A black and white photograph of the Texas State Capitol building, viewed from a low angle looking up. The building's dome and the Statue of Liberty on top are prominent. The foreground shows the dark, classical columns of the portico. The background is a clear, light sky.

*Songs
Texas
Sings*

Centennial Edition for Schools



DRIVING THE HERD

REFLECTING the mobile West in living oils, as the cowboys reflect it in their music, Frank Reaugh's picturization of the Texas cattle country is straightforward and sincere, and has won for him the title, Dean of Texas Artists.

Frank Reaugh has transferred to his pictures the setting in which the cowboy's song was born. As he records pictorially the trot of the horse, the cowboy's shout as he drives on a lagging steer, and the quiet hour around the campfire while the first guard rides the herd, so have the composers captured the same themes for their songs.

Not only has Reaugh transposed from nature to his canvases the realism and beauty of the range, but he has created through them a breath of the frontier, and conjures in the imagination the creak of the saddle, the rasp of dry heat, the scent of dust clouds and cattle.

"Driving the Herd" was first produced in oil in 1904, and was purchased three years later by the Dallas Art Association. The reproduction printed above was made from a recent pastel duplication of the original.

SONGS TEXAS SINGS

Centennial Edition for Schools

COMPILED BY

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for Centennial Celebrations



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DALLAS, TEXAS

COMMENTS BY LOMAX

SOMEONE once defined a "classic" in literature as a book which everybody likes and nobody reads. It would be pleasant to think that Texans *do* sing the songs set down in this carefully selected group. One could go farther and say that these songs, most of them an outgrowth of the Southwest, ought to be sung by the people—especially by the boys and the girls—of this section. When you say they are sung, don't be too sure, except, indeed, when groups of children are lined up in schools—"regimented"—and under a leader's baton take their exercises in music. When these same children drift to the playground and break out in song, a jazz tune will most usually come from a group of girls crooning something like "Baby, Don't You Love Me No More?"

The most widely popular song chosen for *Songs Texas Sings* is the "Eyes of Texas," eight lines of doggerel first written to poke fun at a President of the University of Texas. For many years the song attracted little attention. Nowadays all public school children know the words and can sing the tune. Moreover, the song brings to a close any convention where Texans gather anywhere in the United States. But no one can say why this song, or why any song, has made a "hit."

The group printed here best representing Texas and the Southwest is the Cowboy songs. Such songs make vocal the life of the ranch and the cattle trail. Cowboys sang because they were lonely as they rode after a herd of longhorns. At night they sang to quiet the cattle on the bedding ground, as the cowboy sentinels rode round and round the sleeping herd. These night-herding songs were romantic or minor in tone, telling stories of disaster and death, as in "Little Joe, the Wrangler" and others. "The Old Chisholm Trail," its thousand stanzas and rattling chorus, fitted into the mood of early mornings, and youth, and the rapid lope of a mettlesome horse. "Home on the Range," best known of all cowboy songs, except, perhaps, "Git Along, Little Dogies," has been given to the American audiences through the singing of John McCormack, through the radio, and through the favor of President Franklin Roosevelt.

Some of these songs sprang out of the soil of the Southwest like prairie grass. No one knows the author of the music or the words. Texas has certainly the right to claim them as her own Folk Songs.

—JOHN A. LOMAX.

Home On The Range

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. Oh, give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the deer and
 2. Where air is so pure and the zeph - yrs so sure, With the breez - es
 3. How oft - en at night when the heav - ens are bright With the light from
 4. I would not ex - change my dear home on the range Where the deer and

the an - te - lope play, Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word
 so balm - y and light; I would not ex - change my dear home on the range
 the glit - ter - ing stars, I've stood here a - mazed and I asked as I gazed
 the an - te - lope play, Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word

CHORUS

And the skies are not cloud - y all day.
 For the wealth of the cit - ies so bright. Home, home on the range,
 If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours.
 And the skies are not cloud - y all day.

Where the deer and the an - te - lope play; Where sel - dom is heard a dis -

cour - ag - ing word And the skies are not cloud - y all day.

The Cowboy's Meditation

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. At mid - nite when the cat - tle are sleep - ing, On my sad - dle I
 2. Are they worlds with their ran - ges and ran - ches, Do they ring with rough
 3. At night in the bright stars up yon - der, Do the cow - boys lie
 4. Some - times when a bright star is twink - ling Like a dia - mond that's
 5. In the East the great day - light is break - ing And in - to my

pil - low my head, And up at the stars I lie peep - ing From
 rid - er re - frains? Do the cow - boys scarp there with Co - man - ches And
 down to their rest? Do they gaze at this old world and won - der If rough
 set in the sky, I find my - self ly - ing and think - ing, It
 sad - dle I spring, The cat - tle from sleep are a - wak - ning, The

out of the cold gras - sy bed; And oft - en, so oft - en, I
 oth - er Red Men of the Plains? Are the hills cov - ered o - ver with
 rid - ers ride o - ver its breast? Do they list to the wolves in the
 may be God's heav - en is nigh; I won - der if there I shall
 heav - en tho'ts from me take wing; The eyes of my bron - co are

won - dered, At nite while ly - ing a - lone, If all the bright
 cat - tle In those mys - tic worlds far, far a - way? Do the ranch hous - es
 can - yon? Do they watch the night owl in its flight, With their horse as their
 meet her, My moth - er whom God took a - way, If in the star -
 flash - ing, Im - pa - tient he pulls at the reins, And off round the

stars up yon - der Are big peo - pled worlds like our own.
 ring with the prat - tle Of sweet lit - tle chil - dren at play?
 on - ly com - pan - ion While guard - ing the herd thru the night?
 heav - ens I'll greet her At the round - up that's on the last day.
 herd I go dash - ing, A reck - less cow - boy of the plains.

