

*Greer*

# Nebraska Youth Fellowship Songs



Published for the  
**METHODIST YOUTH of NEBRASKA CONFERENCE**

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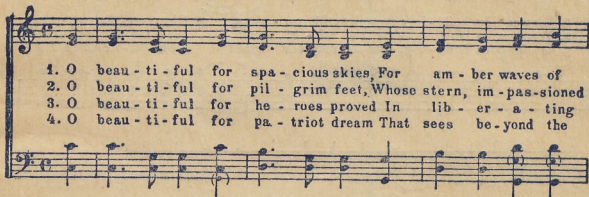


Waldo Greer

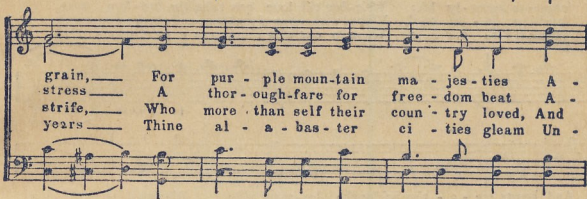
## America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates, 1904

Samuel A. Ward, 1882



1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of  
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned  
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ting  
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the



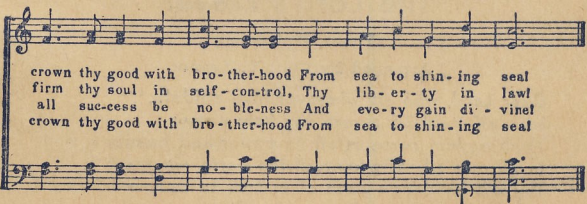
grain, — For pur-ple moun-tain ma-jes-ties A -  
stress, — A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A -  
strife, — Who more than self their coun-try loved, And  
years — Thine al-a-bas-ter ci-ties gleam Un -



bove the fruit-ed plain! — A - mer - i - cal A -  
cross the wil-der-ness! — A - mer - i - cal A -  
mer-cy more than life! — A - mer - i - cal A -  
dimmed by hu-man tears! — A - mer - i - cal A -



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



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



## WE WOULD BE BUILDING

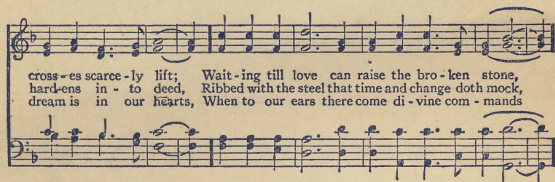
Purd E. Dietz

FINLANDIA

Jean Sibelius



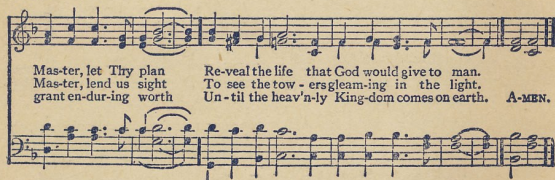
1. We would be build-ing; tem-ples still un - done      O'er crum-bling walls their  
 2. Teach us to build; up - on the sol - id rock      We set the dream that  
 3. O keep us build - ing, Mas-ter; may our hands      Ne'er fal-ter when the



cross-es scarce-ly lift;      Wait-ing till love can raise the bro-ken stone,  
 hard-ens in - to deed,      Ribbed with the steel that time and change doth mock,  
 dream is in our hearts,      When to our ears there come di-vine com-mands



And hearts cre-a-tive bridge the hu-man rift;      We would be build-ing,  
 Th'un-fail-ing pur-pose of our no-blest creed;      Teach us to build; O  
 And all the pride of sin-ful will de-parts;      We build with Thee, O



Mas-ter, let Thy plan      Re-veal the life that God would give to man.  
 Mas-ter, lend us sight      To see the tow-ers gleam-ing in the light.  
 grant en-dur-ing worth      Un-til the heav'n-ly King-dom comes on earth.      A-MEN.

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## The Lord's Prayer

Tune: Finlandia

Arranged by Orrin L. Keener

Dear Lord, who art wherever love abideth,  
 May all mankind revere thy holy name;  
 Thy kingdom come in all its power and beauty  
 In all men's hearts, o'er all the earth, we pray;  
 Thy will be done—each of us true to duty—  
 In all we think, in all we do and say.



Give us this day our daily bread, our Father;  
 Forgive our debts, for we too have forgiven.  
 Lend us thy grace when we must face temptation;  
 Save us from evil at our work or play.  
 Thine is the kingdom; thine the power, our Father;  
 Thine be the glory, evermore. Amen.

## A Hymn of Youth

By Harry Thomas Stock

Tune: REST or WHITTIER

O gracious God, whose constant care  
 Supplies our golden days,  
 Whose joyous fellowship we share  
 At work, at rest, in play and prayer—  
 Accept our heart-felt praise.

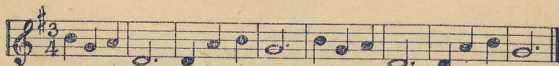
We thank Thee, Father, for each word,  
 Each thought, revealing truth;  
 For prophet voices gladly heard,  
 For daring dreams, for friends who stirred  
 The fragile wills of youth.

Companion of our vesper hour,  
 Renew in us each day  
 Our lofty purpose, grant us power  
 That worthy thoughts in deeds may flower,  
 In Christlike lives, we pray.

Surround us through temptation's maze  
 When artful foes assail;  
 Help us a peaceful path to blaze,  
 To lead mankind in nobler ways,  
 Give strength—we would not fail!

—Used by permission.

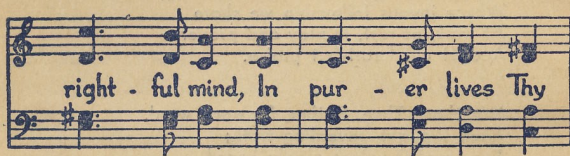
### CHIMES



Hark to the chimes; Come bow thy head. God, we thank Thee For this good bread.



# Dear Lord and Father



2.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

3.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love.

4.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of Thy peace.



## 5.

Breathe through the heats of our desire,  
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;  
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
 O still, small voice of calm.

John G. Whittier, 1872.

## O God Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Dr. Croft

DESCANT

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our  
 hope for years to come, Our shel-ter from the  
 storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

## 2

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

## 3.

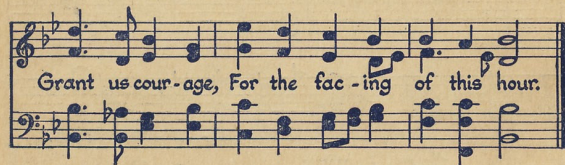
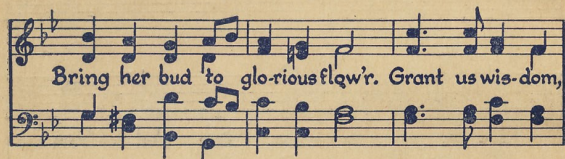
A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone,  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

## 4

O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.



