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IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go, It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know. Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.

It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go, It's a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know. Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.

(Musical Interlude)

Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square, It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there, It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there, It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there.

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a beautiful faring, A gay bit of lace that the lassies are wearing; He promised he'd buy me a bunch of new ribbons To tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a basket of posies, A garland of lilies, a wreath of red roses, A little straw hat to set off the new ribbons That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair...

Johnny's so long at the fair. Johnny's so long at the fair

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My Bonnie lies over the ocean, My Bonnie lies over the sea, My Bonnie lies over the ocean, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

The heather is blooming around me, The blossoms of spring now appear, The meadows with green'ry surround me, Oh, Bonnie, I wish you were here.

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

My Bonnie lies over the ocean, My Bonnie lies over the sea, My Bonnie lies over the ocean, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

DANNY BOY

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling From glen to glen, and down the mountainside; The Summer's gone, and all the roses falling; It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide. But come ye back when summer's in the meadow, Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow; It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow; **Oh, Danny Boy;** Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

Repeat Twice

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you. Let me hear you whisper That you love me too. Keep the lovelight glowing In your eyes so true; Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you. Let me hear you whisper That you love me too. Keep the lovelight glowing In your eyes so true; Let me call you Sweetheart, I'm in love with you.

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY

Have I told you lately that I love you? Could I tell you once again somehow? Have I told, with all my heart and soul, how I adore you? Well, Darling, I'm telling you now.

This heart would break in two if you refuse me; I'm no good without you anyhow. Dear, have I told you lately that I love you? Well, Darling, I'm tell you now.

Have I told you lately how I miss you? When the stars are shining in the sky? Have I told you why the nights are long when you're not with me? Well, Darling, I'm telling you now.

This heart would break in two if you refuse me; I'm no good without you anyhow. Dear, have I told you lately that I love you? Well, Darling, I'm telling you now.

PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbons on it while I hitch old Dobbin to the sleigh, and through the fields of clover we'll go up to Dover on our Golden Wedding Day.

(Musical Interlude)

Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbons on it while I hitch old Dobbin to the sleigh, and through the fields of clover we'll go up to Dover on our Golden Wedding Day.

SUNNY SIDE UP

Keep your sunny side up! Up! Hide the side that gets blue. If you have nine sons in a row, Baseball teams make money, you know! Keep your funny side up! Up! Let your laughter come thru. Do! Stand up on your legs, Be like two fried eggs, Keep your sunny side up!

Keep your sunny side up! Up! Hide the side that gets blue. If you have nine sons in a row, Baseball teams make money, you know! Keep your funny side up! Up! Let your laughter come thru. Do! Stand up on your legs, Be like two fried eggs, Keep your sunny side up!

MOCKIN' BIRD HILL

When the sun in the mornin' peeps over the hill, and kisses the roses 'round my window sill; Then my heart fills with gladness when I hear the trill of the birds in the tree-tops on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill to wake up in the mornin' to the Mockin' bird's trill; Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee, there's peace and good will; You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Got a three-cornered plow and an acre to till, And a mule that I bought for a ten dollar bill; There's a tumble-down shack and a rusty old mill, But it's my Home Sweet Home up on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Continued...

Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee it gives me a thrill to wake up in the mornin' to the Mockin' bird's trill; Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee, there's peace and good will; You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill.

When it's late in the evenin' I climb up the hill and survey my kingdom while everything's still; Only me and the sky and An old whip-poor-will, Singin' songs in the twilight on Mockin' Bird Hill.

Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee it gives me a thrill to wake up in the mornin' to the Mockin' bird's trill; Tra-la-la twittle-dee-dee-dee, there's peace and good will; You're welcome as the flowers on Mockin' Bird Hill.

MARGIE

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you, Margie, I'll tell the world I love you; don't forget your promise to me, I have bought a home and ring and everything for Margie... You've been my inspiration, days are never blue; After all is said and done, there is really only one, Oh! Margie! Margie, it's you!

(Musical Interlude) After all is said and done, there is really only one, Oh! Margie! Margie, it's you!

