

THE 13TH TENNESSEE



SONGBOOK

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Dixie Land

Daniel D. Emmett, 1859

O I wish I was in the land of cot ton Old times there are not for got ten look a
way look a way look a way Dix ie Land. In Dix ie land where
I was born in Ear - ly on one fros - ty morn in' look a way look a - way look a -
way Dix ie Land. O I wish I was in Dix - ie Hoo - ray! Hoo -
ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand to live and 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

2. Old Missus marry Will, the weaver,
William was a gay deceiver
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around her
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Chorus:

3. His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver
But that did not seem to grieve her
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted the foolish part
And died for a man that broke her heart
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Chorus:

Dixie War Song

1. Hear ye not the sounds of battle
Sabres clash and muskets rattle?
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie
Hostile footsteps on our border
Hostile columns tread in order
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie

Chorus

*O fly to arms in Dixie!
To Arms! To Arms!
From Dixie's Land we'll route the band
That comes to conquer Dixie
To Arms!, To Arms!
And route the foe from Dixie
To Arms!, To Arms!
And route the foe from Dixie*

2. See the red smoke hanging o'er us
Hear the canon's booming chorus
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie
See our steady columns forming
Hear the shouting, Hear the storming!
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie

Chorus

3. Gird your loins with sword and saber
Give your lives to freedom's labor
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie
What through every hearth be saddened?
What through all the land be reddened?
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie

Chorus

4. Shall this boasting mad invader
Trample Dixie and degrade her?
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie
By our father's proud example!
Southern soil they shall not trample!
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie

Chorus

5. Southrons meet them on the border!
Charge them into wild disorder!
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie
Hew the Vandals down before you!
Till the last inch they restore you!
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie

Chorus

6. Through the echoing hills resounding!
Hear the Southern bugles sounding!
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie
Arouse from every hill and valley,
List the bugle! Rally! Rally!
To Arms, To Arms, To Arms, In Dixie

Chorus

Minstrel Boy



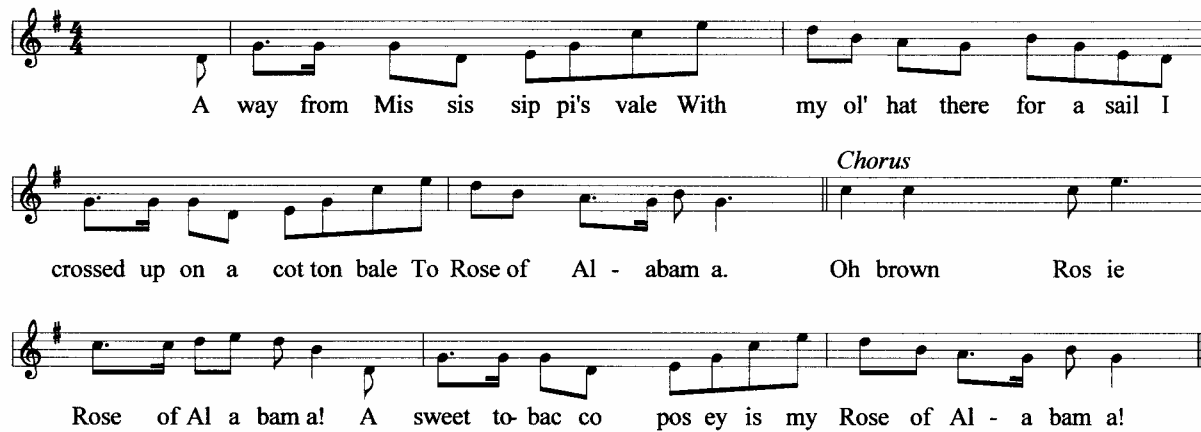
The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Verse added later:

The Minstrel Boy will return we pray
When we hear the news, we all will cheer it,
The minstrel boy will return one day,
Torn perhaps in body, not in spirit.
Then may he play on his harp in peace,
In a world such as Heaven intended,
For all the bitterness of man must cease,
And ev'ry battle must be ended.

Rose of Alabama

S. S. Steele (1846)



A way from Mis sis sip pi's vale With my ol' hat there for a sail I

Chorus

crossed up on a cot ton bale To Rose of Al - abam a. Oh brown Ros ie

Rose of Al a bam a! A sweet to- bac co pos ey is my Rose of Al - a bam a!

2. I landed on the far sand bank
I sat upon the hollow plank
And there I made the banjo twank
For Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

3. Oh, after d'rectly bye and bye
The moon rose white as Rosie's eye
Then like a young coon out so sly
Stole Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

4. I said "Sit down just where you
please."
Upon my lap she took her ease.
"It's good to go upon the knees,"
Said Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

5. The river rose; the cricket sang
The lightnin' bug did flash his wing
Then like a rope my arms I fling
'Round Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

6. We hugged how long I cannot tell
My Rosie seemed to like it well
My banjo in the river fell
Oh, Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

7. Like alligator after prey
I jump in, but it float away
And all the while it seem to say
"Oh, Rose of Alabama."

Chorus

8. Now every night come rain or
shower
I hunt that banjo for an hour
And see my sweet tobacco flower
Oh, Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

9. Oh fare thee well, you belles of
Spain
And fare thee well to Liza Jane!
Your charms will all be put to shame
By Rose of Alabama.

Chorus

Bonnie Blue Flag

adapted from the Irish air "Irish Jaunting Car"

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and catchy, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'We are a band of brothers and na - tive to the soil Fight ing for our li - ber - ty with trea - sure blood and toil And when our rights were threatened the cry rose near and far Hur - rah for the Bon nie Blue Flag that bears a sin gle star! Chorus Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for South ern rights hur - rah! Hur - rah for the Bon nie Blue Flag that bears a sin gle star.'

We are a band of brothers and na - tive to the soil

Fight ing for our li - ber - ty with trea - sure blood and toil And

when our rights were threatened the cry rose near and far Hur -

rah for the Bon nie Blue Flag that bears a sin gle star! *Chorus* Hur -

rah! Hur - rah! for South ern rights hur - rah! Hur -

rah for the Bon nie Blue Flag that bears a sin gle star.

2. As long as the Union was faithful to her trust
Like friends and brethren, kind were we, and just
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus:

3. First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand
Then came Alabama and took her by the hand
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus:

4. Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens statesmen are
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Chorus:

5. Now here's to brave Virginia, the old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at last has sealed her fate,
And spurred by her example, now other states prepar'
To hoist high the bonny blue flag that bears a single star.

Chorus:

All Quiet Along the Potomac

John Hill Hewitt, 1863



2. All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear Autumn
moon,
O'er the light of the watch fires, are gleaming;
There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
All quiet along, the Potomac tonight

3. His musket falls slack, his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a pray'r for the children asleep,
For their mother, may Heaven defend her.
The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
All quiet along, the Potomac tonight

4. Then drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.
He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
All quiet along, the Potomac tonight

5. Hark! Was it the night wind that rustled the leaves,
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looks like a rifle -- "Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the lifeblood is ebbing and splashing.
All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead -
The picket's off duty forever.
"All quiet along the Potomac tonight!"

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

George L. Root, 1864



In the pri son cell I sit, Think ing mother, dear of you, And my
hap py Southern home so far a way And my eyes, they fill with tears Spite of
all that I cando Though I try to cheer my com rades and be gay
Chorus
Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are mar - ching Cheer up com rades they will
come, and be neath the stars and bars We shall breathe the air a gain Of
free men in our own be lov ed home.

2. In the battle front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And our soldiers by the thousands sank to die;
But before they reached our lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And the "Rebel yell" went upward to the sky.

Chorus:

3. Now our great commander Lee
Crosses broad Potomac's stream,
And his legions marching northward take their
way.
On Pennsylvania's roads
Will their trusty muskets gleam,
And her iron hills shall echo to the fray.

Chorus:

4. In the cruel stockade-pen
Dying slowly day by day,
For weary months we've waited all in vain;
But if God will speed the way
Of our gallant boys in gray,
I shall see your face, dear mother, yet again.

Chorus:

5. When I close my eyes in sleep,
All the dear ones 'round me come,
At night my little sister to me calls;
And mocking visions bring
All the warm delights of home,
While we freeze and starve in Northern prison
walls.

Chorus:

6. So the weary days go by,
And we wonder as we sigh,
If with sight of home we'll never more be
blessed.
Our hearts within us sink,
And we murmur, though we try
To leave it all with Him who knowest best.

Chorus:

God Save the South

Mujsic: Charles W. A. Ellerbrock

Lyrics: Earnest Halpin

6 God save the South, God save the South. Her al - ters and

11 fi - resides God save the South. Now that the war is nigh

16 now that we arm to die, Chant - ing our bat - tle cry free - dom or death.

Chant - ing our bat - tle cry, free - dom or death.

God be our shield, at home or afield,
Stretch Thine arm over us, strengthen and save.
What tho' they're three to one, forward each sire and son,
Strike till the war is won, strike to the grave!
Strike till the war is won, strike to the grave!

God save the South, God save the South,
Dry the dim eyes that now follow our path.
Still let the light feet rove safe through the orange grove,
Still keep the land we love safe from Thy wrath.
Still keep the land we love safe from Thy wrath.

God made the right stronger than might,
Millions would trample us down in their pride.
Lay Thou their legions low, roll back the ruthless foe,
Let the proud spoiler know God's on our side.
Let the proud spoiler know God's on our side.

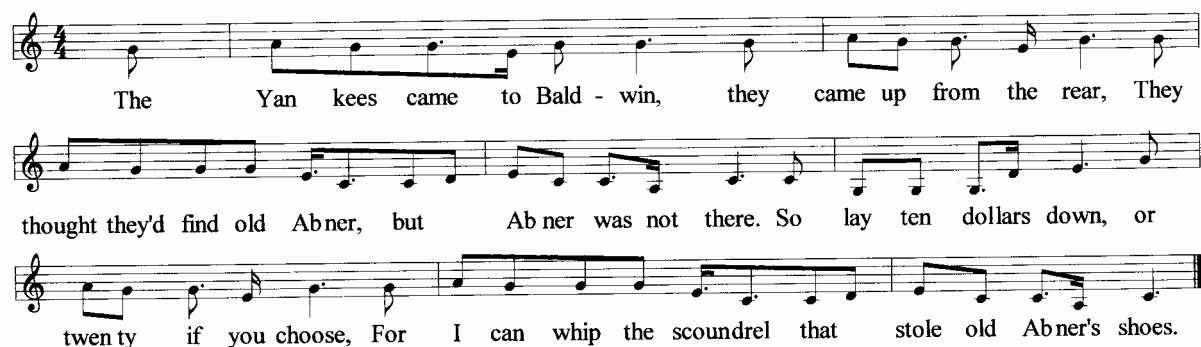
God save the South, God save the South,
Her altars and firesides, God save the South!
For the great war is nigh, and we will win or die,
Chanting our battle cry, "Freedom or death!"
Chanting our battle cry, "Freedom or death!"

Hark honor's call, summoning all.
Summoning all of us unto the strife.
Sons of the South, awake! Strike till the brand shall
break,
Strike for dear Honor's sake, Freedom and Life!
Strike for dear Honor's sake, Freedom and Life!

Rebels before, our fathers of yore.
Rebel's the righteous name Washington bore.
Why, then, be ours the same, the name that he snatched
from shame,
Making it first in fame, foremost in war.
Making it first in fame, foremost in war.

War to the hilt, theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the free man to ransom the slave.
Up then, and undismay'd, sheathe not the battle blade,
Till the last foe is laid low in the grave!
Till the last foe is laid low in the grave!

Abner's Shoes



2. Jeff Davis was a gentleman, Abe Lincoln was a fool,
Jeff Davis rode a dapple-gray, Abe Lincoln rode a mule.

Chorus

3. The Yankees took me prisoner, they used me ruff it's true,
They took away my knapsack and stole my blankets too,

Chorus

4. The Yankees took me prisoner and if I get paroled,
I'll go right back to fight them I will upon my soul.

Chorus

5. The Yankees came to Baldwin they came up from the rear,
They thought they'd find old Abner, but Abner was not there,

Chorus

Goober Peas

P. Nutt, Esq.
A. Pindar, Esq.
1866

Sit ting by the road - side on a sum mer day

Chat - ting with my mess mates, pass - ing time a - way

Ly - ing in the sha - dow un - der neath the trees

Good - ness how de - lic - ious eat - ing goo - ber peas!

