ing to our goal.



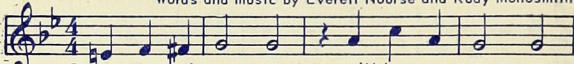
On a - cross the na - tion mil - lions hear our song;



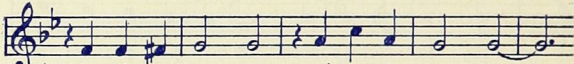
We will do our best to keep Our coun - try free and strong.

Across the Nation

Words and music by Everett Nourse and Rudy Monosmith




1. A - cross the na - tion you'll hear us sing - ing
2. Our 4 - H pro - gram is one that's full of fun;



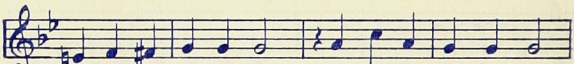
In cel - e - bra - tion, with voices ring - ing, —
You'll find there's no plan that beats the 4 - H one. —



Of 4 - H club-work and our 4 - H Clo - ver. —
We've pro-ject work ac - tiv - i - ties and club e-vents, —



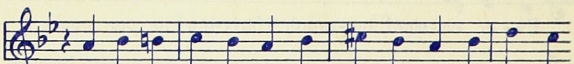
We're so glad we'll tell the whole world o - ver: —
And a 4 - H pledge that makes a lot of sense. —



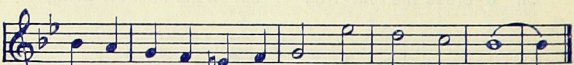
Come join our hap - py band, We want to wel - come you;
Let's take the 4 - H trail To guide us day by day;



Then you will un - der - stand Our 4 - H point of view.
Suc - cess will then pre - vail In both our work and play.



So let's go for - ward hand - in hand, And help to build a
We know our fut - ure will be bright, Be - cause we keep our

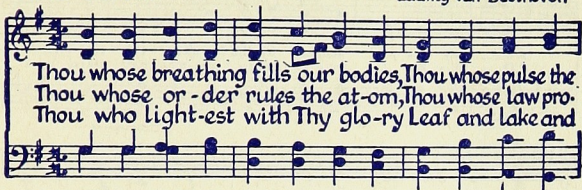


bet - ter land, We'll show the world what we can do. —
goals in sight; So let's all cheer the 4 - H way. —

United Nations Hymn

Author Unknown

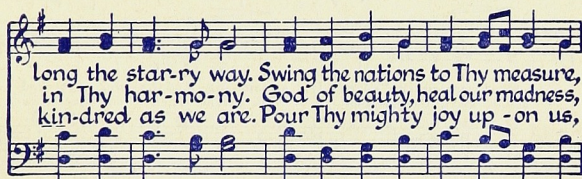
Ludwig van Beethoven



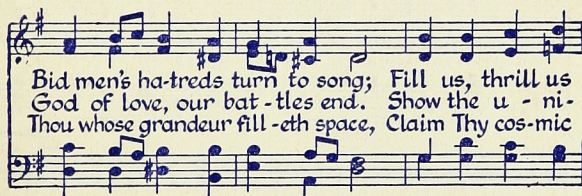
Thou whose breathing fills our bodies, Thou whose pulse the
Thou whose or - der rules the at - om, Thou whose law pro -
Thou who light - est with Thy glo - ry Leaf and lake and



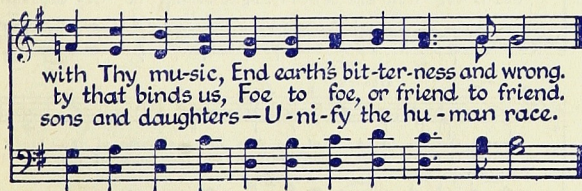
worlds o - bey, Tune our mind to heed Thy rhy - thm Known a -
pels the sea, Bring, oh, bring Thy warring peoples Close with -
cloud and star, Light the hearts of man to justice, Show us



long the star - ry way. Swing the nations to Thy measure,
in Thy har - mo - ny. God of beauty, heal our madness,
kin - dred as we are. Pour Thy mighty joy up - on us,



Bid men's ha - treds turn to song; Fill us, thrill us
God of love, our bat - tles end. Show the u - ni -
Thou whose grandeur fill - eth space, Claim Thy cos - mic



with Thy mu - sic, End earth's bit - ter - ness and wrong.
ty that binds us, Foe to foe, or friend to friend.
sons and daughters - U - ni - fy the hu - man race.

