There are smiles, that make us happy
There are smiles, that make us blue
There are smiles, that steal away the teardrops
Like the Sunbeams steal away the dew

There are smiles, that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone can see
But the smiles, that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you gave to me!

Oh it ain’t gonna rain no more, no more;
it ain’t gonna rain no more. Ain’t gonna snow and it ain’t gonna pour, oh it ain’t gonna rain no more.
Oh it ain’t gonna rain no more, no more;
it ain’t gonna rain no more. How the heck can I wash my neck when it ain’t gonna rain no more?
Oh I had a cat and I named him Tom, let him out one day. A big dog chased him down the street and Tom-cat ran away.
Now it ain’t gonna rain no more, no more;
it ain’t gonna rain no more. How in the dickens can I count my chickens if it ain’t gonna rain no more?

232 SMILES

100 IT AIN’T GONNA RAIN NO MORE

(From Volume 8)

Oh it ain’t gonna rain no more, no more;
it ain’t gonna rain no more. Ain’t gonna snow and it ain’t gonna pour, oh it ain’t gonna rain no more.
Oh it ain’t gonna rain no more, no more;
it ain’t gonna rain no more. How the heck can I wash my neck when it ain’t gonna rain no more?
Oh I had a cat and I named him Tom, let him out one day. A big dog chased him down the street and Tom-cat ran away.
Now it ain’t gonna rain no more, no more;
it ain’t gonna rain no more. How in the dickens can I count my chickens if it ain’t gonna rain no more?

200 OH HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

(From Volume 17)

1) The other day I chanced to meet a soldier friend of mine,
He’d been in camp for several weeks and he was looking fine.
His muscles had developed and his cheeks were rosy red.
I asked him how he liked the life and this is what he said:
REFRAIN
Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh! How I’d love to remain in bed. For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
You’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up this morning.
Some day I’m going to murder the bugler.
Some day they’re going to find him dead.
I’ll amputate his reveille, and step upon it heavily and spend the rest of my life in bed.
2) The bugler in the army is the luckiest of men,
He wakes the boys at five and then goes back to bed again.
He doesn’t have to blow again until the afternoon.
If everything goes well with me I’ll be a bugler soon.

REFRAIN
Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning.
Oh! How I’d love to remain in bed. For the hardest blow of all, is to hear the bugler call;
You’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up, you’ve got to get up this morning.
Oh boy the minute the battle is over, oh boy the minute the foe is dead. I’ll put my uniform away, and move to Philadelphia, and spend the rest of my life in bed.

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.

REPEAT REFRAIN

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ’ROUND
(From Volume 17)

1) Love makes the world go ’round,
Love makes the world go ’round,
Somebody soon will love you
If no one loves you now.
2) High in some silent sky,
Love sings a silver song,
Making the earth whirl softly,
Love makes the world go ’round.

Oh! He’d float through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he has stolen away.
39 **TIL WE MEET AGAIN**

*(From Volume 3)*

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I’ll come to you;
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover’s lane, my dearie.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory.
So wait and pray each night
Till We Meet Again

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16 **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**

*(From Volume 2)*

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

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47 **DARKTOWN STRUTTER’S BALL**

*(From Volume 2)*

I’ll be down to get you in a taxi, honey,
You better be ready ‘bout half past eight
Now, dearie don’t be late:
I want to be there when
The band starts playing,
Remember when we get there, honey.
The two-steps, I’m going to have them all
Goin’ to dance out both my shoes
When they play those Jellyroll blues
Tomorrow night,
At the darktown strutters ball.
15 YOU’RE A GRAND OLD FLAG
(From Volume 2)
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

80 THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI
(From Volume 7)
The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl,
Of all the girls I know.
Each sweet co-ed like a rainbow trail,
Fades in the afterglow.
The blue of her eyes
and the gold of her hair,
Are a blend of the western sky;
And the moonlight beams,
On the girl of my dreams,
She’s the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.
32 IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE
(From Volume 7)

Come away with me Lucille,
In my merry Oldsmobile.
Down the road of life we’ll fly.
Automobubbling you and I.
To the church we’ll swiftly steal,
Then our wedding bells will peal.
You can go as far as you like with me
In my Merry Oldsmobile.

