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Temple



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## THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came  
And planted firm, Britannia's Flag, on Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast our pride, and joined in love together.  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined, The Maple Leaf Forever.

At Queenstown heights and Lundy's Lane, our brave Fathers side by side  
For Freedom homes, and loved ones dear, firmly stood and nobly died,  
And those dear rights which they maintained, we swear to yield them never  
Our watchword evermore shall be, The Maple Leaf Forever.

Our fair Dominion now extends from Cape Race to Nootka Sound—  
May peace for ever be our lot, and plenteous store abound;  
And may those ties of love be ours, which discord cannot sever.  
And flourish green, oh freedom's home, The Maple Leaf Forever.

On Merry England's far famed land, may kind Heaven sweetly smile;  
God bless Old Scotland, ever more, and Ireland's Emerald Isle.  
Then swell the song, both loud and long, till rocks and forests quiver,  
God gave our King and Heaven bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

### CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, the Maple Leaf forever,  
God save our King, and Heaven Bless The Maple Leaf Forever.

2

ARABS CALL TO PRAYER.

La I-la ha ill' al-lah; Mo-ham-mad oor ra sool' ool-ah;  
Sall' Al-la-hoo 'a-ley-hi wa sal-lem.

THE KING.

3

God save our Gracious King, Long live our Noble King,  
God save the King.  
Send him Victorious, Happy and Glorious, Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

4

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,  
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,  
And drinks his wine mid laughter free,  
And never, never thinks of me.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark.  
And now my love once true to me,  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,  
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,  
And on my breast carve a turtle dove  
To signify I died of love.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well for I must leave thee, do not let the parting grieve thee,  
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.  
Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,  
And may the world go well with thee.

5

### MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Round the meadows am a ringing, the darkeys' mournful song,  
While the mocking bird am singing, happy as the days am long;  
Where the ivy am a creeping, o'er the grassy mound,  
Dare old Massa am a sleeping, sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling, when the days were cold,  
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling, cause he was so weak and old;  
Now the orange tree am blooming, on the sandy shore,  
Now the summer days are coming, massa nebber calls no more.

Massa made de darkeys love him cause he was so kind,  
Now they sadly weep above him, mourning cause he leave dem behind.  
I cannot work tomorrow, cause de tear drop flow,  
I try to drive away my sorrow, picking on the old banjo.

#### CHORUS.

Down in de corn field, hear dat mournful sound,  
All de darkies am a weeping, massa's in de cold, cold ground.

6

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair  
How can ye chaunt ye little birds, and I sae weary full of care ?  
You'll break my heart ye little birds, that wanton through the flowing thorn  
Ye mind me of departed joys, departed never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonny doon, to see the rose and woodbine twine  
Where ilka sang o' his love, and fondly sae did I of mine .  
With lightsome heart I pulled a rose, full sweet upon its throny tree  
But my false lover stole the rose, and left the thorn behind for me.

7

AULD LANG SYNE.

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Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to min'  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days o' auld lang syne

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes, and pu'd the gowans fine,  
But we've wandered many a weary foot, sin auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn, frae mornin sun till dine,  
But seas between us braid ha'e roared, sin auld lang syne.

Then here's a hand my trusty frien, and gies a hand o' thine,  
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

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



## SCOTLAND YET.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,  
Gae bring it free and fast  
For I maun sing anither sang, ere all my glee  
be past,  
And trow ye, as I sing my lads, the burden  
o't shall be:  
Auld Scotlands howes, and Scotlands knowes  
and Scotlands hills for me,  
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, We all the  
honours three!

The heath waves wild upon her hills, and  
foaming frae the fells,  
Her fountains sing of freedom still, as they  
dance down the dells  
And weel I lo'd the land, my lads, that's  
girdled by the sea;  
Then Scotland vales and Scotlands dales and  
Scotland's hills for me  
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet, we a' the  
honours three.

## A PICNIC FOR TWO.

The moon looked gaily down, he didn't wear  
a frown,  
A happy pair was spooning there;  
They sat upon the sands, and held each  
other's hands,  
For nothing else they seemed to care.  
He thought "I love her true, I don't know  
what to do,  
Or how to tell,—I love her well."  
Soon the boy was asking—  
"Sweetheart can you guess what would bring  
me happiness."

The fishes in the sea were swimming 'round  
in glee,  
It seemed absurd, upon my word,  
And many an ocean wave, said "why don't  
they behave?  
Such foolish talk we never heard."  
The girlie's head was bowed, the moon hid  
'neath a cloud,  
He said "What bliss! They want a kiss"  
Soon the moon was winking with a merry  
face, when he saw the two embrace.

## CHORUS.

Take a cunning little cottage, you will find  
there's lots of room,  
Take a pretty little garden where flowers  
bloom;  
Take a dainty little girlie, one who says she's  
fond of you;  
Then you settle down to love her, that's a  
picnic for two.

## A STEIN SONG.

Give a rouse, then, in the May-time—for a  
life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into day-time with the sun-  
light of good cheer!  
For it's always fair weather, when good fel-  
lows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a ringing good  
cheer!

