

Songs

Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.
Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

Yankee Doodle Boy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy
A Yankee Doodle, do or die,
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the Fourth of July.
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She's my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle came to London
Just to ride the ponies
I am the Yankee Doodle Boy.

Yankee Doodle

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus (sing after each stanza):

Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy.
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion
A-giving orders to his men
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat
They looked so 'tarnal fin-a,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And then we saw a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder.
It makes a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning
And father went as nigh agin
I thought the deuce was in him.

We saw a little barrel, too.
The heads were made of leather.
They knocked upon it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun
And play on cornstalk fiddles
And some had ribbons red as blood
All bound around their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces.
It scared me almost to death
To see them run such races.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses cake to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell half I see
They kept up such a smother.
So I took my hat off, made a bow
And scampered home to mother.

Cousin Simon grew so bold
I thought he would have cocked it.
It scared me so I streaked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And there I saw a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's basin,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

And there was Captain Washington,
With gentlefolks about him,
They say he's gown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without them.

There came Gen'ral Washington
Upon a snow-white charger.
He looked as big as all outdoors
And thought that he was larger.

This Land Is Your Land

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1970 TRO-Ludlow Music, Inc. (BMI)*

This land is your land,
this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest
to the Gulf Stream Water
This land was made for you and me.

When I went walking
That ribbon of highway
I saw above me
The endless skyway.
I saw below me
The golden valley
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land...

Down In The Valley

Down in the valley, valley so low
Hang your head over,
hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, dear,
hear the wind blow
Hang your head over,
hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven know I love you
Know I love you, dear, know I love you
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

Writing this letter,
containing three lines
Answer my question,
"Will you be mine?"
"Will you be mine, dear,
will you be mine?"
Answer my question,
"Will you be mine?"

Polly Wolly Doodle

Oh, I went down south
for to see my Sal.
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.
My Sally is a spunky gal.
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.
Fare thee well, (clap, clap)
Fare thee well, (clap, clap)
Fare thee well, my fairy fay.
For I'm goin' to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna.
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day

My Sal, she is a maiden fair,
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.
With curly eyes and laughing hair,
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.
Farethee well, (clap, clap)
Fare thee well, (clap, clap)
Fare thee well, my fairy fay.
For I'm goin' to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna.
Singing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

Oklahoma!

Oklahoma,
where the wind comes sweepin'
down the plain
And the wavin' wheat
can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right
behind the rain.
Oklahoma,
Ev'ry night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! Ayipioeeay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma O.K.

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah! I long to hear you,
Way-aye, you rolling river
Across that wide and rolling river.
A way—we're bound away
'cross the wide Missouri!

Home on the Range

Oh, give me a home
Where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard
a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night
When the heavens are bright
With the lights from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed
And asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, give me a land
Where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
There the graceful, white swan
Goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Where the air is so pure,
The zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange
My home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

Oh, I love those wild flowers
In this dear land of ours,
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks
And the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Simple Gifts

'Tis a gift to be simple
'tis a gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down where we
ought to be.
And when we find ourselves
in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love
and delight.
When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be
ashamed.
To turn, turn will be our delight
Til by turning, turning we come
'round right.

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now, I see.

We Shall Overcome

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day.

Oh deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

We'll walk hand in hand...
We shall all be free...
We are not afraid...
We are not alone...
The whole wide world around...
We shall overcome...

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home!

I looked over Jordan and
what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home!
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home!

Swing low, sweet chariot...

Songs

Coming 'Round the Mountain

She'll be coming 'round the mountain
When she comes, when she comes
She'll be coming 'round the mountain
When she comes,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain
When she comes.

She'll be huffin' and a-puffin'
When she comes...

Oh, we'll all come out to meet her
When she comes...

We will kill the old red rooster.
When she comes...

I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the railroad
All the livelong day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain shouting
Dinah, blow your horn
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo,
and singing
Fie, fi, fiddly i o; Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o—
Strumming on the old banjo.

Clementine

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty niner,
And his daughter Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling, Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

How I missed her! How I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
I forgot my Clementine.

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n how many seas
must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n how many times
must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend,
is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n how many ears
must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n how many deaths will it take
till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer....

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n how many years
can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n how many times
can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer....

Somewhere Over the Rainbow

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high
There's a place that I heard of
Once in a lullabye

Somewhere over the rainbow
Skies are blue
And the dream that you dare to dream
Really does come true

One day I wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far
 behind me
Where troubles melt like lemondrops
Way upon the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow
Blue birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?
Where troubles melt like lemondrops
Way upon the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow
Blue birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?

God Bless America

You may wish to stand.

God bless America, land that I love
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with the light from above
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the ocean white with foam
God bless America,
My home sweet home.
God bless America,
My home sweet home.

Irving Berlin wrote "God Bless America" in 1938 for Kate Smith to sing on her regular radio show. First broadcast November 11, 1938. "God Bless America" quickly became her signature song and one of America's most loved patriotic songs.