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## **Short course song book containing twenty-one songs for use in short course and dairy literary societies, experiment association and other meetings.**

University of Wisconsin. College of Agriculture  
Madison, Wisconsin: Tracy, Gibbs and Co., [s.d.]

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**University of Wisconsin  
College of Agriculture**

**Short  
Course  
Song  
Book...**

**Containing Twenty-One Songs for  
Use in the Short Course and Dairy  
Literary Societies, Experiment As-  
sociation and Other Meetings \* \* \***

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN  
COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE



# SHORT COURSE SONG BOOK



CONTAINING TWENTY-ONE SONGS FOR USE IN THE SHORT  
COURSE AND DAIRY LITERARY SOCIETIES, EXPERI-  
MENT ASSOCIATION AND OTHER MEETINGS

**TRACY, GIBBS & CO.  
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS  
MADISON, WIS.**

## AMERICA.

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.

Let music swell the breeze  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

## WISCONSIN.

(Air—Battle Cry of Freedom.)

Yes, we're loyal to the Union,  
 And greet its flag with cheers,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.  
 And we're loyal to the Badger state,  
 Increasing thro' the years,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Chorus:—

Wisconsin forever, hurrah boys, hurrah,  
 "Forward" our motto, and "freedom and law;"  
 So we pledge our hands and hearts  
 That we'll ever loyal be,  
 Ever loyal be to thee, Wisconsin.

We are loyal to the "Boys in Blue,"  
 The living and the dead,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;  
 For they fought a noble fight,  
 And would perish in our stead,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.—Cho.

And to the hardy pioneer,  
 We give our song of praise,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,  
 We'll forever hold the name and glory,  
 Of those early days,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.—Cho.

So may there in our fathers' stead,  
 A race of freemen stand,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;  
 Defenders of their homes and schools,  
 And of their native land,  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.—Cho.

# MARCHING SONG.

(Sung to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp.")  
 To the Queen of all the West,  
 To the college we love best,  
     Sing a song that echoes over all the land;  
 Raise her banner to the sky,  
 Raise her marching song on high,  
     Greet the coming of her mighty warrior band.

Chorus:—

Cheer, cheer, cheer for old Wisconsin!  
     Mighty be her name, her honor true;  
 May the Cardinal we love,  
 Float all other flags above,  
     And her star be ever brightest in the blue.

Conquering athletes crown her fame,  
 Golden tongues her might proclaim,  
     Loving hearts beat loyal to her teachings pure:—  
 Ever may her power increase,  
 Battle Queen of noble peace,  
     While her steadfast stars above her hills endure.

Chorus:—

Cheer, cheer, cheer for old Wisconsin, etc.  
                                     —A. N. Scribner, '98.

---

## RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O, Columbia! the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free,  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
     A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
 When liberty's form stands in view,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the red, white and blue,  
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

When borne by the red, white and blue,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,  
 And threatened the land to deform,  
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
 Columbia, rode safe through the storm.  
 With the garlands of vict'ry around her,  
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,  
 With her flag floating proudly before her,  
 The boast of the red white, and blue.

The boast of the red, white and blue,  
 The boast of the red, white and blue,  
 The flag floating proudly before her,  
 The boast of the red, white and blue.

The Union, the Union forever,  
 Our glorious Nation's sweet hymn,  
 May the wreaths it has worn never wither,  
 Nor the star of its glory grow dim!  
 May the service united ne'er sever,  
 But they to their colors prove true!  
 The Army and Navy forever,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
 The Army and Navy forever,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue.



## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;  
 Leave in its track the toiling plough;  
 The rifle and the bayonet blade  
 For arms like yours were fitter now;  
 Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,  
 And moved as soon to fear and flight;  
 Men of the glade and forest! leave  
 Your wood craft for the field of fight.

Chorus:—

Strike for your broad and goodly land,  
 Blow after blow, till men shall see  
 That might and right move hand in hand,  
 And glorious must their triumph be.

Come ye, who breast the mountain storm  
 By grassy steep or highland lake,  
 Come, for the land ye love, to form  
 A bulwark that no foe can break.  
 And ye whose homes are by the grand,  
 Swift rivers, rising far away,  
 Come from the depth of your green land,  
 As mighty in your march as they.

