Level IV
Songs for Sight Singing
Treble Clef
Sightsinging #1

Early in the Morning
American folksong

Early in the morning at eight o'clock, I can hear the post-man's knock.

Up jumps Ella to open the door, one letter, two letters, three letters, four.

Sightsinging #2

Laughing, Singing
Cesar Bresgan (1913-1988)

Laughing, singing, laughing, singing, go the children over the hill,

la la la la la la la la la la la over the hill.
Sightsinging #3

May Day Carol

I've been a-wan-d'ring all the night, and the best part of the day, Now

I'm re-turn-ing home again, I bring you a branch of May.

Sightsinging #4

Skip to My Lou

American folksong
Sightsinging #5

The Swan

1. Sweetly the swan sings:
   do, de, ah, do,
   do, de, ah do,
   do, de, ah do.

Sightsinging #6

Come Thru 'na Hurry

Come thru 'na hurry,
Come thru 'na hurry,
Come thru 'na hurry,
Alabama gal.
Sightsinging #7

1.

2.

3.

4.

Sightsinging #8

White Sand and Grey Sand

Apollonian Harmony, 1790

1. White sand and grey sand,

2. Who'll buy my white sand?

3. Who'll buy my grey sand?

Old English street cry. Vendors would sell sand in the street for blotting ink after using a quill pen. New, white sand was expensive because it would absorb much ink. Grey sand was less expensive than white because it was used and could not blot as much ink.
Sightsinging #9

Riding in a Buggy

American folksong

Sightsinging #10

Calypso

Jan Holdstock

Any time you need a calypso, here is what you must do.

First of all you need a rhythm, so shake a little, shake a little, shake a little shaker and you

bang a drum and you sing and strum and then there's a calypso for you.
Sightsinging #11

American folksong

Sightsinging #12

Au Claire de la Lune

French folksong
Sightsinging #13

All Things Shall Perish

German

All things shall perish from under the sky,

Music alone shall live, music alone shall live,

Music alone shall live, never to die.

Sightsinging #14

Ally Bally

Scottish folksong
Sightsinging #19

Unknown

Sightsinging #20

'Tis the Gift to be Simple

Shaker hymn

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free, 'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be, And when we find ourselves in the place just right 'twill be in the valley of love and delight. When true simplicity is gained To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed, To turn, turn will be our delight 'till by turning, turning we come round right.
Sightsinging #21

1.

2.

3.

4.

Sightsinging #22

Russian
We Thank Thee for Our Daily Bread

1. We thank thee for our daily bread,

2. For blessings on this table spread,

3. O Father in heaven.
Sightsinging #25

Morning is Come
William H. Bradbury (1816-1868)

Morning is come, Night is away,

Rise with the sun and welcome the day.

Sightsinging #26

Come, Let's Dance
French, 13th century

Come, let's dance and sing a song together,

Come, we'll laugh and have a jolly time.
Sightsinging #27

The Lone Star Trail

American Cowboy Song

I started on the trail on June twenty-third; I been punching Texas cattle on the Lone Star Trail. Singing ki-yi-yip-pi yap-pi yay, yap-pi yay, Singing ki-yi-yip-pi yap-pi yay.

O Jesus, Sweet Jesus

from "The Diapason"

1. O Jesus, sweet Jesus we sing now to Thee.

2. We praise Thee and thank Thee for all that we see.

3. Jesus makes us happy and free.
Sightsinging #29

Fruitful Fields

from "The Hallelujah"

1. Fruitful fields are waving, With the yellow grain;

2. Peaceful herds are grazing, On the verdant plain.

Sightsinging #30

Now All the Woods Are Waking

Max Exner

1. Now all the woods are waking, the sun is rising high,

2. Wake up now, get up now, before the dew is dry.
Sightsinging #31

Oh, How Lovely is the Evening

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,

When the bells are sweetly ringing, sweetly ringing,

Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

Sightsinging #32

Great Tom is Cast

Henry Lawes (1595-1662)

Great Tom is cast, and

Christ Church bells ring; One, two three, four, five,

six, and Tom comes last.

