

The essential book for learning to sight read traditional songs and tunes

# T E T

TOTALLY  
EASY  
TUNES



G and related minors



**By Brian Perkins**

**Consisting of 55 singable songs that you should know**

1-Hot Cross Buns  
 1-Yorkshire Song  
 2-Dry Bones  
 2-Frere Jacques  
 2-Row, Row, Row Your Boat  
 2-Say, Darlin Say  
 2-Sweetly Sings the Donkey  
 2-Taps  
 2-Ten in a Bed  
 2-There Were Three Jolly Fishermen  
 2-There's a Hole in the Bucket  
 2-Willum, She Had Seven Sons  
 3-Bring Me Little Water, Sylvie  
 3-Down in the Valley  
 3-Hello, and How Are You?  
 3-Huuwaya Huuwa  
 3-I Caught a Fish Alive  
 3-I Know and Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly  
 3-Make New Friends but Keep the Old  
 3-On Top of Old Smoky  
 4-Aamalai Sodhlin  
 4-Alouette  
 4-American Railroad Song  
 4-Bonsoir mes amis  
 4-Don't throw Your Trash in My Backyard  
 4-Hänschen Klein  
 4-I Walk the Line  
 4-Mein Hut der Hat Drei Ecken  
 4-No Time to Tarry Here  
 4-Shepherd's Hey  
 4-Soomaliyeey Toosoo  
 4-Wheels on the Bus  
 4-When the Saints Go Marching In  
 4-You'll Sing a Song & I'll Sing a Song  
 5-Aragon Mill  
 5-Bingo Was Its Name-O  
 5-Father Abraham  
 5-Hey Ho, Nobody Home  
 5-If You're Happy and You Know It  
 5-Jambo Bwana  
 5-Moja, Mbili, Tatu  
 5-Roll the Old Chariot  
 5-Shalom Chaverim  
 5-Water is Wide  
 6-Doxology  
 6-Handsome Cabin Boy  
 6-Happy Birthday  
 6-Kanchi Matyang Tyang  
 6-Other Day I Met a Bear  
 6-Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore  
 7-Freight Train  
 7-Put Your Little Foot  
 7-Take Me Out to the Ballgame  
 7-Wildwood Flower  
 9-My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean

## Here is the plan:

One of the roles of music education is to make sure everyone can play a bunch of simple, catchy tunes that everyone else knows. I teach a repertoire of traditional tunes that can be pretty challenging. They are technically difficult and are often played in difficult keys. Learning to play many keys at the same time is a bit much. To get you up to speed, here are some really common tunes presented in the one or two scales best suited for your instrument. As Vermonters, we have a common repertoire of songs. You really should know them so when your fellow musicians start jamming on "Bingo" or "Jambo Bwana" or "If You're Happy and You Know it" you can join in. Some of these songs are "Hot Cross Buns" simple and others like "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" are more complex. Even though some of these might not be your first choice on Spotify, they are great learning tunes and great party tunes because EVERYONE knows them (or *should* know them.)

## Sarangi

The sarangi is a modal instrument which can be tuned anywhere from D to A. F major is the most common key. Our sarangis are tuned to F but can easily be re-tuned. All of these



charts read in G. That means that G is Sa सा.

As a teacher of New England fiddle traditions I have determined that literacy in G will help sarangi players engage with the Celtic, Appalachian, Québécois and Jewish violin repertoire commonly played in Vermont. This means that my sarangi students will view G as their "home key" for reading and that the F tuned sarangi will be a "transposing instrument."

## Publications by Brian Perkins

### ONE Sings! Songbook

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11/22/23

G



प धसा सा ग प धसा सा ग  
हे बरै हे बरै



रे गरे रे प ग रे सा सा रे ग  
दशी धारा पो नरोए आमा



रे ग रे ग प प  
बाँची पठाउंला



ग ग रे रे प ग रे सा  
तस्विरै खिचेर

This is a Nepali song of separation and loss.  
The version here is a small part in simplified form.  
Listen carefully to Jhalakman Gandharva or to Prakash  
Gandharva to learn how to sing and play this powerful song.

Hē barai Hē barai  
daśī dhārā pō narō'ē āmā  
daśī dhārā pō narō'ē āmā  
bāñcī paṭhā'uṃlā tasvirai khicēra

11/22/23

G D7 G

सा रे ग ग रे सा रे ग सा प  
A - lou - et - te, gen - tille A - lou - et - te

G D7 G

सा रे ग ग रे सा रे ग सा  
A - lou - et - te je te plu - me - rai

G D7 G

सा सा सा ग प प प प ध प म ग रे सा  
Je te plu - me - rai la tête Je te plu - me - rai la tête

Et le bec,  
Et les yeux,  
Et le cou,  
Et les ailes,  
Et le dos,  
Et les pattes,  
Et la queue

D7

प प प प प प  
Et la tête Et la tête

D7 D7

प प प प प प प म ग रे  
A - lou-ette A - lou-ette O - o - o - oh!

# AMERICAN RAILROAD SONG

FIRST MENTIONED IN 1857 AS A LIVERPOOL SEA SHANTY.

**VERSE**

**G** **D7**

ग ग ग सा सा सा ग ग प रे रे नि नि रे रे म  
In Eigh - teen Hun-dred and For - ty-One, Put my cor - duroy britch - es on,

**G** **D7** **G**

ग ग सा सा ग ग प सा रे म ग रे सा सा  
Put my cor - duroy britch - es on, To work up - on the rail - road.

**CHORUS**

**G** **D7**

ग ग सा सा ग ग प रे रे नि नि रे रे म  
Pat - sy Or - ee Or - ee Ay! Pat - sy Or - ee Or - ee Ay!

**G** **D7** **G**

ग ग सा सा ग ग प सा रे म ग रे सा सा  
Pat - sy Or - ee Or - ee Ay! A' - work - in on the rail - road

In 1842,  
Left the old world for the new, (2x)

In 1843,  
American Railroad hired me, (2x)

In 1844,  
My head was aching, back was sore, (2x)

In 1845,  
Found myself more dead than alive, (2x)

In 1846,  
Stepped upon some dynamite sticks, (2x)

In 1847,  
Found myself on the way to heaven, (2x)

In 1848,  
Found myself at the Pearly Gates, (2x)

In 1849,  
Found myself in heaven sublime, (2x)

In Eighteen Hundred and Forty-Ten,  
Like my song? I'll sing it again! (2x)

**VERSE**

11/22/23

G

E MIN

सा ग प प ध प सा रे ग ग म ग नि सा  
At the east end of town at the foot of the hill stands a

D

C

G

रे रे ग रे नि सा रे रे सा सा ग म  
chim - ney so tall that says "A - ra-gon Mill." And the

**CHORUS**

G

E MIN

प ग प ध प सा रे ग ग म ग नि सा  
on - ly tune I hear is the sound of the wind as it

D

C

G

रे रे ग रे नि सा रे रे सा ध सा ग म  
blows through the town. Weave and spin, weave and spin.

But there's no smoke at all  
Coming out of the stack.  
The mill has closed down  
And it ain't a'comin back.

Well I'm too old to work  
And I'm too young to die.  
Tell me where will I go  
My old gal and I.

There's no children at all  
In the narrow empty street.  
The mill has closed down  
It's so quiet I can't sleep.

Yes, the mill has closed down  
It's the only life I know.  
Tell me where will I go?  
Tell me where will I go?

# BINGO WAS ITS NAME-O

SUNG IN 1780 AT LONDON'S HAYMARKET THEATRE. US VERSIONS MENTIONED IN 1842.

