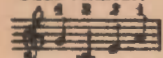


ALOUETTE. (The Skylark.)
A FRENCH-CANADIAN SONG.

Arranged by
ERNEST MELVIN.



March time.

G C R A *March time.* *F* *d* :- *r* | *m* : *m* | *r* ., *d* : *r* ., *m* | *d* : *s* .
 1. (All) Al - ou - et - te, gen-tille Al - ou - et - te;
 Al - ou - et - te, Je te plu-mer-ai. (Solo) Je te plu-mer-ai la tête, (All) Je te
 plu-mer-ai la tête, (Solo) A la tête, (All) A la tête, (Solo) Al-ou-ette, (All) Al-ou-et - te.
 2. (All) Al - ou - et - te, gen-tille Al - ou - et - te, Al - ou - et - te,
 je te plu-mer-ai. (Solo) Je te plu-mer-ai le bec, (All) Je te plu-mer-ai le bec,

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Jin-gle bells, jin-gle bells, jin-gle all the way. Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

one-horse o-pen sleigh. Jin-gle bells, jin-gle bells, jin-gle all the way.

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh—

THE ANIMAL FAIR.

S

C: **m** || s : s : s | l : l : m | s : - : - : m | s : s : s | l : - : m | s : - : - : s

I went to the An-i-mal Fair, The Birds and the Beasts were there, The

|| d' : d' | t : t : t | l : t : l | s : - : s | s : s : s | l : - : m | s : - : - : m | s : s : s | l : l : m |

gay Ba-boon By the light of the moon Was comb-ing his au-burn hair. The Mon-key fell out of his

|| s : - : - : m | s : s : s | l : l : m | s : - : - : s | d' : d' : d' | t : - : t | l : t : l | s : - : m |

bunk And climbed down the El-e-phant's trunk, The El-e-phant sneezed and fell on his knees, And

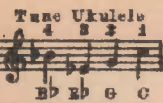
|| s : s : s | s : l : t | d : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s | s : - : s

that was the end of the Mon-key, Mon-key. Mon-key, Mon-key, Mon-key, Mon-key, Mon-key, Mon-key, Monk. I

S

The 1st section sings the entire Verse. Each succeeding section starts in at the beginning when the preceding section reaches & viz:- on the words "The Monkey Monkey" etc.

JINGLE BELLS.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Allegretto.

1. Dash-ing through the snow In a
2. A day or two a-go I
3. Now the ground is white,

one-horse o-pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go, Laugh-ing all the way.
thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The
Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleigh-ing song. Just

Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir-its bright; What
horse was lean and lank, Mis-for-tune seemed his lot, He
get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed, Then

fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!
got in-to a drift-ed bank And we, we got up-sot.
hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

Repeated ad lib.

(Solo) A le bec, (All) A le bec,
(Solo) A la tête, (All) A la tête, (Solo) Al-ou-ette, (All) Al-ou-et-te.

D.S.

3. All Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Solo Je te plumerai les yeux, (eyes)
All Je te plumerai les yeux,
Solo A les yeux,
All A les yeux,
Solo A le bec,
All A le bec,
Solo A la tête,
All A la tête,
Solo Alouette,
All Alouette.

4. All Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Solo Je te plumerai les ailes, (wings)
All Je te plumerai les ailes,
Solo A les ailes,
All A les ailes,
Solo A les yeux,
All A les yeux,
Solo A le bec,
All A le bec,
Solo A la tête,
All A la tête,
Solo Alouette,
All Alouette.

5. All Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Solo Je te plumerai le dos, (back)
All Je te plumerai le dos,
Solo A le dos,
All A le dos,
Solo A les ailes,
All A les ailes,
Solo A les yeux,
All A les yeux,
Solo A le bec,
All A le bec,
Solo A la tête,
All A la tête,
Solo Alouette,
All Alouette.

6. All Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Solo Je te plumerai les jambes, (legs)
All Je te plumerai les jambes,
Solo A les jambes,
All A les jambes,
Solo A le dos,
All A le dos,
Solo A les ailes,
All A les ailes,
Solo A les yeux,
All A les yeux,
Solo A le bec,
All A le bec,
Solo A la tête,
All A la tête,
Solo Alouette,
All Alouette.

7. All Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Solo Je te plumerai les pieds, (feet)
All Je te plumerai les pieds,
Solo A les pieds,
All A les pieds,
Solo A les jambes,
All A les jambes,
Solo A le dos,
All A le dos,
Solo A les ailes,
All A les ailes,
Solo A les yeux,
All A les yeux,
Solo A le bec,
All A le bec,
Solo A la tête,
All A la tête,
Solo Alouette,
All Alouette.

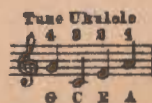
FINALE.

(All) Al-ou-et-te, gen-tille Al-ou-et-te, Al-ou-et-te, je te plu-mer-ai

rall. Fine.

AROUND THE CORNER

Words by
TERRY SULLIVAN



Traditional Army Song
Arr. by DUDLEY E. BAYFORD

Moderato

1. A - round the

f marcato

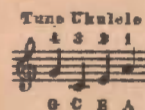
cor - ner and un - der the tree, The ser - geant -
cor - ner and un - der the tree, The ser - geant -

- ma - jor was nice to me. He called me
- ma - jor pro - posed to me. He said "We

"dear," he called me "pet," He called me lots of
wed," I said "We don't," He shout - ed "Will you

THREE HEBREWS.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.



1. Once there were three He - brews, Once there were three
first one's name was A - bram, The first one's name was
second one's name was I - saac, The second one's name was
third one's name was Ja - cob, The third one's name was
all went down to Je - ri - cho, They all went down to

He - he - he - he - brews - brews - brews, He - he - he - he -
A - a - a - a - bram - bram - bram, A - a - a - a -
I - i - i - i - saac - saac - saac, I - i - i - i -
Ja - a - a - a - cob - cob - cob, Ja - a - a - a -
Je - ri - ri - ri - cho - cho - cho, Je - ri - ri - ri -

- brews - brews - brews, Once there were three He - brews. 2. The
- bram - bram - bram, The first one's name was A - bram. 3. The
- saac - saac - saac, The second one's name was I - saac. 4. The
- cob - cob - cob, The third one's name was Ja - cob. 5. They
- cho - cho - cho, They all went down to Jeri - cho.

Fine

D.S.

SOME FOLKS DO.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Jocularly.

1. Some folks like to sigh,
2. Some folks fret and scold,
3. Some folks get grey hairs,
4. Some folks toil and save,

Some folks long to die,
Soon be dead and cold,
Brooding o-ver cares,
To buy themselves a grave,

CHORUS.
SOP. ALTO.
TENOR. BASS.
PIANO.

Long live the mer-ry, mer-ry heart That laughs by night and
day, Like the Queen of Mirth, No mat-ter what some folks say.

F. & D. Ltd. 19656.

oth-er things, but real-ly I for-get. A-round the cor-ner
say "I will," but I said "No I won't." A-round the cor-ner

and un-der the tree, The ser-geant-ma-jor
and un-der the tree, The ser-geant-ma-jor

said "Let's play 'He!'" I He said "No,
went on his knee. He said "You

No! peach!" You're get-ting worse!" He said "It's just a
peach!" I said "You pup!" He went and sat down

game of touch" and touched me for my purse. 2. A-round the
on his spurs and oh! he was cut up.

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AND WHEN I DIE.

Tune Ukulele.
Slowly and with much pathos

And when I die, Don't bu-ry me at all Just pic-kle my bones In al-co-hol. Put a bot-tle o' booze Just pic-kle my bones In al-co-hol. Put a bot-tle o' At my head and my feet, And then I know My bones will keep.

CAMPTOWN RACES.

Words and Music by
 STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Tune Ukulele.
Allegro moderato.

1. De Camp-town la-dies sing dis song, Doo-dahl!
 2. De long-tail fil-ly and de big black hoss, Doo-dahl!
 3. Old mule-y cow came on de track, Doo-dahl!
 4. See dem fly-in' on a ten-mile heat, Doo-dahl!

SWEET AND LOW.

J. BARNBY.

Tune Ukulele.
Larghetto

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea; Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
 breathe and blow, Wind of the west-ern sea; O-ver the roll-ing
 mor-ther's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon, Fa-ther will come to his
 wa-ters go, Come from the dy-ing moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
 babe in the nest, Sil-ver sails all out of the West, Un-der the sil-ver
 me, While my lit-tle one, while my pret-ty one sleeps.
 Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep.