# God of Grace and God of Glory



2. Lo! the hosts of evil round us  
Scorn Thy Christ, assail His ways!  
Fears and doubts too long have bound us,  
Free our hearts to work and praise.  
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,  
For the facing of this hour.
3. Cure Thy children's warring madness,  
Bend our pride to Thy control;  
Shame our wanton selfish gladness,  
Rich in things and poor in soul.  
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,  
Lest we miss Thy kingdom's goal.
4. Set our feet on lofty places;  
Gird our lives that they may be  
Armoured with all Christ-like graces  
In the fight to set men free.  
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,  
That we fail not man nor Thee!




5. Save us from weak resignation  
 To the evils we deplore;  
 Let the search for Thy salvation  
 Be our glory evermore.  
 Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage  
 Serving Thee whom we adore.

—Words by permission of Harry Emerson Fosdick

## EV'RY TIME I FEEL THE SPIRIT

Negro Spiritual

CHORUS



Ev - 'ry time I \_\_\_ feel de Spir - it \_\_\_ Mov - in'  
 in my heart, I will pray; \_\_\_ Ev - 'ry time I \_\_\_ feel de  
 Spir - it \_\_\_ Mov - in' in my heart, I will pray. \_\_\_

HUM

1. Up - on de moun - tain, when my Lord spoke, \_\_\_ Out of His  
 2. Oh, I have sor - rows, and I have woe, \_\_\_ And I have

HUM

mouth came \_\_\_ fire and smoke; Looked all a - round me; it looked so  
 heart - ache \_\_\_ here be - low; \_\_\_ But while God leads me, I'll nev - er

HUM

fine, \_\_\_ Till I asked my Lord \_\_\_ if all were mine. \_\_\_  
 fear, \_\_\_ For I am shel - tered \_\_\_ by His care. \_\_\_

— Arranged by Mrs. Marion Downs

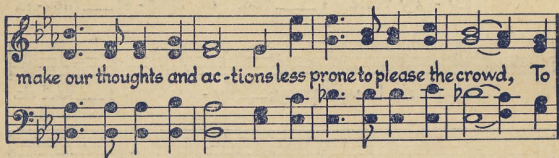
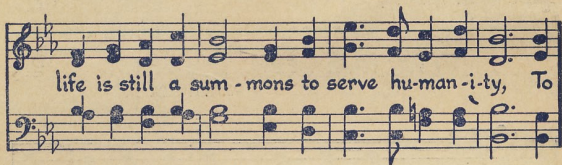
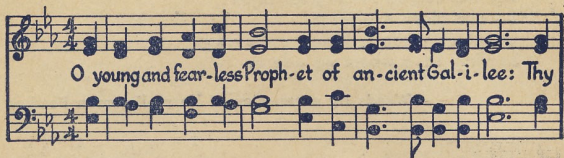
Note: Sing "de" or "da". Male voices sing the verse melody. Women's voices obligato hum. Be sure to keep syncopated rhythm.



# O Young and Fearless Prophet

S. Ralph Harlow

John B. Dykes 1823-76



2.

We marvel at the purpose that held Thee to Thy course  
While ever on the hilltop before Thee loomed the cross;  
Thy steadfast face set forward where love and duty shone,  
While we betray so quickly and leave Thee there alone.

3.

O help us stand unswerving against war's bloody way,  
Where hate and lust and falsehood hold back Christ's  
holy sway;  
Forbid false love of country, that binds us to His call  
Who lifts above the nation the brotherhood of all.

4.

Create in us the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind,  
That knows not race nor station as boundaries of the mind;  
That learns to value beauty, in heart, or brain, or soul,  
And longs to bind God's children into one perfect whole.



## 5.

O young and fearless Prophet, we need Thy presence here,  
 Amid our pride and glory to see Thy face appear;  
 Once more to hear Thy challenge above our noisy day,  
 Again to lead us forward along God's holy way.

—Words used by permission of S. Ralph Harlow

## I WANT TO BE READY

REFRAIN CHORUS

I want to be read - y, I want to be read - y,

*dim.*

I want to be read - y, To walk in Je - ru - sa - lem

*Fine. Solo*

just like John. 1. John said that Je - ru - sa - lem was four - square,  
 2. When Pe - ter was preach - ing at Pen - te - cost,

CHORUS SOLO

Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John. I hope, good Lord, I'll  
 O he was filled with the

CHORUS *d.c.*

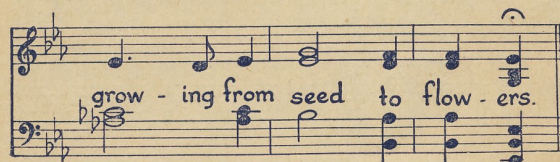
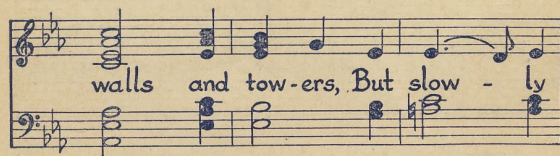
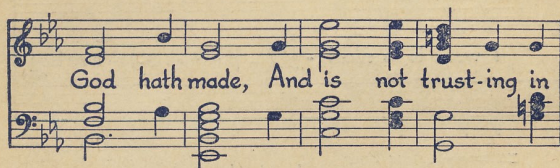
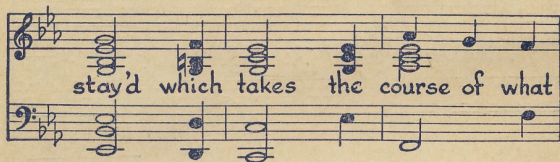
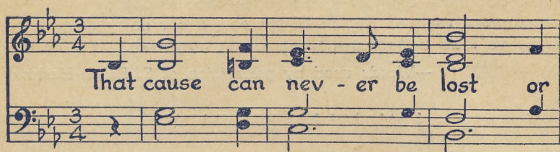
meet you there, Ho - ly Ghost, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John.

From THE DETT COLLECTION OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS, First Group, Permission Hall & McCreary Co., Chicago.



## That Cause Can Never Be Lost

Danish



Each noble service that men have wrought  
Was first conceived as a fruitful thought;  
Each worthy cause, with a future glorious,  
By quietly growing becomes victorious.

## 3.

Thereby itself like a tree it shows;  
That high it reaches, as deep it grows;  
And when the storms are its branches shaking,  
It deeper root in the soil is taking.



## 4.

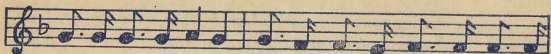
Be then no more by a storm dismayed,  
 For by it the full-grown seeds are laid;  
 And though the tree by its might it shatters,  
 What then if thousands of seeds it scatters?

—From WORLD OF SONG, Copr. 1941, D.A.Y.P.L., by permission.

