EVERY-DAY SONGS FOR LABOUR FESTIVALS

THE LABOUR PARTY, TRANSPORT HOUSE, SMITH SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1
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The Material for this book has been collected and arranged by the Rt. Hon. F. O. Roberts, J.P.,
Broadway Corner, Northampton.
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All through the night

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

(Very restfully, not too slowly, every note well sustained.)

Welsh Melody.

1. Through the day I walked repining, Far from the light, But the glorious
   yet was fearing, Dread ing the night. Now the wrong thing hath been right ened,

2. Daylight brought no message cheering, Born of the light; Proud I was and
   came to try me, Rich es and might; Now I see the great unveil ing,

3. Through the day the treasure nigh me Loomed to my sight; Lur ing, tempt ing
   Loomed in shadow, dark and stormy: Now the stars are shining o'er me
   Now the darkness hath been light ened; Now the watch ing heav ens are bright ened All through the
   See the far off, the un fail ing Stars of heaven, beck ning, hail ing

Music by kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
Words by kind permission of Arthur L. Salmon Esq. 31 Aberdeen Road, Redland, Bristol.
A-roving

My Nancy Dawson she lived there
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid. Chorus.

I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkee,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid. Chorus.

Oh! didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers too!
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid. Chorus.

But when we'd spent my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid. Chorus.

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St. London W.1.
Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS.

Scottish Melody.

Moderato.

Doh = F.

1. Should auld acq quaintance be forgot, And ne'er brought to
2. We twa hae run about the braes, And pu'd the gow ans
3. We twa hae pad-dled in the burn Frae morn ing sun till
4. And here's a hand, my trust y friend, And gie's a hand o'

mind? Should auld acq quaintance be forgot And days of lang sync?
fine; But we've wan der'd mony a wea ry foot Sin' auld lang
dine; But seas be tween us braid hae roard Sin' auld lang
thine 'And we'll tak a cup o' kind ness yet, For auld lang
ing

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne. We'll

tak' a cup o' kind ness yet, For auld lang syne.
Away in a manger

With a gentle swing.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
(acc. W.D.)

1. Away in a manger, no crib for a bed, The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head; The
   The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes, But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes. I
   Be near me, Lord Jesus; I

2. The lit-tle Lord Je-sus laid down His sweet head; The lit-tle Lord Je-sus a-
   The lit-tle Lord Je-sus no crying He makes. I
   love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky, And stay by my cradle till

3. Be near me, Lord Jesus; I
   Ask Thee to stay Close by me for ev-er, and love me, I pray! Bless
   all the dear chil-dren in Thy ten-der care, And fit us for hea-ven to

*The right hand stave also forms a duet version for two voices.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
The Bailiff’s Daughter of Islington

Moderato.

Traditional.

1. There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth, And he was a squire's son; He

2. When seven years had pass’d a way She put on mean attire, And

3. "Give me a penny, thou prentice good, Re-lieve a maid forlorn!" "Be-

4. "If she be dead, then take my horse, My saddle and bridle also, For

Doh is Eb. \( \text{s.f} \) \( \text{m.r} \) \( \text{d:s.f} \) \( \text{m.f} \) \( \text{m.d} \) \( \text{d:m} \) \( \text{s:s} \) \( \text{a:d} \) \( \text{d:s} \) \( \text{f.m} \)

lived in Islington. But

straight to London she would go, About him to enquire. And

fore I give you a penny sweet-heart, Pray tell me where you were born." "Oh, I

will to some distant land, Where no man shall me know." "Oh,

she was coy and never would On him her heart bestow, Till

as she went along the road Thro’ weather hot and dry, She

I was born at Islington? "Then tell me if you know The

stay, O stay, thou gallant youth, She standeth by thy side; She’s

he was sent to London town, Because he lov’d her so,

rested on a grassy load And her love came riding by,

bailiff’s daughter of that place, "She died, sir, long ago!"

here a-live, she is not dead, But ready to be thy bride!"

By kind permission of Messrs Murdoch, Murdoch & Co. 461/463 Oxford Street, London W.1.
Ben Backstay

1. Ben Backstay was a bos'n, He was a jolly boy; And none as he

FULL CHORUS.

2. Once sailing with a captain,
   Who was a jolly dog,
   Our Ben and all his messmates got
   A double share of grog.
   Chorus. — With a chip, chop, etc.

3. So Benny he got tipsy
   Quite to his heart's content,
   And leaning o'er the starboard side
   Right overboard he went.
   Chorus. — With a chip, chop, etc.

4. A shark was on the starboard side,
   And sharks no man can stand,
   For they do gobble up everything
   Just like the sharks on land.
   Chorus. — With a chip, chop, etc.

5. They threw him out some tackling
   To give his life a hope;
   But as the shark bit off his head
   He couldn't see the rope.
   Chorus. — With a chip, chop, etc.

6. At twelve o'clock his ghost appeared
   Upon the quarter deck;
   "Ho, pipe all hands ahoy!" it cried,
   From me a warning take?
   Chorus. — With a chip, chop, etc.

7. "Through drinking grog I lost my life,
   The same fate you may meet;
   So never mix your grog too strong,
   But always take it neat?"
   Chorus. — With a chip, chop, etc.

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St. London W.1.
The Golden Vanity

Words and Melody Traditional.

Fifth verse added.

Moderato.

1. There was a ship came from the north country, And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity, And they fear’d she might be taken by the TurkISH en-e-my, That sail’d up-on the Low-land, That sail’d up-on the Low-land sea.

2. Then up there came a little cab-in-boy, And he said to the TurkISH en-e-my, And sink her in the Low-land, And sink her in the Low-land sea?

3. “Oh, I will give you sil-ver and gold, And my on-ly sink her in the Low-land, And sink her in the Low-land sea.”

4. The boy made ready, and over-board sprang he, And he swam a-long with his au-gur sharp in her sail’d up-on the Low-land, That sail’d up-on the Low-land sea.

5. Then here’s to the lad who swam the deep blue sea, And here’s to the side he bored holes three, And the jol-ly lit-tle sail-ors of the Golden Van-i-ty, That sail’d up-on the Low-land sea.

Brotherhood of Nations

Lyric by TED STEELS

Music by CHARLES ANCLIFFE

1. Ev'-ry man was born a brother, Be he yellow, black or white; All as good as one another, In the great Creator's sight.

2. When from war's dark cloud we're turning, Scorning world-wide hate and might; In the lamp of friendship burning, Truth shall give the Nations light. Then with peace of love and friendship, Rules each Nation's heart and head; We will slaughter, strife and sadness, Gone for aye from every mind; All the

By kind permission of Ted Steels Esq., 53 High Street, Old Fletton, Peterborough.
Hoist the flag of friendship, Where the hate of war lies dead.
World shall know the gladness, That true fellowship will find.

