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## American Composers: 4-H Songs and Others

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# American COMPOSERS

4-H SONGS *and* OTHERS



# American Composers

The music numbers for the 1936-37 South Dakota music achievement program have been selected from the 1937 national 4-H music program. The songs are being grouped in historical episodes and it is hoped that at the close of the year's work the episodes may be combined in a musical and historical pageant to be used at achievement days or community festivals.

Some of the songs used in programs of previous years have been repeated, but good songs like good thoughts and good books are always worth reviewing.

## National 4-H Music Program

Theme for the Year—AMERICAN COMPOSERS

### Music of the Wigwam

From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water .....	Cadman
Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute .....	Cadman
By the Waters of Minnetonka .....	Lieurance
Indian Summer .....	Herbert
Cheyenne Indian War Dance .....	Skilton
Deer Dance .....	Skilton

### Music of the Frontier

Turkey in the Straw (transcription) .....	Guion
Arkansas Traveler (transcription) .....	Guion
A Chant From the Great Plains .....	Busch
Cripple Creek—From Southern Mountains Suite .....	Stringfield

### Music of Edward MacDowell, Stephen Collins Foster, and Daniel Emmett

To a Wild Rose .....	MacDowell
To A Water Lily .....	MacDowell
Witches' Dance .....	MacDowell
Old Uncle Ned .....	Foster
Old Black Joe .....	Foster
Old Folks at Home .....	Foster
Oh! Susanna .....	Foster
My Old Kentucky Home .....	Foster
Dixie .....	Emmett

### Typical American Marches

Semper Fidelis .....	Sousa
El Capitan—From El Capitan .....	Sousa
Stars and Stripes Forever .....	Sousa
Thomas Jefferson March .....	W. H. Santelmann
March—National Geographic .....	Darcy
American Patrol .....	Meacham
2d Connecticut Regiment March .....	Reeves

### Music of Plantation and Cabin

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny .....	Bland
Who Knows? .....	Ball
Song of the Bayou .....	Bloom
Deep River .....	Burleigh
Juba Dance .....	Dett
Nobody Knows de Trouble I See—From Bandanna Sketches .....	White
At a Georgia Camp Meeting .....	Mills

### Music of Ethelbert Nevin, Reginald DeKoven, and Carrie Jacobs-Bond

Narcissus .....	Nevin
The Rosary .....	Nevin
Mighty Lak' a Rose .....	Nevin
I Love You Truly .....	Jacobs-Bond
Just a-Wearyin' for You .....	Jacobs-Bond
A Perfect Day .....	Jacobs-Bond
Oh, Promise Me—From Robin Hood .....	DeKoven

### Patriotic Music for Independence Day

Liberty-Bell March	-----	Sousa
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean	-----	a Becket
Yankee Doodle	-----	Traditional
The World Turned Upside Down	-----	Traditional
Hail Columbia	-----	Fyles
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	-----	Kittridge
The Girl I Left Behind Me	-----	Traditional
Over There	-----	Cohan
Anchors Aweigh	-----	Zimmermann
The Star Spangled Banner	-----	Key-Smith

### Music of the Churches

The Son of God Goes Forth to War	-----	Cutler
The Old Rugged Cross	-----	Bennard
His Eye Is on the Sparrow	-----	Gabriel
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me (Transcription by Barnhouse)	-----	Gould
My Faith Looks Up to Thee	-----	Mason
Nearer My God to Thee	-----	Mason
The Little Brown Church in the Vale	-----	Pitts
Satisfied	-----	Eddy
Soul of My Savior	-----	Maher
God Be With You	-----	Tomer
The Cry of Rachel	-----	Salter

### Music for Every Mood

The Whistler and His Dog	-----	Pryor
Sylvia	-----	Speaks
Mother Machree	-----	Ball
Country Gardens	-----	Grainger
Le Bananier	-----	Gottschalk
4-H Field Song	-----	Parish
Lights Out	-----	Hill
Forgotten	-----	Cowles

### Music From Light Opera

Song of the Vagabonds—From the Vagabond King	-----	Friml
Indian Love Call—From Rose-Marie	-----	Friml
Oh, Heidelberg, Dear Heidelberg—From The Prince of Pilsen	-----	Luders
Alice Blue Gown—From Irene	-----	Tierney
One Alone—From The Desert Song	-----	Romberg
Gypsy Love Song—From The Fortune Teller	-----	Herbert
Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life—From Naughty Marietta	-----	Herbert

## Background of American Music

Perhaps there is no country which has had as many different factors contributing to the development of their music as the American nation. The original Americans, the Indians, had their favorite music. In New England the Puritan influence was reflected, the Southern states patterned many of their songs from the music of Old England. The negro songs of the lower south differ from those of the upper south. Mountaineer ballads developed among the Appalachian, Blue Ridge and the Ozark mountains. Our western plains have the songs of the cowboy and the northern woods, those of the lumber jack.

