

The Hundred and One Best Songs

Revised Edition



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The One Hundred and One Best Songs

For Home, School and

Songs for Special Occasions

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Appropriate to Thanksgiving Day
are Nos. 1 and 36

Appropriate to Christmas Season
are Nos. 34, 82, 89 and 90

For Little Childrer

Nos. 34, 35, 37, 83, 84 (A Child's)
88 and 89

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REVISED TWENTY-THIRD EDITION

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THIS special collection of Old Favorite Melodies, Patriotic Songs, and College Songs, together with some of the newer songs of unusual excellence, we mail, prepaid, for 10c a copy. Special rates for quantity lots.

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		B—College and Humorous	E—Songs of Sentiment
		C—Sacred	F—Miscellaneous

MARCHES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGES 32—37—39—71—91

America the Beautiful.

("MATERNA.")

Katherine Lee Bates, 1904.

Samuel A. Ward.

mf

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life.
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!

f

A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - cal! A - mer - i - cal! God shed His grace on thee,

f

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—*Thackeray's Vanity Fair.*

The Star-Spangled Banner.

(Service Version.)

Francis Scott Key. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12.* John Stafford Smith.

f With spirit. (♩ = 104)

1. O say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re- pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a

mf
streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96)

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star-span-gled
glo-ry re-lect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner: O
this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*The Star-Spangled Banner—Service Version.

The great growth of community singing, and the systematic introduction of mass singing as a factor in the training of the American army, brought into prominence the fact that there has never been an authorized official version of our national anthem. Probably this accounts for the many variations in printed and sung versions. In an effort to bring about greater unity, a representative committee worked for almost a year on this Service Version with the hope that it might be widely used. The Committee of Twelve was composed of the following members: John A. Carpenter, Frederick S. Converse, Wallace Goodrich, W. R. Spalding, representing the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities; Hollis E. Dann, Peter W. Dykema, Osbourne McConathy, representing the Music Supervisors' National Conference; C. C. Birchard, Carl Engel, W. A. Fisher, Arthur Johnstone, E. W. Newton, representing Music Publishers. In their conferences, the Committee were agreed, as a fundamental point of departure, that the Star-Spangled Banner was to be regarded as a "folk song" and that therefore their efforts should be directed to determining what is the present commonly accepted version of the American people rather than to endeavoring to establish the authentic and original version from the historic standpoint. This principle led to a unanimous agreement regarding the version of the melody and the greater part of the harmony. Details concerning the deliberations of the Committee may be obtained from the Chairman, Peter W. Dykema, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

3

America.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832.

Samuel Francis Smith.

Attributed to Henry Carey.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring thro' all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev 'ry moun - tain - side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

G. F. Root. 5. 4

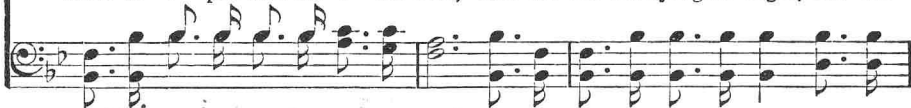
Geo. F. Root.



1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle - front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait - ing for the day That shall



bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the



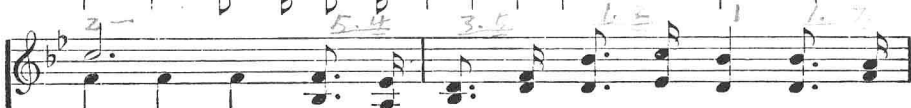
all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis - mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.



CHORUS.



Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com - rades, they will
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades,



come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
they will come,



Progress is made by work alone.—Mendelssohn.

The new scale Conover is the best piano that ever left our factories.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

breathe the air a - gain Of the free-land in our own be - lov - ed home.

5

Yankee Doodle.

Dr. Schamburg.

Old English Tune—1755.

1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap-tain Good-'in, And there we
2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton, Up - on a slap-ping stal-lion, A - giv - ing
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I want-ed

CHORUS.

saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
 wast-ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed. Yan-kee Doo-dle, keep it up, -
 or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
 pes - ki - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Yan-kee Doo-dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand-y.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
 Large as a log of maple,
 Upon a mighty little cart;
 A load for father's cattle.
6. And every time they fired it off,
 It took a horn of powder;
 It made a noise like father's gun,
 Only a nation louder.
7. And there I see a little keg,
 Its head all made of leather;
 They knocked upon't with little sticks,
 To call the folks together.
8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
 He kind o' clapt his hand on't
 And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
 Upon the little end on't.
9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
 And fire right in our faces;
 It scared me almost half to death
 To see them run such races.
10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
 Nor stopped, as I remember,
 Nor turned about till I got home,
 Locked up in mother's chamber.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

David T. Shaw.