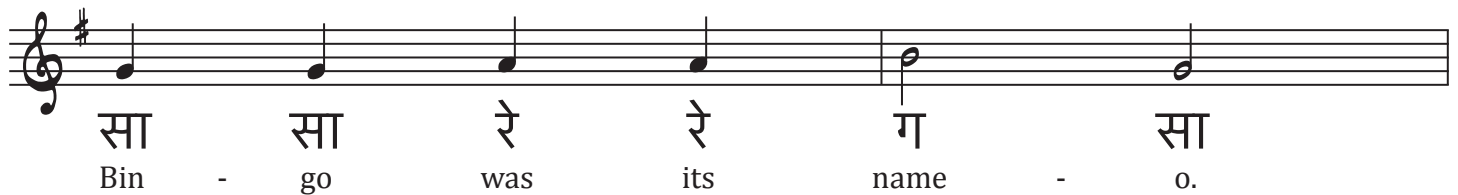
11/22/23

**G** **C** **G**



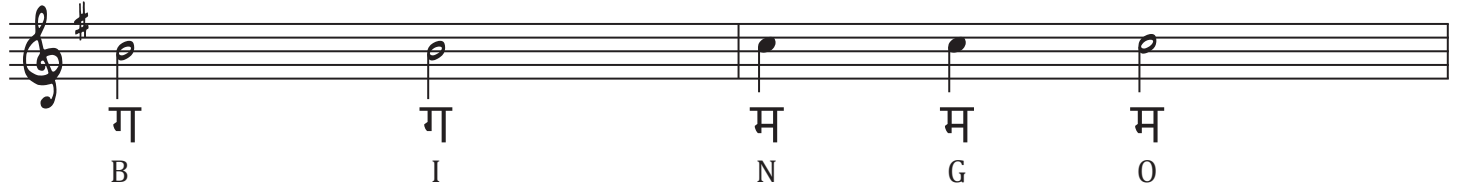
प सा सा सा प ध ध प प  
There was a far - mer had a dog, and

**D7** **G**



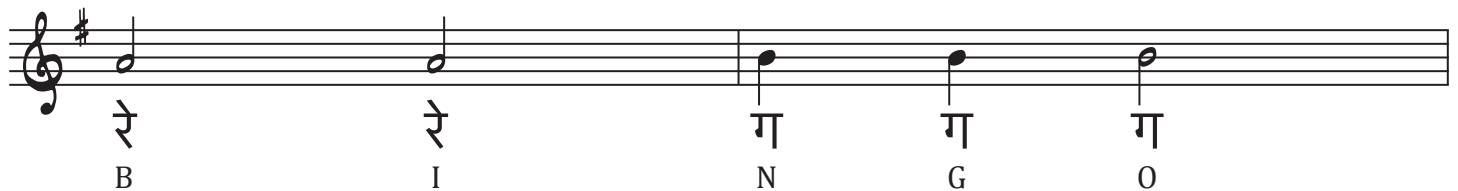
सा सा रे रे ग सा  
Bin - go was its name - o.

**G** **C**



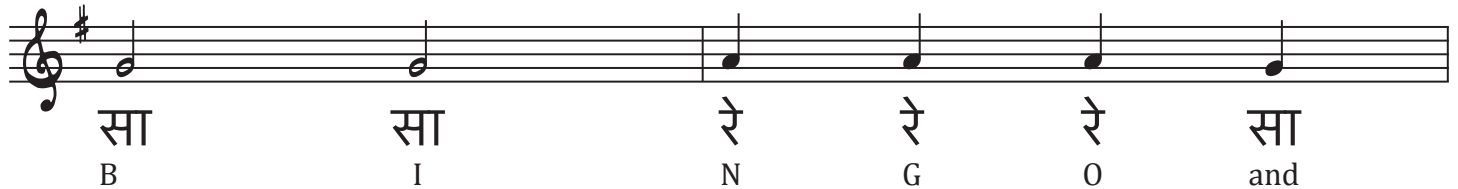
ग ग म म म  
B I N G O

**D7** **G**




रे रे ग ग ग  
B I N G O

**E MIN** **A MIN**



सा सा रे रे रे सा  
B I N G O and

**D7** **G**



नि प ध नि सा सा प  
Bin - go was its name - o.

# BONSOIR, MES AMIS, BONSOIR!

**FANFARE:**

**G**

प सा सा सा सा ग सा प ग ग ग ग प ग सा  
Bon - soir, mes amis, bon - soir! Bon - soir, mes amis, bon - soir! Bon -

**G C G D**

प प प प ध म म म म प ग ग ग ग सा प  
soir, mes amis, Bon - soir, mes amis, Bon - soir, mes amis, bon - soir!

**D7 G**

प प सा  
Au re - voir!

**MARCH:**

**G D7**

प म ग ग ग ग प म म ग  
Quand on est si bien en - sem - ble pour - quoi  
If we're all so good to - ge - ther, tell me

**D7 G G**

रे रे प प ग प म ग ग रे  
donc se sé - pa - rer pour - quoi donc, pour - quoi  
why we have to part? Tell me why Tell me

**G7 C AMIN D D7 G**

सा सा नि ध ध प नि सा प  
donc, pour - quoi donc se sé - pa - rer!  
why, Tell me why we have to part.



# BRING ME LITTLE WATER SYLVIE

HUDDIE LEDBETTER 1889-1949

1935

11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup>

प प सा सा ग सा सा सा      प प सा सा ग सा रे  
Bring me little    wat - er, Syl-vie.      Bring me little    wa - ter now.

G G D<sup>7</sup> G

प प सा सा ग सा सा रे      सा रे सा घ प रे रे सा  
Bring me little    wa - ter, Syl-vie.      Every little    once in a while.

## Verses:

Don't you hear me coming?  
Don't you hear me now?  
Don't you hear me coming,  
Every little once in a while?

Don't you hear me calling?  
Don't you hear me now?  
Don't you hear me calling,  
Every little once in a while?

Don't you see me coming?  
Don't you see me now?  
Don't you see me coming,  
Every little once in a while?

# DON'T THROW YOUR TRASH IN MY BACKYARD

**A** 11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा रे ग म प ग ग म रे रे प ग ग  
Don't throw your trash in my back - yard, my back - yard, my back - yard.

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा रे ग म प ग ग म रे नि सा  
Don't throw your trash in my back - yard. My back - yard's full!

**B** G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा रे ग म प ध प प ध प प ध प  
Fish and chips and vi - ne - gar, vi - ne - gar, vi - ne - gar.

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा रे ग म प ध प म म ग ग रे रे सा  
Fish and chips and vi - ne - gar, pep - per, pep - per, pep - per salt!

**C** G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा सा सा सा सा प प प सा सा सा  
One bot-tle of pop, two bot-tles of pop, three bot-tles of pop, four bot-tles of pop,

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा सा सा सा सा सा प प प सा  
five bot-tles of pop, six bot-tles of pop, seven bot-tles of pop, POP!

# DOWN IN THE VALLEY

FIRST COLLECTED IN 1909  
By PROF. HENRY MARVIN BELDIN

11/22/23

G D7

प सा रे ग सासा ग रे सा रे प नि रे  
Down in the val - ley the val-ley so low. Hang your head

D7 G

म रे नि सा रे सा प सा रे  
o - ver, hear the wind blow. Hear the wind

G D7

ग सा ग रे सा रे प नि रे  
blow dear, hear the wind blow. Hang your head

D7 G

म रे नि सा रे सा प सा रे  
o - ver, hear the wind blow.