Thro' the Brotherhood of Nations, The world reborn shall be;

When on peace the thoughts of Nations, Both great and small agree.
Come Nations of each creed and race, Join hands across the sea;
Then will the Brotherhood of Nations, Bring Prosperity.

1. ________________
2. ________________

D.C.
Camptown Races

Allegretto.

CHORUS.

Sing dis song
big black hoss
Doodah! Doodah!
De Camp-town race-track
Dey fly de track and dey

CHORUS.

five miles long
both cut a-cross
Oh! doo-dah-day!
I

CHORUS.

come down dah wid my hat cav'd in
blind hoss stick-en in a big mud-hole
Doodah! Doodah! I

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London, W.1.
CHORUS.

3. Old muley cow came on de track—Doodah, etc.
De bob-tail fling her ober his back, Oh! doodah-day!
Dem fly along like a railway car—Doodah, etc.
Runnin' a race wid'a shootin' star—Oh! doodah-day!
Gwine to run all night! etc.

4. See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat—Doodah, etc.
Round de race-track, dem repeat—Oh! doodah-day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag—Doodah, etc.
I keep my money in an old tow bag—Oh! doodah-day!
Gwine to run all night! etc.
Cheer, boys, cheer!
(Quartet or Chorus)

Melody by HENRY RUSSELL.

Vigoroso.
Doh = F.

I cannot tell the reason
For all the clouds, for all the clouds we see; Yet

Can-not tell the rea-son
For all the clouds, for all the clouds we see; Yet

Cheer, boys, cheer! A-way with need-less sor-row;
Cheer, boys, cheer! Tho’ trou-bles may be-fall;
Cheer, boys, cheer! A bright-er day to-mor-row,
Cheer, boys, cheer! May shine up-on us all.

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London, W.1.
ev'ry time — yet ev'ry time and sea-son Must wise-ly or-der'd, must

wisely or-der'd be. Then cheer boys, f Cheer, boys, cheer! A-way with need-less sor-row;

Cheer, boys, cheer! Thou trou-bles may be - fall;

Cheer, boys, cheer! A bright-er day to-mor-row,

Cheer, boys, cheer! May shine up-on us all.

2. Cheer, boys, cheer! And let us do our duty, 
Cheer, boys, cheer! In sunshine and in rain; 
Cheer, boys, cheer! For heav'n, all bright with beauty, 
Cheer, boys, cheer! Will bring us joy again. 
We cannot tell the reason, &c.
Chairs to Mend
Catch

Moderato.

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
Rush or cane bottom, old
mackarel, new mackarel,
Who'll buy new
Old rags, any old rags, Take money for your old


Sostenuto.

1. Good-night, ladies! Good-night ladies!


Allegro.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, over the dark blue sea.

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St., London, W.1.

2. Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now.
Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now.
Merrily, etc.
Cockles and Mussels

Irish Song.

Allegretto.

1. In Dub-lin fair cit-y, where girls are so pret-ty, I first set my eyes on sweet Mol-ly Ma-

2. She was a fish-mon-ger, but sure’twas no won-der, For bo were her fa-ther and mo-ther be-

3. She died of a fev-er, and no one could save her, And th’twas the end of sweet Mol-ly Ma-

CHORUS

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W. 1.
Come, Lasses and Lads

English Song.
(17th Century)

1. Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads, And away to the May-pole

   For Willy shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London, W.1.
2. "You're out", says Dick, "not I!" says Nick,
"'Twas the fiddler played it wrong';
"'Tis true", says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler then began To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men. \(\text{*Repeat}\)

3. Then after an hour they went to a bow'rr,
And played for ale and cakes;
And kisses too—until they were due
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back
And give them their own again. \(\text{*Repeat}\)

4. "Good-night", says Harry, "Good-night", says Mary,
"Good-night", says Poll to John;
"Good-night", says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh,
"Good-night", says ev'ry one.
Some walked and some did run, Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve \(\text{*Repeat}\)
To meet the next holiday.
Dear Harp of my Country

Andante moderato.

Welsh Melody.

1. Dear harp of my country, where'er I may rove, Where'er I may wander, thy rich chords sounding true, And tender and loving, they enliven the cottage, brings peace with its calm and contentment thy tone.

2. If love be the theme, thy rich chords sounding true, And tender and loving, they enliven the cottage, brings joy to the throne.

3. In peace with its calm and contentment thy tone, Enlivens the cottage, brings joy to the throne.

The dear little Shamrock

W. JACKSON.

Doh - G.  

1. There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle, Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it;  
   That dear little plant still grows in our land, Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
   That dear little plant that springs from our soil, When its three little leaves are extended;

   And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile, And with dew from his eye oft-en wet it.  
   Whose smiles can be witch and whose eyes can command, In each eli-mate they ev'er appear in:  
   Denotes from the stalk we to-geth-er should toil, And our-selves by our-selves be befriended.

   It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land, And he call'd it the dear little  
   For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, Just like their own dear little  
   And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, and the mire-land, From one root should branch, like the

REFRAIN.

Sham-rock of Ire-land.  
Sham-rock of Ire-land. The dear little Sham-rock, the sweet lit-tle Sham-rock, the dear little  
Sham-rock of Ire-land.

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W.1.
Drink to me only with thine eyes

BEN JONSON, 1573-1687.

Moderato.

Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
I sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much hon'ring thee, as that my heart might be near thee.

Or leave a kiss within the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth in thine eyes breake.

thou there-on didst only breathe And send'st it back to me.

But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.
Early one morning

Old English.

With tender expression.

1. Early one morning, just as the sun was rising, I heard a maid sing in the valley below.
2. Remember the bow’r where you vow’d to be true.
3. O gay is the gar- den and fresh are the roses I’ve cul’d from the gar- den to bind on thy brow.
4. Thus sung the maiden, her sorr- rows beguil-ing, Thus sung the poor maid in the valley below.

CHORUS.

O don’t de-ceive me, o nev-er leave me, how could you treat a poor maid-en so.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
The Farmer's Boy

1. The sun had set behind the hills, Across the dreary moor, When weary and lame a poor boy came up to a farmer's door;

2. My father's dead, mother is left With five children large and small, And what is worse for mother still, I'm the biggest of them all. Tho' small I am, I would labour hard If I could get employ, To plough and sow, To reap and mow, And be a farmer's boy, And be a farmer's boy.

3. And if you no boy now want, One favour let me ask, Just shelter me till break of day From this cold winter's blast, At the break of day I will haste away Elsewhere to seek employ, To plough and sow, To reap and mow, And be a farmer's boy, And be a farmer's boy.

4. The farmer's wife said "try the lad, Let him no longer seek;" "Yes, father, do," the daughter cried, While tears roll'd down her cheek: For those who would work it is hard to want And wander for employ, Do let him stay, father, I pray, And be a farmer's boy. And be a farmer's boy.

