

SONG BOOK

OF THE ROCHESTER
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



Chamber Chorus



Executive Committee 1917

Joseph R. Wilson,	<i>Chairman</i>
Joseph R. Webster.	<i>Vice-Chairman</i>
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Roger D. DeWolf	A. E. Whitcomb
Fred Will, Jr.	

Songs of Our Country

"We join ourselves to no party that does not keep step to the music of the Union."—Rufus Choate.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

I

B Flat

Oh, say, can you see
By the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
Thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched,
Were so gallantly streaming,
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.

Chorus

Oh! say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh! thus be it ever
When freemen shall stand
Between their loved home
And grim war's desolation.
Blest with vict'ry and peace
May the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that has made
And preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must
When our cause it is just,
And this be our motto:
"In God is our trust."

Chorus

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA

2
G

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's 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.

3
B Flat

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

(Tune Materna)

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimm'd by human tears;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC 4

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the **B Flat**
 Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
 of wrath are stor'd;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
 swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Glory! glory! Hallelu-
 jah!
 Glory! glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.
 I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred
 circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
 and damps;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and
 flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on. Refrain.

MY OWN UNITED STATES5
A Flat

I love every inch of her prairie land,
 Each stone on her mountain side;
 I love ev'ry drop of her water clear,
 That flows in her rivers wide;
 I love ev'ry tree; ev'ry blade of grass,
 Within Columbia's gates,
 The queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
 My own United States.

*"Alas for those who never sing,
 But die with all their music in them."
 —Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Songs of Rochester

*"Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us and the heart replies."
—Cowper.*

6 THE RIVER GENESEE

A Flat Air—"Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm"

Where the River Genesee,
(Where the River Genesee)
Winds its way down toward the sea,
(Winds its way down toward the sea)
There is a town,
(There is a town)
A town that's Home, Sweet Home to me,
And no matter where I go,
(Syracuse or Buffalo)
Every other place seems slow,
(It's the finest place I know)
For it's so gay there,
I want to stay there,
In that good old Rochester town.

7 THAT OLD TOWN OF MINE

B Flat You can talk about your towns from Maine to
'Frisco,
But me for my Old Town;
You can praise the peerless pike you miss so,
But my Town for mine;
Swear by the gods it's best,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne,
But believe me when I say
There's only One Town—
That Old Town of Mine.

ROCHESTER WILL SET THE PACE
8
A Flat

Air—"Dixie Eyes"
 Rochester, Rochester,
 Just good goods she's showing;
 Everywhere goes her ware,
 How this town's renown is
 Growing, growing, growing, growing.
 You can see quality
 Dominates the place,
 And in every phase
 A leader always,
 Rochester will set the pace.

ROCHESTER
9
G

Air—"Sweet Adeline"

R-O-C-H-
 E-S-T-E-
 R-O-C-H-
 E-S-T-E-
 R-O-C-H-
 E-S-T-E-

ROCHESTER!

We sing to thee—
 Our Rochester.

Chorus

Air—"Tammany"

Rochester! Rochester!
 We are from that lively town—
 Always up and never down—
 Rochester! Rochester!
 Do it, do it, do it (bang)
 For Rochester!

Popular Parodies

"A careless song with a little nonsense in it, now and then, does not misbecome a monarch."

—*Horace Walpole.*

10

TO OUR SPEAKERS:

F

Tune—"Hello, I've Been Looking For You."

Hello! We've been looking for you.

Hello! We've been longing for you.

Make the best little speech of them all

And we like them best when they're small.

Hello! It's as plain as can be.

Hello! That you'll talk knowingly,

But you'll sure embarrass us

If you tarry us

After mid-night bells chime.

Hello! We've been looking for you

For a long, long time.

11

EV'RY LITTLE PLEASURE

G

Air—"Every Little Movement

Ev'ry little pleasure has a war-tax of its own.

Ev'ry time you draw a breath you lick a stamp and
groan,

For ev'ry time—the warring nations

Make attacks—your Legislation

Makes a tax—upon your rations

And on ev'ry thing you own.

Ev'ry little bride must wear some post-age on her
brow.

O—therwise the law declares she can't be made a
frau.

Why ev'ry time—you want to marry,

Ev'ry time—at bar you tarry,

You must moist-en up and carry

Stamps on ev'rything you own.

