

CLEVELAND STROKE CLUB

Sing a long

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Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here

What the heck do we care?

What the heck do we care?

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!

What the heck do we care now?



Give My Regards to Broadway

4

Give my regards to Broadway

Remember me to Herald Square

Tell all the gang on Forty-second Street

That I will soon be there.

Whisper of how I'm yearning

To mingle with the old-time throng;

Give my regards to old Broadway

And say that I'll be there, e'er long



Alexander's Ragtime Band

5

Come on and hear, come on and hear,

Alexander's Ragtime Band.

Come on and hear, come on and hear,

It's the best band in the land.

They can play a bugle call

Like you never heard before,

So natural that you want to go to war,

It's just the best band in the land, honey land, honey lamb.

Come on along, come on along

Let me take you by the hand

Up to the man, up to the man

Whose the leader of the band.

And if you care to hear the "Swanee River"

Played in ragtime,

Come on and hear, come on and hear.

Alexander's Rag time band



Smiles

6

There are smiles that make us happy,

There are smiles that make us blue;

There are smiles that steal away the teardrops

As the sunbeams steal away the dew.

There are smiles that have a tender meaning

That the eyes of love alone may see,

And the smiles that fill life with sunshine

Are the smiles that you give to me.



School days, school days,

Dear old golden rule days

Readin', and writin', and 'righmetic

Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.

You were my queen in calico,

I was your bashful, barefoot beau,

And you wrote on my slate, "I love you so"

When we were a couple of kids.

School Days



My wild Irish rose,

The sweetest flow'r that grows.

You may search everywhere

But none can compare

With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose

The dearest flow'r that grows

And someday for my sake

She may let me take

The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

My Wild Irish Rose



When Irish eyes are smiling

Sure it's like a morn in spring.

In the lilt of Irish laughter

You can hear the angels sing.

When Irish hearts are happy

All the world seems bright and gay

And when Irish eyes are smiling

Sure they steal your heart away.

When Irish Eyes
are Smiling



Shine On, Harvest Moon

10

Shine on, shine on, harvest moon,

Up in the sky,

I ain't had no lovin' since

January, February, June or July.

Snow time ain't no time to stay indoors and spoon

So shine on, shine on, harvest moon.

For me and my gal.



America

11

My country 'tis of thee

Sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died!

Land of the Pilgrim's pride!

From every mountainside let freedom ring.



Yankee Doodle Boy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy.

A Yankee Doodle, do or die;

A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,

Born on the fourth of July

I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,

She's my Yankee Doodle Joy.

Yankee Doodle came to London

Just to ride the ponies.

I am that Yankee Doodle boy.



Over there, over there,

Send the word, send the word over there,

That the Yanks are coming,

The Yanks are coming,

The Drums rum-tumming everywhere;

So prepare, say a prayer,

Send the word, send the word to beware,

We'll be over, we're coming over,

And we won't be back till it's over, over there.

Over There



Oh! How I hate to Get Up in the Morning

14

Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning.

Oh! How I'd love to remain in bed;

For the hardest blow of all

Is to hear the bugler call;

You've got to get up,

You've got to get up,

You've got to get up this morning!

Someday I'm going to murder the bugler,

Someday they're going to find him dead;

I'll amputate his reveille,

And step upon it heavily

And spend the rest of my life in bed.



There's a Long, Long Trail

15

There's a long, long trail a-winding

Into the land of my dreams,

Where the nightingales are singing

And the white moon beams.

There's a long, long night of waiting

Until my dreams all come true,

Till the day when I'll be going

Down that long, long trail with you



America, the Beautiful

16

O beautiful for spacious skies,

For amber waves of grain,

For purple mountain majesties

Above the fruited plain.

America! America! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea



Love's Old Sweet Song

17

Just a song at twilight

When the lights are low;

And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go.

Tho' the heart be weary

Sad the day and long

Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,

Comes love's old sweet song.



You Made Me Love You

18

You made me love you;

I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it.

You made me love you;

And all the time you knew it.

I guess you always knew it.

You made me happy sometimes, you made me glad

But there were times, dear,

You made me feel so bad



Let Me Call You Sweetheart

19

Let me call you sweetheart,

I'm in love with you

Let me hear you whisper

That you love me, too.

