

Handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass). The lyrics are in Latin: "Do-na no-bis pa-cem pacem Do-na no-bis pa-cem". The music is written on three staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures.

Handwritten musical score for "Easy Rounds". The lyrics are: "White sand and grey sand, Who'll buy my white sand? Who'll buy my grey sand?". The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures.

Handwritten musical score for "Great Tom is cast". The lyrics are: "Great Tom is cast, and Christ Church bells ring one, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Tom comes last.". The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures.

Handwritten musical score for "Hey, ho, nobody at home". The lyrics are: "Hey, ho, nobody at home; next nor drink nor money have I none, yet I shall be merry.". The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures.

Handwritten musical score for "Rose, rose, rose, rose". The lyrics are: "Rose, rose, rose, rose, Shall I ever see thee red? Ay, marry, That Thou wilt, When Thou art dead.". The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures.

Handwritten musical score for "Thou, poor bird, Mournst the tree". The lyrics are: "Thou, poor bird, Mournst the tree where sweetly thou didst warble in thy wand'ring free.". The music is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across measures.

Songs

Peanuts

The man who has plenty of fine *,
But giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my *,
When his * are gone;
When his * are gone... ...
When his * are gone;
He shan't have any of my *,
When his * are gone.

*Substitute * in each verse: Verse 1 — peanuts; Verse 2 — sweet, soft, juicy hard-tack;
Verse 3 — fresh strawberry shortcake with cream on top; etc. ad lib.*

I Used to Work in Chicago

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.
A lady came in, she asked for some *
What kind, I said, at the door.
“#” she said, “#” I did — I did but I don't any more.
Oh!

*Verse 1: * = Hardware, # = screw. Verse 2: * = sausages, # = banger. etc. ad lib.*

Admiral Benbow

Come all you seamen round and draw near and draw near,
Come all you seamen round and draw near.
It's of our admiral's fame, Brave Benbow was his name,
How he fought along the main you shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight.
Brave Benbow he set sail in a fine and pleasant gale
But his captains they turned tail in a fright, in a fright.

Said Kirby unto Wade, "We shall run, we shall run,"
Said Kirby unto Wade, "We shall run,
For I value no disgrace nor the losing of my place
But the enemy I'll not face nor his gun, nor his gun."

The Ruby and Benbow fought the French, fought the French,
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French.
They fought them up and down till the blood came trickling down,
Till the blood came trickling down where they lay, where they lay.

Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot, by chain shot,
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
Brave Benbow lost his legs and all on his stumps he begs,
"Fight on brave English lads, 'tis our lot, 'tis our lot."

The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow, cries Benbow,
The surgeon dressed his wounds, cries Benbow:
"Let a cradle now in haste on the quarterdeck be placed
That the enemy I might face till I die, till I die."

One Fish Ball

The little man walked up and down,
To find an eating place in town;
The little man walked up and down,
To find an eating place in town.

He searched the menu through and through,
To see what fifteen cents would do;
He searched the menu through and through,
To see what fifteen cents would do.

He told the waiter near at hand,
The simple meal that he had planned.
He told the waiter near at hand,
The simple meal that he had planned.

The waiter roared down the hall,
“This here gent wants one fish ball!”
The waiter roared down the hall,
“This here gent wants one fish ball!”

The little man felt ill at ease,
He said, “Some bread, sir, if you please.”
The little man felt ill at ease,
He said, “Some bread, sir, if you please.”

The waiter roared down the hall,
“You get no bread with one fish ball!”
The waiter roared down the hall,
“You get no bread with one fish ball!”

The little man felt very sad,
One fish ball was all he had.
The little man felt very sad,
One fish ball was all he had.

In his dreams, he still hears that call,
You get no bread with one fish ball.
In his dreams, he still hears that call,
You get no bread with one fish ball.

Weevily Wheat

Oh, Charlie, he's a fine young man,
Oh, Charlie, he's a dandy!
Charlie likes to kiss the girls
And he can do it handy.

I don't want none of your weevily wheat,
I don't want none of your barley.
I want fine flour in half an hour
To bake a cake for Charlie.

