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ARIZONA 4-H CLUB SONG BOOK

COMPILED BY

H. R. BAKER

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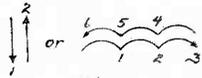
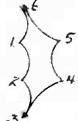
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ARIZONA 4-H CLUB SONG BOOK

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Music should be included in the 4-H Club program, and every club should have a song leader. The song leader should know the songs and be able to direct the group in their singing.

Song leaders must be able to recognize and to direct the following time:

EXAMPLES		MOTIONS WITH BATON
2/4 time: Dixie Reuben and Rachel Lil' Liza Jane		Accent first beat; bring back slowly.
3/4 time: Come Thou Almighty King Juanita		Accent first beat.
4/4 time: Ploughing Song America, the Beautiful		Accent first beat.
6/8 time (fast): Three Blind Mice		Accent first and fourth.
6/8 time (slow): Sweet and Low		Accent first and fourth.

Several suggestions for song leaders to follow:

1. Announce the song clearly to the audience.
2. Get the group all "set" and have them all start on the first note.
3. Vary the type of song—ask for "request" songs.
4. Place the piano where the pianist can see the song leader.
5. Select a pianist who knows the songs and who can follow the leader.
6. Watch for individuals or groups upon whom you can call for a solo part or a chorus—this retains and increases the interest.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say! Can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the Star-spangled Banner, O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever when free men shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
 Praise the Pow'r 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
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

AMERICA

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing,
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring!

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

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

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

ARIZONA

(State Song)

Come to this land of sunshine,
 To this land where life is young,
 Where the wide, wide world is waiting,
 The songs that will now be sung.
 Where the golden sun is flaming
 Into warm, white, shining day,
 And the sons of men are blazing
 Their priceless right of way.

(Chorus)

Come, stand beside the rivers
 Within our valleys broad;
 Stand here with heads uncovered,
 In the presence of our God!
 While all around about us,
 The brave, unconquered band
 As guardians and landmarks
 The giant mountains stand.

(Chorus)

Not alone for gold and silver
 Is Arizona great;
 But with graves of heroes sleeping
 All the land is consecrate!
 O, come and live beside us
 However far you roam,
 Come, help us build up temples
 And name those temples "Home."

Chorus:

Sing the song that's in your hearts;
 Sing of the great Southwest.
 Thank God for Arizona
 In splendid sunshine dressed,
 For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
 For thy regal robes so sheen.
 We hail thee, Arizona,
 Our Goddess and our Queen.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

(Tune: Mother Dear Jerusalem)

Oh, 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.

Oh, 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.

Oh, 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.

Oh, 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.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
 His truth is marching on.

(Chorus)

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps,
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
 His day is marching on.

(Chorus)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah. His truth is marching on.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent pray'rs
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet!
 I do not ask to see the distant scene;
 One step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears—
 Pride ruled my will.
 Remember not the past years!

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

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Savior 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 hast 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 Savior, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

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)

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)

In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
 A wondrous beauty I see;
 For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
 To pardon and sanctify me.

(Chorus)

To the old rugged cross I will ever be true,
 Its 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:

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.

HELLO

Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!
 We're glad to meet you—
 We're glad to greet you.
 Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

(Divide the singers into four groups, each singing one "Hello" and holding it through to the completion of the full chord, singing the middle part in unison.)

HOW-DO-YOU-DO

(Tune: Help It On)

How-do-you-do, Mr. (Miss or Mrs.) _____, how-do-you-do?
 Is there anything that we can do for you?
 We'll do the best we can,
 We'll stand by you like a man,
 How-do-you-do, Mr. _____, how-do-you-do?

("Kind friends" may be substituted for Mr.)

MULES

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

On mules we find two legs behind,
 And two we find before,
 We stand behind before we find
 What the two behind be for.
 When we're behind the two behind
 We find what these be for;
 So stand before the two behind,
 And behind the two before.