Keep the lovelight shining in your eyes so true.

Let me call you sweetheart,

I'm in love with you



For Me and My Gal

20

The bells are ringing for me and my gal,

The birds are singing for me and my gal.

Everybody's been knowing

To a wedding they're going,

And for weeks they've been sewing,

Every Susie and Sal.

They're congregating for me and my gal.

The parson's waiting for me and my gal.

And someday I'm going to build a little home for two

For three or four or more

In love land, for me and my gal.



I Love You Truly

21

I love you truly, truly dear.

Live 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 you love truly, truly dear.



I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

22

I wonder who's kissing her now.

I wonder who's teaching her how.

I wonder who's looking into her eyes,

Breathing sighs, telling lies!

I wonder who's buying the wine

For lips that I used to call mine.

I wonder if she ever tells him of me.

I wonder who's kissing her now.



When you wore a tulip,

A sweet yellow tulip,

And I wore a big red rose,

When you caressed me

'Twas then heaven blessed me,

What blessing no one knows.

You made life cheery

When you called me dearie,

'Twas down where the blue grass grows.

Your lips were sweeter than julep

When you wore that tulip

And I wore a big red rose

When You Wore a Tulip



Oh! You Beautiful Doll

24

Oh! You beautiful doll,

You great big beautiful doll,

Let me put my arms around you;

I could never live without you.

Oh! You beautiful doll,

You great big beautiful doll,

If you ever leave me,

How my heart will ache.

I want to hug you, but I fear you'd break

Oh! Oh! Oh!oh! Oh! You beautiful doll.



Red River Valley

25

From this valley they say you are going,

We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile

For they say you are taking the sunshine

Which has brightened our pathway awhile

****Come and sit by my side if you love me;

****Do not hasten to bid me adieu,

****But remember the Red River Valley,

****And the girl that has loved you so true

As you go to your home by the ocean,

May you never forget those sweet hours

That we spent in the Red River Valley,

And the love we exchanged 'mid flowers.

****Come and sit by my side if you love me;

****Do not hasten to bid me adieu,

****But remember the red River Valley,

****And the girl that has loved you so true



My Bonnie

26

My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My Bonnie lies over the sea,

My Bonnie lies over the ocean

Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me to me.

Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean

Oh, blow, ye winds, over the sea,

Oh, blow, ye winds over the ocean

Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me to me.

Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back my Bonnie to me.



Bicycle Built for Two

27

Daisy, Daisy,

Give me your answer do,

I'm half crazy all for the love of you.

It won't be a stylish marriage,

I can't afford a carriage;

But you'll look sweet upon the seat

Of a bicycle built for two



Memories

28

Memories, memories,

Dreams of love so true,

O're the sea of memory

I'm drifting back to you,

Childhood days, wildwood days,

Among the birds and bees,

You left me alone,

But still you're my own

In my beautiful memories.



Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

29

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Comin' for to carry me home!

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Comin' for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see,

Comin' for to carry me home?

A band of angels comin' after me,

Comin for to carry me home

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Comin' for to carry me home!

Swing low, sweet chariot,

Comin' for to carry me home

If you get there before I do,

Comin for to carry me home!

Tell all my friends I'm comin' there, too

Comin' for to carry me home!



Home on the Range

30

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,

Where the deer and the antelope play,

Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,

And the skies are not cloudy all day.

****Home, home on the range,

****Where the deer and the antelope play,

****Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,

****And the skies are not cloudy all day

How often at night when the heavens are bright

With the light from the glittering stars,

Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed,

If their glory exceeds that of ours.

****Home, home on the range,

****Where the deer and the antelope play,

****Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,

****And the skies are not cloudy all day



Take Me Out to the Ball Game

31

Take me out to the ball game,

Take me out with the crowd

Buy me some peanuts and Crackerjack,

I don't care if I never get back.

And it's root, root, root for the home team,

If they don't win it's a shame,

For it's one, two three strikes you're out

At the old ball game



Till We Meet Again

32

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,

When the clouds roll by I'll come to you;

Then the skies will seem more blue

Down in lover's lane, my dearie.

Wedding bells will ring so merrily,

Ev'ry tear will be a memory.

So wait and pray each night for me,

Till we meet again

