Traditional Songs All Kids Should Know

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by Homeschool Giveaways and WriteBonnieRose

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How to Use

This collection of 14 classic songs is a fun way for you to work some music, handwriting, and creativity into your day. For each song, you'll find:

- a short history of the song that you can read aloud to your child or have them read independently
- links to children's versions of the songs—as the Internet is always changing, we encourage you to preview these videos before sharing with your children
- a page for your child to draw what comes to mind as he or she hears the song
- the lyrics of the song as text to read
- the lyrics of the song as print copywork to trace and to copy
- the lyrics of the song as cursive copywork to trace and to copy

Many of the pages have pictures your child can color if they wish. You can use as much or as little of each song's activities as you like. For longer songs, you may want to break the copywork into several shorter assignments. You'll find the short histories, links to the songs, drawing pages, and lyrics in the first section of the unit, the print copywork in the second section, and the cursive copywork in the final section for ease of printing.

Also, please note that due to the large variety of versions of many of these songs, the lyrics in the listening links may differ slightly from the text included to read and to use as copywork.

“The Ants Go Marching”

“The Ants Go Marching” is a combination of newer lyrics with an older tune. The music was originally written for the song “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.” It was a song written by Patrick Gilmore under the pseudonym, or pen name, Louis Lambert. Patrick later shared that he had heard someone humming the tune, which is what inspired him to write it down, make some changes, and write the lyrics. The song was popular in both the North and the South during the Civil War as a way for people to express how they longed for their loved ones to come back home.

Many different sets of lyrics have been written and put to the tune of “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.” It’s been used in political campaigns, cartoons, and commercials. “The Ants Go Marching” is a fun song, and several variations of the words to this version exist as well.

Listen To “The Ants Go Marching”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

The Ants Go Marching

The Ants Go Marching

The Ants Go Marching

“The Ants Go Marching”

“The Ants Go Marching”

Lyrics

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

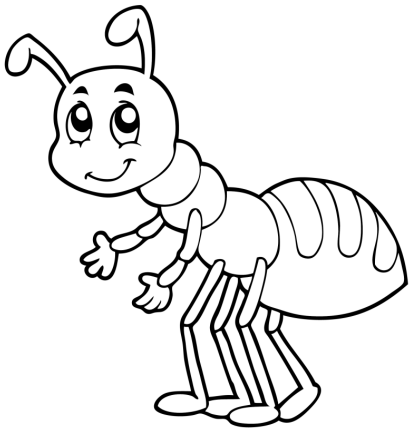
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stops to shut the door
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



“The Ants Go Marching”

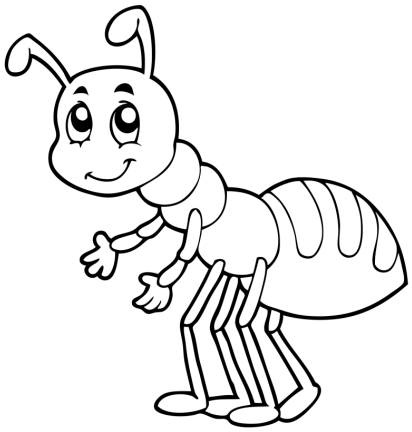
Lyrics

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to heaven
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to roller skate
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops to shout "The End,"
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain.



“Baby Bumblebee”

“Baby Bumblebee” is another song where newer lyrics have been set to an old tune. The original tune was written by Sanford C. “Sandy” Faulkner. He was a storyteller and a fiddle player. He wrote the music for the fiddle. It was called “The Arkansas Traveler.” Faulkner County in Arkansas is named after him.

Over time, “The Arkansas Traveler” had several sets of lyrics written for it that were about the state of Arkansas. It was even turned into a painting by Edward Washburn and then a lithograph by Currier & Ives. In 1947, a committee wrote official lyrics so the song could become an official state song.

We don’t know who wrote the lyrics for the “Baby Bumblebee” version, but it has been popular with children for decades.

Listen To “Baby Bumblebee”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Baby Bumblebee

Baby Bumblebee

Baby Bumblebee

“Baby Bumblebee”

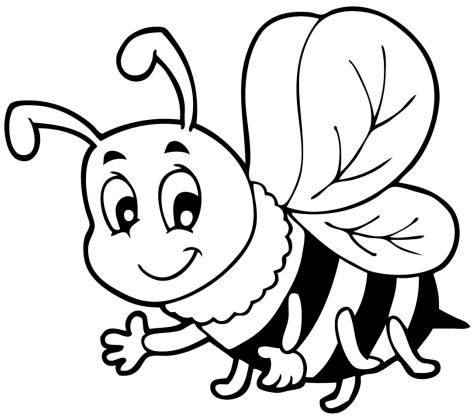
“Baby Bumblebee”

Lyrics

I’m bringing home a baby bumblebee,
Won’t my mommy be so proud of me,
I’m bringing home a baby bumblebee,
Ouch! It stung me!

I’m squishing up the baby bumblebee,
Won’t my mommy be so proud of me,
I’m squishing up a baby bumblebee,
Ooh! It’s yucky!

I’m wiping off the baby bumblebee,
Won’t my mommy be so proud of me,
I’m wiping off the baby bumblebee,
Now my mommy won’t be mad at me!



“Farmer in the Dell”

Would you believe that the “Farmer in the Dell” is sung all over the world? We don’t know who wrote the first version of the song back in the 1820s in Germany. It was called “Es fuhr ein Bau’r ins Holz” back then. It told the story of how a farmer got married and how his family and his farm grew. It probably came to the United States with Germans who immigrated. The song has traveled around the world and been translated into many different languages including French, Romanian, and Thai.

Sometimes, the song is sung as a game. You get together in a circle and choose one person to be the farmer. He stands in the middle. As you dance in a circle around the farmer, you sing the first verse. When it comes time for the farmer to take a wife, he reaches out and grabs someone’s hand. You can even make the farmer wear a blindfold if you don’t want him to see who he’s picking! Now those two people stand in the middle of the circle while everyone dances. You just keep going, choosing people to stand in the middle with you, as you sing the verses to the song.

And in case you’re wondering, the word “dell” in the song means a valley or hollow that is tucked away somewhere and is usually covered with trees.

Listen To “Farmer in the Dell”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Farmer in the Dell

Farmer in the Dell

Farmer in the Dell

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Farmer in the Dell”

Lyrics

The farmer in the dell
The farmer in the dell
Heigh-ho,the derry-o
The farmer in the dell

The farmer takes a wife
The farmer takes a wife
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer takes a wife

The wife takes the child
The wife takes the child
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The wife takes the child

The child takes the nurse
The child takes the nurse
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The child takes the nurse

The nurse takes the cow
The nurse takes the cow
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The nurse takes the cow

The cow takes the dog
The cow takes the dog
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The cow takes the dog

The dog takes the cat
The dog takes the cat
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The dog takes the cat

The cat takes the mouse
The cat takes the mouse
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The cat takes the mouse

“Farmer in the Dell”

Lyrics

The mouse takes the cheese
The mouse takes the cheese
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The mouse takes the cheese

The cheese stands alone
The cheese stands alone
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The cheese stands alone

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush” is a song from England. It goes back to around the 1840s and is similar to another song in England from that time. Like many old songs, no one can agree on who wrote it first. Some say it was about a tree that grew in a prison that the prisoners exercised around.

Regardless of how it got its start, there are two popular versions of it today. One version walks you through personal chores like brushing your teeth and making your bed. Another version walks you through household chores you might do during the week, focusing on one chore each day.

But what exactly is a mulberry bush? I’m glad you asked, because depending on where you live, you might not have ever seen one. There are several different kinds of mulberry plants. They have leaves that are oval or heart-shaped and berries that are white, purple, or red. One type of mulberry tree, the white mulberry, is the only kind of plant silkworms will eat. The white mulberry was grown in China for thousands of years, making it the silk capital of the entire world.

Listen To “Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush

Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

Lyrics

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush.
Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
We wash our clothes, we wash our clothes.
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
We iron our clothes, we iron our clothes.
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,
We scrub the floor, we scrub the floor.
This is the way we scrub the floor,
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
We mend our clothes, we mend our clothes.
This is the way we mend our clothes,
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
We sweep the house, we sweep the house.
This is the way we sweep the house,
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
We bake our bread, we bake our bread.
This is the way we bake our bread,
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
We go to church, we go to church.
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

“Home on the Range”

The song “Home on the Range” was first written in Kansas by Dr. Brewster M. Higley as a poem called “My Western Home.” It was published in the 1870s. A friend of his named Daniel E. Kelley wrote music for it. Over the years, it became popular all over the country. In 1947, “Home on the Range” became the official state song of Kansas. It’s thought of as the unofficial anthem of the American West. Like many older songs, the lyrics have been changed and altered over time.

The lyrics in this unit come from the version of the song written by John Lomax in 1910. John had a passion for preserving the folk songs he had grown up hearing, and he helped save many songs and folk stories that may have been lost to us without him.

A few fun facts—the antelopes mentioned in the song aren’t really antelopes. True antelopes live mostly in Africa, and some live in Asia. The animals in the song are actually pronghorns. Pronghorns look like antelopes, but they aren’t even closely related. They are, however, very fast on their hooves. They can run up to 60 miles (96 kilometers) per hour. The zephyr in the song is a soft breeze or a breeze from the west, and a curlew is a type of bird.

Listen To “Home on the Range”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Home on the Range

Home on the Range

Home on the Range

“Home on the Range”

“Home on the Range”

Lyrics

O 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.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, I love these wild prairies where I roam
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

There’s a story behind “I’ve Been Working on the Railroad,” but no one can agree on what the story is. Some say it started in London in the 1830s. Others say it started in the 1840s in Boston. Like most old songs, the lyrics have been changed and added to countless times over the years.

Since no one can agree on the story behind the song, let’s look at the story of the railroad in the United States. The story starts with Colonel John Stevens, who got a charter in 1815 for the New Jersey Railroad Company. It wasn’t built until 1832 and eventually became part of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Colonel Stevens was also the first person in the United States to test a steam-powered locomotive. He debuted it on a track he had built at his house in New Jersey in 1826.

The railroad slowly grew during the 1820s and 1830s. In the 1840s, it started to boom, with the number of miles of track more than tripling between 1840 and 1850. Most of the track was in the northeast, but it slowly spread into other parts of the country.

In 1862, Congress passed the Pacific Railroad Act, which gave two companies the job of building a railroad that would connect Omaha, Nebraska, and Sacramento, California. Other rail lines already reached from the eastern part of the country to Omaha, so this would connect the nation with one transcontinental railroad. Work began in 1863, and six years later, it was finished in 1869.

The “Golden Age” of railroads lasted from the 1880s until the 1920s. Traveling by train slowly became less popular as cars and planes made travel easier and faster. But trains remain an important part of our transportation system today. They haul countless tons of goods all over the nation. Next time you watch a train roll by, just think about how many semitrucks it would take to carry the same amount of cargo.

Listen To “I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

I’ve Been Working on the Railroad

I’ve Been Working on the Railroad

I’ve Been Working on the Railroad

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

"I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Lyrics

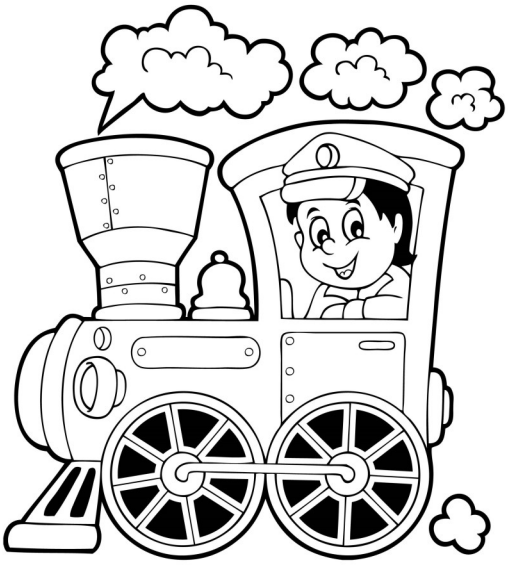
I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.



“Oh! Susanna”

“Oh! Susanna” was the first successful song published by Stephen C. Foster, one of the best-known and well-loved American composers. He often wrote songs filled with tenderness and heart, which made it easy for people to feel the song was written just for them. Along with “Oh! Susanna,” Stephen also wrote “My Old Kentucky Home” and “The Old Folks at Home” among many others.

This writer of patriotic songs couldn’t have been born on a more appropriate day—July 4. Born in 1826, he shared his birthdate with the nation’s. His song was first performed at an ice cream shop in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1847. The song became popular, and many authors tried to take credit for writing it. Because of that, Stephen didn’t earn much money from the song’s popularity. But then a company decided to pay him royalties for the song, two cents every time they sold the sheet music, and Stephen was now officially a professional songwriter.

Many versions of the song were written. The Forty-Niners who went to California during the gold rush in 1849 wrote a version that used a “washpan on my knee” instead of a banjo.

Listen To “Oh! Susanna”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Oh! Susanna

Oh! Susanna

Oh! Susanna

“Oh! Susanna”

“Oh! Susanna”

Lyrics

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee
I’m going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see

It rained all night
The day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot,
I froze to death
Susanna, don’t you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh don’t you cry for me
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill

The buckwheat cake
Was in her mouth
The tear was
In her eye
Says I, I’m coming from the south
Susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

Most historians believe Percy Montrose wrote “Oh, My Darling Clementine” around 1884, though there are some who think it was written by someone else. Its words are similar to a song from the 1860s, and the tune may have been an old Spanish song from the southwest.

The song is set during the California gold rush, which started in 1848 when a man named James Marshall discovered gold on the land of John Sutter, a pioneer who lived in California. James was helping John build a sawmill when he found flecks of gold in a stream. He and John tried to keep the gold a secret, but news spread. Sadly, Sutter’s land was completely demolished by the men who flocked to the area looking for gold.

The gold rush also brought big changes to California, which had just come under the control of the United States in 1848 when the Mexican War ended. When news got out about the gold, people came to California from all over the country and even from Europe, Latin America, and China. Fights with Native Americans who lived in California whose land was also trampled broke out. The population boomed from around 15,000 in early 1848 to almost 100,000 by the end of 1849. The following year, California’s population had grown enough for it to become a state, and within ten years, the population had grown to around 380,000 people.