Down in the valley, the valley so low  
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow  
Hear the wind blow dear, hear the wind blow  
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew  
Angels in heaven, know I love you. (etc.)

If you don't love me, love whom you please  
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease (etc.)

Write me a letter, send it by mail  
Send it in care of, the Birmingham jail (etc.)

Build me a castle, forty feet high  
So I can see her, as she rides by

11/22/23

G G D EMIN BMIN EMIN D G G

सा सा नि ध प सा रे ग ग  
Praise God, from Whom all bles - sings flow; Praise

G G D EMIN C G D EMIN

ग ग रे सा म ग रे सा  
Him, all crea - tures here be - low; Praise

D G AMIN EMIN C D G D

रे ग रे सा ध नि सा प  
Him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise

G EMIN D AMIN G D G C G

ग सा रे म ग रे सा सा सा  
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost A - men

**Table Blessing**

Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with thee.  
*John Greenleaf Whittier, UMH #621*

[BrianPerkinsMusic.Com](http://BrianPerkinsMusic.Com)  
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**"Wobbly Doxology"**

Praise boss when morning work-bells chime.  
Praise him for chunks of overtime.  
Praise him whose bloody wars we fight.  
Praise him, fat leech and parasite. Aw hell!  
IWW Little Red Songbook 1909 (?)

# DRY BONES

EZEKIEL IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRY BONES (EZEKIEL 37: 1-14)

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON (1871-1938)

FROM THE FISK JUBILEE SINGERS

G

11/22/23



प सा सा सा सा ग सा सा  
Them bones, them bones, them dry bones. Them

D<sup>7</sup>

G



रे रे रे रे ग सा प  
bones, them bones, them dry bones. Them

G

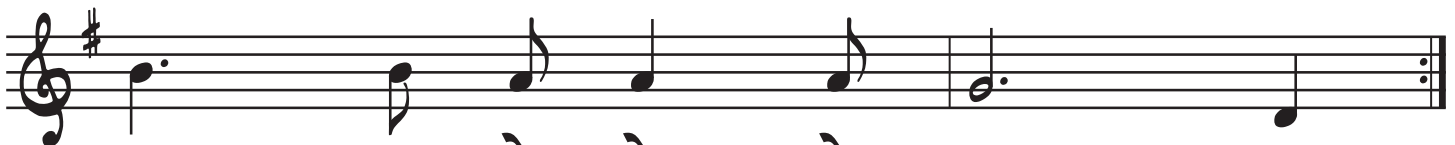


सा सा सा सा ग सा सा  
bones, them bones, them dry bones. Now

G

D<sup>7</sup>

G



ग ग रे रे रे सा प  
hear the word of the Lord. Them

# FATHER ABRAHAM HAD SEVEN SONS

DUTCH, LOTS OF OLD VERSIONS  
THIS MELODY BY PIERRE KARTNER 1971

G

11/22/23

सा रे ग ग ग      रे सा रे ग      रे सा रे  
Fath - er    Ab - ra-ham      had se - ven sons      and se - ven

G

C

D<sup>7</sup>

ग ग म      ग ग रे रे      नि सा  
sons    had    Fath -    er    Ab - ra - ham.      And they

D<sup>7</sup>

रे रे रे      नि सा रे रे रे  
ne - ver laughed      and they ne - ver cried.

D<sup>7</sup>

G

प ध प म ग रे सा      सा रे  
All      they did    was go    like    this!

# FREIGHT TRAIN

WRITTEN IN APPROX. 1908 (AT AGE 12)

By ELIZABETH COTTEN (1895-1987)  
ARR. FROM 3 EC PERFORMANCES.

11/22/23

**G** **D7**

प ग रे सा नि प म  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast.  
When I'm dead and in my grave  
When I die, Lord bury me deep

**D7** **G**

प म ग रे सा प ग  
Freight train, freight train, run so fast.  
No more good times will I crave  
Way down on old Chest - nut Street

**B7** **C**

ग ग ग ग रे सा ध सा सा रे  
Please don't tell what train I'm on. They won't  
Place the stones at my head and feet and tell them  
Then I can hear old Num - ber 9 as

**G** **C** **D7** **G**

ग सा प सा रे सा  
know all she that comes what I've route I've gone.  
I've to sleep  
rol - ling by.

# Frère Jacques

First published 1811,  
but probably Medieval

An "arpeggio" is a broken chord.  
Arpeggiare is Italian for "play on a harp."

This is a melody. The repeat signs mean that every line repeats. Some of the notes are chord tones. Some are not.

**COMPLETE CHORD**

सा रे ग सा  
Are you sleep - ing,

ग म प  
Bro - ther John?

प ध प म ग सा  
Mor - ning bells are ring - ing!

सा प सा  
Ding, ding, dong.

Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,  
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?  
Sonnez les matines! Sonnez les matines!  
Ding, dang, dong. Ding, dang, dong.



# THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY

This is a great, thoroughly typical mixolydian melody associated with "The Handsome Cabin Boy."  
The lyrics of the song were published in the 1850s This particular melody is used by  
A.L. Lloyd, Martin Carthy, Gordon Bok and others.

11/22/23

MIXOLYDIAN SCALE

G F G

ग म प म ग रे सा नि प ध नि सा सा सा सा प  
It's of a pret - ty fe - male as you may un - der-stand, Her

G C G

सा रे ग म प ध नि सा नि ध म नि ध प सा  
mind being bent for ram - bl - ing in - to some fo - reign land. She

G C G

सा रे ग म प ध नि सा नि ध म नि ध प ग म  
dressed her - self in sai - lor's clo - thes or so it does ap - pear, and she

G F G

प म ग रे सा नि प ध नि सा सा सा सा ग म  
hi - red with a cap - tain to serve him for a year.

There are lots of verses. Here is the last:

So each man took his drop of rum and he drunk success to trade,  
And likewise to the cabin boy who was neither man nor maid.  
It's hoping the wars don't rise again, us sailors to destroy,  
And here's hoping for a jolly lot more like the handsome cabin boy.



# Hänschen Klein

This 19th century German folksong is in every early learner music book.  
It is often called *Lightly Row*.

11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup> G

प ग ग म रे रे सा रे ग म प प प  
Hän - schen klein ging al - lein In die wei - te Welt hi - nein.

G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G

प ग ग म रे रे सा ग प प ग  
Stock und Hut steht im gut, Ist gar wohl - ge - mut.

D<sup>7</sup> G

रे रे रे रे रे ग म ग ग ग ग ग म प  
A - ber Mut - ter wei - net sehr, hat ja nun kein Hän - schen mehr.

G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G

प ग ग म रे रे सा ग प प सा  
Da be - sinnt sich das Kind, rennt nach Haus gesch - wind.

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

1893

PATTY HILL (1868-1946)  
AND MILDRED J. HILL (1859-1916)

**G** **D**

प प ध प सा नि प प  
Hap - py Birth - day to you, Hap - py

**D** **G**

ध प रे सा प प  
Birth - day to you, Hap - py

**G** **C**

प ग सा नि ध म म  
Birth - day dear fill in the blank!, Hap - py

**G** **D7** **G**

ग सा रे सा प प  
Birth - day to you,

# HELLO AND HOW ARE YOU?

SOMEHOW THIS GOT CHANGED A BIT FROM THE WAY ELLA JENKINS DOES IT.