Peas, peas, peas, peas, eat - ing goo - ber peas!

Chorus Good - ness how de - lic - ious! Eat - ing goo - ber peas!

2. When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders, eating Goober Peas!

Chorus:

3. Just before the battle the Gen'ral hears a row,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now."
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia Militia - eating Goober Peas!

Chorus:

4. I think my song has lasted almost long enough,
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble Goober Peas!

Chorus:

Battle Cry of Freedom

Southern Version

George F. Root, 1862

We are marching to the field boys we're going to the fight shouting the battle cry of
free - dom And we bear the Hea'n ly cross For our cause is in the right
Chorus
Shou ting the bat tle cry of free - dom Our rights for ev er! Hur - ray boys Hur rah!
Down with the ty - rants Raise the south ern star And we'll ral ly round the flag boys We'll
ral ly once a - gain Shout- ing the bat tle cry of Free - dom!

2. We'll meet the Yankee hosts, boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
And we'll show the dastard minions
What Southern pluck can do,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
Chorus:

3. We'll fight them to the last, boys,
If we fall in the strife,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
Our comrades - noble boys!
Will avenge us, life for life,
Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.
Chorus:

Battle Cry of Freedom

(version 2)

Our flag is proudly floating
On the land and on the main,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Beneath it oft we've conquered,
And we'll conquer oft again!
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

CHORUS: Our Dixie forever!
She's never at a loss!
Down with the eagle
And up with the cross!
We'll rally 'round the bonny flag,
We'll rally once again,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!

2. Our gallant boys have marched
To the rolling of the drums,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
And the leaders in charge cry out,
"Come, boys, come!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
CHORUS

3. They have laid down their lives
On the bloody battle field,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Their motto is resistance --
"To tyrants we'll not yield!"
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!--*CHORUS*

4. While our boys have responded
And to the fields have gone,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!
Our noble women also
Have aided them at home,
Shout, shout the battle cry of Freedom!--*CHORUS*

Here's Your Mule

C. D. Benson, 1862

A musical score for the song 'Here's Your Mule' by C. D. Benson, 1862. The score is written in 8/8 time and consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'A far - mer came to camp one day With milk and eggs to sell Up -'. The second staff continues with 'on a "male" that oft would stray To where no one could tell The'. The third staff continues with 'far - mer tired of his tramp For hours was made a fool By'. The fourth staff begins the chorus with 'ev - ery one he met in camp With "Mis - ter where's your mule?" Come'. The fifth staff continues the chorus with 'on old man Come on old man, and don't be made a fool By'. The sixth staff concludes the chorus with 'ev - ry one you meet in camp with "Mis - ter where's your mule?"'. The word 'Chorus' is written above the fourth staff.

A far - mer came to camp one day With milk and eggs to sell Up -
on a "male" that oft would stray To where no one could tell The
far - mer tired of his tramp For hours was made a fool By
ev - ery one he met in camp With "Mis - ter where's your mule?" Come
on old man Come on old man, and don't be made a fool By
ev - ry one you meet in camp with "Mis - ter where's your mule?"

2. His eggs and chickens all were gone,
Before the break of day;
The mule was heard of all along,
That's what the soldiers say,
And still he hunted all day long,
Alas! a witless tool,
Whilst ev'ry man would sing the song,
Of, "Mister, here's your mule."
Chorus:

3. The soldiers run in laughing mood,
On mischief were intent;
They lifted muley on their back,
Around from tent to tent,
Thro' this hole and that, they pushed
His head and made a rule
To shout with hum'rous voices all,
"I say! Mister, here's your mule."
Chorus:

4. Alas, one day the mule was miss'd!
Ah! who could tell his fate?
The farmer like a man bereft,
Search'd early and search'd late,
And as he passed from camp to camp,
With stricken face, - the fool,
Cried out to ev'ry one he met,
"Oh, Mister, where's my mule?"
Chorus:

Cheer Boys Cheer

Chorus

The musical score for the chorus is written on six staves. The melody is in 4/4 time, featuring a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes.

Cheer boys cheer! We'll march a way to battle! Cheer boys cheer, for our
sweethearts and our wives! Cheer boys cheer! We'll nobly do our du ty And
give to the South our hearts, our arms, our lives. Bring forth the flag, our
coun trie's no ble stan dard, Wave it on high till the wind shakes each fold out
Proud ly it floats Nob ly wav ing in the van guard, Then
Cheer boys Cheer! with a lus ty long bold shout

Chorus

2. But as we march, with heads all lowly bending,
Let us implore a blessing from on high.
Our cause is just, the right we're defending,
And the God of battle will listen to our cry.
Cheer, boys, cheer! We'll march away to battle!

Chorus

3. Tho' to the homes we never may return,
Ne'er press again our lov'd ones in our arms,
O'er our lone graves their faithful hearts will mourn,
Then cheer, boys, cheer! such death hath no alarms.

Chorus

Tenting Tonight

The musical score for 'Tenting Tonight' is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'We're tenting to night on the old campground give us a song to cheer Our wea ry hearts; a song of home And friends we love so dear. Ma ny are the hearts that are wea ry to night Wishing for the war to cease Ma ny are the hearts looking for the right to see the dawn of peace Tenting to night tenting to night tenting on the old camp ground'.

We're tenting to night on the old campground give us a song to cheer Our
wea ry hearts; a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Ma ny are the hearts that are wea ry to night Wishing for the war to cease
Ma ny are the hearts looking for the right to see the dawn of peace
Tenting to night tenting to night tenting on the old camp ground

2. We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by !"

Chorus

3. We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

Chorus

4. We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Last Chorus

***Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp-ground.***

Army Bugs

Sol diers sing of their beans and canteens, of the cof - fee in old ar my cup Why not
 mention the small friends we've seen Always try ing to chew armies up Those firm
 friends, tire less friends Hard ly ev er neg lect ing their hugs Their re -
 gard ne ver ends How they loved us those old ar my bugs

Darlin' Nelly Gray

Lesley Nelson-Burns

There's low green val - ley on the old Ken - tuc ky shore There I've whiled ma ny hap py hours a
 way A sit ting and a sing ing by the lit tle cot tage door where lived my dar ling Nel ly
 Gray O my poor Nel ly Gray They have ta ken you a way and I'll ne ver see my dar ling a - ny
 more. I'm a sit ting by the ri ver and I'm weep ing all the day For you've gone from the old Ken tu cky Shore.

One night I went to see her
 But "she's gone," the neighbors say,
 The white man bound her with his chain,
 They have taken her to Georgia
 For to wear her life away,
 As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Chorus

Hardtack

Melody: Hard Times Come No More
Stephen Foster, 1855

Let us close our game of po ker take our tin cups in our hand As we
all stand by the cook's tent door As dried mummies of hardcrack ers Are
hand ed to each man O, hard tack come a gain no more 'Tis the
song the sigh of the hun - gry Hard tack, hard tack,
come a -gain no more Ma ny days you have lin gered Up on our stomachs sore, O
hard tack come a - gain no more

2. 'Tis a hungry, thirsty soldier
Who wears his life away
In torn clothes, his better days are o'er.
And he's sighing now for whiskey
In a voice as dry as hay,
"O, hard tack, come again no more!"
Chorus:

3. 'Tis the wail that is heard
In camp both night and day,
'Tis the murmur that's mingled with each snore.
'Tis the sighing of the soul
For spring chickens far away,
"O, hard tack, come again no more!"
Chorus:

4. But to all these cries and murmurs,
There comes a sudden hush
As frail forms are fainting by the door,
For they feed us now on horse feed
That the cooks call mush!
O, hard tack, come again once more!
Chorus:
'Tis the dying wail of the starving:
"O, hard tack, hard tack,
Come again once more!"
You were old and very wormy,
But we pass your failings o'er.
O, hard tack, come again once more!

Hard Times

Stephen Foster

1. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh Hard times, come again no more.

2. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus

3. There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er.
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day -
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus

4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured Around the lowly grave,
Oh! Hard times, come again no more.

Chorus

Johnny's Gone for a Soldier

Here I sit on Buttermilk hill. Who could blame me cry my fill. Ev - er-y tear would
6 turn a mill. John - ny's gone for a sold - ier. Oh my ba - by
10 On my love, Gone the rain - bow gone the dove. Your fath-er was my
14 on - ly love. John - ny's gone for a sold - - - ier.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line. The second staff starts with a measure rest (6). The third staff starts with a measure rest (10). The fourth staff starts with a measure rest (14). The score ends with a double bar line.

Me, oh my, I loved him so,
It broke my heart to see him go,
And only time will heal my woe,
Johnny's gone for a soldier.

Chorus

I sold my flax, I sold my my wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel,
So it in battle, he may wield,
Johnny's gone for a soldier.

Chorus

Kingdom Coming (Year of the Jubilo)

Henry Clay Work

Say Dark - ies hab you seen de mas - sa wid de muff' stash on his
face Go long some time dis morn in like he gwine to leab de place. He
seen a smoke way up de rib ber whar de Link um gun boats lay. He took his hat and
lef' ber ry sud den and I 'spec he's run a - way. De mas sa run ha ha De dark eystay ho
ho! It mus' now be de King dom comin' an' de year of Jub - i - lo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder, and he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay the tailor, an' it won't go halfway round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'n, an' he got so drefful tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees for to tink he's contraband.

CHORUS

De darkeys feel so lonesome libbing in de loghouse on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings into massa's parlor for to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen, an' de darkeys dey'll have some;
I s'pose dey'll all be cornfiscated when de Linkum sojers come.

CHORUS

De obserseer he make us trouble, an' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar, wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken, but de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better dan to went an' run
away.

Richmond is a Hard Road to Travel

Would you like to hear my song? I'm a fraid its ra ther long Of the
 fa mous On to Rich mond dou ble trou ble; Of the
 half a do zen trips and half a do zen slips And the
 ve ry lat est burst ing of the bub ble. 'Tis
 pret ty hard to sing and like a round round ring, 'Tis a
 dread ful knot ty puz zle to un ra vel; Though
 all the pa pers swore, when we touched Vir gin ia's shore; That
 Rich mond was a hard road to tra vel. *Chorus* Then
 pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve, For
 Rich mond is a hard road to tra vel. Then
 pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve, For
 Richmond is a hard road to tra vel I be lieve

First McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest way
 By Manassas in the pleasant summer weather
 But unfortunately ran on a Stonewall, foolish man!
 And had a rocky journey altogether.
 And he found it rather hard to ride over Beauregard
 And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother.
 'Twas clear beyond a doubt that he didn't like the route
 And a second time would have to try another.
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 For Manassas is a hard road to travel.
 Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run made us grieve,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.*

Next came the Woolly Horse, with an overwhelming force
 To march down to Richmond by the Valley,
 But he couldn't find the road, and his onward movement
 showed
 His campaigning was a mere shilly-shally.
 Then Commissary Banks, with his motley foreign ranks
 Kicking up a great noise, fuss, and flurry,
 Lost the whole of his supplies and with tears in his eyes
 From the Stonewall ran away in a hurry.
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 For the Valley is a hard road to travel.
 The Valley wouldn't do, and we all had to leave,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.*

Then the great Galena came, with her portholes all aflame,
 And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder,
 But the guns at Drury's Bluff gave them speedily enough
 The loudest sort of reg'lar Rebel thunder.
 The Galena was astonished and the Monitor admonished,
 Our patent shot and shell were mocked at,
 While the dreadful Naugatuck, by the hardest kind of luck,
 Was knocked into an ugly cocked hat.
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 For James River is a hard road to travel.
 The gunboats gave up in terror and despair,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I declare.*

Then McClellan followed soon, both with spade and bal-
 loon,
 To try the Peninsular approaches,
 But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed
 Was no faster than the slowest of slow coaches.
 Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
 A Longstreet indeed and nothing shorter.
 And it put him in the dumps that spades wasn't trumps
 And the Hills he couldn't level "as he orter!"
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 For Longstreet is a hard road to travel.
 Lay down the shovel and throw away the spade,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I'm afraid.*

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, "You can make the trip, I hope."
 "I will save the universal Yankee nation!"
 "To make sure of no defeat, I'll leave no lines of retreat,
 "And issue a famous proclamation!"
 But that same dreaded Jackson, this fella laid his whacks on
 And made him, by compulsion, a seceder.
 Pope took rapid flight from Manassas' second fight,
 'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 For Stonewall is a hard road to travel.
 Pope did his very best but was evidently sold,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I am told.*

Last of all Burnside, with his pontoon bridges, tried
 A road no one had thought of before him,
 With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel slaughter pen
 And the blessed Union flag waving o'er him.
 He met a fire like hell of canister and shell
 That mowed down his men with great slaughter.
 'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
 And the river ran with more blood than water.
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 Rappahannock is a hard road to travel.
 Burnside got in a trap, which caused for him to grieve,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.*

We are very much perplexed to know who is the next
 To command the new Richmond expedition,
 For the capital must blaze, and that in ninety days,
 And Jeff and his men be sent to perdition.
 We'll take the cursed town, and then we'll burn it down
 And plunder and hang each cursed Rebel.
 Yet the contraband was right when he told us they would fight:
 "Oh, yes, massa, dey will fight like the debil!"
*Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel.
 Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeves,
 For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe.*

Stonewall Jackson's Way

Come, stack arms men pile on the rails, Stir
up the camp fire bright, No growl - ing if the -
can teen fails we'll make a roar - ing night Here
Shen an do ah brawls a long There bur - ly Blue Ridge
ec hos - strong To swell the Bri gade's rous ing song Of
Stone wall Jack son's way.