Listen To “Oh, My Darling Clementine”

Listen to the song at the link below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Oh, My Darling Clementine

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

Lyrics

Near a cavern, across from a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

“Old Dan Tucker”

“Old Dan Tucker” was written by Daniel Decatur Emmett when he was about fifteen years old. Daniel was born in 1815 in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. He wrote songs from the time he was very young and went on to be a singer and performer. He lived until 1904 and died at the age of 89.

He is best remembered for a song he wrote in 1859, “Dixie.” Even though Daniel lived in the North and supported the Union during the Civil War, Southerners loved “Dixie” so much that it became an anthem for the Confederacy during the Civil War.

“Old Dan Tucker” is a nonsense song about a man who finds himself in all sorts of strange situations. We know it’s a nonsense song because what the song says happens couldn’t possibly happen. For example, you can’t comb your hair (or your head, as the song says) with a wagon wheel. It just wouldn’t work! And grownups can’t exactly go for rides on billy goats!

Listen To “Old Dan Tucker”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker

“Old Dan Tucker”

“Old Dan Tucker”

Lyrics

Now old Dan Tucker’s fine old man
Washed his face in a fryin’ pan
Combed his head with a wagon wheel
And died with a toothache in his heel

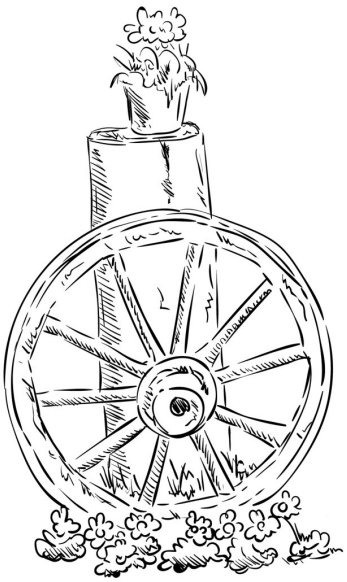
Get out of the way old Dan Tucker
He’s too late to get his supper
Supper’s gone and dinner cookin’
Old Dan Tucker’s just a-standin’ there lookin’

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Riding a billy goat leading a hound
Hound dog bark and the billy goat jump
Landed Dan Tucker on top of the stump

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Swinging the ladies round and round
First to the right and then to the left
Then to the girl that he loves best

Now old Dan Tucker’s fine old man
Washed his face in a fryin’ pan
Combed his head with a wagon wheel
And died with a toothache in his heel

Get out of the way old Dan Tucker
He’s too late to get his supper
Supper’s gone and dinner cookin’
Old Dan Tucker’s just a-standin’ there lookin’



“Polly Wolly Doodle”

Dan Emmett, who we just read about when we learned about “Old Dan Tucker” is the one credited with writing “Polly Wolly Doodle.” The song was first published in 1880 in a student songbook used at Harvard. It’s also in the book *These Happy Golden Years* written by Laura Ingalls Wilder.

The song has been sung by cartoon characters and famous singers alike. Shirley Temple sang a version in her 1935 movie *The Littlest Rebel.* In one version or another, it’s been in television shows, movies, and video games.

Like “Old Dan Tucker,” “Polly Wolly Doodle” is a nonsense song. A real person can’t have curly eyes and laughing hair! That’s backwards. The whooping cough doesn’t make you sneeze, and a chicken certainly can’t sneeze its head and tail off.

Listen To “Polly Wolly Doodle”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Polly Wolly Doodle

Polly Wolly Doodle

Polly Wolly Doodle

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

Lyrics

Oh, I went down South
For to see my Sal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My Sal, she is
A spunky gal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

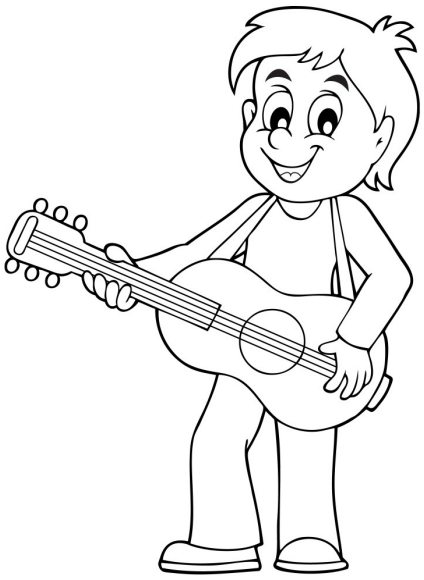
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, my Sal, she is
A maiden fair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
With curly eyes
And laughing hair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Behind the barn,
Down on my knees
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
I thought I heard
A chicken sneeze
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day



“Polly Wolly Doodle”

Lyrics

He sneezed so hard
With the whooping cough
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
He sneezed his head
And the tail right off
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

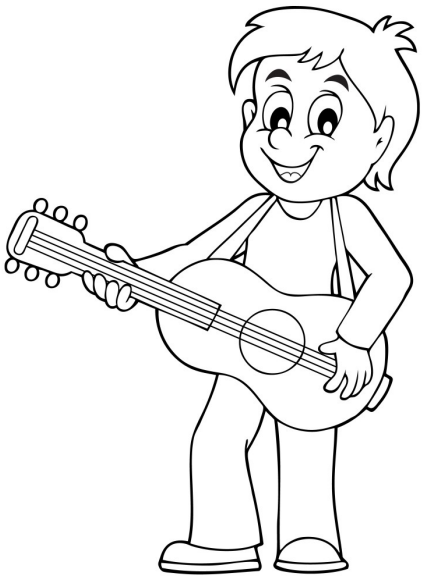
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, a grasshopper sittin'
On a railroad track
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
A-pickin' his teeth
With a carpet tack
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, I went to bed
But it wasn't any use
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My feet stuck out
Like a chicken roost
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Lou'siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day



“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

“She’ll Be Coming ‘Round the Mountain” is a folk song first written in the late 1800s, though the name of the original author is unknown. It was based on a song called “When the Chariot Comes.” During the 1800s, it was sung all through the Appalachian region of the United States, which is where the song picked up its current verses.

The song first appeared in a book called *The American Songbag* written by Carl Sandburg in 1927. The song has been sung with many variations all over the world. If you listen to many versions of the song, you might hear a verse about pink pajamas and some lines that sing “ey, ey, yippee.” These are variations common in the United Kingdom.

Listen To “She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain

She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain

She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain

“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

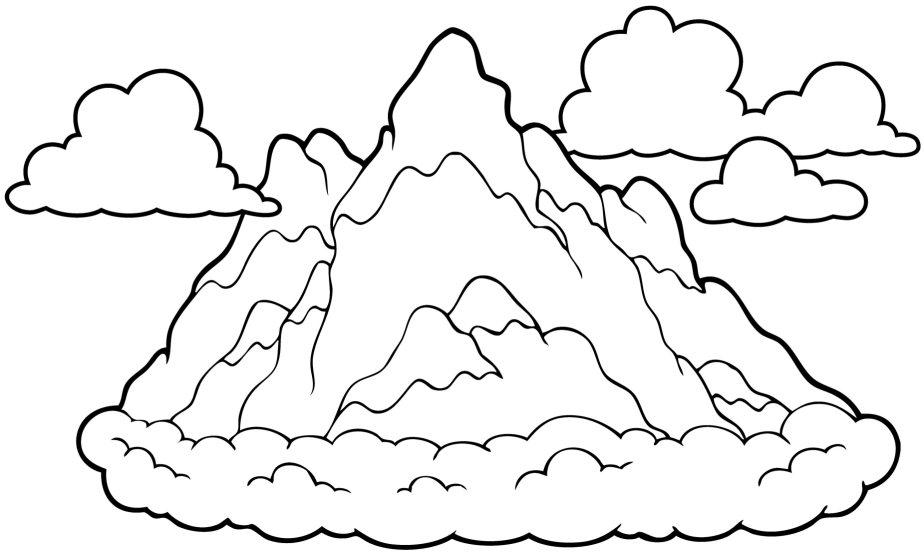
Lyrics

She’ll be comin’ round the mountain when she comes.
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain when she comes.
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain, She’ll be comin’ round the mountain,
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain when she comes.

She’ll be riding six white horses when she comes.
She’ll be riding six white horses when she comes.
She’ll be riding six white horses, She’ll be riding six white horses,
She’ll be riding six white horses when she comes.

Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her when she comes.
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her when she comes.
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her, Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her when she comes.

We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah” when she comes.
We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah” when she comes.
We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah,” We'll be singin’ “Hallelujah,”
We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah” when she comes.



“Skip to My Lou”

Do you know what an “icebreaker” is? When people get together and don’t know each other, people tend to be nervous. People say the tension is as “thick as ice,” so they’ve made ways to help “break the ice” and help people get to know each other and relax. It might be a fun game where everyone shares something about who they are. Or it might be a neat way to have everyone answer certain questions (like everyone who has a dog has to answer question number one, everyone with a cat has to answer question number 2, etc.).

When dancing was a popular pastime, there were icebreaker dances, too. These involved dancing and trading partners during the dance. Often, the dancers would all dance in a circle. It was a fun way to get everyone laughing and having fun.

The word “loo” in Scottish means “love.” Since dancing was also a popular pastime for people who were dating, the word became part of the song, though it’s usually spelled “Lou” today.

Listen To “Skip to My Lou”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Skip to My Lou

Skip to My Lou

Skip to My Lou

“Skip to My Lou”

“Skip to My Lou”

Lyrics

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

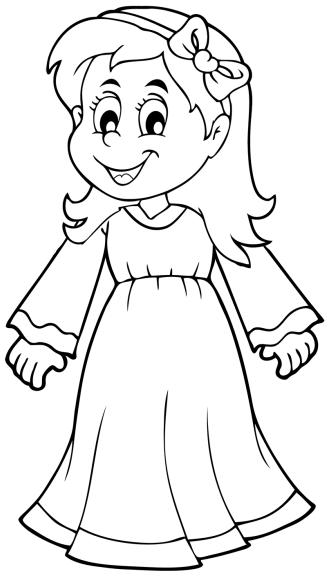
I’ll find another one, prettier, too.
I’ll find another one, prettier, too.
I’ll find another one, prettier, too.
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Can’t get a red bird, what do I do?
Can’t get a red bird, what do I do?
Can’t get a red bird, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?
Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?
Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!



“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

To understand the story behind “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,” we have to look at a little bit of history first. Prior to the Civil War, many African Americans in the South were slaves, but white Americans weren’t the only ones who had African American slaves. Some Native Americans, like the Choctaw, also had slaves. After the Civil War, the United States made a treaty with the Choctaw, and part of it said that their slaves would be free and made part of the Choctaw Nation. These people became known as “Choctaw freedmen.”

Wallis Willis was a Choctaw freedman who lived in Oklahoma. Some time before 1862, he wrote the song “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.” The Red River reminded him of the Jordan River that we read about in the Bible. As he thought about the Jordan River as well as the story of Elijah going to Heaven in a chariot of fire, the song “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot” was born.

In the early 1900s, a minister named Alexander Reid heard Wallis Willis singing the song and wrote down the words and music. He sent it to a group of singers from a Tennessee university. They were called the Jubilee Singers, and they recorded it in 1909. They sang it as they performed all over the United States and Europe. In 2011, the song was made the official gospel song of Oklahoma.

Listen To “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

Listen to the song at the link below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

Lyrics

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels comin’ after me
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I’m comin’ too
Coming for to carry me home

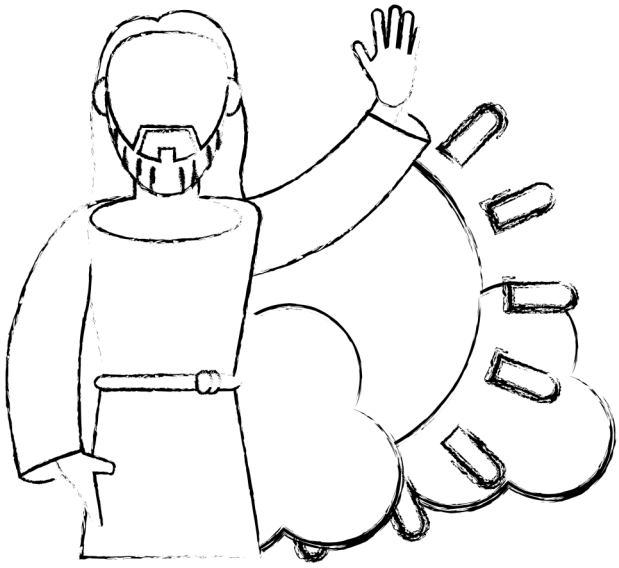
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

The brightest day that ever I saw
Coming for to carry me home
When Jesus wash’d my sins away
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I’m sometimes up and sometimes down
Coming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heav’nly bound
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home



“Yankee Doodle”

“Yankee Doodle” is one of the most popular patriotic songs in the United States, but the song has a long and complicated history. Not everyone agrees on all the details, but most agree that the American version of the song was written by Dr. Richard Shackburg during the French and Indian War. It was set to a tune that was even older, and its point was to make fun of the American soldiers. At that time, England had the finest army in the world, and to have to fight alongside the colonists would have seemed unthinkable to most of them. The term “doodle” meant something like a fool, and “macaroni,” which shows up in some versions of the song, referred to a strange wig that some very extreme and odd characters in England wore.

But the American soldiers took what was meant as an insult and turned it around. The song became a patriotic tune they were proud of, and there are stories that they even played it back to the British years later when they fought against them in the American Revolution.

The version of the song in our unit was published in a community songbook in 1917. It does not have the “macaroni” verse but tells the story of a young boy who went to war with his father—and then decided it was no place for him.

Listen To “Yankee Doodle”

Listen to the song at one of the links below. Don’t watch the video for now—just listen to the song and draw what comes to mind on the next page. Once you are done with your picture, listen to the song and watch the video.

