15 **YANKEE DOODLE/GRAND OLD FLAG**

I’m a Yankee Doodle Dandy
A Yankee Doodle do or die,
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam
Born on the fourth of July.
I’ve got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She’s my Yankee Doodle joy.
Yankee Doodle came to London
Just to ride a pony.
I am a Yankee Doodle boy.

You’re a grand old flag,
You’re a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.
You’re the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Every heart beats true
‘Neath the red, white and blue,
Where there’s never a boast or brag.
But should old acquaintance be forgot
Keep your eye on that Grand Old Flag.

16 **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Harold’s Square.
Tell all the gang on Forty-Second Street
That I will soon be there.
Whisper of how I’m yearning
To mingle with the old time throng
Give my regards to old Broadway
And tell them I’ll be there ‘ere long.

17 **OLD FOLKS AT HOME**

Way down upon the Swanee River,
Far, far away.
There’s where my heart is turning ever,
There’s where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam.
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.
All the world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
Oh! How my lonely heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

18 **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 lightening
Of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

**REFRAIN**

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

In the beauty of the lillies
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 live to make men free
While God is marching on.
REFRAIN
(Repeat first verse)
REFRAIN

19 THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK
East side, west side, all around the town,
The tots sang “ring a-round rosie,”
“London bridges falling down.”
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O’Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

20 HOME ON THE RANGE
Oh, give me a home
Where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

21 WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHIN’ HOME
When Johnny comes marchin’ home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We’ll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Oh the men will cheer
And the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we’ll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marchin’ home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We’ll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
And we’ll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marchin’ home.

The old church bell will peal joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we’ll all feel gay when
Johnny comes marchin’ home.
22 MY DARLIN’ CLMENTINE

In a cavern, In a canyon
Excavating for a mine.
Lives a miner, Forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

REFRAIN
Oh my darlin’, Oh my darlin”
Oh my darlin’ Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was and like a feather
And her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

REFRAIN
Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine.
Struck her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.

REFRAIN
Rosie lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine.
But alas I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine.

REFRAIN

23 DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away, look away,
Look away, Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin’
Look away, look away,
Look away, Dixie Land.

Then I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I’ll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie.

24 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.

Our father’s 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.
(Repeat first verse)
RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going;
We will miss your bright eyes
And sweet smile;
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That brightens our pathway awhile.
Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
But remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain.
For purple mountains 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 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.