STAND UP

(Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie to Me)

1. Stand up, stand up, stand up,
 ————— stand up, stand up.
 (Repeat)
2. Sit down, sit down, sit down,
 ————— sit down, sit down.
 (Repeat)

THE MORE WE MEET TOGETHER

(Tune: *Ach du Lieber Augustin*)

The more we meet together, together, together,
 The more we meet together, the happier are we.
 For your friends are my friends,
 And my friends are your friends.
 The more we meet together, the happier are we.

THANKS TO YOU

(Tune: Help It On)

Thanks to you, kind friends,
 Thanks to you,
 Is there anything that we can do for you?
 We'll do the best we can,
 We'll stand by you like a man,
 Thanks to you, kind friends,
 Thanks to you.

(Mr., Miss, or Mrs. may be substituted for
 "Kind friends" when speaker is through.)

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

Good night, ladies! Good night, ladies!
 Good night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
 Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
 Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Sweet dreams, ladies, etc.

DREAMING*

My home must have a high tree above its open gate,
 My home 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.

A PLOWING SONG*

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

(Chorus)

A guiding thought, 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.

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.

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SONG OF HEALTH*

Iron of the earth, glow of the sun,
Breath of the four winds clean;
Hours for work; hours for play
With stars and sleep between.

(Chorus)

Faces that lift, pulses that throb,
Limbs that are lithe and strong,
Heads that think, hands that do,
And hearts that serve with song.

Chorus:

Our goal to health, the quest for man and maid
The great adventure rare,
For health holds life and laughter and strength, and
happiness to spare.
Our goal is health, the quest for man and maid,
Lift high the goblet fair
And pledge the toast from coast to coast,
"Our health, the wealth we keep and share."

WE'VE GOT A BUNCH

(Tune: Liza Jane)

We've got a bunch in this grand State,
Club girls and boys,
You must run to follow our gait;
Club girls and boys.

(Chorus)

We are a team with lots of pep,
Club girls and boys.
"Make the best better," step by step,
Club girls and boys.

(Chorus)

Oh, we'll work hard and try to win,
Club girls and boys,
Uncle Sam's Achievement Pin,
Club girls and boys.

Chorus:

Oh, Arizona,
Let's make a noise;
Oh, Arizona,
Clubs girls and boys.

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BOOST FOR CLUB WORK

(Tune: Good Night, Ladies)

Boost for club work,
 Boost for club work,
 Boost for club work,
 For we are in to win.

(Chorus)

Pigs and cattle,
 Hens and chickens,
 Corn and 'taters,
 We're farmers all you see.

(Chorus)

Sewing, canning,
 Blanching, dipping,
 Basting, mending,
 Homemakers all are we.

(Chorus)

Boost for club work,
 Boost for club work,
 Boost for club work,
 Arizona boys and girls.

Chorus:

Merrily we push it on, push it on, push it on,
 Cheerily we push it on;
 Bound to do our best.

OUR CLUB'LL DO

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

We've done our best, our very best
 Since our club first began, sir—
 We stood the test in every way,
 In every race we ran, sir.

(Chorus)

We've done good work this year gone by
 With all the county clubs, Oh—
 And now we'll do our best to win
 That grand trip to Chicago.

Chorus:

Our club'll do, 'll do, 'll do—
 Our club'll do our best, sir;
 Until you hear the judges say,
 They're better than the rest, sir.

HAIL! HAIL! THE CLUB'S ALL HERE

(Tune: Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here)

Hail! Hail! The club's all here!
 Do we like our club work—YES, we like our club work,
 Hail! Hail! We're full of cheer.
 Do we like our club work? YES!

Hail! Hail! The club's all here!
 Ev'ry one a winner! Ev'ry one a winner!
 Hail! Hail! The club's all here!
 We're ready for a good time now!

Hail! Hail! The club's all here!
 Ev'ry one a winner! Hear that call for dinner?
 Hail! Hail! The club's all here!
 Can't we have our dinner now?

4-H DAIRY SONG

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

O father, won't you buy a cow,
 And turn her in the pasture,
 To feed the baby and the pig,
 And see which grows the faster.