Tune Ukulele
G C F A

RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Allegretto.

C. || s .s :fe .s | l .s : | s .s :fe .s |

1. Rid - ing down from Ban - gor, On an east - ern
2. Emp - ty seat be - hind him, No one at his
3. Blush - ing - ly she fal - tered: "Is this seat en -
4. Pleas - ant - ly they chat - ted, How the cin - ders
5. Then the stu - dent fel - low Feels a gen - tle
6. Out in - to the day - light Glides that east - ern

train, Aft - er weeks of hunt - ing In the woods of Maine;
side, In - to qui - et vil - lage, East - ern train did glide.
gaged?" Sees the a - ged coup - le, Prop - er - ly en - raged;
fly! Till the stu - dent fel - low Gets one in his eye.
touch, Hears a gen - tle mur - mur, "Does it hurt you much?"
train, Stu - dent's hair is ruf - fled, Just the mer - est grain.

Quite ex - ten - sive whis - kers, Beard, mous - tache as well, Sat a stu - dent
En - ter a - ged coup - le, Take the hind - most seat, En - ter vil - lage
Stu - dent's quite ec - stat - ic, Sees her tick - et through, Thinks of the long
Maid - en, sym - pa - thet - ic, Turns her - self a - bout, "May I, if you
Whiz! slap! bang! In - to tun - nel quite, In - to glo - rious
Maid - en seen all blush - es When then and there ap - peared, A ti - ny lit - tle

fel - low, Tall and slim and swell.
maid - en, Beau - ti - ful, pe - tite.
tun - nel, Thinks what he will do.
please, sir, Try to get it out?"
dark - ness, Black as E - gypt's night.
ear - ring, In that hor - rid stu - dent's beard.

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Solo *mf* *Chorus* *mf* *Solo* *mf*

Doo - dah! De Camp - town race track five miles long, Doo - dah doo - dah day! I
Doo - dah! Dey fly de track and dey both cut a - cross, Doo - dah doo - dah day! De
Doo - dah! De bob - tail fling her ob - er his back, Doo - dah doo - dah day! Den
Doo - dah! Round de race - track, den re - peat, Doo - dah doo - dah day! I

came down dah wid my hat caved in, Doo - dah! Doo - dah! I go back home wid a
blind hess stick in' in a big mud hole, Doo - dah! Doo - dah! Can't touch de bot - tom wid a
fly a - long like a rail - road car, Doo - dah! Doo - dah! Run - nin' a race wid a
win my mon - ey on de bob tail nag, Doo - dah! Doo - dah! I keep my mon - ey in an

CHORUS

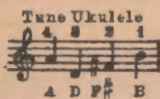
pock et full of tin, Doo - dah! doo - dah day!
ten foot pole, Doo - dah! doo - dah day!
shoot in' star, Doo - dah! doo - dah day!
old tow bag, Doo - dah! doo - dah day!

Gwine to run all night!

Gwine to run all day! I'll bet my mon - ey on de bob - tail nag, Some - bod - y bet on de bay.

Fine.
D.S.

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

Solo

1 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, its
2 Jack Horn-er in a corn-er sit-ting
3 Miss Muf-fit on a tuf-fit sit-ting
4 Now Jack fell down the well one day his
5 Now Moth-er Hub-bard to the cup-board

fleece was white as snow.
eat-ing Christmas Pud.
eat-ing curds and whey.
bal-anced to fail.
went to look for peas.

Shout-ing out the Bat-tle Cry of Free-dom.

And He
A
When
But

ev-'ry-where that Ma-ry went that lamb was sure to go.
ate the hol-ly too and now he does-n't feel so good.
Spi-der thought he'd like some too and frightened her a-way.
Jill looked down she found him there sit-ting on the pail.
all she found when she got there was Gor-gon-zo-la cheese.

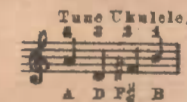
Shout-ing out the Bat-tle Cry of

Free-dom. Hur-rah for Ma-ry, Hur-rah for the lamb. Hur-
Hur-rah for Ma-ry, Hur-rah for the lamb. Hur-

4 Part Vocal
Harmony Optional

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QUARTERMASTER'S STORES.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

Solo

March tempo.

1. There's cheese, cheese with shock-ing dir-ty knees, In the stores, in the
eggs, eggs that walk a-bout on legs,

Chorus

There's cheese, cheese with shock-ing dir-ty knees, In the Quar-ter-mas-ter's stores.
There's eggs, eggs that walk a-bout on legs,

CHORUS

My eyes are dim, I can-not see, I have not brought my specs. with me, I
have, have, not, not brought my specs. with me.

2. There's

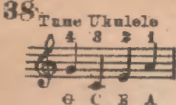
Fine

D.S.

3. There's steak, steak to keep us all awake,
4. There's lard, lard, they sell it by the yard,
5. There's bread, bread like great big lumps of lead,
6. There's butter, butter, the scrapings of the gutter,
7. There's kippers, kippers that walk about in slippers,
8. There's cakes, cakes to give us stomach aches,
etc.

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Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.



Solo.

Chorus.

1 Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal;
2 Oh, my Sal she am a maid-en fair.
3 Oh, I came to a riv-er, an' I could-nt get a-cross,
4 Oh, a grass-hoppersittin' on a rail-road track, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the
5 Be-hind de barn, down on my knees,
6 He sneezed so hard wid de hoop-in'-cough,

Allegro.

Solo.

Chorus.

My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal,
With laugh-ing eyes and cur-ly hair,
An' I jumped up on a nig-ger, for I thought he was a boss,
A-pick-in' his teef wid a car-pet tack, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the
I thought I heard a chick-en sneeze,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,

Solo.

day, Fare-well! (Bass.) Fare-well! Fare-well my fair-y fay! Oh I'm
Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

off to Loui-si-a-na, for to see my Su-sy An-na, Sing-ing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day!

Fine

D.S.

rah for the Teach-er Who did-nt care a lit-tle bit. And ev-'ry-where that Ma-ry went that

rah for the Teach-er Who did-nt care a lit-tle bit.

lamb was sure to go, Shout-ing out the Bat-tle Cry of Free-dom.

D.C.

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

Written and Composed by
PERCY MONTROSE

Tune Ukulele

Moderato.

1. In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-
2. Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her

va-ting for a mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter Clem-en-tine.
shoes were num-ber nine; Her-ring-box-es, with-out top-ses, San-dals were for Clem-en-tine.

P.T.O. for Chorus.

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

4. Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine;
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

5. In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies
Fertilised by Clementine.

6. Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine;
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter.
Now he's with his Clementine.

7. In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

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

CHORUS

Oh! my dar - ling, Oh! my dar - ling, Oh! my dar - ling Clem-en-tine, You are
Clem-en-tine, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-
Clem-en-tine, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-
Oh! Clem-en-tine, Oh! Clem-en-tine, Oh! Clem-en, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-

lost and gone for ev - er, Dread-ful sor - ry Clem-en-tine!
-tine, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-tine!
-tine, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en-tine, Clem-en, Clem-en-tine!
-tine, Clem-en-tine, Oh! Clem-en-tine, Oh! Clem-en, Clem-en-tine!

D.C.

ONE FISH BALL.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Tune Ukulele:
1 2 3 1
A D F# B

SOLO

1. There was a man walked up and
2. What wretch is he who wife for
3. He feels his cash to know his

down, To seek a din - ner in the town.
-sakes, Who best of jam and waf - flies makes?
pence, And finds he has but just six cents.

CHORUS

There was a man walked up and down, To seek a din - ner in the town.

Fine.

D.S.

4. He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters it with modest face.

5. The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6. The cheapest viand of them all,
Is just twelve cents for two fish balls.

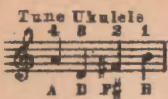
7. The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "One fish ball."

8. The waiter roars it down the hall,
The guests they start at "One fish ball!"

9. The man then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

10. The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't serve bread with one fish ball!"

11. MORAL.
Who would have bread, with his fish ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

Slowly and tenderly.

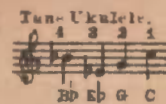
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-lection pre-
or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved spot which my

-sents them to view! The in-fan-cy knew; The wide spread ing pond, and the mill that stood by it, The

bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell. The cot of my fa-ther, the old oak-en buck-et, the

dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well. The i-ron bound buck-et, The moss cov-ered buck-et that hung in the well.

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BILLY BOY.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Brightly and well marked.