Whoopie Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies

ARR.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. As I was out walk - ing one morn - ing for pleas - ure, I spied a cow - punch -
 2. It's ear - ly in spring that we round up the do - gies, We mark them and brand
 3. It's whoop - ing and yell - ing and driv - ing the do - gies, O how I now wish
 4. Some boys they go up on the trail just for pleas - ure, But that's where they get

er all rid - ing a - lone; His hat was thrown back and his spurs was a - jing - ling, And
 them and bob off each tail; We'll round up the hors - es and load the chuck - wag - on, And
 you would on - ly go on; It's whoop - ing and punch - ing, go on lit - tle do - gies, You
 it most aw - ful - ly wrong; You have - n't an i - dea the trou - ble they give us While

CHORUS

as he approached me he sang me this song.
 then throw the do - gies up - on the right trail. Whoopie ti yi yo, git a -
 know that Wy - o - ming will be your new home.
 we go on driv - ing the do - gies a - long.

long lit - tle do - gies, It's your mis - for - tune and none of my own; Whoopie ti yi yo,

git a - long lit - tle do - gies, For you know that Wy - o - ming will be your new home.

Little Joe, the Wrangler

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. It is lit - tle Joe, the wran - gle, he'll wran - gle nev - er - more, For his
 2. O his sad - dle was a Tex 'kak' built man - y years a - go, With an
 3. Then he said if we would hire him he'd do the best he could, Tho' he
 4. We had driv - en to the Pe - cos, the weath - er it was fine, We had
 5. 'Midst the streaks of fork - ed light - nin' the first horse we could see, It was
 6. The next morn - ing just at day - break we found where Rock - et fell, 'Twas down

days with the re - mu - da they are o'er; 'Twas a year a - go last A - pril he
 O. K. spur on one foot light - ly swung; And his 'hot roll' in an old sack so
 did not know straight up a - bout a cow; So the boss cut out a po - ny and
 camped down on the south side in a bend, When a north - er com - menced blow - in' we
 lit - tle Joe, the wran - gle, in the lead, He was rid - ing Old Blue Rock - et, a
 in a wash - out twen - ty feet be - low, And be - neath his horse all man - gled, his

rode in - to our camp, Just a lit - tle Tex - as stray and all a - lone.
 loose - ly tied be - hind, While his can - teen from his sad - dle horn was strung.
 kind - ly put him on, For he sor - ta liked this lit - tle kid, some - how;
 doub - led up our guard, For it tak - en all of us to hold them in.
 slick - er o'er his head, And was tryin' to check the cat - tle in their speed.
 spur had rung the knell, Was our lit - tle Tex - as stray, poor wran - ling Joe.

'Twas late in the eve - ning he rode in - to our herd On a
 He said he had left home, his Pa had mar - ried twice And his
 Taught him to wran - gle hors - es and try to know them all And to
 And Joe, the new wran - gle, was called out like the rest, Tho' the
 At last they were mill - ing and kind - a quiet - ed down And the
 And now Joe, the wran - gler, will wran - gle nev - er - more, For his

Little Joe, the Wrangler

lit - tle Tex - as po - ny he called "Chaw," With his bro - gan shoes and ov'r - alls, a new Ma whipped him ev - 'ry day or two, So He sad - dles up his po - ny and get them in at day - light if he could, And to fol - low the chuck - wag - on and kid had on - ly scarce - ly reached the herd; When the cat - tle they stam - ped - ed, like ex - tra guard back to the camp did go, But there was one cow - boy miss - in', we wran - gling days for - ev - er now are o'er; He has left his spurs and sad - dle for

tough - er look - ing kid, O you nev - er in your life be - fore had saw. lit a shuck this way, And is try - in' now to pad - dle his ca - noe. al - ways hitch the team And to help the co - ci - ne - ro rus - tle wood. hail - storms long they fled, Soon we all were swift - ly rid - in' for the lead. knew it at a glance, 'Twas our lit - tle Tex - as stray, poor wran - gling Joe. oth - ers here be - low, So we bid fare - well to lit - tle wran - gling Joe.

Good-by, Old Paint

Arr. Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner TRADITIONAL

1. My foot's in the stir - rup, My po - ny won't stand, I'm a
 2. I'm a - rid - in' Old Paint, I'm a - lead - in' old Fan, So good -
 3. Old Paint's a good po - ny, he'll pace when he can, Good
 4. O hitch up your hos - ses and feed 'em some hay, And
 5. My hos - es ain't hun - gry, they'll not eat your hay, My
 6. When I die take my sad - dle, take it from the wall, Put it
 7. Tie my bones to his back, turn our fac - es out west, And we'll

CHORUS

leav - in' Chey - enne, and I'm off for Mon - tan'.
 by, lit - tle An - nie, I'm leav - in' Chey - enne.
 morn - ing young la - dy, my hos - ses won't stand. Good - by, old Paint,
 seat your - self by me, as long as you stay.
 wag - on is load - ed and roll - ing a - way.
 on my old po - ny, lead him from the stall.
 ride on the prai - rie that we love the best.