David T. Shaw.

Spirited.

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
 2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
 3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
 The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm:
 May the wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
 With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
 May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue;
 With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue;
 The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

FINE.

CHORUS. D.S. %

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
 The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Air: "John Brown's Body."

Allegretto.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel: "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damp; I can
 deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal." Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment-seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read His right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of the great Volunteer General, noticed while visiting Richmond, in March, 1868, that the Confederate women decorated the graves of their dead. Upon her return she mentioned this to General Logan, who was Commander-in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He said it was a beautiful custom and worthy of being copied. Thereupon he issued the first order that May 30, 1868, he observed as Decoration Day, and this was so enthusiastically received that Congress made it a National holiday.

La Marseillaise.

FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN.

(Based on the Official French Version.)

Arrangement Copyright, 1919, by The Cable Company.

Rouget de L'Isle.

Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.

Marziale.

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr-iads bid you
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur-round - ed The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots
 3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous

rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and vend the
 flame, Can dun - geon bolts and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble

hear their cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful
 light and air, To mete and vend the light and air! Like beasts of
 spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the

ty - rants mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -
 bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But
 world has wept, be - wail - ing The blood - stain'd sword our con - qu'rors wield; But

Friendship throws a greater luster on prosperity, while it lightens adversity by sharing in its griefs and anxieties.—Cicero

La Marseillaise.

fright and des - o - late the land While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing?
 man is man, and who is more? Then shall they lon - ger lash and goad us?
 free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing!

REFRAIN.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un - sheathe! March on! march

on! all hearts re - solved On lib - er - ty or death!

9

Anvil Chorus.

(From "IL TROVATORE.")

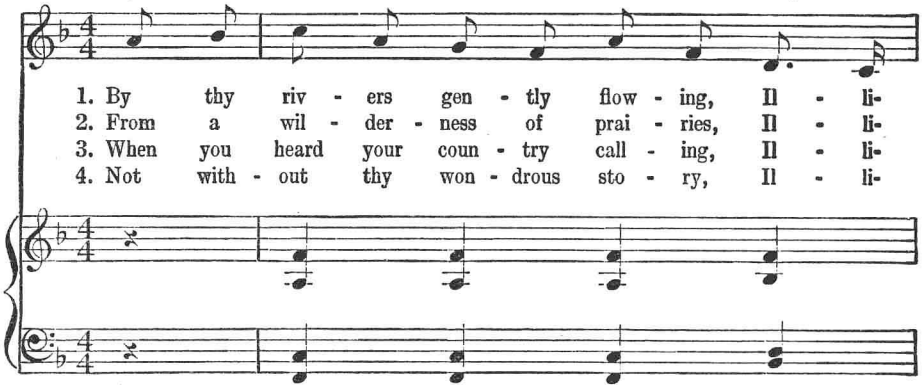
Giuseppe Verdi.

God of the na-tions, in glo - ry en-thron-ed, Up-on our loved country Thy
 bless-ings pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the fu - ture, Let peace dwell a -
 mong us for-ev - er-more. Proudly our ban - ner now gleams with gold-en lus - ter!
 Brighter each star shines in the glo-rious clus - ter! Hail! Hail! Free-dom ev - er -
 more, And truth tri-um-phant, and truth tri-um-phant throughout our glo-rious land.

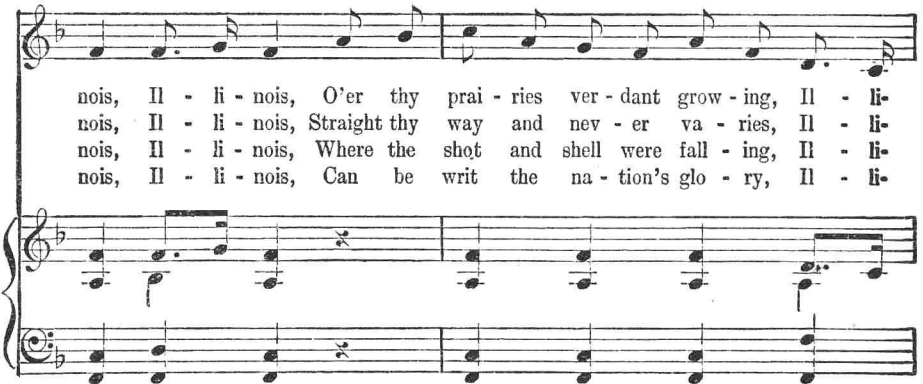
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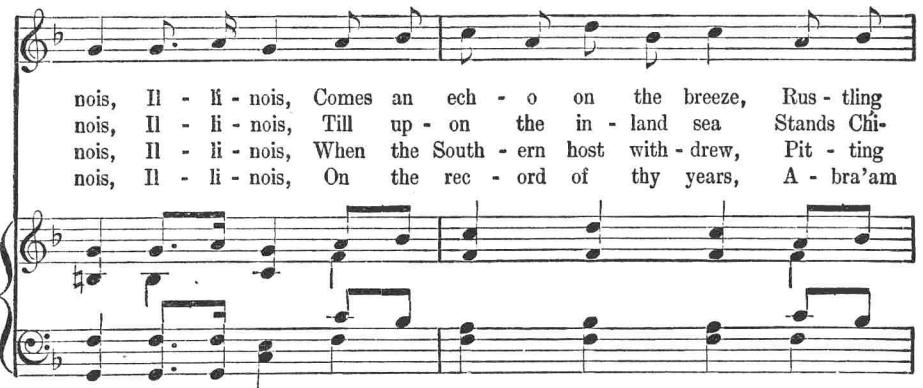
Air: "Baby Mine."