1. Where hev ye been aal the day, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy? Where hev ye been aal the day, me
2. Is she fit to be yor wife, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy? Is she fit to be yor wife, me
3. Can she cook a bit o' steak, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy? Can she cook a bit o' steak, me
4. Can she myek an I-rish Stew, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy? Can she myek an I-rish Stew, me

Bil ly Boy? I've been walk-in' aal the day With me charm-in' Nan-cy
Bil ly Boy? She's as fit to be my wife As the fork is to the
Bil ly Boy? She can cook a bit o' steak, Aye, and myek a gair dle
Bil-ly Boy? She can myek an-I-rish Stew, Aye, and "Sing-in' Hin-nies"

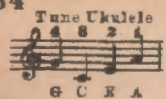
Grey, knife, cake, too. And me Nan-cy kit-tled me fan-cy Oh! me charm-in' Bil-ly Boy. Boy.

Kittled-tickled
Singin' Hinnies = a cake.

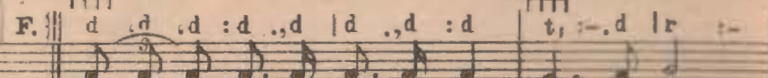
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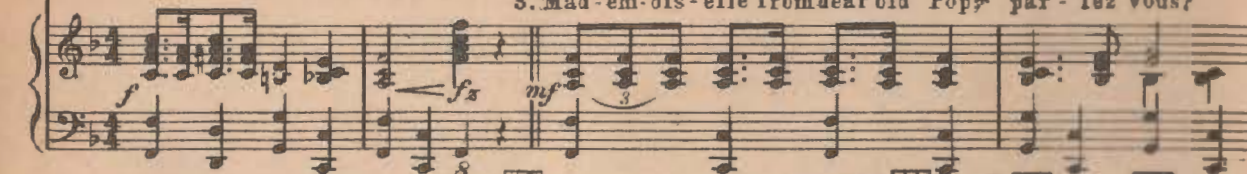
Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT



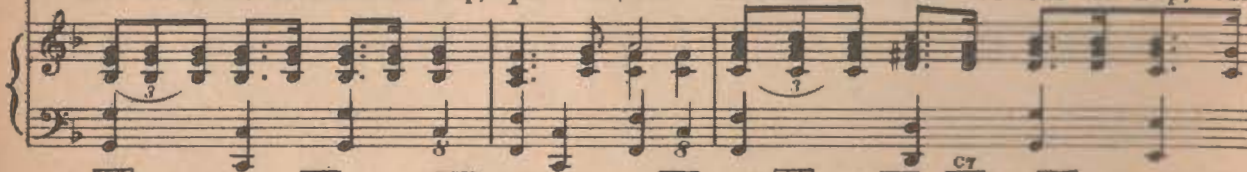
March tempo.



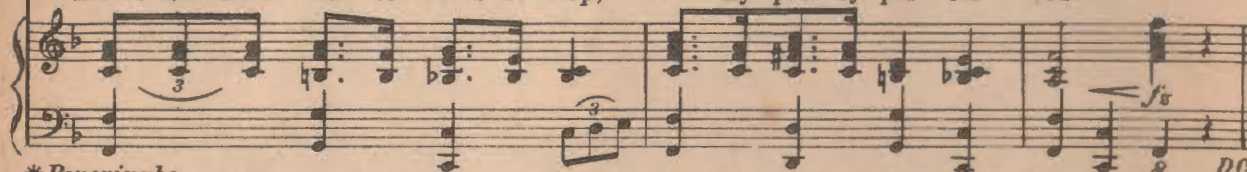
1. Mad-em-ois-elle from Ar-men-tières, par - lez vous?
2. Mad-em-ois-elle from Gay Pa-ree, par - lez vous?
3. Mad-em-ois-elle from dear old Pop, par - lez vous?



Mad-em-ois-elle from Ar-men-tières, par - lez vous? Mad-em-ois-elle from Ar-men-tières, She
Mad-em-ois-elle from Gay Pa-ree, par - lez vous? Mad-em-ois-elle from Gay Pa-ree, The
Mad-em-ois-elle from dear old Pop, par - lez vous? Mad-em-ois-elle from dear old Pop, She



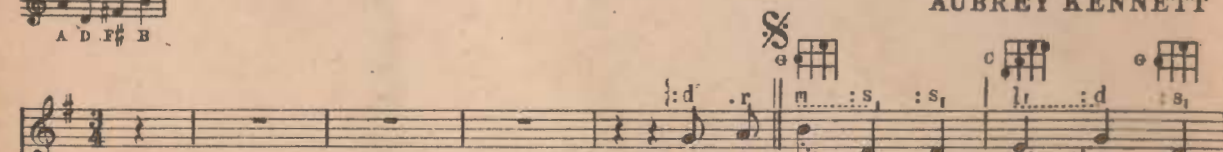
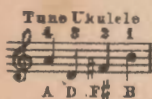
cut up her skirt for sou-ve-nirs, In - ky pin - ky par - lez vous?
won - der - ful things she said to me, In - ky pin - ky par - lez vous?
kissed and kissed 'til she could-n't stop, In - ky pin - ky par - lez vous?



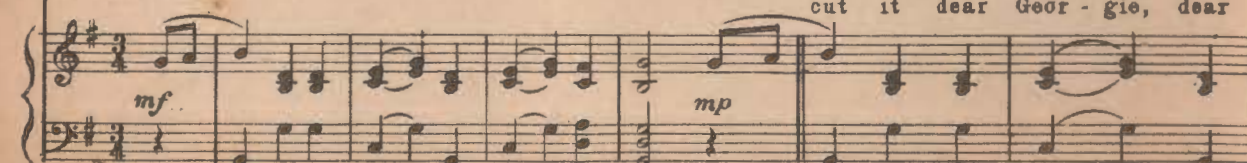
*Poperinghe. Similar verses are known to exist concerning towns 'behind the line' during the War, and other verses can readily be composed about places of local interest.

THERE'S A HOLE IN MY BUCKET.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

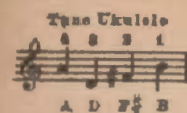


1. There's a hole in my buck - et dear
mend it dear Geor - gie, dear
what shall I mend it dear
straw dear Geor - gie, dear
straw is too long dear
cut it dear Geor - gie, dear



COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.



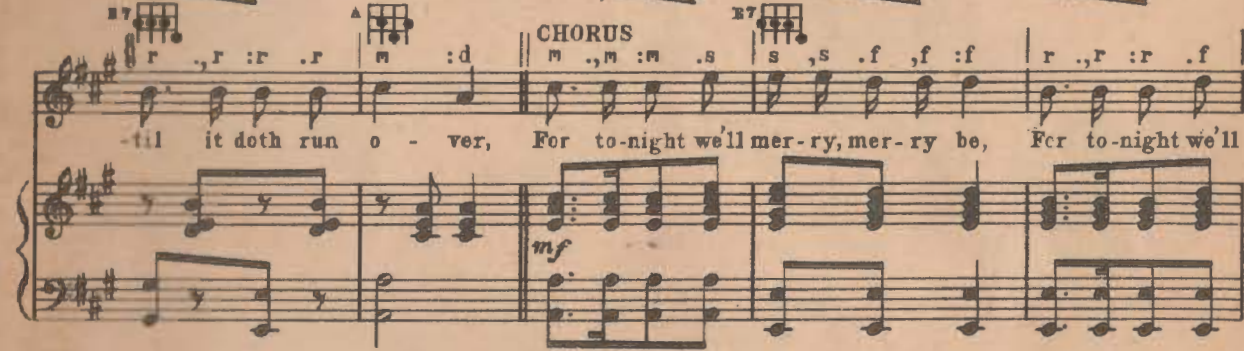
With spirit.