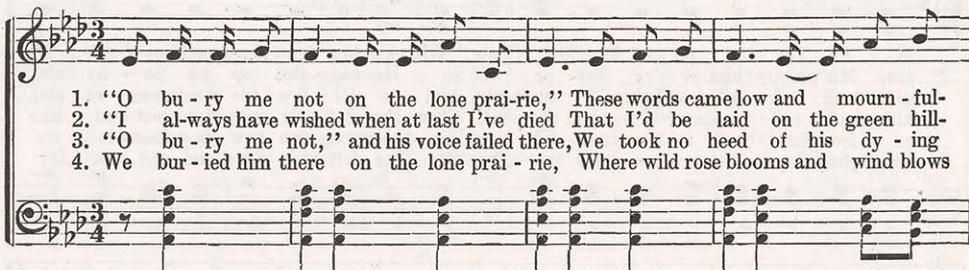
I'm a - leav - in' Chey - enne, Good - by, old Paint, I'm a - leav - in' Chey - enne.

O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie

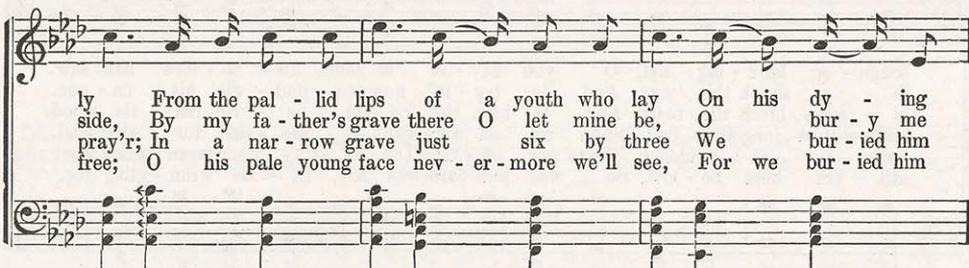
Arr.

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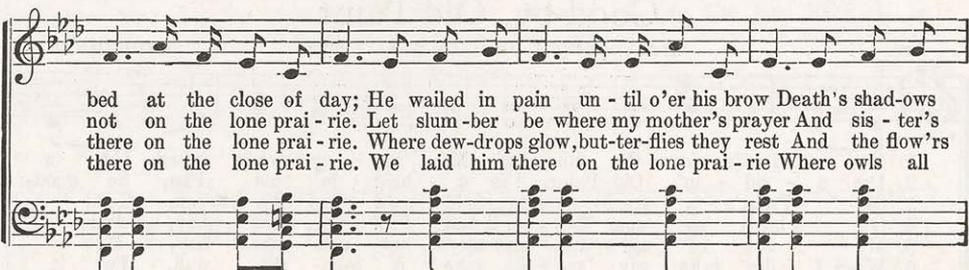
TRADITIONAL



1. "O bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie," These words came low and mourn - ful
 2. "I al - ways have wished when at last I've died That I'd be laid on the green hill -
 3. "O bu - ry me not," and his voice failed there, We took no heed of his dy - ing
 4. We bur - ied him there on the lone prai - rie, Where wild rose blooms and wind blows



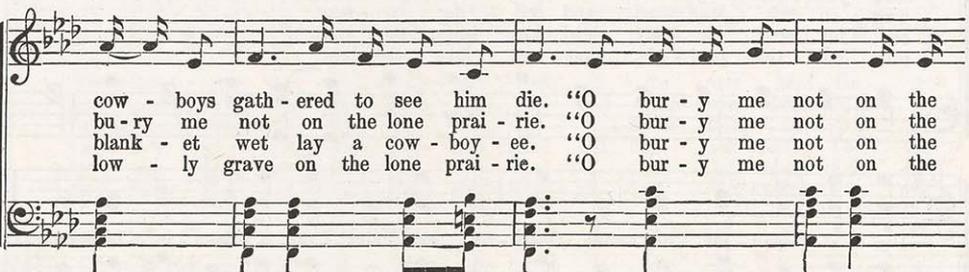
ly From the pal - lid lips of a youth who lay On his dy - ing
 side, By my fa - ther's grave there O let mine be, O bur - y me
 pray'r; In a nar - row grave just six by three We bur - ied him
 free; O his pale young face nev - er - more we'll see, For we bur - ied him



bed at the close of day; He wailed in pain un - til o'er his brow Death's shad - ows
 not on the lone prai - rie. Let slum - ber be where my mother's prayer And sis - ter's
 there on the lone prai - rie. Where dew - drops glow, but - ter - flies they rest And the flow'rs
 there on the lone prai - rie. We laid him there on the lone prai - rie Where owls all

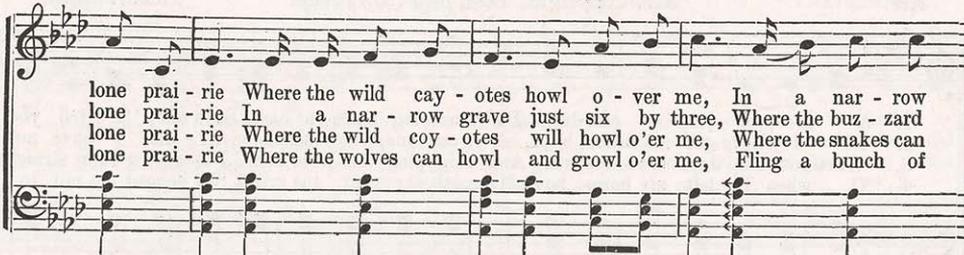


fast were gath - 'ring now, And he tho't of home and his loved ones nigh As the
 tear will min - gle there, Where my friends can come and weep o - ver me, O
 bloom o'er the prairie's crest; Where the wild coy - ote and the winds sport free, On a
 night hoot mourn - ful - ly, And the bliz - zard beats and the winds blow free O'er his



cow - boys gath - ered to see him die. "O bur - y me not on the
 bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie. "O bur - y me not on the
 blank - et wet lay a cow - boy - ee. "O bur - y me not on the
 low - ly grave on the lone prai - rie. "O bur - y me not on the