ELLA JENKINS 1924-  
© ELL-BERN PUBLISHING

11/22/23

G

D<sup>7</sup>



प ग

He-lo,

प ग

Hel-lo,

प ध प म ग रे

Hel-lo, and how are you?

D<sup>7</sup>

G



म रे

I'm fine.

म रे

I'm fine.

प प म ग रे सा

I hope that you are too.

# HEY HO, NOBODY HOME

PUBLISHED IN 1609 BY THOMAS RAVENSCROFT 1590-1633

11/22/23

G MIN F G MIN D MIN<sup>7</sup>

सा नि सा प  
Hey ho, no - bod - y home.

G MIN F G MIN D MIN<sup>7</sup>

सा सा रे रे ग म ग रे  
Meat nor drink nor mon - ey have I none.

G MIN D MIN<sup>7</sup> G MIN D MIN<sup>7</sup>

प मा प म प म प म ग रे  
Yet, would I be ver - y, ver - y mer - ry.

# HOT CROSS BUNS

ROUD #13029

FIRST PRINTED IN 1798.

"GOOD FRIDAY COMES THIS MONTH, THE OLD WOMAN RUNS WITH ONE OR TWO A PENNY HOT CROSS BUNS."-POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK, 1733.

11/22/23

G D G G D G

ग रे सा ग रे सा  
Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!

G D

सा सा सा सा रे रे रे रे  
One a pen - ny, two a pen - ny,

G D G

ग रे सा  
Hot cross buns!

# HUWAYA HUWA

HEES CARUURED

SOMALI LULLABY FROM LOCAL SOURCES  
TRANSCRIBED BY BRIAN PERKINS  
I'M ACTUALLY STILL TRYING TO GET THE WORDS!

G MIN F D MIN G MIN

सा म ग म प नि प ग म प  
Hu - waa-yaaa huu - wa Hu - waa-yaaa hu - waa,

G MIN F D MIN G MIN

सा म ग म प नि प ग म सा

G MIN F D MIN G MIN

सा म ग म प नि म प ग म सा सा

G MIN F D MIN G MIN

सा म ग म प नि प ग म सा

Huwaayaaa Huuwa  
huwaayaaa huwaa,  
ilma waa hurdaanee hilow maa ku,  
haayaa, huwaayaaa  
huwaayaa huwaayaa huwaa,  
Ilma waa hurdaane hilow maa ku haaya  
ilmo wa sexdaan dhaqsee huwaya huwa

Huwa huwa huwaa  
Hooyadaa ma joogto  
Kor iyo koonfur ayey jirtaa  
Hooyadaa Ma joogtoo  
Kabaheegay qaadatay  
Kor iyo koonfur aaday  
Geel-jire helyaa mooyi  
Geed seexataa mooyi.

# I CAUGHT A FISH ALIVE

COUNTING SONG

11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा रे ग म प ध प म ग रे सा  
One, two, three, four, five. I caught a fish a - live.

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा रे रे ग म प ध प म ग रे सा  
Six, se - ven, eight, nine, ten. I let her go a - gain.

D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup> G

रे प प सा ग प रे रे प प ग रे सा  
Why did you let her go? Because she bit my fin - ger so!

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा रे ग म प ध प प म ग रे सा  
Which one did she bite? The lit - tle one on the right.



# I KNOW AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

TRAD. COLLECTED IN INDIANA IN 1940. THIS VERSION WRITTEN IN 1953.

ROSE BONNE  
ALAN MILLS (1912-77)

11/22/23



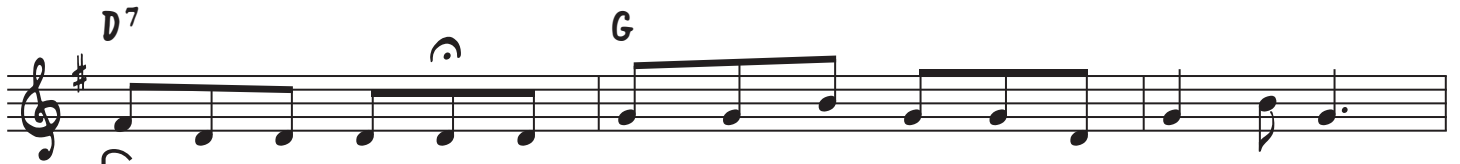
प सा सा ग सा सा प सा सा ग सा  
I know an old la - dy who swal - lowed a fly;



रे रे रे रे सा नि प प प प ध नि सा  
I don't know why she swal - lowed a fly Per - haps she'll die! I



सा सा ग सा सा प सा सा ग सा सा सा रे रे रे रे सा  
know an old la - dy who swal - lowed a spi - der; That wrig - gled and jig - gled and



नि प प प प प सा सा ग सा सा प सा ग सा  
tickl - ed in - side her! She swal - lowed the spi - der to catch the fly;



रे रे रे रे सा नि प प प प ध नि सा  
I don't know why she swal - lowed a fly. Per - haps she'll die!

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird;  
How absurd to swallow a bird!

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat;  
She just opened her throat and swallowed a goat!

I know an old lady who swallowed a cat;  
Imagine that! She swallowed a cat!

I know an old lady who swallowed a cow;  
I don't know how she swallowed a cow!

I know an old lady that swallowed a dog;  
What a hog, to swallow a dog!

I know an old lady who swallowed a horse;  
...She died, of course!

11/22/23

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

सा नि सा रे रे रे म ग रे सा सा नि सा  
I keep a close watch on this heart of mine. I keep my

**D<sup>7</sup>** **G** **C**

रे रे रे म ग रे सा सा रे ग म म म ध प म  
eyes wide o-pen all the time. I keep the ends out for the tie that

**G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**

ग सा नि ध प रे सा नि सा  
binds. Be - cause you're mine, I walk the line.

I find it very, very easy to be true.  
I find myself alone when each day is through.  
Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you.  
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

You've got a way to keep me on your side.  
You give me cause for love that I can't hide.  
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide.  
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

As sure as night is dark and day is light.  
I keep you on my mind both day and night.  
And happiness I've known proves that it's right.  
Because you're mine, I walk the line.

# IF YOU'RE HAPPY AND YOU KNOW IT

MID 1900s

11/22/23

G D7

प प सा सा सा सा सा नि सा रे प प  
If you're hap - py and you know it, clap your hands! (clap, clap) If you're

D7 G

रे रे रे रे रे रे सा रे ग सा सा  
hap - py and you know it, clap your hands! (clap, clap) If you're

C A MIN G E MIN

म म म म ध ध म म ग ग ग रे सा सा ग ग  
hap - py and you know it, and you real - ly want to show it; If you're

A MIN D7 G

म म म सा नि नि ध नि सा  
hap - py and you know it, clap your hands! (clap, clap)

# JAMBO BWANA

1979, TEDDY KALANDA HARRISON AND HIS BAND "THE MUSHROOMS"

FROM JANVIER AND DELUXE ODE OF DECATUR ST. 2017

11/22/23

**G** **C**

ग सा ग रे म रे रे रे सा  
Jam - bo Jam-bo Bwa - na Ha - ba - ri

**D** **G**

रे नि सा रे सा ग सा प  
ga - ni, M - zu - ri sa - na. Wa-

**G** **C**

ग सा ग ग रे म रे रे सा  
ge - ni, mwa-ka - ri bish - wa, Ken-ya

**D** **G**

रे नि प रे रे सा ग सा  
ye - tu Ha-ku - na Ma - ta - ta

# KANCHI MATYANG TYANG

1950s

LYRICS-LAXMI PRASHAD JOSHI  
MUSIC MAGAR KANCHI NEPALI

VERSE

G



प प ध प ग प प ध प ग प प ध ध प ग प  
u - ka - li jyan ko chap - le - ti dhun - ga kan - chhi ma - tyang tyang