It has only been in recent years that we have discovered how rich a heritage we possess in native folk songs. We are the only country in the world where music from two primitive sources is to be found. With such a background it is easily understood why there is so much variation in our music.

## The Enjoyment of Music

There are three elements involved in the appreciation of music. First is the physical perception of tone. Its quality pleases us. It may be sung by a great singer or it may be drawn from a violin. Second, is the enjoyment of the variety of harmony and the pattern or design which the composer has woven for us. Third, is the emotional reaction we experience when we hear a musical number. We feel that there was some thought or motion in the composers mind which he tried to reveal in his music. It may be a sad, a happy or meditative thought.

A true appreciation of music cannot be developed by reading about music but by hearing music. Avoid harsh and trivial music, use every opportunity to hear fine music and give oneself frankly and sympathetically to the beauty and joy it affords.

The development of music should be viewed as an activity rather than a means of passive entertainment. It should be encouraged as an individual hobby, as a family undertaking, and as a group and community undertaking.

Each club is expected to make use of all selections during the year and may add some of their own. The schedule following is suggested as appropriate. Clubs starting their work later than October should revise the program to include all selections.

Additional numbers have been suggested in several of the monthly programs in order that the clubs might develop a larger music program if they desire.

### American Composers

October—American Indian	
Hiawatha's Wooing .....	Indian Melody
Prayer to The Great Spirit .....	Indian Melody
November—Frontier	
Turkey in the Straw .....	Early American
Sour Wood Mountain .....	Southern Mountaineer
December—Southern Melodies	
Massa's In The Cold Cold Ground .....	Foster
Uncle Ned .....	Foster
Old Black Joe (additional) .....	Foster
January—Music of Plantation and Cabin	
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny .....	Bland
Swing Low Sweet Chariot .....	Spiritual
February—Patriotic Music	
Yankee Doodle .....	Traditional
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground .....	Kittridge
The Girl I Left Behind Me (additional) .....	Traditional
March—Music of the Churches	
Little Brown Church .....	Pitts
The Old Rugged Cross .....	Bennard
My Faith Looks up to Thee (additional) .....	Mason
April—Music for Every Mood	
4-H Field Song .....	Parish
A Perfect Day .....	Bond
May—Music from Light Opera	
One Alone .....	Romberg
Song of the Vagabond .....	Friml
Gypsy Love Song (additional) .....	Herbert
June—Review of the year's songs	

### Radio Program

The 1937 music selections will be broadcast on the national 4-H radio program the first Saturday of each month between 11:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m. C.S.T. Station KFDY, Brookings, will broadcast two of these musical selections each Saturday afternoon between 1:30 and 2:00 p. m., C.S.T. On several occasions during the year station KFDY will present 10 of

the music numbers for the South Dakota music program. In some cases it may be possible to assemble the club members for this program. The dates of these broadcasts are as follows:

December 12	June 19
February 13	August 21
April 17	October 9

### Music Achievement Tests

At stated times during the year music achievement tests will prove helpful and interesting. The radio programs may be used for a general review of the numbers and later the club members may be tested on their ability to remember the songs. Members of the club may present the numbers or phonograph records may be used. More detailed instructions for the tests are given in the leader's manual.

#### LESSON I

##### October—American Indian

**Hiawatha's Wooing**—Dacotah Indian melody. The Indians used certain rudely constructed musical instruments such as the flageolet, the tom-tom, and the whistle which might be compared to our present day flute—drum and possibly fife or piccolo. Their love songs were often accompanied by futelike calls upon this flageolet. "Hiawatha's Wooing" is a Dacotah tribal melody. In this particular song the characteristic rhythm of the tom-toms may be heard in the bass notes. MacDowell and Victor Herbert have used this melody in some of their compositions. Longfellow's words of "Hiawatha's Wooing" have been set to this tune.

**Prayer To The Great Spirit**—Indian Melody. This short Indian theme is a chorale in praise of the Great Spirit.

#### LESSON II

##### November—Frontier Songs

**Sour Wood Mountain**—Mountaineer song. Music of the frontier days served as the melting pot for music from many lands. Many of the pioneers were driven into the Appalachians through their dread of Indian foes. There they settled and several generations have grown up knowing only that which their forefathers had brought into their pioneer homes with them. Some of the songs which the mother and father sang to their children imitated barnyard cries. "Sour Wood Mountain" is one of these old nursery songs.

**Turkey in the Straw**—Early American. This particular melody has been the theme for many musical compositions. Guion, an American composer, who has made an intensive study of American folk music, has used this theme in a very interesting manner in a musical composition. "Turkey in the Straw" was a favorite tune for the square dances of pioneer days.

#### LESSON III

##### December—Southern Melodies

**Massa's In the Cold, Cold Ground**—Foster. Stephen Foster of Pennsylvania, felt that the life of the Negro should be commemorated in song and became one of the first writers of plantation music. Negro minstrel troupes were just beginning to be popular at this time. They immediately adopted Foster's songs for their programs. "Massa's In the Cold Cold Ground" was written in 1852, and gives a lovely picture in tone of the plantation life in the Upper South.

