

## America the Beautiful

By Katherine Lee Bates

1. 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!

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

3. O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine!

4. 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 thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

## Arkansas Traveler

Once upon a time in Arkansas,  
An old man sat at his little cabin door,  
And he fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear  
A jolly old tune that he played by ear.  
It was raining hard but the fiddler didn't care.  
He sawed away at the popular air,  
And his rooftree leaked like a waterfall,  
But it didn't seem to bother the man at all.

A traveler was riding by that day,  
And he stopped to hear him a-practicin' away.  
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,  
But still the old man didn't seem to fret,  
So the stranger said, "Now the way it seems to me  
You'd better mend your roof," said he.  
But the old man said as he played away,  
"I couldn't mend it now on a rainy day."

The traveler replied, "That's all quite true,  
But this, I think, is the thing to do;  
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,  
Then patch the old roof till it's good and tight."  
But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel,  
And tapped the ground with his leathery heel.  
"Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain;  
My cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain."

## Billy Boy

1. Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
Where have you been, charming Billy?  
I have been to seek a wife, she's the joy of my life,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
  
2. Did she ask you to come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
Did she ask you to come in, charming Billy?  
Yes, she asked me to come in, there's a dimple on her chin.  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
  
3. Did she set for you a chair, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
Did she set for you a chair, charming Billy?  
Yes, she set for me a chair, and she's got ringlets in her hair.  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
  
4. Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?  
She can bake a cherry pie, quick as a cat can wink its eye,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
  
5. Can she make a feather bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
Can she make a feather bed, charming Billy?  
She can make a feather bed, while a-standing on her head,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
  
6. How tall is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
How tall is she, charming Billy?  
She is as tall as any pine, and as straight as a pumpkin vine,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
  
7. How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy,  
How old is she, charming Billy?  
She is sixty times eleven, twenty-eight and forty-seven,  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

## The Green Grass Grows All Around

Oh in the woods (oh in the woods)  
There was a tree (there was a tree)  
The prettiest little tree (the prettiest little tree)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the tree was in the hole and the hole was in the ground.

### Chorus

And the green grass grew all round, all around,  
The green grass grew all around.

And on that tree (and on that tree)  
There was a limb (there was a limb)  
The prettiest little limb (the prettiest little limb)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

Now on that limb (now on that limb)  
There was a branch (there was a branch)  
The prettiest little branch (the prettiest little branch)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

Now on that branch (now on that branch)  
There was a twig (there was a twig)  
The prettiest little twig (the prettiest little twig)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

Now on that twig (now on that twig)  
There was a nest (there was a nest)  
The prettiest little nest (the prettiest little nest)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the nest on the twig and the twig on the branch  
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now in that nest (now in that nest)  
There was an egg (there was an egg)  
The prettiest little egg (the prettiest little egg)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig  
And the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

Now in that egg (now in that egg)  
There was a bird (there was a bird)  
The prettiest little bird (the prettiest little bird)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the bird in the egg and the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig  
And the twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

Chorus

And on that bird (and on that bird)  
There was an eyelash (there was an eyelash)  
The prettiest little eyelash (the prettiest little eyelash)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Eyelash on the bird and the bird in the egg and the egg in the nest  
The nest on the twig, the twig on the branch  
And the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree  
And the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

And on that eyelash (and on that eyelash)  
There was a bug (there was a bug)  
The prettiest little bug (the prettiest little bug)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
The bug on the eyelash, the eyelash on the bird, the bird in the egg,  
The egg in the nest, the nest on the twig,  
The twig on the branch, the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

And on that bug (and on that bug)  
There was a wing (there was a wing)  
The prettiest little wing (the prettiest little wing)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now wing on the bug, the bug on the eyelash, the eyelash on the bird  
And the bird in the egg and the egg in the nest, the nest on the twig  
And the twig on the branch, the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

And on that wing (and on that wing)  
There was a germ (there was a germ)  
The prettiest little germ (the prettiest little germ)  
That you ever did see (that you ever did see).  
Now the germ on the wing and the wing on the bug  
And the bug on the eyelash and the eyelash on the bird  
And the bird in the egg, the egg in the nest and the nest on the twig,  
The twig on the branch and the branch on the limb  
And the limb on the tree and the tree in the hole and the hole in the ground.

### Chorus

This folk song is an example of a cumulative song because it grows and grows and grows. Since it has a long oral tradition, nobody knows who composed it.

## The Happy Wanderer

Friedrich-Wilhelm Möller (1953)

I love to go a-wandering  
Along the mountain track  
And as I go, I love to sing,  
My knapsack on my back.

Val-deri,Val-dera, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Val-deri,Val-dera, my knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream  
That dances in the sun  
So joyously it calls to me  
"Come join my happy song!"

Val-deri,Val-dera, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Val-deri,Val-dera. Come join my happy song!

I wave my hat to all I meet  
And they wave back to me  
And blackbirds call so loud and sweet  
From ev'ry green wood tree

Val-deri,Val-dera, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Val-deri,Val-dera. From every green-wood tree.

High overhead the skylarks wing  
They never rest at home  
But just like me they love to sing  
As o'er the world we roam.

Val-deri,Val-dera, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha,  
Val-deri,Val-dera. As o'er the world we roam!

Oh, may I go a-wandering  
Until the day I die  
Oh, may I always laugh and sing  
Beneath God's clear blue sky!

Val-deri,Val-dera, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha  
Val-deri,Val-dera. Beneath God's clear blue sky

### Little Brown Dog (Autumn to May)

Oh, once I had a little dog, his color it was brown.

I taught him for to whistle, to sing and dance and run.

His legs they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide,

Around the world in half a day, upon him I could ride.

Sing Tarry-O Day.

Sing, Autumn to May.

Oh, once I had a little frog, he wore a vest of red.

He'd lean upon his silver cane, a top hat on his head.

He'd speak of far off places, of things to see and do,

Of all the Kings and Queens he'd met while sailing in a shoe.

Sing Tarry-O Day.

Sing, Autumn to May.

Oh, once I had a flock of sheep, they grazed upon a feather.

I'd keep them in a music box from wind or rainy weather,

And every day the sun would shine, they'd fly all through the town

To bring me back some golden rings, candy by the pound.

Sing Tarry-O Day.

Sing, Autumn to May.

Oh, once I had a downy swan, she was so very frail.

She sat upon an oyster shell and hatched me out a snail.

The snail had changed into a bird, the bird to butterfly

And he who tells a bigger tale would have to tell a lie.

Sing Tarry-O Day.

Sing, Autumn to May.

## My Country Tis of Thee

Lyrics: Samuel Francis Smith (1831)

Tune: "God Save the Queen"

1. My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From ev'ry mountainside  
Let freedom ring!

2. My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

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

4. Our fathers' God to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright,  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God our King!

Ridin' in the Buggy

Ridin' in the buggy, Miss Mary Jane, Miss Mary Jane, Miss Mary Jane.  
Ridin' in the buggy, Miss Mary Jane, I'm a long ways from home.

Chorus

Who moan for me? Who moan for me?  
Who moan for me, my darling? Who moan for me?

Sally's got a house in Baltimore, in Baltimore, in Baltimore.  
Sally's got a house in Baltimore and it's full of chicken pie.

Chorus

I've got a girl in Baltimore, in Baltimore, in Baltimore.  
I've got a girl in Baltimore and she's sixteen stories high.

Chorus

Fare thee well my little bitty Ann, my little bitty Ann, my little bitty Ann.  
Fare thee well my little bitty Ann, for I'm goin' away.

Chorus