

OLD FASHIONED TEXTS

BECAUSE | 1902

Music: Guy d'Harledot

Lyrics: Edward Teschemacher

Because, you come to me with naught save love,
and hold my hand and lift mine eyes above,
a wider world of hope and joy I see,
because you come to me!
Because you speak to me in accent sweet,
I find the roses waking round my feet,
and I am led through tears and joy to thee,
because you speak to me!
Because God made thee mine, I'll cherish thee,
through light and darkness through all time to be,
and pray His love may make our love divine,
because God made thee mine!

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY | 1907

Music: Oley Speaks

Lyrics: Rudyard Kipling

By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin eastward to the sea
There's a Burma girl a settin and I know she thinks of me
For the wind is in the palm trees and the temple bells, they say
Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay
Come you back to Mandalay where the old flotilla lay
Can't you hear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crosst the bay!
Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst
For the temple bells are callin' and it's there that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' lazy at the sea, lookin' lazy at the sea
Come you back to Mandalay where the old flotilla lay
Can't you hear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay where the flyin' fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crosst the bay!

SYLVIA | 1914**Music: Oley Speaks****Lyrics: Clinton Scollard**

Sylvia's hair is like the night, touched with glancing starry beams;
Such a face as drifts through dreams, this is Sylvia to the sight.
And the touch of Sylvia's hand is as light as milkweed down,
When the meads are golden brown, and the autumn fills the land.
Sylvia: just the echoing of her voice brings back to me,
From the depths of memory, all the loveliness of spring;
Sylvia! Sylvia! Such a face as drifts through dreams,
This is Sylvia to the sight.

BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS | 1934**Music: Sandor Harmati****Lyrics: Edward Heyman & Harry Parr-Davies**

The beggar man and the mighty king are only different in name,
For they are treated just the same by fate.
Today a smile and tomorrow tears, we're never sure what's in store,
So learn your lesson before too late, so
Be like I, hold your head up high,
Till you find a bluebird of happiness.
You will find greater peace of mind
Knowing there's a bluebird of happiness.
And when he sings to you,
Though you're deep in blue,
You will see a ray of light creep through,
And so remember this, life is no abyss,
Somewhere there's a bluebird of happiness.
When it's night, everything seems bright
Since we found the bluebird of happiness.
Two hearts that beat as one, 'neath a new found sun,
We are in a world that's just begun,
And when our youth is gone, love will linger on,
Since we found the bluebird of happiness.

MOTHER O' MINE | 1903**Music: Frank Tours****Lyrics: Rudyard Kipling**

If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still, Mother o' mine!
If I were drowned in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, mother o' mine.
If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

TREES | 1922**Music: Oscar Rasbach****Lyrics: Joyce Kilmer**

I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day, and lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear a nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain; who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree.

THE GREEN EYED DRAGON | 1926**Music: Wolseley Charles****Lyrics: Greatrex Newman**

Once upon a time lived a fair Princess most beautiful and charming;
Her Father, the King, was a wicked old thing, with manners most alarming.
And always on the front door mat, a most ferocious Dragon sat,
It made such an awful shrieking noise, so all you little girls and boys...
Beware, take care, of the Green-eyed dragon with the 13 tails,
He'll feed, with greed on little boys, puppy dogs and big fat snails.
Then off to his lair each child he'll drag, and each of his 13 tails he'll wag
Beware, take care and creep off on tip toes.
The hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,
And duck your heads, your pretty curly heads,
Beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes.

That Dragon he lived for years and years, but he never grew much thinner.
For lunch, he'd try a Policeman pie, or a roast M.P. for dinner;
One brave man went 'round with an axe and tried to collect his income tax
The Dragon he smiled with fiendish glee, then sadly murmured "R.I.P."
Beware, take care, of the Green-eyed dragon with the 13 tails,
He'll feed, with greed on little boys, puppy dogs and big fat snails.
Then off to his lair each child he'll drag, and each of his 13 tails he'll wag
Beware, take care and creep off on tip toes.
Then hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,
And duck your heads, your pretty curly heads,
Beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes.