**Uncle Ned—Foster.** "Uncle Ned" was one of Foster's earliest works and was written for a small singing society which he conducted with five of his friends. Foster died in New York City in 1863 at the untimely age of 38. Like many another child of genius, he was not rich in this world's goods. An inventory of his personal possessions that was made in the hospital where he died ran as follows:

"Ward 11, Stephen Foster, died January 13.  
Coat, pants, vest, hat, shoes, and overcoat"

But there was another item that escaped official notice—a little purse containing 38 cents in coin and the "shinplasters" that were in use during the days of the Civil War. The purse also contained a slip of paper upon which Foster had penciled these words: "Dear friends and gentle hearts." It is presumed that this was to be the title of a song he intended to write; but whatever the significance of the words may have been, it will be freely acknowledged today, after a lapse of more than 70 years, Foster, through the medium of his songs, is a dear friend and gentle heart to his countrymen of every degree and condition. In about a dozen or so of the 180 songs he wrote, he bequeathed us a spiritual legacy that is infinitely more precious than gold or silver.

**Old Black Joe—Foster** (additional).

#### LESSON IV

##### January—Plantation and Cabin

We are told that America has developed three type of music which are distinctly her own, namely, Indian music, cowboy songs, and Negro spirituals. Songs which have grown up around southern plantation life are probably more advanced than our Indian songs. And the banjo, chief instrument of the plantation, is also much more advanced than the instruments which were used by the Indians. In Negro folk songs, we find melody, emotion, and harmony—all the elements that constitute the power of Old World folk music.

**Carry Me Back to Old Virginny—Bland.** James A. Bland deserves long to be remembered if only for one song that never will be forgotten, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." Nevertheless, this ballad of a colored lad who loved Old Virginia had fallen almost entirely into the realm of forgotten things before Alma Gluck came to its rescue. The popular soprano dug it out and made a talking machine record of it a few years ago. That revival, together with the increasing vogue of Negro songs, both genuine and written in the Negro style by White musicians, started a renaissance of the old tune which has brought it into what seems a permanent popularity. It is issued in almost every conceivable form for voices and instruments and in every category of "canned music."

Although Bland's name has not come down into fame as securely as Foster's, he wrote a great many of the popular successes of the '70's and 80's. For instance, he is the author and composer of "O Dem Golden Slippers" which had a great vogue about this time when Harrigan and Hart were producing their theatrical successes. His were Negro songs written by a Negro.

One reason for the enduring appeal of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" is that Virginia serves therein as a symbol for home—no matter where one's home may be. For example, one observer has told of being in a group which sang old songs one evening in the moonlight. Some of the songs were rollicking, others carefree, but "Carry Me Back" was reverent. All were touched by the song, from a wizened old fellow in the seventies

to a tall, bronzed Viking. When the last notes had died away, there was a stillness like that of prayer. In order to break the spell the observer said to the giant: "Born in Virginia?" "No, sir," he replied, "I come from Australia, but for 15 years past I have been in business in Winnipeg. No," he went on, rather wistfully, "I have never been in Virginia." Then, to the old man: "Are you from the South?" Why, no, not exactly," he answered, "Berwick, Maine, is my home town. But most of my life I've lived in Massachusetts. In fact, I always sign myself up from Boston. Big place, you know, and quite well known. But what difference does it make where a man comes from? Home is home for everybody." "And thank God for the memory of it," said the Viking.

The story of this particular song is, that Bland was one of a group of minstrel or jubilee singers travelling in Europe. One day he exclaimed to his companions, "How I wish I was back in old Virginnny." One of them remarked that this wish would make a good title for a song. Thereupon, Blank proceeded to write the song which is now sung by English-speaking people everywhere. Through long usage, it has universally come to express a longing for home.

**Swing Low Sweet Chariot—Spiritual.** This song came from the "Lower South" and reflects the misery and distress of the slave Negro much more than do the spirituals of the "Upper South." Other examples of "Lower South" spirituals are "Deep River," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and "Steal Away," all of which are filled with much despair and a longing to pass on "over Jordan."

## LESSON V

### February—Patriotic Music

**Yankee Doodle—Traditional.** Yankee Doodle is a very old air, one of the most universal folk tunes of the world, and is to be found in many of the European countries. It was very widely used in England in the early 18th century. It is said that it was first introduced to America by Dr. Richard Shackburg, a joke-loving English doctor, who made up these words as a satire on the poor equipment and appearance of the Continental Army when it marched into Albany in the year 1775. Intended as a joke, it became one in truth, for the "Yankee Doodle" soldiers liked the tune so well that they took it as their own, and it was to this air that General Burgoyne laid down his sword at the battle of Saratoga. Some authorities say that Yankee Doodle was played while General Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

**Tenting on the Old Camp Ground—Kittredge.** One of the songs of the Civil War which is still universally sung is "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." This was written by Walter Kittredge, a young man from New Hampshire, who on account of poor health was unable to join the army, so devoted himself to the cause of good music in the camps. Kittredge published the first Union song book in 1861 and in the following year appeared his "Tenting Tonight" which became not only popular in the camps, but also in the homes of the North.