Note: Tom is the name of the largest bell at Christ Church, Oxford, England.
Sightsinging #33

Do, re, mi, fa

School Round Book, 1852

I'm quite tired of this sol-fa-ing. I've forgot all you've been saying.

Sightsinging #34

Conditur Kirie

Pammelia, 1609

Con-di-tur Kir-i-e om-ni-um qui vi-vunt, Kir-i-e.
Sightsinging #35

The Swan

A. 

Sweetly the swan sings do, de ah do, do, de, ah, do, do, de, ah, do.

B. 

C. 

Sightsinging #36

Skip to My Lou

A. 

B. 

C.
Sightsinging #37

White Sand and Grey Sand

1. White sand and grey sand,

2. Who'll buy my white sand?

3. Who'll buy my grey sand?

Sightsinging #38

What a Goodly Thing

1. What a goodly thing

2. If the children of the world

Could dwell together in peace.
Sightsinging #39

Sing, Sing Together

1. Sing, sing together merrily, merrily sing;

2. Sing, sing together, merrily, merrily sing.

3. Sing, sing, sing.

Sightsinging #40

Autumn Canon

Lajos Bardos

1. Fly, fly, fly

2. —— the leaf takes leave of the

3. branch, Breezes are strong,

4. winter is coming.
Sightsinging #41

Rise Up, O Flame

Christoph Praetorius (d. 1609)

1. Rise up, o flame by thy light glowing,
2. Show to us beauty, vision and joy.

Sightsinging #42

Old Abram Brown

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone, You'll never see him more;

He used to wear a long brown coat that button'd down before.

Benjamin Britten
Sightsinging #43

**Brother Martin**

1. Brother Martin, Brother Martin,

2. wake awake, wake, awake,

3. bells are ringing, the bells are ringing,

4. Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding.

Sightsinging #44

**British**

1. 

2. 

3. 

4. 
Sightsinging #45

Wayfaring Stranger

I'm just a poor way-faring stranger, A-trav'ling through this world of woe, But there's no sickness, toil nor danger, In that bright world to which I go. I'm going there to meet my father, I'm going there no more to roam, I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.

Sightsinging #46

Boots of Shining Leather

If you'd dance them you must have boots of shining leather.

Money in your pocketbook, In your cap a feather.

But if you would sing with me, You don't need a cent you see, So come and sing together! if you'd dance then you must have boots of shining leather! Oh!
Sightsinging #47

Are You Sleeping?

1. Are you sleeping? Are you sleeping?

2. Brother John, Brother John.

3. Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing.

4. Ding, dang, dong, ding, dang, dong.

Sightsinging #48

Brother Martin

1. Brother Martin, Brother Martin,

2. Wake, awake, wake, awake, The

3. Bells are ringing, the bells are ringing.

4. Ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, dong, ding.
Sightsinging #49

Left, Right

Max Exner

1. Left, right! You're wrong, it's not right, it's left, and you'll

2. 

3. find it left right where you left it. That's right!

4. 

Sightsinging #50

Henay Ma Tov

Israeli
Sightsinging #51

One Bottle of Pop

traditional British round

V1
Fish & chips & vin-e-gar, vin-e-gar, vin-e-gar,

V2
Don't throw your trash in my back - yard, my back - yard, my back - yard,

V3
One bot-tle of pop, two bot-tle of pop, three bot-tle of pop, four bot-tle of pop,

Fish & chips & vin-e-gar, vin-e-gar & pop.

Don't throw your trash in my back - yard, my back - yard’s full.

five bot-tle of pop, six bot-tle of pop sev-en bot-tles of pop.
Sightsinging #52

Have You Seen the Ghost of John?

1. Have you seen the ghost of John?

2. Long white bones and the rest all gone,

3. Ooh, ooh,

4. Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin on?

Sightsinging #53

Erie Canal

American work song

I got a mule, her name is Sal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. She's a good old work-er and a good old pal, Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal. We've hauled some barges in our day, Filled with lumber coal and hay, And we know every inch of the way From Albany to Buffalo.
Sightsinging #54

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Many think the song Cock Robin is a British nursery rhyme. However, historians believe that Cock Robin refers to Robert Walpole, a British politician in the 1700's, often thought of as the first prime minister. The song, therefore, is political satire. Another theory is that the words are an homage to Robin Hood.