59 TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALLGAME
(From Volume 7)

Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out with the crowd
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks
I don’t care if I ever get back
For its root, root root for the home team
If they don’t win its a shame
For its one! two! three strikes
you’re out at the old ballgame

182 HAIL! HAIL! THE GANGS ALL HERE/
FOR HE’S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW
(From Volume 15)

Hail, Hail the gang’s all here,
What the heck do we care,
What the heck do we care.
Hail, hail the gang’s all here,
What the heck do we care now. (2x)
For he’s a jolly good fellow (3x)
Which nobody can deny.
Which nobody can deny,
which nobody can deny
For he’s a jolly good fellow (3x)
Which nobody can deny.
Hail, Hail the gang’s all here,
What the heck do we care,
What the heck do we care.
Hail, hail the gang’s all here,
What the heck do we care now.

15 YANKEE DOODLE DANDY
(From Volume 2)

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

190 STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER
(From Volume 16)

Hurrah for the flag of the free!
May it wave as our standard forever,
The gem of the land and the sea,
The banner of the right.
Let despots remember the day
When our fathers with mighty endeavor.
Proclaimed as they marched to the fray,
That by their might
And by their right
It waves forever.
52 DOWN BY THE OHIO
(From Volume 5)

Down by the O–hi–o
I’ve got the cutest little o–my–o,
There ain’t nobody half as pretty as she,
As sweet as can be,
and jumpin’ jeepers creepers!
She’s crazy for me!
And what an o–my–o,
The only one I’ve met
who ever thrilled me so.
She is the cutest girl that I’ve ever seen,
All milk and honey
if you know what I mean,
With lots of o–my–o
just wait ‘til I get back to O–hi–o

Down by the O–hi–o
I’ve got the cutest, sweetest o–my–o
He’s just a country boy
Who works around farms,
But he has his charms,
And jumpin’ jeepers creepers!
When I’m in his arms,
I get so o–my–o,
He is the only one
who ever thrilled me so.
He knows his chickens
and his cabbages, too:
But where the ditches
did he learn to woo-woo?
He’s got that o–my–o!
Just wait ‘til I get back to O–hi–o!

32 MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS
(From Volume 3)

Meet me in St. Louis, Louis
Meet me at the fair,
Don’t tell me the lights are shining
Any place but there.
We will dance the Hoochee Koochee,
I will be your tootsie wootsie,
Meet me in St. Louis, Louis,
Meet me at the fair.

54 BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA
(From Volume 5)

Back home again in Indiana
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light
Still shining bright
Through the sycamores for me,
The new mown hay
From the fields I used to roam.
When I dream about the moonlight
On the Wabash,
Then I long for my Indiana home.

53 CAROLINA IN THE MORNING
(From Volume 5)

Nothin’ could be finer
than to bein Carolina
in the mornin’
No one could be sweeter
than my sweetie
When I meet her
in the morning.
Where the morning glories
Twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories
I long to hear once more.
Strollin’ with my girlie
Where the dew is pearly early
In the mornin’
Butterflies all flutter up
And kiss each little buttercup
At dawning.
If I had Alladin’s lamp for only a day,
I’d make a wish and here’s what I’d say:
Nothin’ could be finer
Than to be in Carolina
in the mornin’.

CHICAGO (THAT TODDLIN’ TOWN)

Chicago, Chicago,
that toddlin’ town.
Chicago, Chicago,
I will show you around.
Bet your bottom dollar
you lose the blues
in Chicago, Chicago,
The town that Billy Sunday couldn’t shut down.
On State Street, that great street,
I just want to say
they do things
they don’t do on Broadway.
They have the time, the time of their life.
I saw a man, he danced with his wife
In Chicago,
Chicago my hometown.
234 APRIL SHOWERS

Though April showers may come your way,
They bring the flowers that bloom in May.
So if it’s raining, have no regrets,
Because it isn’t raining rain, you know, it’s raining violets.
And where you see clouds upon the hills,
You soon will see crowds of daffodils,
So keep on looking for a blue bird, and listening for his song,
Whenever April showers come along.

