



SET 15.

- 1. All Through the Night**
 - 2. Alouette**
 - 3. Auld Lang Syne**
 - 4. Comin Thro the Rye**
 - 5. Deep River**
 - 6. Go Down Moses**
 - 7. Grandfather Clock**
 - 8. Home Sweet Home**
 - 9. I'll Take You Home Kathleen**
 - 10. In My Merry Oldsmobile**
 - 11. In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree**
 - 12. Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing**
 - 13. Little Brown Jug**
 - 14. Lovely Evening**
 - 15. The Maple Leaf Forever**
 - 16. Moonlight Bay**
 - 17. My Old Kentucky Home**
 - 18. My Wild Irish Rose**
 - 19. Old Folks at Home**
 - 20. Old Black Joe**
 - 21. Praise the Canadian Maiden (Vive la Canadienne)**
 - 22. Rose of Tralee**
 - 23. Shenandoah**
 - 24. Silver Threads Among the Hold**
 - 25. Sweet and Low**
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1. All Through the Night

Sleep my child and peace attend thee, All Through the Night.
 Guardian angels God will send thee, All Through the Night.
 Soft the drowsy hours are creeping, hill and vale in slumber steeping.
 I my loving vigil keeping, All Through the Night.

While the moon her watch is keeping, All Through the Night.
 While the weary world is sleeping, All Through the Night.
 O'er thy spirit gently stealing, visions of delight revealing,
 Breathes a pure and holy feeling, All Through the Night.

2. Alouette

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai la tete, je te plumerai la tete.
 Et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec.
 Et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez.
 Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos.
 Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai le pattes.
 Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
 et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou.
 Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
 et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentile Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.

3. Auld Lang Syne

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 tak' a cup of kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wandered mony a weary foot sin Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne.

We twa ha'e sported i'the burn frae mornin' sun til dine,
 But scas between us braid ha'e roared sin Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne.

And here's a hand my trusty frien', and gie's a hand o' thine.
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne.
 For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for Auld Lang Syne,
 We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet for Auld Lang Syne.

4. Comin' Thro' the Rye

If a body meet a body Comin' Thro' the Rye,
 If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane they say, ha'e I.
 Yet a' the lads they smile on me, when Comin' Thro' the Rye.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the town.
 If a body greet a body, need a body frown?
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane they say, ha'e I.
 Yet a' the lads they smile on me, when Comin' Thro' the Rye.

Amang the train, there is a swain I dearly love mysel'
 But what's his name or where's his hame, I dinna choose to tell.
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, Nane they say, ha'e I.
 Yet a' the lads they smile on me, when comin' Thro' the Rye.

5. Deep River

Deep River, my home is over Jordan, Deep River Lord.
 I want to cross over into campground.
 Deep River, my home is over Jordan, Deep River Lord.
 I want to cross over into campground.

6. Go Down Moses

When Israel was in Egypt's land: Let my people go.
 Oppressed so hard they could not stand: Let my people go.
 Go Down Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land.
 Tell ole Pharoah, Let my people go.

Thus saith the lord, bold Moses said. Let my people go.
 If not I'll smite your first born dead. Let my people go.
 Go Down Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land.
 Tell ole Pharoah, Let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil. Let my people go.
 Let them come out with Egypt's spoil. Let my people go.
 Go Down Moses, 'way down in Egypt's land.
 Tell ole Pharoah, Let my people go.

7. Grandfather's Clock

My Grandfather's Clock was too large for the shelf,
 So it stood ninety years on the floor.
 It was taller by half than the old man himself,
 Tho' it weighed not a pennyweight more.
 It was bought on the morn of the day when he was born,
 And was always his treasure and pride.
 But it stop'd short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock.
 His life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.
 It stop'd short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
 many hours had he spent as a boy.
 And in childhood and manhood, the clock seem'd to know,
 And to share both his grief and his joy.
 For it struck twenty-four when he enter'd at the door
 With a blooming and beautiful bride.
 But it stop'd short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock.
 His life seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock.
 It stop'd short, never to go again,
 When the old man died.