(Chorus)

Then father scratched his old, bald head,
 And said, "I can't afford her."
 Then Ma, she says, "Pa, if you will,
 I'll take another boarder."

(Chorus)

The teacher says, "My dear Mr. Jones,
 I do not think I'm fooled, sir.
 We'll serve the milk in our hot lunch,
 And have a better school, sir."

(Chorus)

The doctor says, "This child needs milk.
 That's why it keeps on crying.
 You'd see it fatten in a week,
 Instead of nearly dying."

Chorus:

Let every family own a cow
 She'll pay her way twice over,
 Buy a good one; buy her now,
 She'll help you live in clover.

THE CLUB-MOBILE SONG

(Tune: The Old Gray Mare)

Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club-mobile,
 4-H Club-mobile, 4-H Club-mobile.
 Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club-mobile,
 For many long years to come.

Chorus:

For many long years to come,
 For many long years to come,
 Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club-mobile,
 4-H Club-mobile, 4-H Club-mobile.
 Let's take a ride in the 4-H Club-mobile,
 For many long years to come.

(The second stanza is as follows:)

With our club leaders to guide this
 Club-mobile, etc.

(You may insert anything you please at this point)

THE CLUB TRAIL

(Tune: There's a Long, Long Trail)

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
 Into the land of our dreams,
 Where the boys and girls are winning,
 On their demonstration teams.
 We'll have lots of drills in canning,
 Until our dreams all come true,
 And we're going to show the public
 What the 4-H Clubs can do.

There's a long, long time for hoeing,
 To keep your garden all clean,
 When the summer sun is shining,
 And the weeds are growing green,
 When you'd like to play a ball game,
 Or drive an auto so new.
 But we're going to show the public
 What the 4-H Clubs can do.

OUR CLUB WILL SHINE TONIGHT

Our club will shine tonight, our club will shine;
 We'll shine with beauty bright, all down the line.
 We're all dressed up tonight, that's one good sign,
 When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
 Our club will shine.

WE'RE HERE FOR FUN

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne)

We're here for fun right from the start,
 Pray drop your dignity.
 Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
 And show your loyalty.
 The other meetings we've enjoyed,
 Let this one be the best.
 Join in the songs we sing today,
 Be happy with the rest.

CLUB WORK EVERYWHERE

(Tune: Jingle Bells)

4-H Clubs, 4-H Clubs,
 4-H Clubs today,
 Oh! What joy it is to work
 And Oh! What fun to play.
 Head and heart, hand and health,
 That is what we say,
 Stands for club work everywhere
 In our good old U. S. A.
 (Repeat whole song.)

GYMNASTIC RELIEF

(Tune: Till We Meet Again)

(All smile)
 Smile a while and give your face a rest,
 (Extend arms to side)
 Stretch a while and ease your manly chest,
 (Extend arms above head)
 Reach your hands up to the sky,
 (Heads up)
 While you watch them with your eye.
 (Jump lively)
 Jump a while and shake a leg there, sir,
 (Step back and forth)
 Now step forward, backward, as you were,
 (Shake hands with party to right)
 Then reach out to someone near,
 (All smile)
 Shake his hand and smile.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream;
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

Hoe, hoe, hoe your row,
Steadily every day,
Merrily, merrily, cheerily, cheerily,
Half our work is play.

VARIATIONS TO ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Sew, sew, sew your coat,
Sew neatly every seam.

Can, can, all we can,
Everything comes our way.

Grow, grow, grow a pig,
Fatter every day.

Brush, brush, brush your teeth,
Brush them every day.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Every, every day.

Take, take, take a bath,
Every, every day.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Every, every day.

Drink, drink, drink some milk,
Drink some every day.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Every, every day.

Eat, eat, eat some fruit,
Eat some every day.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Every, every day.

Sleep, sleep, windows wide,
Make you bright and gay.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Every, every day.