2. We see him now-the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks-he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him-" well!
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

5. The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning, and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score"
In "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

3. Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off
Old Massa's goin' to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff
Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God: *
"Lay bare Thine arm; stretch forth Thy
rod! Amen!"
That's "Stonewall's way."

6. Ah, Maiden! wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band,
Ah, widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand,
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

4. He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade!
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
"Quick step! we're with him before morn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The Girl I Left Behind

The ho urs sad I left a maid a ling' ring fare well tak ing - Whose

sighs and tears my steps de layed I thought her heart was break ing In

hur ried words her name I blessed I breathed the vows that bind me And

to my heart in an guish pressed The girl I left be hind me.

2. Then to the east we bore away
 To win a name in story
 And there where dawns the sun of day
 There dawned our sun of glory
 The place in my sight
 When in the host assigned me
 I shared the glory of that fight
 Sweet girl I left behind me

3. Though many a name our banner bore
 Of former deeds of daring
 But they were of the day of yore
 In which we had no sharing
 But now our laurels freshly won
 With the old one shall entwine me
 Singing worthy of our size each son
 Sweet girl I left behind me

4. The hope of final victory
 Within my bosom burning
 Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
 And of my fond returning
 But should I n'eer return again
 Still with thy love i'll bind me
 Dishonors breath shall never stain

The Upidee Song

The shades of night were fall ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, The
 bu gler blew his trum pet blast Tra la la la la, No
 mat ter be there rain or snow, That bu gler still is bound to blow,
 up i de i de i da, Up i de, Up i da,
 Up i de i de i da, Up i de i da!

2. He saw, as in their bunks they lay,
 Tra la la! Tra la la!
 How soldiers spent the dawning day
 Tra la la la la
 "There's too much comfort there," said he,
 "And so I'll blow the 'Reveille'."
Chorus

3. In nice log huts he saw the light,
 Tra la la! Tra la la!
 Of cabin fires, warm and bright,
 Tra la la la la
 The sight afforded him no heat,
 And so he sounded the "Retreat"
Chorus

4. Upon the fire he spied a pot
 Tra la la! Tra la la!
 Choicest viands smoking hot
 Tra la la la la
 Says he, "You shan't enjoy the stew,"
 So "Boots And Saddles" loudly blew
Chorus

5. They scarce their half-cooked meal begin
 Tra la la! Tra la la!
 Ere orderly cries out, "Fall in!"
 Tra la la la la
 Then off they march through mud and rain,
 P'raps only to march back again
Chorus

6. But soldiers, you are made to fight
 Tra la la! Tra la la!
 To starve all day and march all night
 Tra la la la la
 Perchance, if you get bread and meat
 That bugler will not let you eat
Chorus

7. Oh hasten then , that glorious day
 Tra la la! Tra la la!
 When buglers shall no longer play
 Tra la la la la
 When we, through Peace, shall be set free
 From "Tattoo", "Taps", and "Reveille"
Chorus

Boys, Keep Your Powder Dry

Can't tell who lost the bat- tle - Off in the coun- cil's field? Not
 they who strug- gle brave- ly Not they who nev- er yield, Not
 they who are de- ter- mined to con- quer or to die. And
 har- ken to this cau- tion: Boys, keep your pow- der dry. Not
 they who are de- ter- mined to con- quer de to die: And
 har- ken to this cau- tion, Boys, keep your pow- der dry!

2. The foe awaits you yonder,
 He may await you here;
 Have brave hearts, stand with courage,
 Be strangers, all, to fear:
 And when the charge is given,
 Be ready at the cry.
 Look well each to his priming--
 "Boys, keep your powder dry."
 Chorus:

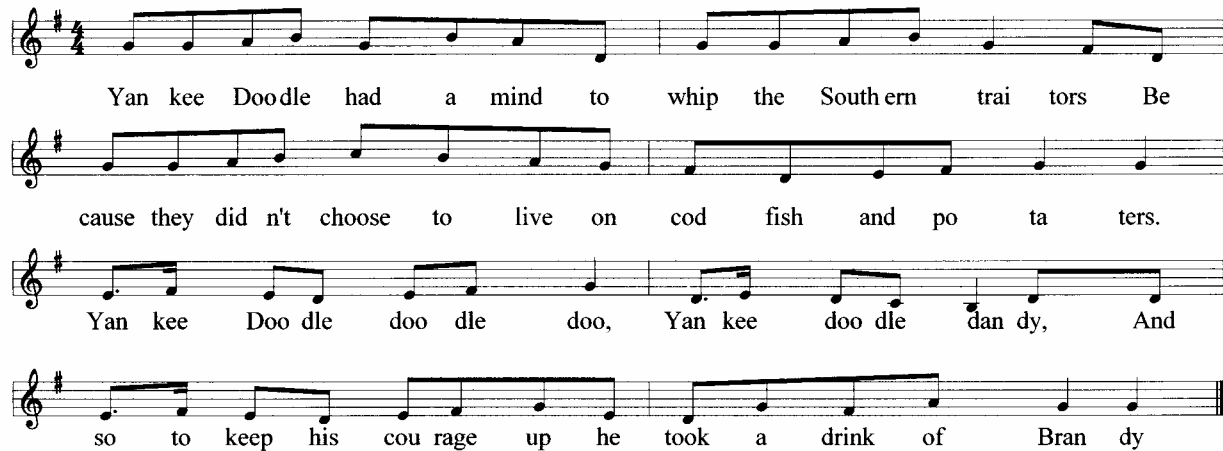
3. Does a lov'd one home await you,
 Who wept to see you go,
 Whom with a kiss imprinted
 You left with sacred vow
 You'd come again, when warfare
 And arms are all laid by,
 To take her to your bosom?
 "Boys, keep your powder dry."
 Chorus:

:

4. Does a father home await you?
 A sister whom you love?
 A mother who hast reared you,
 And prayed to Him above:
 "Protect my boy, preserve him,
 And when the battle's done,
 Send to his weeping mother,
 Bereft, her darling son!"
 Chorus:

5. The name of Freedom calls you,
 The names of martyr'd sires,
 And Liberty's imploring
 From all her hallowed fires.
 Can you withstand their calling?
 You can not pass them by--
 You can not? Now, charge fiercely!
 "Boys, keep your powder dry."
 Chorus

Yankee Doodle



2. Yankee Doodle said he found
By all the census figures,
That he could starve the Rebels out
If he could steal their niggers.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
And then he took another drink
Of gunpowder and brandy.

3. Yankee Doodle made a speech
'Twas very full of feeling:
I fear, says he, I cannot fight,
But I am good at stealing.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Hurrah for Lincoln, he's the boy
To take a drop of brandy.

4. Yankee Doodle drew his sword,
And practiced all the passes;
Come boys, we'll take another drink
When we get to Manassas.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
They never reached Manassas plain,
And never got the brandy.

5. Yankee Doodle soon found out
That Bull Run was no trifle;
For if the North knew how to steal,
The South knew how to rifle.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
'Tis very clear I took too much
Of that infernal brandy.

6. Yankee Doodle wheeled about,
And scampered off at full run,
And such a race was never seen
As that he made at Bull Run.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
I haven't time to stop just now
To take a drop of brandy.

7. Yankee Doodle, Oh! For shame,
You're always intermeddling;
Let guns alone, they're dangerous things;
You'd better stick to peddling.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
When next I go to Bully Run
I'll throw away the brandy!

8. Yankee Doodle, you had ought
To be a little smarter;
Instead of catching wooly heads
I vow you've caught a tartar.
Yankee Doodle, doodle-doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Go to hum, you've had enough
Of Rebels and of brandy!

The Reluctant Conscript

How are you boys I'm just from camp and feel as brave as Caesar
The sound of bugle, drum and fife has raised my Ebenezer
I'm full of fight, hot shots and shell, I'll leap into the saddle,
When the Yankees see me come, Lord how they will skedaddle.

(Chorus)

*Hold your head up shang-hai shanks, don't shake your knees and blink so,
Its not time to dodge the act, brave comrades don't you think so?*

I was a plow boy in the field, a gawky lazy dojer,
When came a conscript officer and took me for a soldier;
He put a musket in my hand and showed me how to fire it,
I marched and counter marched all day, Lord how I did admire it.

With corn and hog fat for my food, a diggin', guardin', drillin',
I got as thin as twice skim milk and hardly worth 'a killin'
Now I'm used to homely fare, my skin is tough as leather,
I do guard duty cheerfully in ever' kind of weather.

'Tis true I have not seen a fight nor have I smelled gun powder,
But then the way I'll pepper them will be a sin to chowder.
A sergeant's stripes I now will sport, perhaps be color bearer,
And then a captain... "good for me" I'll be a reg'lar terror.

(Chorus)

I'll then begin to wear the stars, and then the wreath of glory,
Until the army high command and poets sing my story;
Congress will pass votes of thanks to him who rose from zero,
The people in a mass will shout, "Hoorah! Behold the hero!"

What's that? Oh, dear! A boiler burst, a gas pipe has exploded,
Maybe the Yankees are hard by with muskets ready loaded.
Gallant soldiers beat them back, I'll join you in the frolic,
But I've a chill from head to foot and symptoms of the colic.

(Chorus)

The Southern Wagon

1861



Come all ye sons of free dom And join our South ern band, We're
going to fight the ene my And drive them from our land;
Just ice is our mot - to And Prov i dence our guide, So
jump in - to the wa - gon And we'll all take a ride.
Wait for the wa gon, The Dis - so lu - tion wa - gon, So
jump in - to the wa - gon And we'll all take a ride.

2. Secession is our watchword,
Our rights we all demand,
And to defend our fireside
We pledge our heart and hand;
Jeff Davis is our President,
With Stevens by his side--
Brave Beauregard our General
Will join us in our ride.

Chorus:

3. Our wagon's plenty big enough,
The running gear is good,
'Tis stuffed with cotton round the sides,
And made of southern wood;
Carolina is the driver,
With Georgia by her side--
Virginia 'll hold our Flag up
And we'll all take a ride.

Chorus:

4. There's Tennessee and Texas
Also in the ring--
They wouldn't have a government
Where cotton was'nt king;
Alabama, too, and Florida
Have long ago replied--
Mississippi's in the wagon
Anxious for the ride.

Chorus

5. Missouri, North Carolina,
And Arkansas are slow--
They must hurry or we'll leave'em,
And then where will they go?
There's old Kentuck and Maryland
Each won't make up their mind,
So I reckon after all we'll have to
Take them up behind.

Chorus:

6. Our cause is just and holy,
Our men are brave and true--
To whip the Lincoln cut-throats
Is all we'll have to do,
God bless our noble army,
In it we all confide,
So jump into the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

Chorus:

The Brass Mounted Army

Oh soldiers, I've concluded to make a little song,
And if I tell no falsehood there can be nothing wrong,
If any be offended at what I have to sing,
Then surely his own conscience applies the bitter sting.