O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie



lone prai - rie Where the wild cay - otes howl o - ver me, In a nar - row
lone prai - rie In a nar - row grave just six by three, Where the buz - zard
lone prai - rie Where the wild coy - otes will howl o'er me, Where the snakes can
lone prai - rie Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me, Fling a bunch of



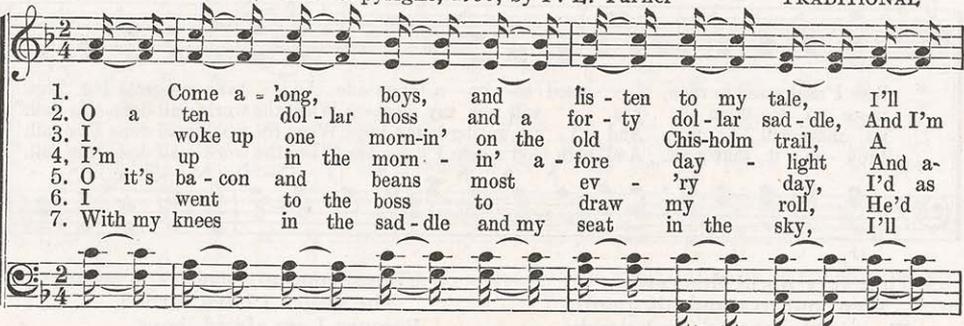
grave just six by three, O bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie."
waits and the winds blow free, Then bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie."
hiss and the crow flies free, O bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie."
ros - es o'er my grave With a pray'r to him who my soul will save."

The Old Chisholm Trail

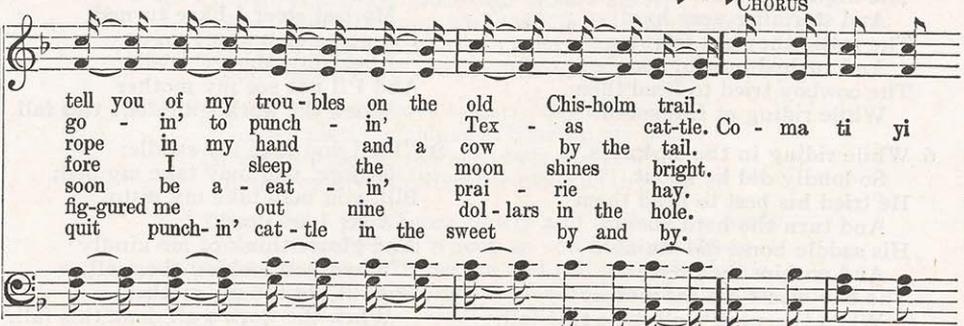
Arr.

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TRADITIONAL



1. Come a - long, boys, and lis - ten to my tale, I'll
2. O a ten dol - lar hoss and a for - ty dol - lar sad - dle, And I'm
3. I woke up one morn - in' on the old Chis - holm trail, A
4. I'm up in the morn - in' a - fore day - light And a -
5. O it's ba - con and beans most ev - 'ry day, I'd as
6. I went to the boss to draw my roll, He'd
7. With my knees in the sad - dle and my seat in the sky, I'll



CHORUS
tell you of my trou - bles on the old Chis - holm trail.
go - in' to punch - in' the Tex - as cat - tle. Co - ma ti yi
rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.
fore I sleep the moon shines bright.
soon be a - eat - in' prai - rie hay.
fig - gured me out nine dol - lars in the hole.
quit punch - in' cat - tle in the sweet by and by.



you - pe, you - pe, ya, you - pe ya, Co - ma ti yi you - pe, you - pe ya.

When Work's All Done This Fall

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. A group of jol - ly cow-boys, Dis - cuss - ing plans at ease, Says one, "I'll tell you
2. "But I have got a home, boys, A good one, you all know, Al - tho' I have not
3. "When round-up days are o - ver And ship - ping has been done, I'm go - ing right straight
4. "O when I left my home, boys, My moth - er for me cried, She begged me not to

some - thing, boys, If you will lis - ten, please; I am an old cow - punch - er And
seen it, Since man - y years a - go; I'm go - ing back to Dix - ie, Once
home boys, Ere all my mon - ey's gone; For I have changed my way, boys, And
go, boys, For me she would have died; My moth - er's heart is break - ing, I've

here I'm dressed in rags, I used to be a tough one And take on great big jags."
more to see them all; Yes, I will see my moth - er When the work's all done this fall."
no more will I fall, And I am go - ing home, boys, When the work's all done this fall."
brok - en it, that's all, And with God's help I'll see her When the work's all done this fall."

5 That very night this cowboy
Went out to stand his guard,
The night was dark and cloudy
And storming very hard;
The cattle they got frightened
And rushed in wild stampede,
The cowboy tried to head them,
While riding at full speed.

6 While riding in the darkness
So loudly did he shout,
He tried his best to head them
And turn the herd about;
His saddle horse did stumble
And on him then did fall,
The boy won't see his mother
When the work's all done this fall.

7 His body was so mangled
The boys all thought him dead,
They picked him up so gently
And laid him on the bed;
He opened wide his blue eyes
And looking all around
He motioned to his comrades
To sit near him on the ground.

8 "Boys, send my mother my wages,
The wages I have earned,
Because I am afraid, boys,
My last steer I have turned;
I'm going to a new range,
I hear my Master's call,
And I'll not see my mother
When the work's all done this fall."

