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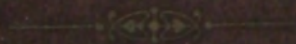
STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



# BOYS' SONGS

FOR BOYS' TUNES.



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STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PRINT.

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THE tunes to which these songs sing are nearly all familiar. Our words are sometimes new,—those, for instance, that are fitted to the war-songs. They are just songs of boy-life, and such as Catholic, Protestant and Jew boys can sing together without a thought of differing creed.

The national airs can all be found in “War Songs,” published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. The “Carol,” published by the John Church Company, Cincinnati, furnishes about a dozen of the songs and tunes; and “Sunny Side” (Wm. A. Pond and Co., New York) and “Gospel Hymns,” give each a few. In the boys’ name we thank all our helpers, whether asked or unasked. And we hope that other boys in other Homes may like to sing the songs that our boys like.

W. C. G.

Rochester, N. Y. March, 1893.

## MY COUNTRY.

Tune : " America," in Carol p. 155, or War Songs p. 70.

MY Country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring !

My native Country, thee,—  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love :  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing :  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light !  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King !



## THE HERO.

Tune : "The Battle Cry of Freedom," in War Songs, p. 34.

OH, the boy who does the Right thing, when other fellows flinch,  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !  
You may laugh and you may chaff, but he don't move an inch,—  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !

### CHORUS.

Then stand for your honor ! you can, boys. you can !  
Wanted a Hero ! Wanted a Man !  
Oh, the shoulder-straps are nothing, your honor is the thing,—  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !

He who stops to do the kind thing, when others hurry by,—  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !  
To brother little chaps, and to never tell a lie,—  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !

Though we only peddle papers, to do it honor bright,—  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !  
The President himself can't do better than the Right,—  
That's what the Heroes all are made of !

No, it doesn't take the shoulder-straps, it doesn't take the gun,—  
Honor's what the Heroes all are made of !  
On the battle-field of life we are not the boys to run,—  
Honor's what the Heroes all are made of !

## THE KNIGHT.

Tune : "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," in War Songs, p. 3.

NOT alone to the days of the storied past  
Shall noble deeds belong ;  
To-day may make us heroes true  
As those of olden song..

### CHORUS.

Stainless our shield as the smile of the light,  
Spotless as the morn of day :  
Beautiful as June shall be the banner white  
We give the winds to play.  
Facing the wrong,  
Fearing not the strong,  
Conquering with courage gay !

We will fight, as of old, for the weak, the sad ;  
We go on the knightly quest.  
To turn the bad to good for man,  
And leave the better best.

And men, they shall see that the Right is Joy,  
Though death may be its cost !  
That though we fail, his Right shall win,—  
No field of God is lost !

## THE MILLIONAIRE.

Tune: "Hold the Fort," in 'Carol, p. 81.

**I**S a body poor in pocket,  
Yet, if Love is there,  
He is richer with his penny  
Than the millionaire.

### CHORUS.

Love for every unloved creature,  
Lonely, poor or small !  
We are born to show how truly  
Love makes life for all.

Be a brother to the girlie  
Crying on the square ;  
Lead her little lost feet homeward—  
That's the millionaire !

Look out for the little fellows,  
Give the bigger share,  
Lift the old man's basket for him,—  
That's the millionaire.

Keep a face of comfort ready,  
Have a hand to spare ;  
'T isn't money,—it is Loving,  
Makes the millionaire.

## A GENTLEMAN OF TEN.

Tune : "Auld Lang Syne," in Carol, p. 154.

I knew him for a Gentleman  
By signs that never fail :  
His coat was old and rough and patched,  
His cheeks were thin and pale,—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play ;  
I knew him for a Gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street,—  
Off came his little cap.  
My door was shut ; he waited there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He gave the lady in the car  
His seat, and then again  
He sprang to pick her ticket up,—  
This Gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along ;  
His voice is gently pitched ;  
He does not fling his feet about,  
As though he were bewitched ;  
He thinks of you before himself ;  
He serves you if he can :—  
By signs that never fail, you see,  
I know the Gentleman.