## LESSON VI

### March—Music of the Church

**Little Brown Church in the Vale—Pitts.** Away back in 1855, the folks living near what was then the little village of Bradford in Chickasaw county, Iowa, organized a church with five charter members. Along with



the names of these courageous pioneers the names of two men, Rev. John K. Nutting, pastor of the church for many, many years, and his friend, William Savage Pitts, a young music teacher, are interwoven the history of this church. We are told that Mr. Pitts was much impressed with a certain open space in the woods near Bradford as a desirable site for a church. Seven years later a church building, which was later painted brown, was constructed on this particular site. Someone furnished the trees from which the lumber was sawed, stone for the foundation was obtained from a nearby quarry, and the bell was hauled in by ox team from the nearest railroad. It was in truth a pioneer church.

Some years later Mr. Pitts returned and conducted a singing school in the little church, and one of the songs he used was "The Little Brown Church in the Vale," which he had composed while at his home in Wisconsin. The song seemed to fit their little brown church so well that the congregation adopted the name, and since then it has been known as the Little Brown Church in the Vale.

The little village no longer exists, but the church still stands in the vale and it is still painted brown. Over the door is a tablet which reads "The Little Brown Church in the Vale, Built 1862." The old Bible is still used during the services on each Sunday. It is said that between fifty and sixty thousand people visit this now-famous church each year, and that many a happy bride has pulled the bell-rope after a romantic wedding ceremony there. The little church might rightly be named as one of America's religious shrines.

**The Old Rugged Cross**—Bennard. This familiar church hymn has held its popularity through its simplicity of melody and word theme. When one hears this song played or sung he feels a deeper reverence for the religious or spiritual life.

## LESSON VII

### April—Music for Every Mood

**4-H Field Song**—Parish. All 4-H members should enjoy singing this song as it is one of their very own songs. Most adults will also enjoy this rousing melody. Rena M. Parish, composer of this number, also wrote "Dreaming" the song for 4-H girls, and "Ploughing," the 4-H club song for boys. Fannie R. Buchanan, extension assistant, community development work, Ames, Iowa, wrote the words.

**A Perfect Day**—Bond. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, a native of Janesville, Wisconsin, has given America a large number of delightful songs. Perhaps the best known of these is "A Perfect Day." When not on concert tour, this noted poet-composer spends much of her time in Chicago and California. All of her music is published at the Bond shop, which is operated by the composer and her son.

## LESSON VIII

### May—Music From Light Opera

**One Alone (From The Desert Song)**—Romberg. Romberg is a contemporary composer and many of you may have heard him over the radio conducting an orchestra. "The Desert Song" is in two acts. The scenes are laid in northern Africa and the time is 1925.

General Birabeau, the governor of a French Moroccan province, has as a guest in his home, a French girl named Margot Bonvalet, who is loved by Captain Paul Fontaine of the French Legion. The governor does not know that his own son, Pierre, is, during a part of the time,

acting as the Red Shadow, the leader of a band of Riff tribesmen whom the Legion is trying to subdue. Pierre loves Margot but wishes to win her love on some basis other than that of being the governor's son.

Pierre learns that Captain Fontaine is arranging to marry Margot and leave on a honeymoon aboard a French boat which has just reached port. Then, as the Red Shadow, he carries Margot away with him to the desert. Margot really loves the Red Shadow more than she does Captain Fontaine. While in his desert camp, posing as the Red Shadow, he sings "One Alone," which is probably the best-known song of the opera.

This opera comes to a delightful conclusion as the Red Shadow, revealing his identity, is forgiven by his father, the governor, and is happy at having won the love of Margot.

**Song of the Vagabonds** (From *The Vagabond King*)—Friml. The "Song of the Vagabonds" is taken from the light opera "The Vagabond King" by Rudolf Friml. Although Friml was born in Prague, he came to America as a young man. You will recall that the opera "The Vagabond King" is based on the story "If I Were King" written by Justin Huntly McCarthy. The title gives you an idea as to the plot of the story. Doubtless those of you who have seen this opera will remember that for many years Dennis King played the leading role. His rendition of the "Song of the Vagabonds," with the chorus, was probably the high point in this delightful play.

The hero, a reprobate poet, Francois Villon, (1431-1462) was made constable of France for one week to satisfy a caprice. Villon reforms and marries Katherine de Vaucilles and is established in a country seat at Portou.

### References

National 4-H Music Achievement Program, U. S. Department of Agriculture  
National Bureau for Advancement of Music, 45 West 45th Street, New York City  
The Appreciation of Music, U. S. Department of Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington.