Chorus:
Oh, how do you like the Army
The brass-mounted Army,
The high-falutin' Army,
Where eagle buttons rule?

Whisky is a monster, and ruins great and small,
But in our noble Army, Headquarters gets it all;
They drink it when there's danger, although it seems too hard,
But if a private touches it, they put him "under guard."
Chorus

And when we meet the ladies, we're bound to go it sly,
Headquarters are the pudding, and the privates are the pie!
They issue standing orders to keep us all in line,
For if we had a showing, the brass would fail to shine.
Chorus

At every big plantation or negro-holder's yard,
Just to save the property, the general puts a guard;
The sentry's then instructed to let no private pass -
The rich man's house and table are fixed to suit the "brass."
Chorus

I have to change this story, so beautiful and true,
But the poor man and widow must have a line or two;
For them no guard is stationed, their fences oft are burned,
And property molested, as long ago you've learned.
Chorus

The Army's now much richer than when the war begun,
It furnishes three tables where once it had but one;
The first is richly loaded with chickens, goose, and duck,
The rest with pork and mutton, the third with good old buck.
Chorus

Our generals eat the poultry, and buy it very cheap,
Our colonels and our majors devour the hog and sheep;
The privates are contented (except when they can steal),
With beef and corn bread plenty to make a hearty meal.
Chorus

Sometimes we get so hungry that we're bound to press a pig,
Then the largest stump in Dixie we're sure to have to dig
And when we fret, an officer who wears long-legged boots,
With neither judge nor jury, puts us on "double roots."
Chorus

These things, and many others, are truly hard to me,
But still I'll be contented, and fight for Liberty!
And when the war is over, oh what a jolly time!
We'll be our own commanders and sing much sweeter rhymes.
Chorus

We'll see our loving sweethearts, and sometimes kiss them,
too,
We'll eat the finest rations, and bid old buck adieu,
There'll be no generals with orders to compel,
Long boots and eagle buttons, forever fare ye well!

Final Chorus:

And thus we'll leave the Army,
The brass-mounted Army,
The high-falutin' Army,
Where eagle buttons rule.

Root, Hog, or Die

C F

I come from old Man - as sas with a pock et full of

G

fun. I killed for ty Yan kees with a sing le bar reled

C

gun; It don't make a niff a - stiff' rence to nei ther you nor

F G C F C

I, They took to their heels, boy you ought a seen 'em fly!

2. I saw all the Yankees at Bull Run,
They fought like the devil when the battle first begun.
But it don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
They took to their heels, boys -- you oughta seen 'em fly!

3. I saw Old Fuss-and-Feathers Scott, twenty miles away,
His horses both stuck up their ears -- you oughta hear 'em neigh;
But it don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
Old Scott fled like the devil, boys -- root hog or die!

4. I then saw a "Tiger" from the Old Crescencit City,
He cut down the Yankees without any pity;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
We whipped the Yankee boys and made the boobies cry.

5. I saw South Carolina, the first in The Cause,
Shake the dirty Yankees till she broke all their jaws;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
South Carolina give 'em hell, boys -- root hog or die!

6. I saw old Virginia, standing firm and true,
She fought mighty hard to whip a mighty dirty crew;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
Old Virginia's blood and thunder -- root hog or die!

7. I saw old Georgia, the next in the van,
She cut down the Yankees almost to a man;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
Georgia fought the fight, boys -- root hog or die!

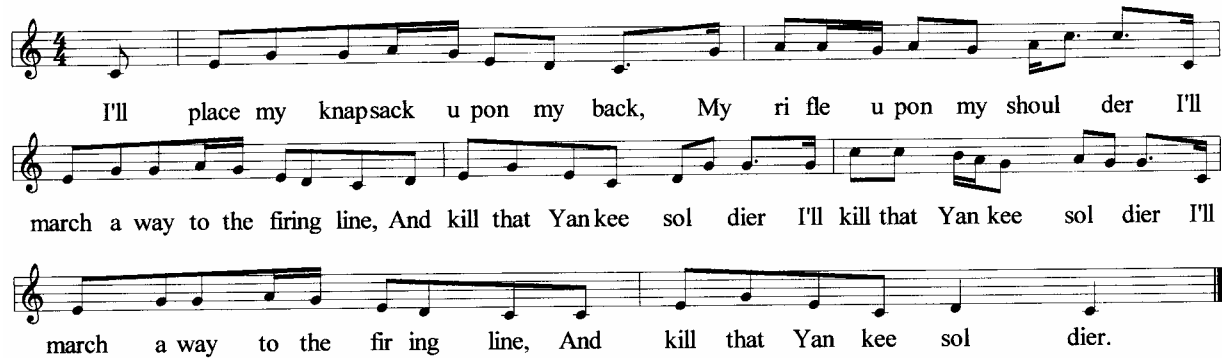
8. I saw Alabama in the middle of the storm,
She stood like a giant in the contest so warm;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
Alabama fought the Yankees, boys, till the last one did fly!

9. I saw Texas go in with a smile,
But I tell you what it is, she made the Yankees bile.
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
Texas is the devil, boys -- root hog or die!

10. I saw North Carolina in the deepest of the battle.
She knocked down the Yankees and made their bones rattle;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
North Carolina's got the grit, boys -- root hog or die!

11. Old Florida came in with a terrible shout,
She frightened all the Yankees till their eyes stuck out;
Oh! It don't make a niff-a-stiff'rence to neither you nor I,
Florida's death on Yankees, boys -- root hog or die!

The Southern Soldier



2. I'll bid farewell to my wife and child
Farewell to my aged mother,
And go and join in the bloody strife,
Till this cruel war is over,
Till this cruel war is over,
I'll go and join in the bloody strife,
Till this cruel war is over.

3. If I am shot on the battlefield,
And I should not recover,
Oh, who will protect my wife and child,
And care for my aged mother?
And care for my aged mother,
Oh, who will protect my wife and child,
And care for my aged mother?

4. And if our Southern cause is lost,
And Southern rights denied us,
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel,
For our demands of justice,
For our demands of justice,
We'll be ground beneath the tyrant's heel,
For our demands of justice.

5. Before the South shall bow her head,
Before the tyrants harm us,
I'll give my all to the Southern cause,
And die in the Southern army,
And die in the Southern army,
I'll give my all to the Southern cause,
And die in the Southern army.

6. If I must die for my home and land,
My spirit will not falter,
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand,
Upon my country's altar,
Upon my country's altar,
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand, Upon my
country's altar.

7. Then Heaven be with us in the strife,
Be with the Southern soldier,
We'll drive the mercenary horde,
Beyond our Southern border,
Beyond our Southern border,
We'll drive the mercenary horde,
Beyond our Southern border.

The Rebel Soldier

Aminor Dm7 Aminor

O Pol - ly O Pol ly its for you sake a lone I've

C F G Aminor

left my old fa ther My coun try and my home I've

F C Aminor E

left my old Mo - ther To weep and to morn I

Aminor Dminor Aminor

am a reb el sol dier and far from my home.

4.

2. It's grape shot and musket
And the cannons lumber loud,
There's many a mangled body
The blanket for their shroud,
There's many a mangled body
Left on the fields alone,
I am a Rebel soldier
And far from my home.

Here's a good old cup of brandy
And a glass of nice wine,
You can drink to your true love
And I will drink to mine,
And you can drink to your true love
And I'll lament and mourn,
I am a Rebel soldier
And far from my home.

3. I'll eat when I'm hungry
I'll drink when I am dry,
If the Yankees dont kill me
I'll live until I die,
If the Yankees dont kill me
And cause me to mourn,
I am a Rebel soldier
And far from my home.

5. Ill build me a castle on the mountain
On some green mountain high,
Where I can see Polly
As she is passing by,
Where I can see Polly
And help her to mourn,
I am a Rebel soldier
And far from my home.

Ridin' a Raid

'Tis old Stone wall the Re ble that leans on his sword, And

while we are mount ing prays low to the Lord, Now each cav a lier that loves

hon or and right Let him fol low the fea ther of Stew art to night. Come

tight en your girth and slack en your rein, Come buck le your blan ket and

hol ster a gain, Try the click of your trig ger and bal ance your blade, for

he must ride sure that goes rid ing a raid.

2. Now gallop, now gallop to swim or to ford!
 Old Stonewall, still watching, prays low to the Lord:
 "Goodbye, dear old Rebel! The river's not wide,
 And Maryland's lights in her window to guide."
Chorus

3. There's a man in the White House with blood on his mouth!
 If there's knaves in the North, there are braves in the South.
 We are three thousand horses, and not one afraid;
 We are three thousand sabres and not a dull blade.
Chorus

4. Then gallop, then gallop by ravines and rocks!
 Who would bar us the way take his toll in hard knocks;
 For with these points of steel, on the line of the Penn
 We have made some fine strokes -- and we'll make 'em again.
Chorus

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and march-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'When John ny comes march ing home a gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give him a heart y wel come then, Hur rah! Hur - rah! Oh the men will cheer the boys will shout, the la dies they will all turn out, and we'll all feel gay when John ny comes march ing home.'

When John ny comes march ing home a gain, Hur - rah! Hur -

rah! We'll give him a heart y wel come then, Hur rah! Hur -

rah! Oh the men will cheer the boys will shout, the la dies they will

all turn out, and we'll all feel gay when John ny comes march ing home.

2. The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah;
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew away,
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,
When Johnny comes marching home.

4. Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah,
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah,
And let each one performance part,
To fill with joy the warriors heart,
And we'll all feel gay,

Johnny I hardly Knew Ye

1. While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
A stick in me hand and a drop in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

2. With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye.

3. Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that were so mild
When my heart you so beguiled
Why did ye run from me and the child
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

4. Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run
When you went for to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

5. I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Sulloon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

6. Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye.

7. They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again
But they never will take our sons ³⁹again
No they never will take our sons again
Johnny I'm swearing to ye.

Just Before the Battle Mother

George F. Root

Just be-fore the bat tle Mother I am think ing most of you.

While up on the field we're watching With the en e my in view

Com rades brave a round me ly ing Filled with thoughts of home and God, For

well they know up on the morrow Some will sleep be neath the sod

Chorus

Fare well Mo ther you may ne ver Press me to your heart a gain; But

oh, you'll not for get me Mother If I'm num bered with the slain.

2. Oh, I long to see you, Mother,
and the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner,
'till in honor I can come.

Tell the enemy around you
That their cruel words, we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
by the help they give the foe.

Chorus:

3. Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now may God protect us, Mother,
as he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom",*
How it swells upon the air,
Oh yes, we'll rally round the standard
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Chorus:

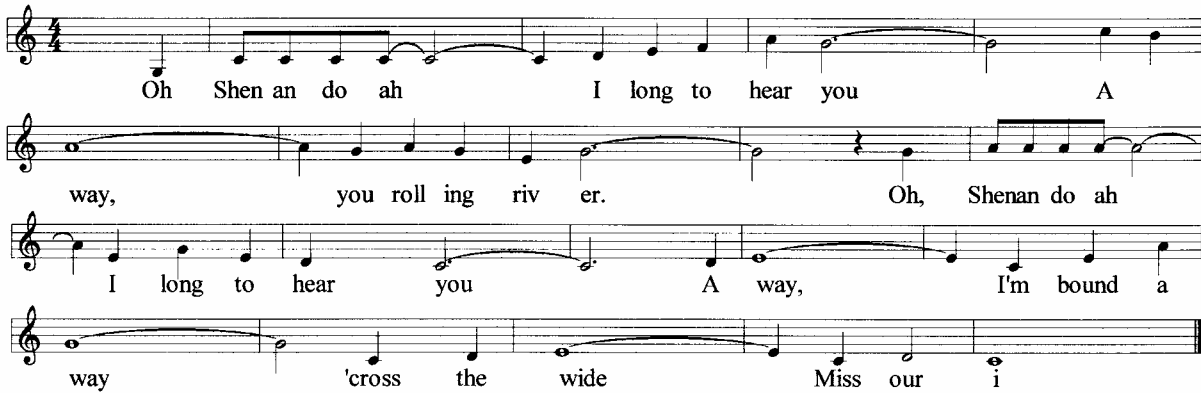
Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

The musical score is written on six staves in 8/8 time. The melody is simple and sentimental, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Be lieve me if all those en - dear ing young charms Which I gaze on so fond ly to - day Were to change by to mor row and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad ing a way Thou wouldst still be a dored as this mo ment thou art, Let thy love li ness fade as it will And a round the dear ru in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it self ver dant ly still."