Chorus:

Come ye, who throng beside the deep,  
 Her ports and hamlets of the strand,  
 In numbers like the waves that leap  
 On his long-murm'ring marge of sand;  
 Few, few were they whose swords of old  
 Won the fair land in which we dwell;  
 But we are many, we who hold  
 The grim resolve to guard it well.

Chorus:

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last  
 gleaming;  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the peril-  
 ous fight  
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly  
 streaming?  
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof thro' 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.  
 On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-  
 poses;  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering  
 steep  
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.

Chorus:—

'Tis the star spangled banner; oh, long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,  
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
 A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps'  
pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus:—

And the star spangled banner in triumph doth 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 wild war's desola-  
tion;

Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued  
land

Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us  
a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."—Cho.

—Francis Scott Key.

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### LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears

Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

---

### OVER THERE.

Oh, think of a home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
 Are robed in their garments of white.

Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of a home over there,  
 Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of a home over there.

Oh, think of the friends over there,  
 Who before us the journey have trod,  
 Of the songs that they breathe in the air,  
 In their home in the palace of God.—Chorus.

---

### BEULAH LAND.

I've reached the land of corn and wine,  
 And all its riches freely mine;  
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,  
 For all my night has passed away.

Chorus:—

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where mansions are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory shore,  
My heaven, my home for evermore.

The Savior comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion here have we;  
He gently leads me with his hand,  
For this is heaven's border land.

Chorus:—

A sweet perfume upon the breeze  
Is borne from ever vernal trees,  
And flowers that never fading grow,  
Where streams of life forever flow.

Chorus:—

The zephyrs seem to float to me  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody;  
As angels with the white-robed throng  
Join in the sweet redemption song.

Chorus:—

---

### GOD BE WITH YOU.

God be with you till we meet again!  
By his counsels guide uphold you,  
With his sheep securely fold you;  
God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus:—

Till we meet! Till we meet!  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;  
Till we meet! Till we meet!  
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!  
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you;  
God be with you till we meet again.—Cho.

God be with you till we meet again!  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put his loving arms around you,  
God be with you till we meet again!—Cho.

God be with you till we meet again.  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before you;  
God be with you till we meet again.—Cho.

---

### BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus:—

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.  
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
 By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus:—

Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,  
 Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus:—

---

### HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

How gentle God's commands,  
 How kind His precepts are;  
 Come, cast your burden on the Lord,  
 And trust His constant care.

His goodness stands approved,  
 Unchanged from day to day,  
 I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
 And bear a song away.

We bear our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear,  
 And often for each other flows,  
 The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain,  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

## NEARER MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee;  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be,—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

Tho' like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if, on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.



# **JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.**

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone!  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee, I bring.  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick and lead the blind:  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
 Grace to cover all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make me, keep me, pure within,  
 Thou of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,  
 'Tis summer the darkies are gay;  
 The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the 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'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door,  
 Then my old Kentucky home good night!

Chorus:—

Weep no more, my lady, oh! 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 meadow, 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 darkies have to part,  
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus:—

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

# **MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.**

'Round de meadows am a ringing,  
 De darkey's mournful song,  
 While de mocking bird am singing,  
 Happy as de day am long.  
 Where de ivy vine am creeping  
 O'er the grassy mound,  
 Dere old massa am a sleeping  
 Sleeping on de cold, cold ground.

Chorus:—

Down in de cornfield,  
 Hear dat mournful sound,  
 All de darkies am a weeping  
 Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,  
 When de days were cold,  
 'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,  
 Cayse he was so weak and old.  
 Now de orange trees am blooming,  
 On de sandy shore,  
 Now de summer days am coming,  
 Massa neber call no more.

Chorus:—

Massa made de darkies love him,  
 'Cause he was so kind,  
 Now dey sadly weep above him,  
 Mourning cayse he leaves dem behind.  
 I cannot work before tomorrow  
 Cayse de tear drops flow,  
 I try to drive away my sorrow  
 Picking on de old banjo.

Chorus:—

**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."

Chorus:—

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending  
 low;

I hear the 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."

Chorus:—

I'm coming, I'm coming, etc.

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."

Chorus:—

I'm coming, I'm coming, etc.

---

**DIXIE.**

I'm going back to Dixie, no more I'm going to wander,  
 My heart turns back to Dixie, I can stay here no  
 longer,  
 I miss the old plantation, my home and my relation,  
 My heart turns back to Dixie, and I must go.