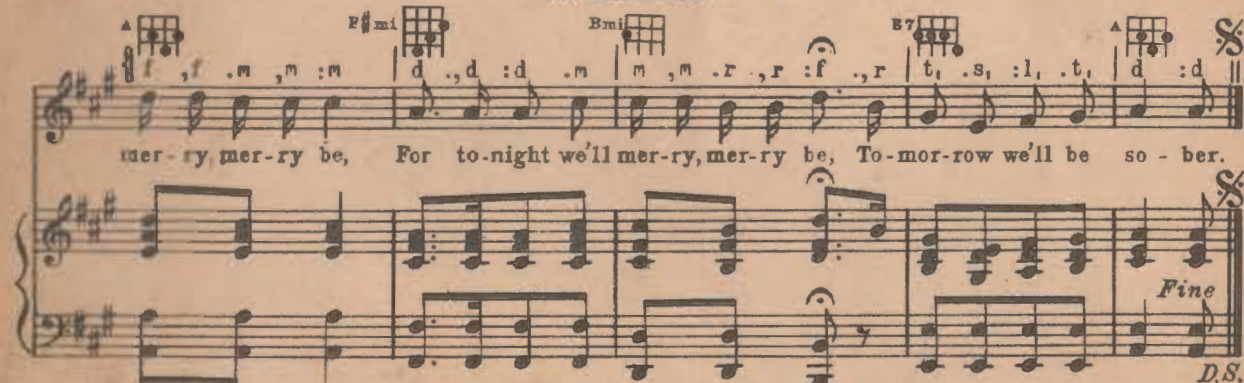
1. Come, land-lord, fill the



flow-ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un -



-til it doth run o - ver, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll



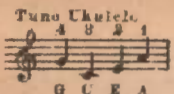
mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To-mor-row we'll be so - ber.

2. The man who drinketh small beer,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade,
That drop off in October. Chorus.

3. The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow. Chorus.

4. But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he die perhaps,
And then lie down in clover. Chorus.

5. The man who kisses a pretty girl,
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another. Chorus.



GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

In steady march time.

C. || : : | : m. ||

1 In

eight teen hun-dred and six - ty one The A - me - ri - can Rail - way was be - gun, The A -

CHORUS

Pat - sy at - sy - or - ee - ay, Pat - sy - at - sy - or - ee - ay,

me - ri - can Rail - way was be - gun, The Great A - me - ri - can Rail - way.

Pat sy - at - sy - or - ee - ay, The Great A - me - ri - can Rail - way. 2 In

Fine

8

"So take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regrets to the Czar
For by this I imply, you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar!"

9

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
With a cry of "Allah Akbar,"
And with murderous intent he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

10

They parried and thrust, they sidestepped and cussed,
Of blood they spilled a great part;
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,
Say that hash was first made on that spot.

11

They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow moon;
The din, it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame,
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

12

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life,
In fact he was shouting "Huzzah,"
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

13

The Sultan drove by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

14

Czar Petrovitch too, in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in his new crested car.
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

15

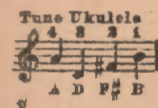
There's a tomb rises up where the Blue Danube rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear,
Are, "Strangers, when passing, oh pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

16

A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night,
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,
It was made by a sack fitting close to the back,
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

17

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
'Neath the light of the pale Polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft, as she weeps,
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.



ONE MAN WENT TO MOW.

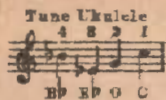
Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

SOP.
ALTO.
TENOR
BASS.

One man went to mow, Went to mow a meadow, One man and his dog Went to mow a meadow.

Two men went to mow, Went to mow a meadow, Two men One man and his dog Went to mow a meadow.
Three men
Four men
(upto any number desired.)

As the numbers advance repeat them all backwards till the top line is reached.



ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR.

By FRANK CRUMIT

Valse moderato.

mf

1 The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold And quite unac-
 2. If you wanted a man to encourage the van Or harass the
 3 Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame In the troops that were
 4 He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool, And strum on the
 5. One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun, And donned his most
 6. "Young man," quoth Abdul, "Has life grown so dull That you wish to
 7 Said Ivan, "My friend, your remarks in the end Will avail you but

p

cus-tomed to fear, But the bravest by far in the
 foe from the rear, Storm fort or doubt, you had
 led by the Czar, And the bravest of these was a
 Span- ish gui- tar, In fact quite the cream of the
 'truc- u- lent sneer, Down town he did go, where he
 end your ca- reer? Vile in fi- del, know, you have
 lit- tle, I fear, For you ne'er will sur- vive to re-

ranks of the Shah Was Abdul A-bul-bul A-mir.
 on- ly to shout For Abdul A-bul-bul A-mir.
 man by the name Of Ivan Ska- vin- sky Ska- var.
 Mus- co- vite team Was Ivan Ska- vin- sky Ska- var.
 trod on the toe Of Abdul A-bul-bul A-mir.
 trod on the toe Of Abdul A-bul-bul A-mir?
 peat them a- live, Mister Abdul A-bul-bul A-mir?

2. In eighteen hundred and sixty-two
 I found myself with nothing to do,
 I found myself with nothing to do
 Beside the American Railway.

3. In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
 The overseer accepted me,
 The overseer accepted me
 For work on the American Railway.

4. In eighteen hundred and sixty-four
 My hands were tired and my feet were sore
 My hands were tired and my feet were sore
 From working on the Railway.

5. In eighteen hundred and sixty-five
 I found myself more dead than alive
 I found myself more dead than alive
 From work on the American Railway

6. In eighteen hundred and sixty-six
 I happened to tread on some dynamite sticks
 I happened to tread on some dynamite sticks
 While working on the Railway.

BOBBY BINGO.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

mf

1. A farm-er's dog leaped o'er a stile And hi
 2. The farm-er's wife she brewed good ale And h
 3. Now is - n't this a sil-ly song I

name was Bob- by Bin- go. B- I- N- G- O, B- I- N- G- O
 called it rare good Stin go. S- T- I- N- G- O, S- T- I- N- G- O
 think it is by Jin go. J- I- N- G- O, J- I- N- G- O

B- I- N- G- O, And his name was Bot by Bin g
 S- T- I- N- G- O, And she called it rare good Stin go
 J- I- N- G- O, And I swear it is by Jin go

A CAPITAL SHIP.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

Tune Ukulele
G C E A
Allegro.

f

mf

a tempo

rit. *a tempo*

CHORUS.

oft - en ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low. Then

ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT 'AT.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Tune Ukulele
G C E A
With vigour.

mf

I. Wheear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee? On

Ilk - la - Moor - baht 'at - Wheear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw

thee? Wheear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?

CHORUS.

SOP.
ALTO.
TENOR
BASS.

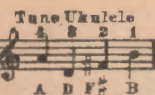
On Ilk-la Moorbaht 'at, On Ilk-la Moorbaht 'at, On Ilk-la Moorbaht 'at.

PIANO.

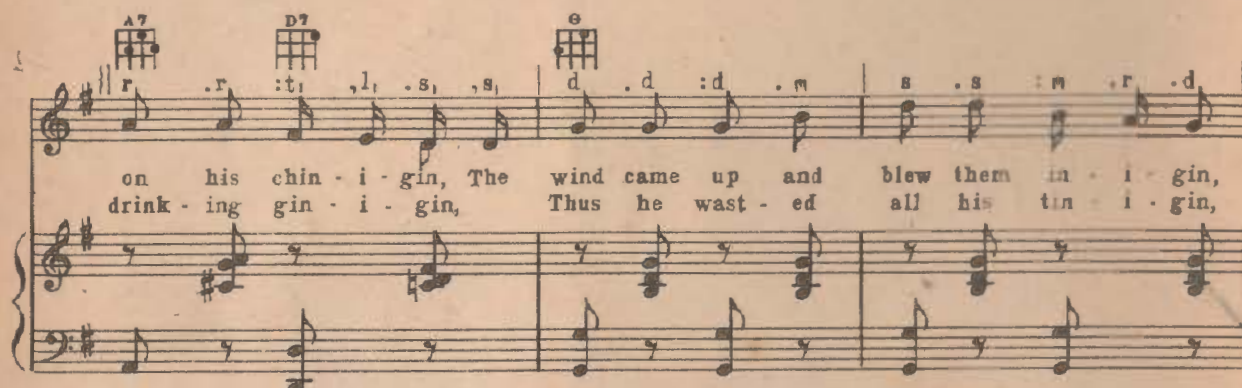
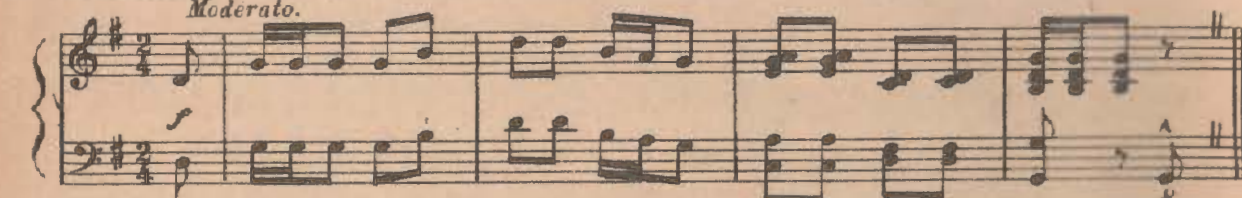
2 Tha's bin a-coortin' Mary Jane.
3 Tha'll go and get thi deearth o' cowl.
4 Then we s'all ha' to bury thee.
5 Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.

