

# Miss Mary Mack

(Four times - faster each time)

Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack  
All dressed in black, black, black  
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons  
All down her back, back, back.

She asked her mother, mother, mother  
For 50 cents, cents, cents  
To see the elephants, elephants, elephants  
Jump over the fence, fence, fence.

They jumped so high, high, high  
They reached the sky, sky, sky  
And they didn't come back, back, back  
'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!

# Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be sim-ple, 'tis the gift to be free  
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,  
And when we find our-selves in the place just right,  
'Twill be in the val-ley of love and delight.

When true sim-pli-city is gained,  
To bow and to bend we shan't be a-shamed,  
To turn, turn will be our de-light,  
Till by turn-ing, turn-ing we come 'round right.

'Tis a gift, to be sim-ple  
'Tis a gift, to be free  
When we find we're filled with de-light  
We will be in a place just right  
Turn-ing, Turn-ing, Turn-ing, Turn-ing  
Turn-ing, Turn-ing, come 'round\_\_\_ right  
Turn-ing, Turn-ing, filled with de-light  
By turn-ing, turn-ing we come 'round right  
Come 'round right.

## Group A

'Tis the gift to be sim-ple, 'tis the gift to be free  
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,  
And when we find our-selves in the place just right,  
'Twill be in the val-ley of love and delight.

When true sim-pli-city is gained,  
To bow and to bend we shan't be a-shamed,  
To turn, turn will be our de-light,  
Till by turn-ing, turn-ing we come 'round right.

## Group B

'Tis a gift, to be sim-ple  
'Tis a gift, to be free  
When we find we're filled with de-light  
We will be in a place just right  
Turn-ing, Turn-ing, Turn-ing, Turn-ing  
Turn-ing, Turn-ing, come 'round\_\_\_ right  
Turn-ing, Turn-ing, filled with de-light  
By turn-ing, turn-ing we come 'round right

(Last time only) Come 'round right.

# Give My Regards to George M. Cohan

Give my re-gards to Broad-way  
Re-mem-ber me to Her-ald Square  
Tell all the gang at For-ty Sec-ond Street that I will soon be there  
Whis-per of how I'm yearn-ing  
to min-gle with the old time throng  
Give my re-gards to old Broad-way and say that I'll be there, e're long.

Im a Yan-kee Doo-dle Dan-dy  
A Yan-kee Doo-dle do or die  
A real live neph-ew of my un-cle Sam's  
Born on the Fourth of Ju-ly  
I've got a Yan-kee Doo-dle sweet-heart  
She's my Yan-kee Doo-dle joy  
Yan-kee Doo-dle came to Lon-don just to ride the po-nies  
I am a Yan-kee Doo-dle boy.

You're a grand old flag  
You're a high-flying flag  
And forever in peace may you wave  
You're the emblem of  
The land I love  
The home of the free and the brave  
Ev'ry heart beats true  
'neath the red, white and blue  
Where there's never a boast or brag  
But should old acquaintance be forgot  
Keep your eye on the grand old...

(Ending)

<u>Group A</u>	<u>Group B</u>
I'm a Yan-kee Doo-dle Dan-dy	Flag_____
Give my re-gards to Broad-way!!!!	Keep your eye on_____ the Grand old Flag