DARNING SONG

(Tune: Old Oaken Bucket)

(Each girl is armed with a white stocking which she is darning in black)

How dear to my heart is the sock that I'm darning,
 It cost me two dollars last week at the store.
 I pushed my toe through it, and my, but I felt bad!
 I thought my nice stocking was ruined for sure.
 For then I knew nothing of darning hose neatly,
 They looked simply fearful, each darn was a fright.
 They made my feet blister, they rubbed them and chafed them
 And hurt my pride, did they? I'll say so! Good night!

Chorus:

I gathered the hole up, then wound the yarn round it,
 Like this—now, my friends, don't you call it a fright?

But since then I've learned how to darn scientific,
 I'll show you today how the job should be done.
 And when you can do work both neatly and pretty,
 It's work then no longer, it's really quite fun.
 I'm using this black thread so you can see plainly,
 I'm running the diamond to act as a guide,
 I now cut this thread—notice, I do not bite it,
 For biting thread pulls it around to one side.

Chorus:

There's a warp and a woof to this stocking, you'll notice;
 I follow the warp with my stitches so wide.

(Show them)

I weave the new warp to replace the old frayed one,

(Keep on darning)

It doesn't take long when you do it just so,
 And I follow this guide line to make my work even,
 There's no need to make darning tiresome and slow.
 And now comes the time to weave in the woof thread,
 It's over and under and over once more,
 You see how the hole has been filled with the new thread,
 And now do you think darning's such a big bore?

Chorus:

We'll pass round our darning so you may all see it,
 Our song now is done for our lesson is o'er.

(Pass around darning)

I WANT TO BE HEALTHY

(Tune: I Want To Be Happy)

I want to be happy
 But I can't be happy
 Unless I am healthy, too.
 Life is not worth living
 Unless it's mirth giving
 For happiness brings health, too.

But when I'm tired and I'm feeling so blue,
 Good foods and sunshine my pep renew.
 I want to be happy.
 And I can be happy
 If I am real healthy, too.

(Use "you" and "we" in place of "I" for
 repetition of song.)

YELL—ARIZONA

A-R-I-Z-O-N-A
 Forty-eighth star in the U. S. A.
 A-R-I-Z-O-N-A
 Arizona Club work! Yea!

FOUR-H CLOVER

(The tune for these words is The Four-Leaf
 Clover, by Leila Brownell. Copyrighted
 by Harold Flammer, Inc.)

I know a place, where the sun is like gold,
 And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
 And down underneath is the loveliest nook
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for head, and one is for hand,
 And one is for health, you know,
 And God put another one in for heart;
 If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
 You must love and be strong, and so,
 If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
 Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

PUSSY CAT

(Each line one note higher up the scale, chorus down then up scale, then repeat, all starting at top of scale.)

I have a little pussy,
Its coat is silver gray,
It lives down in the meadow,
And it never runs away.

It will always be a pussy,
It will never be a cat,
Its name is pussy willow,
And what do you think of that?

Chorus:

Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow,
Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow.
(Repeat chorus, then entire song.)
SCAT!! (Shouted.)

THE OPTIMIST

(Tune: Turkey in the Straw)

Oh, his horse went dead and his mule went lame,
And he lost his crop in the feedin' game;
Then a hurricane came along one day,
And blew the house where he lived away.
An earthquake came when that was gone,
And swallowed up the land that the house stood on;
The tax collector came around
And charged him up with the hole in the ground.

Chorus:

Hole in the ground? No siree,
Not yet, neighbor, not for me.
So come along with me, and let's go
To the next regular meetin' of the Farm Bureau.

PARTING SONG

(Tune: Till We Meet Again)

Four-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 boost club work 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.

REUBEN AND RACHEL

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
 What a queer world this would be
 If the men were all transported
 Far beyond the Northern Sea!
 Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
 What a queer world this would be
 If the girls were all transported
 Far beyond the Northern Sea!

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
 Life would be so easy then;
 What a lovely world this would be
 If there were no tiresome men.
 Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
 Life would be so easy then;
 What a lovely world this would be
 If you'd leave it to the men!