## CHORUS.

For it's always fair weather when good fel-  
lows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song  
ringing clear.  
And it's birds of a feather when good fellows  
get together,  
With a stein on the table and a heart without  
care.

When the wind comes up from Cuba and the  
birds are on the wing,  
And our hearts are patting juba to the banjo  
of the spring,  
Then life slips its tether when good fellows  
get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of  
spring.

## CHORUS.

And life slips its tether when good fellows  
get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of  
spring.  
Then life slips its tether when good fellows  
get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of  
spring.

11

## THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a well known name,  
Tho 'tis but a little spot;  
Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,  
And who shall aver it is not.  
Of the deathless ones who shine and live  
In arms, in art, in song,  
The brightest the whole world can give,  
To that little land belong.  
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,  
The Island home of an Englishman;  
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,  
The Island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,  
No matter when or where,  
And to treat that flag as aught but free  
Is more than the strongest dare;  
For the Lion spirits that tread the deck  
Have carried the palm of the Brave,  
And that flag may sink with a shot torn deck  
But will never float o'er a slave.  
It's honor is stainless, deny it who can,  
The flag of a true born Englishman;  
Its honor is stainless, deny it who can,  
The flag of a true born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone  
And boldly claim his right,  
For he calls such a vast domain his own,  
That the sun never sets on his might.  
Let the haughty stranger seek to know  
The place of his home and birth,  
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow  
While he tells of his native earth.  
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
That breathes in the words "I'm an En-  
lishman."  
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
That breathes in the words, "I'm an  
Englishman."

12

### MY IRISH MOLLY O.

Molly dear and did you hear the news that's  
going 'round,  
Down in the corner of my heart a loving  
place you've found,  
And ev'ry time I gaze into your Irish eyes of  
blue,  
They seem to whisper, darling boy, my love  
is all for you.

Molly dear and did you hear I furnished up a  
flat,  
Three little cozy rooms and bath with wel-  
come on the mat,  
Ten dollars down and two a week, I'll soon  
be out of debt,  
It's all complete except they havn't brought  
the cradle yet.

#### CHORUS.

Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet achusla  
dear—  
I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish Molly,  
when you are near,  
Spring time, you know is ring time—come  
dear, don't be so slow.  
Change your name g'wan, be game, begorra  
and I'll do the same,  
My Irish Molly O.—O.

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone  
In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
His fathers sword he hath girdled on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
Land of song, said the warrior Bard,  
Tho' all the world betrays thee,  
One sword at least thy rights shall guard  
One faithful Harp shall praise thee.

The Minstrel fell but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring that proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder—  
And said no chain shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery ;  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free—  
They shall never sound in slavery.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LO-MON.

By yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo Mon,  
Where we ha'e passed sae mony happy days,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo Mon.

We'll meet where we pairted, in yon shady  
glen,  
On the steep side o' Ben Lo Mon,  
When in purple hue the hie-lan' hills we view,  
An' the Moon looks oot frae the gloamin'

CHORUS.

O' ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the  
low road,  
An I'll be in Scotland before ye,  
But the trouble is there, an' mony harts are  
sair,  
On the Bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lo Mon.

15.

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

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

All round de little farm I wandered, when I  
was young,  
Den many happy days I squandered, many  
de songs I sung,  
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy  
was I,  
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder. Dere  
let me lib and die.

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I  
love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter  
where I rove.  
When shall I see de bees a-humming, all  
round de comb?  
When shall I hear de banjo thrumming,  
Down in my good old home?

#### REFRAIN.

All de world am sad and dreary, Eb'ry where  
I roam,  
O darkey, how my heart grows weary, Far  
from the old folks at home.



NOT BECAUSE YOUR HAIR IS CURLY

I'm so very lonesome dear;  
You went away—just yesterday,  
How I wish that you were near.  
Sweet things to say—with me to stray,  
Ev'ry time I hear your voice—  
So soft and low, it thrills me so;  
All I ever do is to think of you,  
All the whole day long.

You look awful good to me;  
You bet you do, and that is true,  
You're the only one I see,  
So don't you mind—I'll not go blind.  
Keep a cozy corner dear,  
For little me—yes, little me.  
I want you to know, that I love you so—  
You're the only one for me.

CHORUS.

Not because your hair is curly,  
Not because your eyes are blue,  
I want you to know, my little dearie,  
You're the sweetest little chum I ever knew.  
There's something in your style and manner  
That seems to tell me, tell me true,  
That the reason why I love you,  
Because it's you, just you!—you!

17

**OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.**

In a cabin, in a canon, an excavation for a  
mine  
Dwelt a miner a forty niner, and his daughter  
Clementine.

She drove her ducklets to the river, every  
morning just at nine.  
Stubbed her toe against a sliver, fell into the  
foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles,  
soft and fine,  
Alas for me, I was no swimmer, so I lost my  
Clementine.

**CHORUS.**

Oh my Darling, Oh, my Darling, Oh my Dar-  
ling Clementine,  
You are lost and gone forever, Drefful sorry  
Clementine.