5. The farmer's boy grew up a man, The good old couple died, They left the lad the farm they had, And the daughter for his bride: Now the young farm man with his good wife Oft think and smile with joy, And bless the day he came that way To be a farmer's boy. To be a farmer's boy.
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls
Air — "Gramachree"

Andante moderato.

1. The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So harp of Tara swells; The chord, alone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now freedom now so seldom wakes, The only throb she gives, Is when some heart indignant breaks, To feel that pulse no more! Show that still she lives!
Home, Sweet Home

J.H. PAYNE

[Music notation]

Andante.

1. Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
   Vain, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

2. An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
   Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!

A charm from the skies seems to hail us there,

(By kind permission of Reid Bros., Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W.1.)
The world is never met with else-where.

There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!
The Keys of Heaven

Tune and Words Traditional Cheshire Folk Song

I will give you the keys of heaven, I will give you the
I will give you a blue silkgown, To make you fine when you
I will give you a coach and six, Six black horses as
I will give you the keys of my heart, We'll be married till

Doh is G

Yet I will not walk; No, I will not talk; No, I will not walk or talk with thee.
Yet I will not walk; No, I will not talk; No, I will not walk or talk with thee.
Yet I will not walk; No, I will not talk; No, I will not walk or talk with thee.
Gladly I will walk; Gladly I will talk; Gladly I will walk and talk with thee.

John Brown's Body

March Song of the American Civil War.

**VOICE.**


**PIANO.**

John Brown's body lies a-mouldring in the grave, His soul is marching on.

**CHORUS.**

2. The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown.

3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, His soul is marching on.

4. John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back, His soul is marching on.

5. His pet lambs will meet him on the way And they'll go marching on.

6. We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree As we go marching on.

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W1.
I'se gwine back to Dixie
C. A. WHITE.

Not too slowly but with expression.

I'se gwine back to Dix-ie, No more I'se gwine to wander;
My hoed in fields of cot-ton I've work'd up-on the riv-er;

I

heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, I can't stay here no lon-ger;
I used to think if I got off I'd go back there no nev-er,

But

miss de ole plan-ta-tion, My home and my re-la-tion,
My time has chang'd the old man, His head is bend-ing low,

His
I see their sad tears falling; My heart's turn'd back to Dix- ie and I must go.

I've gwine back to Dix-ie, I've gwine where the orange blossoms grow; For I hear the children calling, I see their sad tears falling; My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie and I must go.
Jingle Bells

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o-pen sleigh,
   O'er the field we go, Laugh-ing all the way;
   Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spi-rits bright;
   fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!

2. A day or two a-go, I thought I'd take a ride, And
   soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side, The
   horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seemed his lot; He
   got into a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.

3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young, Just
   Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleigh-ing song. Just
   get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then
   hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St. London. W.1.
CHORUS. Accompanied by jingling glasses.

_Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!

_Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle all the way,

_jingle, jingle, jingle,

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

in a sleigh.

_Jingle, bells! Jingle, bells!

_Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle all the way,

_jingle, jingle, jingle,

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

BURNS.

Scottish Melody

Sustainedly, intimately.

1. John An-d-er-son, my jo, John, When we were first so quent, Your locks were like the
2. John An-d-er-son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the gither, And mon-y a can-tie

ra-ven, Your bon-nie brow was brent, But now your brow is bald, John, Your
day, John, We've had wi ane a-nither; Now we maun tot-ter down, John, But

locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your frost-y pow, John An-d-er-son, my jo.
hand in hand we'll go; And sleep the-gither at the foot, John An-d-er-son, my jo.

After 2nd Verse

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union,
My Bonnie

My Bonnie is over the ocean, My Bonnie is over the sea,

O blow ye winds over the ocean, O blow ye winds over the sea,

And last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamed that my bonnie was dead,

Bring back, bring back, bring back my bonnie to me, Bring back, bring back, bring back, O bring back my bonnie to me!
Killarney

E. FALCONER.

Moderato.

Doh = F.

1. By Killarney's lakes and fells,
   With such bright and varied tints,
   Ev'ry rock that

2. No place else can charm the eye
   Woodland dells, Mem'ry fondly strays.
   You pass by Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints.

Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Virgin there the green grass grows.

By kind permission of Reid Bros., Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W.1.
I man - y strands,- But her home is sure - ly there.

daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way.

An - gels fold their wings and rest
In that Ed - en of the west;

An - gels of - ten pausing there,
Doubt if Ed - en is more fair;

Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heavn's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
The Bells of Aberdovey

Andante moderato.

Traditional Welsh Melody.

1. By the banks of yon-der stream,
2. Where the lark is soaring high,

Oft I sit me down and dream; Greet-ing fair they give to me, Sweet bells of Aber-
dovey.
In the blue and sun-ny sky, Sil-ver tones go forth so free Of the bells of Aber-
dovey.

One, two, three, four, now they chime; They sound so clear at ev-ning time, Sweet
One, two, three, four, now they chime; They sound so clear at ev-ning time, Sweet

By kind permission of Messrs Murdoch, Murdoch & Co. 461/463 Oxford Street, London W.1.
bells of Aberdovey. Where the birds are singing loud, And little lambs are bleating,
bells of Aberdovey. When afar my footsteps stray, In distant lands may wander,

In the elms, a noisy crowd, The sawing rocks are meeting, And the first white butterfly,
Mem'ry will recall each day, On youthful scenes will ponder; Sweet the time I used to hear,

In the sunshine dances by, O'er all the notes sound high Of the bells of Aberdovey
O'er the valley loud and clear, Welcome notes they were to me, Sweet bells of Aberdovey.
Land of my Fathers
(Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau)

English Words, EVAN JAMES. (Pontypridd)
Welsh Words, JOHN OWEN. ("Owain Abaw")

Key Eb, m: d, m: d, m: r, r: d, m: r, r: d.

1. Oh! Land of my Fathers, the land of the free,
The home of the Tel-yn, so soothing to me.

2. Thou Eden of bards and birthplace of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong;

3. The slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong,
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales; Till death pass'd my love shall last, My long-ing my hir-ath for Wales.

"Oxwiny Alaw~~)
The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W.1.
Lullaby

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Tenderly.

1. Sleep while the winds are sighing,
2. Sleep while the twilight lingers,

Lit - tle one sleep; Sleep while the Love un - dy - ing Watch - es thy sleep.
Lit - tle one sleep; Sleep while my lov - ing fin - gers Wrap thee to sleep.

I. Lapped in thy cradle lie, Slumber-ing deep:
2. God sends His angels high, Vig - il to keep:

FREE PARTS

Lul - la - by, Lit - tle one sleep. Sleep, sleep, Lit - tle one sleep.