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle

“Yankee Doodle”

“Yankee Doodle”

Lyrics

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodin’,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin’.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

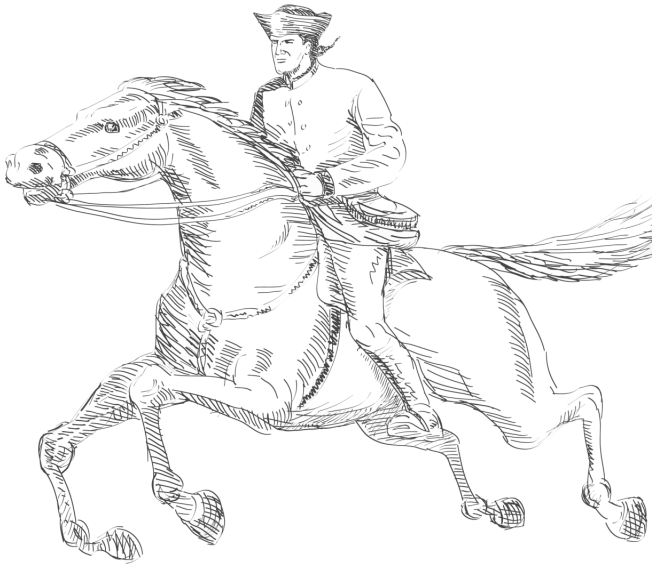
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.



“Yankee Doodle”

Lyrics

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.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there I saw a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon’t with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

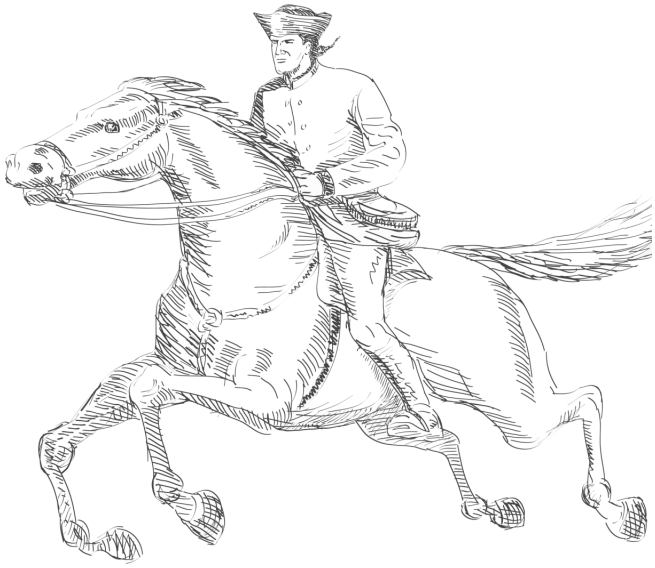
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.



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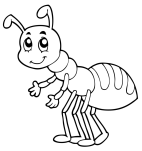
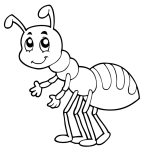
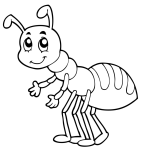


“The Ants Go Marching”



The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his
thumb
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah



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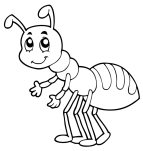
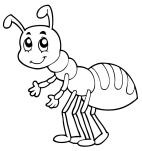


The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by
three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to
the ground



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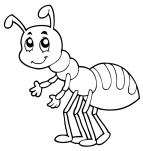
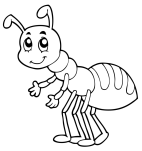
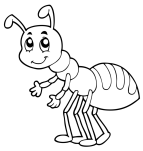


To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by
four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by
four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by
four,
The little one stops to shut the
door
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!



“The Ants Go Marching”



The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching five by five,

The little one stops to take a dive

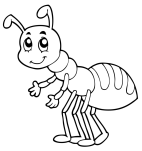
And they all go marching down to the ground

To get out of the rain, BOOM!

BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah



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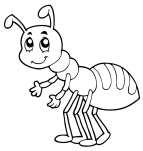
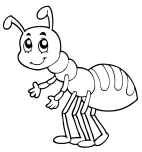


The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to heaven



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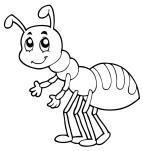


And they all go marching down to the ground

To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah

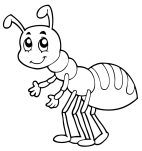
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching eight by eight,

The little one stops to roller skate

And they all go marching down to the ground

To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



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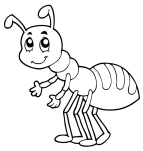


The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching nine by nine,

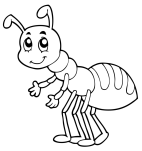
The little one stops to check the time

And they all go marching down to the ground

To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah



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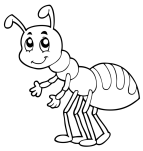
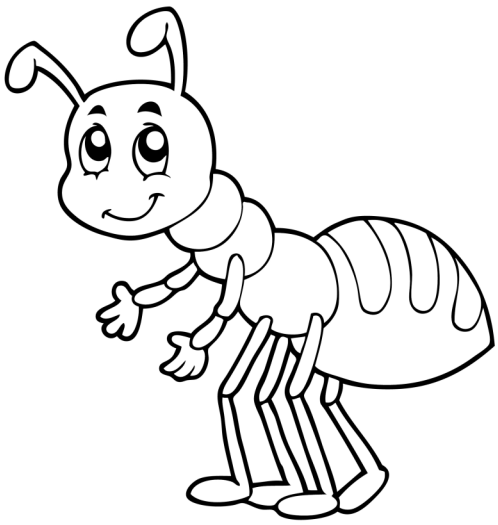


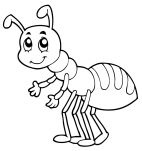
The ants go marching ten by ten,

The little one stops to shout “The End,”

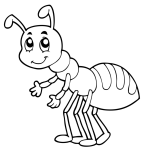
And they all go marching down to the ground

To get out of the rain.



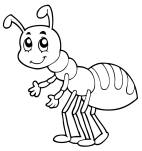


"The Ants Go Marching"



The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his
thumb
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah



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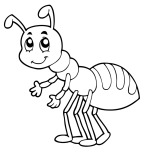
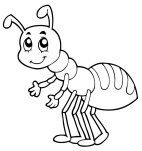


The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by
three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to
the ground



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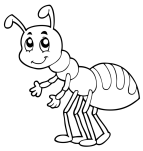
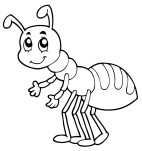


To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by
four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by
four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by
four,
The little one stops to shut the
door
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!



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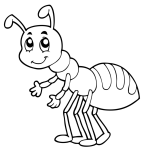
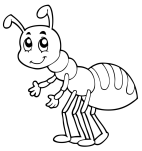


The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah



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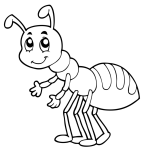
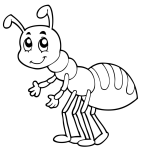


The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to heaven



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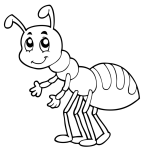
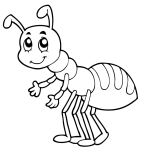


And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to roller skate
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



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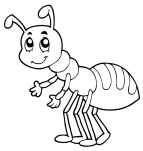
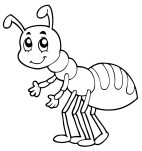


The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah



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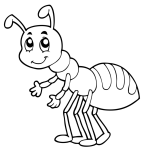
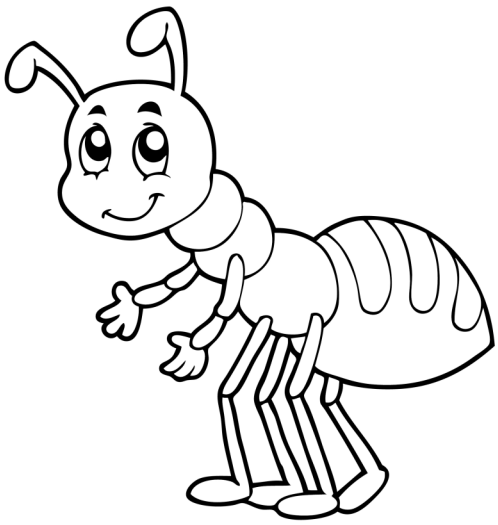
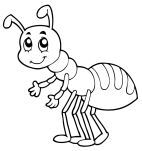


The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops to shout "The End,"
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain.





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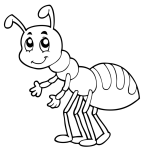

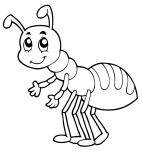

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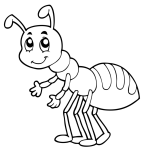

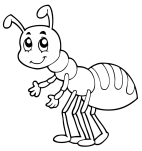

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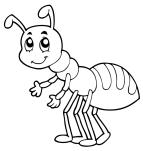

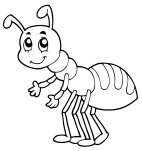

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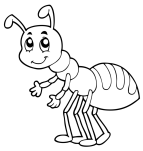

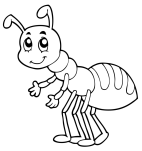

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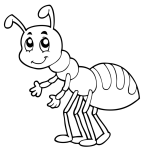

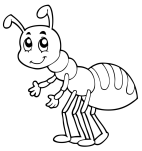

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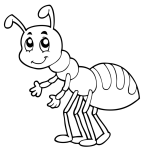

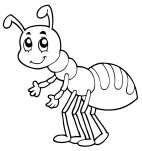

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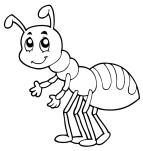

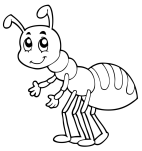

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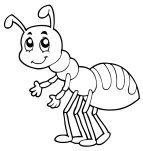
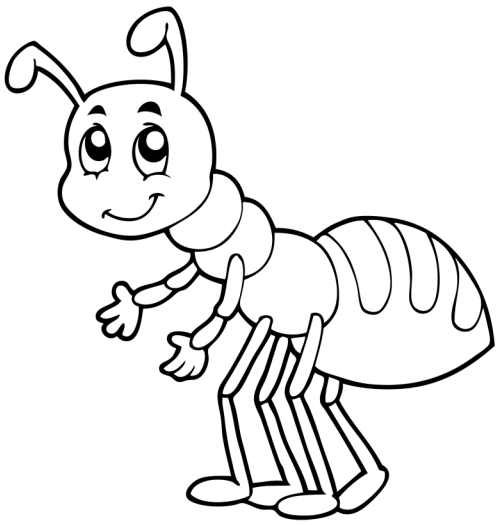
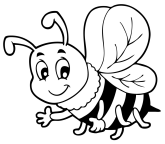
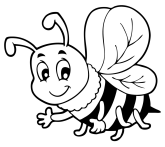




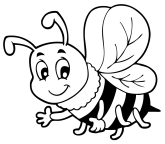


“Baby Bumblebee”



I’m bringing home a baby bumblebee,
Won’t my mommy be so proud of me,
I’m bringing home a baby bumblebee,
Ouch! It stung me!

I’m squishing up the baby bumblebee,
Won’t my mommy be so proud of me,
I’m squishing up a baby bumblebee,
Ooh! It’s yucky!



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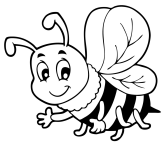
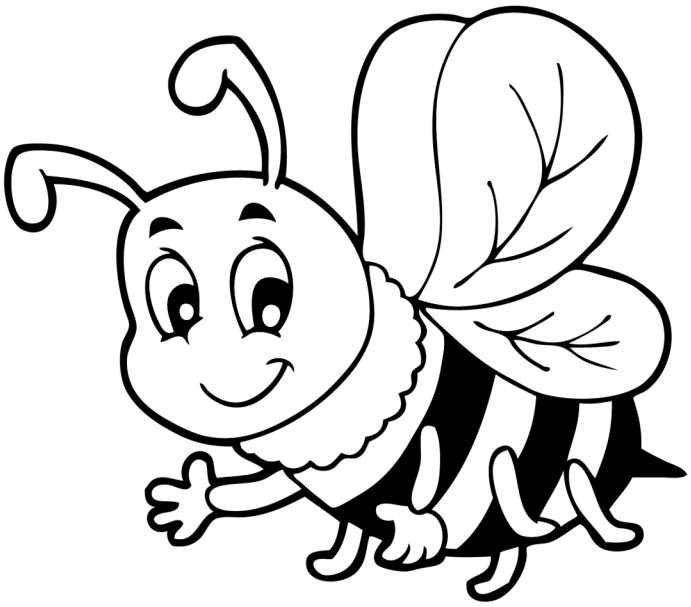
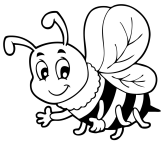


I'm wiping off the baby bumblebee,
Won't my mommy be so proud of me,
I'm wiping off the baby bumblebee,
Now my mommy won't be mad at me!