Chorus:—

I'm going back to Dixie, I'm going back to Dixie,  
I'm going where the orange blossoms grow,  
For I hear the children calling,  
I see their sad tears falling,  
My heart truns back to Dixie, and I must go.

I'm traveling back to Dixie, my step is slow and  
feeble,

I pray the Lord to help me, and keep me from all  
evil;

And should my strength forsake me, then kind  
friends come and take me,

My heart turns back to Dixie, and I must go.

Chorus:—

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon de Suwanee ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,  
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
All up and down the whole creation,  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation,  
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:—

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Eberywhere I roam,  
O, darkies, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home.

Al 'round de little farm I wandered,  
 When I was young,  
 Den many happy days I squandered,  
 Many were de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing with my brudder,  
 Happy was I,  
 Oh! take me to my kind old muader,  
 Dere let me live and die.

Chorus:—

One little hut among de bushes,  
 One dat I love,  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove.  
 When will I see the bees a humming  
 All 'round de comb?  
 When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
 Down in my good old home?

Chorus:—

---

### DOWN ON THE FARM.

When the toil of the day is over,  
 And the crowds are going home,  
 Far away beyond the city,  
 All my thoughts begin to roam;  
 Back to where the flowers are blooming,  
 And where all is peace and rest;  
 Back upon the dear old homestead;  
 With the ones I love the best.

Chorus:—

Just a field of new mown hay;  
 Just a cottage by the way;  
 Just a mother dear to shield me from all harm;  
 Just a sweetheart waiting, too,  
 With a love that's fond and true;  
 Just a dear old fashioned country home,  
 Down on the farm.

I can hear the church bells ringing,  
 And the birds sing sweet and clear,  
 By the river I am wand'ring  
 Hand in hand with Julia dear;  
 O'er the hills, and through the galleys,  
 That have never lost their charm;  
 Back amid the scenes of childhood,  
 Home, sweet home, down on the farm.

Chorus:—

---

### 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 else-  
 where.

Chorus:—

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 There's no place like home;  
 O, there's no place like 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 that moon from our own cottage  
 door,

Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me  
 no more.—Chorus.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
 O, give me my lowly tnatched cottage again;  
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;  
 Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than  
 all.—Chorus.

—John Howard Payne.

### ROLL JORDAN.

Jordan's stream is dark and deep,  
 We are going home.  
 Jordan's banks are rough and steep,  
 We are going home.

Chorus:—

Roll Jordan, roll Jordan,  
 We are going home.  
 Roll Jordan, roll Jordan,  
 We are going home.

Over Jordan's stream I see,  
 We are going home.  
 Loving glances fixed on me,  
 We are going home.

Chorus:—

Loving hands are beck'ning on,  
 We are going home.  
 A few days more and we'll be gone,  
 We are going home.

Chorus:—



### ***Toast to Wisconsin***

'Varsity! 'Varsity! U-rah-rah! Wisconsin!

Praise to thee we sing,

Praise to thee, our Alma Mater.

U-rah-rah—Wisconsin!

---

### ***University Yell***

U-rah-rah—Wis-con-sin,

U-rah-rah—Wis-con-sin,

U-rah-rah—Wis-con-sin,

Tiger.

---

### ***Short Course Yell***

U-rah—Wisconsin

Hip-hip hurrah!

Short Course in Agriculture,

U-rah-rah!

# INDEX

TITLE	PAGE
America - - - - -	3
Beulah Land - - - - -	10
Bringing In the Sheaves - - - - -	12
Dixie - - - - -	18
Down On the Farm - - - - -	20
God Be With You Till We Meet Again - - - - -	11
Home, Sweet Home - - - - -	21
How Gentle God's Commands - - - - -	13
Jesus, Lover Of My Soul - - - - -	15
Lead Kindly Light - - - - -	9
Marching Song - - - - -	5
Massa's In the Cold, Cold Ground - - - - -	17
My Old Kentucky Home - - - - -	16
Nearer, My God, to Thee - - - - -	14
Old Black Joe - - - - -	18
Old Folks At Home - - - - -	19
Our Country's Call - - - - -	7
Over There - - - - -	10
Red, White and Blue - - - - -	5
Roll, Jordan - - - - -	22
Short Course Yell - - - - -	23
Star Spangled Banner, The - - - - -	8
Toast to Wisconsin - - - - -	23
University Yell - - - - -	23
Wisconsin - - - - -	4