Be lieve me if all those en - dear ing young charms Which I
gaze on so fond ly to - day Were to change by to mor row and
fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fad ing a way Thou wouldst
still be a dored as this mo ment thou art, Let thy love li ness fade as it
will And a round the dear ru in each wish of my heart Would en
- twine it self ver dant ly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets
But as truly loves on to the close
As the sunflower turns to her God when he sets
The same look which she turned when she rose.

Shenandoah



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

3. This white man love your Indian maiden,
Away, you rolling river.
In my canoe with notions laden,
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

4. Farewell, goodbye, I shall not grieve you,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.

Over the Hills and Far Away

Our Pren tice Tom may now re fuse, To wipe his scoun drel
Mas ter's shoes For now he's free to sing and play, Ov er the hills and
Choru
far a way. O ver the hills and O'er the Main, To Flanders Por tu - gal and Spain, The
queen com mands and we'll o bey, Ov er the hills and far a way.

2. We all shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold and bawl both night and day -
Over the Hills and far away.

Chorus

3. Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen
All gentlemen as well as they,
Over the hills and far away.

Chorus

Lilli Burlero



2. Ho, by my Soul, it is a Talbot;
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And he will cut all de English throat
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

3. Though, by my soul, de Enlish do prate,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
De law's on dere side and de divil knows what,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

4. But if Depense do come from de Pope
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
We'll hang Magna Carta demselves on a rope
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

5. And de good Talbot is now made a Lord,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And with his brave lads he's coming aboard,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

6. Who all in France have taken a swear,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Dat day will have no Protestant heir,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

7. O but why does he stay behind?
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Ho, by my soul, 'tis a Protestant wind,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

8. Now that Tyrconnel is come ashore,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
And we shall have comissions galore.
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

9. And he dat will not go to Mass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Shall be turned out and look like an ass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

10. Now, now de hereticks all will go down,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
By Christ and St. Patrick's the nation's our own,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

11. Dere was an old prophery found in a bog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Dat our land would be ruled by an ass and a dog,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

12. So now dis old prophecy's coming to pass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
For James is de dog and Tyrconnel's de ass,
Lilli burlero, bullen a la
Chorus

Drunken Sailor

Chorus

Way hay, up she ris es Way hay, up she ris es
Way hay up she ris es Earl eye in the morn ing.
What shall we do with a drunk en sail or, What shall we do with a drunk en sail or,
What shall we do with a drunk en sailor? Earl eye in the morn ing.

The musical notation is for the chorus of the song 'Drunken Sailor'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'Way hay, up she ris es Way hay, up she ris es', 'Way hay up she ris es Earl eye in the morn ing.', 'What shall we do with a drunk en sail or, What shall we do with a drunk en sail or,', and 'What shall we do with a drunk en sailor? Earl eye in the morn ing.'

2. Put him in a long-boat till he's sober.
3. Keep him there and make 'im bale 'er.
4. Trice him up in a runnin' bowline.
5. Tie him to the tasffrail when she's yard-arm under.
6. Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him.
7. Take 'im and shake 'im and try an' wake 'im.
8. Give 'im a dose of salt and water.
9. Give 'im a taste of the bosun's rope-end.
10. Stick on 'is back a mustard plaster.
11. Soak 'im in oil till he sprouts a flipper.
12. Shave his belly with a rusty razor.
13. Put him in the guard room till he gets sober.

Dicey Riley

Oh poor old dice y Ri ley she has ta ken up to sup. And
poor old Di cey Ri ley she will ne ver give it up. It's
off each morn ing for a pop and then she's in for a
- no ther lit tle drop Oh the heart of the rowl is Di cey Ri - ley.

2. She walks down Fitzgibbon street with an independent air
And then it's down to Summerhill, at her the people stare
She says 'It's nearly half past one
So I'll nip in for another little one.'
Oh, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Riley.

3. She owns a little sweetshop at the corner of the street
And every evening after school I go to wash her feet
She leaves me there to mind the shop
While she nips in for another little drop
Oh, the heart of the rowl is Dicey Riley.

Nelson's Blood

Oh a drop of Nelson's blood would n't do us an y harm Oh, a
 drop of Nelson's blood would n't do us an y harm Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood would n't
 do us an y harm, And we'll all roll on be hind. So we'll
 roll the old cha ri ot a long, We'll roll the old
 cha ri ot a long We'll roll the old cha ri ot a long, An' we'll
 all hang on be hind.

A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm
 A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm
 A roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm
 A long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm
 A nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm
 A night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm
 A tankard full of Ale...
 A little jug of wine...
 A little keg of gin...
 A bottle full of scotch...
 A tumble in the hay...
 A night upon the shore...

Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a Yellow Rose in Texas that I am going to see, No other fellow knows her no
 oth er on ly me. She cried so when I left her, it like to break my heart, and if I ever find her, We
Chorus
 ne ver more shall part. She's the sweetest rose of col or a fellow ev er knew Her
 eyse are bright as diamonds, they spar kle like the dew You may talk a bout your dearest May and
 sing of Ro sa Lee but the Yellow Rose of Tex as beats the belles of Ten ne see

2. When the Rio Grande is flowing,
 And the starry skies are bright
 She walks along the river
 In the quiet summer night
 She thinks if I remember,
 When we parted long ago,
 I promised to come back again
 And not to leave her so.

Chorus:

3. O, now I'm going to find her,
 For my heart is full of woe,
 And we'll sing the songs together,
 That we sung long ago;
 We'll play the banjo gaily,
 And we'll sing the songs of yore,
 And the Yellow Rose of Texas
 Will be mine forevermore.

Chorus:

Postwar addendum:

Now I'm headed southward
 And my heart is full of woe.
 I'm going back to Georgia
 To see my Uncle Joe.
 You may boast about your Beauregard
 And sing of Bobby Lee
 But the gallent Hood of Texas
 Played hell in Tennessee!

Chorus:

Molly Malone

In Dub - lin's fair ci ty, where girls are so pret ty, I
 first set my eyes on sweet Mol ly Ma - lone, As she
 pushed her wheel - bar - row Through streets broad and nar row, Cry ing
 "Cock les and mus sels, a - live - oh!" A -
 live a - live oh! a - live a - live oh! Cry ing
 "Cock les and mus sels a - live - oh!"

2. Now she was a fishmonger,
 And sure twas no wonder,
 For so were her mother and father before,
 And they each wheeled their barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"
Chorus

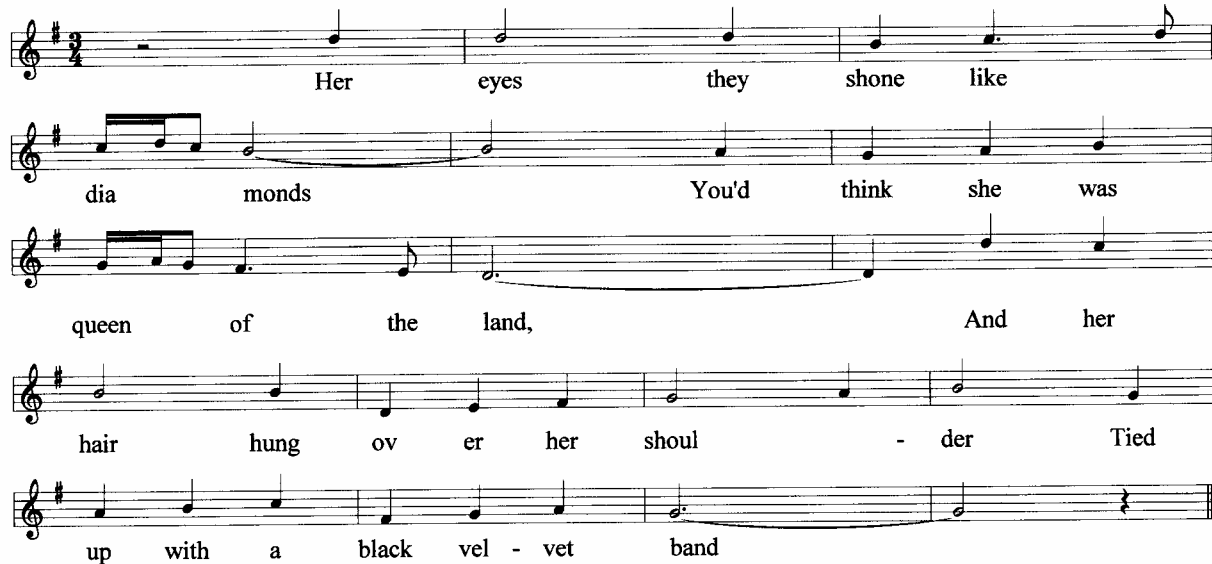
3. She died of a fever,
 And no one could save her,
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow,
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!"
Chorus

Londonderry Aire

Would God I were the tender apple blossom that floats and
falls from off the twisted bough, to lie and faint with
in your silken bosom with - in your silken bosom as that does
now Or would I were a little burnished apple,
for you to pluck me gliding by so cold while sun and
shade your robe of lawn with dapple your robe of lawn and your
hair's spun gold.

Yeah, would to God I were among the roses
that lean to kiss you as you float between,
while on the lowest branch a bud uncloses,
a bud uncloses to touch you Queen.
Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing
a happy daisy in the garden path,
that so your silver foot might press me going,
might press me going even unto death!

Black Velvet Band



In a neat little town they call Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.
Till bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band.

Next morning before judge and jury
For a trial I had to appear
And the judge, he said, "You young fellows...
The case against you is quite clear
And seven long years is your sentence
You're going to Van Dieman's Land
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band."

Well, I was out strolling one evening
Not meaning to go very far
When I met with a pretty young damsel
Who was selling her trade in the bar.
When I watched, she took from a customer
And slipped it right into my hand
Then the Watch came and put me in prison
Bad luck to the black velvet band.

So come all you jolly young fellows
I'd have you take warning by me
Whenever you're out on the liquor, me lads,
Beware of the pretty colleen.
She'll fill you with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand
And the very next thing that you'll know, me lads,
You're landed in Van Dieman's Land.

Gary Owen

Let Ba chus' sons be not dismayed, But join with me each
jo vial blade, Come drink and sing and lend your aid, To
Chorus
help me with the cho - rus. In stead of spa, we'll
drink brown ale and pay the reck oning on the nail. No
man for debt shall go to jail, From Ga ry Ow en in glo - ry.

We'll beat the bailiffs out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run
We are the boys no man dares dun
If he regards a whole skin.

Chorus

Our hearts so stout have got no fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came
Where'er we go they fear the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Chorus

The Daughters of Erin

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heav'n supplies,
We never need leave our own green Isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun bright eyes.

Chorus

*Then remember where ever your goblet is crown'd,
Tho' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.*

In England the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet briary fence,
Which round the flow'rs of Erin dwells,
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.