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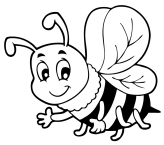

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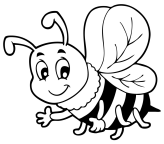

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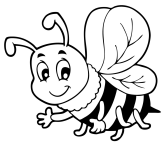

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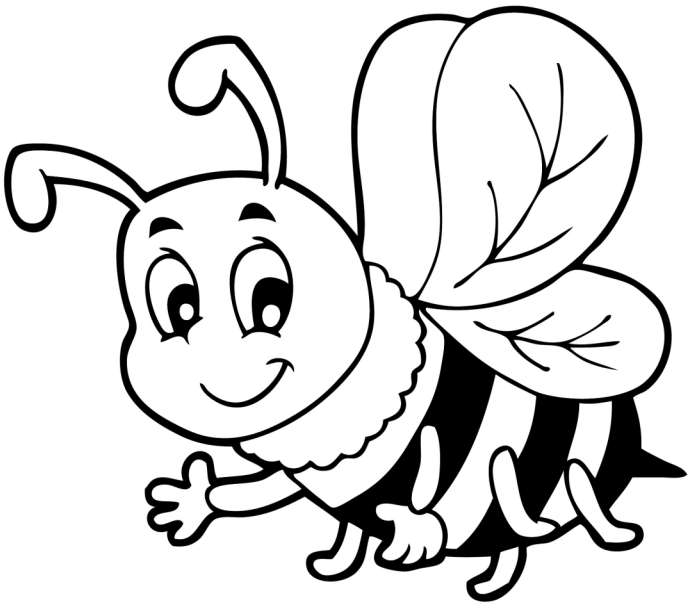

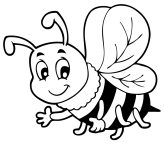

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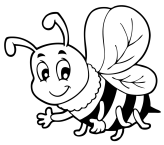
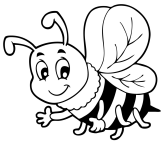
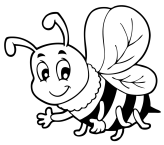
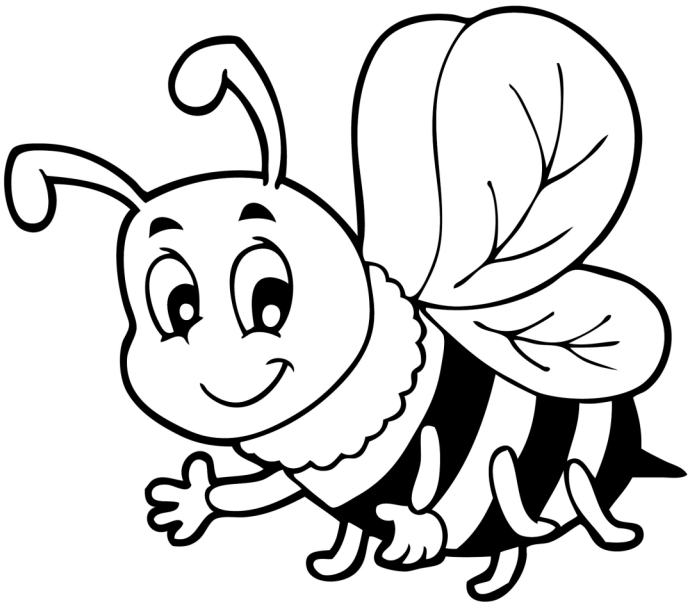




“Baby Bumblebee”





“Farmer in the Dell”

The farmer in the dell

The farmer in the dell

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The farmer in the dell

The farmer takes a wife

The farmer takes a wife

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The farmer takes a wife

The wife takes the child

The wife takes the child

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The wife takes the child

The child takes the nurse

The child takes the nurse

“Farmer in the Dell”

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The child takes the nurse

The nurse takes the cow

The nurse takes the cow

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The nurse takes the cow

The cow takes the dog

The cow takes the dog

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cow takes the dog

The dog takes the cat

The dog takes the cat

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The dog takes the cat

“Farmer in the Dell”

The cat takes the mouse

The cat takes the mouse

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cat takes the mouse

The mouse takes the cheese

The mouse takes the cheese

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The mouse takes the cheese

The cheese stands alone

The cheese stands alone

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cheese stands alone

"Farmer in the Dell"

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Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The farmer in the dell

The farmer takes a wife

The farmer takes a wife

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The farmer takes a wife

The wife takes the child

The wife takes the child

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The wife takes the child

The child takes the nurse

The child takes the nurse

"Farmer in the Dell"

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The child takes the nurse

The nurse takes the cow

The nurse takes the cow

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The nurse takes the cow

The cow takes the dog

The cow takes the dog

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cow takes the dog

The dog takes the cat

The dog takes the cat

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The dog takes the cat

"Farmer in the Dell"

The cat takes the mouse

The cat takes the mouse

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cat takes the mouse

The mouse takes the cheese

The mouse takes the cheese

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The mouse takes the cheese

The cheese stands alone

The cheese stands alone

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cheese stands alone

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

Here we go ‘round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush.
Here we go ‘round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
We wash our clothes, we wash our clothes.
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
We iron our clothes, we iron our clothes.

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,
We scrub the floor, we scrub the
floor.
This is the way we scrub the floor,
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our
clothes,
We mend our clothes, we mend
our clothes.
This is the way we mend our
clothes,
So early Thursday morning.

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

This is the way we sweep the house,
We sweep the house, we sweep
the house.
This is the way we sweep the house,
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
We bake our bread, we bake our
bread.
This is the way we bake our bread,
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
We go to church, we go to church.
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

"Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush"

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So early Friday morning.

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bread.
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This is the way we go to church,
We go to church, we go to church.
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Home on the Range”

O 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.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope
play
Where seldom is heard a
discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all
day.

“Home on the Range”

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens are bright

“Home on the Range”

With the light from the glittering stars
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, I love these wild prairies where I roam
The curlew I love to hear scream,

"Home on the Range"

And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

"Home on the Range"

O give me a home where the buffalo roam
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“Home on the Range”

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“Home on the Range”

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

I’ve been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.
I’ve been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.

Can’t you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn;
Can’t you hear the captain
shouting,
“Dinah, blow your horn!”

Dinah, won’t you blow,
Dinah, won’t you blow,
Dinah, won’t you blow your horn?
Dinah, won’t you blow,
Dinah, won’t you blow,
Dinah, won’t you blow your horn?

"I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Someone's in the kitchen with

Dinah

Someone's in the kitchen I know

Someone's in the kitchen with

Dinah

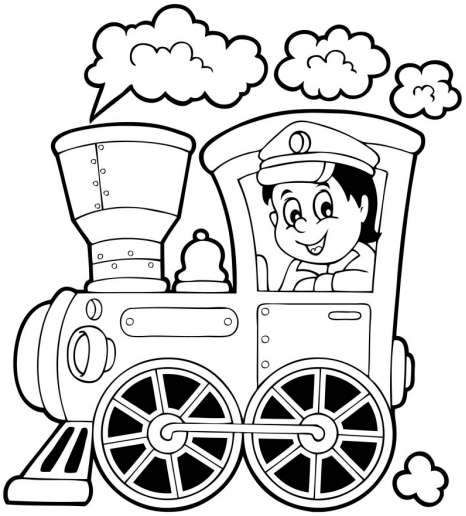
Strummin' on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o

Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o

Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o

Strummin' on the old banjo.



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"I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Someone's in the kitchen with
Dinah
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Someone's in the kitchen with
Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

“Oh! Susanna”

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee
I’m going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see

It rained all night
The day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot,
I froze to death
Susanna, don’t you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh don’t you cry for me
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

“Oh! Susanna”

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna
A-coming down the hill

The buckwheat cake
Was in her mouth
The tear was
In her eye
Says I, I’m coming from the south
Susanna, don’t you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh don’t you cry for me
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

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“Oh! Susanna”

“Oh! Susanna”

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

Near a cavern, across from a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
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“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

“Old Dan Tucker”

Now old Dan Tucker’s fine old man
Washed his face in a fryin’ pan
Combed his head with a wagon
wheel
And died with a toothache in his
heel

Get out of the way old Dan Tucker
He’s too late to get his supper
Supper’s gone and dinner cookin’
Old Dan Tucker’s just a–standin’
there lookin’

Now old Dan Tucker is come to
town
Riding a billy goat leading a
hound

“Old Dan Tucker”

Hound dog bark and the billy goat jump
Landed Dan Tucker on top of the stump

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Swinging the ladies round and round
First to the right and then to the left
Then to the girl that he loves best

Now old Dan Tucker’s fine old man
Washed his face in a fryin’ pan

“Old Dan Tucker”

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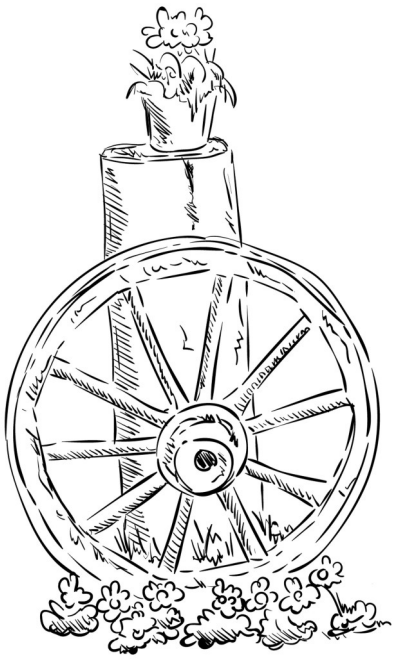

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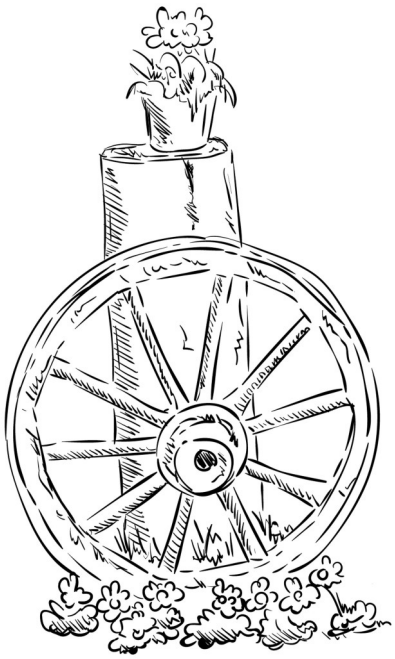

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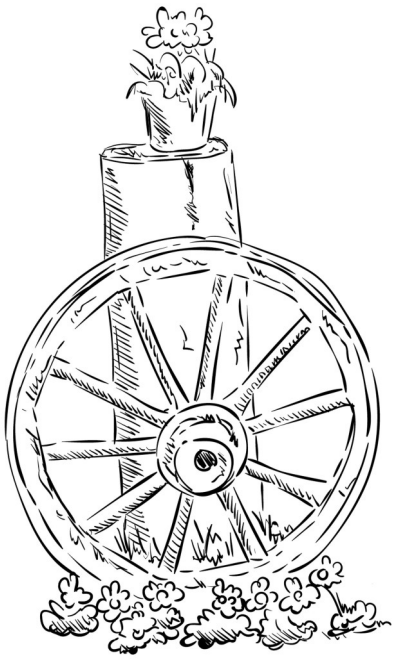

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

Oh, I went down South
For to see my Sal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My Sal, she is
A spunky gal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I’m going to Lou’siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, my Sal, she is
A maiden fair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

With curly eyes
And laughing hair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I’m going to Lou’siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Behind the barn,
Down on my knees
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
I thought I heard
A chicken sneeze
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

Fare thee well,

Fare thee well,

Fare thee well my fairy fay

For I’m going to Lou’siana

For to see my Susyanna

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

He sneezed so hard

With the whooping cough

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

He sneezed his head

And the tail right off

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,

Fare thee well,

Fare thee well my fairy fay

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

For I’m going to Lou’siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, a grasshopper sittin’
On a railroad track
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
A-pickin’ his teeth
With a carpet tack
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I’m going to Lou’siana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

Oh, I went to bed

But it wasn’t any use

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

My feet stuck out

Like a chicken roost

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,

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“Polly Wolly Doodle”

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

“Polly Wolly Doodle”

“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

She’ll be comin’ round the mountain
when she comes.
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain
when she comes.
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain,
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain,
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain
when she comes.

She’ll be riding six white horses
when she comes.
She’ll be riding six white horses
when she comes.
She’ll be riding six white horses,
She’ll be riding six white horses,

“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

She’ll be riding six white horses
when she comes.

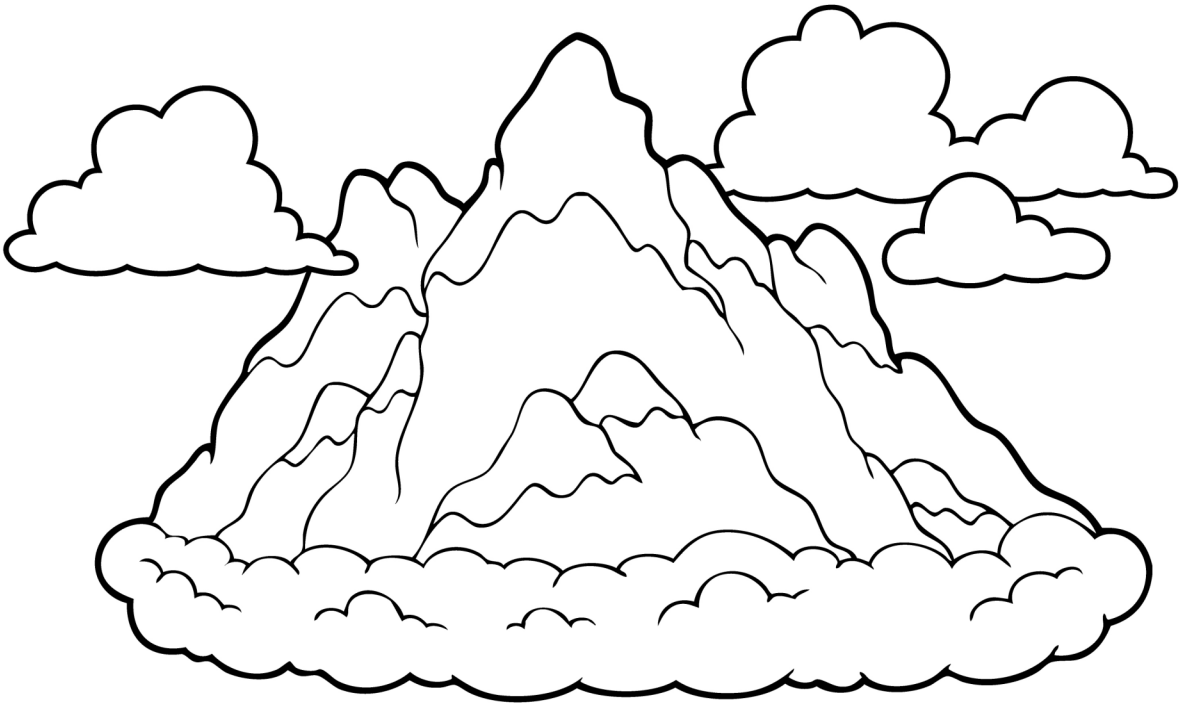
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her
when she comes.
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her
when she comes.
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we’ll all go out to meet her
when she comes.

We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah” when
she comes.
We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah” when
she comes.

“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah,” We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah,”

We’ll be singin’ “Hallelujah” when she comes.



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when she comes.

