

Set 9

1. Blue Bells of Scotland
2. Come Back to Sorrento
3. Country Gardens
4. Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes
5. Home on the Range
6. Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair
7. La Donna e Mobile
8. Love's Old Sweet Song
9. Old Black Joe
10. Old Folks at Home
11. O Solo Mio
12. Serenade
13. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
14. William Tell

1. Blue Bells of Scotland

Oh where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh where, tell me where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home.

Oh where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh where, tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in bonnie Scotland where blooms the sweet blue bell;
And it's oh in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

2. Come Back to Sorrento

Once I travelled 'cross an ocean to a land where roses bloom,
And I came to old Sorrento, filled with rare and sweet perfume.
Many years have passed and with them, memories I used to
know,
But I never have forgotten, Fair Sorrento long ago.
Often in the still of evening, suddenly my thoughts will stray,
And I find that I am dreaming of Sorrento far away.
I have just one wish, that will never depart
"Come Back to Sorrento" whispers my heart.

3. Country Gardens

Come, let us go where soft breezes blow,
 And the lovely country gardens grow.
 We'll sing a song as we stroll along,
 Where the lovely country gardens grow.
 Pretty flowers blooming, all the air perfuming,
 Gaily nod their petals to and fro.
 Down through the lane, we'll wander in the rain,
 While the robins call to us below.

See the lilacs swaying, hear the roses saying,
 "Aren't we the sweetest flowers you know?"
 So come with me if you would like to see,
 How the lovely country gardens grow.
 See the lilacs swaying, hear the roses saying,
 "Aren't we the sweetest flowers you know?"
 So come with me if you would like to see,
 How the lovely country gardens grow.

4. Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.
 Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink devine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there it could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe, and sen'st it back to me.
 Since when it grows and smells I swear, not of itself, but thee.

5. 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.

6. Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne, like a vapor on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er.
Oh, I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.

7. La Donna e Mobile

Woman is changeable, light as a feather.
False as fair weather; who can believe her?
Always a beautiful, face so beguiling,
Weeping or smiling, is a deceiver.
Woman, ah woman, light as a feather,
False as fair weather; who can believe?
Who can believe? Ah, who can believe?

8. Love's Old Sweet Song

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go.
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, comes love's old song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.

9. 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."

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear those 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."

10. Old Folks at Home

Way down upon de Swanee River, far, far away.
Dere's where my heart is turning ever;
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam.
Stii longing for de old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

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

11. O Solo Mio

Behold the brilliant, sun in all it's spendor,
Forgotten is the storm, the clouds now vanish.
The freshning breezes, heavy airs will banish.
Behold the brilliant sun, in all its splendor!

A sun I know of, that's brighter still,
This sun so radiant, is naught but thee.
Thy face, so fair to see.
That shall my sun, forever be.

12. Serenade

Softly through, the night is calling, love my song to thee.
 Shades of night are, swiftly falling, dearest come to me.
 In the moonlight, gently swaying, whispering leaves I hear.
 No one listens, they are saying, "Fair one do not fear,

Come, come to me, fair one come, oh come to me.
 Come, come to me, oh fair one come, oh come to me.

13. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home.
 Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see, comin' fo' to carry me
 home?

A band of angels comin' after me, comin' fo' to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home.
 Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home.

If you get there before I do, comin' fo' to carry me home.
 Tell my friends I'm comin' too, comin' fo' to carry me home.

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home.
 Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' fo' to carry me home.

14. William Tell

Have you heard of a man called William Tell,
This man, 'twas said could shoot so well.
He shot at the head of his own dear son,
No one thought, it could be done.

But the lad did not move for he knew his dad
Would surely shoot that apple red,
That the tyrant had forced him to place upon
His brave young son's small head.

Now his name will live on for a deed so bold,
Even though it's a legend, I've been told,
But it's nice just to know that the tale ends well,
So three cheers for William Tell.
So three cheers for William Tell.