AMIN

G



रे रे ग म ग रे ग रे रे ग रे ग रे सा ध सा सा रे रे सा सा  
khe - ta - la bi - sau - ne kan - chhi ma - tyang tyang

AMIN

G



रे रे ग म ग रे ग रे रे ग रे ग रे सा ध सा सा रे रे सा सा  
khe - ta - la bi - sau - ne kan - chhi ma - tyang tyang

Ukali jyan ko chapleti dhunga  
Khetala bisaune

Malima gaiko tyo male bachho  
Tatnai ma kheldo ho

Hamro ta nani khyal garne bani  
Timi ta risaune

Yati hai bela gharbaar chhaina  
Biraha chaldo ho

Tyo pari gauma ramailo thauma  
Ghumtima paio chha

Paisa jasto simrikaile  
Jiwana bitauchha

Nalaaunu maya lai haleu saili  
Jhan maya gahiro chha

Ekai dharko sindurale  
Afnai banauchha

11/22/23

G E MIN D<sup>7</sup>

सा प सा रे ग प प म ग रे  
Make new friends, but keep the\_ old.\_

G C D<sup>7</sup> G

प प प ध प म ग रे सा  
One is sil - ver and the o - ther gold.

**This Version Was Published by the NIH!**

Make new friends, but keep the old.  
One is silver and the other gold.

A circle is round, it has no end.  
That's how long I will be your friend.

A fire burns bright, it warms the heart.  
We've been friends from the very start.

You have one hand, I have the other.  
Put them together and we have each other.

Silver is precious, Gold is too.  
I am precious and so are you.

You help me and I'll help you  
and together we will see it through.

Across the land, across the sea,  
Friends forever we will always be.

**Joseph Parry (1841-1903) verses:**

Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold.  
New-made friendships, like new wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test—  
Time and change— are surely best;  
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,  
Friendship never knows decay.

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,  
Once more we our youth renew.  
But old friends, alas! may die,  
New friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast—  
New is good, but old is best;  
Make new friends, but keep the old;  
Those are silver, these are gold.

# MEIN HUT DER HAT DREI ECKEN

First recorded in the Saarland, in south-western Germany, in 1886.

The tune is that of a Neapolitan canzonetta called "O cara mamma mia" that's at least 70 years older.

11/22/23

प ध प म ग म रे ग  
 Mein Hut der hat drei Ecken, Drei

म प ध प ग प  
 Ecken hat mein Hut. Und

ध प म ग म रे ग  
 hätt' er nicht drei Ecken dann

म प ध प सा प  
 wär' es nicht mein Hut.

My hat, it has three corners,  
 Three corners has my hat.  
 And had it not three corners  
 It would not be my hat.

# MOJA, MBILI, TATU

LEARNED FROM STEP STUDENTS AT IAA  
AND MIRIAMU ABEDI

## SWAHILI COUNTING SONG

11/22/23

G C G

सा ग सा ग प प घ घ द द प प  
Moja, Mbili, Tatu, Nne, Tano, Sita,

G G D G

सा ग सा ग प प म ग ग रे रे सा सा  
Saba, Nane, Tisa... Ha - ba - ri ya Jan - ua - ri?

G D C G

सा रे सा रे ग रे नि नि नि नि प प  
Kuna mtu moja al - i - ye po - tea.

G G D G

सा ग सा ग प प म ग ग रे रे सा सा  
A - ki - pa - ti - ka - na tuu - ta mfun - ga je - la!

G C D G

ग ग म म रे रे प प  
Moja, Mbili, Tatu, Nne,

G C G D G

ग ग ग ग म म ग ग रे प सा सा  
Tano, Sita, Saba, Nane, Tisa, Kumi!





# My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

Pre 1880

**A** 11/22/23      G      C      G      G      A7      D7

प ग रे सा रे सा ध प सा      प ग रे सा सा नि सा रे      प  
My bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean.      My bon-nie lies o-ver the sea.      My

G      C      G      A7      D7      G

ग रे सा रे सा ध प सा      पा ध रे सा नि ध नि सा  
bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean.      Oh, bring back my bon-nie to me.

**B**      G      G7      C      A7      D      D7      G

प सा ध रे सा नि नि नि नि ध नि सा रे ग  
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my bon-nie to me, to me!

G      G7      C      A7      D      D7      G

प सा ध रे सा नि नि नि नि ध नि सा  
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my bon-nie to me.

Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean  
And blow the winds o'er the sea  
Oh blow the winds o'er the ocean  
And bring back my Bonnie to me

The note on "ocean" is too low so we  
"cheat it" and play सा since it is a good substitute

# NO TIME TO TARRY HERE

FROM PETE SUTHERLAND (1951-2022)

FROM CINDY KALLET

FROM KATHY BARTON AND DAVE PARA

11/22/23

G C D<sup>7</sup>

प सा ग म प ध म म म म ध प प  
No time to tar - ry here. No time to wait for you. No

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा ग म प प प प ग रे सा सा सा प  
time to tar - ry here, for I'm on my jour - ney home! Sis - ters,

G D<sup>7</sup> G

ध म ग रे रे ग म ग रे सा सा प  
Oh, fare you well! Sis - ters, Oh, fare you well! Sis - ters,

G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

प प ग सा प प प प ग रे सा सा प  
Oh, fare you well! for I'm on my jour - ney home! No

Brothers  
Neighbors  
People  
Sinners

A Missouri camp meeting songs from Loman Cansler (1924-92)  
He got it in 1954 from his grandfather James Reuben Broyles (1865-1957).

# ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

1962 PARODY VERSION

ORIGINAL COLLECTED BY E C PARROW IN 1915  
AND CECIL SHARP IN 1916  
FROM MEMORY SHELTON IN NC

11/22/23

**G<sup>7</sup>** **C**

सा सा ग प सा ध म म प ध  
On top of spa - ghet - ti all co - vered with

**G**

प सा सा ग प  
cheese I lost my poor

**D<sup>7</sup>**

प रे ग म ग रे  
meat - ball when some - bo - dy

**G** **N.C. (NO CHORD)**

सा सा सा ग प  
sneezed

On top of spaghetti  
All covered with cheese  
I lost my poor meatball  
When somebody sneezed

It rolled off the table,  
And onto the floor  
And then my poor meatball  
Rolled out of the door

It rolled in the garden  
And under a bush  
And then my poor meatball  
Was nothing but mush.

The mush was as tasty  
As tasty could be,  
And early next summer  
It grew to a tree.

The tree was all covered  
With beautiful moss  
It grew great big meatballs  
And tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti  
All covered with cheese,  
Hold on to your meatball  
And don't ever sneeze.  
*Sharon Ruth 1962*

# THE OTHER DAY I MET A BEAR


WORDS OF UNCERTAIN ORIGIN.  
1919 MELODY BY CAREY MORGAN AND LEE DAVID

G



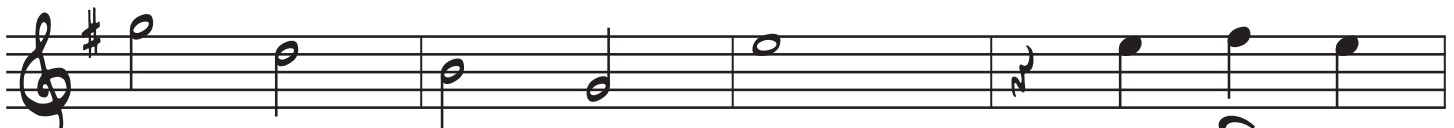
प म प ग ग रे ग सा ग रे सा  
The o - ther day, I met a bear, out in the

D<sup>7</sup> G



रे प ध प ग प ध नि  
woods, Oh, way up there. The o - ther

G G<sup>7</sup> C



सा प ग सा ध ध नि ध  
day, I met a bear, out in the

D<sup>7</sup> G



प म ग रे सा प म प  
woods, Oh, way up there

I looked at her.  
She looked at me.  
I smiled at her.  
She growled at me.