She'll be riding six white horses
when she comes.
She'll be riding six white horses
when she comes.
She'll be riding six white horses,
She'll be riding six white horses,

"She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"

She'll be riding six white horses
when she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her
when she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her
when she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her
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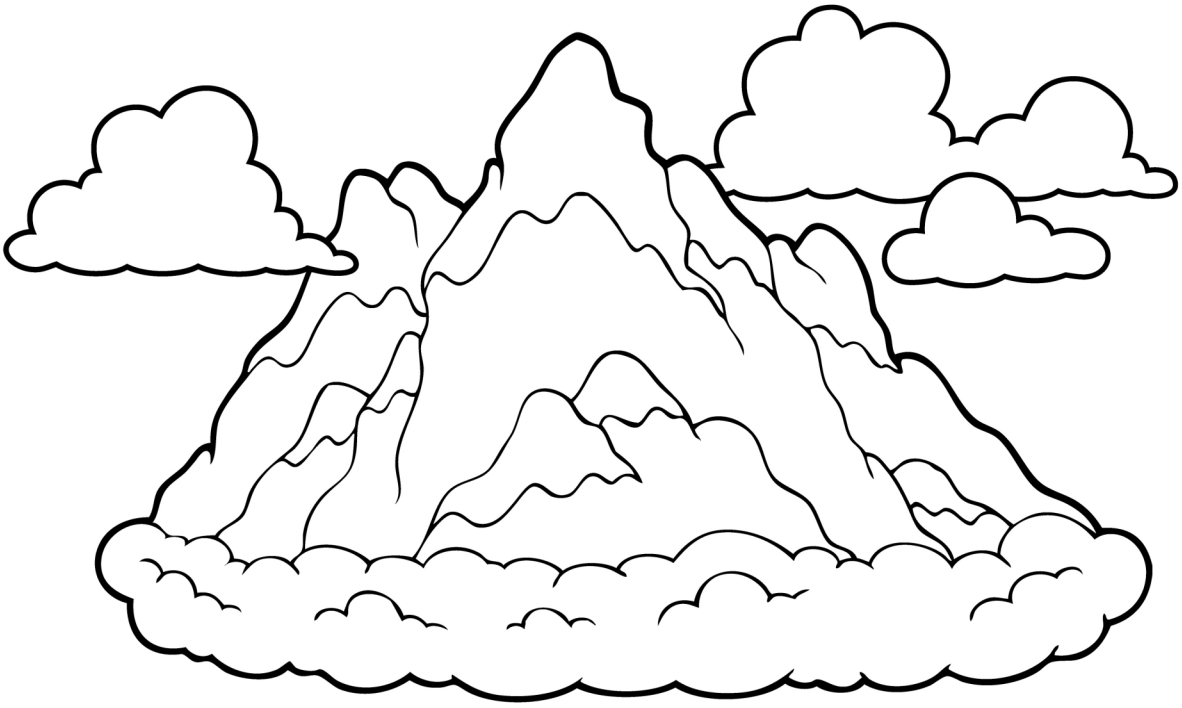

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“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

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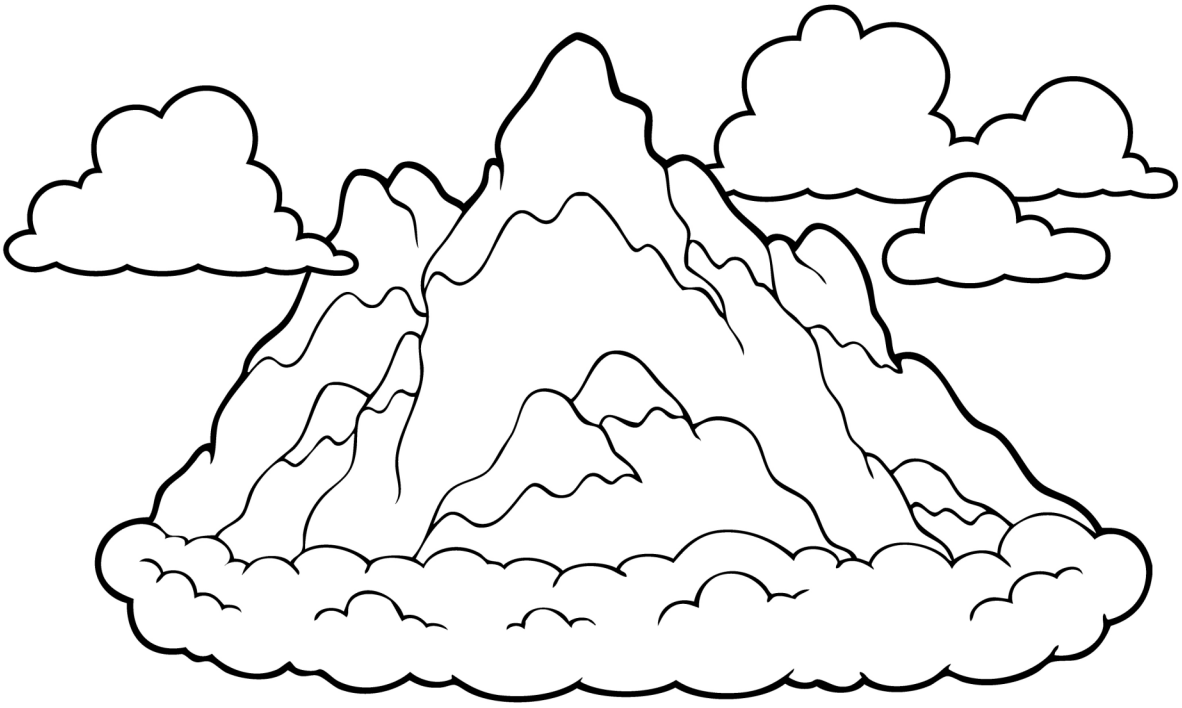


“Skip to My Lou”

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Lost my partner, what do I do?

Lost my partner, what do I do?

Lost my partner, what do I do?

Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip to my Lou, my darling!

“Skip to My Lou”

I’ll find another one, prettier, too.

I’ll find another one, prettier, too.

I’ll find another one, prettier, too.

Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Can’t get a red bird, what do I do?

Can’t get a red bird, what do I do?

Can’t get a red bird, what do I do?

Skip to my Lou, my darling!

“Skip to My Lou”

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

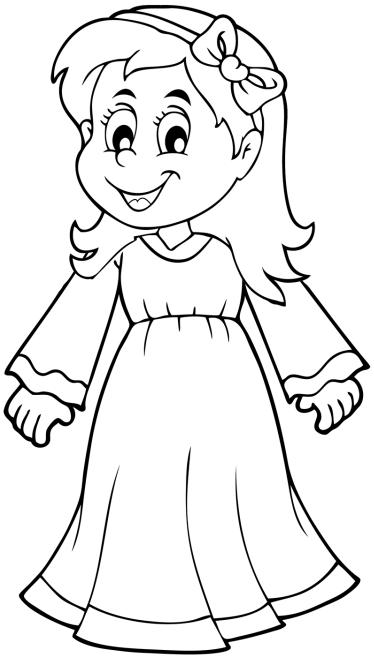
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Skip to my Lou, my darling!



"Skip to My Lou"

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

"Skip to My Lou"

I'll find another one, prettier, too.
I'll find another one, prettier, too.
I'll find another one, prettier, too.
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

"Skip to My Lou"

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

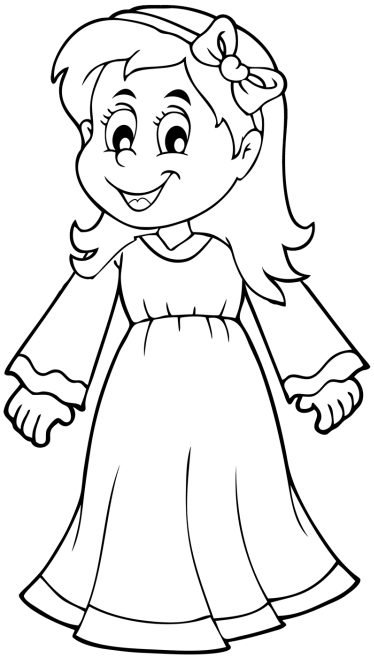
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Skip to my Lou, my darling!



“Skip to My Lou”

“Skip to My Lou”

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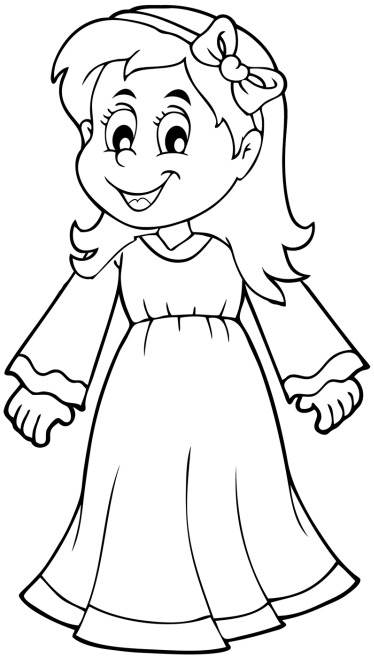


“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what

did I see

Coming for to carry me home

A band of angels comin’ after me

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

If you get there before I do

Coming for to carry me home

Tell all my friends I’m comin’ too

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

The brightest day that ever I saw

Coming for to carry me home

When Jesus wash’d my sins away

Coming for to carry me home

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

I’m sometimes up and sometimes

down

Coming for to carry me home

But still my soul feels heav’nly

bound

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot

Coming for to carry me home

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what
did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

The brightest day that ever I saw
Coming for to carry me home
When Jesus wash'd my sins away
Coming for to carry me home

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes
down
Coming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heav'nly
bound
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

“Yankee Doodle”

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodin’,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin’.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,

“Yankee Doodle”

Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there I see a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father’s cattle.

“Yankee Doodle”

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there I saw a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,

“Yankee Doodle”

They knocked upon’t with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

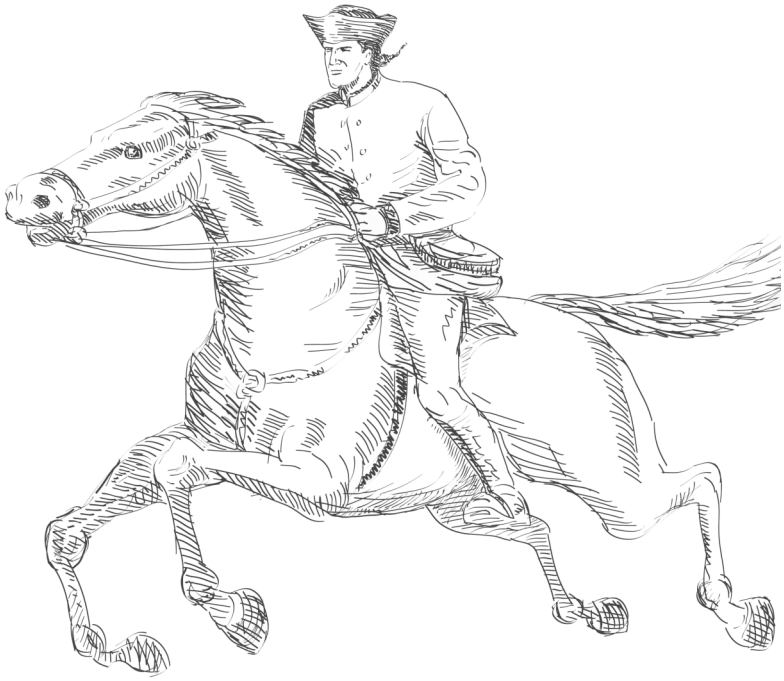
The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

“Yankee Doodle”

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.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.



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And with the girls be handy.

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Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,

"Yankee Doodle"

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Yankee Doodle keep it up,
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Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

"Yankee Doodle"

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Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
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Mind the music and the step,
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Its head all made of leather,

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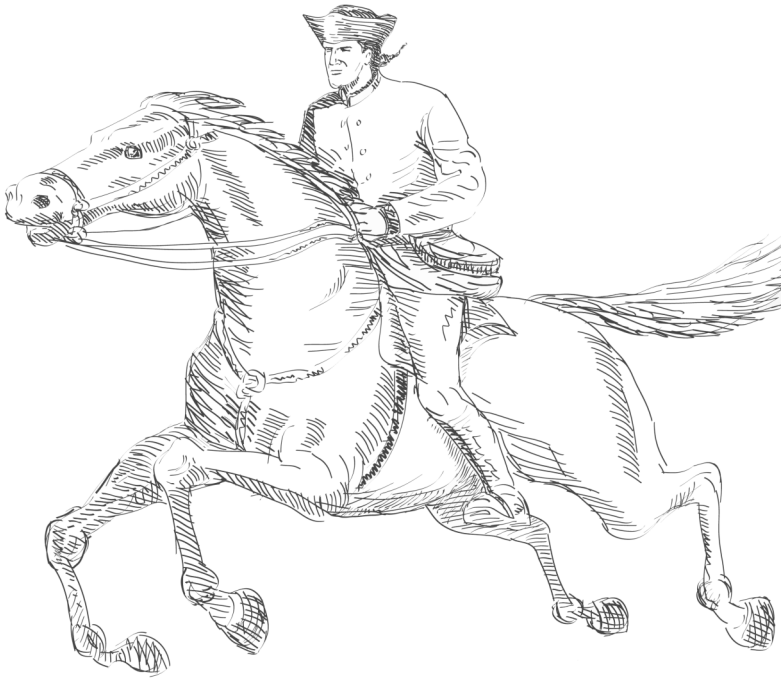
And with the girls be handy.