9 "Fred you take my saddle;
George, you may take my bed;
Bill, you may take my pistol
After I am dead;
And please think of me kindly
When you look on them all,
For I'll not see my mother
When the work's all done this fall."

10 Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise,
No tombstone at his head,
Nothing but a little thin board
And this is what it said:
"Charlie died at daybreak,
He died from a fall,
And he'll not see his mother
When the work's all done this fall."

The Cowboy's Lament

ARR.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. As I was out walk-in' the streets of La-re-do, As I stir'd a-
 2. "I see by your out-fit that you are a cow-boy," These words he did
 3. "Go write me a let-ter to my gray-haired moth-er, And car-ry the

Chorus—"O beat the drum slow-ly and play the fife low-ly, And play the dead

round in La-re-do one day; I spied a poor cow-boy wrap'd
 say as I bold-ly step'd by; "Come sit here be-side me and
 same to my sis-ter, so dear; But not a word of this, kind

march as you bear me a-long; Take me to the green val-ley there

D. C. for Chorus
 up in white lin-en, Wrap'd up in white lin-en as cold as the clay,
 hear my sad sto-ry, I'm shot in the breast and I know I must die."
 friend, shall you men-tion, When crowds gath-er 'round you my sto-ry to hear."

lay the sod o'er me, For I'm a young cow-boy, I know I've done wrong."

- 4 "O there is another more dear than a sister,
 She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone;
 But there'll be another who'll win her affection,
 For I'm a young cowboy, they say I've done wrong."
- 5 "Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
 Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall;
 Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin,
 Throw roses to deaden the clods as they fall."
- 6 "Then swing your ropes slowly and rattle spurs lowly,
 And give the wild whoop as you bear me along;
 And in the grave throw me and roll the sod o'er me,
 For I'm a young cowboy, I know I've done wrong."
- 7 "Go bring me a drink, just a cup of cold water,
 To cool my parched lips" then the dying boy said;
 Before I returned there the spirit had left him
 And gone to its Giver, the cowboy was dead.
- 8 We beat our drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
 And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
 We all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,
 We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

Texas Rangers

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

TRADITIONAL

1. Come all you Tex - as rang - ers, wher - ev - er you may be, I'll tell you of some
 2. 'Twas at the age of six - teen I joined the jol - ly band, We marched from San An -
 3. And when the bu - gle sound - ed our cap - tain gave com - mand, "To arms, to arms," he
 4. I saw the In - dians com - ing, I heard them give the yell, My feel - ings at the

trou - bles that hap - pened un - to me; My name is noth - ing ex - tra, so
 to - nio down to the Ri - o Grande; Our cap - tain he in - formed us, per -
 shout - ed "and by your hors - es stand;" I saw the smoke as - cend - ing, it
 mo - ment, no tongue can ev - er tell; I saw the glit - t'ring lan - ces, their

it I will not tell, And here's to all you rang - ers, I'm sure I wish you well.
 haps he tho't it right, "Be - fore you reach the sta - tion, you'll sure - ly have to fight."
 seemed to reach the sky, The first tho't then that struck me, my time had come to die.
 ar - rows round me flew, And all my strength it left me and all my cour - age too.

- 5 We fought for full nine hours before the strife was o'er,
 The like of dead and wounded I never saw before;
 And when the sun was rising, the Indians had fled,
 We loaded up our rifles and counted up the dead.
- 6 And all of us were wounded, our noble captain slain,
 The sun was shining sadly across the bloody plain;
 Sixteen of as brave rangers as ever roamed the West
 Were buried by their comrades with arrows in their breast.
- 7 'Twas then I thought of mother who once to me did say,
 "To you they are all strangers, with me you'd better stay;"
 I thought that she was childish, the best she did not know,
 My mind was fixt on ranging and I was bound to go.
- 8 Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister, too,
 Maybe you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for you,
 If that be your condition, although you'd like to roam,
 I tell you from experience, you better stay at home.
- 9 And now my song is ended, I guess I've sung enough,
 The life of Texas rangers I'm sure is very tough;
 And here's to all you ladies, this truth to you I tell,
 I'm bound to go a-ranging, so ladies, fare you well.

The Cowboy's Dream

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

OLD MELODY

1. Last night as I lay on the prai - rie, And looked at the
 2. When I think of the last great round - up, On the eve of e -
 3. I think of those big-heart-ed fel - lows, Who'll di - vide with you
 4. I won - der if an - y will greet me, On the sands of that
 5. I of - ten look up - ward and won - der If the green fields will
 6. The trail to green pas-tures, tho' nar - row, Leads straight to the

stars in the sky; I won - dered if ev - er a cow - boy
 ter - ni - ty's dawn, I think of the host of cow - boys
 blank - et and bread, With a piece of stray beef well roast - ed,
 ev - er - green shore, With a heart - y "God bless you old fel - low,"
 seem half so fair, If an - y the wrong trail have tak - en,
 home in the sky; To the head - quar - ters ranch of the Fa - ther

CHORUS

Would drift to that sweet by and by.
 That have been with us here and have gone. Roll on, roll on, Roll on, lit - tle
 And charge for it nev - er a red.
 That I've met with so of - ten be - fore.
 And will fail to be found o - ver there.
 In the land of the sweet by and by.

do - gies, roll on, roll on, Roll on, roll on, Roll on, lit - tle do - gies roll on

7 The Inspector will stand at the gate-way,
 Where the herd, one and all, must go by,
 And the round-up by angels in judgment
 Must pass 'neath His all-searching eye.