6 Then t'ducks'll come an' ate oop t'worms.
7 Then we shall go an' ate oop t'ducks.
8 Then we shall all 'av etten thee.
9 That's wheear we gets our oahn back.

MICHAEL FINNIGIN.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT

Moderato.



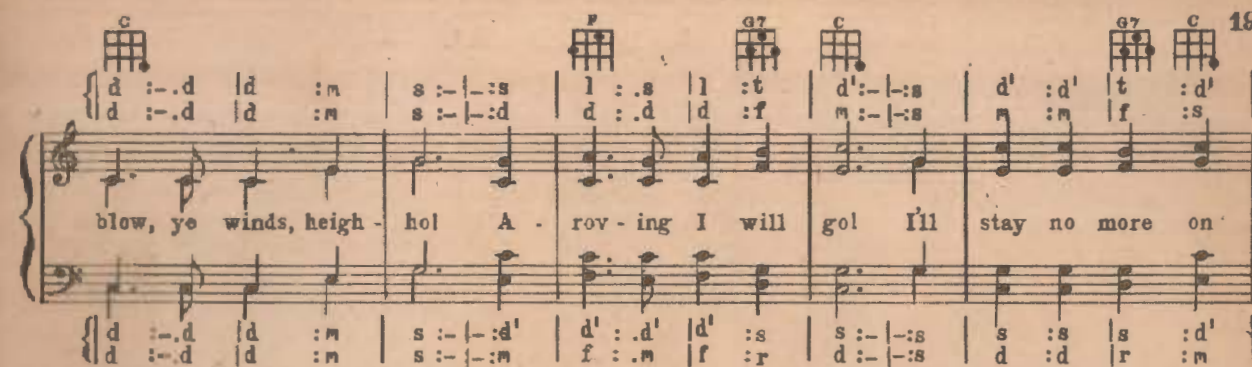
There was an old man named Michael Finnigin,
He kicked up an awful dinigin,
Because they said he must not sinigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin begin-igin.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigin,
He went fishing with a pinigin,
Caught a fish but dropped it in-igin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin begin-igin.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigin,
Climbed a tree and barked his shinigin,
Took off several yards of skinigin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin begin-igin.

There was an old man named Michael Finnigin,
He grew fat and then grew thin-igin,
Then he died, and had to begin-igin,
Poor old Michael Finnigin begin-igin. etc

E. & D. Ltd. 19656.



The boatwain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of the booming gale!

Chorus

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined, in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross-buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

Chorus

All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats were waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

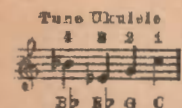
Chorus

On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

Chorus

E. & D. Ltd. 19656.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.



Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Moderato con spirito.

1. Here's a health to the king and a last-ing peace, To fac-tion an end, to
charm-ing beau-ty's health go-round, In whom ce-les-tial

wealth in-crease! Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing af-ter death. And
joys are found, And may con-fu-sion still pur-sue The sense-less wo-man-hat-ing crew; And

he that will this health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men, Down a-mong the dead men,
they that wo-man's health de-ny,

Down, down, down, down, Down a-mong the dead men let (him) lie! 2 Let

3. In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie!

4. May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford.
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

F & D. Ltd. 19656.

storm-y wind did blow; And we jol-ly sail-or boys were up, were up a-loft, And the
land lubbers ly-ing down be-low, be-low, be-low, And the land lubbers ly-ing down be-low.

LONDON'S BURNING
OLD ENGLISH ROUND.

Lon-don's burn-ing, Lon-don's burn-ing, Fetch the en-gines, Fetch the
en-gines, Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Pour on wa-ter, Pour on wa-ter.

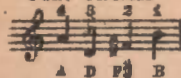
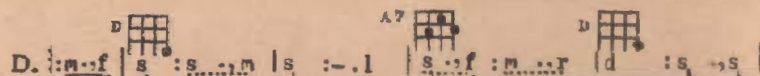
1 Lon-don's burn-ing, Lon-don's burn-ing, 2
2 Fetch the en-gines, Fetch the en-gines, 3
3 Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! 4
4 Pour on wa-ter, Pour on wa-ter. 1

F. & D. Ltd. 19656.

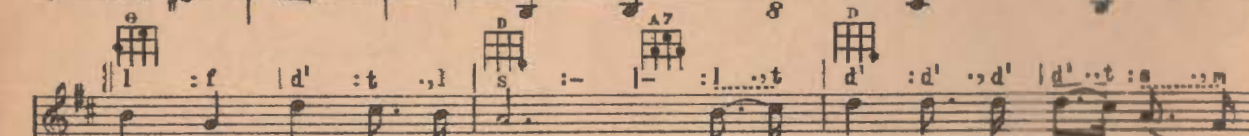
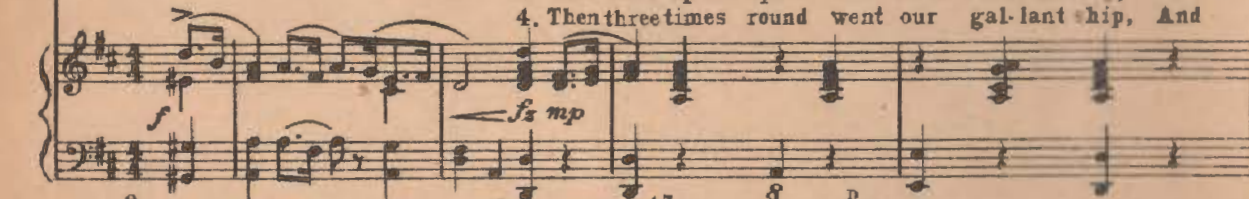
THE MERMAID.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

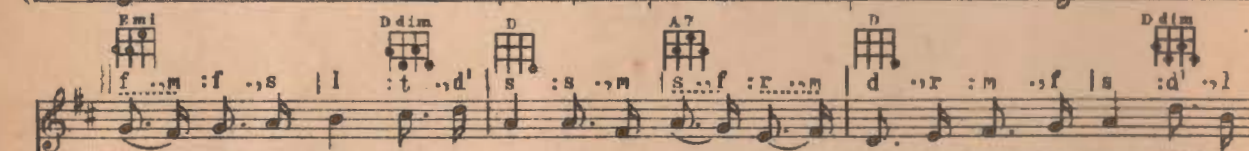
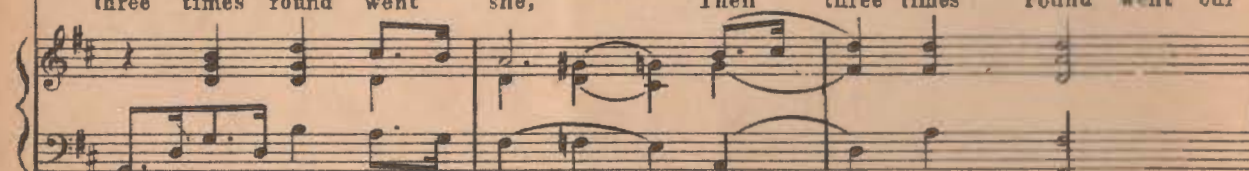
Tune Ukulele

*With spirit.*

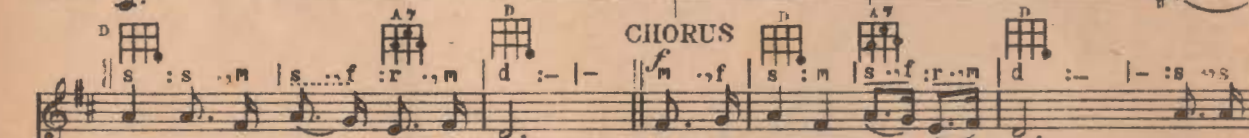
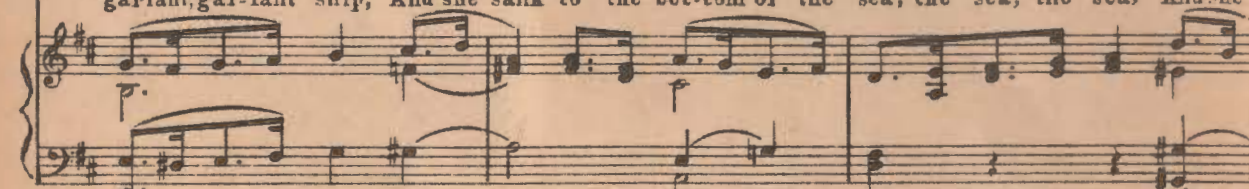
1. On Fri-day morn when we set sail And our
 2. Then up spoke the captain of our gal-lant ship Who at
 3. And then up spoke the lit-tle cab-in boy, And a
 4. Then three times round went our gal-lant ship, And