“Yankee Doodle”

“Yankee Doodle”

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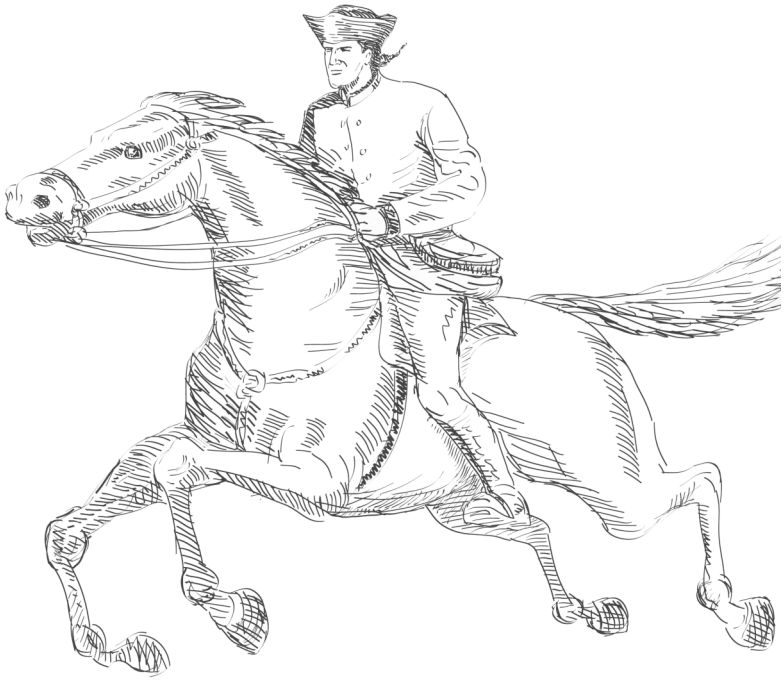
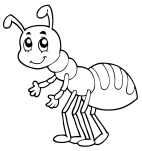
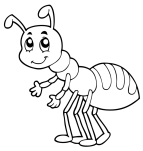
“Yankee Doodle”



Cursive Copywork

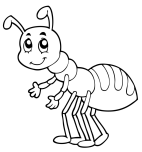


"The Ants Go Marching"

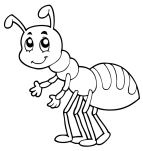


The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah

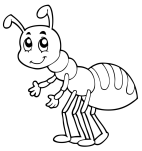


"The Ants Go Marching"

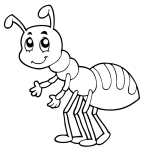


The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to
the ground

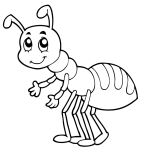


“The Ants Go Marching”

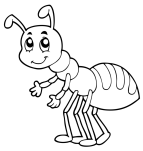


To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by four,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stops to shut the
door
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

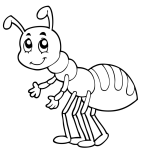


"The Ants Go Marching"

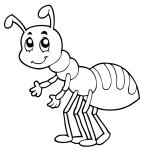


The ants go marching five by five,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six,
hurrah, hurrah

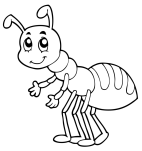


"The Ants Go Marching"



The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching seven by seven,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to
heaven



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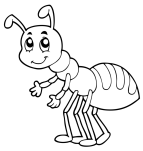
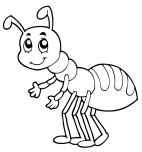


And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to roller skate
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!



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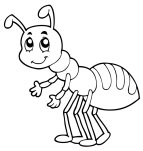
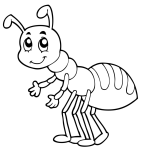
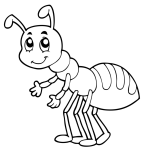


The ants go marching nine by nine,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

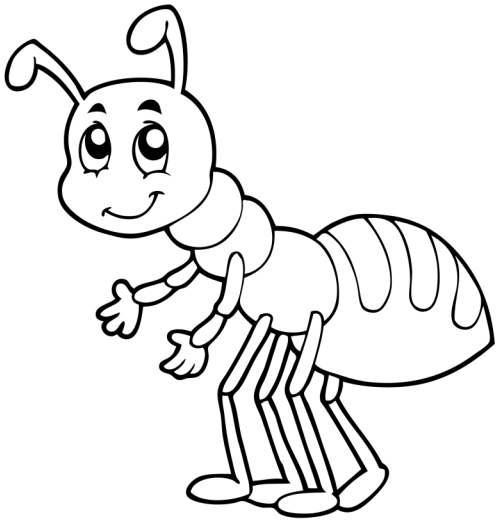
The ants go marching ten by ten,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten,
hurrah, hurrah

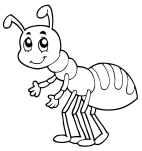


“The Ants Go Marching”



The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops to shout “The End,”
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain.





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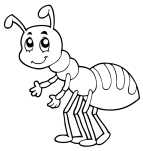
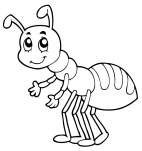


The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
hurrah, hurrah



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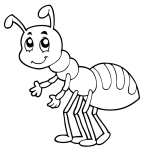
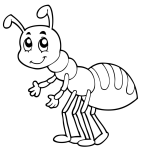
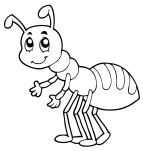


The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by
three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to
the ground

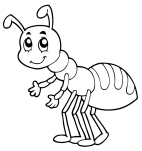


"The Ants Go Marching"



To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by four,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stops to shut the
door
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!



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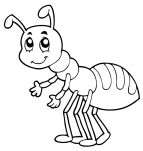
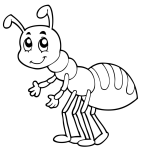
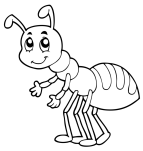


The ants go marching five by five,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six,
hurrah, hurrah

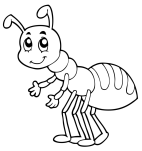


"The Ants Go Marching"



The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching seven by seven,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to
heaven



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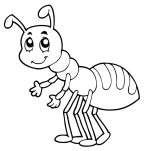
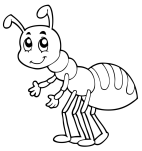
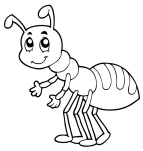


And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to roller skate
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

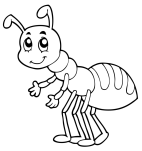


"The Ants Go Marching"



The ants go marching nine by nine,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching ten by ten,
hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten,
hurrah, hurrah



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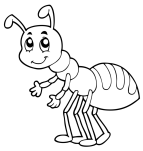
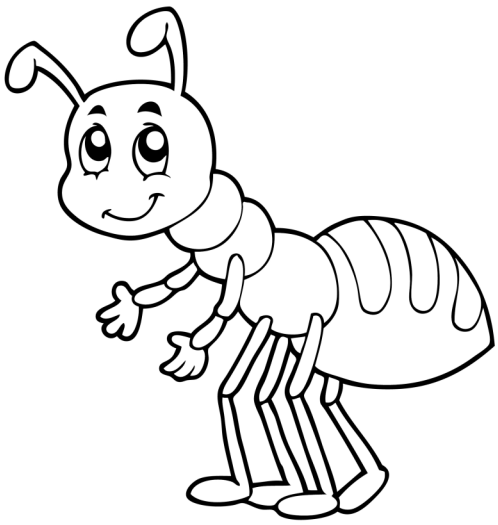
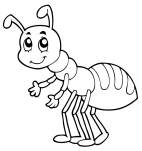


The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops to shout "The End,"
And they all go marching down to
the ground
To get out of the rain.





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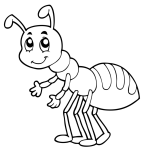

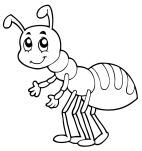

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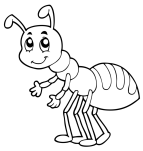

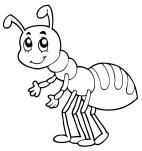

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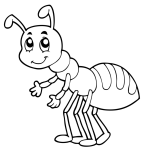

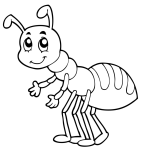

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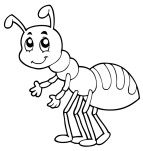

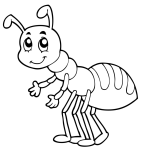

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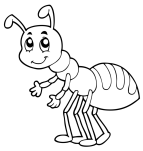

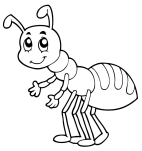

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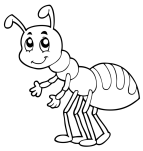

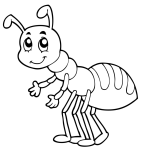

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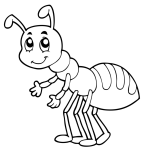

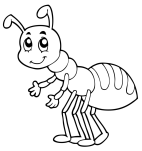

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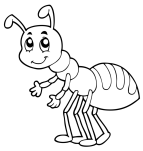
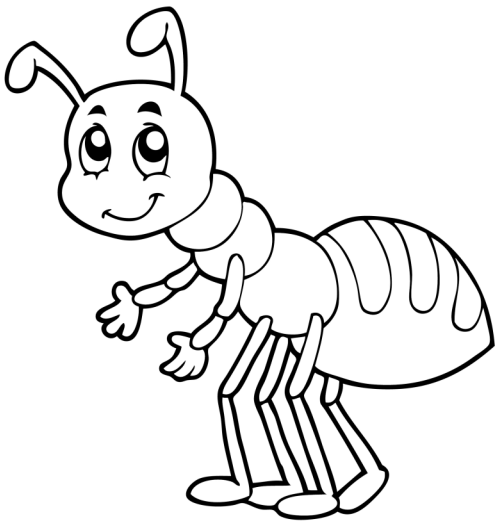
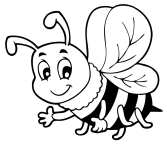
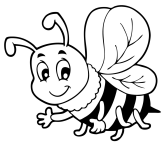




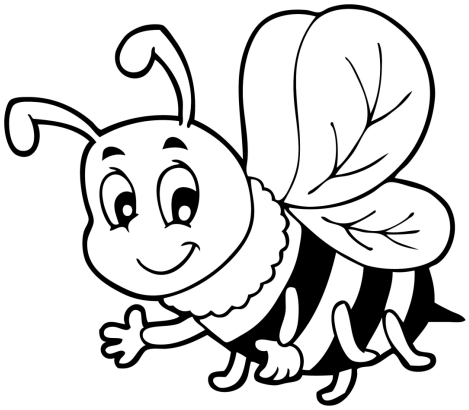


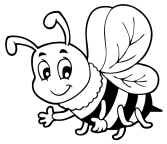
"Baby Bumblebee"



I'm bringing home a baby bumblebee,
Won't my mommy be so proud
of me,
I'm bringing home a baby bumblebee,
Ouch! It stung me!

I'm squishing up the baby bumblebee,
Won't my mommy be so proud
of me,
I'm squishing up a baby bumblebee,
Oh! It's yucky!





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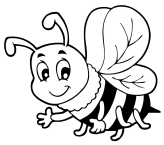
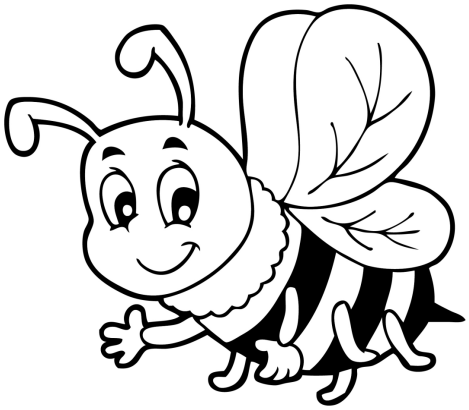
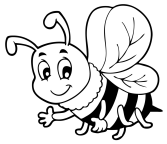


I'm wiping off the baby bumblebee,
Won't my mommy be so proud
of me,
I'm wiping off the baby bumblebee,
Now my mommy won't be mad
at me!





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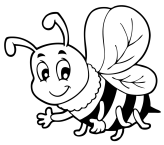

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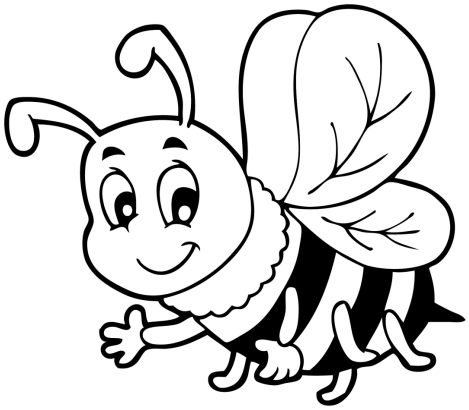

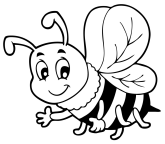

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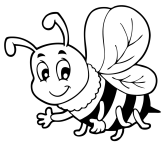

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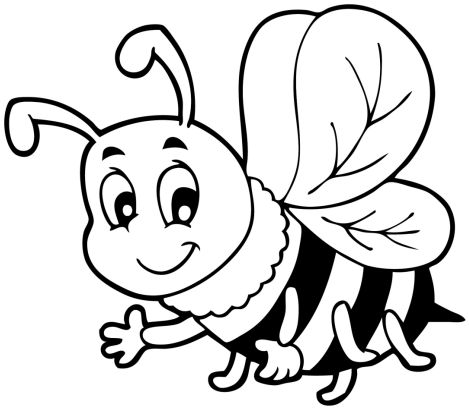

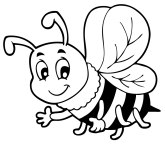

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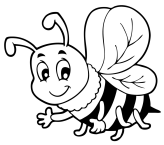

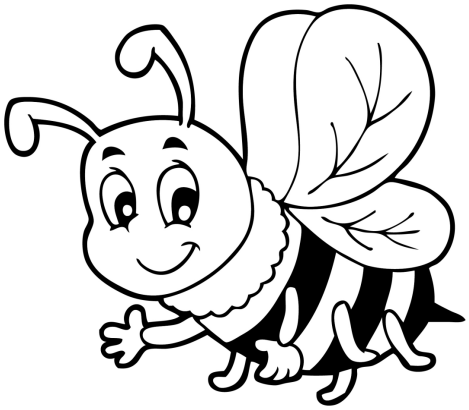

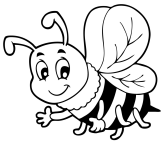

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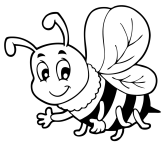

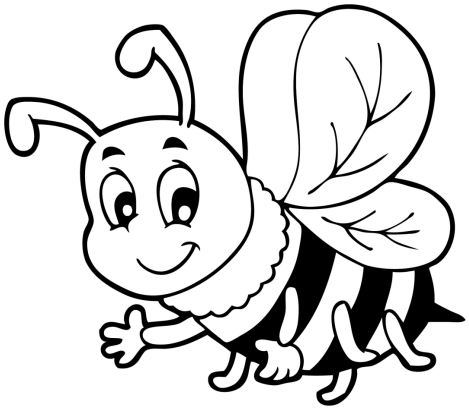

"Farmer in the Dell"

The farmer in the dell
The farmer in the dell
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer in the dell

The farmer takes a wife
The farmer takes a wife
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer takes a wife

The wife takes the child
The wife takes the child
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The wife takes the child

"Farmer in the Dell"

The child takes the nurse

The child takes the nurse

Heigh--ho, the derry--o

The child takes the nurse

The nurse takes the cow

The nurse takes the cow

Heigh--ho, the derry--o

The nurse takes the cow

The cow takes the dog

The cow takes the dog

Heigh--ho, the derry--o

The cow takes the dog

“Farmer in the Dell”

The dog takes the cat

The dog takes the cat

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The dog takes the cat

The cat takes the mouse

The cat takes the mouse

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cat takes the mouse

The mouse takes the cheese

The mouse takes the cheese

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The mouse takes the cheese

“Farmer in the Dell”

The cheese stands alone

The cheese stands alone

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cheese stands alone

"Farmer in the Dell"

The farmer in the dell
The farmer in the dell
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer in the dell

The farmer takes a wife
The farmer takes a wife
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer takes a wife

The wife takes the child
The wife takes the child
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The wife takes the child

"Farmer in the Dell"

The child takes the nurse

The child takes the nurse

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The child takes the nurse

The nurse takes the cow

The nurse takes the cow

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The nurse takes the cow

The cow takes the dog

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Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cat takes the mouse

The mouse takes the cheese

The mouse takes the cheese

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The mouse takes the cheese

"Farmer in the Dell"

The cheese stands alone

The cheese stands alone

Heigh-ho, the derry-o

The cheese stands alone

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Farmer in the Dell”

“Farmer in the Dell”

"Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush"

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry
bush.