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking
 If we went beyond the seas,
 All the men would follow after,
 Like a swarm of bumblebees.
 Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking
 If we went beyond the seas,
 All the girls would follow after,
 Like a swarm of honeybees!

OLD McDONALD HAD A FARM

Old McDonald had a farm,
 Ee-igh, ee-igh, O.
 On this farm he had some chicks,
 Ee-igh, ee-igh, O.
 And a chick chick here,
 And a chick chick there,
 Here a chick, there a chick,
 Everywhere a chick chick,
 Old McDonald had a farm,
 Ee-igh, ee-igh, O.

(Repeat with ducks, turkeys, donkey, Ford,
 repeating backwards adding each stanza.)

MOLLY MALONEY

"Is your mother in, Molly Ma-loney?"

"No, she's out."

"Is your father in, Molly Ma-loney?"

"No, he's out."

"Then may I come in by your fireside
And sit for awhile with you?"

But she said with a smile,

"No, you can't for a while,

For the fire's out, too."

TAPS

Fading light, dims the sight,
And a star gems the sky,
Gleaming bright,
From afar, drawing nigh,
Falls the night.

Day is done, gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hill,
From the sky,
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh!

—PENN MILITARY COLLEGE

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
While you are fighting for your country's flag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

Stack up your dishes in the old dish pan
And wash, wash, wash.
While there is soap and water near at hand,
Scrub girls, use the brush.
What's the use of leaving them?
To grumble is all bosh.
So stack up your dishes in the old dish pan
And wash, wash, wash.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight,
 You can hear those darkies singing,
 In the evening by the moonlight,
 You can hear those banjos ringing,
 How the old folks would enjoy it,
 They would sit all night and listen,
 As we sang one song for my old Kentucky home,
 For my old Kentucky home, good night.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee river, far, far away.
 Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber,
 Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation, sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Eb'rywhere I roam,
 Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

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)

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 longed to go.
 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!"

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
 There's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters grow;
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 There's where this old darkey's heart has long'd to go.
 There's where I labored so hard for old massa
 Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

Chorus: (Repeat first four lines).

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corntop's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy, and bright;
 By'n by hard times come a-knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

(Chorus)

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

(Chorus)

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
 In the field where the sugar canes grow.
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 No matter, 'twill never be light;
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Chorus:

Weep no more, my lady,
 O weep no more today!
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eyes' splendor,
 Where the warm light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender
 Speak their fond farewell.

Chorus:

Nita! Juanita!
 Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming,
 Moons like these shall shine again,
 And daylight beaming,
 Prove thy dreams are vain,
 Wilt thou not, relenting,
 For thine absent lover sigh,
 In thy heart consenting
 To a prayer gone by?

Chorus:

Nita! Juanita!
 Let me linger by thy side!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Be my own fair bride.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Mary's at sweet eventide,
 Shall call me, beloved, to come to your side.
 And out in the valley, in sound of the sea,
 I know you'll be waiting, yes, waiting for me.

(Chorus)

At the porch of St. Mary's I'll wait there for you,
 In your soft wedding dress, with its ribbons of blue,
 In the church of St. Mary's sweet voices shall sing,
 For you and me, dearest, the wedding bells ring.

Chorus:

The bells of St. Mary's, ah, hear, they are calling,
 The young loves, the true loves, who come from the sea,
 And so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling,
 The love bells shall ring out, ring out for you and me.

SANTA LUCIA

Now 'neath the silver moon
 Ocean is glowing,
 O'er the calm billow
 Soft winds are blowing.
 Here balmy breezes blow,
 Pure joys invite us,
 And as we gently row,
 All things delight us.

(Chorus)

When o'er thy waters,
 Light winds are playing,
 Thy spell can soothe us,
 All care allaying;
 To thee, sweet Napoli,
 What charms are given,
 Where smiles creation,
 Toil blest by heaven.