1. By thy riv - ers gen - tly flow - ing, Il - li-
 2. From a wil - der - ness of prai - ries, Il - li-
 3. When you heard your coun - try call - ing, Il - li-
 4. Not with - out thy won - drous sto - ry, Il - li-



nois, Il - li - nois, O'er thy prai - ries ver - dant grow - ing, Il - li-
 nois, Il - li - nois, Straight thy way and nev - er va - ries, Il - li-
 nois, Il - li - nois, Where the shot and shell were fall - ing, Il - li-
 nois, Il - li - nois, Can be writ the na - tion's glo - ry, Il - li-



nois, Il - li - nois, Comes an ech - o on the breeze, Rus - tling
 nois, Il - li - nois, Till up - on the in - land sea Stands Chi-
 nois, Il - li - nois, When the South - ern host with - drew, Pit - ting
 nois, Il - li - nois, On the rec - ord of thy years, A - bra'am

The public school should lay the foundation of morals, and music is clearly recognized as one of the moral forces by all students of sociology.—*Hawley.*

Illinois.

thro' the leaf - y trees, And its mel - low tones are these, Il - li -
ca - go, great and free, Turn - ing all the world to thee, Il - li -
Gray a - gainst the Blue, There were none more brave than you, Il - li -
Lin - coln's name ap - pears, Grant, and Lo - gan, and our tears, Il - li -

nois, Il - li - nois, And its mel - low tones are these, Il - li - nois!
nois, Il - li - nois, Turn - ing all the world to thee, Il - li - nois!
nois, Il - li - nois, There were none more brave than you, Il - li - nois!
nois, Il - li - nois, Grant, and Lo - gan, and our tears, Il - li - nois!

5

When the Cubans struck for freedom, Illinois, Illinois,
Uncle Sam resolved to aid them, Illinois, Illinois,
And for men on land and sea,
Illinois said, "Call on me!
For the Cubans must be free!" Illinois, Illinois,
For the Cubans must be free, Illinois!

6

Some encamped at Chickamauga, Illinois, Illinois,
Others fell at Santiago, Illinois, Illinois,
Others, anxious for a call,
They will march, or fight, or fall,
They are heroes, heroes, all, Illinois, Illinois,
They are heroes, heroes, all, Illinois!

The Battle-Cry of Freedom.

CHORUS.

The Un-ion for-ev-er, hur-rah, boys, hur-rah! Down with the trai-tor, Up with the star;

While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, ral-ly once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Free-dom.

12

My Maryland.

James R. Randall.

1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! His torch is at thy
 2. Hark to an ex-iled son's ap-pel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! My Moth-er State, to
 3. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall

tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! A-venge the pa-tri-ot-ic gore That
 thee I kneel! Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
 nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-

flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
 peer-less chiv-al-ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
 member Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'ers with the just, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!

I count this thing to be grandly true that a noble deed is a step toward God, lifting the soul from the common sod. to a purer air and a brighter view — *Holland*

We're Tenting To-Night.

Walter Kittredge.

Walter Kittredge.

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
 3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the
 4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly-ing near;

wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
 loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tears that said "good - bye!"
 brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
 Some are dead and some are dying, Man-y are in tears.

CHORUS.

Man-y are the hearts that are wear - y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease,

Man-y are the hearts that are look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Repeat pp
 Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Last v. Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing on the old camp ground.

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life."

March of the Men of Harlech!