*These parts can well be sung in their real pitch by A.T.B. pianissimo if desired.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
The Meeting of the Waters

(Air, "The Old Head of Dennis")

1. There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that
2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene, Her-
3. 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near, Who made
4. Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest in thy

valle in whose bosom the bright waters meet. Oh, the last rays of feeling and
purer of crystal and brightest of green; 'Twas not her soft magic of
every dear scene of enchantment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of
bosom of shade with the friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this

life must depart, Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the
streamlet or hill; Oh no, it was something more exquisite still: Oh-
Nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love, When we
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace! And our

bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
no, it was something more exquisite still.
see them reflected from looks that we love.
hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.
Marching through Georgia

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Tempo di marcia.

1. Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song,
2. How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
3. Yes and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
4. "Sherman's dash-ing Yan-kee boys will never reach the coast,
5. So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,

Sing it with a spirit that will start the world a-long, Sing it as we used to sing it
How the turkeys gob-bled which our com-mis-sa-ry found; How the sweet po-ta-toes ev-en
When they saw the honoured flag they had not seen for years; Hard-ly could they be re-strain'd from
So the saucy reb-els said, and 'twas a hand-some boast; Had they not for-get, a-las, to
Six-ty miles in lat-i-tude, three hun-dred to the main; Tre-a-son fled be-fore us, for re-

fif-ty thou-sand strong,
start-ed from the ground,
break-ing forth in cheers,
reck-on with the host,
sist-ance was in vain,

While we were march-ing through Geor-gia.

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St., London, W.1.
CHORUS

Hur-rah, hur-rah, we bring the Ju-bi-lee!

Hur-rah, hur-rah, the flag that makes you free!

So we sang the cho-rus from At-

lan-ta to the sea,

While we were march-ing through Geor-gia.
The Mermaid

Old English Sea Song.

Allegretto.

1. One Friday morn when
   we set sail, And our ship not far from land,
   there did escape a fair pretty maid, With a comb and a glass in her
   married a wife in fair London town, And this night she a widow will

2. Then up spokethe captain of
   our gallant ship, Who at once did our peril see,
   father and mother in fair Portsmouth town, And this night they will weep for

3. And then up spoke the
   little cabin boy, And a fair haired boy was he,
   want of a life boat they both went down, As she sank to the bottom of the

4. And three times three went
   our gallant ship, And three times three went she;
   for the

By kind permission of Messrs Murdoch, Murdoch & Co. 461/463 Oxford Street, London W.1.
hand, her hand, her hand; With a comb and a glass in her hand.
be, will be, will be; And this night she a wid-ow will be."
me, for me, for me; And this night they will weep for me."

While the sea, the sea, the sea; As she sank to the bot-tom of the sea.

rag-ing seas did roar, And the storm-y winds did blow, And

we jol-ly sail-or-buys were up, were up a-loft, And the land-lub-bers ly-ing down be-

-low, be-low, be-low. And the land-lub-bers ly-ing down be-

low.
When Johnny comes marching home

1. When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hurrah! We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah, hurrah!

2. The old church bells will peal with joy. Hurrah, hurrah! To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah, hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout, the ladies they will

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

The Animals went in Two by Two
Alternative words for "When Johnny comes marching home."

1. The animals went in two by two, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals went in two by two, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the Kangaroo,
And they all went into the ark.
For to get out of the rain. Repeat.

2. The animals went in three by three, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in three by three,
The emmet, the wasp and the bumble-bee,
And they all, etc.

3. The animals went in four by four, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in four by four,
The great hippopotamus stuck in the door.
And they all, etc.

4. The animals went in five by five, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in five by five,
By eating each other they kept alive.
And they all, etc.

5. The animals went in six by six, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in six by six,
They turned out the monkey because of his tricks.
And they all, etc.

6. The animals went in seven by seven, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in seven by seven,
The little pig thought he was going up to heaven.
And they all, etc.

7. The animals went in eight by eight, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in eight by eight,
Says Noah, "Tis time to be getting them straight."
And they all, etc.

8. The animals went in nine by nine, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in nine by nine,
Giving plenty of room to the porcupine.
And they all, etc.

9. The animals went in ten by ten, Hurrah! Hurrah! Repeat.
The animals went in ten by ten,
And Noah shut up each one in its pen.
And they all, etc.
Old folks at home

Words & Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Quietly and not too slowly.

1. Way down up-on de Suwanee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young;
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love,

Dere's where my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's where de ole folks stay.
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-der'd, Man-y de songs I sung.
Still sad-ly to my mem-’ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my bru’d-der, Happ- py was I.
When shall I see de bees a hum-ming, All round de comb?

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
I long ing for de ole plantation,
And for de ole folks at home.
Oh take me to my kind ole mud-der,
Dere let me lib and die.
When shall I hear de ban-jo strum- ming,
Down in my good ole home?

All de world am sad and drea-ry
eb-ry where I roam;

O dark-eyes, how my heart grows wea-ry,
Far from de ole folks at home.
The old rustic bridge by the mill

J. P. SKELLY.

Andante moderato.

Doh-Bb.

1. I'm thinking to-night of the old rustic bridge, That bends o'er the murmuring stream;
   'Twas there, Maggie, dear, our hearts full of cheer, We stay'd 'neath the moon's gentle gleam.
   Twas there I first met you, the light of your eyes A-claim, But one day we part-ed, in pain and re-gret, Our claim.
   I think of you dar-ling when lone-ly at night; And cold.

2. How of-ten, dear Maggie, when years pass'd a-way, And we plight-ed lov-ers be-
   We ram-bled the path to the bridge, day by day, The smiles of each oth-er to old.
   Our claim.

3. I keep in my mem'ry our love of the past, With me 'tis as bright as of
   For deep in my heart it was plant-ed to last, In ab-sence it nev-er grows cold.

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woke in my heart a sweet thrill; Tho’ now far a-way, still my vows then we could not ful-fill; Oh may we soon meet and our when all is peace-ful and still, My heart wan-ders back, in a thoughts fond-ly stray To the old rus-tie bridge by the mill. fond love re-pet On the old rus-tie bridge by the mill. dream of de-light, To the old rus-tie bridge by the mill.

CHORUS.

Be-neath it, the stream gen-tly rip-pled. Be-neath it, the stream gen-tly rip-pled, A-round it the birds lov’d to

trill: Tho’ now far a-way, still my thoughts fond-ly stray To the old rus-tie bridge by the mill.
One more ribber

Quickly.

1. Ole No-ah once he
2. He went to work to
3. De anim-als went in
4. De anim-als went in

built de ark,
load his stock,
Dar's one more rib ber for to cross.
And
And
De
De

one by one,
two by two,
Dar's one more rib ber for to cross.
De
De

patched it up wid hicko-ry bark,
anchor'd de ark wid a great big rock,
Dar's one more rib ber for to cross.
Dar's one more rib ber for to cross.
ele-phant chewin' a car-a-way bun,
rhin-o-cos an'de kan-ga-foo.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
CHORUS
(S.S.A. or T.T.B.)