Chorus:

Hark, how the sailor's cry
 Joyously echoes nigh:
 Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!
 Home of fair poesy,
 Realm of pure harmony,
 Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea;
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me,
 While my little one,
 While my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west,
 Under the silver moon,
 Sleep, my little one.
 Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

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

Chorus:

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

OH, SUSANNA

I came from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
It rained all night and the day I left, the weather it was dry;
The sun so hot I froze myself, Susanna, don't you cry.

(Chorus)

I had a dream the other night when ev'rything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna come a-sauntering down the hill.
The red, red rose was in her hand, the tear was in her eye,
I said "I come from Dixie-land, Susanna, don't you cry."

Chorus:

Oh, Susanna, Oh, don't you cry for me,
For I'm goin' to Louisiana with my banjo on my knee.

GAMES

Recreation is an essential part of a club meeting. Boys and girls should learn to play together, not only because of the teamwork developed, but also because of the opportunity it offers to bring them closer together. Much inexpensive equipment may be gotten together for use in the club meeting by a games committee. It may lend additional interest to the recreational period to form several games committees—one committee in charge of each meeting, and see which committee has the most interesting meeting.

Several games, suitable for different occasions, are listed here:

Indoor games (quiet):

Geography—The players are seated around the room. The leader of this game calls out the name of a country and the player on his left then names another country, the first letter of which is the same as the last letter of the country just given. Each player is allowed fifteen seconds in which to think of the name. If he cannot think of it within that time, he drops out of the game. This game may be varied, using the names of cities, rivers, etc.

Beast, bird, or fish—The players are seated in a circle except the player who is "it," who is in the center of the circle. He points to someone in the circle and says, "beast, bird, or fish." He then names one of these classes and counts to ten. The individual to whom he has pointed must name some animal in the class mentioned before "it" counts to ten. If he fails, he becomes "it."

Scandal—The players are arranged in a circle, and the leader starts the game by rapidly whispering to his neighbor on his left a brief statement. This is passed along until all have heard it and repeated it to their neighbor. The last player and the leader then compare the two statements.

Eating contest—Several individuals are each given a cracker and urged to whistle as soon as possible after eating it. This may be varied—as for example, eating a doughnut which is hanging by a string while the hands are tied behind the back or a blindfolded player feeding a banana to another blindfolded player.

Advertisements—Several variations may be used in this game. On the walls of the room are tacked a number of colored advertisement pictures cut from the pages of popular magazines. Each picture is numbered. Then each individual is given a sheet of paper and instructed to guess what each picture advertises.

Or

A girl sits in a chair reading a book on ghost stories. She closes her eyes, and a ghost appears (a stuffed pillow and sheet on

a string may serve very well). She opens her eyes then; the figure moves and she screams, "It floats." The answer, of course, is "Ivory Soap."

Anagrams—The leader of the game announces a word and each player writes it at the top of his sheet of paper. In a period of ten minutes each individual forms as many words as possible from the letters in the word given by the leader. A letter may be used only as many times in a word as it occurs in the original word.

Laughing game—Players are seated in a circle. The first player says, "ha," the second player says, "ha, ha," the third says, "ha, ha, ha," and so on, each one adding one more "ha" than his neighbor. The ha ha's must be made without laughing. Anyone who laughs is dropped from the game.

Telegrams—The game Telegram is played in any one of several ways. Players may be required to write a ten-word telegram using words beginning with the same letter all the way through, or they may be given some word referring to some phase of the club work or other subject and required to write a telegram using each letter of the word given to form words in the telegram. For example, in the words club camp, the letters could be used in a telegram as follows:

Charley left umbrella behind cabinet at Mary's party

Indoor games (active):

Donkey—This game may be used for any type of club. A picture of a donkey is drawn on a 4 by 6 foot sheet and each member is required to pin the tail on the donkey. The animal is marked off into four or five squares, each square being given a number. If it is a canning club, they may be required to pin the lid on a jar of fruit, or in the case of a sewing club, required to pin the two cuffs on the sleeves, etc.

