

Mother's Songs  
OLD SONGS OF the 60's

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.

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I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,

I feed my horse on corn and beans,

Of course it's quite beyond my means,

But I'm captain in the army.

Where'er I go I'm talked about, talked about, talked about.

I wear the latest fashions out,

For I'm captain in the army.

I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,

I feed my horse on corn and beans,

Of course it's quite beyond my means,

But I'm captain in the army.

I'm Lady Jinks of the Foot Dragoons,

I promenade Sunday afternoons,

I give sly looks to the dandy

For my husbands, in the army.

Where'er I go I'm talked about, talked about, talked about.

I wear the latest fashions out, for my husband's in the army.

I'm Lady Jinks of the Foot Dragoons,

I promenade Sunday afternoons,

I give sly looks to the dandy

For my husband's in the army.

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

On the wild chamois' track

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On the wild chamois' track at the breaking of dawn,

With the hunter's pride, on the mountain side,

We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,

Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la.

O, that voice to me is a voice of glee wherever my footsteps roam,

And I long to bound when I hear that sound again to my mountain home.

On the wild chamois' track at the breaking of dawn, etc.

I have crossed the proud Alps, I have sailed down the Rhone,

And there is no spot like the simple cot

And the hills and the valleys I call my own,

Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la la, tra la la, tra la la, tra la la.

O, that voice to me is a voice of glee wherever my footsteps roam,

And I long to bound when I hear that sound again to my mountain home.

On the wild chamois' track at the breaking of dawn, etc.

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

Byron's adieu to Tom Moore.

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My boat is on the shore and my bark is on the sea,  
But before I go, Tom Moore, here's a double health to thee,  
But before I go, Tom Moore, here's a double health to thee.

Here's a smile for those that love thee, and a sigh for those that hate,  
But whatever skies above thee, here's a heart for every fate.  
But whatever skies above thee, here's heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around thee, yet it still shall bear thee on,  
Though the desert may surround thee, it has that may be one.  
Though the desert may surround thee, it has that may be one.

With this water as this wine, the libation I would pour  
Will be peace to thine and mine, and a health to thee, Tom Moore,  
Will be peace to thine and mine, and a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Mother's songs (L.W.)

The long, long weary day.

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The long, long weary day is passed in tears away,

I never more shall see,

Long, long ago.

-----

Where are the days when our hearts knew no care,

Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Listening I paused and the past echoed, "Where?"

Long, long ago, long ago.

Days when our hearts were in innocence dressed.

Days when our thoughts from from guile were at rest.

Days that come back when we dream of the blest,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

Thee do I love dearly

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Thee do I love dearly, O, yes, so sincerely

And wilt thou never think, love, of me.

Hast thou no feeling to see me kneeling,

My love revealing, day after day.

-----  
Pat Molloy    Words and music by James T. Brady.  
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At sixteen years of age I was my mother's fair-haired boy,

She kept a little huckster shop and her name it was Molloy.

"I've fourteen children, Pat," sez she, "whom heaven to me has sent,

But children aint like pigs, ye know, they cannot pay the rent."

She gave me every shilling there was in the till,

And kissed me fifty times or more before she'd had her fill.

"Now heaven bless ye, Pat," sez she, "and don't forget, old boy,

That old Ireland is your country and your name it is Molloy."

The Blue Juniata

Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.  
Swift as an antelope through the forest going,  
Loose were her jetty locks in waving tresses flowing.

Bold was the warrior true, the love of Alfarata,  
Proud waved his snowy plume along the Juniata.  
Soft and low he seemed to speak and then his war cry sounding,  
Rings aloud like thunder cloud from height to height resounding.

So sang the Indian girl, bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata.  
Fleeting years have borne away the voice of Alfarata  
Still sweeps the river on, the blue Juniata.

Shades of evening

Shades of evening, close not o'er us, leave our lonely bark awhile,  
Morn, alas! may not restore us yonder dim, distant isle.  
Still my fancy may discover sunny spots where friends may dwell.  
Darkening shadows round us hover. Isle of beauty, fare thee well.

Mary of Argyle.

Love not, love not.