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
We wash our clothes, we wash our
clothes.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early Monday morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
We iron our clothes, we iron our
clothes.

"Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush"

This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early Tuesday morning.

This is the way we scrub the floor,
We scrub the floor, we scrub the floor.
This is the way we scrub the floor,
So early Wednesday morning.

This is the way we mend our clothes,
We mend our clothes, we mend our
clothes.
This is the way we mend our clothes,
So early Thursday morning.

This is the way we sweep the house,
We sweep the house, we sweep the

"Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush"

house.

This is the way we sweep the house,
So early Friday morning.

This is the way we bake our bread,
We bake our bread, we bake our
bread.

This is the way we bake our bread,
So early Saturday morning.

This is the way we go to church,
We go to church, we go to church.
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

"Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush"

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The mulberry bush, the mulberry
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So early in the morning.

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bread.
This is the way we bake our bread,
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This is the way we go to church,
We go to church, we go to church.
This is the way we go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

“Here We Go ‘Round the Mulberry Bush”

"Home on the Range"

O 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.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,

"Home on the Range"

That I would not exchange my
home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night when the heavens
are bright
With the light from the glittering
stars
Have I stood here amazed and asked
as I gazed

"Home on the Range"

If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging
word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, I love these wild prairies where
I roam
The curlew I love to hear scream,
And I love the white rocks and the
antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops
green.

"Home on the Range"

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“Home on the Range”

“Home on the Range”

“Home on the Range”

“Home on the Range”

"I've Been Working on the Railroad"

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain
shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

"I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with
Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with
Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo!

Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.

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Strummin' on the old banjo.

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

“I’ve Been Working on the Railroad”

"Oh! Susanna"

I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisiana,
My true love for to see

It rained all night
The day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot,
I froze to death
Susanna, don't you cry

Oh, Susanna,
Oh don't you cry for me

"Oh! Susanna"

For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna
A--coming down the hill

The buckwheat cake
Was in her mouth
The tear was
In her eye
Says I, I'm coming from the south
Susanna, don't you cry

"Oh! Susanna"

Oh, Susanna,

Oh don't you cry for me

For I come from Alabama

With my banjo on my knee

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Susanna, don't you cry

"Oh! Susanna"

Oh, Susanna,

Oh don't you cry for me

For I come from Alabama

With my banjo on my knee

“Oh! Susanna”

“Oh! Susanna”

“Oh! Susanna”

"Oh, My Darling Clementine"

Near a cavern, across from a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Lived a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without tops
Sandals were for Clementine.

"Oh, My Darling Clementine"

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
Oh my Darling Clementine.
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

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

Oh my Darling, Oh my Darling,
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“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

“Oh, My Darling Clementine”

"Old Dan Tucker"

Now old Dan Tucker's fine old man
Washed his face in a frying pan
Combed his head with a wagon wheel
And died with a toothache in his heel

Get out of the way old Dan Tucker
He's too late to get his supper
Supper's gone and dinner cookin'
Old Dan Tucker's just a-standin'
there lookin'

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Riding a billy goat leading a hound
Hound dog bark and the billy goat
jump

"Old Dan Tucker"

Landed Dan Tucker on top of the
stump

Now old Dan Tucker is come to town
Swinging the ladies round and round
First to the right and then to the
left
Then to the girl that he loves best

Now old Dan Tucker's fine old man
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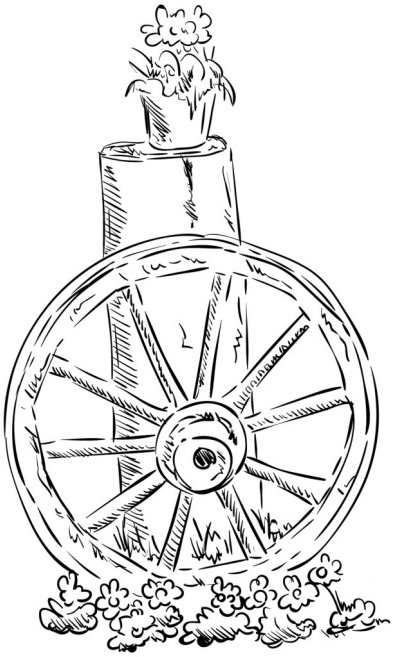

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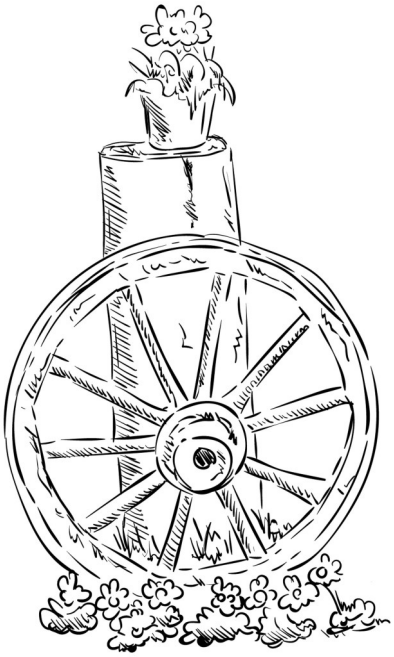

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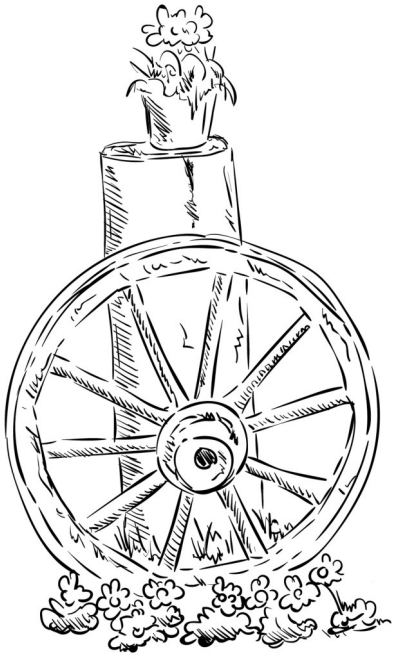


"Polly Wolly Doodle"

Oh, I went down South
For to see my Sal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My Sal, she is
A spunky gal
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, my Sal, she is

"Polly Wolly Doodle"

I maiden fair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
With curly eyes
And laughing hair
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Behind the barn,
Down on my knees

"Polly Wolly Doodle"

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
I thought I heard
A chicken sneeze
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

He sneezed so hard
With the whooping cough
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

"Polly Wolly Doodle"

He sneezed his head
And the tail right off
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, a grasshopper sittin'
On a railroad track
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
A--pickin' his teeth

"Polly Wolly Doodle"

With a carpet tack
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm going to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Oh, I went to bed
But it wasn't any use
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My feet stuck out
Like a chicken roost

"Polly Wolly Doodle"

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day

Fare thee well,

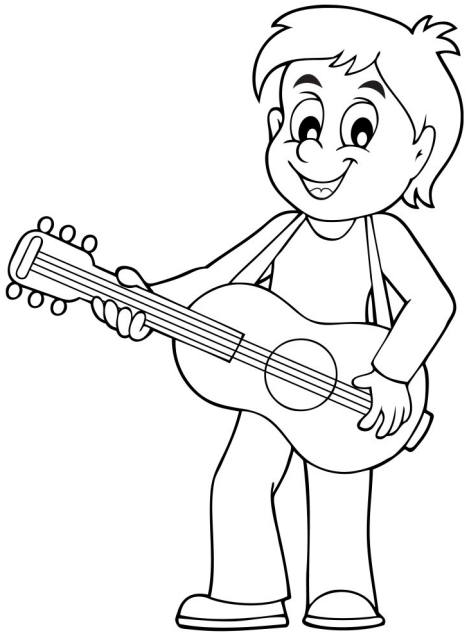
Fare thee well,

Fare thee well my fairy fay

For I'm going to Louisiana

For to see my Susyanna

Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day



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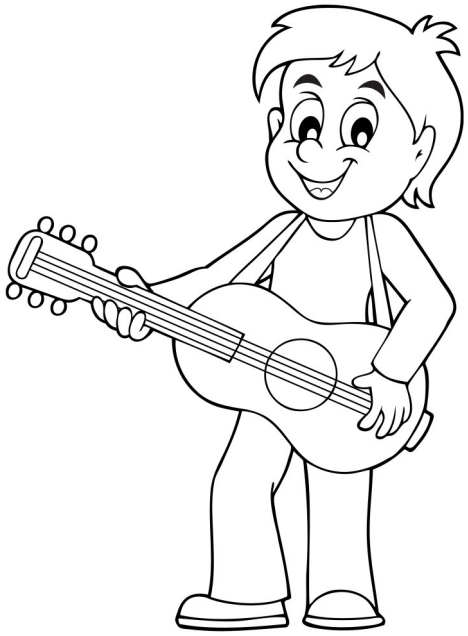

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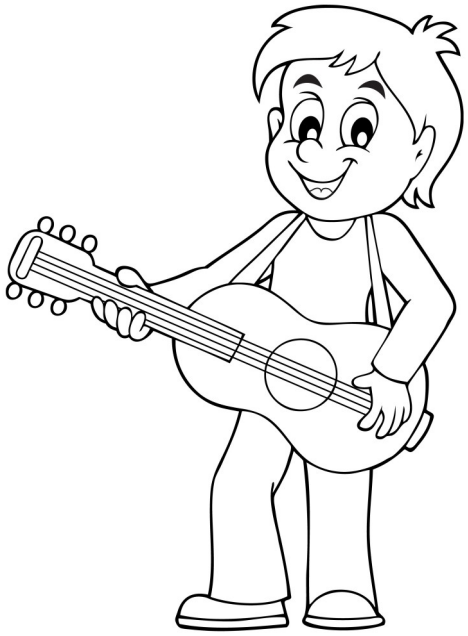


“She’ll Be Comin’ Round the Mountain”

She’ll be comin’ round the mountain
when she comes.
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain
when she comes.
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain,
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain,
She’ll be comin’ round the mountain
when she comes.

She’ll be riding six white horses when
she comes.
She’ll be riding six white horses when
she comes.
She’ll be riding six white horses,
She’ll be riding six white horses,

"She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"

She'll be riding six white horses when
she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when
she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when
she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her
when she comes.

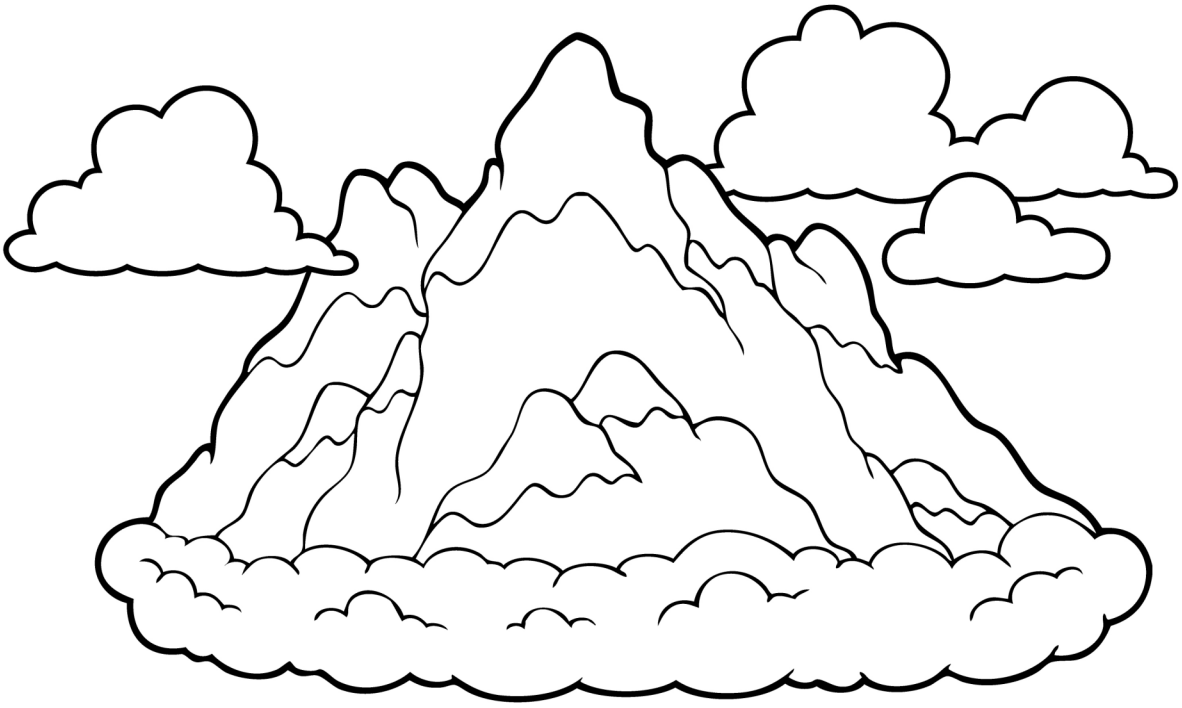
We'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she
comes.

"She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"

We'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she comes.

We'll be singin' "Hallelujah," We'll be singin' "Hallelujah,"

We'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she comes.



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She'll be comin' round the mountain
when she comes.
She'll be comin' round the mountain
when she comes.
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain,
She'll be comin' round the mountain
when she comes.