Suitcase relay—Players are divided into two groups of three or four couples each. Each group has a suitcase and an umbrella. In the suitcase is a hat, coat, and other clothing. At a given signal the first couple in each group runs to the goal line, opens the suitcase, puts on the clothes, closes the suitcase, opens the umbrella and returns to the starting point. They then remove all the equipment and replace it in the suitcase, handing the suitcase and closed umbrella to the next couple. This may be played by using all the boys in the party and making them wear dresses.

Relay race—There are several variations of this game. Divide the party into two groups and line them up in parallel rows. Each group is given a spoon and a potato. The goal line is several feet away, and the idea is to get the potato on the spoon

without touching it with the hands, taking it to the goal and back. The player then hands the potato to the next one in line. The first group to finish wins. A variation of this is to have a basket of potatoes at one end with an empty basket at the other end. The potatoes are to be transferred from one end to the other. Another variation is to have a handful of peanuts to be transferred to a container some distance away. The boys can be matched against the girls in this game or any other similar system may be followed.

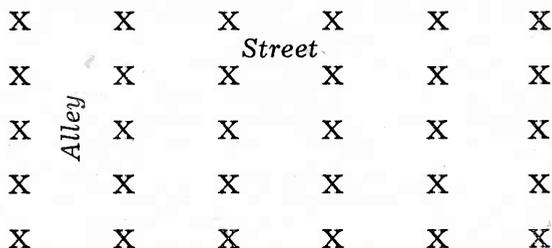
Indoor track meet—Divide the crowd into several groups, according to the number at the party, and then have each group choose a captain. Two or more contestants are entered in each event:

1. Standing broad grin: The one who can grin the broadest as measured by a yardstick wins.
2. The twenty inch dash: Tie a lump of sugar on the end of a piece of string about 20 inches long. Give one of these to each contestant. The one who gets the sugar in his mouth first wins.
3. Shot put: Each contestant stands on a chair and attempts to drop ten beans into a glass jar placed on the floor.
4. Hammer throw: The contestants toe a mark and see who can throw a paper bag filled with air the farthest.
5. Yard measure: Draw a yard on the blackboard by guess.
6. Fifty yard dash: Each runner grasps his ankles and at a signal runs to a goal and back.
7. Standing high jump: Tie a piece of candy on a string and have the contestants jump for it.

Other races can be added to this group as desired. Give scores for first, second, and third places, the high scoring side winning the game.

Outdoor games:

Streets and alleys—Line up all of the players except two in rank and file, similar to the diagram below:



Files should be sufficiently far apart so that boys and girls in one file can just touch the hands of those in the next file. The

rank should be equally far apart. One of the extra players is a thief and the other a policeman. The players join hands across the ranks forming "streets." The policeman runs after the thief attempting to catch him. At a given signal the players face right and join hands forming passages at right angle to the streets—these are called "alleys." The change from streets to alleys should be made quite often. The thief and policeman may only run in the streets or alleys as the case may be and must not duck under nor break through the clasped hands. The thief, after he is caught, becomes the policeman and the "retiring" policeman chooses another thief from the ranks.

Dodge ball—Divide the members into two groups, letting one form a circle and putting the others inside the circle. Use a volley ball or basket ball and let those forming the circle attempt to hit those within the circle with the ball. Those hit must drop out of the game. When the game is finished, reverse sides and put those who formed the circle inside the circle.

Three deep—Players form a double circle with two people outside; one is the runner and the other the chaser. The runner runs around the circle, stopping in front of a couple, thus making three deep. The one on the outside of this trio must then run in front of another couple. If the runner is caught by the chaser, the runner then becomes the chaser.

Flying Dutchman—Players form a circle, clasping hands. Two players, holding hands, run around the circle and tag the hand of a couple in the circle. The tagged couple runs around the circle in the opposite direction. The object is to see who reaches the vacant place first. The couple failing to arrive in time to occupy the vacant space then becomes "it."

Swat—A group of about twelve people form a circle with their hands behind them and their shoulders touching. The "victim" gets in the center of the circle. Using a bedroom slipper or a tightly rolled newspaper, one individual hits the victim on the back with the paper. He attempts to find out who has the paper. If he discovers who has it, the victim joins the circle, and the individual whom he discovers holding the swatter then becomes the victim.