That Dragon went down to the kitchen one day where the fair Princess was baking;
He ate, by mistake, some rich plum cake which the fair Princess was making,
That homemade cake, he could not digest, he moaned and he groaned, and at last went west -
And now his ghost, with bloodshot eyes at midnight clanks his chains and cries...
Beware, take care, of the Green-eyed dragon with the 13 tails,
He'll feed, with greed on little boys, puppy dogs and big fat snails.
Then off to his lair each child he'll drag, and each of his 13 tails he'll wag
Beware, take care and creep off on tip toes.
Then hurry up the stairs, and say your prayers,
And duck your heads, your pretty curly heads,
Beneath the clothes, the clothes, the clothes!

THERE IS NO DEATH | 1919

Music: Geoffrey O'Hara

Lyrics: Gordon Johnstone

I tell you they have not died, they live and breathe with you,
They walk now, here at your side, they tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod when you can feel their breath;
When flower and soul and God knows there is no death?
I tell you they have not died, their hands clasp yours and mine,
They are now but glorified, they have become divine.
They live, they know, they see, they shout with every breath,
"All is Eternal Life, there is no death!"

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE | 1913

Music: Harry Carroll

Lyrics: Ballard McDonald

On a mountain in Virginia stands a lonesome pine.
Just below, is the cabin home of a little girl of mine,
Her name is June and very, very soon, she'll belong to me.
For I know she's waiting there for me, 'neath that lone pine tree.
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the lonesome Pine
In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine
Where she carved her name and I carved mine.
Oh, June - like the mountains I'm blue
Like the pine - I am lonesome for you
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the lonesome Pine.
I can hear the tinkling waterfall far among the hills.
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily, to his mate enraptured trills
They seem to say "Your June is lonesome too, longing fills her eyes.
She is waiting for you patiently, where the pine tree sighs."
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the lonesome Pine
In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine
Where she carved her name and I carved mine.
Oh, June - like the mountains I'm blue
Like the pine - I am lonesome for you
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
On the trail of the lonesome Pine.

BIRDSONGS AT EVENTIDE | 1926

Music: Eric Coates

Lyrics: Royden Barrie

Over the quiet hills slowly the shadows fall;
Far down the echoing vale birds softly call;
Slowly the golden sun sinks in the dreaming west;
Bird songs at eventide call me to rest.
Love, though the hours of day sadness of heart may bring,
When twilight comes again sorrows take wing;
For when the dusk of dreams comes with the falling dew,
Bird songs at eventide call me to you.

ROSES OF PICARDY | 1916

Music: Hayden Wood

Lyrics: Frederick Weatherly

She is watching by the poplars, Colinette with the sea-blue eyes,
She is watching and longing and waiting where the long white roadway lies,
And a song stirs in the silence, as the wind in the boughs above,
She listens and starts and trembles, 'tis the first little song of love.
Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy, but there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime, and our hearts may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy, 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart
And the years fly on forever, till the shadows veil their skies,
But he loves to hold her little hands, and look in her sea-blue eyes,
And she sees the road by the poplars, where they met in the bygone years,
for the first little song of the roses, is the last little song she hears:
Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy, but there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime, and our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy, 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart.

WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM | 1934

Music: Sigmund Romberg

Lyrics: Oscar Hammerstein II

We have been gay, going our way, life has been beautiful, we have been young,
After you've gone life will go on like an old song we have sung
When I grow too old to dream I'll have you to remember
When I grow too old to dream your love will live in my heart.
So kiss me my sweet and so let us part and when I grow too old to dream
That kiss will live in my heart.