One more rib-ber, an' dat ole rib-ber am Jordan, Dar's

5
De animals went in three by three,
De bear, de flea, an' de humble be.

6
De animals went in four by four,
Ole Noah got mad an' holler'd for more.

7
De animals went in five by five,
Wid Saratoga trunks they did arrive.

8
De animals went in six by six,
De hyena laughed at de monkey's tricks.

9
De animals went in seven by seven,
Saie de ant to de elephant, who are you a shovin'?

10
De animals went in eight by eight,
Dey came wid a rush cause 'twas so late.

11
De animals went in nine by nine,
Ole Noah shouted, 'cut dat line.'

12
De animals went in ten by ten,
De ark she blow'd her whistle den.

13
And den de voyage did begin,
Old Noah pulled de gang-plank in.

14
Dey nebber know'd whar dey were at,
Till de ole ark bumped on Ararat.

15
De ole ark landed high and dry,
De baboon kissed de cow good-bye.

16
Now please just look out for de text,
To be continued in our next.
The Orderlies’ Song.

G.E.H. KEESLEY.

Quickly.

Tune adapted from that of

“SOLOMAN LEVI”

by FRED SEAVER.

1. At six o’clock of a
   shining morn we start our little day—
   We wash the mugs and wipe the jugs, and
   but began our weary round of work—
   And evils light upon the wight who
   nifty cent prog and so is Irish stew—
   I’m a regular glutton for roasted mutton when I
   chilly comfort has the order got—
   That when the rest have done their best why,

2. When breakfast’s done, we’ve
   clear the crumbs a way—
   We stoke the stoves and butter the loaves and neatly spread the
   tries his job to shirk; A raving crowd that roars aloud we feed with might and
   haven’t the washing to do; But stains of tosh are easy to wash com pared with stains of
   he can finish the lot! One cheering ray lights up the day when labour he would

3. Now spot ted dog’s mag—
   squish, Then tenderly drop a porridge flop in every waiting dish.

4. But still one crumb of
   main— And when they’re sploshed the plates were washed, we wash them all again.
   fat— I’d rather be fed on cheese and bread than wash fora week of that!
   spurn— That when he’s played the scullery maid, the others will have their turn!

By kind permission of Mrs. V. Marian H. Keesey “Fisherflat” Nf Kendal, and Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
CHORUS

O Order-ly, Order-ly, O the Order-ly day, Poor sore Order-ly,

FREE PARTS

Tra la la la la la la la la-Six o'clock of a shining morn we start our little day, And

all day long we are making meals or clearing meals away; And its "Order-ly! Squish!" "Orderly, Tosh"

"Order-ly, tea this way!" O who would be an Order-ly upon an Order-ly day?

+ Shouted rather than sung. At the last these orders may be roared out by the whole chorus.

* If treble voices are singing the chorus melody, and a bass voice the lower of the Free Parts then as much of the upper free part as possible shall be sung in the upper octave and not by baritone but high tenor voices.
Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Gaily.

1. Oh! my Sal she am a maid-en fair; Sing Polly-wol-ly-doo-dle; all the day! With laugh-ing eyes and cur-ly hair; Sing Polly-wol-ly-doo-dle; all the day! Fare-thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well! My fairy fay!

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
2
Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day. Chorus.

3
Oh! a grasshopper sitting on a railroad track,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
A pickin' his teet wid a carpet tack,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day. Chorus.

4
Behind a barn, down on my knees,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day. Chorus.

5
He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day. Chorus.
Shenandoah; or Rolling River
(Sailors' Shanty of Negro origin)

Andante.
SOLO.
Doh = Eb.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

2. The white man lov'd the Indian maiden,
Away, you rolling river!
With notions his canoe was laden.
Ha ha! I'm bound away
On the wide Missouri!

3. "O Shenandoh, I love yer daughter,
Away, you rolling river!
I'll take her cross yon rolling water."
Ha ha! I'm bound away
On the wide Missouri!

4. The chief disdain'd the trader's dollars;
Away, you rolling river!
"My daughter never you shall fol ler."
Ha ha! I'm bound away
On the wide Missouri!

5. At last there came a Yankee skipper,
Away, you rolling river!
He winked his eye and tipp'd his flipper.
Ha ha! I'm bound away
On the wide Missouri!

6. He sold the chief that fire-water,
Away, you rolling river!
And cross the river stole his daughter.
Ha ha! I'm bound away
On the wide Missouri!

7. "O Shenandoh, I long ter hear ye,
Away, you rolling river!
Across that wide and rolling river."
Ha ha! I'm bound away
On the wide Missouri!

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Some folks do

1. Some folks like to sigh,
2. Some folks fret and scold,
3. Some folks get grey hairs,
4. Some folks toil and save,

Some folks do, some folks do,
Some folks long to die
Soon be dead and cold,
Brooding over cares,

But to buy themselves a grave.

CHORUS.

That's not me nor you.
Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the Queen of mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
A Spring Song
Arranged from the Melody in F. RUBINSTEIN.

Moderato.

1. Winter has gone and the spring-time is here, Whis-tering gen-tly to the tall trees, Buds are un-fold-ing to greet the glad-time, And leaves bend-ing to the warm, sun-ny rays; All things are liv-ing and grow-ing a-gain, All na-ture is glad to breeze: Now the la-burn-um puts forth a gay blos-som, Earth has a car-pet both day. List, o'er the val-ley the voice of the cu-cu-koo, As he flits gai-ly from

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Winter has gone and the spring-time is here,

Whispering gently to the tall trees; Buds are unfolding to greet the glad time, and leaves bending to the breeze: The spring-time is here!
Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON.  Sir J. BARNBY.

Doh = G.

1. Sweet and low,
   sweet and low,
   Wind of the west ern
   sea,

   Low, low, breathe and blow,
   Wind of the west ern
   sea;

   O-ver the roll ing wa ters go,
   Come from the dy ing moon and blow,
   Sil ver sails all out of the west,

   Blow him a gain to
   me. While my lit tle one, while my pret ty one
   sleeps.

   Blow him a gain to
   me. While my lit tle one, while my pret ty one
   sleeps.

   Come from the moon and blow,
   Sil ver sails all out of the west,

   Come from the moon and blow,
   Sil ver sails all out of the west.

2. Sleep and rest,
   sleep and rest,
   Fa ther will come to thee
   soon;

   Rest, rest on mo ther's breast,
   Fa ther will come to thee
   soon;

   O-ver the roll ing wa ters go,
   Come from the dy ing moon and blow,
   Sil ver sails all out of the west,

   Blow him a gain to
   me. While my lit tle one, while my pret ty one
   sleeps.

   Blow him a gain to
   me. While my lit tle one, while my pret ty one
   sleeps.