1. Who killed Cock Robin? Who killed Cock Robin?
2. Who killed Robin? Who killed Robin?

"I," said the sparrow, "with my little bow and arrow, it was I, oh it was I."

2. Who saw him die? Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly, "with my little teensy eye, it was I, oh, it was I."

3. Who caught his blood? Who caught his blood?
"I," said the fish, "with my little silver dish, it was I, oh, it was I."

4. Who made his coffin? Who made his coffin?
"I," said the snipe, "with my little pocket knife, it was I, oh, it was I."

5. Who made his shroud? Who made his shroud?
"I," said the beetle, "with my little sewing needle, it was I, oh, it was I."

6. Who dug his grave? Who dug his grave?
"I," said the crow, "with my little spade and hoe, it was I, oh, it was I."

7. Who let him down? Who let him down?
"I," said the crane, "with my little golden chain, it was I, oh, it was I."

8. Who pat his grave? Who pat his grave?
"I," said the duck, "with my big old splatter foot, it was I, oh, it was I."

9. Who preached his funeral? Who preached his funeral?
"I," said the swallow, "just as loud as I could holler, it was I, oh, it was I."
Sightsinging #55

Verses

Maiden, Maiden, tell me true,
Listen, I've an answer for you,

What can grow without the dew?
Stones can grow without the dew.

What can burn for years and years?
Love can burn for years and year,

What can cry and shed no tears?
Hearts can cry and shed no tears.

Chorus

Tum balalaika, tum balalaika, tum balalaika, tum balalaika,
Tum balalaika, tum balalaika, tum balalaika,
Tum balalaika, tum balalaika, tum balalaika,
Tum balalaika, tum balalaika, tum balalaika, tum balalaika.
Sightsinging #56

My Good Old Man

*Mysteriously*

1. Where are you going, my good old man?

2. Oo_________ my good old man.

3. Where are you going my sugar, my lamb?

4. Oo_________ my sugar, my lamb.

5. Best old man in the world.

(Spoken) To market

6. Best old man in the world, Best old man in the world.

2. What will you buy there, my good old man?
   What will you buy there, my sugar, my lamb?
   Best old man in the world. *(Spoken) Bushel of eggs.*

3. Bushel will kill you, my good old man,
   Bushel will kill you, my sugar, my lamb.
   Best old man in the world.
   *(Spoken) Don't care if it does.*

4. What for to die, my good old man?
   What for to die my sugar, my lamb.
   Best old man in the world.
   *(Spoken) So I can haunt you.*

5. Why will you haunt me, my good old man?
   Why will you haunt me, my sugar, my lamb.
   Best old man in the world.
   *(Spoken) So I can always be near you.*
Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill

C. Connolly & T. Casey, 1888

Every morning at seven o'clock there were twenty tarriers a-

workin' at the rock, and the boss comes a-long and he says "Keep still!" And six feet round. She baked good bread and she baked it well, and she

come down heavy on the cast-iron drill. And drill, ye tarri-ers, drill.

baked it hard as the holes of hall.

Drill ye tarri-ers, drill. For it's work all day for the

sugar in your tay, Down behind the railway, and

Drill, ye tarri-ers, drill, and blast, and fire.

Tarriers were unskilled Irish railroad workers who were stationed beside the steam drills to remove loosened rock.
Sightsinging #58

When Jesus wept

William Billings (1746-1800)

1. When Jesus wept the falling tear,

2. In mercy flowed beyond all bound.

3. When Jesus groaned a trembling fear

4. Seized all the guilty world around.
Winds of Peace

1. Winds of peace—flow gently through us,
2. Gent-ly now with love re-new us.

blow away the world's deep pain,

Bring-ing peace on earth to reign.
Sightsinging #61

There is No Sorrow

Robert Burrell (1956-)

There is no sorrow
like the lonely,
there is no suffering like
those without love.

Sing as a partner song with:

Sightsinging #62

Rise Up, O Flame

C. Praetorius (d. 1609)

1. 
Rise up, o flame

2. 
by thy light glowing,

3. 
Show to us beauty, vision and joy.
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