### Hiawatha's Wooing

(Indian Melody)

And then added Hiawatha, "That this peace may last forever,  
And our hearts be more united, Give me as my wife this maiden"

And the ancient arrow maker, Paused a moment ere he answered,  
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes. Let your heart speak, Minnehaha"

And the lovely laughing water Seemed more lovely as she stood there,  
While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow you, my husband"

### Prayer To the Great Spirit

(Indian Melody)

To Gitchi Manitou praises be To Gitchi Manitou praises be, praises be.

### Turkey In The Straw

(Early American)

As I was a gwine on down de road with a tired team and a heavy load,  
I cracked my whip and the leader sprung, Says I goody-bye to the wagon  
tongue.

Turkey In the Straw, (Turkey in the hay, H'm) Turkey in the Straw  
(Turkey in the hay) Roll 'em, twist 'em up a high tuck-a-haw,  
And hit up a tune called "Turkey In The Straw"

### Sourwood Mountain

(Southern Mountaineer)

Chicken crowing on Sourwood Mountain, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day  
So many pretty girls I can't count 'em, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day  
My true love lives up the river, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day  
She won't come and I won't fetch her, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.

My true love's a blue eyed daisy, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day  
If I don't get her I'll go crazy, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day  
Big dog bark and little one bite, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day  
Big girl'll court and little one'll slight you, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day

My true love lives up the river, Hey re ing dang diddle ally day  
A few more jumps and I'll be with her, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.  
My true love lives in the hollow, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.  
She won't come and I won't follow, Hey de ing dang diddle ally day.

### Massa's In The Cold Ground

Round de meadows am a-ringing De darkeys' mournful song,  
While de mocking bird am singing, Happy as de day am long.  
Where de ivy am a-creeping, O'er de grassy mound,  
Dare old Massa am a-sleeping, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

#### Chorus

Down in de cornfield Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkeys am a-weep-  
ing, 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 nebber calls no more.

#### Chorus

Massa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind,  
Now dey sadly weep above him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.  
I cannot work before tomorrow, Cayse de tear drop now,  
I try to drive away my sorrow, Picking on de old banjo.

#### Chorus.

### Uncle Ned

There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned,  
And he died long ago, long ago; He had no wool on the top of his head,  
In the place where the wool ought to grow.

#### Refrain

Then lay down the shovel and the hoe, Hang up the fiddle and the bow,  
For there's no more work for poor old Ned;  
He's gone where the good darkies go.  
His fingers were long as the cane in the brake,  
And he had no eyes for to see; And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe-cake,  
So he had to let the hoe-cake be.

#### Refrain

One cold, frosty morning, old Ned died, Massa's tears they fell like the  
rain,

For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground,  
He'd never see his like again.

#### Refrain

### 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 their 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

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 long'd to go,  
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

### Carry Me Back To Old Virginy

Carry me back to old Virginy, There's where the cotton and the  
corn and taters grow,  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,  
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd 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 Virginy, the state where I was born.

#### Chorus.

Carry me back to old Virginy, There's where the cotton and the  
corn and taters grow,  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,  
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginy, There let me live till I wither  
and decay,  
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered, There's where  
this old darkey's life will pass away.  
Massa and Missis have long gone before me,  
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore,  
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,  
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

#### Chorus.

### Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

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

#### Leader

I looked over Jordan and what did I see

#### Chorus

Comin' fo' to carry me home,

#### Leader

A band of angels comin' after me

#### Chorus

Comin' fo' to carry me home.

**Leader**

If you get there before I do, (Chorus)  
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too, (Chorus),

**Leader**

The brightest day that ever I saw, (Chorus)  
When Jesus washed my sins away (Chorus)

**Leader**

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down, (Chorus)  
But still my soul feels heav'nly bound (Chorus)

**Yankee Doodle**

Fath'r and I went down to camp, Along with captain Good'n,  
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 every day, I wish it could be saved

**Chorus**

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

**Chorus**

**Tenting On The Old Camp Ground**

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 to-night, Wishing for the war  
to cease;

Many are the hearts that are looking for the right,  
To see the dawn of peace. Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night 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,"

**Chorus**

We are tired of war on the old Camp Ground  
Many are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've left their  
homes,  
Others been wounded long

**Chorus**

**The Girl I Left Behind Me**

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and valley;  
Such heavy thoughts my heart to fill, Since parting with my Sally.  
I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but remind me,  
How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night, The Stars were bright above me,  
And gently lent their silv'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me.  
But now I'm bound to Bright-on Camp, Kind heav'n may favor find me,  
And send me safely back again To the girl I've left behind me.

### The Little Brown Church In The Vale

There's a church in the valley by the wild-wood  
No lovelier place in the dale,  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale.