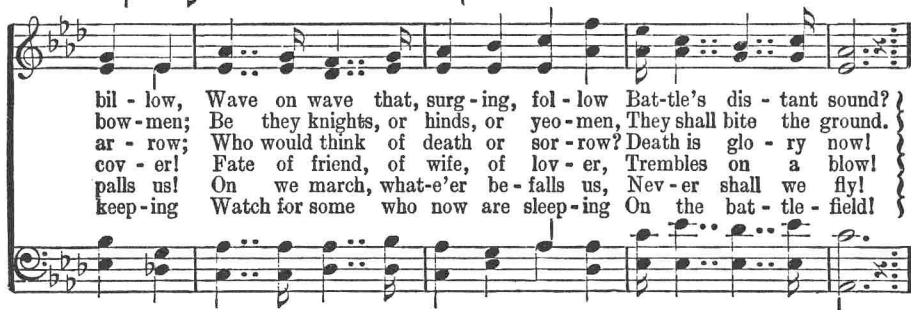
English Words by
John Oxenford.

Welsh National Melody.

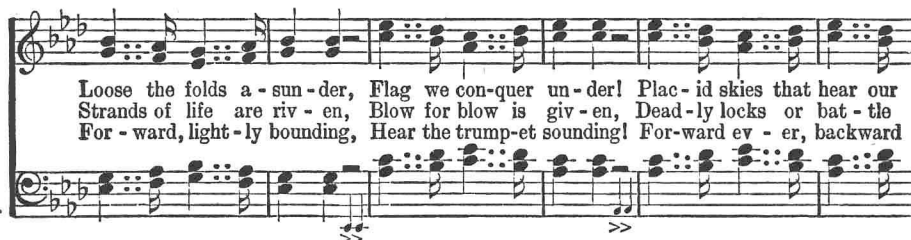
With martial spirit throughout.



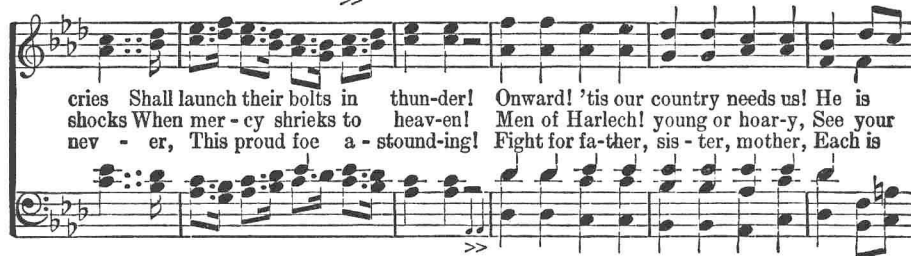
1. { Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men, Sax - on
2. { Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and flight of
Hurl the reel - ing horse - men o - ver! Let the earth dead foe - men
3. { Men of Har - lech! hon - or calls us, No proud Sax - on e'er ap - proach
Tho' our moth - ers may be weep - ing, Tho' our sis - ters may be



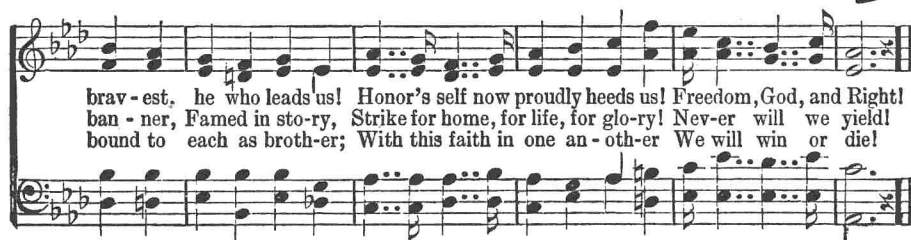
bil - low, Wave on wave that, surg - ing, fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? }
bow - men; Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground. }
ar - row; Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now! }
cov - er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trembles on a blow! }
palls us! On we march, what - e'er be - falls us, Nev - er shall we fly! }
keep - ing Watch for some who now are sleep - ing On the bat - tle - field! }



Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! Plac - id skies that hear our
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, Dead - ly locks or bat - tle
For - ward, light - ly bounding, Hear the trump - et sounding! For - ward ev - er, backward



cries Shall launch their bolts in thun - der! Onward! 'tis our country needs us! He is
shocks When mer - cy shrieks to heav - en! Men of Harlech! young or hoar - y, See your
nev - er, This proud foe a - stound - ing! Fight for fa - ther, sis - ter, mother, Each is



brav - est, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heeds us! Freedom, God, and Right!
ban - ner, Famed in sto - ry, Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Nev - er will we yield!
bound to each as broth - er; With this faith in one an - oth - er We will win or die!