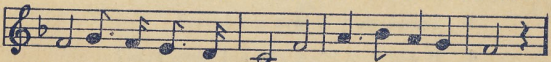
## We Shall Not Be Moved



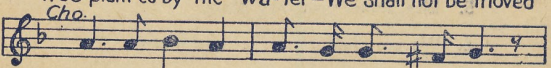
We're on our knees a-pray-in'-We shall not be moved. We're



on our knees a-pray-in' We shall not be moved—Just like a



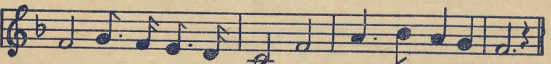
tree plant-ed by the wa-ter—We shall not be moved



We shall not be, we shall not be moved—



We shall not be, we shall not be moved—Just like a



tree plant-ed by the wa-ter—We shall not be moved'

## 2.

You can talk about us, we shall not be moved,  
 You can talk about us, we shall not be moved,  
 Just like a tree, planted by the water,  
 We shall not be moved.

## Chorus

\*Chorus is to be sung at beginning and end of song, only.



# JACOB'S LADDER

Negro Spiritual

We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are  
climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are climb-ing  
Ja-cob's lad-der, Sol-diers of the cross.

2. Every round goes higher, higher,  
Every round goes higher, higher,  
Every round goes higher, higher,  
Soldiers of the cross.
- 3 Sinner, do you love my Jesus?
- 4 If you love Him, why not serve Him?
5. Rise, shine, give God glory,
6. We are climbing higher and higher,

# PRAISE FOR BREAD

Morn-ing  
Noon-time  
Eve-ning  
has come, the board is spread. Thanks be to  
Him who giv-eth bread; Praise God for bread!



# I Ain't Gwine Study War

LEADER CHORUS

Gwine to lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,

LEADER

Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the riv-er-side, Gwine to lay down my

CHORUS

bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side to stud-y war no more.

REFRAIN

I ain't gwine stud-y war no more, ain't gwine stud-y war no

more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more. Aint gwine stud-y war no

stud-y war no more

more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more, aint gwine stud-y war no more.



## O NOBODY KNOWS

Spiritual

**Refrain**

Oh, no-bod-y knows de trouble I've seen. Nobody knows but Je-sus

No-bod-y knows de trouble I've seen. Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah.

**Duet** **Chorus**

Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down Oh, yes, Lord.  
Al-though you see me gain' long so

**D.C.**

Some-times I'm al-most to de ground Oh, yes, Lord.  
I have my tri-als here be-low

## TALLIS CANON

Thomas Ken, 1695

Thomas Tallis, 1565

*With dignity* \*Succeeding voices enter here

Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep  
me, oh keep me, King of Kings, Be-neath Thine own Al-might-y wings.



## COME, LET US BE JOYFUL

Come let us be joy-ful While life is

bright and gay Gath-er its ros-es 'Ere they fade a

way. We're al-ways mak-ing our lives so blue, We

look for thorns and find them, too, And leave the vio-lets

quite un-seen, That grow to cheer our way.

Freut euch des Lebens

Freut euch des Lebens, weil noch das Lampchen glüht;  
pflukket die Rose eh' sie verblüht.

Man schafft so gern sich Sorg' und Muh', sucht Dornen auf  
und findet sie und lässt das Veilchen unbemerkt, das uns am  
Wege blüht.

\* English translation after Elizabeth Burchenal in "Dances of the people."



## VIVE L'AMOUR

Let ev - ery good fel - low now join in a song,  
Suc - cess to each oth - er and pass it a - long,

Vi - ve la com - pag - nie! Vi - ve la vi - ve la vi - ve l'a - mour,

vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour,

vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve - la com - pag - nie.

## 2.

A friend on your left and a friend on your right,  
Vive la compagniel  
In love and good fellowship let us unite,  
Vive la compagniel

## 3.

Now wider and wider our circle expands,  
Vive la compagniel  
We sing to our comrades in far away lands,  
Vive la compagniel



## THE CROW

Swedish Folk Song

*Lively*

*mf*

There once was a far-mer, a-travelling to town, Hej,

boom fal le la, Sing fal le la, boom fal le la lay, Sawa

*mf*

crow in a fir tree way up in the crown, Hej

boom fal le la, sing fal le la, boom fal le la lay.

Then the gun from his shoulder he quickly brought down,  
 Hej, boom fal le la, sing fal le la, boom fal le la lay;  
 And shot that black crow, it fell to the ground,  
 Hej, boom fal le la, sing fal le la, boom fal le la lay.

3.

That black crow was useful in numerous ways,  
 The keelbone was sailed over oceans and bays.

4.

The feathers were made into feather beds, neat,  
 And pitchforks were made from the legs and the feet.

5.

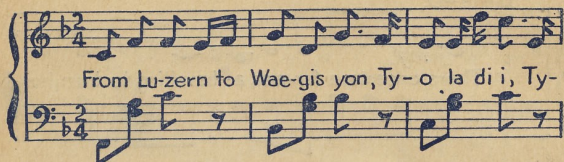
More things were made from this wonderful crow,  
 You may doubt this story, but really, it's so!

Translated by Mrs. Albert Magnuson, Copyright 1940

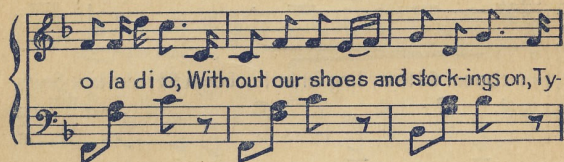


# THE ALPINE SONG

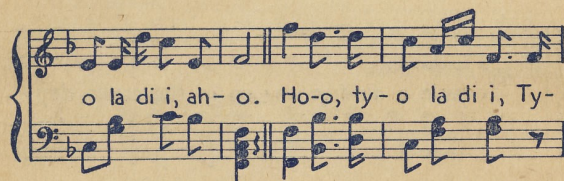
Swiss Folk Song



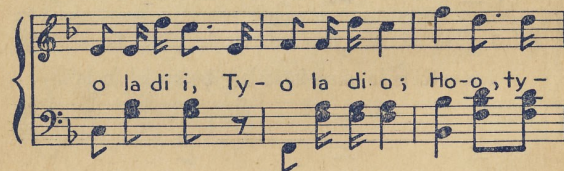
From Lu-zern to Wae-gis yon, Ty- o la di i, Ty-



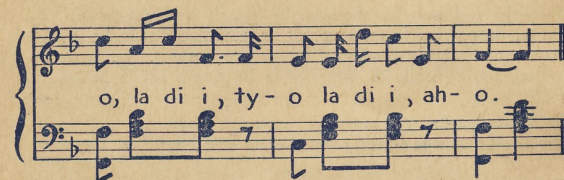
o la di o, With out our shoes and stock-ings on, Ty-



o la di i, ah- o. Ho-o, ty- o la di i, Ty-



o la di i, Ty- o la di o; Ho-o, ty-



o, la di i, ty- o la di i, ah- o.

2. O'er the mountain trail we go  
See the deep ravines below.
3. A lovely maid lives across the lake  
So in my skiff a trip I'll take.