#### Chorus

Come to the church in the wild-wood, O come to the church  
in the dale  
No spot is so dear to my childhood As the little brown church  
in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning  
To list to the clear ringing bell;  
Its tones so sweetly are calling;  
O come to the church in the vale.

#### Chorus

### The Old Rugged Cross

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,  
The emblem of suff'ring and shame  
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best  
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

#### Chorus

So I'll cherish the old rugged cross,  
Till my trophies at last I lay down;  
I will cling to the old rugged cross,  
And exchange it some day for a crown  
Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world,  
Has a wondrous attraction for me,  
For the dear lamb of God left His glory above  
To bear it to dark Calvary

#### Chorus

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,  
It's shame and reproach gladly bear;  
Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,  
Where His glory forever I'll share

#### Chorus

### My Faith Looks Up to Thee

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary  
Saviour divine; Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away, O, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire; As Thou has died for me,  
O, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be,  
A living fire.

When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen  
stream,  
Shall O'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

## 4-H Songs and Others

The following songs are included in this bulletin so that 4-H members may use their 4-H club songs as well as the 1937 music achievement numbers at their regular meetings. Should the adult rural clubs wish additional songs for group singing they will find the folk tunes, spirituals and rounds included in this section, very usable. Music for many of the folk tunes is available to the music leader of your club, upon request.

### DREAMING

My home must have a high tree above its open gate,  
My hope must have a garden where little dreamings wait,  
My home must have a wide view of field and meadow fair  
Of distant hill, of open sky, with sunlight everywhere.

My home must have a friendship with every happy thing,  
My home must offer comfort for any sorrowing;  
And every heart that enters shall hear its music there,  
And find some simple beauty that every life may share.

My home must have its Mother—may I grow sweet and wise;  
My home must have its Father—with honor in his eyes.  
My home must have its children, God grant the parents grace  
To keep our home through all the years, a kindly, happy place.

### PLOUGHING SONG

A growing day, and a waking field, and a furrow straight and long;  
A golden sun, and a lifting breeze, and we follow with a song.

#### Chorus:

Sons of the soil are we; lads of the field and flock.  
Turning our sods, asking no odds, where is a life so free?  
Sons of the soil are we; men of the coming years,  
Facing the dawn, brain ruling brawn, lords of our lands we'll be.

A guiding thought, and a skillful hand, and a plant's young leaf unfurled.  
A summer's sun, and a summer's rain, and we harvest for the world.

### A SONG OF THE OPEN COUNTRY

A song of the open country, that we love so well,  
Where freedom of outdoor living holds us in its spell;  
The splendor of skies at dawning, the golden sunset's glow.  
Our hopes rise 'neath starlit skies, all nature helps us grow.

The awak'ning of life in springtime gives us hope anew,  
The long growing days of summer give us work to do.  
In autumn the golden harvest fulfills our hopes of spring  
And proves the love of Him above who guards each living thing.

So life in the open country, with growing things around,  
Where our creator's wisdom on every hand is found,  
Gives youth of the open country a partnership with Him  
The work we share builds us four-square, head, heart, hands,  
health for Him.

#### 4-H FIELD SONG

Sing for the wide, wide fields,  
Sing for the wide, wide sky;  
Sing for the good, glad earth  
For the sun on hill tops high  
Sing for the comrade true  
Sing for the friendship sweet  
Sing as together we swing along  
With the turf beneath our feet!

#### 4-H FRIENDSHIP SONG

Everybody needs a bit of friendship,  
Friendship that is tried and true.  
Everybody needs a bit of friendship,  
Whether skies are gray or blue.  
Everybody everywhere must have it,  
Every day the whole year through.  
Everybody needs a bit of friendship  
And I need you.

#### THE COUNTRY'S FAITH

Here in the country's heart where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life as it e'er hath been.  
Trust in a God still lives, and the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God o'er the rising corn.  
God in the rain comes down and the crops grow tall,  
This is the country's faith, and the best of all.

#### WHERE THE RHODODENDRONS GROW

(Southern Melody)

I want to wake up in the morning  
Where the rhododendrons grow  
Where the sun comes a-peepin'  
Into where I'm a-sleepin'  
And the song birds say "hello."  
I want to wander through the wildwood  
Where the fragrant breezes blow  
And drift back to the mountains  
Where the rhododendrons grow.

#### THE GENEROUS FIDDLER

(German)

Who will play a tune for dancing,  
Who will play the fiddle sweet?  
All the girls are shyly waiting,  
Waiting with impatient feet.  
Fiddler, fiddler, come you soon  
And play us all a merry tune!

Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,  
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la.

Now, before I make you music,  
You must pay the fiddler's fee!



Ah, we've neither pence nor farthing,  
Poor and humble folk are we.  
Naught care I for what you say!  
If you must dance, then I must play!

### MORNING COMES EARLY

(Slovakian)

Morning comes early and bright with dew,  
Under your window I sing to you.  
Up, then, my comrade, up, then, my comrade,  
Let us be greeting the morn so blue.  
Up, then, my comrade, up, then, my comrade,  
Let us be greeting the morn so blue.