Chorus

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try;
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But pilots her off, and then bids her goodbye.
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Chorus

Soldier's Joy

Traditional

1 2

5

10

15

Whisky Before Breakfast

reel

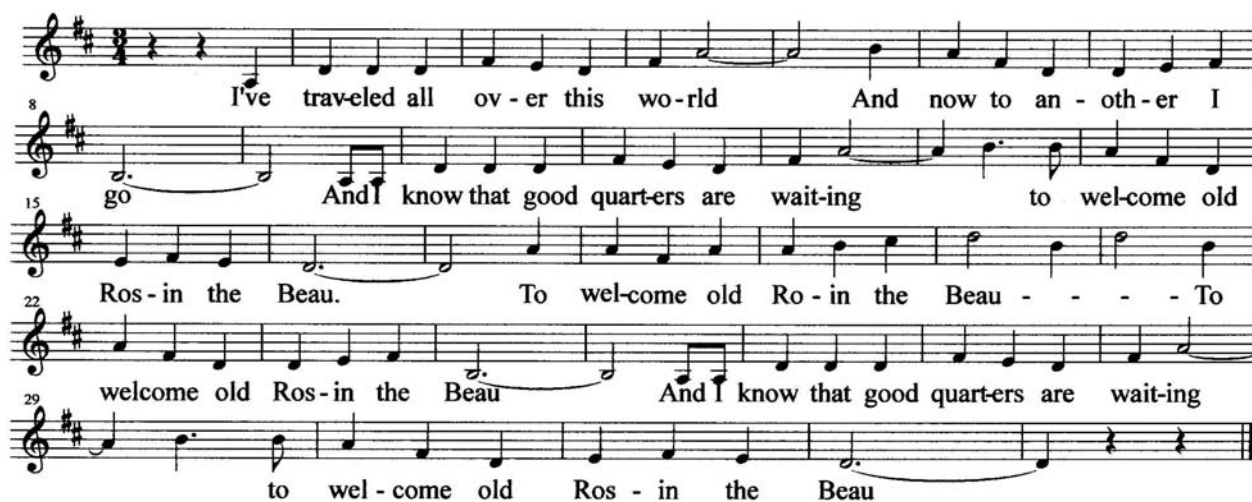
1 2 3 4 5

6 7 8 9 10 11

12 13 14 15 16 17

18 19

Rosin the Beau



When I'm dead and laid out on the counter
 A voice you will hear from below
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau"
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau"
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau"
 Saying "Send down a hogshead of whiskey
 To drink with old Rosin the Beau".

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
 And stack them all up in a row
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau
 Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
 To the memory of Rosin the Beau.

Then get this half dozen stout fellows
 And let them all stagger and go
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put Rosin the Beau
 And in it put Rosin the Beau
 And in it put Rosin the Beau
 And dig a great hole in the meadow
 And in it put Rosin the Beau.

Then get ye a couple of bottles
 Put one at me head and me toe
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old Rosin the Beau
 The name of old Rosin the Beau
 The name of old Rosin the Beau
 With a diamond ring scratch upon them
 The name of old Rosin the Beau.

I've only this one consolation
 As out of this world I go
 I know that the next generation
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau
 I know that the next generation
 Will resemble old Rosin the Beau.

I fear that old tyrant approaching
 That cruel remorseless old foe
 And I lift up me glass in his honor
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau
 And I lift up me glass in his honor
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau.

Finnegan's Wake

7 Tim Finn-e gan lived in Walk-in Street A Gen-tle man I-rish migh-ty odd

13 He had a brogue so rich and sweet And to rise in the world he car-ried

18 a hod Well Tim had a bit of a tip-pl-ing way

22 With the love for the liq-uor he was born And to send him

26 on his way each day He'd a drop of the cray-thur ev-ry day. Wack fol the

30 dah will you dance to your part-ner 'Round the floor your trot-ters shake Bend an

ear to the truth I tell ya Lots of fun at Fin-ne gan's wake.

One morning Tim felt rather full
His head felt heavy and it made him shake
He fell off the ladder and he broke his skull
And they carried him home his corpse to wake
Well they wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet
And they laid him out upon the bed
With a bucket of whiskey at his feet
And a bottle of porter at his head
(Repeat chorus)

Tim's friends assembled at the wake
And the widow Finnegan called for lunch
Well, first they brought in tea and cakes
Then pipes, tobacco, and brandy punch
'Till the Widow Malone began to cry
"Such a lovely corpse did you ever see?
Ah, Tim avourneen why did ya die?"
"Will ya hold your gob?" says Molly McGee
(Repeat chorus)

Old Mary Murphy was on the job
Says, "Biddy, you're wrong and of that I'm sure"
Well Biddy gave her a belt in the gob
And sent her sprawling on the floor
Well civil war did then engage
It was woman to woman and man to man
Shilleleigh law was all the rage
And a row and a ruction soon began
(Repeat chorus)

Poor Tim Maloney raised his head
When a bottle of Jameson flew at him
Tim ducked, and landing on the bed
With the whiskey scattering over Tim
Bedad he revives and see how he rises
Tim Finnegan risin' in the bed
Sayin', "Spillin' your whiskey around like blazes
Well, thunderin' Jesus, do you think I'm dead?"
(Repeat chorus twice)

Here's to the Grog



*Here's to the grog, boys, the jolly, jolly grog
 Here's to the rum and tobacco
 I've a-spent all my tin with the lassies drinking gin
 And to cross the briny ocean I must wander*

*I've got me breeches, me nobby, nobby breeches
 I've got breeches a-seen a lot of rough weather
 For the pouch is near wore out and the seat's all flying about
 And me knees are looking out for better weather
 Here's to the grog, boys, the jolly, jolly grog
 Here's to the rum and tobacco
 I've a-spent all my tin with the lassies drinking gin
 And to cross the briny ocean I must wander*

*I've got a shirt and a nobby, nobby shirt
 I've got a shirt a-seen a lot of rough weather
 For the collar's near wore out and the sleeves are flying about
 And me tail's looking out for better weather
 Here's to the grog, boys, the jolly, jolly grog
 Here's to the rum and tobacco
 I've a-spent all my tin with the lassies drinking gin
 And to cross the briny ocean I must wander*

*I've got me boots, me nobby, nobby boots
 I've got boots a-seen a lot of rough weather
 For the bottoms' near wore out and the heels flying about
 And me toes are looking out for better weather
 Here's to the grog, boys, the jolly, jolly grog
 Here's to the rum and tobacco
 I've a-spent all my tin with the lassies drinking gin
 And to cross the briny ocean I must wander*

*I've got a tile, a nobby, nobby tile
 I've got a tile a-seen a lot of rough weather
 For the brim it is wore out and the crown is flying about
 And the lining's looking out for better weather
 Here's to the grog, boys, the jolly, jolly grog
 Here's to the rum and tobacco
 I've a-spent all my tin with the lassies drinking gin
 And to cross the briny ocean I must wander*

Oh Susanna

Stephen Foster

5 I came from Al - a - bam - a with my ban - jo on my

9 knee. I'm goin to Louis - i - an - a my true love for to

13 see. It rained all night de day I left de wea - ther it was

17 dry. De sun so hot I froze to death Su - san - na don't you

21 cry. Oh Su - san - na! Oh don't you cry for

me. I'm gonin to Louis - i - an - a wid my ban - jo on my knee.

I had a dream de odder night, when ev'ry thing was still
 I thought I saw Susanna a-comin' down de hill
 De buckwheat cake was in her mouth, de tear was in her eye
 Says I, I'm comin' from de South, Susanna don't you cry.

Chorus

I soon will be in New Orleans, and den I'll look all 'round
 And when I find Susanna I'll fall upon de ground
 But if I do not find her, dis darkie'll surely die
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't your cry.

Chorus

Turkey In the Straw

As I was a-gwi - ne down the road With a tir - ed team and a hea-vy load I

Cracked my whip and the lea der sprung I says day day to the wa - gon tongue.

Turkey in the Straw Turkey in the Hay

Roll'em up'n twist'm up'a high tuck a haw And twist em'up a tune called Tukey in the straw

Went out to milk, and I didn't know how,
 I milked the goat instead of the cow.
 A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw,
 A-winkin' at his mother-in-law.
*Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
 Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw
 And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the
 Straw.*

Met Mr. Catfish comin' down stream.
 Says Mr. Catfish, "What does you mean?"
 Caught Mr. Catfish by the snout,
 And turned Mr. Catfish wrong side out.
*Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
 Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw
 And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the
 Straw.*

Came to a river and I couldn't get across,
 Paid five dollars for a blind old hoss;
 Wouldn't go ahead, nor he wouldn't stand still,
 So he went up and down like an old saw mill.
*Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
 Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw
 And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the
 Straw.*

As I came down the new cut road,
 Met Mr. Bullfrog, met Miss Toad
 And every time Miss Toad would sing,
 Old Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.
*Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
 Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw
 And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the
 Straw.*

Oh I jumped in the seat and I gave a little yell
 The horses ran away, broke the wagon all to hell
 Sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn
 I never been so happy since the day I was born.
*Turkey in the straw, turkey in the hay,
 Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw
 And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the
 Straw*

The Captain With His Whiskers

W. J. Florence

5 As they marched through the town with their banners so gay I

10 went to the window to hear the band play. And I peeped through the

15 blinds very cautiously then Lest the neighbors should say I was

20 looking at the men. O I heard the drums beat, and the music so

25 sweet, But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat The

30 troop was the finest I ever did see And the Captain with his

whiskers took a sly glance at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course thought it right
 To pretend that we never had met till that night.
 But he knew me at once, I perceived at a glance,
 So I hung down my head when he asked me to dance.
 He sat by my side at the end of the set,
 And the sweet words he told me, I never can forget.
 For my heart was enlisted and could not get free
 When the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

Though he marched from the town, and I saw him no more,
 Yet I think of him still and the whiskers he wore.
 I dream all the night, and I talk all the day
 Of the love of a captain who has gone far away.
 I remember with superabundant delight
 When we met in the street, and we danced all the night,
 And I keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee
 When the captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me.

But there's hope! For a friend just ten minutes ago
 Said the captain had returned from the war, and I know
 He'll be looking for me with considerable zest,
 And when he has found me you all know the rest.
 Perhaps he is here, let me look 'round the house,
 Keep still every one of you, as still as a mouse.
 For if that dear captain is here he will be
 With his whiskers a-taking a sly glance at me.

Weeping Sad and Lonely

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and sentimental. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The score includes measure numbers 5, 9, 13, 17, and 21 at the beginning of their respective staves.

Dear - est love do you re - mem - ber, When we last did meet
5 How you told me that you lov - ed me Kneel - ing at my feet.
9 Oh, how proud you stood be - fore me In your suit of blue
13 When you vowed to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.
17 Weep ing sad and lone ly Hopes and fears how vain
21 When this cru el war is ov - er Pray ing that we meet a - gain.

2. When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully along
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying,
Oh the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling but in vain.
Chorus

3. If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear your call.
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your plain?
Ah! The many cruel fancies,
Ever in my brain.
Chorus

Aura Lee

When the black bird in the spring, on the wil - low tree
sat and rocked I heard him sing, sing - ing Au - ra Lee
Au - ra Lee Au - ra Lee, maid of gold - en hair,
Sun - shine came a - long with thee, and swal - lows in the air.

2. In thy blush the rose was born, music when you spake,
Through thine azure eye the morn, sparkling seemed to break.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, bird of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me, in that sweet spring.

3. Aura Lee! The bird may flee, the willows golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully, on the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see, gloom will soon depart,
For to me, sweet Aura Lee is sunshine through the heart.

4. When the mistletoe was green, midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen, kissing lips of rose.
Aura Lee, Aura Lee, take my golden ring,
Love and light return with thee, and swallows with the spring.

Home Sweet Home

John Howard Payne, 1823

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
roam Be it ever so humble there's no place like
home A charm from the skies seem to halo us
there Which seeks throu' the world is ne'er met with else
Chorus Home! home! sweet sweet Home! There's
no place like Home! There's no place like home!

2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on the moon from our own cottage door
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. *Chorus:*

3. An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain
Oh, give me my low, thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all. *Chorus:*

4. How sweet 'tis to sit neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh give me the pleasures of home. *Chorus:*

5. To thee I'll return overburdened with care,
The hearts dearest solace will smile on me there
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. *Chorus:*

Give This to Mother

S. W. Harding, 1864
Music: Stephen Foster

Take I pray thee this small lock et Brother sold ier ere I die
Life is flick' ring in its socket and my spir it soon will fly I am
dy ing com rade dy ing far from home and her I love death with
life is stong ly view ing, and I soon will be a bove.