—Translated by Richard Azzling



# BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

By Stephen C. Foster, 1864

*Moderato*

{ Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me, —  
 Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, —

Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for thee; —  
 Lull'd by the moon-light have all pass'd a-..... way! —

Beau-ti-ful dream-er, queen of my song, — List while I woo thee with  
 soft mel-o - dy; — Gone are the cares of life's bus-y throng,  
 Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a - wake un-to me! —  
 Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a - wake un-to me! —

## TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine, Tell me  
 Be-cause God made the stars to shine, Be-cause God  
 why the i - vy twines, Tell me why the  
 made the i - vy twine, Be-cause God made the  
 o - cean's blue, And I will tell you just why I love you.  
 o - cean blue, Be-cause God made you, that's why I love you.



## CAME A-RIDING

Czecho-Slovak Folk Song

Came a-rid - ing by one day,  
Oft he asked in man-ner bold, Zum-ta-dy - ja - dy - ja;  
This lit-tle heart I'd give to you,

A suit - or jaun - ty, bold and gay,  
How could I this wreath with - hold? Zum-ta-dy - ja - dy - ja! (Hej!)  
Could I be sure your own were true.

## REFRAIN

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Zum-ta-dy - ja - dy - ja, zum-ta-dy - ja - da, zum-ta-dy - ja - dy - ja,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Zum - ta - dy - ja - da, zum - ta - dy - ja - dy - ja,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
Zum-ta-dy - ja - da, zum - ta - dy - ja - dy - ja!



# The Curtains of Night

Arranged by A.M.C.

U. S. A.

When the cur-tains of night are pinned back by the stars And the  
And at night when I kneel by my bed-side to pray, I'll re-

1 beau-ti-ful mem-beryou, moon leaps the sky, — And the  
2 *Fine* love, in my prayers.

dew-drops of heav-en are kiss-ing the rose, It is

then that my mem-o-ries fly, — Go where you will on

land or by sea, I'll share all your sor-rows and cares, — *D.C.*

## WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND

1 2 3  
White sand and gray sand; Who'll buy my white sand; Who'll buy my gray sand?



# Dinah

Arranged by Eugene Kidder

1. Some one's in the kitch-en with Din - ah,  
 2. Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,  
 3. Fee plunk, Fi plunk, Fidd-lee-i - o-plunk,

Some one's in the kitch-en I know - o - o - o,  
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o - o - o - o,  
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o-plunk, plunk, plunk,

Some one's in the kitch-en with Din - ah,  
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,  
 Fee Fi Fidd-lee-i - o,

1, 2. Strum-ming on the old ban - jo.  
 3. ^plunk, Strum-ming on the old ban - jo. ^plunk.

# Mow the Hay

With one man, with two men, we mow the hay to-geth-er.; With  
 three men, with four men, we rake the hay to-geth-er. My  
 four,) three,)  
 eight,) my seven,) my ..... two, my one, no more \_\_\_\_; We  
 twelve,) eleven,)

mow the hay, and rake the hay, and car-ry it a-way to-geth-er.



## THE FOOT TRAVELLER

German Folk Song

*Brightly mf*

1. On foot — I gai - ly take my way, tra  
 2. No snail - pace friend I want, not I, tra

la la la la la; — O'er moun - tain bare and  
 At ev - 'ry step to

mead - ow gay, tra la la la la — la la. — And  
 pause and sigh, At

he who is not of my mind, An - oth - er trav - ling  
 ev - ry step to sigh and groan, And o - ver oth - ers

mate must find, He can - not walk with me, he  
 sins to moan, I'd rath - er walk a - lone, I'd

can - not walk with me. *mf*  
 rath - er walk a - lone. Tra la la la la la la

*pp*  
 la, Tra la la la la la la la, — Tra

la, — Tra la, — Tra la la la la la. —

—From Franklin Square Song Book, by permission of  
 Harper & Bros. Publishers.



# GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, HO

**Solo I** **CHORUS**

I'll sing you one-ho! Green grow the rush-es-ho. What is your one-ho?

**Solo I** **Solo II**

One is one and all a-lone and ev-er-more shall be so. I'll sing you two-ho!

**CHORUS** **Solo II**

Green grow the rush-es-ho. What are your two-ho? Two, two, the li-ly-white boys,

**CHORUS**

cloth-ed all in green-ho, One is one and all a-lone and ev-er-more shall be so.

**Solo III** **CHORUS**

I'll sing you three-ho! Green grow the rush-es-ho. What are your three-ho?

**Solo III** **CHORUS**

Three, three the ri - vals, Two, two the li-ly-white boys,

cloth-ed all in green-ho, One is one and all a-lone and ev-er-more shall be so.

**Solo IV** **CHORUS**

I'll sing you four ho! Green grow the rush-es-ho. What are your four-ho?

**Solo IV** **CHORUS**

Four for the Gos-pel mak-ers, Three, three the ri - vals,

An ancient Hebrew song, some version of which appears in nearly every language. Above version is from Dorsetshire, as sung at Eton College. First printed in English about 1625.

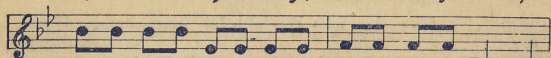
—New Fellowship Song Book. Permission H. Walford Davies



## GREEN GROW THE RUSHES (2)



Two, two the li-ly-white boys, cloth-ed all in green - ho,



One is one and all a-lone and ever-more shall be so.

SOLOS V TO XII

CHORUS



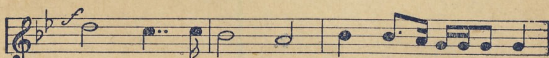
I'll sing you { five-ho! six-ho! seven-ho! eight-ho! nine-ho! ten-ho! eleven-ho! twelve-ho! } Green grow the rush-es-ho. What are your { five-ho? six-ho? seven-ho? eight-ho? nine-ho? ten-ho? eleven-ho? twelve-ho? }

SOLOS V TO XII

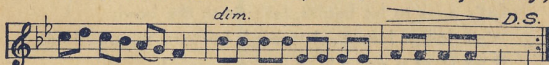
CHORUS



5. Five for the sym-bols at your door and four for the Gos-pel mak-ers, (on to 3)
6. Six for the six proud walk - ers, (to 5)
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky and six for the six proud walk-ers, (to 5)
8. Eight for the A - pril rain - ers, (to 7)
9. Nine for the nine bright shin - ers, (to 8)
10. Ten for the ten com-mand-ments, (to 9)
11. Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven and ten for the ten com-mand-ments, (to 9)
12. Twelve for the twelve A - pos - tles, (to 11)



Three, three the ri - vals, Two, two the li-ly-white boys,



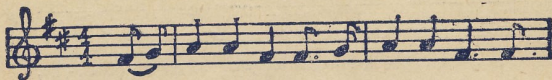
cloth-ed all in green-ho, One is one and all a-lone and ever-more shall be so.

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



## JOHN PEEL

English



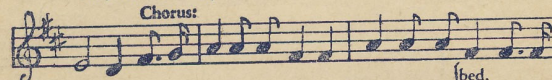
D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye



ken John Peel at the break of day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's



far, far a - way With his hounds and his horn in the



morning? For the sound of his horn brought me from my And the



cry of the hounds which he oftimes led; Peel's "View hallo!" would a-



waken the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

## 2.

Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,  
 Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;  
 We'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul,  
 If we want a good hunt in the morning.