8 No maverick or slick will be tallied
 In that great book of life in His home;
 For He knows all the brands and the earmarks
 That down thru all ages have come.

9 But, along with the strays and the sleepers,
 The tailings must turn from the gate;
 No road brand to give them admission,
 But that awful sad cry; "Too late."

10 But I trust in that last great round-up,
 When the Rider shall cut the big herd;
 That the cow-boy will be represented
 In the ear-mark and brand of the Lord.

Make Me a Cowboy Again for a Day

ARR.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner.

TRADITIONAL



1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, O time with your wheels, Bi - cy - cles, wag-ons and
2. Give me a bron-co that knows how to dance, Buck-skin in col-or and
3. Thun-der of hoofs on the range as you ride, Hiss-ing of i-ron and
4. Un-der the star-stud-ded can-o-py vast, Camp-fire and cof-fee and



au - to - mo - biles, Dress me a - gain in som - bre - ro and flaps,
wick - ed of glance, New to the feel - ing of bri - dle and bits,
sizz - ling of hide, Bel - lows of cat - tle and snort of cay - use,
com - fort at last, Ba - con that siz - zles and crisps in the pan,



Spurs, flan - nel shirt and a slick - er and chaps; Put a six - shoot - er or
Give me a quirt that will sting when it hits; Strap on a blank - et be-
Long - horns of Tex - as as wild as the deuce; Mid - night stam - pedes and the
Af - ter the round-up, smells good to a man; Sto - ries of ranch-ers and



two in my hand, Show me a year-ling to rope and to brand, Out where the
hind in a roll, Toss me a lar - i - at dear to my soul, O - ver the
mill - ing of herds, Yells of the cow - boys too an - gry for words, Right in the
rust - lers re - told, O - ver the pipes as the em - bers grow cold, These are the



sage-brush is dus - ty and gray, Make me a cow-boy a - gain for a day.
trail let me gal - lop a - way, Make me a cow-boy a - gain for a day.
midst of it all I would say, Make me a cow-boy a - gain for a day.
tunes that old mem - o - ries play, Make me a cow-boy a - gain for a day.



Oh, Susanna*

Arr. copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. I came from Al - a - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm
2. I had a dream de od - der night, When ev - 'ry - thing was still, I

gwine to Lou - si - an - na My true love for to see; It rained all
tho't I saw Su - san - na A com - in' down de hill; De buck-wheat

night the day I left, De weath - er it was dry, De sun so hot I
cake was in her mouth, De tear was in her eye, Says I, I'm com - in'

CHORUS

froze to death; Su - san - na don't you cry. Oh! Su - san - na, Oh! don't you
from de South; Su - san - na don't you cry.

cry for me; I've come from Al - a - ba - ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee.

*"O Susanna" was a popular song at the time Texas was colonized, and was a favorite with the Anglo-Americans who took up their new residence here. At this time, the name Louisiana referred to all territory lying west of the Mississippi River.

Texas, Our Texas*

Official State Song of Texas, adopted by the Legislature, May, 1929

GLADYS YOAKUM WRIGHT Columbia Record No. 2154-M
and W. J. MARSH Copyright, 1925, by W. J. Marsh

W. J. MARSH

MAESTOSO. NOT FAST

1. Tex - as, our Tex - as! All hail the might - y State!
2. Tex - as, O Tex - as! Your free - born Sin - gle Star
3. Tex - as, dear Tex - as! From ty - rant grip now free;

mf
Tex - as, our Tex - as! So won - der - ful, so great!
Sends out its ra - diance To na - tions near and far.
Shines forth in splen - dor Your Star of Des - ti - ny!

mf
Larg - est and grand - est, With - stand - ing ev - 'ry test; O
Emb - lem of Free - dom! It sets our hearts a - glow, With
Moth - er of He - roes! We come, your chil - dren true, Pro -

cres. *f* *rall.*
Em - pire, wide and glo - rious, You stand su - preme - ly blest.
tho'ts of San Ja - cin - to And glo - rious A - la - mo.
claim - ing our al - le - giance, Our Faith, our Love for you.

CHORUS Repeat *ff*
p *>* *a tempo*
God bless you, Tex - as! And keep you brave and strong, That you may grow in

*Open competition for a State song was instigated in 1924 by Governor Pat. M. Neff, and the final choice, made in 1929, was accepted formally by the first Called Session of the 41st Legislature in 1930.

Texas, Our Texas

2nd time only

1st time

Last time
rall.

pow'r and worth Thru-out the a - ges long. out the a - ges long.

Will You Come to the Bower?*

THOMAS MOORE

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

IRISH FOLK TUNE

1. Will you come to the bow'r I have shad - ed for you?
 2. There be - neath this glad bow - er on ro - ses you'll rest,
 3. But the ro - ses so fair will not ri - val your cheek,
 4. We shall swear 'mid the ro - ses we nev - er shall part,

I have decked it with ro - ses all span - gled with dew.
 While a smile lights the eyes of the girl I love best.
 Nor the dew be so sweet as the vows we shall speak.
 O thou fair - est of ro - ses, thou queen of my heart.

Will you, will you, will you, will you, Come to my bow'r?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, Smile, my be - loved?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, Speak, my be - loved?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, Won't you, my love?

Will you, will you, will you, will you, Come to my bow'r?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, Smile, my be - loved?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, Speak, my be - loved?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, Won't you, my love?

*"Will you Come to the Bower?" was the song sung by Sam Houston's army at San Jacinto, and the strains of this old air were mingled with the shouts of "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring?