   Come from the moon and blow,
   Sil ver sails all out of the west,

   Come from the moon and blow,
   Sil ver sails all out of the west.

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Old King Cole

Traditional Tune.

1. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, He
2. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, He
3. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, No

Doh is Bb

Lah is G

m : m, d : d . t, t : t, se : l, l, l, l, t, d : r m : l, l, l, l, l, l, se, se, l, l, l, l

T.M.P.

Swing low, sweet chariot

CHORUS

Comin' for to carry me home!

*This accompaniment is so planned as either to be sung by voices or played on instruments.*

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
3.

The brightest day that I ever saw,
Comin' for to carry me home
When Jesus washed my sins away.
Comin' for to carry me home.

4.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down
Comin' for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound
Comin' for to carry me home.
This old man

Swingingly.

This old man he played one, He played nick nack on my drum; Nick nack padd- ywhack, two, three, etc. ad lib.

Old man he played one, nick nack on my drum; Nicknack paddywhack,
two, three, etc. ad lib.

This he, He played on my drrrrrr - um,

give a dog a bone, This old man came roll - ing home. roll - ing home.

give a dog a bone, This old man came roll - ing home. roll - ing home.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
2 This old man, he played two,
He played nick nack on my shoe;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

3 This old man, he played three,
He played nick nack on my tree;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

4 This old man, he played four,
He played nick nack on my door;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

5 This old man, he played five,
He played nick nack on my hive;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

6 This old man, he played six,
He played nick nack on my sticks;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

7 This old man, he played seven,
He played nick nack on my Devon;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

8 This old man, he played eight,
He played nick nack on my gate;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

9 This old man, he played nine,
He played nick nack on my line;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

10 This old man, he played ten,
He played nick nack on my hen;
Nick nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.
From LONGFELLOW

Vigorously.

shades of night were falling fast,
brow was sad, his eye beneath,
stay, the maiden said, "and rest,

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When
At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air.

A traveller by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device.

*When mixed voices are available basses with altos and tenors with trebles should double their respective parts, making six-part harmony.
Uncle Ned

Written & Composed by STEPHEN C FOSTER

Accomp. & arr. for Male Voices by J.K.L.

There was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned, But he's dead long ago, long ago;

He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.

Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe,

Hang up de fiddle an' de bow.

From the Scottish Students' Song Book, by kind permission of Messrs Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St., London, W.1.
His fingers were long as de cane in de brake,
He had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth for to eat de corn-cake,
So he had to let de corn-cake be.
Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe, etc.

When old Ned die Massa take it mighty hard,
De tears run down like de rain;
Old Missus turn pale, an' she got berry sad,
Cayse she nebber see old Ned again.
Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe, etc.
The valley lies smiling before me

Irish Air

1. The valley lies smiling before me, The sun is o'er meadow and lea, My
2. The white little lambs gayly frolic, The pretty birds sing in the trees, The
3. Each day on Kilarney's blue water The white sails are spreading so free; I

home is in yonder white cottage, And dear are its memories to me.
children are dancing so blithely, And sweet is the scent of the breeze, Oh,
feel in my heart thou art peerless, No spot has such beauty for me.

where are the valleys so verdant? Oh, where is the foliage so green? No

place in the wide world can match thee, Oh, Erin, my pride and my queen!

By kind permission of Messrs Murdoch, Murdoch & Co. 461/463 Oxford Street, London W.1.
Andante.
SOLO (or Unison.)

The Volga Boatmen's Song

By kind permission of Reid Bros., Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London, W.1.
Widdecombe Fair

Allegretto.

Devon Folk Song.

1. Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along down all along out all along lee, For I want for to go to
Widdecombe Fair, Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewart, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l
Sat. - day noon.

2. And when shall I see again my grey mare,
All along down all along out all along lee, By Friday soon or

By kind permission of Reid Bros. Ltd., 187 Wardour Street, London W.1.
3. Then Friday came and Saturday noon,  
All along down along out along lee,  
Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,  
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

4. So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,  
All along down along out along lee,  
And he seed his old mare there a-making her will,  
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

5. So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,  
All along down along out along lee,  
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried,  
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

6. But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,  
All along down along out along lee,  
Nor, tho' they be dead, of the horrid career  
Of Bill Brewer, &c.

7. When the wind whistles cold on the moon of a night,  
All along down along out along lee,  
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white,  
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

8. And all the night long be heard skirling and groans,  
All along down along out along lee,  
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,  
And from Bill Brewer, &c.
Who's that a-calling

Words & Music by J.B. LAWREER.

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the
   plain and hill; Who's that a-calling?
   spark-lings rill;
   star-lit sky;
   The flowers are sleep-ing on the
   pas-ses by;
   Who's that call-ing so sweet?
   gold-en dawn;
   Across the sea;
   The stream-let mur-murs as it
   0 is it a mes-sage from a-

2. The leaves are rust-ling neath the

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
like the singing of the one now gone, Who's that calling so sweet?

it is my darling who now speaks to me, Who's that calling so sweet?

Who's that calling, Who's that calling, Is it one we long to greet?

Who's that calling, Who's that calling, Is it one we long to greet?

Who's that calling, Who's that calling so sweet?

Who's that calling, Who's that calling so sweet?
Will ye no come back again

**LADY NAIRNE.**

*Scottish Melody.*

LADY NAIRNE.

Slowly.  

1. Bon-nie Charlie now a-way, Safe-ly owre the friend-ly main, 
   (see Foot note) Hills he trod were all his ain, 
   Bed be-neath the birk-en tree, 
   -- 
   -- 

2. Sweet the lav-rock air lang, Lilt-in' wild-ly up the glen 
   -- 
   -- 

3. Many a heart will break in twa Should he ne'er come back a-gain. 
   The busb that hid him on the plain None on earth can clain but he! 
   But aye to me he sings ae song, Will ye no come back a-gain? 

**CHORUS**

Will ye no come back a-gain? Will ye no come back a-gain? 

**FREE PARTS**

S. (Will ye no?) 

A. Will ye no come back a-gain? 

T. Will ye no come back a-gain? 

B. 

Bet-ter lo'ed ye can-na be,- Will ye no come back a-gain? 

---

This accompaniment is such as may, if desired, be hummed or sung softly by four voices on an open vowel.

By kind permission of Sir Walford Davies & the National Adult School Union.
The March of the Workers

Words by WILLIAM MORRIS. 

What is this the sound and ru - mour'?What is this that all men hear, Like the 
Whi - ther go they, and whence come they? What are these of whom ye tell? In what 
wind in hol - low val - leys when the storm is draw - ing near Like the 
coun - try are they dwell - ing 'twixt the gates of heav n and hell? Are they 
roll - ing on of o - cean in the e - ven - tide of fear? 'Tis the peo - ple march - ing on. 
mine or thine for mo - ney? Will they serve a mas - ter well? Still the rumour's march - ing on.