And so I ran,  
Away from there,  
But right behind,  
Me was that bear.

And so I jumped,  
Into the sky,  
But I missed that branch,  
I flew right by!

She said to me,  
Why don't you run.  
I see that you,  
Don't have a gun.

And then I see,  
Ahead of me,  
A great big tree,  
Oh, glory be!

Now don't you fret,  
Now don't you frown,  
'Cause I caught that branch,  
On the way back down!

I said to her,  
"That's a good idea.  
So come on feet,  
Let's get out of here!"

The lowest branch,  
Was ten feet up.  
I'd have to jump,  
And trust my luck!

[BrianPerkinsMusic.Com](http://BrianPerkinsMusic.Com)  
brianperkinsmusic2020@gmail.com  
802-881-8500

Now that's the end,  
There ain't no more,  
Unless I meet,  
That bear once more.



# Paddy's Green Shamrock Shore

"Gleanntáin Ghlas' Ghaoth Dobhair" (1950s or '60s)

Proinsias Ó Maonaigh  
(Francie Mooney)  
(1922-2006)

11/22/23

G C F C G

सा प ध नि प सा प ग प म ग सा नि ध नि सा सा सा सा

C G F C F

ध प म प ध नि सा सा नि ध प सा नि ध प म सा रे नि सा

C G F C F

द प म प द नि सा सा नि ध प सा नि ध प म सा रे नि सा

G C F C G

प ध नि प सा प ग प म ग सा ना ध नि सा सा सा

From Derry quay we sailed away on the twenty-third of May  
 We were taken on board by a pleasant crew, bound for Amerikay  
 Fresh water then we did take on, five thousand gallons or more  
 In case we'd run short going to New York far away from the shamrock shore.

**So fare thee well, sweet Liza dear and likewise unto Derry town  
 And twice farewell to my comrade all that dwell on that sainted ground  
 If fortune or fame shall favor me, and I too have money in store  
 I'll go back and I'll wed the wee lassie I left on Paddy's green shamrock shore.**

We sailed three weeks, we were all seasick, not a man on board was free  
 We were all confined unto our bunks and no-one to pity poor me.  
 No father kind nor mother dear to lift up my head, which was sore  
 Which made me think more on the lassie I left on Paddy's green shamrock shore.

We safely reached the other side after fifteen and twenty days,  
 We were taken as passengers by a man and led round in six different ways,  
 Then each of us drank a parting glass, in case we'd meet no more  
 And we drank a health to old Ireland and Paddy's green shamrock shore.

# PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT

VARSOVIENNE

11/22/23

**G** **D7**

प सा ग ग प सा ग ग प सा ग ग म रे प नि  
Put your lit - tle foot, put your lit - tle foot, put your lit - tle foot right there; Put your

**D7** **G**

रे रे प नि रे रे प नि रे रे ग सा ग म  
lit - tle foot, put your lit - tle foot, put your lit - tle foot right there. Take a

**G** **D7** **G**

प सा ग रे रे ग म नि ध प ग म  
step to the right, take a step to the left; Take a

**G** **D7** **G**

प सा ग रे रे ग म नि रे सा प सा  
step to the rear, but for - ev - er stay near.

Put your arm around, put your arm around, put your arm around my waist;  
Hold your arm around, hold your arm around, hold your arm around my waist.

While the moon's shining bright and the music's just right;  
And you're holding me tight, we will dance through the night!

# ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG

SEA SHANTY VERSION

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRITUAL,  
SALVATION ARMY IN 1880S  
PUBLISHED BY HAMPTON COLLEGE STUDENTS IN 1901  
BECAME A SEA SONG AT SOME POINT.

SWUNG EIGHTHS

VERSE

11/22/23

E MIN

D



ग म प प सा ग म प प प सा प म म नि रे ग म म म म नि ग म  
Oh, we'd be al-right if the wind was in our sails Oh, we'd be al-right if the wind was in our sails Oh, we'd

E MIN

E MIN

D

E MIN



प प सा ग म प प प प सा ग म प म ग रे सा प प  
be al - right if the wind was in our sails and we'll all hang on be - hind And, we'll

CHORUS

E MIN

D



प प सा प प प प सा प म म रे म म म म नि ग म  
roll the old cha - ri - ot a - long, We'll roll the old cha - ri - ot a - long, And we'll

E MIN

E MIN

D

E MIN



प प सा प प प प सा ग म प म ग रे सा ग म  
roll the old cha - ri - ot a - long, And we'll all hang on be - hind

And a drop of "Nelson's Blood" wouldn't do us any harm, 3x  
Oh, we'd be alright if we make it around the horn 3x  
And a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm 3x  
Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm...3x  
Oh, a good night ashore wouldn't do us any harm 3x...

# ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

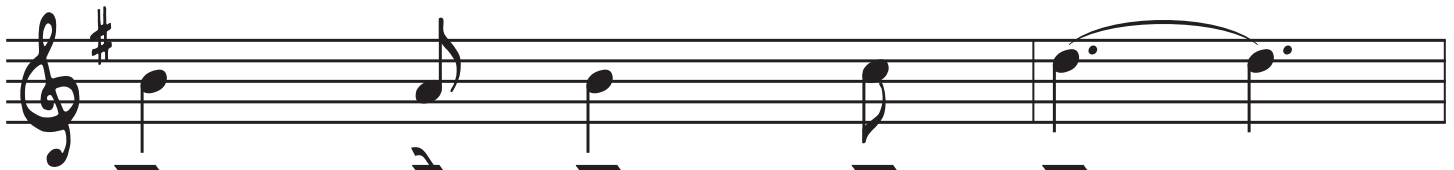
ROUD #19236.  
1852 USA

G

11/22/23



सा सा सा रे ग  
Row, row, row your boat,



ग रे ग म प  
Gent - ly down the stream.



सा सा सा प प प ग ग ग सा सा सा  
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,



प म ग रे सा  
Life is but a dream.



# SAY DARLIN' SAY

TRAD. FIRST RECORDED BY ERNEST STONEMAN & THE SWEET BROTHERS IN 1928

"HUSH LITTLE DARLIN'" VERSES WERE FIRST  
COLLECTED BY CECIL SHARP IN 1918 IN THE USA

11/22/23

**G** **C**  
 म म म म म म म सा ध ध ध सा सा सा सा  
 Say litt - le dar - lin', won't you mar - ry me, Live in a holl - er 'neath the  
  
**C** **G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
 सा ध प प प ध सा  
 old oak tree, Say, Dar - lin', Say.

Say little darlin', won't you marry me. Live in a holler 'neath the old oak tree.

Livin' in a holler 'neath the old oak tree. Children bouncing on daddy's knee.

Hush little baby don't say a word. Poppa's gonna buy you a mocking bird.

Mocking bird, if it don't sing, Poppa's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

And if that diamond ring is brass, Poppa's gonna buy you a looking glass.