Old Favorites

“—numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong.”
—Collins.

OLD BLACK JOE

12

Gone are the days when my heart was young and D
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!”

JINGLE BELLS

13
G

Dashing thro' the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing, a sleighing song
to-night.

Chorus

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

14
D

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down up-on de Swa-nee Ribber,
 Far, far a-way,
 Dere's wha' my heart is turn-ing eb-ber,
 Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sad-ly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and drea-ry,
 Every where I roam,
 Oh! darkies how my heart grows wea-ry,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de lit-tle farm I wandered,
 When I was young,
 Den man-y hap-py days I squander'd,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brud-der,
 Happy was I.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der,
 Dere let me live and die.

15
C

STEIN SONG

Give a rouse, then, in the May time
 For a life that knows no fear;
 Turn night time into day time,
 With the sunlight of good cheer.

For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together;
 With a stein on the table
 And a good song ringing clear.
 (Repeat)

AULD LANG SYNE

16

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days of auld lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

F

ANNIE LAURIE

17

Maxwelton braes are bonny, where early falls the
 dew
 And it's there that Annie Laurie gave me her prom-
 ise true.
 Gave me her promise true, and ne'er forgot will be,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and
 dee.

4

Her brow is like the snow-drift, her neck is like the
 swan,
 Her face it is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on.
 That e'er the sun shone on, and dark blue is her eye,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and
 dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying, is the fall of her fairy
 feet;
 And like winds in summer sighing, her voice is low
 and sweet.
 Her voice is low and sweet, and she's a' the world
 to me;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and
 dee.

18
A Flat

SILVER THREADS

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day ;
Life is fading fast away.
But my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me ;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus

Yes, my darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day ;
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is turning gray
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say:
Yes, my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown ;
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

*"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."*
—William Congreve.

Present Day Songs

*"Let the singing singers
With vocal voices most vociferous
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Even sound itself."—Henry Carey.*

AND THEY CALL IT DIXIE LAND 19

C
They built a little garden for the rose
And they called it Dixie land;
They built a summer breeze to keep away the snows
Far away from Dixie land;
They built the finest place I've known, when they
 built my home, sweet home,
Nothing was forgotten in the land of cotton,
From the clover to the honeycomb.
And then they took an angel from the skies
And they gave her heart to me,
She had a bit of heaven in her eyes—just as blue as
 blue can be;
They put some fine spring chickens in the land,
And taught my Mammy how to use a frying pan;
They made it twice as nice as Paradise,
And they called it Dixie land.

GOOD-BYE, GOOD LUCK, GOD BLESS YOU 20

E Flat

Good-bye, good luck, God bless you, is all that I
 can say;
But when you leave, my heart will grieve forever
 and a day.
Though other arms caress you, I cannot bid you
 stay.
Good-bye, good luck, God bless you, is all that I
 can say.

21 **KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING**

G

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

Refrain

Keep the home-fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

22 **I WANT TO GO BACK TO MICHIGAN**

G

I want to go back, I want to go back,
I want to go back to the farm,
Far away from harm,
With a milk-pail on my arm.
I miss the rooster, the one that use-ter
Wake me up at four A. M.
I think your great big city's very pretty,
Never-the-less, I want to be there,
I want to see there,
A certain some-one full of charm,
That's why I wish again,
I was in Michigan,
Down on the farm.

MOTHER MACHREE
23
D

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may
 own,
 There's a depth to me soul never sounded or known.
 There's a place in my mem'ry, my life that you fill,
 No other can take it, no one ever will.

Chorus

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
 And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with
 care.
 I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me.
 Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

ARE YOU FROM DIXIE24
C

Are you from Dixie? I said from Dixie,
 Where the fields of cotton beckon to me—
 I'm glad to see you; I say, how be you?
 And the friends I'm longing to see.
 If you're from Alabama, Tennessee or Caroline,
 Any place below the Mason-Dixie line,
 Then you're from Dixie, Hurrah for Dixie,
 'Cause I'm from Dixie, too.

HERO SONG25
C

Come! Come! I love you only,
 My heart is true,—
 Come! Come! My life is lonely,
 I long for you.
 Come! Come! Naught can efface you,
 My arms are aching now to embrace you.
 Thou art divine!
 Come! Come! I love you only,
 Come, hero mine!