## THE KING OF US ALL.

Tune : "Vive la Compagnie !"

SING we no more of the poverty past,  
But of happier times to be ;  
Work, with a soul in it, rises at last,  
And Knowledge shall make us free.  
Who can work well with his head or his hand  
Has the big world at his own command ;  
What you can do is title for you,  
And labor is dignity.

### CHORUS.

Marching together in storm, in shine,  
Striving together for yours, for mine,  
Boys arise, loving and wise,  
And help these times to be !

Whom will you have for your ladies and lords,  
And whom for your low degree ?  
Who does the best deeds and who says the best words,—  
The King of us all is he.  
The new aristocracy's latest plan  
Will have no use for a lazy man ;  
Wealth cannot brave, birth cannot save,—  
Down to the ranks goes he.

How do you reckon, O feeble and poor,  
Yourselves and your kind to free ?  
Knowledge is Power, and God, he is sure,  
And both on our side shall be.  
Labor shall think, and wealth shall feel,  
And both join hands for the world's best weal,  
In the happier time, the days sublime,  
When Work shall be victory.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FOREVER.

Tune : " Marching through Georgia," in War Songs, p. 30.

**B**ORN in a log cabin, and he had a spelling-book,—  
That was all the outfit that the little Abram took :  
King of Hearts it made him ! When he died, the country shook,—  
Abraham Lincoln, forever !

### CHORUS.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! he brought the Jubilee !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the man that made us free !  
Men shall sing his praises from the mountains to the sea,  
Abraham Lincoln, forever !

Wide along the North there hung the thunder-cloud of war,  
Widely gleamed the camp-fires round the Southern hills and shore :  
Then uprose the gaunt-face hero, sound-heart to the core,—  
Abraham Lincoln, forever !

Black men for their freedom trembling, white men for their land,  
Watched the patient eyes that feared not, watched the steady hand,  
Felt that somehow God was with him,—Liberty would stand !  
Abraham Lincoln, forever !

Heart without a nook for malice, all its room for grace,  
All his will to pluck the thistle, plant the flower in place,—  
So he lived to save a nation, died to save a race !  
Abraham Lincoln, forever !

## JOHN BROWN.

Tune : "Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah !" in War Songs, p. 14.

JOHN Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
His soul is marching on !

### CHORUS.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !  
His soul is marching on !

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

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

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

## DARE TO BE A DANIEL.

Tune of same name, in *Gospel Hymns*, 158.

**S**TANDING by a purpose true,  
Heeding God's command,  
Honor them, the faithful few,  
All hail to Daniel's Band !

### CHORUS.

Dare to be a Daniel !  
Dare to stand alone !  
Dare to have a purpose firm !  
Dare to make it known !

Many mighty men are lost,  
Daring not to stand,  
Who for God had been a host  
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many evils, proud and tall,  
Lording all the land,  
Headlong to the earth would fall,  
If met by Daniel's Band.

Are you little, never fear,  
Dare to lend a hand ;  
You can be a giant's peer,  
If once in Daniel's Band.

## THE ANGEL WHOSE NAME IS "NO."

Tune : " Red, White and Blue," in Carol, p. 102, or War Songs, p. 28.

YOU'RE starting, my boy, on a journey,  
Are starting the journey of life ;  
You'll meet with a thousand enticements,  
The world with temptation is rife.  
The streets are patrolled by the demons,  
There's danger wherever you go ;  
But if you are tempted in weakness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say No !

### CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No,  
Have courage, my boy, to say No,  
But if you are tempted in weakness,  
Have courage my boy to say No.

How bright that saloon at the corner !  
No matter how cosy it be,  
Its poison will sting like an adder,—  
My boy, have the courage to flee.  
The gambling hell is before you,  
It waits like a spider for prey :  
If you should be tempted to enter,  
Have courage my boy to say, Nay !