Looking glass, if it gets broke, Poppa's gonna buy you a billy-goat.

Billy-goat, if it don't pull, Poppa's gonna buy you a cart and bull.

And if that cart and bull falls down, you're still the sweetest baby in town.

Say little darlin', won't you marry me. Live in a holler 'neath the old oak tree.

In the old oak tree we'll make our home, never more this world to roam.

*Stoneman's lyrics*

1. Oh, little darling, if you was mine, you wouldn't do nothing but starch and iron, Say, darling, say.

2. Starch and iron'd be your trade, an' I'd get drunk and lay in the shade, Say, darling, say.

(then the usual "hush little darlin'" words etc)

Stoneman sang "s'daaaarlin say"

# SHALOM CHAVERIM

PEACE MY FRIENDS

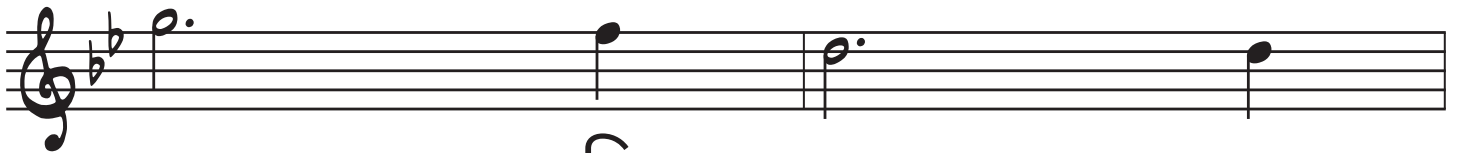
11/22/23

G MIN



प सा सा रे ग सा ग ग मा प प

Sha - lom, chaverim, Sha - lom, chaverim, Sha -



सा नि प प

lom, sha - lom; L' -



सा प म ग म प ग रे सा प

hit - ra' - ot, L' - hit - ra' - ot, Sha -



सा रे ग सा

lom, sha - lom.

11/22/23

**A**      G      C      G      D      G      C      D      G

ग प म    ग प रे    ग प म    ग म प    प सा  
I can whistle, I can sing    I can do most    a - ny - thing  
I can dance    I can play    I can do the    Shep-herd's Hey

**B**      G      C      G      D      G      C      D      G

ग सा म    ग सा रे    ग प म    ग म प    प सा

**Local Version:**

I can whistle, I can sing  
I can do most anything

I can dance I can play  
I can do the Shepherd's Hey

**Other words:**

Shepherds' Hey, clover too,  
Rye-grass seeds and turnips too.

One can whistle, two can play,  
Three can dance the Shepherd's Hey.

# SOOMAALIYEEY TOOSOO

1947

By ALI MIRE AWALE & YUSUF HAJI ADEN  
TRANSCRIBED AND ARRANGED BY BRIAN PERKINS  
FROM MADEY SHEGOW OF BURLINGTON

11/22/23

**G** **BMIN**

प सा सा सा रे ग ग

**Chorus:** Soo - maa - li - yeey too - soo Too -  
Dad wa - laa - la aan naha - yoo. waa  
Had - ba waxaan laa oo - yaa - yoo ilma -

**AMIN** **D**

ग प प ग ग रे सा रे प प

soo is - ku tiir - sa - da ee Had - ba  
la is - ku keen dir - i - yeee. na - cab -  
du iig - a quba - ney - sa - a Ikh - ti -

**G** **BMIN**

सा सा सा रे रे ग सा

kii - na taag - da - ra - nee Taa -  
kee - ni noo da - ran - baa. daba -  
yaar nin loo dii - doo La

**AMIN** **D** **G**

रे ग रे सा ध प ध सा

gee - ra wa - li - gii - nee  
ni - mo I noo dhi - ga - yee.  
ad - doon sa - daan a - ha - yee

TRANSLATION ASSISTANCE FROM MADEY SHEGOW, MOHAMED MUKTAR, ADEN HAJI, AND MUKTAR ABDULLAHI

"SOOMAALIYA HANOOLAATO!" -MADEY SHEGOW

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11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा सा रे ग ग रे सा रे ग सा  
Sweet - ly sings the don - key at the break of day,

G D<sup>7</sup> G

ग ग ग म प प म ग म प ग प  
If you do not feed her, this is what she'll say, Hee

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा प सा प रे प रे प सा प  
haw, hee haw, Hee haw, hee haw, hee haw!

# TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

1908

JACK NORWORTH  
ALBERT VON TILZER

11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup> G D<sup>7</sup>

सा सा ध प ग प रे सा सा ध प ग प

Take me out to the ball game. Take me out with the crowd.

E E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>MIN</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

ध ध ध ग म प ध म रे ध नि सा नि सा रे नि ध प ग रे

Buy me some pea-nuts and crack-er jack. I don't care if I ne-ver get back. Let me

G D<sup>7</sup> G G<sup>7</sup> C

सा सा ध प ग प रे रे सा रे ग म प ध ध नि

root, root, root for the home team. If they don't win it's a shame, for it's

C C<sup>#DIM</sup> G E<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा सा नि ध प म प ध नि सा

one, two, three strikes, you're out, at the old ball game."



# Taps

1862

Arr. Daniel Butterfield (1831-1901)

G

11/22/23

प प सा प सा ग प सा ग प सा ग प सा

ग सा ग प ग सा प प प सा

# TEN IN A BED (ROLL OVER)

G

11/25/23



प ध सा सासासा ध प सासासा सा ग  
There were ten in the bed and the lit - tle one said roll



रे सा ग रे सा प ध  
o - ver roll o - ver so they



सा सा सा ग प सा सा सा प ध  
all rolled o - ver and one fell out there were



# THERE WERE THREE JOLLY FISHERMEN

FIRST PRINTED 1929  
(GREENLEAF/MANSFIELD)

11/22/23

G D<sup>7</sup> G

प सा सा सा रे ग रे सा सा  
There were three jol - ly fish - er - men, There

G D<sup>7</sup> G

ग ग ग म प म ग  
were three jol - ly fish - er - men,

G

प ग प ग सा सा सा प ग प ग सा सा सा प  
Fish-er, fish-er, MEN! MEN! MEN! Fish-er, fish-er, MEN! MEN! MEN! There

G D<sup>7</sup> G

सा सा सा रे ग रे सा प  
were three jol - ly fish - er - men.

FIRST VERSE:

There were three jolly fishermen,  
There were three jolly fishermen,  
Fisher, fisher, MEN, MEN, MEN.  
Fisher, fisher, MEN, MEN, MEN.  
There were three jolly fishermen.

FIRST LINE OF OTHER VERSES:

The first one's name was Abraham,  
The second one's name was Isaac,  
The third one's name was Jacob,  
They all went down to Amster ... Shh!,  
We must not say that naughty word.  
We're gonna say it anyway.  
They all went down to Amster ... DAM!,

# THERE'S A HOLE IN THE BUCKET

TRANSCRIBED BY BRIAN PERKINS

GERMAN c1700. US VERSIONS FIRST RECORDED IN 20TH CENTURY

11/22/23

**सा रे ग सा प ध सा प**  
 There's a hole in the buck - et, dear

**ध सा प ध सा सा रे**  
 Li - za, dear Li - za, There's a

**ग सा प ध सा प**  
 hole in the buck - et, dear

**ध सा रे सा सा रे**  
 Li - za, a hole.

Then mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, dear Henry,  
Oh mend it, dear Henry, dear Henry, mend it.