8. Home Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam.
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there.
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild.
 And feel that my mother now thinks of her child.
 As she looks on the moon from her own cottage door.
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet, home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain.
 Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call.
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet, home.
 There's no place like home.
 Oh, there's no place like home.

9. I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen

I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen, across the ocean wild and wide.
 To where your heart has ever been, since first you were my bonny bride.
 The roses all have left your cheek. I've watched them fade away and die.
 Your voice is sad when'er you speak, and tears bedim your loving eyes.
 Oh I will take you back Kathleen to where your heart will feel no pain.
 And when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home again.

I know you love me Kathleen dear. Your heart was ever fond and true.
 I always feel when you are near, that life holds nothing dear but you.
 The smiles that once you gave to me, I scarcely ever see them now.
 Tho' many, many times I see, a dark'ning shadow on your brow.
 Oh I will take you back Kathleen to where your heart will feel no pain.
 And when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home again.

10. In My Merry Oldsmobile

Come away with me Lucille In My Merry Oldsmobile.
 Down the road of life we'll fly, automobubbling, you and I.
 To the church we'll swiftly steal, then our wedding bells will peal.
 You can go as far as you like with me In My Merry Oldsmobile.

11. In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,
 Where the love in your eyes, I could see.
 When the voice that I heard, like the song of the bird,
 Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.

I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
 In the blossoms as you said to me.
 "With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you,
 In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

12. Let's All Sing Like The Birdies Sing

Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing,
 Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.
 Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing,
 Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet.
 Let's all warble like nightingales.
 Give your throats a treat.
 Take your time from the birds,
 Now you all know the words,
 Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.

13. Little Brown Jug

My wife and I lived all alone, in a little log hut we called our own.

She loved gin and I loved rum. I'd tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

'Tis you who makes my friends my foes, 'tis you who make me wear old clothes.

Here you are so near my nose, so tip her up and down she goes.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

When I go toiling to my farm, I take Little Brown Jug under my arm.

I place it under a shady tree. Little Brown Jug, 'tis you and me.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

If all the folks in Adam's race were gathered together in one place,

Then I'd prepare to shed a tear before I'd part from you my dear.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

If I'd a cow that gave such milk, I'd clothe her in the finest silk.

I'd feed her on the choicest hay, and milk her forty times a day.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

The rose is red, my nose is too, the violets blue and so are you.

And yet I guess before I stop, we'd better take another drop.

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

14. Oh How Lovely is the Evening

Oh How Lovely is the Evening, is the evening.

When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

15. The Maple Leaf Forever

On days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless hero came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag on Canada's fair domain.
 Here may it wave our boast, our pride, and joined in love together,
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine The Maple leaf Forever.
 The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf Forever.
 God save our Queen and heaven bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, our brave fathers side, side by side
 For freedom, homes and loved ones dear, firmly stood and nobly died.
 And those dear rights which they maintained, we swear to yield them never again.
 Our watchword ever more shall be, The Maple Leaf Forever.
 The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf Forever.
 God save our Queen and heaven bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

On merry England's far famed land, may kind heaven sweetly smile.
 God bless old Scotland evermore and Ireland's emerald isle!
 Then swell the song both loud and long, 'till rocks and forest quiver.
 God save our Queen and heaven bless The Maple Leaf Forever.
 The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Maple Leaf Forever.
 God save our Queen and heaven bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

16. Moonlight Bay

We were sailing along on Moonlight Bay.
 We could here the voices ringing, they seemed to say.
 "You have stolen my heart, now don't go 'way!"
 As we sang love's old sweet song, On Moonlight Bay.