Refrain
Take this lock et sol dier bro ther don't for get give this to moth er

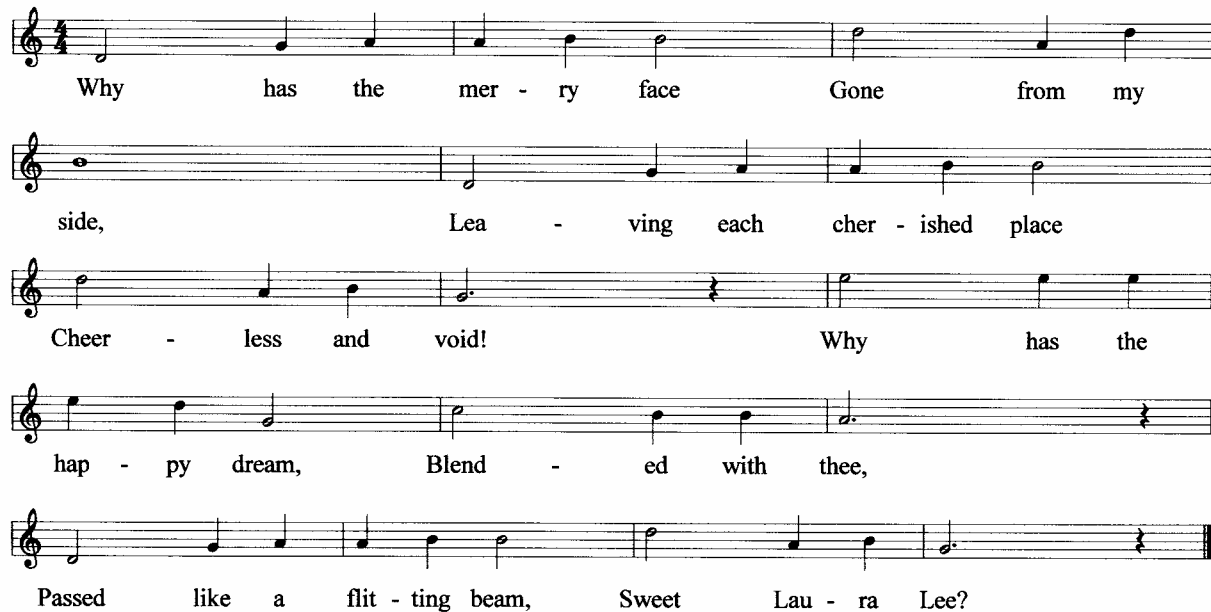
The musical score is written on five staves. The first four staves contain the main melody with lyrics. The fifth staff is the refrain, marked with a double bar line at the end. The music is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines.

2. Comrade hear those angels singing,
See beyond the brilliant light;
Hear yon joy-bells sweetly ringing,
Shade my vision from God's sight'
Death has come, my eyes grow dimmer,
Let me comrade touch your hand,
Ere the stars of ev'ning glimmer,
I will find a fairer land.

Refrain:

Laura Lee

Stephen Foster, 1851



2. Far from all pleasure torn, Sad and alone,
How doth my spirit mourn While thou art gone!
How like a desert isle Earth seems to me,
Robbed of thy sunny smile, Sweet Laura Lee!

3. When will thy winning voice Breathe on mine ear?
When will my heart rejoice, Finding thee near?
When will we roam the plain Joyous and free,
Never to part again, Sweet Laura Lee?

When will we roam the plain Joyous and free,
Never to part again, Sweet Laura Lee?

Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. Webster, 1861

The years creep slowly by Lor en a The snow is on the grass a - gain. The
 sun's low down the sky Lor en a The frost gleams where the flowers have been But the
 heart throbs on as warm ly now As when the sum mer days were nigh; Oh the
 sun can nev er dip so low A down af fec tion's cloud less sky The
 sun can nev er dip so low A down af fec tion's cloud less sky

2. A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
 Since last I held that hand in mine,
 And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
 Though mine beat faster far than thine.
 A hundred months---'twas flowery May,
 When up the hilly slope we climbed,
 To watch the dying of the day
 And hear the distant church bells chime.

3. We loved each other then, Lorena,
 More than we ever dared to tell;
 And what we might have been, Lorena,
 Had but our loving prospered well!
 But then, 'tis past; the years have gone,
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
 I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,
 Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms"

4. The story of the past, Lorena,
 Alas! I care not to repeat;
 The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
 They lived, but only lived to cheat.
 I would not cause e'en one regret
 To rankle in your bosom now
 "For if we try we may forget,"
 Were words of thine long years ago.

5. Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena
 They are within my memory yet.
 They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
 Which thrill and tremble with regret.
 'Twas not the woman's heart which spoke
 Thy heart was always true to me;
 A duty stern and piercing broke
 The tie which linked my soul with thee.

6. It matters little now, Lorena,
 The past is in the eternal past;
 Our hearts will soon lie low, Lorena,
 Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
 There is a future, oh, thank God!
 Of life this is so small a part
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod.
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Maryland, My Maryland

James P. Randall, 1861



2. Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My mother state, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
thy peerless chivalry reveal,
and gird they beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

3. Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust.
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
and all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland.

4. Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland, my Maryland!
With ringgold's spirit for the fray,
with Watson's blood at Monterey,
with fearless lowe and dashing may,
Maryland, my Maryland!

5. Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper!" 'Tis the proud refrain
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

6. Come! For thy shield is brighter and strong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come! For thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
stalking with Liberty along,
and chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

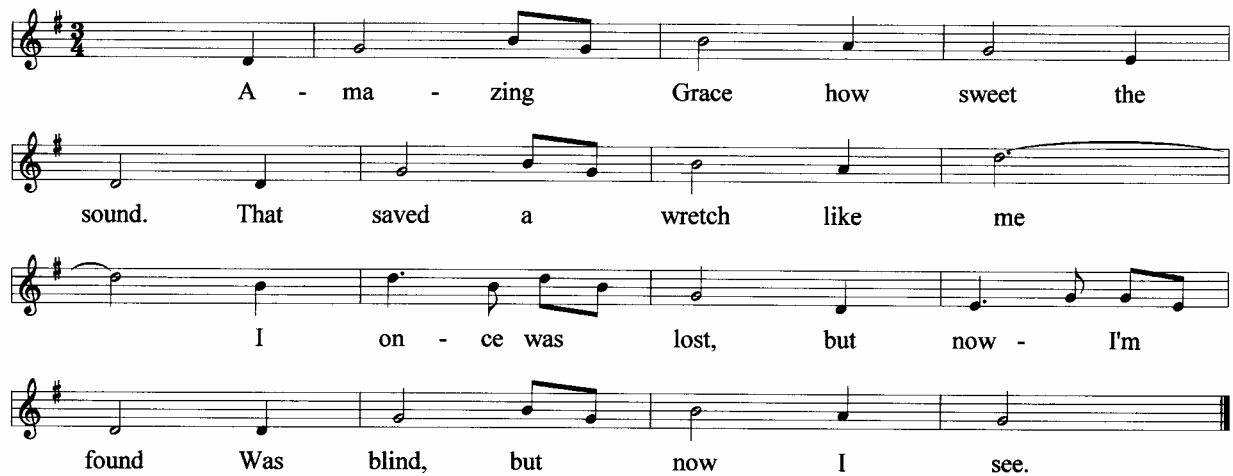
7. I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland!
But lo! There surges forth a shriek,
from hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

8. Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Better the fire upon the roll,
better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland.

9. I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The "old line's" bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Amazing Grace

John Newton



2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear
the hour I first believed.
3. Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
and grace will lead me home.
4. The Lord has promised good to me,
his word my hope secures;
he will my shield and portion be,
as long as life endures.
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
a life of joy and peace.
6. When we've been there ten thousand years,
bright shining as the sun,
we've no less days to sing God's praise
than when we first begun.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Music: James Ellor
Text: Edward Perronet

G D

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name let an - gels pros - trate

G

fall Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem and crown Him

A D G D

Lo rd - of all! Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem and

G D7 G D

crown Him Lo - rd of all!

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
ye ransomed from the fall,
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him Lord of all.
hail him who saves you by his grace,
and crown him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
the wormwood and the gall,
go spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all.
go spread your trophies at his feet,
and crown him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe
on this terrestrial ball,
to him all majesty ascribe,
and crown him Lord of all.
to him all majesty ascribe,
and crown him Lord of all.

5. Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
who from his altar call,
extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
and crown him Lord of all.
extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
and crown him Lord of all.

6. O that with yonder sacred throng
we at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
and crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the everlasting song,
and crown him Lord of all.

Abide With Me

Music: W. H. Monk
Text: Henry F. Lyte

C G C F G
 A - bide with me fast falls the ev - en
 C C F C
 tide The dark - ness deep - ens
 D G C G C
 Lord with me a - bide When oth - er help ers -
 F G
 fail and com - forts flee Help of the
 C F C G C
 help - less Lord a - bide with me.

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

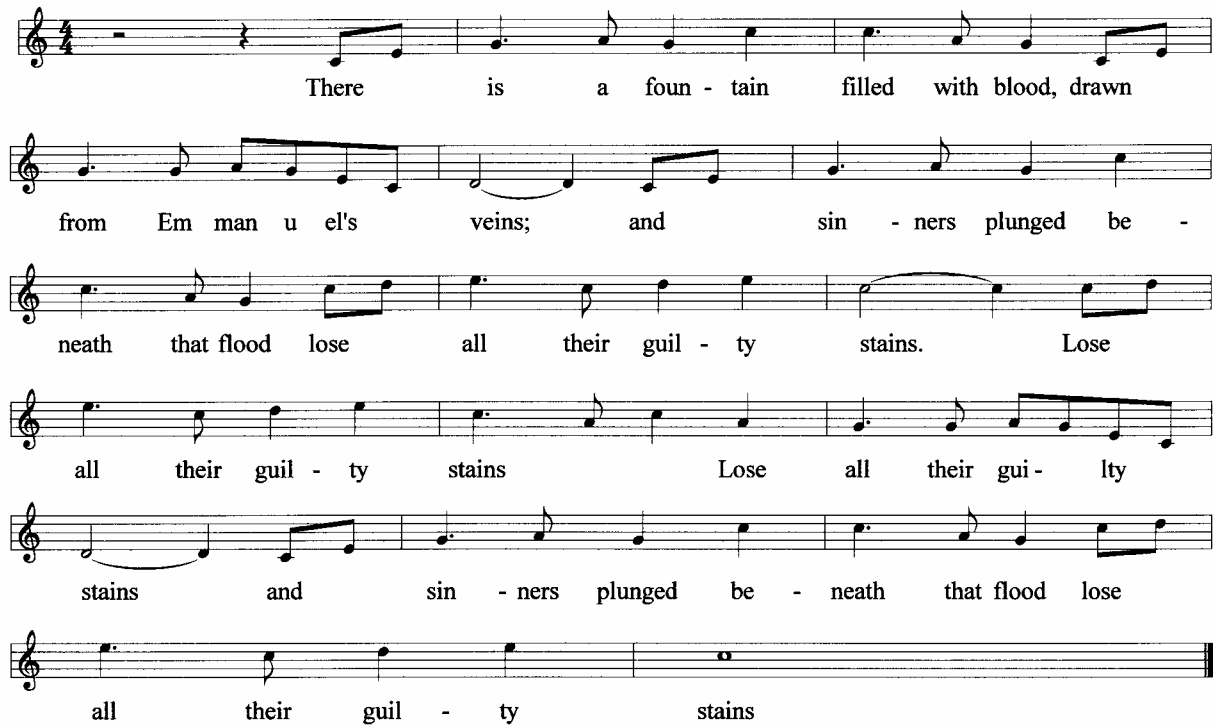
3. I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears not bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

There is a Fountain Filled with Blood

William Cowper



2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
that fountain in his day;
and there may I, though vile as he,
wash all my sins away.
Wash all my sins away,
wash all my sins away;
and there may I, though vile as he,
wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
shall never lose its power
till all the ransomed church of God
be saved, to sin no more.
Be saved, to sin no more,
be saved, to sin no more;
till all the ransomed church of God
be saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
thy flowing wounds supply,
redeeming love has been my theme,
and shall be till I die.
And shall be till I die,
and shall be till I die;
redeeming love has been my theme,
and shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
when this poor lisping, stammering tongue
lies silent in the grave.
Lies silent in the grave,
lies silent in the grave;
when this poor lisping, stammering tongue
lies silent in the grave.

O Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

Philip Doddridge

O Hap - py day, that fixed my choice on
Thee my Sav - ior and my God. Well may this glow -
ing heart re - joice, and tell its rap - ture all a -
broad. Hap - py day Hap - py day when
Je - sus washed my sins a - way He taught me how
to watch and pray, and live re - joic - ing ev - ery
day Hap - py day hap - py day When
Je - sus washed my sins a - way!