With what shall I mend it? dear Liza...

Try straw, dear Henry, ...

But the straw is too long, dear Liza...

Cut it, dear Henry, dear Henry, ...

With what shall I cut it, dear Liza,...

With an ax, dear Henry, dear Henry, ...

The ax is too dull, dear Liza, ...

Then sharpen it, dear Henry, ...

With what shall I sharpen it, dear Liza, ...

With a stone, dear Henry, dear ...

The stone is too dry, dear Liza, ...

Then wet it, dear Henry, ...

With what shall I wet it, dear Liza, ...

With water, dear Henry, ...

In what shall I carry it, dear Liza, ...

In a bucket, dear Henry, ...

But there's a hole in my bucket, dear Liza, dear Liza,  
There's a hole in my bucket dear Liza, a hole.

# THE WATER IS WIDE

PRE 1700. CECIL SHARP CONSOLIDATED VERSES  
IN "FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET" (1906)

**G C G**  
 प सा सा रे ग रे रे सा ध प  
 The wa - ter is wide, I can - not cross o'er

**G/F# Emin Amin/C D**  
 प सा नि सा रे रे ग म रे  
 Neith - er have I wings to fly

**D/C Bmin C Emin**  
 रे ग म प म ग रे सा ग  
 Give me a boat that can car - ry two

**C G C G D7**  
 रे सा ध प प ध सा सा प सा रे  
 And both shall row, my love and I

A ship there is and she sails the sea  
She's loaded deep as deep can be  
But not so deep as the love I'm in  
I know not if I sink or swim

I leaned my back against an oak  
Thinking it was a trusty tree  
But first it bent and then it broke  
So did my love prove false to me

I reached my hand into some bush  
Thinking the fairest flower to find  
I pricked my finger to the bone  
And left the fairest flower behind

Oh love be handsome and love be kind  
Gay as a jewel when first it is new  
But love grows old and waxes cold  
And fades away like the morning dew

Must I go bound while you go free  
Must I love a man who won't love me  
Must I be born with so little art  
As to love a man who'll break my heart

When cockle shells turn silver bells  
Then will my love come back to me  
When roses bloom in winter's gloom  
Then will my love return to me

# THE WHEELS ON THE BUS

VERNA HILLS (1898-1990)

FIRST PUBLISHED 1937

11/22/23

SWUNG EIGHTHS

G

प सा सा सा सा ग प ग सा  
The wheels on the bus go round and round,

D<sup>7</sup>

G

रे नि प प ग सा प  
Round and round, Round and round. The

G

सा सा सा सा ग प ग सा  
wheels on the bus go round and round,

D<sup>7</sup>

G

रे प प सा प  
All through the town



# WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

USUALLY IN F

G G

Oh, when the saints go march-ing in. Oh, when the

G D7

saints go march - ing in. Oh how I

G G7 C

want to be in that num - ber, when the

G D7 G

saints go march - ing in. सा सा ग म

Oh, when the saints go marching in  
 Oh, when the saints go marching in  
 Oh Lord I want to be in that number  
 When the saints go marching in.

Oh, when the drums begin to bang

Oh, when the stars fall from the sky

Oh, when the moon turns red with blood

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call

Oh, when the horsemen begin to ride

**WILDWOOD FLOWER**  
 1860

MUSIC-JOSEPH PHILBRICK WEBSTER  
 LYRICS ATTRIBUTED TO MAUD IRVING  
 FROM CARTER FAMILY, 1928

11/22/23

G D7 G

ग म प ध सा ग म ग रे ग ग रे नि सा ग म  
 Oh, I'll twine with my min - gles and wa - ving black hair With the

G D7 G

प ध सा ग म ग रे ग ग रे नि सा प प  
 ro - ses so red and the lil - ies so fair And the

G G7 C G

ग रे रे सा सा नि ध नि ध प सा  
 myr - tle so bright with the em - erald dew The

G D7 G

ग ग रे ग प ग रे ग ग रे नि सा ग म  
 pale a - ma - ni - ta and eyes look like blue

Oh, I'll twine with my mingles and waving black hair  
 With the roses so red and the lilies so fair  
 And the myrtle so bright with the emerald dew  
 The pale amanita and eyes look like blue

I will dance, I will sing, and my loft shall be gay  
 I will charm every heart, in his crown I will sway  
 When I woke from my dreaming my idol was clay  
 All portion of love had all flown away

Oh, he taught me to love him and promised to love  
 And to cherish me over all others above  
 How my heart is now wondering no misery can tell  
 He's left me no warning, no words of farewell


Oh, he taught me to love him and called me his flower  
 That was blooming to cheer him through life's dreary hour  
 Oh, I long to see him and regret the dark hour  
 He's gone and neglected this pale wildwood flower

# WILLUM SHE HAD SEVEN SONS

FEIERABEND ASSOCIATED SONG  
NO CLEAR SOURCE  
LYRICS REVISED SLIGHTLY

11/22/23

G MIN



सा रे ग म प प प  
Wil - lum she had se - ven sons,

C MIN

G MIN



ध ध ध प प प  
se - ven sons, se - ven sons,

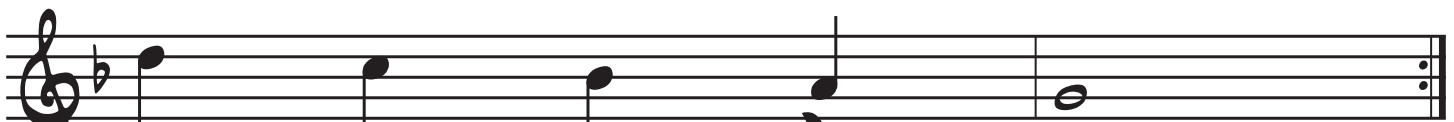
G MIN



सा रे ग म प प प ध  
Wil - lum she had se - ven sons, and

D<sup>7</sup>

G MIN



प म ग रे सा  
this is what they did:

She asked them all to build a house, build a house, build a house  
She asked them all to build a house and this is what they did.

Number one was chopping wood...  
Number two was sawing wood...  
Number three was stacking wood...  
Number four was hammering...  
Number five was painting doors....  
Number six was clapping hands....  
Number seven was sleeping....

11/25/23

**G MIN**

प सा रे ग रे रे सा रे ग रे  
A wo - man sat by the church - yard wall.\_\_\_\_\_

सा रे ग रे सा रे ग रे  
Ooh\_\_\_\_\_ Ahh\_\_\_\_\_

A woman sat by the churchyard wall.

Ooh\_\_\_\_\_ Ahh\_\_\_\_\_

She was gaunt and oh so small.

Ooh\_\_\_\_\_ Ahh\_\_\_\_\_

She saw three corpses carried in.

*etc.*

They were pale and oh so thin.

The worms crawled in and the worms crawled out.

In through the eyes and out at the snout.

The woman to the corpse said,

“Shall I be like that when I am dead?” *(quieter)*

The corpses to the woman said. *(very quiet.)*

**(Scream! Loudly!)**



11/22/23

**G** **E MIN**

सा प प प प ध ग ग ग रे  
You'll sing a song, and I'll sing a song, and

**G** **A MIN** **D<sup>7</sup>**

सा सा सा ग प ध प  
we'll sing a song to - ge - ther.

**G** **E MIN**

सा प प प प ध ग ग ग ग  
You'll sing a song, and I'll sing a song, in

**A MIN** **D<sup>7</sup>** **A MIN** **G**

रे रे प ग रे सा  
warm or winter - y weath - er.