17. My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home. 'Tis summer and the dark folk are gay.
 The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in 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'm-by hard times comes aknocking at the door,
 Then My Old Kentucky Home, good night!
 Weep no more my lady, O weep no more today!
 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 meadows, 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 dark folk have to part.
 Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!
 Weep no more my lady, O weep no more today!
 We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,
 For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, wherever the dark folk 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, 'twill never be light.
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my Old Kentucky Home, good night!
 Weep no more my lady, O weep no more today!
 We will sing one song for the Old Kentucky Home,
 For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

18. My Wild Irish Rose

My Wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flow'r that grows.
 You may search everywhere but none can compare with my wild Irish Rose.
 My Wild Irish Rose, the dearest flow'r that grows.
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

19. Old Folks At Home

Way down upon the Swanee River, far far away.
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ever, dere's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
 Still longing for the old plantation and for de Old Folks At Home.
 All de world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam.
 Oh dark folk how my heart grows weary, far from de Old Folks At Home.

All roun' de little farm I wandered, when I was young.
 Den many happy days I squandered, many de 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.
 All de world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam.
 Oh dark folk how my heart grows weary, far from de Old Folks At Home.

One little hut among de bushes, one that I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming, all rou' de comb?
 When will I hear the banjo tumming down in my good old home?
 All de world is sad and dreary, everywhere I roam.
 Oh dark folk how my heart grows weary, far from de Old Folks At Home.

20. Old Black Joe

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.
 Gone are the 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."
 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."
 I'm coming, I'm coming for my head is bending low.
 I hear those 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."
 I'm coming, I'm coming for my head is bending low.
 I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

21. Praise the Canadian Maiden (Vive la Canadienne)

Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden and her sweet eyes eyes that glow.
 And her sweet eyes that glow, glow, glow and her sweet eyes that glow,
 And her sweet eyes that glow, glow, glow and her sweet eyes that glow,
 Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden and her sweet eyes eyes that glow.

We to the wedding drive her. Soar my hear oh soar on.
 We to the wedding drive her, attired in fine trousseau.
 Attired in fine trousseau, attired in fine trousseau.
 Attired in fine trousseau, attired in fine trousseau.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden, attired in fine trousseau.

There we chat on so freely. Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 There we chat on so freely; all have a good time too.
 All have a good time too too too, all have a good time too.
 All have a good time too too too, all have a good time too.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden and have a good time too.

Good is the cheer they give us. Soar my heart oh soar on.
 Good is the cheer they give us; we know our taste is true.
 We know our taste is true, true true; we know our taste is true.
 We know our taste is true, true, true, we know our taste is true.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden; we know our taste is true.

We and our girls are dancing. Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 We and our girls are dancing, and change our partners too.
 And change our partners too, too, too, and change our partners, too.
 And change our partners too, too, too, and change our partners, too.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden; and change out partners too.

So goes the time a-passing. Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 So goes the time a-passing. How sweet it is you know.
 How sweet it is you know, know, know; how sweet it is you know.
 How sweet it is you know, know, know; how sweet it is you know.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden! Soar my heart, oh soar on.
 Praise the Canadian Maiden; how sweet it is you know.

22. The Rose of Tralee

The pale moon was rising above the green mountain,
 The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
 When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain,
 That stands in the beautiful vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the rose of the summer,
 Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.
 Oh no, twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,
 That made me love Mary, The Rose of Tralee.

23. Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you; away you rolling river.
 Oh Shanandoah, I long to hear you; away I'm bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven long year since I last saw you; away you rolling river.
 'Tis seven long years since I last saw you: away I'm bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you; away you rolling river.
 Oh Shenandoah, I'll not decieve you; away I'm bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

24. Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold.
 Shine upon my brow today; 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.
 Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold.
 Shine upon my brow today; life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white, and your cheeks no longer bright,
 With the roses of the May, I will kiss your lips and say,
 Oh my darling, mine alone, alone, you have never older grown.
 Yes my darling, mine alone, you have never older grown.
 Darling, I am growing old, silver threads among the gold.
 Shine upon my brow today; life is fading fast away.

25. Sweet and Low

Sweet and Low, Sweet and Low, wind of the western sea.
 Low, low, breathe and blow, wind of the western sea.
 Over the rolling waters go; come from the dying moon and blow,
 Blow him again to me, while my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will come to thee soon.
 Rest, rest on mother's breast, father will come to thee soon.
 Father will come to his babe in the nest; silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon, sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

