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Kortmeyer Co.

SONG
BOOK

Milwaukee, Wis.
322 East Michigan St.



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322 E. Michigan St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

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America

1

Key of G

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.

Our father's 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.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean 2

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;
The 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.

The Battle-Cry of Freedom 3

By George F. Root

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
We will rally from the hillside,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus:

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the Traitor, up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before.
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

4 America the Beautiful

Words by Katharine Lee Bates
Tune, "Materna," by Samuel A. Ward

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

5 Star Spangled Banner

Key of B Flat

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there,
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

6 We're Tenting Tonight

By Walter Kittredge

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp grounds.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-bye."

Yankee Doodle

7

By Dr. Shackburg

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Good'in,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus:

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

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day
I wish it could be saved.

And there is Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

Long, Long Trail

8

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

When You and I Were Young, Maggie

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie, 9
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
Where we sat in the long, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

On, Wisconsin!

10

Copyrighted and published by Flanner-Hafsoos Music House,
Milwaukee
Key of G

On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Drive right through that line!
Rush the ball clear through Chicago,
A touch-down sure this time!
On, Wisconsin! On, Wisconsin!
Strive on for her fame;
Fight, fellows, fight!
And we will win the game.

11 Old Folks at Home

By Stephen C. Foster

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

12 Kentucky Home

Words by Dan Emmet
Key of G

The sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's all 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;
Bye and bye 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 of my old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home far away.

13 Dixie Land

Words by Dan Emmet
Key of C

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land!
In Dixie Land, whar I was born,
Early on a frosty morn,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down south in Dixie!

14 Old Black Joe

Words by Stephen C. Foster
Key of D

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from this world 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 their gentle voices calling,
Old Black Joe.

Home, Sweet Home 15

By John Howard Payne and H. R. Bishop

'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 thru the world, is ne'er met elsewhere

Chorus:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh! 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
Thru the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

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.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep 16

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall.

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep;

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or through the tempest's fiery breath
Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death—
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality.

The Old Oaken Bucket 17

By E. Kaillmark and Samuel Woodworth

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.

Chorus:

The old oaken bucket
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket
That hung in the well.

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

18 When Johnny Comes Marching Home

By Louis Lambert

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow;
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

19 Till We Meet Again

By special permission of Jerome H. Remick & Co., Publishers.
Key of A Flat

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover's lane, my Dearie,
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

20 Love's Old Sweet Song

Words by Molloy
Key of F

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

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

Wearin' of the Green 21

Key of D

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going
'round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish
ground;
And St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, His color
can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law against the wearin' of the
green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the
hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ireland and how does
she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever you have
seen,
They're hangin' men and women
For wearin' of the green.

Jingle Bells 22

Key of G

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way;
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.

Summer Time 23

Key of B Flat

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling through the shady lanes
With your baby mine;
She holds your hand and you hold hers,
And that's a very good sign,
That she's your tootsy-wootsy
In the good old summer time.

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean 24

Key of B. Flat

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea,
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Mistress Shady 25

O Mistress Shady, she is a lady;
She has a daughter whom I adore.
Each day I court her,
I mean the daughter,
Every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Sunday afternoon at half-past four.

26 Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

By George F. Root

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, Mother, dear of you,
And my bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I
can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the star-ry flag we shall breathe the
air again
Of a freeland in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge
was made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines they were beaten
back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

27 Auld Lang Syne

Key of G

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And the days of Auld Lang Syne?
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
We take a cup of kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne;
And here's a hand, my trusty frien'—
And gie's a hand of thine;
We'll take a cup of kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

28 Smiles

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Key of A Flat

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that take away the teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see,
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

29 Hail! Hail!

Key of G

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Musn't say that naughty word.
Musn't say that naughty word.
Hail! Hail! The gang's all here.
Musn't say that naughty word, now.

Mary Had a Little Lamb 30

Tune: "Holy City." Key of A Flat.

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, it's fleece was white as
snow,
And everywhere that Mary went that lamb was sure
to go.
It followed her to school one day, which was against
the rule,
It made the children laugh and play to see that lamb
at school.
It made the children laugh and play to see that lamb
at school.

Chorus:

You'll lose your lamb, you'll lose your lamb,
Mary, you'll lose your lamb, you'll lose your lamb,
You'll lose your lamb, O Mary, you'll lose your lamb.

Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

Words by Ben Jonson
(Old English Air)

31

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 divine;
But might I of Joye's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

Three O'Clock in the Morning 32

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It's three o'clock in the morning,
We've danced the whole night thru,
And daylight soon will be dawning,
Just one more waltz with you,
That melody so entrancing,
Seems to be made for us two,
I could just keep right on dancing
Forever dear with you.

There goes the three o'clock chime,
Chiming, rhyming,
My heart keeps beating in time,
Sounds like an old sweet love tune,
Say that there soon will be a honeymoon.

Katy

33

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Key of E Flat

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-girl that I adore.
When the m-m-m-moon shines
Over the cowshed,
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-kitchen door.