## 3.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?  
 He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;  
 Now he has gone, far, far away;  
 We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.



## THE KEEPER

English Folk Song

The keep - er would a - hunt - ing go, And  
The first doe she did cross the plain, The  
un - der his coat he car - ried a bow —  
keep - er fetched her back a - gain;  
All for to shoot at a mer - rie lit - tle doe, A -  
Where she is now she may re - main, A -  
mong the leaves so green, O.

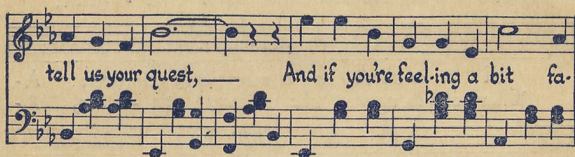
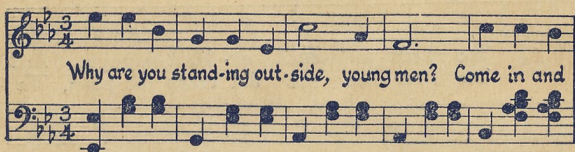
1st voice 2nd voice 1 2  
Jack - ie boy! Mas - ter! Singye well? Ver - y well.  
1 2 1 All  
Hey down! Ho down! Der - ry, der - ry down, A -  
1  
mong the leaves so green, O. To my  
2  
hey down, down! To my ho down, down!  
1 2 1 All  
Hey down! Ho down! Der - ry, der - ry down, A -  
mong the leaves so green, O.

The second doe she did cross the brook;  
The keeper fetched her back with his hook;  
Where she is now you must go and look,  
Among the leaves so green, O!



## The Lover's Quest

Bohemian



We did not come here to rest ourselves;  
 We came to stand up and woo.  
 Three charming daughters we know you have;  
 We wish to get one from you.

3

"John, dear, be careful, and do not choose  
 One who is proud to the core,  
 For she would not take a step with you,  
 Even as far as the door."

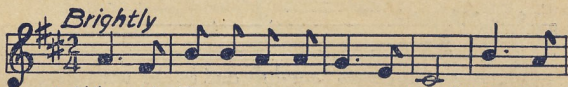
4

"John, dear, be careful, and do not choose  
 One who can't smile or look bright,  
 For she might scowl at you every day,  
 From early morning till night."



# MARIANINA

Italian Song

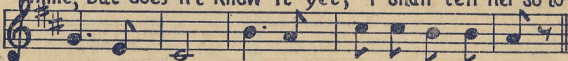


1. Where the Tus-can sun is warm and bright, Dwells a

2. I have loved her ev-er since we met, She is



maid whose laugh is pure de-light; 'Tho her charm is yet un-  
mine, but does-n't know it yet; I shall tell her so to

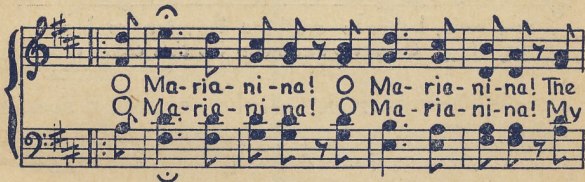


known to fame, Still I love her just the same.

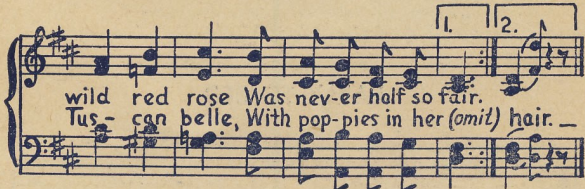
mor-row day, She will nev-er an-swer nay.



Cho: Ma-ri-a-ni-na, tra, la, la, Ma-ri-a-ni-na, tra, la, la.



O Ma-ri-a-ni-na! O Ma-ri-a-ni-na! The  
O Ma-ri-a-ni-na! O Ma-ri-a-ni-na! My



wild red rose Was nev-er half so fair.  
Tus-can belle, With pop-pies in her (omit) hair.



# Morning Comes Early

Slovakian Folk Song

*mp*

1. Morn-ing comes ear-ly and bright with dew,  
2. Why do you lin-ger so long in bed?

*mf* *>*

Un-der your win-dow I sing to you. Up, then, my  
Op - en your win-dow and show your head. Up, then, with

com - rade, up, then, my com - rade, Let us be greet-ing the  
sing - ing, up, then, with sing-ing, O-ver the mead-ows the

*mf*

morn so blue. Up, then, my com - rade, up, then, my  
sun comes red. Up, then, with sing-ing, up, then, with

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

English version by Katherine K. Davis

From a set of Ten Folk Songs and Ballads, with piano accompaniment. (Set 1) Copyright 1931 by E. C. Schirmer Music Co., Boston, Mass. Used by permission.

## EARLY TO BED

1 2

Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man

3

health-y and wealth-y and wise, Wise, health-y and wealth-y.



## My Banjo

Italian Folk Song.

1. Tra, la, la, la, la, My ban-jo is say-ing. Tra, la, la, la, la, To  
2. Tra, la, la, la, la, The danc-ers are sway-ing,

sound of my play-ing. Tra, la, la, la, la, Old friends are the dear-est

*Fine*  
Come, my ban-jo we'll sing to them all. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

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

—By permission, Charles Scribner's Sons from  
Grammar School Songs, by Farnsworth.

## LOVELY EVENING

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning,  
When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing!  
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong!



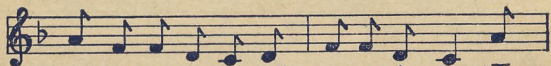
# NIGHT HERDING SONG

Cowboy Song

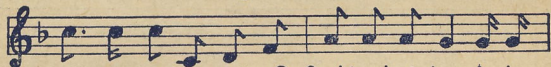
*Like a lullaby*



1. Go slow, lit-tle do-gies, stop mill-ing a-round, For I'm



tired of your rov-ing all o-ver the ground, There's



grass where you're stand-in' So feed kind o' slow. And you



don't have for-ev-er to be on the go. Move



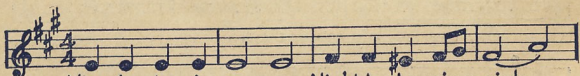
slow lit-tle do-gies, move slow. Hi-o, hi-o, hi-o.

2.

Lay down, little dogies, and when you've laid down  
You can stretch yourselves out for there's plenty of ground.  
Stay put little dogies, for I'm awful tired,  
And if you get away, I'm sure to be fired.  
Lay down little dogies, lay down, hi-o, hi-o, hi-o.

—From SINGING AMERICA, by permission of A. D. Zanzig  
1941. C. C. Birchard Co., Boston.

# NOW THE DAY IS OVER



Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,



Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky. A-men.



## OVER THE MEADOW

—Czech Folk Song

*With spirit, in walking time*

1. O-ver the mead-ows, green and wide, Bloom-ing in the



sun-light, Bloom-ing in the sun-light, O-ver the mead-ows



green and wide, Off we go a-roam-ing, side by side. Hey!