151 WE GATHER TOGETHER
(From Volume 3)

We gather together
to ask the Lord’s blessing;
He chastens and hastens
his will to make known.
The wicked oppressing
now cease from distressing.
Sing praises to his name;
his name be ever praised!
We all do extoll thee,
thou leader triumphant,
And pray that thou still
our defender wilt be.
Let thy congregation escape tribulation;
Thy name be ever praised! O Lord,
may we f

165 OVER THERE
(From Volume 3)

They were summoned from the hillside;
they were called in from the glen,
And the country found them ready at the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship, as the soldiers pass along,
and although your heart is breaking, make it sing this cheery song.

REFRAIN:

Keep the home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;
There’s a silver lining,
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark clouds inside out, ‘til the boys come home.
Over seas there came a pleading, “Help a nation in distress!”
And we gave out glorious laddies,
Over the river and through the woods
we go.
The horse knows the way to carry the
sleigh through white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the woods,
oh how the wind does blow.
It stings the toes and bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood
to have a full day of play.
Oh hear the bells ringing, ting-a-ling-ling
for it is Christmas Day.

Over the river and through the woods
trot fast my dapple gray.
Spring o'er the ground just like a hound,
for this is Christmas day.

Over the river and through the woods,
and straight through the barnyard gate.
It seems that we go so dreadfully slow,
it is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the woods,
now Grandma's cap I spy.
Hurrah for fun, the pudding's done,
Hurrah for pumpkin pie

REPEAT VERSE ONE

1) Joy to the world! The Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing,

2) Joy to the world! The Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods,
rock, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

3) He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love,
And wonders, and wonders of His love

REPEAT VERSE ONE
Oh don’t you remember
Sweet Betsy from Pike
She crossed the big mountain
With her lover Ike
With two yoke of cattle,
A large yellow dog
A tall shang-hi rooster
And one spotted hog.

REFRAIN
Too-ra-lee, too-ra-lee
Singing too-ra-lee, too-ra-lee, too-ra-lee-
Tooo-rah-lee, too-ra-lee
Singing too-ra-lee, too-ra-lee, too-ra-lee-
One evening quite early
they camped on the plat
Twas near my the road
On a green shady fl at
Poor Betsy quite tired,
Laid down for repose
And Ike sat and gazed
At his Pike County rose

REFRAIN
(Repeat first verse)

Michael Kelly with his sweetheart came
from County Cork,
and bent upon a holiday, they landed
in New York.
They strolled around to see the sights;
alas, it’s sad to say,
poor Kelly lost his little girl upon the
Great White Way.
She walked uptown from Herald Square
to Forty Second street.
The traffic stopped as she cried to the
copper on the beat:

REFRAIN
Has anybody here seen Kelly?
K-E-double L-Y.
Has anybody here seen Kelly,
Have you seen him smile?
Sure his hair is red,
His eyes are blue,
And he’s Irish through and
through.
Has anybody here seen Kelly,
Kelly from the Emerald Isle?

2) Over on Fifth Avenue a band began to
play.
Ten thousand men were marching,
for it was Saint Patrick’s Day.
The “Wearing of the Green” rang out
upon the morning air;
’Twas Kelly’s favorite song, so Mary
said, I’ll find him there.
She climbed upon the grandstand in
hopes her Mike she’d see;
Five hundred Kelly’s left the ranks in
answer to her plea:
1) In Dublin’s fair city, where girls are so pretty, I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone. As she pushed her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow, singing, “Cockles and mussels, alive alive-o.”

REFRAIN
Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o singing, “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.”

2) She was a fishmonger, And that was the wonder, Her father and mother were fishmongers, too. They drove the wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow, singing, “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.”

REFRAIN

3) She died of the fever, And nothing could save her, And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone. But her ghost drives the barrow, through streets broad and narrow, singing, “Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o.”

For it is Mary, Mary Plain as any name can be, But with propriety, Society will say Mar-ie, But it was Mary, Mary Long before the fashions came And there is something there That sounds so fair, It’s a grand old name.