Hark the roll - ing of the thunder! Lo the sun! and lo there - un - der 
Ris - eth wrath and hope and won - der, And the host comes march - ing on.

1. What is this the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear, like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near, like the country are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heaven and hell? Are they rolling on of ocean in the even-tide of fear? 'Tis the people marching on.

2. Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward health and mirth. All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth; buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth, for the days are marching on.

These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat, smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet, all for thee this day—and ever. What reward for them is meet? Till the host comes marching on.

Hark the rolling, &c.

3. Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured deaf and blind; never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find. Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind, and their feet are marching on.

O ye rich men hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife: "Once for you and death we laboured; changed henceforward is the strife. We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life; and our host is marching on."

Hark the rolling, &c.

4. "Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire? Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire. Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire, and hope is marching on."

"On we march then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near; for the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear, and the world is marching on."

Hark the rolling, &c.
Life is real, Life is Earnest.

Tune: Stuttgart.

1. Tell me not in mournful numbers, "Life is but an empty dream;"
   For the soul is dead that slumbers, And things are not what they seem.

2. Life is real, Life is earnest,
   And the grave is not its goal;
   "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," Was not spoken of the soul.

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
   Is our destined end or way;
   But to act, that each to-morrow
   Find us farther than to-day.

4. Lives of great men all remind us
   We can make our lives sublime,
   And, departing, leave behind us
   Footprints on the sands of time;

5. Footprints that perhaps another,
   Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
   A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
   Seeing, shall take heart again.

6. Let us then be up and doing,
   With a heart for any fate,
   Still achieving, still pursuing,
   Learn to labour and to wait.

   H.W. Longfellow.

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! Oh, clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight;
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.
God send us men
L.M.

Tune: Melrose. F.C. MAKER.

* Copyright Refer to Publishers.

* God send us men whose aim 'twill be,
  Not to defend some worn-out creed,
  But to live out the laws of Christ
  In every thought, and word, and deed.

God send us men alert and quick
  His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the laws of Christ become
  The laws and habits of the State.

God send us men! God send us men!
  Patient, courageous, strong and true;
With vision clear and mind equipped,
  His will to learn, His work to do.

God send us men with hearts ablaze,
  All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots Britain needs,
  These are the bulwarks of the State.

F.J. Gillman.

By kind permission of Mr F.J. Gillman. 24, The Chase, Clapham Common, London.
All, Good Night!

6.7.8.7.6.

German Air

1. All, good-night! All, good-night!
   Now is labour ended quite,
   Now the day is softly closing,
   Busy hands from toil reposing,
   Till new morning wakes in light;
   All, good-night! All, good-night!

2. Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest!
   Weary eyelids downward pressed,
   Silence rests on field and mountain,
   Softly murmur brook and fountain,
   Every bird has sought its nest;
   Sweetly rest! Sweetly rest!

The Banner of Freedom

J. Keir Hardie.

Tune: -- LAND OF MY FATHERS See page 38

1. The Banner of Freedom now proudly unfurled,
   Throws out its bold challenge to conquer the world;
   It honour unsullied,
   While life holds its place,
   We'll cherish, but never disgrace.
   Hail! hail! hail to the Red Flag so dear,
   Our hearts beat high
   With victory nigh,
   The day-dawn of Freedom is near.

2. Here's greetings to comrades away o'er the seas,
   Where'er the Red Banner is borne on the breeze,
   Nor race, creed, or colour
   Our minds shall inflame,
   We're one in Humanity's name.
   Hail! hail! hail! comrades, o'er land and o'er sea,
   A mighty band,
   By sea and land,
   Resolved that mankind shall be free.

3. Then, hey, for the Red Flag, the emblem of truth,
   The hope of the ages, the ensign of youth,
   All nations shall own it,
   All creeds shall combine
   To raise it o'er Brotherhood's shrine.
   Hail! hail! hail to the good days to be,
   When war shall cease,
   And wealth's increase
   Ensure that the race shall be free.
England, Arise!

Words and Music by E. CARPENTER.

1. England arise! the long, long night is over, Faint in the east behold the dawn appear;

Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow
A-rise, O England, for the day is here!

From your fields and hills,
Hark! the answer swells
A-rise, O England, for the day is here!

2. By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
   By their white faces aged with want and fear,
   By the dark cities where your babes are creeping
   Naked of joy and all that makes life dear;
   From each wretched slum
   Let the loud cry come;
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

3. People of England! all your valleys call you,
   High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
   Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
   Will you disown your native land so dear?
   Shall it die unheard—
   That sweet pleading word?
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

4. Over your face a web of lies is woven,
   Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
   Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
   On its bent back sits Idle-ess encrowned.
   How long, while you sleep,
   Your harvest shall it reap?
   Arise, O England, for the day is here!

5. Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!
   Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
   Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother!
   Giants refreshed in joy's new-rising morn!
   Come and swell the song,
   Silent now so long:
   England is risen! and the day is here.

By kind permission of Messrs. George Allen & Unwin Ltd. Museum St. London. W.C. from "chants of Labour."
Good Night!

CHARLES MACAY.

Old English Air.

1. Good-night! good-night!
   The chimes ring loud and clear,
   Good-night! good-night!
   A new-born day is near.
   Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung,
   Our eyes have gleamed delight;
   The day has passed, we part at last;
   To each and all, good-night.

2. Sleep! gentle sleep!
   Thy robe o'er nature lies!
   Sleep! gentle sleep!
   Steal softly on our eyes.
   And not alone to us be known
   Thy blessings calm and deep;
   To pain and care be free as air,
   And soothe then gentle sleep.

3. Good-night! good-night!
   The chimes ring loud and clear,
   Good-night! good-night!
   A new-born day is near.
   Our mirth has rung, we've danced and sung,
   Our eyes have gleamed delight;
   The day has passed, we part at last;
   To each and all, good-night.
The Golden City
8. 7. 8.7.D.

Deutschland
F Abt.

1. Would you gain the Golden City
   Mentioned in the legends old?
   Everlasting light shines o'er it,
   Wondrous tales of it are told;
   Only righteous men and women
   Dwell within its gleaming wall,
   Wrong is banished from its borders,
   Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

2. We are builders of that City,
   All our joys and all our groans
   Help to rear its shining ramparts,
   All our lives are building stones;
   But the work that we have builted,
   Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
   And in error and in anguish,
   Will not perish with the years.

3. It will be at last made perfect
   In the Universal plan,
   It will help to crown the labours
   Of the toiling hosts of man;
   It will last and shine transfigured
   In the final reign of right,
   It will merge into the splendours
   Of the City of the Light.
Hark the Battle Cry

MEN OF HARLECH

H.S. SALT.