In No ! No ! No ! lies your safety,  
In a good brave No in your heart ;  
Say it once, say it twice, say it ever,  
It will keep you from many a smart.  
It will be like a strong, white Angel  
To guard you wherever you go,  
It will lift you and bless you and save you,  
The beautiful Angel of No !

## THINK ON THESE THINGS.

Tune : " Wonderful Words of Life," Gospel Hymns, No 282.

WHATSOEVER is just and pure.  
Think on these things, my soul!  
Earth shall vanish, but these endure,  
Think on these things, my soul!  
When all else shall fail thee,  
These shall still avail thee;  
Think on these things, strive for these things,  
Cherish these things, my soul!

Truth and honor, they call to thee,  
Think on these things, my soul!  
What of virtue and praise there be,  
Think on these things, my soul!  
These have been the glory  
Of all human story;  
Think on these things, strive for these things,  
Cherish these things, my soul!

Faithful spirits before have gone,  
Think on these things, my soul!  
Grand thy heritage, hero-won,  
Think on these things, my soul!  
From all brave endeavor,  
Springeth good forever;  
Think on these things, strive for these things,  
Cherish these things, my soul!



## ONWARD, BROTHER SOLDIERS.

Tune : "Onward Christian Soldiers," in Carol p. 88.

ONWARD, brother soldiers !  
Comrades true are we,  
Marching on to manhood  
In a country free.  
Let us strive to conquer  
All that's mean and wrong,  
Keeping step together  
In our purpose strong.

### CHORUS.

Onward, brother soldiers !  
Comrades true are we,  
Marching on to manhood  
In a country free.

We are busy soldiers,  
Winning each his way ;  
Work from morn to sundown,  
Little time for play ;  
Though we sometimes weary,  
We will never mind ;  
All the world moves forward,—  
Shall we lag behind ?

We are happy soldiers,  
Singing as we go ;  
Heavy though our knapsacks,  
Light the hearts below.  
Let us all be proud, boys,  
Of our glorious land,—  
Be her loyal lovers,  
Ever by her stand !

## UP HILL.

Tune : "Tramp, tramp, tramp," in War Songs, p. 38.

**T**HERE'S a hill we all must climb,  
And we take a step each time  
We do anything that's either mean or grand :  
And the sort of steps we take  
Is the sort of man we make  
When, at last, upon the hill-top we shall stand.

### CHORUS.

Up, up, up, we mount together,—  
Give a lift, lads, now and then!  
For we always have some friend  
Who needs help that we can lend,  
As he tries to reach the height for honest men.

While we climb from day to day,  
There is many a little way  
We can help each other upward, if we will ;  
For the paths are rough and steep,  
And the right one hard to keep,  
So let's try to help each other up the hill.

When we find temptation's rocks  
In our path as stumbling-blocks,  
Let's not roll them in another fellow's way ;  
But, instead, let's always try  
Help the others pass them by,  
And to make it smoother climbing every day.

## KEEP STEP.

Ture, in Carol, p. 99.

WOULD you gain the best in life,  
Win the prize 'mid all the strife,  
Hold your place through troubles rife,  
With the right keep step!  
Know the world is watching you,  
Be sincere in all you do,  
With the Good, the Pure, the True,  
Ever firm keep step!

### CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ever;  
Keep step, keep step ever;  
Keep step, keep step, keep step, keep step ever!

Life is more than idle play;  
It will quickly pass away;  
Seize the moment, use the day,  
With the Right keep step!  
Only once this world for you,  
Only once will you pass through;  
With the Good, the Pure, the True,  
Ever firm keep step!

## TRY, TRY AGAIN.

Old Tune of same name.

**T**IS a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try again :  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again :  
Then your courage shall appear,  
For if you will persevere,  
You will conquer, never fear,  
Try, try again,

Once or twice though you should fail,  
Try, try again :  
If at last you would prevail,  
Try, try again :  
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,  
Though we may not win the race.  
What should we do in that case ?  
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try again.  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try, try again.  
All that other folks can do,  
Why with patience may not you ?  
Only keep this rule in view,  
Try, try again.