26 **SWEET CIDER TIME WHEN YOU
B Flat WERE MINE**

By the mill, where they made sweet cider,
I made sweet love to you,
Mill wheel was turning, as I sat there yearning
For one kiss the sweetest I knew.
On the hill from the old town chapel
Those evening bells would chime,
I'll always remember that golden November
Sweet cider time when you were mine.

27 **YAAKA HULA HICKEY DULA**

E Flat I'm coming back to you, my Hula Lou,
Beside the sea at Wai-ki-ki you'll play for me.
And once again you'll sway my heart your way.
With you're Yaa-ka hu-la hickey du-la tune.

28 **O'BRIEN IS TRYIN'**

C

O'Brien is tryin' to learn to talk Hawaiian
To his Honolulu Lou.
He's sighin' and cryin', and all the time he's tryin'
Just to say "I love you so."
With his "Arra Yaka Hula, Begorra Hickey Dula,
And his Irish "Jiji Boo."
O'Brien is tryin' to learn to talk Hawaiian,
To his Honolulu Lou.

29 **PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES**

Pack up your trouble in your old kit bag and
Smile—smile—smile.
If you've a lucifer to light your fag—
Smile—boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying,
It never was worth while,
So—pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile—smile—smile.

I'M ON MY WAY TO MANDALAY 30

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
 Among the shelt'ring palms I want to stray,
 Oh, let me live and love for aye
 In that Island far away.
 I'm sentimental for my Oriental love,
 So sweet and gentle, that's why,
 I'm on my way to Mandalay,
 I've come to say Good-bye.

Song of the Chamber

*"For there is music wherever there is harmony,
 order or proportion."—Browne.*

THE CHAMBER PLEDGE 31

Air—"Maryland"

Oh, C. of C., we pledge to thee
 All our warmest loyalty.
 Of Rochester we are so proud
 Naught but praise will be allowed.
 A treasure trove of loyalty
 Of strength and strenuosity,
 There is no place I'd rather be
 Than Rochester and C. of C.

Songs of the Heart

*"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."
—Wordsworth.*

32 IF YOUR HEART KEEPS RIGHT

E Flat If the dark shadows gather, As you go along,
Do not grieve for their coming, Sing a cheery song,
There is joy for the taking, It will soon be light,
Every cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps
right.

Chorus

If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right,
There's a song of gladness in the darkest night.
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right,
Ev'ry cloud will wear a rain-bow, If your heart
keeps right.

Is your life just a tangle, Full of toil and care,
Smile a bit as you journey, Others' burdens share.
Do not take trouble harder Than you really might—
Skies will grow blue and sunny, If your heart keeps
right.

Chorus: If your heart keeps right, etc.

33 A PERFECT DAY

A Flat When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER

Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do, 34
E Flat
 Do not wait to shed your light afar,
 To the many duties ever near you now be true,
 Brighten the corner where you are.

Chorus

Brighten the corner where you are! Brighten the
 corner where you are,
 Someone far from harbor you may guide across the
 bar,
 Brighten the corner where you are.

Just above are clouded skies that you may help to
 clear,
 Let not narrow self your way debar,
 Tho' into one heart alone may fall your song of
 cheer,
 Brighten the corner where you are.

MARCH! MARCH!

March, march, march, march, March, comrades, 35
E Flat
 march a-long,
 March, march, march, march, March, a hundred
 million strong.
 On—through dark and battle's roar,
 On—where none has dared be-fore,
 On—to pay the a-ges' score:
 March, march, march!
 For-ward, comrades, march, march for ev-er,
 Up with the break of day, Out on the trackless way,
 Ours the will—that must and can,
 Ours to crown creation's plan,
 Ours to win the world for man:
 March, comrades, march!

Old Time Hits

36 PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbon
on it,
While I hitch Old Dobbin to the shay,
And through the fields of clover,
We will drive to Dover on our golden wedding
day.

37 THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TO-NIGHT

When you hear those bells go ding-a-ling
All join round and sweetly you must sing.
And when the verse am through in the chorus all
join in
There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night.

38 I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl that married dear
old dad;
She was a pearl and the only girl that daddy ever
had,
Good old-fashioned girl with heart so true,
One who loves nobody else but you,
I want a girl, just like the girl that married dear
old dad.

*"Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps, turn out a sermon."*

—Robert Burns.