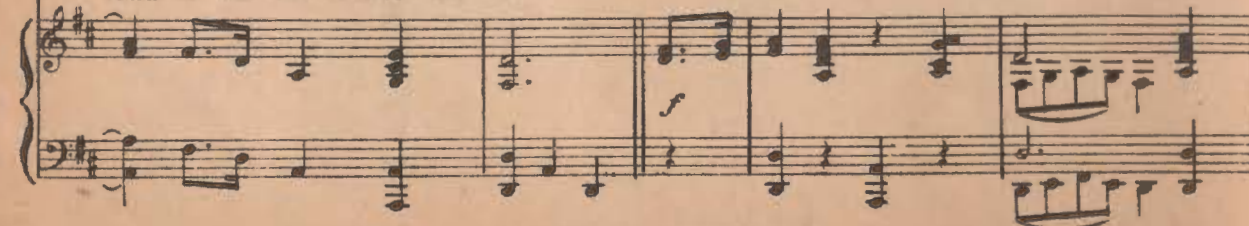
ship not far from the land, We there did es-py a
 once our pe-ri! did see, "I have mar-ried a wife in
 fair-haired boy was he, "I've a fa-ther and mo-ther in
 three times round went she, Then three times round went our



pret-ty, pret-ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a
 fair Lon-don town, And to-night she a wi-dow will be, will be, will be, And to-
 fair Portsmouth town, And to-night they will weep for me, for me, for me, And to-
 gal-lant, gal-lant ship, And she sank to the bot-tom of the sea, the sea, the sea, And she



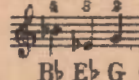
comb and a glass in her hand.
 night she a wi-dow will be." While the ra-ging seas did roar, And the
 night they will weep for me." sank to the bot-tom of the sea.



DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

BEN JOHNSON.

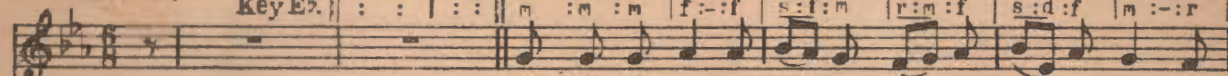
Tune Ukulele



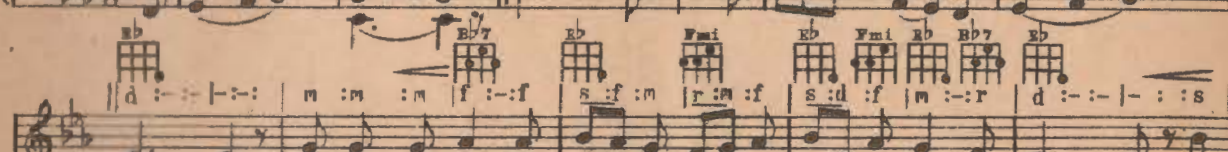
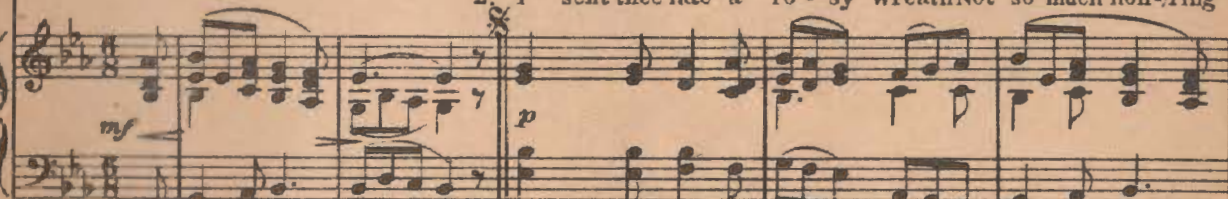
Arranged by HENRY E. PETHER.

Andantino.

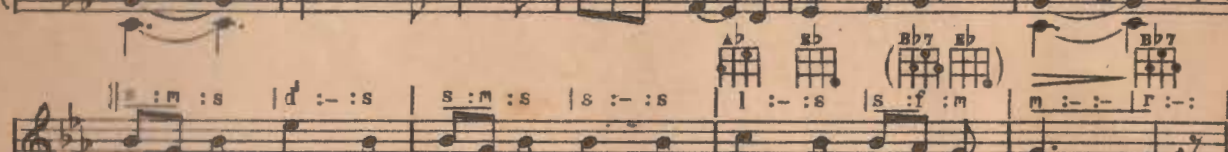
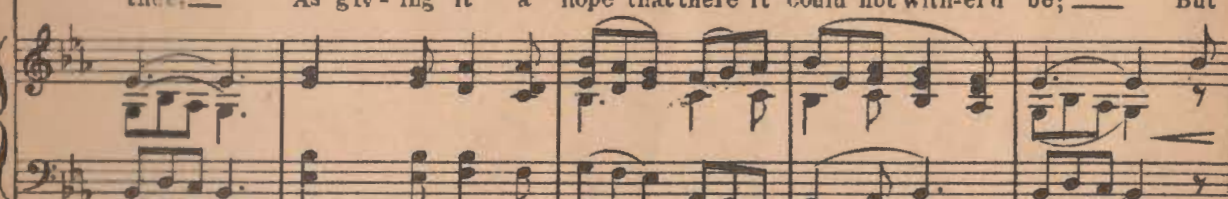
Key Eb.



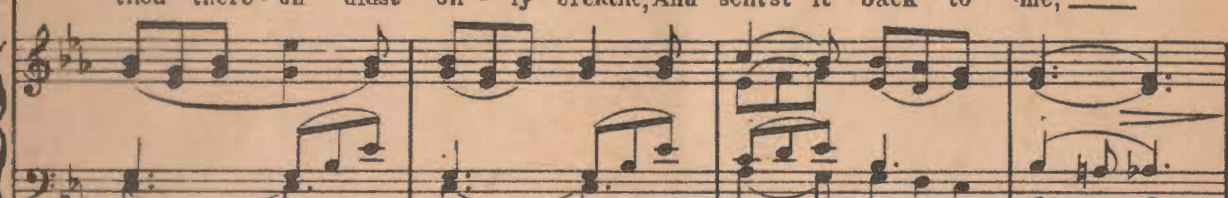
1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
 2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath Not so much hon-oring



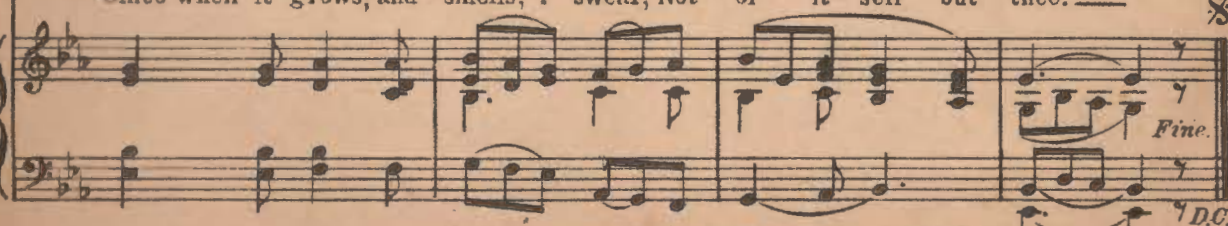
mine, Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
 thee, As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not with-er'd be; But



thirst that from the soul doth rise Both ask a drink di-vine,
 thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,



But might I of Love's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.



Fine.

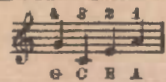
D.C.

Written by
HARRY HUNTER.

DRINKING (IN CELLAR DEEP.)

Arranged by
W. WILLIAMS.

Tune
Ukulele



Con spirito.