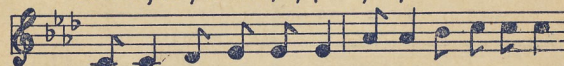


CHORUS

Stream-lets down moun-tain go, Pure from the win-ter's snow



Join-ing they swift-ly go, Sing-ing of life so free



Stream-lets down moun-tain go, Pure from the win-ter snow



Join-ing they swift-ly go, Call-ing to me!

## 2

Sweet is the air with new-mown hay,  
 Cooling in the twi-light, cooling in the twilight  
 Sweet is the air with new-morn hay  
 As we homeward go at the close of day.

—From SINGING AMERICA, by permission of A. D. Zanzig



# Shuckin' of the Corn

Tennessee Folk Song



1. I have a ship on the o - cean, All lined with  
2. The wind blows cold in Cai - ro, The sun re-



sil - ver and gold, Be - fore I'd see my  
fuses to shine, Be - fore I'd see my



true love suf-fer, That ship should be an-chored and  
true love suf-fer, I'd work all sum - mer



sold. I'm a go - in' to the shuck-in' of the  
time.



corn I'm a go - in' to the shuck-in' of the



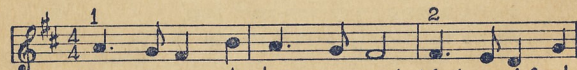
corn A shuck-in' of the corn and a blow-in' of the



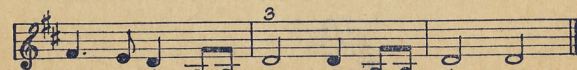
horn, I'm a go-in' to the shuck-in' of the corn.

Recorded by Mrs. L. L. McDowell, 1939

## CHAIRS TO MEND



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

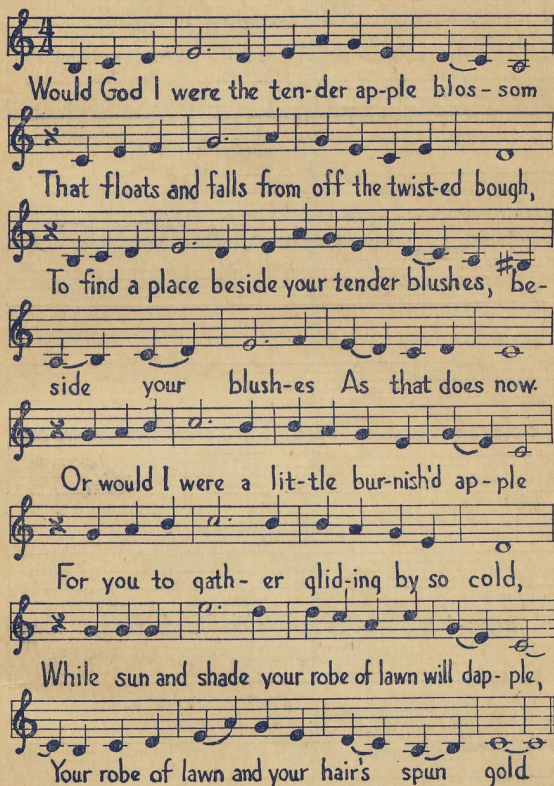


mack-er-el, An-y old rags, an-y old rags?



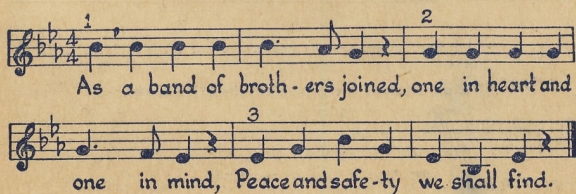
# The Tender Apple Blossom

(Londonderry Air)



Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple blos-som  
 That floats and falls from off the twist-ed bough,  
 To find a place beside your tender blushes, be-  
 side your blush-es As that does now.  
 Or would I were a lit-tle bur-nish'd ap-ple  
 For you to gath-er glid-ing by so cold,  
 While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dap-ple,  
 Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold

## BAND OF BROTHERS



As a band of broth-ers joined, one in heart and  
 one in mind, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.



# The Tiller

Mads Hansen, 1866

—Composer Unknown.

I am a till - er of the soil, A farm-er frank and

plain; I love my home, its life and toil, Its

fields and wood-ed lane, There count-less flowers are

grow-ing In beau-ty rich and rare; Mine

is the brook-let flow-ing, And mine the fra-grant air.

I heard from youth the cheerful choirs  
 Of birds above the moor;  
 They taught me when my heart desires  
 On wings of song to soar.  
 Behind the plow and harrow  
 And ringing scythe I sing,  
 Till wood and valleys narrow  
 With cheerful echoes ring.



But when the busy day is spent  
 And sunset paints the west,  
 My mind refreshed, my heart content,  
 Midst lov-ed ones I rest.  
 And in my home-life ever  
 My spirit finds rebirth,  
 And I will change it never  
 With any man on earth.

—Translated by J. C. Aaberg

—From WORLD OF SONG, Copr. 1941, D.A.Y.P.L., by permission.

## Trampin'

*Ladies* *All*

I'm a tramp-in', tramp-in', Tryin' to make

*Men*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

*Ladies*

heav-en my home, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm a tramp-in',

tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

*All* *FINE*

tramp-in', Tryin' to make heav-en my home.

tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

*Ladies*

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

*All* *Ladies*

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

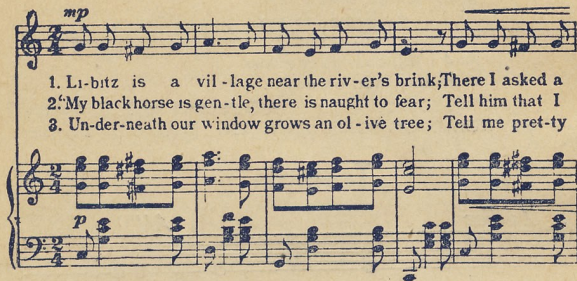
*All* *D.C.*

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



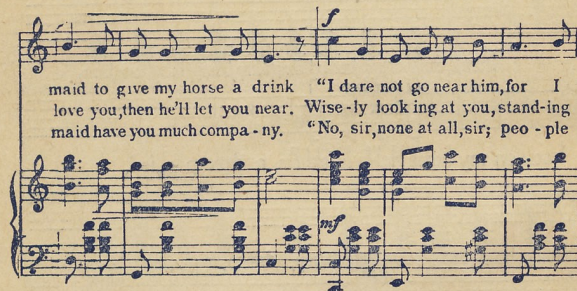
## The Timid Maiden

*mp*



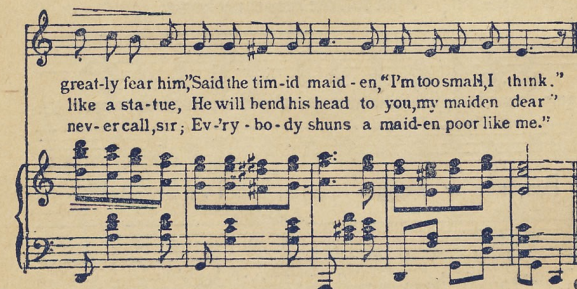
1. Li-bitz is a vil-lage near the riv-er's brink; There I asked a  
2. My black horse is gen-tle, there is naught to fear; Tell him that I  
3. Un-der-neath our window grows an ol-ivè tree; Tell me pret-ty

*f*



maid to give my horse a drink "I dare not go near him, for I  
love you, then he'll let you near. Wise-ly look ing at you, stand-ing  
maid have you much compa-ny. "No, sir, none at all, sir; peo-ple

*mp*



great-ly fear him," Said the tim-id maid-en, "I'm too small, I think."  
like a sta-tue, He will bend his head to you, my maiden dear."  
nev-er call, sir; Ev-ry-bo-dy shuns a maid-en poor like me."