Why do you linger so long in bed?  
Open your window and show your head.  
Up, then, with singing, up, then, with singing,  
Over the meadows the sun comes red.  
Up, then, with singing, up, then, with singing,  
Over the meadows the sun comes red.

### HAN SKAL LEVE

(Danish Greeting Song)

Han skal leve, Han skal leve,  
Han skal leve, Hoyt Hurra!  
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra Hurra! Hurra! (repeat)  
Han skal leve, etc.  
Bravo, brava, bravo, bravissimo  
Bravo, bravo, bravissimo  
Bravo bravissimo, bravo bravissimo  
Bravo, bravo, bravissimo  
Han skal leve, etc.

### THE KEEPER

(English)

The Keeper did a hunting go  
And under his cloak he carried a bow  
All for to shoot at a merry little doe  
Among the leaves so green, O  
Jacky Boy (boys) Master (girls)  
Sing ye well (boys) very well (girls)  
Hey down, (boys) ho down, (girls)  
Derry, derry down, (both)  
Among the leaves so green, oh. (both)  
To my hey down, down (boys)  
to my ho down, down, (girls)  
Hey down, (boys) ho down, (girls)  
Derry, derry down, (both)  
Among the leaves so green, oh. (both)

The first doe she did cross the plain  
The keeper fetched her back again,  
Where she is now, she may remain,  
Among the leaves so green, oh!

The second doe she crossed the brook  
The keeper fetched her back with his hook  
Where she is now you may go and look,  
Among the leaves so green, oh!

The third doe she ran over the plain,  
But he with his hounds did turn her again  
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein,  
Among the leaves so green, oh!

### THE HAPPINESS OF LIVING

(Old Swedish Hiking Song)

Let us on all bright things ponder  
As along life's road we wander;  
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la  
Pure joy to others bringing,  
As onward we go singing;  
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la  
Our journey will be brightened  
And our burdens will be lightened  
If forgotten are misgivings  
For the Happiness of living  
And as sunshine in the blue skies  
Beams joy of life from bright eyes  
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la  
Let us set the whole world ringing  
With our joyous singing  
And proclaim to every man that in him lives a king  
Sing tra la la la la la, Sing tra la la la la!  
Sing tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la!

### GREEN GROW THE RUSHES

(Old English)

(Leader)

I'll sing you one Ho—

(All)

Green grow the rushes, oh,  
What is your one Ho?

(Leader)

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so  
I'll sing you two Hos.

(All)

Green grow the rushes, oh,  
What are your two Hos?

(Leader)

Two-two, the lily white boys clothed all in green ho.

(All)

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

(Leader)

I'll sing you three Hos

(All)

Green grow the rushes, oh,  
What are your three Hos?

**(Leader)**

Three-three the rivals

**(All)**

Two-two, the lily white boys clothed and all in green  
ho

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

(Leader continues to add one more verse while group joins in singing back through all of previous verses.)

Four for the gospel makers  
Five for the cymbals at your door  
Six for the six proud walkers  
Seven for the seven stars in the sky  
Eight for the April rainers  
Nine for the nine bright shiners  
Ten for the ten commandments  
Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven  
Twelve for the twelve apostles.

### ZYCZENIE

(Polish Folk Song)

Were I a sunbeam, high in heaven gleaming,  
For thee only love I'd be ever beaming.  
Not in wood's shadow, not on the meadow,  
But at they little window,  
Were I a sunbeam, high in heaven gleaming,  
There at thy window I'd be ever beaming.

### BROWN LEAVES OF AUTUMN

(Czecho-Slovakian)

Brown leaves of autumn, you stir with a sigh,  
There on the bough when the wind wanders by.  
Softly sighing, fading, dying,  
There on the bough when the wind wanders by.

Down from the tree tops you lightly take wing  
Over the woodland a mantle you'll fling  
Twirling, flying, softly flying  
So you may shelter the flowers of spring.

### DANCING AND TURNING

(Slovakian)

Dancing, dancing, turning, turning,  
See the oven burning, burning;  
Do not break it  
Summers going and cold wintry winds are blowing.

### Chorus

Tra la la la la la la,  
Tra la la la la la la, la yu!

See the soldier marching, marching  
In his torn coat watching, watching

Watching night and morning, morning,  
And on him the dews are falling.

My gay dress with big sleeves, big sleeves  
I gave to a gypsy, gypsy;  
By your magic tell me, tell me  
Who my sweetheart shall be, shall be.

Now five ducats give me, give me,  
I'll by magic tell thee, tell thee;  
Like a flower of beauty, beauty,  
So shall this fair lad be, lad be.

### HOME ON THE RANGE

(American Cowboy)

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

#### Chorus

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play.