1. In cel-lar deep I
2. In wom-an's smile there
3. Then comewhat may, Hope's

FINE

sit and keep My soul from cares op-press-ing, Com-pan-ion mine the good Rhinewine, Earth's
may be guile, She's skilled in arts de-ceiv-ing, And she may be most false to me When
bright-est ray, Or dark-est cloud of sor-row, My wine-cup still I'll gai-ly fill And

sweet-est tru-est bless-ing. With so-lemn pate let wis-dom prate Of what we should be
most I am be-liev-ing: Friend more sin-cere I che-rish here, While lips to glass I'm
fear not for the mor-row. If asked what joy can nev-er cloy, What keeps man's heart from

think-ing; Give me my glass, my days shall pass In drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.
link-ing; And com-fort true the whole year thro Is drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.
sink-ing; A loud its name I will pro-claim Is drink-ing, drink-ing, drink-ing.

colla voce

KOYMENAYO

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

Tune Ukulele



Allegretto.

- 1 A frog went wad-dling down a brook,
- 2 An A-rab go-ing to Tim-buc-too,
- 3 A horse with knock-e-ty knees has not Ting-a-ring, num, Bul-la-din a
- 4 An Os-trich wan-dering by the Nile,

A li-ly-white duck came and gob-bled him up,
Koy-me. Saw car-rót-ty hair on the Py-ra-mids there, Ting-a-ring, num, Bul-la-din a
A ghost of a chance in a Pal-ais de Danse,
He hid in the sand from a Bed-ou-in Band,

CHORUS

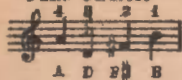
Koy-me. Koy-me-nay-o, Kill-o-kay-o, Koy-me-nay-o, Koy-me.

Strim strim stram-a-did-dle, Lar-a-bone a-ring, Ting-a-ring, num, Bul-la-din a Koy-me.

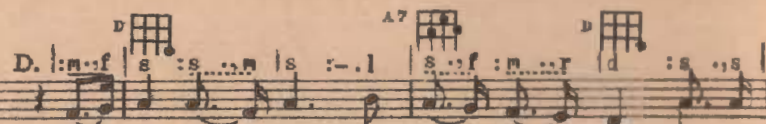
THE MERMAID.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.

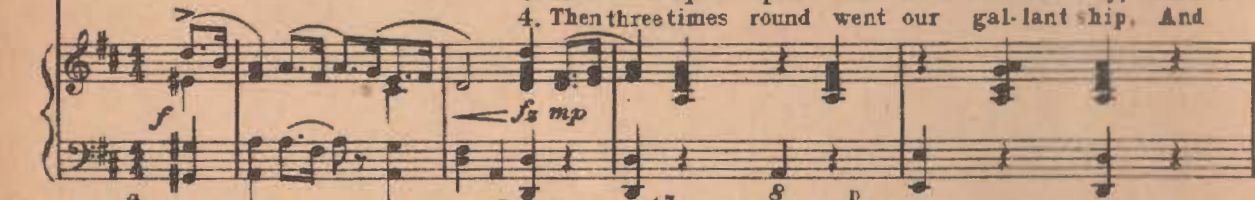
Tune Ukulele



With spirit.

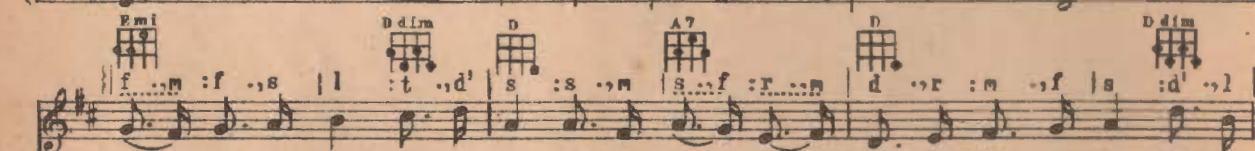
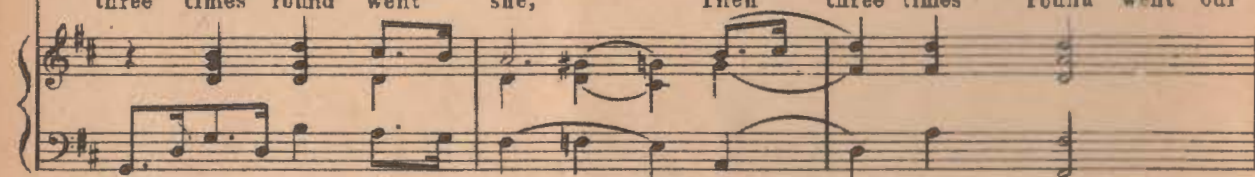


1. On Fri-day morn when we set sail And our
 2. Then up spoke the captain of our gal-lant ship Who at
 3. And then up spoke the lit-tle cab-in boy, And a
 4. Then threetimes round went our gal-lant ship, And

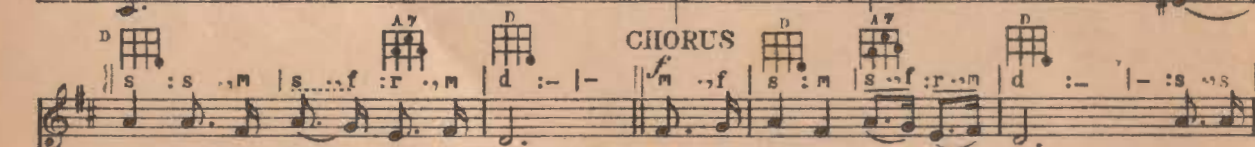
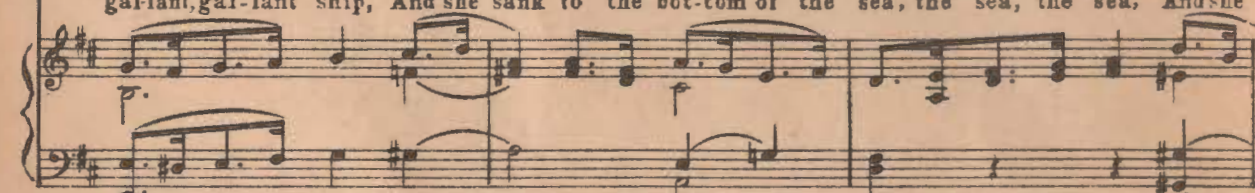


ship not far from the land,
 once our pe- ril did see,
 fair- haired boy was he,
 three times round went she,

We there did es- py a
 "I have mar-ried a wife in
 "I've a fa-ther and mo-ther in
 Then three times round went our

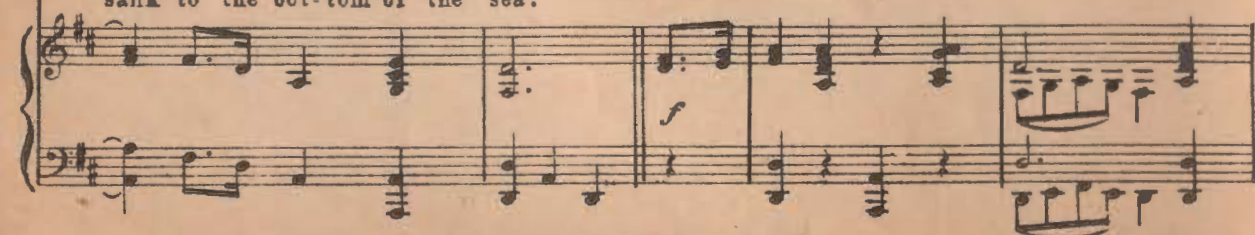


pret-ty, pret ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a
 fair Lon-don town, And to-night she a wi- dow will be, will be, will be, And to-
 fair Portsmouth town, And to-night they will weep for me, for me, for me, And to-
 gal-lant, gal-lant ship, And she sank to the bot-tom of the sea, the sea, the sea, And she



comb and a glass in her hand.
 night she a wi- dow will be."
 night they will weep for me."
 sank to the bot-tom of the sea.

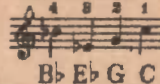
While the ra- ging seas did roar, And the



DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

BEN JOHNSON.