1. Hark! the battle cry is ringing!
   Tho' we wield not spear nor sabre,
   Hope within our bosoms springing,
   We, the sturdy sons of Labour,

2. Long in wrath and despairing
   Now, disdaining useless sorrow,
   Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;
   Long in hunger, shame, privation,

Bids us journey forward singing
   Death to tyrants might!
Helping every man his neighbour
   Shrink not from the fight!

Have we borne the degradation
   Of the rich man's might;
Often shines the fairest morrow
   After stormiest night.

1. See our homes before us!
   Wives and babes implore us;
   So firm we stand in
   Nobler days are dawning;

2. Tyrants heartstake warning!
   Braver deeds, braver men;
   For the right the wrong
   Men of Labour, young or hoary,

CHORUS

Heart and hand, and swell the dauntless chorus.
   Men of Labour, young or hoary,
   Would ye win a name in story?
   Fight for home, for life, for glory!
   Justice, Freedom, Right!
   God shall help the Right!
Hear a word, a word in season,
For the day is drawing nigh
When the Cause shall call upon us,
Some to live and some to die!
He that dies shall not die lonely,
Many a one hath gone before;
He that lives shall bear no burden,
Heavier than the life they bore,
Nothing ancient is their story,
E’en but yesterday they bled,
Youngest they of earth’s beloved,
Last of all the valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them,
Lies their labour and their pain;
But undying from their sorrow
Springeth up the hope again.
Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it,
That the world outlives their life;
Voice and vision yet they give us,
Making strong our hands for strife.
Some had name and fame and honour,
Learned they were, and wise and strong;
Some were nameless, poor, unlettered,
Weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us;
One and all they lead us yet,
Every pain to count for nothing,
Every sorrow to forget!
Hearken how they cry, “O happy,
Happy ye that ye were born
In the sad slow night’s departing,
In the rising of the morn.
Fair the crown the cause hath for you,
Well to die or well to live
Through the battle, through the tangle,
Peace to gain or peace to give.”
The International

Words from the French of E. POTTEIR.  Degeyter's Air, arranged by Wm. ROBERTSON.

In march time.

CHORUS may be sung twice after last verse

spurn the dust to win the prize.  Then come the last fight let us face.
Lift up the People's banner

Words by JOSEPH WHITTAKER. Music by G. J. WEBB.

1. Lift up the People's banner, now trailing in the dust; A million hands are ready to guard the sacred trust.

2. Through ages of oppression we bore a heavy load, While others reap the harvest from seed the people sowed.

3. But after bitter ages of hunger and despair, The slave has snapped his fetters and bids his foes beware.

4. So on we march to battle, with souls that shall not rest until the world God gave us is by the world possessed.

Little words of kindness

GOSHEN

6.5.6.5.D.

Little words of kindness: How they cheer the heart! What a world of gladness will a smile impart! Little acts of kindness: Nothing do they cost, Yet when they are wanting, littlest charm is lost.

How a gentle accent calms the troubled soul, When the waves of passion o'er it wildly roll!

Little acts of kindness, richest gems of earth, Though they seem but trifles, priceless is their worth!
Men Whose boast it is that ye

SALZBURG

7.7.7.7.7.

Melody from J. Hintze. (1632-1702)

Harmonised by J.S. Bach.

Words by J. R. LOWELL.

If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother’s pain,

Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2. Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
Not! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

3. They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
The Red Flag

Words by JIM CONNELL.

The people's flag is deep-est red; It shroud-ed oft' our mar-tyred dead, And ere their limbs grow stiff and cold, Their heart's blood dyed its ev'-ry fold.

CHORUS

Then raise the scar-let stand-ard high! With-in its shade we'll live or die;

Tho' cow-ards flinch and traitors sneer, We'll keep the red flag fly-ing here:

* Small notes for third line of 3rd verse.

2. Look round—the Frenchman loves its blaze: The sturdy German chants its praise; In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung; Chicago swells the surging throng.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

3. It waved above our infant might, When all ahead seemed dark as night; It witnessed many a deed and vow:— We must not change its colour now.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

4. It well recalls the triumphs past: It gives the hope of peace at last: The banner bright, the symbol plain Of human right and human gain.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

5. It suits to-day the weak and base, Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place, To cringe before the rich man's frown And haul the sacred emblem down.

Then raise the scarlet &c.

6. With heads uncovered swear we all To bear it onward till we fall, Come dungeon dark or gallows grim, This song shall be our parting hymn.

Then raise the scarlet &c.
Song to Labour

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

WALFORD DAVIES.

With vigour

1. Shall you complain who feed the world, Who clothe the world, who
2. The world's life hangs on your right hand, Your strong right hand, your
3. Then rise as you never rose before, Nor hoped before, nor

house the world? Shall you complain who are the world, of what the world may do?
skilled right hand, You hold the whole world in your hand, See to it what you do.
dared before, And show as never was shown before The power that lies in you.

CHORUS

As from this hour you use your power, The world must follow you. Stand

SATB Chorus or Accompl

All as one till right is done, Believe and dare and do.
Sons of Labour
AUSTRIA

JOHN MACLEAY PEACOCK.

F. J. HAYDN.

There must be something wrong

C. M. D.

German Folk Song

1. When earth produces, free and fair,
The golden waving corn;
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are shorn;
While thousands move with aching head
And sing the ceaseless song—
"We starve, we die; oh, give us bread!"
There must be something wrong.

2. When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,
From off the fruitful soil;
When luxury, from pole to pole,
Reaps fruit of human toil;
When from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along,
And others' need we have known,
There must be something wrong.

3. When poor men's tables waste away
To barrenness and drought,
There must be something in the way
That's worth the finding out.
When surfeit one great table bends,
And numbers move along,
While scarce a crust their board extends,
There must be something wrong.

4. Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor;
Let freedom crush the hand of Might,
We ask for nothing more.
Until this system is begun,
The burden of my song
It must and can be only one—
There must be something wrong.
We will up and march away

7.7.7.6. with refrain

J. BRUCE GLASIER.

1. Here we gather in a ring,
Here a garland fresh we fling,
Flowers are we just blossoming,
Blossoming together.

CHORUS.
We will up and march away, march away,
March away, march away, march away,
We will up and march away,
Marching all together.

2. Good-folks all a word with you,
What a world to bring us to!
We shall make the world anew,
Boys and girls together.

We will up, etc.

3. We are children, but some day
We'll be big and strong and say
None shall slave and none shall slay
All shall work together.

We will up, etc.

4. Hand to hand, how far we reach,
Each for all, and all for each;
Thus we play, and thus we teach—
Hearts and hands together.

We will up, etc.

5. Now our clasping hands we raise,
Holding high a crown of praise,
Crown of hope for better days—
Nations linked together.

We will up, etc.

6. Forward, stepping row by row,
Waves of freedom on we flow;
Singing, shining as we go,
Comrades all together.

We will up, etc.
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