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
to him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
while to that sacred shrine I move.
(Refrain)

3. It's done: the great transaction's done!
I am the Lord's and he is mine;
he drew me and I followed on,
charmed to confess the voice divine.
(Refrain)

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
fixed on this blissful center, rest.
Here have I found a nobler part;
here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
(Refrain)

5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
that vow renewed shall daily hear,
till in life's latest hour I bow
and bless in death a bond so dear.
(Refrain)

How Firm a Foundation



2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
for I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen and help thee, and cause thee to stand
upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3. "When through deep waters I call thee to go,
the rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
for I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
and sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. "When through fiery trials thy pathways shall lie,
my grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
the flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

Praise God From whom all Blessings Flow

Music: Louis Bourgeois
Text: Thomas Ken

The musical score is written for a single voice in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (G, D, Eminor, C) are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure. The lyrics are: 'Praise God from whom all Bles - sings flow; praise Him all crea - tures here be - low; Praise Him a - bove ye hea'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.'

Praise God from whom all Bles - sings
flow; praise Him all crea - tures here be -
low; Praise Him a - bove ye hea'n - ly
host; Praise Fa - ther Son, and Ho - ly
Ghost. A - men.

The Old One Hundredth, or All People That On Earth Do Dwell

1. All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

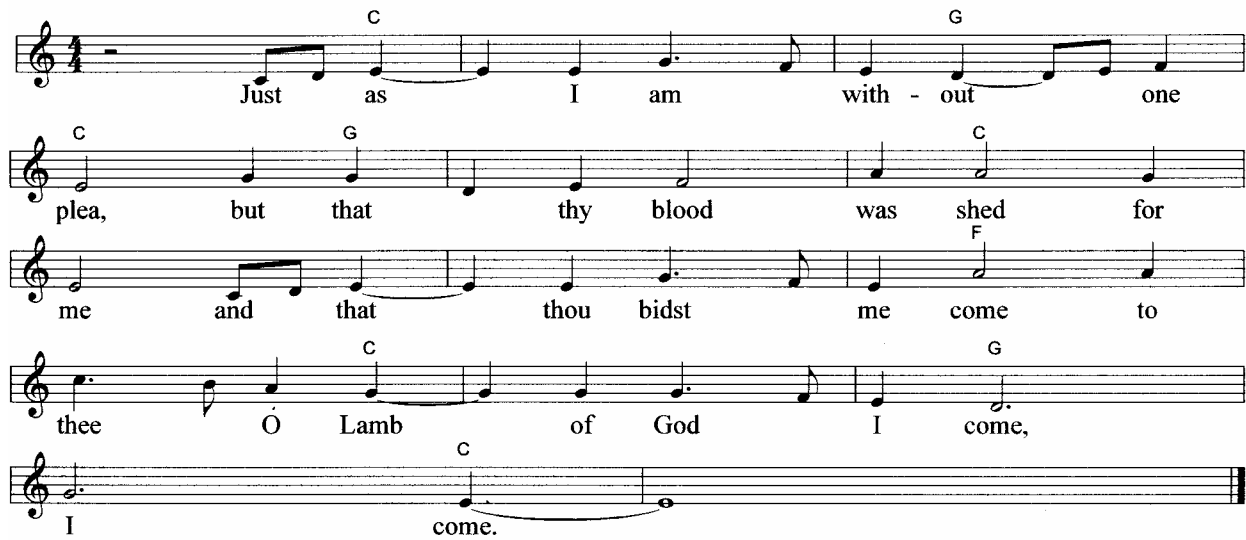
3. O enter then His gates with praise;
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5. To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

Just As I Am, Without One Plea

Music: William B. Bradbury
Text: Charlotte Elliot



2. Just as I am, and waiting not
to rid my soul of one dark blot,
to thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, though tossed about
with many a conflict, many a doubt,
fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
sight, riches, healing of the mind,
yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5. Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6. Just as I am, thy love unknown
hath broken every barrier down;
now, to be thine, yea thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Nearer My God, to Thee

Music: Lowell Mason
Text: Sarah F. Adams

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'Near er - my God to thee, Near er - to Thee E'en though it be a cross that rais - eth me, still all my song shall be, Near er - my God, to thee; near er - my God, to thee, near - er to Thee!'

Near er - my God to thee, Near er - to
Thee E'en though it be a cross that rais - eth
me, still all my song shall be,
Near er - my God, to thee; near er - my
God, to thee, near - er to Thee!

2. Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
darkness be over me, my rest a stone;
yet in my dreams I'd be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

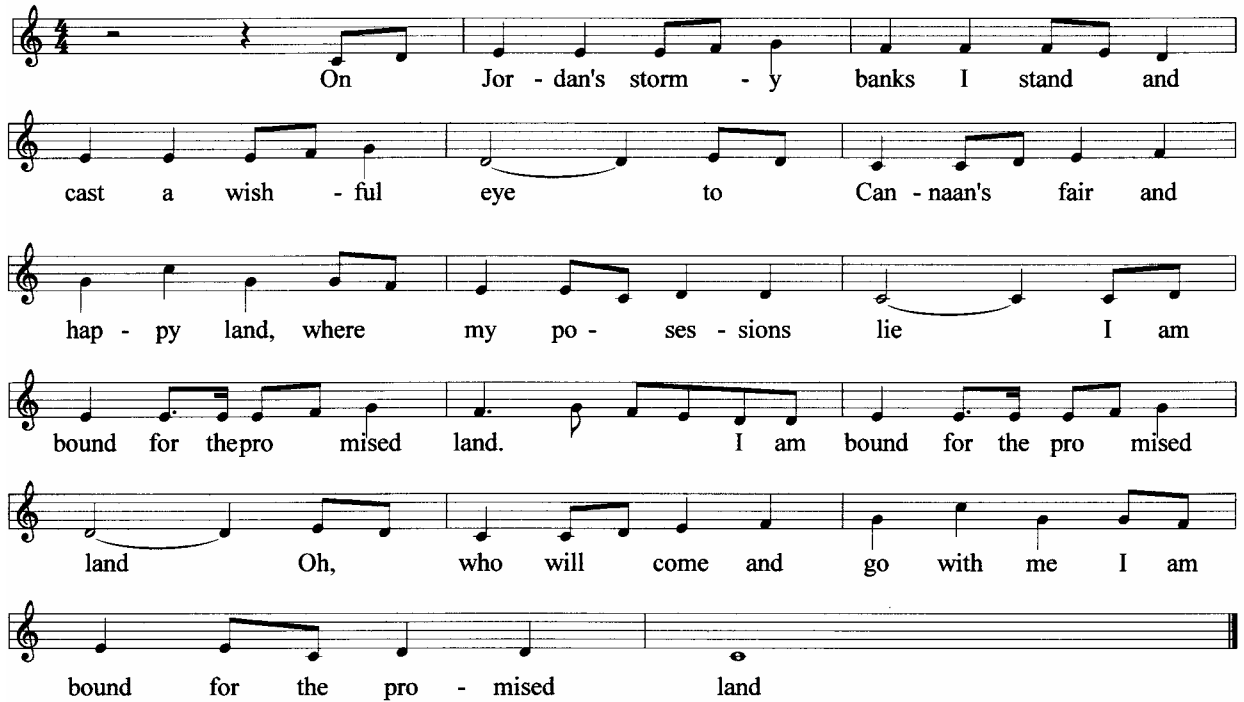
3. There let the way appear, steps unto heaven;
all that thou sendest me, in mercy given;
angels to beckon me
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts bright with thy praise,
out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;
so by my woes to be
nearer, my God, to thee;
nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

5. Or if, on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
still all my song shall be,
nearer, my God, to thee;

On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand

Text: Samuel Stennett



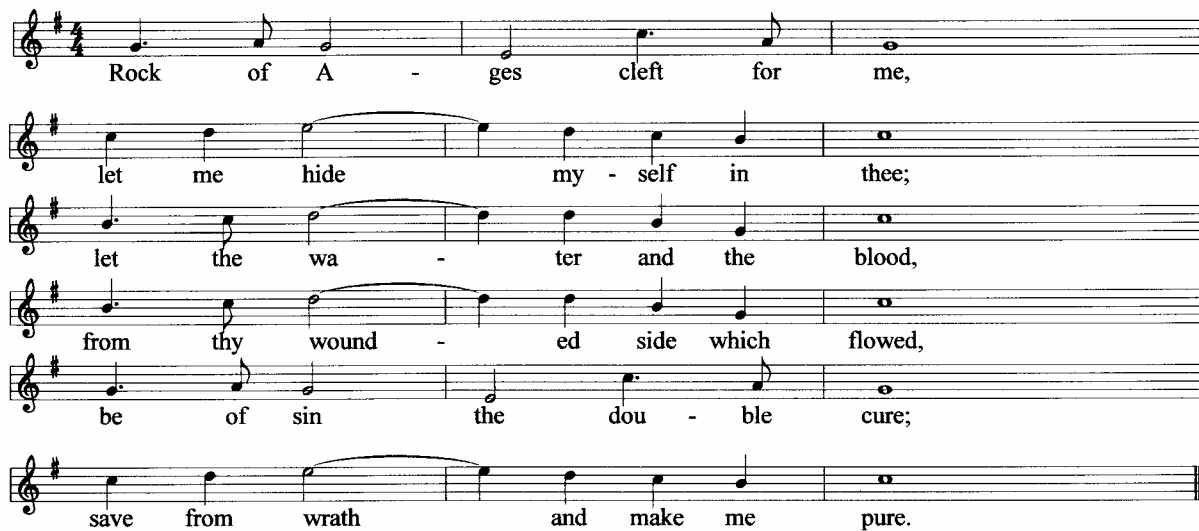
2. O'er all those wide extended plains
shines one eternal day;
there God the Son forever reigns,
and scatters night away.
(Refrain)

3. No chilling winds or poisonous breath
can reach that healthful shore;
sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
are felt and feared no more.
(Refrain)

4. When I shall reach that happy place,
I'll be forever blest,
for I shall see my Father's face,
and in his bosom rest.
(Refrain)

Rock of Ages

Music: Thomas Hastings
Text: Augustus M. Toplady



2. Not the labors of my hands
can fulfill thy law's commands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

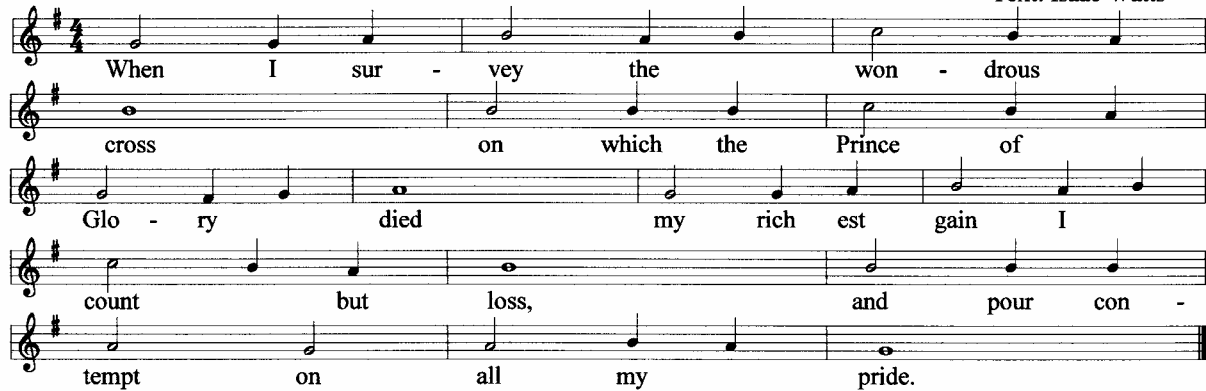
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless, look to thee for grace;
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyes shall close in death,
when I soar to worlds unknown,
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Music: Lowell Mason

Text: Isaac Watts



2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the death of Christ, my God;
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown.

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Simple Gifts

The musical score for 'Simple Gifts' is written in 4/4 time on a single treble staff. The melody is simple and repetitive, using a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

'Tis a gift to be sim ple 'Tis a gift to be free, 'Tis a
gift to come down where we ought to be And when we find ourselves in the
place just right, It will be in the val ley of love and de light
When true sim plic i ty is gained To
bow and to bend we will not be a shamed, To turn to turn will
be our de light, 'Til by turn ing turn ing we come round right.

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