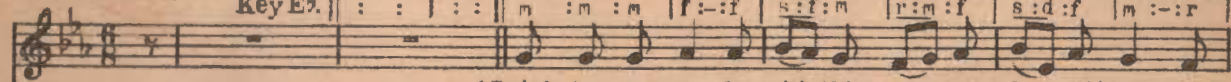
Tune Ukulele



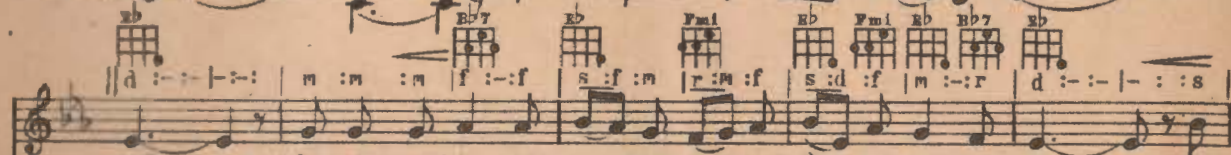
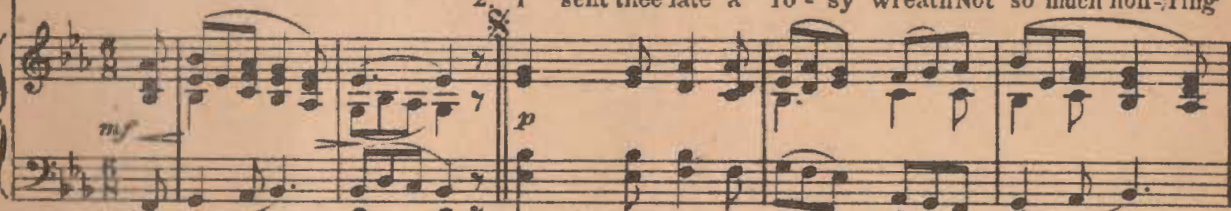
Arranged by HENRY E. PETHER.

Andantino.

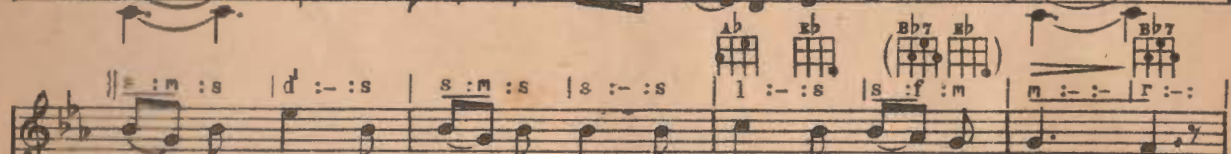
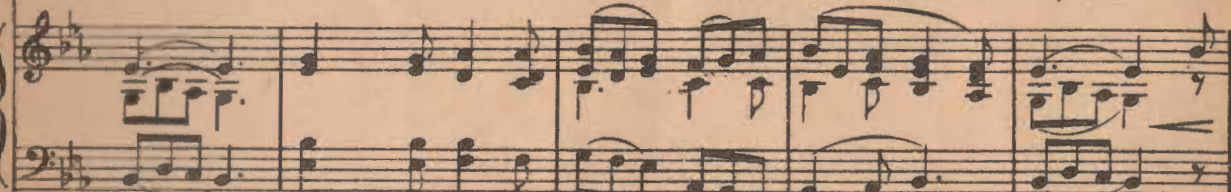
Key Eb.



1. Drink to me on- ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
 2. I sent thee late a ro- sy wreath Not so much hon-oring



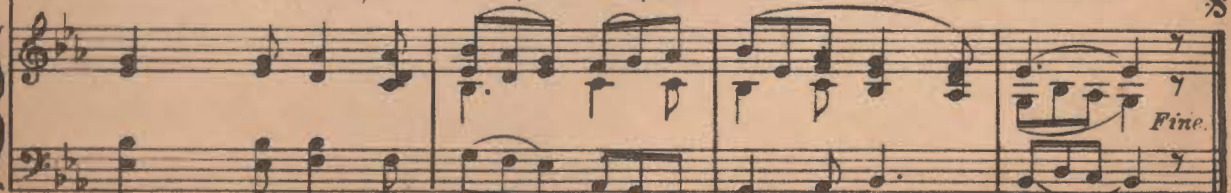
mine, — Or leave a kiss with- in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; — The
 thee, — As giv- ing it a hope that there It could not with- er'd be; — But



thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di- vine, —
 thou there- on didst on- ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me, —



But might I of Love's nec- tar sip, I would not change for thine. —
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it- self but thee. —



Fine.

D.C.

JOHN BROWN'S BABY.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.Tune Ukulele
4 3 2 1
Bb Eb G CSOLO
Bb. | s₁ :s₁ | m₁ .m₁ :d .r |

John Brown's Ba - by had a

cold up - on its chest; John Brown's Ba - by had a cold up - on its chest;

John Brown's Ba-by had a cold up-on its chest, So they rubbed it with cam-phor-at-ed oil!

D.C.

The first verse is sung as printed, without action. For the second verse the word "chest" is omitted and the chest is struck in time with the music for this beat. For the third verse "cold" is substituted by a slight cough and the chest is tapped in time with the music for "upon his chest". In the fourth verse a rocking motion takes the place of "Baby had a" and then as in previous verse. Similarly the words John and Brown can be omitted in turn with a nod given in their place in such a way that the last verse is a series of nods and actions in time with the music, all the singers coming in at the end with "So they rubbed it with camphorated oil!"

S - M - I - L - E

To be sung after the last Verse to above music.

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
Oh, it isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.
If you smile when you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.

F & D. Ltd. 19656.

THE GREEN GRASS GREW ALL AROUND.

Arranged by
AUBREY KENNETT.Tune Ukulele
4 3 2 1
A D F# B

Moderato.

G | d :d | d :d |

1. In a field there

was a tree, The fin-est tree that you ev-er did see, And the tree was in the field, And the

greengrass grew all a-round, all a-round, And the greengrass grew all a-round. 2. And -round.

2. And on this tree there was a branch,
The finest branch that you ever did see,
And the branch was on the tree,
And the tree was in the field,
And the green grass grew all around, all around,
And the green grass grew all around.

3. And on this branch there was a twig,
The finest twig that you ever did see,
And the twig was on the branch, etc.

4. And on this twig there was a nest,
The finest nest that you ever did see,
And the nest was on the twig, etc.

5. And in this nest there was a bird,
The finest bird that you ever did see,
And the bird was in the nest, etc.

6. And on this bird there was a wing,
The finest wing that you ever did see,
And the wing was on the bird, etc.

7. And on this wing there was a feather,
The finest feather that you ever did see,
And the feather was on the wing, etc.

8. And on this feather there was a flea,
The finest flea that you ever did see,
And the flea was on the feather, etc.

9. And on this flea there was a hair,
The finest hair that you ever did see,
And the hair was on the flea, etc.

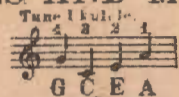
F & D Ltd. 19656.

N.B. This bar is sung twice in the 2nd verse, three times in the 3rd, four times in the 4th, and so on.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS.

Written and Composed by
JAMES YORKSTON.

Moderato.

Arranged by
EDMUND FORMAN.

Key F.

1 In Dub-lin's fair ci-ty, Where the girls are so pret-ty, I first set my eyes on sweet
2 She was a fish-mon-ger, But sure twas no won-der, For so were her fa-ther and
3 She died of a fe-ver, And no one could save her, And that was the end of sweet

Mol-ly Ma-lone, As she wheel'd her wheel-bar-row Thro'streets broad and nar-row, Cry-ing
moth-er be-fore, And they each wheel'd their bar-row Thro'streets broad and nar-row, Cry-ing
Mol-ly Ma-lone; But her ghost wheels her bar-row Thro'streets broad and nar-row, Cry-ing

CHORUS

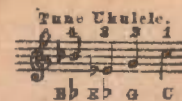
"Cock-les and mus-sels a-live, a-live-o!"
"Cock-les and mus-sels a-live, a-live-o!" A-live, a-live-o! A-
"Cock-les and mus-sels a-live, a-live-o!"

live, a-live-o! Cry-ing "Cock-les and mus-sels a-live! a-live-o!"

Reprint shows also 2nd F.&D. Ltd. 19656.

D.C.

RIO GRANDE

New Version by J.A.
Arranged by AUBREY KENNETT.

With a hearty Swing.

Solo

A ship went a sail ing
where are you goin to.

Chorus

out of the West. Oh, Ri-o! With all of the friends we love the best, All
my pret-ty maid? Oh, Ri-o! Oh, where are you goin' to, my pret-ty maid? Im

bound for the Ri-o Grande. Then a-way, love, a-way. Way
bound for the Ri-o Grande. Then a-way, love, a-way. Way

Ri-o! Sing fare ye well, my bon-nie young gel, For we're bound for the Ri-o Grande. 2. Now
Ri-o! Sing fare ye well, my bon-nie young gel, For we're bound for the Ri-o Grande.

Fine

D.S.

F.&D. Ltd. 19656.