Weave me no gaudy chaplets.

The goodbye at the door.

Stars of the summer night.

What are the wild waves saying?

Mother's songs. (I.W.)

Sleeping I dreamed, love.

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Sleeping I dreamed, love, dreamed love of thee,  
O'er the bright waves, love, floating were we.  
Light in thy fair hair played the soft wind,  
Gently thy white arms round me were twined.  
And as the song, love, swelled o'er the sea,  
Fondly thy blue eyes beamed, love, on me.

Soon o'er the                howled forth the gale  
Fiercely the lightning flashed o'er our sail.  
Yet while our frail bark drove o'er the sea,  
Thine eyes like lodestars beamed, love, on me.  
O, heart awaken! Wrecked on lone shore.  
Thou art forsaken, dream heart no more.



Mother's songs. (L.W.)

Ever of thee

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming, thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer.

Thou art the star that mildly beaming shown o'er my path when all seemed

dark and drear.

Still in my heart thy form I cherish. Every kind thought like a bird flies

to thee. Ah! Ah! Ah!

Never till life and memory perish can I forget how dear thou art to me.

Morn, noon and night where'er I may be, fondly I'm dreaming, ever of thee.

Ever of thee when sad and lonely, wandering afar my soul joins to dwell,

Ah, then, I felt I loved thee only, all seemed to fade before affection's spell.

Years have not dimmed the love I cherished. True as the stars hath my heart

been to thee. Ah! Ah! Ah!

Never till life and memory perish can I forget how dear thou art to me.

Morn, noon and night where'er I may be, fondly I'm dreaming, ever of thee.

Fondly I'm dreaming, ever of thee.

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

Give me a cot in the valley I love.

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Give me a cot in the valley I love

A tent in the green wood, a home in the grove,

I care not how humble for happy I'd be,

If those that I love would but share it with me,

If those that I love would but share it with me.

Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers,

Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers.

There wooed by the sunshine and kissed by the gale,

The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

The proudest might envy our home in the vale.

Give me a cot in the valley I love,

A tent in the greenwood, a home in the grove.

I care not how humble for happy I'd be

If those that I love would but share it with me.

If those that I love would but share it with me.

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

Gaily the troubadour.

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Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,  
As he was hastening home from the war.  
Singing, "From Palestine, hither I come,  
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

She for the troubadour hopelessly wept,  
Sadly she thought of him while others slept.  
Singing, "In search of thee would I might roam,  
Troubadour, troubadour, come to thy home."

Hark! 'Tis the troubadour breathing her name,  
Under the battlements softly he came.  
Singing, "In search of thee, hither I come,  
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree.

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I'll hang my harp on a willow tree and I'll off to the wars again.

My peaceful home has no charms for me, the battle field no pain.

The lady I love will soon be a bride, with a diadem on her brow.

O, how can I                      my boyish pride, she's going to leave me now. (D.C.)

She took me away from my warlike lord and gave me a silken suit,

I thought no more of my master's sword when I played on my mistress' lute.

She seemed to think me a boy above her pages of low degree,

O, had I but loved with a boyish love it would have been better for me. (D.C.)

One golden tress of her hair I'll twine in my helmet's sable plume,

And then on the fields of Palestine I'll seek an early doom.

And if by the Saracen's hand I fall midst the noble and the brave,

One tear from my lady love is all I ask for a warrior's grave. (D.C.)

Mother's songs. (L.W.)

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O, Schmienkie, Schmienkie, art thou here?

O, yes, mein koonrats, I iss here.

Schin frau,<sup>-au</sup> Schin frau, schin frau-au-au -au-au!

Oont ven you hear dot great big drum,

'Tis den you know dot Jaeger come.

Schin frau-au. schin frau-au, schin frau-au-au-au-au!

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(This is my own spelling, purely phonetic,- pronounced as spelt.)

Einst frauen leben fueren vir, ein leben far o varney.

Einst frauen pelt kum piren vir,

Der montich stoonst der nach quahtir,

Der montich stoonst ray sornich,

Der montich stoonst ray sornich.

-----

Mother's songs. (L.W.)  
French.