Green Grow the Rushes, O

1. I'll sing you one, O
Green grow the rushes, O
What is your one, O?
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

2. I'll sing you two, O
Green grow the rushes, O
What is your two, O?
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green, O
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

3. Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two, the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green, O
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

4. Four for the Gospel makers, etc.

5. Five for the symbols at your door, etc.

6. Six for the six proud walkers, etc.

7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky, etc.

8. Eight for the April Rainers, etc.

9. Nine for the nine bright shiners, etc.

10. Ten for the ten commandments, etc.

11. Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven, etc.

12. Twelve for the twelve Apostles, etc.

The Keeper Would A-Hunting Go

The keeper would a-hunting go
And under his arm he carried a bow
All for to shoot the merry merry doe
Among the leaves so green-o.

Chorus (after each verse):

Jackie Boy – Master
Sing ye well – Very well
Heigh down – ho down, derry derry down
Among the leaves so green-o
To my hey down down – To my ho down down
Heigh down – ho down, derry derry down
Among the leaves so green-o.

The first doe he shot at he missed
The second doe he trimmed and kissed
Third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green-o.

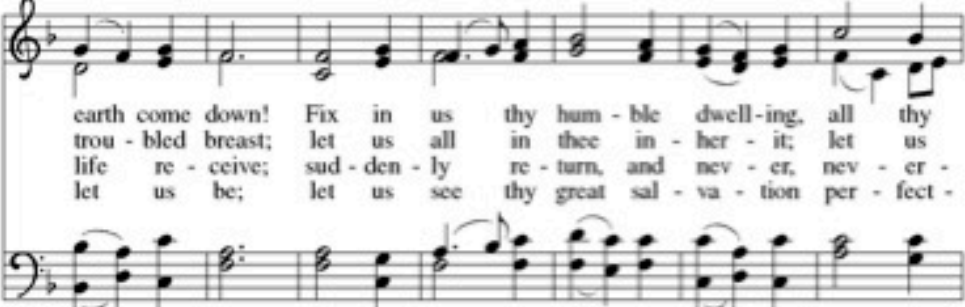
The fourth doe went over the plain
The keeper fetched her back again
Where she is now she may well remain
Among the leaves so green-o.

The fifth doe she went across the brook
The keeper fetched her back with his hook
Where she is now you may all go and look
Among the leaves so green-o.

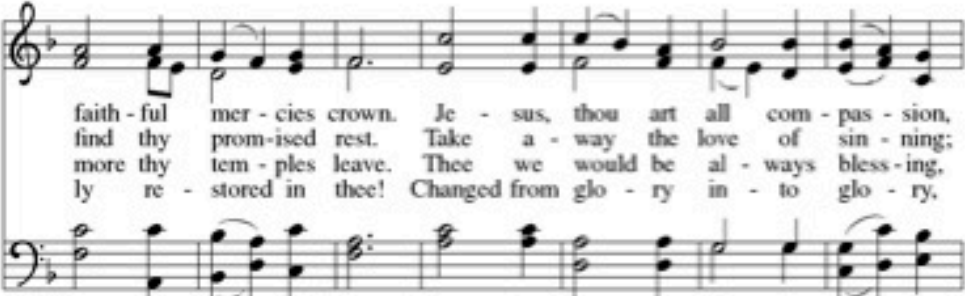
Love Divine, All Loves Excelling



1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to
 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it in - to ev - 'ry
 3 Come, Al - might - y, to de - liv - er; let us all thy
 4 Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, pure and spot - less



earth come down! Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, all thy
 trou - bled breast; let us all in thee in - her - it; let us
 life re - ceive; sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, nev - er -
 let us be; let us see thy great sal - va - tion per - fect -



faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,
 find thy prom - ised rest. Take a - way the love of sin - ning;
 more thy tem - ples leave. Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing,
 ly re - stored in thee! Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,



pure, un - bound - ed love thou art; vis - it us with
 Al - pha and O - me - ga be; end of faith, as
 serve thee as thy hosts a - bove, pray, and praise thee
 till in heav'n we take our place, till we cast our



thy sal - va - tion, en - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 its be - gin - ning, set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 with - out ceas - ing, glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
 crowns be - fore thee, lost in won - der, love, and praise!