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright  
With the lights from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed,  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

### AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

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 from freedom beat across the wilderness.  
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self control, thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for patriot dream that sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam undimmed by human tears.  
America! America! God shed His Grace on thee,  
And crown they good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

### STAR SPANGLED BANNER

O 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, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, where 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

O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!  
O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"  
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
A'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

### JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:  
Let earth receive her King,  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven and nature sing,  
And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat the sounding joy,  
Repeat, repeat, the sounding joy.

### DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Day is dying in the west,  
Heaven is touching earth with rest;  
Wait and worship while the night  
Sets her evening lamps alight,  
Through all the sky.

#### Chorus

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!  
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!  
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,  
O Lord Most High!

### WITCHCRAFT

If there were witchcraft, I'd make two wishes,  
A winding road that beckons me to roam,  
And then I'd wish for a blazing campfire,  
To welcome me when I'm returning home.  
But in this real world, there is no witchcraft

And golden wishes do not grow on trees;  
Our fondest day-dreams must be the magic  
To bring us back these happy memories;  
Mem'ries that linger, constant and true  
Mem'ries we cherish, 4-H Club folks of you.

#### FOLLOW THE GLEAM

To knights in the day of old,  
Keeping vigil on mountain height,  
Came a vision of Holy Grail  
And a voice thro' the waiting night.  
Follow, follow, follow the gleam  
Banners unfurled o'er all the world  
Follow, follow, follow the gleam  
Of the Chalice that is the Grail.

And we who would serve the King,  
And loyally Him obey,  
In the consecrate silence know  
That the challenge still sounds today.  
Follow, follow, follow the gleam!  
Standards of worth o'er all the earth.  
Follow, follow, follow the gleam  
Of the light that shall bring the dawn.

#### DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec  
Stowing timber on the deck  
Where there's a king with a golden crown  
Riding on a donkey.

##### Chorus

Heigho, away we go!  
Donkey riding, donkey riding  
Heigho, away we go!  
Riding on a donkey

Were you ever off the Horn  
Where it's always fine and warm,  
Seen the lion and the unicorn  
Riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay  
Where the folks all shout "Hooray"  
Here comes John with his three months' pay  
Riding on a donkey.

#### THE 4-H TRAIL

(Tune—Artillery Song)

Over hill, over dale, we will find a greenwood trail  
As we club folks go swinging along.  
Let it rain, let it shine, we will keep a steady line  
As we club folks go swinging along.  
And it's hi, hi, hee, The 4-H trail for me

Shout out your numbers loud and strong,  
Where e'er we go, You will always know  
That we club folks keep swinging along.

### SHORT'NIN' BREAD

(Negro Spiritual)

Three little darkies lyin' in bed,  
Two wuz sick an' de other mos' dead!  
Sent fo' de doctor, de doctor said,  
"Feed does chillun on short'nin' bread."

#### Chorus

Mammy's little baby love short'nin', short'nin'  
Mammy's little baby love short'nin' bread.  
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin'  
Mammy's little baby love short'nin' bread.

Put on de skillet, put on de lead,  
Mammy's gwine to bake a little short'nin' bread.  
Dat ain't all she's gwine to do,  
My mammy's gwine to make a little coffee too.

### SOUTH DAKOTA IS THE SUNSHINE STATE

South Dakota is the Sunshine State!  
All the people are feeling great!  
Sunshine and smiles is our stock in trade,  
Sunshine and smiles of the very best grade,  
South Dakota, South Dakota  
That is the Sunshine State.

### ROUNDS

#### Cherries So Ripe

- I. (1) Cherries so ripe and so round
- (2) The best in the market are found
- (3) Only a penny a pound
- (4) Who will buy?

#### Whipporwill

- II. (1) Gone to bed is the setting sun
- (2) Night is coming and day is done
- (3) Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will
- (4) Has just begun

#### Lovely Evening

- III. (1) Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening
- (2) When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing,
- (3) Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Ding Dong

#### White Choral Bells

- IV. (1) White coral bells upon a slender stalk;
- (2) Lilies of the valley deck our garden walk.
- (3) O' don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
- (4) That could only happen when the fairies sing!

## GRACE

(Tune: "Welcome Sweet Springtime")

Father in Heaven, we thank thee in song;  
For the great bounty, hear our request;  
Bless thou this food, for thee make us strong.  
Be Thou our unseen guest.

## MORNING IS COME

(Grace Song)

Morning  
Noon-time has come, the board is spread  
Evening  
Thanks be to God who gives us bread  
We thank thee Lord.

## PARTING SONG

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

4-H club folks that we love so well,  
You're the folks that in our memories dwell.  
When we part from our friends here,  
We'll work harder all the year;  
And the friends we've met so merrily,  
One and all we'll hold in memory.  
So farewell, 4-H friends, we say,  
Till we meet again.

## TAPS

(U. S. Army Bugle Call)

Day is done, gone the sun,  
From the hills, from the sky;  
All is well, safely rest,  
Safely rest, God is nigh.



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