34 Keep the Home Fires Burning

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Chappel-Harms, Inc., New York.

Key of G

Keep the home fires burn-ing,
While your hearts are yearn-ing,
Tho' your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lin-ing,
Thru the dark cloud shin-ing,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

35 Darling Nellie Grey

There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nellie Grey.
Oh, my poor Nellie Grey, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

36 Carry Me Back to Old Virginia

By James Bland

Carry me back to old Virginny
There's where the cotton
And the corn and 'taters grow,
There's where the birds warble
Sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darkey's
Heart does long to go.
There's where I labored
So hard for old Massa
Day after day
In the field of yellow corn.
No place on earth
Do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny
The place where I was born.

Let the Rest of the World Go By

37 Copyright and Pub. by M. Witmark & Sons
Key of A Flat

With some one like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind
And go and find
Some place that's known to God alone,
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll find a sweet little nest
Somewhere in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

The Stars and Stripes 38

Copyright 1921 by Edgar C. Ellis

By James C. Lorraine

O Star-spangled Banner! O red, white and blue!
The heart of all freemen turn fondly to you;
And strong arms are ready to strike with a will
Till foes of our freedom are humbled and still.

Invincible banner! the flag of the free!

O where treads the foot that would falter for thee?
Give tears for the parting, a murmur of prayer,
Then forward the fame of our standard to share.

O God of our Fathers this banner must shine!
Where battle is hottest in warfare divine.

O lead us till wide from the gulf to the sea,
The land shall be sacred to freedom and thee.

Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip! 39

Copyright by Leo Feist, Inc.

Key of G

Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as mine.
Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
You're surely looking fine.

Chorus:

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If the Camels don't get you, the Fatimas must.

Good morning, Mister Zip-Zip-Zip,
With your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as,
Your hair cut just as short as mine.

Sweet Adeline 40

Key of B Flat

Sweet Adeline (Sweet Adeline),
Sweet Adeline (Sweet Adeline),
For you, dear heart (for you, dear heart), alone I
pine (alone I pine);
In all my dreams (in all my dreams), your fair face
beams (your fair face beams);
You're the flower of my heart, Sweet Adeline.

Howdy! 41

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So, when we meet together,
Together, together,
No matter what the weather,
Or what the time of day;
Let's grab a hand and shake it;
And shake it, and shake it;
And as for greeting, make it
That good old-fashioned way.
How-dy do, Hen, How-dy do Jen,
How-dy do, Brother Hugh,
How-dy do, Sister Prue,
How-dy do, Bill, How-dy do Lil,
How-dy do, Lew and Sue, How-dy do.

42 Perfect Day

Copyright and Published by Carrie Jacobs-Bond
Key of A Flat

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts—
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay—
For the joy that the day has brought;
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart?
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part.

43 Li'l Liza Jane

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I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus:

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.
Come, my love, and marry me, etc.
I will take good care of thee, etc.
Liza Jane done come to me, etc.
Both as happy as can be, etc.
House and lot in Baltimo', etc.
Lots of chiluns roun' de do', etc.

44 Howdy Do?

Howdy do, Billy Boyer, Howdy do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We'll do everything we can,
We're with you to a man,
Howdy do, Billy Boyer, Howdy do?

45 Annie Laurie

Key of C

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie, where early fa's the
dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie gied me her promise
true.
Gied me her promise true, which ne'er forgot will be,
and for
Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

46 Comin' Thro' the Rye

By Robert Burns

If a body kiss 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.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary 47

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Inc., New York.

Key of B Flat

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Long, Long Ago 48

Key of F

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Now you are come, all my grief is removed.
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Love a Lassie 49

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Key of D

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie;
She's as pure as the lily in the dell;
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, ma' Scotch bluebell.
I love a lassie, a bony, bony lassie,
She's as thin as the paper on the wall;
She's as light as a feather
And her knees knock together
At the sight of a Scotch highball.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady 50

Key of G

Sweet Rosie O'Grady,
My dear little rose,
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows;
And when we are married
How happy we'll be,
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

Roamin' in the Gloamin' 51

Key of F

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wae my lassie by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best—
O' it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'!

52 Nearer, My God, to Thee

By Sarah F. Adams and Lowell Mason

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.

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer, my God to Thee.
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

53 Roses of Picardy

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New York.

Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime,
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!

54 The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise

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New York.

Dear one the world is waiting for the sunrise;
Ev'ry rose is heavy with dew.
The trush on high, his sleepy mate is calling
And my heart is calling you!

A tiny turned up nose
Two cheeks just like a rose
So sweet from head to toes
That little boy of mine
Two arms that hold me tight
Two eyes that shine so bright
Two lips that kiss goodnight
That little boy of mine
No one will ever know
Just what his coming has meant
Because I love him so
He's something heaven has sent
He's all this world to me
He climbs upon my knee
To me he'll always be
That little boy of mine.

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