## SPEAK THE TRUTH.

Tune : "God speed the Truth," in Carol, p. 118.

**B**E the matter what it may,  
Always speak the truth :  
Whether work or whether play,  
Always speak the truth.  
Never from this rule depart,  
Grave it deeply in your heart,—  
Always speak the truth,  
Always speak the truth.

Falsehood seldom stands alone,  
Always speak the truth ;  
One begets another one,  
Always speak the truth ;  
'Tis a sin from which proceeds  
Greater sin with darker deeds,—  
Always speak the truth,  
Always speak the truth.

When you're wrong, your folly own,  
Always speak the truth ;  
Here's a victory to be won,  
Always speak the truth.  
He who speaks with lying tongue,  
Adds to wrong a greater wrong,—  
Always speak the truth,  
Always speak the truth.

## LET IT PASS.

Tune in Carol, p. 89.

**B**E not swift to take offence,—  
Let it pass !

Anger is a foe to sense,—

Let it pass ! let it pass !

Brood not darkly on a wrong ;

It will disappear ere long ;

Rather sing this cheery song,—

Let it pass ! let it pass !

Echo not an angry word,—

Let it pass !

Think how often you have erred,—

Let it pass ! let it pass !

For a quarrel it takes two,—

One must stop, and why not you ?

That's the way the bravest do,—

Let it pass ! let it pass !

If for good you suffer ill,—

Let it pass !

Oh, be kind and gentle still,

Let it pass ! let it pass !

Time at last makes all things straight ;

Let us not resent, but wait,

And our triumph will be great,—

Let it pass ! let it pass !



## OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Tune of same name, in Sunny Side, p. 46.

THESE'S good in everything we view,—  
This truth we none can hide.  
In every heart there's goodness too,—  
We've all our angel side.

There never yet was found a heart  
Where goodness all had died ;  
'Twas hidden in some unseen part,—  
We've all our angel side.

Thy fallen brother hath a soul ;  
His fall do not deride ;  
Thy loving still may make him whole,—  
We've all our angel side.

## THE BEST WE CAN.

Tune: "Sunny Side," in Carol, p. 73.

**R**OUSE up to work that waits for us,  
O spendthrifts of to-day ;  
Let's make our daily record  
A grand one while we may.

### CHORUS.

There's work to do, there's work to do  
For God and fellow-man :  
In earth's great field of labor,  
Let's do the Best we Can ;  
In earth's great field of labor,  
Let's do the Best we Can.

Shake off the sloth that fetters you,  
Put on the will that wins :  
To earnest boys the battle  
In their own heart begins.

The secret this of victory  
Since battle-fields began,  
The secret this of heroes,—  
To Do the Best we Can !

## HELPING ALONG.

Tune : “ Marching Along,” in Carol, p. 87.

WE’VE hands that are willing, and hearts that are true,  
And plenty of work waits for me and for you ;  
So as we march onward, we will sing for our song,  
“ Throughout our life’s journey we will all help along. ”

### CHORUS.

Helping along, we are helping along,  
Through our life’s journey we are helping along ;  
As onward we’re marching, be this ever our song,—  
“ Throughout our life’s journey we are helping along. ”

We’ll all lend a hand, every hour, every day,  
With small deeds of service and kind words to say ;  
The hand may be feeble, yet in love it is strong,—  
Not the gift, but the kindness, is what helps along.

## HELP FOR THE FAITHFUL.

Tune: "Rest for the Weary," in Carol, p. 111.

**O**H the Father's hands are helping  
In the work you have to do !  
Have you never felt them lifting,  
When the task was hard for you ?

### CHORUS.

There is help for the faithful,  
There is help for the faithful,  
There is help for the faithful,  
There is help for you.