She'll be riding six white horses when
she comes.
She'll be riding six white horses when
she comes.
She'll be riding six white horses,
She'll be riding six white horses,

"She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"

She'll be riding six white horses when she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

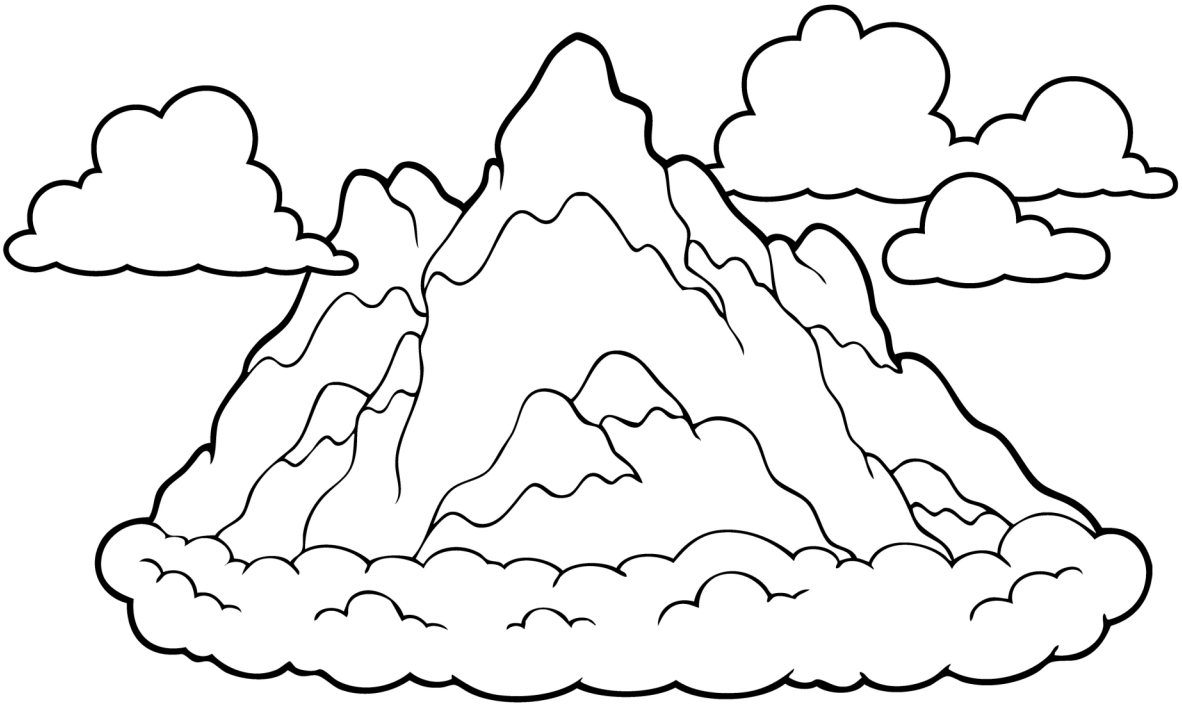
We'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she comes.

"She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"

We'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she comes.

We'll be singin' "Hallelujah," We'll be singin' "Hallelujah,"

We'll be singin' "Hallelujah" when she comes.



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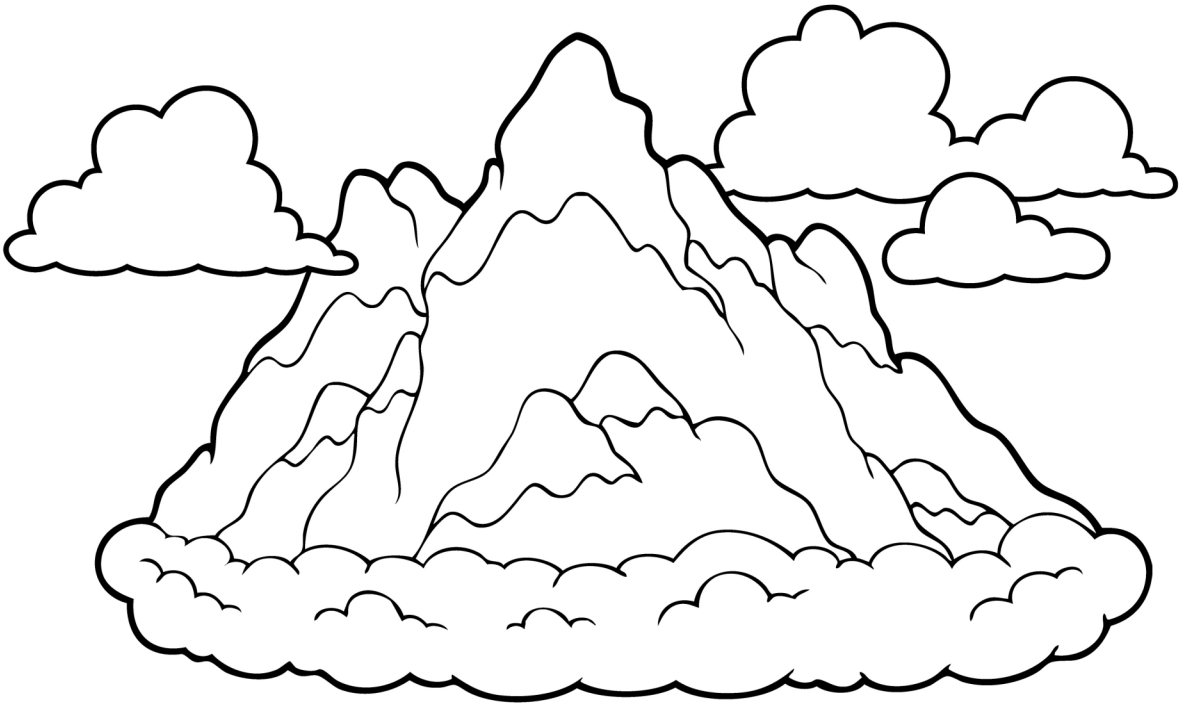


"Skip to My Lou"

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

"Skip to My Lou"

I'll find another one, prettier, too.
I'll find another one, prettier, too.
I'll find another one, prettier, too.
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

"Skip to My Lou"

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou

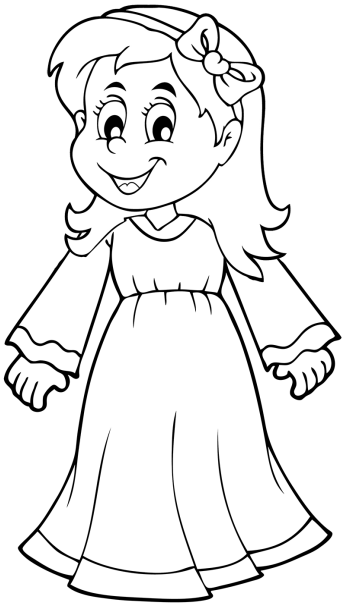
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Flies in the buttermilk, what do I do?

Skip to my Lou, my darling!



"Skip to My Lou"

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Lost my partner, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

"Skip to My Lou"

I'll find another one, prettier, too.
I'll find another one, prettier, too.
I'll find another one, prettier, too.
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip, skip, skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Can't get a red bird, what do I do?
Skip to my Lou, my darling!

"Skip to My Lou"

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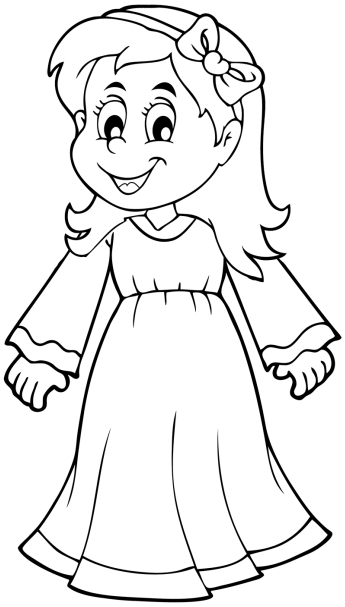

“Skip to My Lou”

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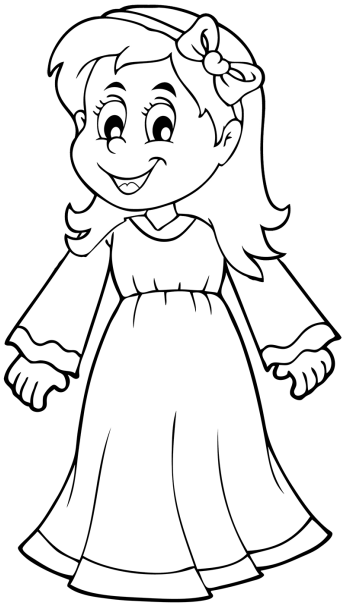

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what
did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' too
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

The brightest day that ever I saw
Coming for to carry me home
When Jesus wash'd my sins away
Coming for to carry me home

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes
down
Coming for to carry me home
But still my soul feels heavenly bound
Coming for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home

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“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

“Swing Low, Sweet Chariot”

"Yankee Doodle"

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

"Yankee Doodle"

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

"Yankee Doodle"

And there I see a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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.

"Yankee Doodle"

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there I saw a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

"Yankee Doodle"

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.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

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.

"Yankee Doodle"

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Mind the music and the step,
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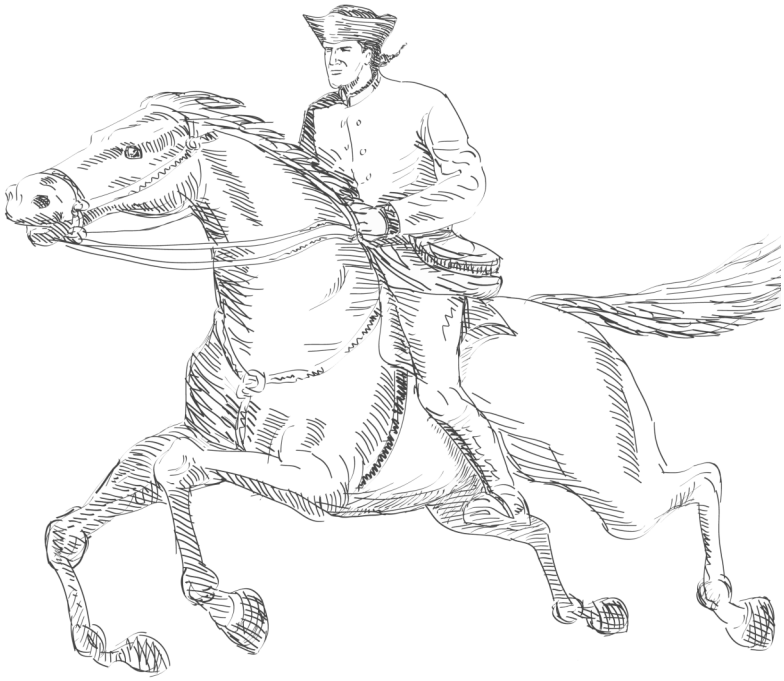

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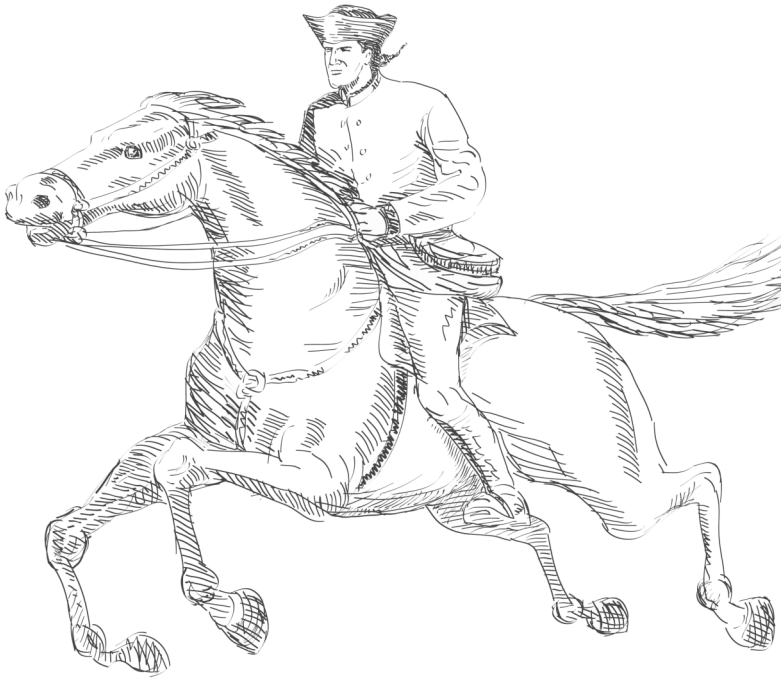

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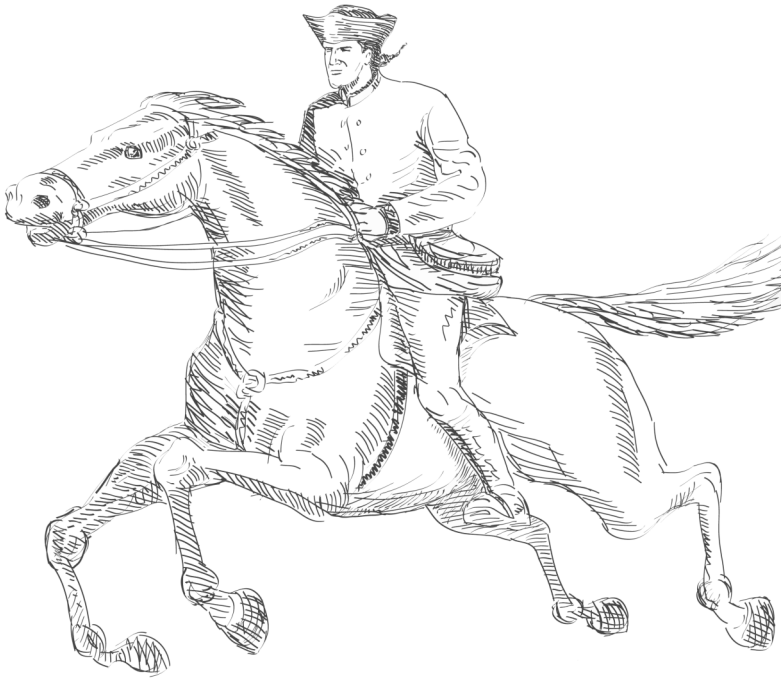
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