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you, Margie, I'll tell the world I love you; don't forget your promise to me, I have bought a home and ring and everything for Margie... You've been my inspiration, days are never blue; After all is said and done, there is really only one, Oh! Margie! Margie, it's you!

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

Every mornin', every evenin', Ain't we got fun? Not much money, oh! But, Honey, Ain't we got fun? The rent's unpaid, Dear, we haven't a car, But anyway, Dear, we'll stay as we are. Even if we owe the grocer, don't we have fun? Tax collector's getting closer, still we have fun! There's nothing surer, the rich get rich and the poor get poorer, In the meantime, in-between time, Ain't we got fun?

(Repeat)

In the meantime, in-between time, Ain't we got fun?

In the meantime, in-between time, Ain't we got fun?

BILLY BOY

Oh, Where have you been Billy boy, Billy boy? Oh, Where have you been charming Billy? I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Did she bid you to come in Billy boy, Billy boy? Did she bid you to come in charming Billy? Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dimple on her chin, She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Can she bake a cherry pie Billy boy, Billy boy? Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy? She can bake a cherry pie, She's the apple of my eye, She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

Oh, where have you been Billy boy, Billy boy? Oh. where have you been charming Billy? I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my life, She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

OH MY DARLIN, CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, by a canyon, excavating for a mine, Dwelt 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 her ducklings to the water, Every morning just at nine, Stuck 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.

Continued....

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

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money, Maybe we're ragged and funny, But we'll travel along singing a song Side by Side.

Oh, we don't know what's coming tomorrow, Maybe it's trouble and sorrow, But we'll travel the road sharing the load Side by side.

In all kinds of weather, What if the sky should fall? As long as we're together, It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their troubles and parted, We'll be the same as we started, Just travelin' along, singin' a song, Side by side.

(Musical Interlude)

In all kinds of weather, What if the sky should fall? As long as we're together, It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their troubles and parted, We'll be the same as we started, Just travelin' along, singin' a song, Side by side, Side by side, Side by side.

THE HAPPY WANDERER

I love to go a-wandering along the mountain track And as I go I love to sing, my knapsack on my back.

Chorus... Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, my knapsack on my back.

I love to wander by the stream that dances in the sun, So vig'rously it calls to me, "Come, join my happy song."

Chorus...

I wave my hat to all I meet, and they wave back to me, And black birds call so low and sweet from ev'ry greenwood tree.

Chorus...

Continued....

High overhead the skylarks wing, they never rest at home. But, just like me, they love to sing as o'er the world we roam.

Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, my knapsack on my back.

Oh, may I go a-wandering until the day I die; Oh, may I always laugh and sing beneath God's clear blue sky.

Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Val-de-ree, Val-de-rah, my knapsack on my back.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream where I first met you with your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too; It was there I knew that I loved you true. You were sixteen, my village queen, down by the old mill stream.

Down by the old mill stream where I first met you with your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham too; It was there I knew that I loved you true. You were sixteen, my village queen, down by the old mill stream.

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL

If you were the only girl in the world, and I was the only boy, nothing else would matter in the world today, we could go on loving in the same old way. A Garden of Eden just made for two with nothing to mar our joy; I would say such wonderful things to you; There would be such wonderful things to do, if you were the only girl in the world, and I were the only boy.

SCHOOL DAYS

Chorus:

School days! School days! Dear old golden rule days; Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic, Taught to the tune of the hick'ry stick. You were my queen in calico; I was your bashful bare-foot beau. You wrote on my slate, "I love you, Joe!" When we were a couple of kids.

Continued....

Nothing to do Nellie, Darling; Nothing to do, you say. Let's take a trip on memory's ship, Back to the by-gone days. Sail to the old village school-house, Anchor outside the school door. Look in and see: there's you and there's me, A couple of kids once more.

'Member the hill, Nellie, Darling,
And the oak tree that grew on its' brow?
They've built forty stories upon that old hill
And the oak's an old chestnut now.
'Member the meadows so green, Dear,
So fragrant with clover and maize,
Into new city lots and preferred bus'ness plots,
They've cut them up since those days.