Copyright, 1928, by Mary Daggett Lake

M. D. L.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner MARY DAGGETT LAKE

mf

1. There's a land I know where blue bon-nets grow, And the sun shines all the while,
2. In this land so true, un-der heav'n's own blue, Grow the or - ange and the rose,

mp

Where the cow-boys play till night turns to day, And na - ture seems to smile.
And the cac - tus strange, dots the dis - tant range Where the Ri - o Gran - de flows.

Where the mock-ing bird is for - ev - er heard, And the red - wing sends her call;
When the last trail winds o'er a plain that binds In - to an en - chant-ment grand,

p

Where the soft winds croon to the sil - ver moon, As shades of eve-ning fall.
Let me rest se - cure, with things that en - dure, In my own Tex - as land.

CHORUS

Have you ev - er been to Tex - as in the spring, When the breez - es blow and

Have You Ever Been to Texas in the Spring

birds are on the wing; Where blue bon - nets wave in air, And there's

friend-ship ev - 'ry - where, While the bus - y bees are hum - ming and the ban - jos

rit. are a - strum - ming? *a tempo* Have you walked on vel - vet car - pets in the spring, Made of

flow'rs whose sub - tle o - dor mem'ries bring? Have you seen those sun - sets gay, as they

glo - ri - fy the day? Have you ev - er been to Tex - as in the spring?

We Love Texas

V. O. S.

Copyright, 1936, by V. O. Stamps

VIRGIL O. STAMPS

1. Tex - as, your lone star is shin - ing For count - less mil - lions to see,
2. One hun - dred years of a - chieve - ment, Prog - ress and lib - er - ty,

Larg - est of states in the na - tion, Glo - rious your his - to - ry;
Your sons and daugh - ters have kept you Fre - est of all the free;

Hous - ton and Crock - ett and Aus - tin, Bro't hon - or to your name,
Trav - is and Bow - ie and Fan - nin, Hom - age to them we pay,

CHORUS
Thru - out the state, We cel - e - brate, Your years of fame. We love Tex - as,
Hap - py we'd be If they could see Our state to - day. Tex - as, Tex - as,

Tex - as, (1) Land of the sin - gle star, Tex - as, Tex - as,
pride of the west, (2) Where the blue - bon - nets grow, Tex - as, Tex - as, land we love best,

We Love Texas

(1) Fair - est of all by far; How we love thy roll - ing a - cres,
 (2) Fair - est of all we know; Roll - ing a - cres, cit - ies and towns,

From the plains to the sea, Tho' we may roam, Still you're our home, And we love thee.

The Eyes of Texas*

The eyes of Tex - as are up - on you, All the live-long day; The eyes of Tex - as are up -

on you, You can-not get a - way. Do not think you can es-cape them, At night or

ear - ly in the morn, The eyes of Tex - as are up - on you, Till Gabriel blows his horn.

*"The Eyes of Texas are Upon You" is the official song of The University of Texas; however, until a State song was adopted in 1929, this popular air was unofficially recognized as the song of Texas. It continues to be popular with Texans outside of university circles.

La Cucaracha

Lyric for school use
by V. O. STAMPS

Arr. copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

SPANISH MELODY

1. La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, You're a Span - ish
2. La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, How you bright - en
3. La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, Came to us from

mel - o - dy, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha,
all our day, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha,
Mex - i - co, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha,

How we love your spir - it free; La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca -
We'll be hap - py while we may; La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca -
We will nev - er let you go; La Cu - ca - ra - cha, La Cu - ca -

ra - cha, We are hap - py when we sing, La Cu - ca -
ra - cha, Now your praise we sing a - gain, La Cu - ca -
ra - cha, With a mel - o - dy so sweet, La Cu - ca -

ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, Joy to us you al - ways bring.
ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, You're a lilt - ing hap - py strain.
ra - cha, La Cu - ca - ra - cha, Oft your prais - es we re - peat.

Cielito Lindo

ARR.

Second stanza by

J. R. BAXTER, JR.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

C. FERNANDEZ

Arr.

1. There is a gar - den, a won - der - ful gar - den, With
2. There is a home - land, a beau - ti - ful home - land, Where

sun - shine and ro - mance and flow - ers; Love - land of hap - py
moon - light so soft - ly is gleam - ing; Bright land of lov - ers

hours, I call it the Heav - en beau - ti - ful....
dream - ing, I call it the home - land beau - ti - ful....

CHORUS

Gar - den of love,.... Beau - ti - ful Heav - en,.... Where rain - bows
Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay,.... Can - ta no llo - res,.... Por - que can -

bend to one hap - py end, And all the world sings, "I love you."
tan - do se al - e - gran, Cie - li - to Lin - do, los co - ra - zo - nes.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore dim - ly seen thru the mists of the deep, Where the foes haught - y
 3. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd

hail'd at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thru the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the
 home and foul war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous night, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
 heav'n re - sued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion!

And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thru the
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our

night that our flag was still there. Oh, say does that star - span - gled
 flect - ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, oh,
 mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star span - gled ban - ner in

The Star-Spangled Banner

ban - ner yet wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
 tri - umph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Long, Long Ago

T. H. B.

THOMAS H. BAYLY

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go;
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go?
 3. Tho' by your kind - ness my fond hopes were rais'd, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go,

Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 You by more el - o - quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have rov'd,
 Then, to all oth - ers, my smile you pre - ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - en with pride,

Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Still my heart treas - ures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Dixie

D. D. E.

DAN D. EMMETT

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a-
 2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter, Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fat-ter,

way! look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie
 Look a-way! look a-way! Look a-way!

Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in, Ear-ly on one
 Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab-ble to Dix-ie Land I'm

frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! look a-way!
 bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! look a-way!