Star Spangled Banner

1. O — say can you see, — by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be -

proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad
tween their loved homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we
vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath

atched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing. And the rock-et's red
made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we

glare, the bombs burst-ing in air Gave proof thro' the night that our
must when our cause it is just, And this be our mut-tu: "In -

CHORUS

flag was still there. O — say, does that Star-spangled Ban-ner — yet —
God is our trust! "And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in tri-umph shall

broaden
wave Oer the land — of the free and the home of the brave!
wave Oer the land — of the free and the home of the brave!

INDEX

Abide with Us.....	47	Jacob's Ladder.....	39
Across the Nation.....	62	Keeper.....	26
All Creatures.....	45	Kookaburra.....	13
Alouette.....	10	Land of the 4-H Clover....	60
America the Beautiful.....	1	Let Us Sing Together.....	58
Are You Sleeping?.....	16	Lonesome Valley.....	27
Ash Grove.....	59	Lord Is My Shepherd.....	51
Bicycle Built for Two.....	55	Lovely Evening.....	5
Burden Down.....	52	Man's Life's a Vapor.....	35
Canoe Song.....	27	Marching to Pretoria.....	16
Chairs to Mend.....	36	Morning Comes Early.....	19
Clover of Club Work.....	6	Music Shall Live.....	56
Come, Follow, Follow.....	26	My Farm.....	30
Damper Song.....	33	My Hat.....	15
Day Is Done.....	20	Now Woods Are Waking....	6
Day Is Dying.....	48	O Won't You Sit Down?....	34
Deck the Hall.....	12	O Worship the King.....	43
Dixie.....	54	Old Ark's A-movering.....	38
Dona Nobis Pacem.....	41	Owlet.....	24
Dreaming.....	9	Peace of the River.....	25
Duke of York.....	34	Ploughing Song.....	3
East Side, West Side.....	55	Polish Haying Song.....	28
Evening Skies.....	47	Praise for Bread.....	49
Evening Star.....	42	Puffer Billies.....	33
Ezek'el Saw the Wheel....	50	Red River Valley.....	40
Fare Thee Well.....	49	Rocka My Soul.....	40
For the Beauty.....	46	Round of Thanks.....	17
4-H Camping Song.....	11	Round-up Lullaby.....	22
4-H Candle.....	15	Sarasponda.....	18
4-H Clover Song.....	13	Silver and Gold.....	53
4-H Field Song.....	14	Silver Moon.....	36
4-H Friendship Song.....	8	Sing a Song to 4-H.....	61
4-H Pledge.....	7	Sing Your Way Home.....	18
Frogs.....	31	Six Little Ducks.....	32
Galway Piper.....	58	Song of Open Country.....	7
Go Down, Moses.....	52	Song of Peace.....	2
God of Our Fathers.....	44	Star Spangled Banner.....	64
Good Night to You All.....	49	Striving On.....	6
Goose Round.....	41	Swan Sings.....	11
Green Grow Clovers.....	5	Sweet Nightingale.....	56
Green Grow Rushes.....	4	Swing Low.....	37
Hail to California.....	17	Tell Me Why.....	25
Happy Days.....	22	This Daily Food.....	53
Happy Plowman.....	23	Tiritomba.....	20
Harmony Greeting.....	60	To Ope Their Trunks.....	47
Hey, Ho! Nobody Home....	29	Toembai.....	57
Holla Hi, Holla Ho.....	57	Trampin'.....	31
Hunting Song.....	54	Two Wings.....	39
I'm Gonna Sing.....	31		

Under Chestnut Tree	32	We're for Club Work	10
United Nations Hymn	63	Western Moon	53
Upward Trail	36	What Aloha Means	35
Vreneli	19	Whippoorwill	27
Walking at Night	21	White Coral Bells	41
Watch Us Grow	11	Wind Sighs Gently	11
We All Clap Hands	15	Wind, Wind	21
		Witchcraft	29

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