Chorus:

School days! School days! Dear old golden rule days; Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic, Taught to the tune of the hick'ry stick. You were my queen in calico; I was your bashful bare-foot beau. You wrote on my slate, "I love you, Joe!" When we were a couple of kids.

SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON

Shine on, Shine on harvest moon, up in the sky, I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July. Snow time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon, so Shine on, Shine on harvest moon for me and my gal.

Shine on, Shine on harvest moon, up in the sky, I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July. Snow time ain't no time to stay outdoors and spoon, so Shine on, Shine on harvest moon for me and my gal.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

When it's spring-time in the Rockies I'll be coming back to you, Little sweet-heart of the mountains, With your bonnie eyes of blue. Once again I'll say, "I love you," While the birds sing all the day. When it's spring-time in the Rockies, In the Rockies far away.

When it's spring-time in the Rockies I'll be coming back to you, Little sweet-heart of the mountains, With your bonnie eyes of blue. Once again I'll say, "I love you," While the birds sing all the day. When it's spring-time in the Rockies, In the Rockies far away.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away; Gone from the earth to a better land I know; I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

I'm coming! I'm coming! For my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my friends come not again? Grieving for forms now departed long ago; I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

I'm coming! I'm coming! For my head is bending low; I hear those gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

LILLI MARLENE

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate, Darling, I remember the way you used to wait; 'Twas there that you whispered tenderly, That you loved me, you'd always be My Lilli of the Lamplight, My own Lilli Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part, Darling, I'd caress you and press you to my heart. And there 'neath that far off lantern light, I'd hold you tight, we'd kiss good-night. My Lilli of the Lamplight, My own Lilli Marlene.

Resting in a billet just behind the line, Even tho' we've parted your lips are close to mine; You wait where that lantern softly gleams, Your sweet face seems to haunt my dreams, My Lilli of the Lamplight, My own Lilli Marlene.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, where the deer and the antelope play, Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day.

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 and the zephyrs so free, and the breeze is 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.

I WANT A GIRL

I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad. She was a pearl and the only girl that Daddy ever had. A good old fashioned girl with heart so true, One who loves nobody else but you. I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad.

(Musical Interlude)

I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad. She was a pearl and the only girl that Daddy ever had, A good old fashioned girl with heart so true, One who loves nobody else but you. I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad,

that married dear old Dad...

that married dear old Dad.

DAISY! DAISY!

Daisy! Daisy! give me your answer, do; I'm half crazy all for the love of you, It won't be a stylish marriage, I can't afford a carriage, But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

Chester! Chester! here is my answer true: I'm not crazy all for the love of you, It must be a stylish marriage, you must afford a carriage, For I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a bicycle built for two.

But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

On a bicycle built for two...

On a bicycle built for two.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, You make me happy when skies are gray, You'll never know, Dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping, I dreamt I held you in my arms, When I awoke, Dear, I was mistaken And I hung my head and cried.

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, You make me happy when skies are gray, You'll never know, Dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away.

I'll always love you and make you happy, If you will only love me too, But if you leave me to love another, You'll regret it all some day.

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine, You make me happy when skies are gray, You'll never know, Dear, how much I love you, Please don't take my sunshine away.

So let the sunshine in, face it with a grin, Smilers never lose and Frowners never win, So let the sun shine in, face it with a grin, Open up your heart and let the sunshine in... Open up your heart and let the sunshine in.

SIDE BY SIDE

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money, Maybe we're ragged and funny, But we'll travel along singing a song Side by Side.

Oh, we don't know what's coming tomorrow, Maybe it's trouble and sorrow, But we'll travel the road sharing the load Side by side.

In all kinds of weather, What if the sky should fall? As long as we're together, It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their troubles and parted, We'll be the same as we started, Just travelin' along, singin' a song, Side by side.

(Musical Interlude)

In all kinds of weather, What if the sky should fall? As long as we're together, It doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their troubles and parted, We'll be the same as we started, Just travelin' along, singin' a song, Side by side, Side by side, Side by side.