## Two Wings

O, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face;  
 O, Lord, I want two wings to fly a - way; -  
 O, Lord, I want two wings to veil my face. *Fine*  
 So the de - vil can't do me no harm.  
 My Lord, did he come at the break of day? NO  
 My Lord, did he come at the heat of noon? NO  
 My Lord, did he come in the cool of the eve'nin? YES *D.C.*  
 And He washed my sins a - way.

"Two Wings" is used by permission of E. O. Harbin, from the FUN ENYCLOPAEDIA, copyright 1940 by Cokesbury Press,

## To Ope Their Trunks

1 2  
 To ope their trunks the trees are nev-er seen, How then do they put  
 3  
 on their robes of green? They leave them out!



## Walking at Night

Czech Folk Song



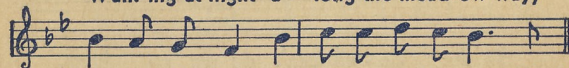
Walk-ing at night a - long the mead-ow way,



Home from the dance be - side my maid-en gay,



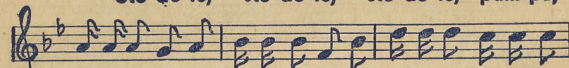
Walk-ing at night a - long the mead-ow way,



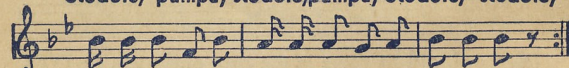
Home from the dance beside my maid-en gay, Hey!



Sto-do-le, sto-do-le, sto-do-le, pum-pa,



Stodole, pum-pa, stodole, pum-pa, Stodole, stodole,



stodole, pum-pa, Stodole, pum-pa, pum, pum, pum.

### 2.

Nearing the wood, we heard the nightingale,  
Sweetly it helped me tell my begging tale. (repeat).

### 3.

Many the stars that brightly shone above,  
But none so bright as her one word of love. (repeat).

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1941. C. C. Birchard Co., Boston.



# Beauty Around Us

B. S. Ingemann

Silesian Folk Song

DESCANT: A-ges are com - ing

Beau-ty a-round us, Glo-ry a-bove us,  
A-ges are com-ing, Roll on and van-ish,

Chil-dren shall fol-low where fa-thers have  
Love-ly is earth and the smil-ing skies;  
Chil-dren shall fol-low where fa-thers passed;

trod. Nev-er our pil-grim song joy-ful heav-en born  
Sing-ing we pass a-long, Pil-grims up-on our way Thru  
Nev-er our pil-grim song, Joy-ful and heav-en born Shall

shall cease while time and moun-tains last.  
these fair lands of par-a-dise.  
cease while time and moun-tains last. A-men.

Descant by W. Frederic Miller, 1937

—Translated from the Danish by S. D. Rodholm



# Evening Star

Carl Mortensen

.Danish

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in 6/8 time. The melody begins with a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics "Eve - ning star up" are written below the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics "yon - der, Teach me like you to wan - der" are written below the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics "will - ing and o - be - dient - ly The path that God or -" are written below the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics "dained for me! Eve - ning star up yon - der!" are written below the treble staff. A *pp* (pianissimo) marking is above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody concludes with a triplet of eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

2.

Teach me, gentle flowers,  
 To wait for springtime showers,  
 In this winter world to grow,  
 Green and strong beneath the snow,  
 Teach me, gentle flowers.



## EVENING STAR

3

Teach me, gentle heather,  
Where songbirds nest together,  
Though my life should seem unblest,  
To keep a song within my breast,  
Teach me, gentle heather.

4

Mighty ocean, teach me,  
To do the task that needs me,  
And reflect as days depart,  
Heaven's peace within my heart,  
Mighty ocean, teach me.

5.

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

6.

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

## DESCANT



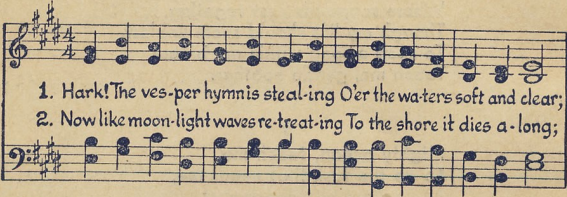
Eve - ning star up yon - der Teach  
me like you to wan - der will - ing and o -  
be - dient - ly The path that God or -  
dained for me! Eve - ning star up yon - der!



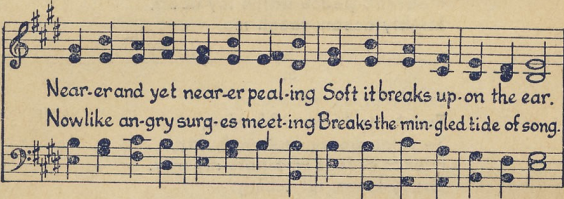
## Vesper Hymn

Thomas Moore 1779-1852

D. S. Bortniansky 1751-1825



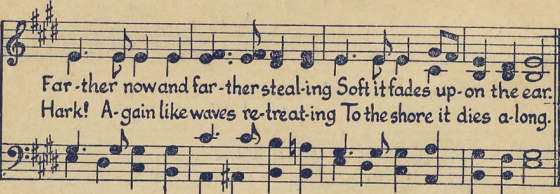
1. Hark! The ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;  
2. Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing To the shore it dies a-long;



Near-er and yet near-er peal-ing Soft it breaks up-on the ear.  
Now like an-gry surg-es meet-ing Breaks the min-gled tide of song.



*f-p*  
Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men.



Far-ther now and far-ther steal-ing Soft it fades up-on the ear.  
Hark! A-gain like waves re-treat-ing To the shore it dies a-long.



## Sing Your Way Home

Sing your way home at the close of the day, Sing your way  
home drive the shad-ows a-way. Smile ev'ry mile, for when  
ev-er you roam, It will bright-en your road, it will  
light-en your load, if you sing your way home.

## WHITE CORAL BELLS

1, 3,  
White cor-al bells up-on a slen-der stalk,  
O, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?  
2, 4.  
Lil-ies of the val-ley deck my gar-den walk.  
That will hap-pen on-ly when the fair-ies sing.