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD | 1892

Music & Lyrics: Robert Morrison Stults

Oh answer me a question, love, I pray. My heart for thee is pining day by day;
Oh answer me, my dearest, answer true; hold me close as you were wont to do.
Whisper once again the story old, the dearest, sweetest story ever told;
Whisper once again the story old, the dearest, sweetest story ever told
Tell me, do you love me? Tell me softly, sweetly, as of old!
Tell me that you love me, for that's the sweetest story ever told
Tell me, do you love me? Whisper softly, sweetly, as of old
Tell me that you love me, for that's the sweetest story ever told
Oh tell me that your heart to me is true, repeat to me the story ever new;
Oh take my hand in yours and tell me, dear is it joy to thee when I am near?
Whisper o'er and o'er the story old, the dearest, sweetest story ever told
Whisper o'er and o'er the story old, the dearest, sweetest story ever told
Tell me, do you love me? Tell me softly, sweetly, as of old!
Tell me that you love me, for that's the sweetest story ever told
Tell me, do you love me? Whisper softly, sweetly, as of old
Tell me that you love me, for that's the sweetest story ever told

I LOVE YOU TRULY | 1901

Music & Lyrics: Carrie Jacobs-Bond

I love you truly, truly dear,
Life with its sorrow, life with its tear
Fades into dreams when I feel you are near
For I love you truly, truly dear.
Ah! Love, 'tis something to feel your kind hand
Ah! Yes, 'tis something by your side to stand;
Gone is the sorrow, gone doubt and fear,
For I love you truly, truly dear.

THE LOST CHORD | 1877

Music: Arthur Sullivan

Lyrics: Adelaide Anne Procter

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys.
I know not what I was playing, or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music, like the sound of a great Amen.
It flooded the crimson twilight, like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow, like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo from our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence as if it were loathe to cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ, and entered into mine.
It may be that death's bright angel will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER | 1935

Music: Albert Hay Malotte

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever.
Amen.

GOIN HOME | 1922

Music: Antonín Dvorak

Lyrics: William Arms Fisher

Goin' home. Goin' home. I'm a-goin' home.
Quiet-like some still day, I'm jus' goin' home.
It's not far, just close by, through an open door.
Work all done, care laid by, goin' to fear no more;
Mother's there expectin' me, father's waitin' too,
Lots of folks gathered there, all the friends I knew.
Nothin's lost, all's gain. No more fret nor pain.
Nor more stumblin' on the way, no more longin' for the day,
Goin' to roam no more.
Mornin' star lights the way, restless dream all done.
Shadows gone, break o' day, real life's just begun.
There's no break, there's no end, jus' a-living on;
Wide awake, with a smile, goin' on and on.
Goin' home. Goin' home, I'm jus' goin' home.
It's not far, just close by, through an open door.

WITHOUT A SONG | 1929

Music: Vincent Youmans

Lyrics: Billy Rose & Edward Eliscu

Without a song the day would never end
Without a song the road would never bend
When things go wrong a man ain't got a friend, without a song.
That field of corn would never see a plow
That field of corn would be deserted now
A man is born but he's no good no how, without a song.
I got my trouble and woe but, sure as I know, the Jordan will roll
I'll get along as long as a song, is strong in my soul!
I'll never know what makes the rain to fall
I'll never know what makes the grass so tall
I only know there ain't no love at all, without a song.

WHEN I HAVE SUNG MY SONGS | 1934

Music & Lyrics Ernest Charles

When I have sung my songs to you I'll sing no more
T'would be a sacrilege to sing at another door
We've worked so hard to hold our dreams just you and I
I could not share them all again I'd rather die
With just the thought that I had loved so well so true
That I could never sing again
That I could never, never sing again except to you

A PERFECT DAY | 1909

Music & Lyrics: Carrie Jacobs-Bond

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN | 1929

Music & Lyrics: Noël Coward

To begin with, if you please, sing a scale for me.
Take a breath and then reprise in a different key.
All my life I shall remember knowing you;
All the pleasure I have found in showing you
The different ways that one may phrase,
The changing light and changing shade,
Happiness that must die, melodies that must fly,
Memories that must fade dusty and forgotten by and by.
Learning scales will never seem so sweet again
Till our destiny shall let us meet again.
The will of fate may come too late.
When I'm recalling the hours we've had
Why will the foolish tears tremble across the years?
Why shall I feel so sad, treasuring the memory of these days, always?
I'll see you again whenever spring breaks through again.
Time may lie heavy between, but what has been is past forgetting.
This sweet memory across the years will come to me;
Tho' my world may go awry, in my heart will ever lie
Just the echo of a sigh, goodbye!