

2 The girl I left behind me

If ever I travel this road again
And tears don't fall and blind me,
I'm goin' back to Tennessee
To the gal I left behind me.

Oh, the pretty little girl, the sweet little gal, the gal he left behind him,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair.
(the gal he left behind him)

If ever I travel this road again
And angels they don't blind me,
I'll reconcile and stay awhile
With the gal I left behind me.

Oh, the pretty little girl, the sweet little gal, the gal he left behind him,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair.
(the gal he left behind him)

I'll cross Red River one more time
If tears don't fall and drown me,
A-weepin' for that pretty little gal,
The gal I left behind me.

Oh, the pretty little girl, the sweet little gal, the gal he left behind him,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair.
(the gal he left behind him)

I'll build my nest in a hollow tree
Where Cuckoos they won't find me
I'll go right back to see that gal,
The gal he left behind him.

Oh, the pretty little girl, the sweet little gal, the gal he left behind him,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair.
(the gal he left behind him)

Goodnight, Goodnight, Goodnight,
Oh, the pretty little gal he left behind him.

3 Western Cowboy

"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie".
These words came low and mournfully
From pallid lips of a youth who lay

On his lone bed at the break of day.

He wailed in pain till o'er his brow
Death's shadows fast were gathering now.
He thought of home and his loved one nigh,
As cowboys gathered to see him die.
As I recall the well-known words
Of free wild wind.
And the song of birds
I think of home in the shady bower
And scenes I've loved in childhood's hour
It matters not I've oft been told
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold.

"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.
In a narrow grave six foot by three
Where buffalo paws o'er prairie sea.
Oh bury me not on the lone prairie".

"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie.
In a narrow grave six foot by three
Where buzzards wait and winds blow free.
Then bury me not on the lone prairie".

"Oh bury me not"
and his voice died there,
But we took no heed of his dying prayer.
We buried him there on the lone prairie.
Where dewdrops glow and butterflies rest and
flowers bloom o'er the prairie crest.
Where wild cayote and winds sport free
On a saddle blanket lay a cowboy free.
We buried him there on the lone prairie,
Where the wild rose blooms
and the winds blow free,
His pale young face never more to see.
We buried him there on the lone prairie.
As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen.
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay
I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy.
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story.
I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die.
It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,

It was once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First to the dramhouse and then to the cardhouse,
Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today.
Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin
Get six pretty maidens to bear my pall.
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin
Put roses to deaden the sods as they fall
Oh beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly.
Play the dead march as you carry me along
Take me to the valley and lay the sod o'er me.
I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong".
We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly.
"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie".

5 Mountaineer love song

I'm goin' away for to stay a little while,
But I'm comin' back
If I go ten thousand miles.
Oh who will bind your hair,
And who will glove your hands,
And who will kiss your ruby lips when I am gone?
Oh pappy'll tie my shoes,
And mammy'll glove my hands,
And you will kiss my ruby lips
When you come back.

Oh, he's gone away for to stay
He's comin' back if he goes ten thousand miles
Look away over Yandro
on Yandro's high hill,
Where them white doves are flyin' from bough to bough
and a-matin' with their mates
So why not me with mine?

He's gone away for to stay a little while,
But he's comin' back if he goes ten thousand miles.
A little while I'll go build me a desrick
on Yandro's high hill,
Where the wild beasts won't bother me,
Nor hear my sad cry.
For he's gone (He's gone away)
For to stay a little while.
But he's comin' back if he goes ten thousand miles.
Oh pappy'll tie my shoe
And mammy'll glove my hands,

And you will kiss my ruby lips
When you come back.
Oh he's gone
But he's comin' back.

7 Negro Fantasy

De trumpet sounds in my soul.
Lawd, de trumpet sounds it in my soul.
I ain't got long to stay here.
Trumpet in my soul, in my soul, ain't got long,
in my soul, sounds it in my soul, ain't got long to stay here,
in my soul, in my soul, my soul.

8 When Johnny comes marching home

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, the ladies they will all turn out
and we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies gay with roses strew the way.
We'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

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