CHORUS
 Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in
 Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!

Dixie

Dix - ie, Hoo-ray! hoo-ray! In Dix - ie - Land, I'll take my stand To
Hoo - ray! hoo-ray!

lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down south in
A - way, a - way,

Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.
A - way, a - way,

America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

HENRY CAREY

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa - thers' God to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

SPIRITUAL

hum.....

Swing low sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home;

hum..... hum.....

Swing low sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. I'm some - times up, and some - - times down,

Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home; A band of an - gels
Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home; Tell all my friends I'm
Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home; But still my soul feels

com - in' af - ter me, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.
com - in' in' too, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.
heav'n - ward bound, Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.

NEGRO LIFE and music have a definite place in Texas Centennial Celebration. To this end the United States Government is constructing a Hall of Negro Life at the Centennial Exposition in Dallas, and there will be housed the most comprehensive Negro exhibits ever presented to the world. Such recognition is appropriate in that the Negro has been an important participant in the development of many fields of human endeavor in Texas.

Further Negro activities at Central Exposition will be in the form of an All-Texas Chorus of Negro school children which will give concerts of characteristic racial music. Eminent Negro musicians and educational leaders are conducting this work and their efforts will be rewarded in a wider and more complete appreciation for the Negro's songs.

Ev'rybody Talkin' 'Bout Heab'n Ain't Goin' There

Arr.

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

SPIRITUAL

1. I got a shoes, you got a shoes, All God's chil-dren got a shoes;
 2. I got a harp, you got a harp, All God's chil-dren got a harp;
 3. I got a song, you got a song, All God's chil-dren got a song;
 4. I got a robe, you got a robe, All God's chil-dren got a robe;
 5. I got a crown, you got a crown, All God's chil-dren got a crown;

When I get to Heab-'n gon-na put on my shoes, Gon-na walk all
 When I get to Heab-'n gon-na play on my harp, Gon-na play all
 When I get to Heab-'n gon-na sing a new song, Gon-na sing all
 When I get to Heab-'n gon-na put on my robe, Gon-na shout all
 When I get to Heab-'n gon-na put on my crown, Gon-na shout all

o-ver God's Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Heab-'n; Ev-'ry-bod-y talk-in' 'bout
 o-ver God's Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Heab-'n; Ev-'ry-bod-y talk-in' 'bout

rit.
 Heab-'n ain't go-in' there, Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Gon-na walk all o-ver God's Heab-'n.
 Heab-'n ain't go-in' there, Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Gon-na play all o-ver God's Heab-'n.
 Heab-'n ain't go-in' there, Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Gon-na sing all o-ver God's Heab-'n.
 Heab-'n ain't go-in' there, Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Gon-na shout all o-ver God's Heab-'n.
 Heab-'n ain't go-in' there, Heab-'n, Heab-'n, Gon-na shout all o-ver God's Heab-'n.

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

SPIRITUAL

LEADER

CHORUS

O Lord!.....

And I could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, And I could - n't hear

no - bod - y pray; O way down yon - der by my - self, And I

1 FINE 2

1. In the val - ley!....
2. Chill - y wa - ters!....
3. Hal - le - lu - jah!....

could - n't hear no - bod - y pray. pray, I could - n't hear no - bod - y

On my knees!..... With my bur - den!....
In the Jor - dan!.... Cross - ing o - ver!....
Trou - bles o - ver!.... In the king - dom!....

pray, I could - n't hear no - bod - y pray, I

I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

D. C.

And my Sav-ior! ... O Lord!
 In - to Ca-naan!... O Lord!
 With my Je-sus!... O Lord!

could-n't hear no - bod - y pray, I could-n't hear no - bod - y pray.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Steal Away

Arr. Copyright, 1936, by P. L. Turner

Arr. by V. O. STAMPS

Arr.

Steal a - way, ... Steal a - way, ... Steal a - way, ... Steal a - way to

Je - sus; Steal a - way, ... Steal a - way home, I ain' got long to

stay here. 1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der,
 2. Green trees bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand a trem - blin',
 3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - nin',

The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul, I ain' got long to stay here.

The musical score is in 4/4 time and features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes chords and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are arranged in three verses, with the third verse providing a specific narrative context for the song.

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THIS collection of songs has been brought about to assist teachers in preparing school and community programs designed for Texas Centennial Celebrations in 1936. Teaching children an appreciation and love for the songs which depict the spirit and color of their homeland is as essential as teaching them its diversified history.

We have chosen these songs after conferring with music supervisors in close touch with singing Texas, and we believe these selections are representative not only of the songs of and about Texas, but also those songs of the Nation and the South best known and best loved by Texans.

—THE COMPILERS.

The Texas Centennial

a Prayer to the Past

a Challenge to the Future

AGAINST a brilliant background of romantic history, Texas pauses in 1936 to commemorate one hundred years of achievement as a unit of Anglo-America. To the memory of those rugged men and women who imbedded in this earth the seeds of empire, the Texas Centennial Celebrations are a fitting and just homage.

From crude beginnings, Texas has advanced to her rightful position of power and prestige. Her attainments through their own merits have been recognized by the world. The achievements of Texans in every phase of man's activity have contributed to her own advancement and that of the nation. Economically sound, politically powerful, and socially eager for a higher culture, Texas keeps in step on the rapid march toward a more universal civilization.

The eyes of Texas are to the rising sun of the ever-new day. Brilliant as her history is, more glamorous her future shall be. Within her hands Texas holds the key to the development of illimitable resources.

As the Texas Centennial is a reverent prayer to the past, so is it a spirited challenge to the future.