## Funiculi, Funicula!

Italian Popular Song

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,  
And so do I! And so do I!  
Some think it well to be all melancholic,  
To pine and sigh, To pine and sigh,  
But I, I love to spend my time in singing  
Some joyous song, Some joyous song;  
To set the air with music bravely ringing  
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!  
Harken! harken! music sounds afar!  
Harken! harken! music sounds afar!  
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula!  
Joy is ev'rywhere! Funiculi, funicula!



# Youth Undaunted

B. Bjornson, 1860.

Rikard Nordraak

Youth un - daun - ted, lift up your head;

Though a hope and a dream are dead,

Soon a new bea - con is bur - ning;

Hope is for - ev - er re - tur - - - ning.

2. Lift your head! Look around and hear  
Voices calling you far and near  
Voices insistent and ringing  
Challenging urgent and singing.
3. Lift your head! In yourself, within  
Must your heaven on earth begin,  
Rivers begin at the fountain  
As in the valley the mountain.



4. Lift your head! For no wintry frost  
Kills the trees tho its leaves are lost!  
Life, never tamed in submission,  
Breaks in the spring every prison.
5. Lift your head! Let your heart be filled  
With the hope that sustained and thrilled  
Ail, who in past generations  
Lived as the light of the nations.

From A WORLD OF SONG, Copyright 1941, by Danish American Young People's League, Grand View College, Des Moines,

## CIELITO LINDO

Mexican Folk Song.

From high Si - er - ra Mo - re - na, Ciel - i - to  
De la Si - er - ra Mo - re - na, Ciel - i - to

Lin - do walks mov - ing light - ly; Two eyes so  
Lin - do, vien - en ba - jan - to Un par de

black and shin - ing, Ciel - i - to Lin - do, mer - ry and  
o - jit - os ne - gros Ciel - i - to Lin - do de con - tra.

CHORUS

spright - ly. Ay! Ay, Ay, Ay! Sing - ing, not  
ban - do. Ay, Ay Ay Ay! Can - ta y no

sigh - ing, The heart is light as a feath - er, Ciel -  
llo - res Por que can - tan do se ale - gran Ciel -

i - to Lin - do When care is fly - ing.  
i - to Lin - do los co - ra - zo - nes.

Una fleche en el aire, Cielito Lindo lanzo Cupido  
Y como fue jugando, Cielito Lindo yo fui el herido (Chorus)

Cielito Lindo (Beautiful Heaven) is one of the most popular songs  
from pioneer days of California. Used by permission.



## THE OWLET

Mexican Folk Song

Ba - by owl-et, pur - ple owl-et,  
Te - co - lo - ti - to mo - ra - do,

Sing-ing as dawn shines a - bove, Ba - by - bove, Won't you  
Pá - ja - ro ma - dru - ga - dor. Te - co - dor. Me pres -

lend me your swift pin - ions, won't you lend me your swift pin - ions, won't you  
ta - ras tus ali - tas, me pres - ta - ras tus ali - tas, me pres

lend me your swift pin - ions That I may fly to my love, That I  
ta - ras tus ali - tas, Para ir a ver a mi amor, Para ir

1st verse Last time Fine  
may fly to my love? Te - cu - ra (-in my nest I'd stay.)  
a ver a mi amor.

cua, cua, cua, Te - cu - ra cua, cua, cua, te - cu - ra

cua, cua, cua, Poor wee owl-et, poor lit - tle owl-et, It is  
Pro - be - ci - to te - co - lo - ti - to, Ya se

tired from cry - ing so.  
can - sa de llo - rar.

## 2

If I were a little owl,  
I would never steal away;  
Till my wings were strong and steady (3)  
Safe within my nest I'd stay (2) Refrain:

From BOTSFORD COLLECTION OF FOLK SONGS, Vol. 1., with piano accompaniment, (\$1.50), Copyright 1930 by G. Schirmer, Inc., 3 E. 43rd St., N.Y.C. Used by special permission with payment of royalty.



# The Happy Plowman

Swedish Folk Song.

*lightly* *f*

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

*mf*

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

*f*

sang as he plowed the row: — "Heigh - ho, my lit-tle but-ter-cup!  
ech - oed - ev - 'ry word: —

*f*

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

*f*

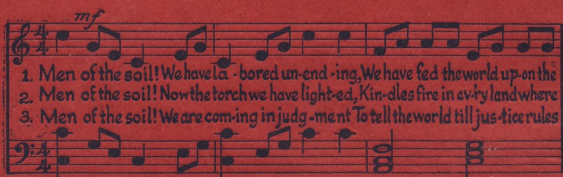
smiled as he sang While the woods and the wel - kin rang. —  
she



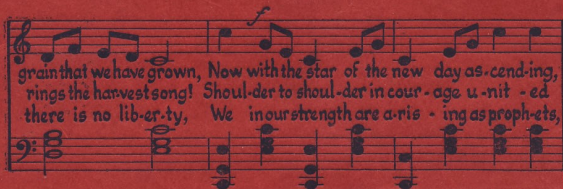
# Men of the Soil

Danish Folk Song

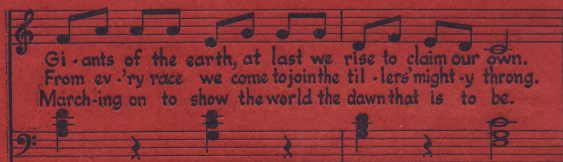
*mf*



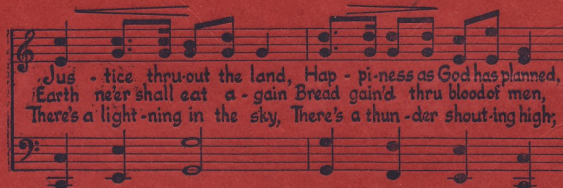
1. Men of the soil! We have la-bored un-end-ing, We have fed the world up-on the  
2. Men of the soil! Now the torch we have light-ed, Kin-dles fire in ev-ry land where  
3. Men of the soil! We are com-ing in judg-ment To tell the world till jus-tice rules



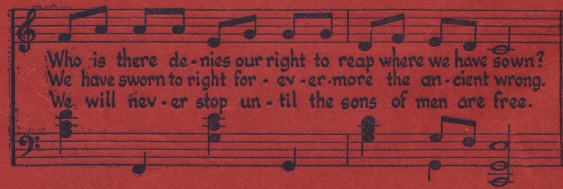
grain that we have grown, Now with the star of the new day as-cend-ing,  
rings the harvest song! Shoul-der to shoul-der in cour-age u-nit-ed  
there is no lib-er-ty, We in our strength are a-ris-ing as proph-ets,



Gi-ants of the earth, at last we rise to claim our own.  
From ev-'ry race we come to join the til-lers might-y throng.  
March-ing on to show the world the dawn that is to be.



Jus-tice thru-out the land, Hap-pi-ness as God has planned,  
Earth ne'er shall eat a-gain Bread gain'd thru blood of men,  
There's a light-ning in the sky, There's a thun-der shout-ing high;



Who is there de-nies our right to reap where we have sown?  
We have sworn to right for-ev-er-more the an-cient wrong.  
We will nev-er stop un-til the sons of men are free.