What your hands find good in doing,  
Do you, then, with all your might ;  
Though the work be plain and lowly,  
It is blessed in His sight.

Though the day be dark with sorrow,  
And the way be hard and long,  
Yet His love shall light the morrow,  
And in His strength you are strong.

## SLEIGH - BELLS.

A SONG OF WINTER AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Tune : "Good-bye to the Old Year," in Sunny Side, p. 118.

THE sleigh-bells jingle in their glee,  
The joyous children shout ;  
And so with harmless revelry  
The good Old Year goes out.  
For God was in the year gone by  
And blessed us every day,  
And led us through its flowery path,  
And Winter's snowy way.

### CHORUS.

The sleigh bells jingle in their glee,  
The joyous children shout ;  
And so with harmless revelry  
The good Old Year goes out.  
Our hearts are merry as the bells,  
While with our voices clear  
We sing the words that Hope foretells,  
And welcome the New Year.  
For God, who in the year gone by  
Did bless us every day,  
Will lead us in the steps we take  
Along our forward way.  
Then jingle, jingle, clear and sweet,  
Each voice and bell in tune ;  
The years run on with hurrying feet,  
Now Winter, and now June.  
But God doth give us all the years,  
And all the years we'll sing :  
They lead us to a country where  
The whole year long is Spring.

## APRIL RAIN.

A SONG OF SPRING.

Tune : " Io, Io. Io," in Carol, p. 160.

O VER the hills, across the plain,  
Io, Io, Io !  
Merrily singeth the April rain,  
Io, Io, Io ! Io, Io, Io !  
Along the field, along the road,  
The seeds that the hurrying wind hath sowed  
Hear the song, and awake, awake,  
Io, Io, Io !  
Laughing out of the dark they break,  
Io, Io, Io !  
  
Flowers are filling the pasture-sod  
With faces bright, Io !  
Their look like a song ascends to God,  
Who causeth the grass to grow.  
Who causeth the grass to grow.  
He freely sends the gentle rain ;  
It touches the trees and they bud again,  
And glorifies every hill and plain,  
Io, Io, Io !  
It glorifies every hill and plain,  
Io, Io, Io !  
  
Silently ever falls the light,  
Gently the dew, Io !  
But who can summon the grass to sight,  
Or who beholds it grow ?  
Or who beholds it grow ?  
O God, the good, in sun and showers  
He speaks, and the earth it replies in flowers ;  
And the grass it greens through summer hours,  
The lands they live, Io !  
And the grass it greens through summer hours,  
The lands they live, Io !



## GOLDEN DAYS.

### A SONG OF SUMMER.

Tune : "Shining Shore," in Carol, p. 58.

THE days are gliding swiftly by,  
The days so bright and golden ;  
In leaf and flower the summer writes  
Her poem sweet and olden.

#### CHORUS.

The golden days, the long bright days,  
The gladdest of the year !  
The green grass springs, the wild bird sings,  
The summer time is here.

The earth is warm with life and joy,  
The air is full of splendor,  
And unto all the south wind brings  
Her message sweet and tender.

O Giver of these summer hours,  
All nature gives Thee praises,  
From mountain peak to where the flower  
Its lovely bloom upraises.

And at Thy feet we too would sing,  
With all Thy creatures living,  
A song of mirth, a song of joy,  
A song of glad thanksgiving.

## THE LILIES' WHISPER.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Tune in Carol, p. 64.

HARK, the lilies whisper  
Tenderly and low,  
“In our grace and beauty  
See how fair we grow !”  
Hark, the roses speaking,  
Telling all abroad,  
Their sweet wondrous story  
Of the love of God.

So when toil and trouble  
Are our lot below,  
Think upon the lilies,  
See how fair they grow.  
Flowers of field and garden—  
All their voices meet,  
And their Maker's praises  
To our souls repeat.

## HARVEST HOME.

### A SONG OF AUTUMN.

Tune : "Io, Io, Io," in Carol, p. 160.