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LITTLE SIR ECHO

1.
Little Sir Echo How do you do?
Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello,
Little Sir Echo will answer you,
Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello, Hello,
Hello, Hello,
Wen't you come over and play, and play,
You're a nice little fellow I know by your
voice,
But you're always so far away, away.

2. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

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

3. SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
At night, dear heart, for you I pine;
In all my dreams your fair face beams,
You're the flower of my heart, sweet Adeline.

4. I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl, just like the girl that
married dear old Dad,
She was a pearl and the only girl that
daddy ever had;
A good old fashioned girl with heart so
true;
One who loves nobody else but you;
I want a girl, just like the girl that
married dear old Dad.

5. MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My Wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows;
You may search everywhere, but none can
compare
With my Wild Irish Rose,
My Wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows;
And some day, for my sake, she may let me
take
The bloom from my Wild Irish Rose.

6. LEVEE SONG

I've been wukkin' on de railroad,
All de live long day;
I've been wukkin' on the railroad,
To pass de time away.
Doan' yo' hyar de whistle blowin';
Rise up so early in the mawn;
Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shoutin':
"Dinah, blow yo' hawn!"

7. AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never bro't to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

Refrain

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

8. IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You can hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the
moonlight.

9. BEAUTIFUL OHIO

Drifting with the current down a moon-
light stream,
While above the heavens in their glory
gleam,
And the stars on high. *twinkle in the
sky,
Seeming in a paradise of love divine,
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked
in mine;
Beautiful Ohio in dreams again I see
Visions of what used to be.

BOOTS AND SADDLE

Take me back to my boots and saddle
Ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo,
Let me see that gen'ral store
Let me ride that range once more
Give me my boots and saddle.
Let me ramble along the prairie
Ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo,
Ropin' steers on old "Bar X"
With my buddies, Slim and Tex,
Give me my boots and saddle.
Got a hankerin' to be with my banjo on
my knee
Strummin' a pretty western tune
There's a gal in Cherokee and she's
waitin' there for me
Waitin' beneath a Texas moon
So take me back to my boots and saddle
Ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo,
Let me greet each blazin' morn
On the ranch where I was born
Give me my boots and saddle
Ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo, ooh-oo-oo.

HOME ON THE RANGE

1st verse

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never 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 never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2nd verse

Where the air is so pure and the
zephyrs so free,
And the breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on
the range,
For all of the cities so bright.

3rd verse

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

CARRY ME BACK TO THE LONE PRAIRIE

1st verse

I'm a rovin' cowboy far away from home,
Far from the prairie where I used to roam,
Where the dogies wander and the winds
blow free,
Oh, my heart is yonder on the lone prairie.

Chorus

Oh, carry me back to the lone prairie,
Where the kyotes howl and the wind
blows free,
And when I die you can bury me
'Neath a western sky on the lone prairie.
Oh, carry me back to the lone prairie,
Where the kyotes howl and the wind blows
free,
And when I die you can bury me
'Neath a western sky on the lone prairie.

2nd verse

Gimme back my saddle, gimme back my gun,
Gimme back that bronco that I used to run,
Let me spread my blanket by a peaceful
stream,
Hear the cowboys singin' by the camp-
fire's gloam.

SING YOUR WAY HOME

Sing your way home at the close of day;
Sing your way home, drive the shadows
away.
Smile every mile for wherever you roam,
It will lighten your load, it will
brighten your road,
If you sing your way home.

HAPPY DAYS

Happy days to all those we love!
Happy days to all them that love us.
Happy days to all those who love them
who love those!
Who love them who love those that love us!

I'M ON THE UPWARD TRAIL

I'm on the upward trail, I'm on the upward
Singing, singing, ev'rybody singing (trail)
As we go.
I'm on the upward trail, I'm on the upward
trail,
Singing, singing, ev'rybody singing,
Homeward bound.