Tune: We Wont Go Home Till Morning.

Malbrouck-

Malbrouck s'en va't en guerre, mironton-ton-ton, mirontaine.

Malbrouck s'en va't en guerre, on ne sais quand il viendras.  
On ne sais quand il viendrais. On ne sais quand il viendras.

Il reviendras au Pague, mironton-ton-ton, mirontaine,

Il reviendras au Pague ou a la Trinite.

Ou a la Trinite.- ou a la Trinite

Il reviendras au Pague, ou a la Trinite.

-----  
Cadet Russel a trois cheveux, Cadet Russel a trois cheveux.

Un pour sa tete et deux pour sa queue, un pour sa tete et deux pour sa quen

Quand il va vois sa maitresse, il a mattu les trois en tresse.

Ah, oui, vraiment! Cadet Russel est bon enfant.

-----  
Mon pere est a Paris, ma mere est a Versailles,

Et moi je suis ici etendu sur la paille,

Toujours, toujours, le nuit comment le jour.

Toujours, toujours, le nuit comment le jour.

Youp, youp, youp, tra la la la la, youp, youp, youp, tra la la la la,

Youp, youp, youp, tra la la la la, youp, youp, tra la la la.

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Silence! silence! Polichinelle qui dance!

Silence! Silence! Polichinelle qui rit!

Silence! Silence! Polichinelle qui dance!

Silence! Silence! Polichinelle qui rit!

Old songs of the 70's (L.W.)

Mary of Argyle.✓

Wearing of the green.✓

Be watchful and beware.

Ise a happy little darkie. . .

Reuben, I have long been thinking. The time I've lost in wooing

All the war songs (Civil War)

Nora O'Neill

Ben Bolt.

When you and I were young, Maggie. Green grow the rashers, O!

Bonnie Eloise.

The little old log cabin in the lane. Lillie Dale.

Cheer, boys, cheer!

The year of jubilo.

No sir!

Come back to Erin.

Kentucky home.

Maryland, my Maryland!

Southern girl.

Rory O'More.

Old oaken bucket.

Bonnie sweet Bessie.

Happy New Year!

Over the summer sea.

Auld Lang Syne.

Down in a green and shady bed.

Love not, love not.✓

Dick Kerren's music.

Riding in the sleigh.

Weave me no gaudy chaplets.✓

The good-by at the door.✓

Stars of the summer night.✓

Flow gently, sweet Afton.

The time I've lost in wooing

Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

Scotch lassie Jean

How can I leave thee?

Green grow the rashers, O!

Darling Nellie Gray.

Lillie Dale.

O, Susanna!

What are the wild waves saying.✓

Comin' through the Rye.

Annie Laurie.

Last rose of summer. .

Weave me no gaudy chaplets.✓

Shades of evening close not o'er us ✓

The time I've lost in wooing ✓

Grandfather's clock ✓

Nancy Lee

Old songs of the 60's and 70's. (L.W.)

We parted by the river side.

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We parted by the river side, the moon looked down on you and me,  
The stars put on their look of pride, and the river murmured to the sea.  
The dewdrop kissed the blushing rose, and the gentle wind did sigh,  
One word broke nature's sweet repose and that sad word was " Good bye."  
O, tell me that you love me yet, for O! this parting gives me pain.  
O. tell me that you'll not <sup>get</sup> for- for we may never meet again.



Old songs of the 60's (L.W.)

'Tother side of Jordan

---

One night ole Joe grew tired of his life, took a dose of bedbug poison,  
He woke up in the morning to find himself dead and buried on the tother side  
of Jordan.

Then pullly offy coat, boys, roly uppy sleeb,  
Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I belieb. } Repeat

He looked to the east and he looked to the west and he saw ole John Bull a-come  
Four gray horses and a hard looking team to carry him on the tother side  
of Jordan.

Then pullly offy coat, boys, roly uppy sleeb,  
Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I belieb. } Repeat

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My father's only song- (L.W.) I mean, the only one he knew.)

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O, Miss Betsy, don't you cry,  
Your sweetheart will come bimeby.  
Down she comes all dressed in blue,  
That's a sign she'll marry you.

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