SINGING the reapers homeward come,  
Io, Io, Io !  
Merrily singing the harvest home,  
Io, Io, Io ! Io, Io, Io !  
Along the field, along the road,  
Where autumn is scattering leaves abroad,  
Homeward cometh the ripe last load,  
Io, Io, Io !  
Homeward cometh the ripe last load,  
Io, Io, Io !

Singers are filling the twilight dim,  
With cheerful song, Io !  
The spirit of song ascends to Him  
Who causeth the corn to grow,  
Who causeth the corn to grow.

He freely sent the gentle rain ;  
The summer sun glorified hill and plain,  
To golden perfection brought the grain,  
Io, Io, Io !  
To golden perfection brought the grain,  
Io, Io, Io !

Silently, nightly, fell the dew,  
Gently the rain, Io !  
But who can tell how the green corn grew,  
Or who beheld it grow ?  
Or who beheld it grow ?

Oh ! God, the good, in sun and rain  
He looked on the flourishing fields of grain,  
'Till they all appeared on hill and plain  
Like living gold, Io !  
Like living gold, Io !  
'Till they all appeared on hill and plain  
Like living gold, Io !

## THE NICKEL SONG.

Tune : "Yankee Doodle," in War Songs, p. 18.

**F**IVE times five are twenty-five,  
And five times six are thirty,  
Five times seven are thirty-five,  
And five times eight are forty !  
Five times nine are forty-five,  
Five times ten are fifty,  
Five times 'leven are fifty-five,  
And five times twelve are sixty !  
Five times thirteen, sixty-five,  
Five times fourteen, seventy,  
Five times fifteen, seventy-five,  
And five times sixteen, eighty !  
Five times seventeen, eighty-five,  
Five times eighteen, ninety,  
Five times nineteen, ninety-five,  
And five times twenty, hundred.

---

And now I tell you what, my boy,—  
It's wisdom and it's wit, sir :  
The nickel's worth is not five cents,  
But what you do with it, sir !

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Tune in Franklin Square Collection No. 1, p. 152.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view !  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;  
The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,  
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well,—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,  
For often at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,  
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell !  
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well,—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,  
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well,—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Tune: "Swanee River," in War Songs, p. 22.

WAY down upon the Swanee river,  
Far, far away,  
There's where my heart is turning ever,  
There's where the old folks stay.  
All up and down the whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the old plantation,  
And for the old folks at home.

### CHORUS.

All the world is sad and dreary,  
Everywhere I roam ;  
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wandered,  
When I was young ;  
Then many happy days I squandered,  
Many the songs I sung.  
When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I ;  
Oh, take me to my kind old mother,  
There let me live and die.

One little hut among the bushes,  
One that I love,  
Still sadly to my memory rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see the bees a-humming  
All round the comb,  
When will I hear the banjo tumming  
Down in my good old home ?



## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
    'Tis summer, the darkies are gay ;  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
    While the birds make music all the day ;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
    All merry, all happy and bright ;  
By and by hard times come a-knocking at the door,  
    Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

### CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,  
    Weep no more to-day :  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
    For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,  
    On the meadow, the hill and the shore ;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
    On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
    With sorrow, where all was delight ;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
    Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
    Wherever the darkey may go ;  
A few more days and the trouble all will end,  
    In the field where the sugar-canes grow ;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—  
    No matter, 't will never be light ;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
    Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

## OLD BLACK JOE.

GONE are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,  
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

### CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low ;  
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain ?  
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,  
Grieving for forms now departed long ago ?  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free ?  
The children so dear that I held upon my knee ?  
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go :  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

## GOOD NIGHT, LADIES.

GOOD night, Ladies ! Good night, Ladies !  
Good night, Ladies ! We're going to leave you now

### CHORUS.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we roll along o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, Ladies ! Farewell, Ladies !  
Farewell, Ladies ! We're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, Ladies ! Sweet dreams, Ladies !  
Sweet dreams, Ladies ! We're going to leave you now.

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