Worcester Salt
SONG BOOK

Look for the familiar Orange Boxes

Worcester Iodized Salt
The Vitalizing Salt
Prevents Simple Goiter

Worcester Ivory Salt
The Salty Salt
Flows Freely

ALL JOIN IN THE SINGING

COMPLIMENTS

WORCESTER SALT COMPANY
150 Causeway Street Boston, Mass.

Refineries:
Silver Springs, N. Y.
Piffard, N. Y.
Ecorse, Mich.

Other Offices:
New York, Chicago, Charlotte,
Columbus, Buffalo
Detroit, Philadelphia
WORCESTER SALT

Tune, "John Brown's Body"

A man went into a grocery store,
    His mind was ill at ease;
He bought some pork and lard and tea,
    And butter and eggs and cheese,
There's something I've forgotten, said he,
    It isn't soap or peas,
What can that thing be?

Chorus
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Hallelujah,
He wanted Worcester Salt.

A baker baked some loaves of bread,
    They tasted flat and sour,
He put in lard and sugar and milk,
    And also yeast and flour.
Now what do you think, this careless gink
    Forgot what made it sour,
He left out Worcester Salt.

Chorus
Glory, glory, etc.,
He left out Worcester Salt.
1

AMERICA
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 ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

2

STEIN SONG
Give a rouse, then, in the May-time for a life that knows no fear!
Turning night-time into day-time with the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

CHORUS
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.

3

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so—
Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag
And smile, smile, smile.

4

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE
Oh how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day, I pray you're always mine,
Sweetheart, may God bless you, Angel hands caress you
While sweet dreams rest you, dear old pal of mine.
5 THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER
The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be;
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends—
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

6 IN THE GARDEN OF TOMORROW
In the garden of tomorrow
Will the roses be more fair
Will we find relief from sorrow
Will there be more sunshine there—
Of the love-flowers that will blossom
Some will die and fade away—
Oh I'd so much rather,
All my love-flowers gather,
From the garden of today.

7 FLAG OF MY LAND
Up to the breeze of the morning I fling you,
Blending your folds with the dawn in the sky;
There let the people behold you and bring you
Love and devotion that never shall die.
Proudly agaze at your glory I stand,
Flag of my land! Flag of my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,
Tho' of strange nations we get our increase.
Here are your worshippers one in devotion,
Whether the bugles blow battle or peace.
Take us and make us your patriot band,
Flag of my land! Flag of my land!

3 THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET
Words—Samuel Woodworth Music—E. Kiallmark
How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

CHORUS
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
9  

ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay.
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay—where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.

Copyright, The John Church Co.

10  

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark clouds shining,
Turn the dark clouds inside out,
Till the boys come home.

11  

MEDLEY OF OLD TIMERS

Eastside, Westside, all around the town,
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie,"
"London Bridge is falling down."
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

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 on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could see,
And the voice that I heard,
Like the song of a bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the soft hum of the bee—
In the blossoms, as you said to me—
With a heart that is true,
I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree.

I don't care what becomes of me,
When you play me that sweet melody,
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay,
My heart wants to holler "hurray!"
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
Home was never like this,
E-Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay!
SMILES

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 my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

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New York and Detroit

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

Every morning, every evening, ain't we got fun?
Not much money, oh but honey, ain't we got fun?
The rent’s unpaid dear, and we can’t afford a bus,
But smiles were made, dear, for people like us.
In the winter, in the summer, don’t we have fun?
Times are bum and getting bummer, still we have fun.
There’s nothing surer, the rich get rich and the poor get poorer,
In the meantime, in between time, ain’t we got fun?

HUMMING

Keep on humming, altho’ the skies are grey,
Keep on humming, till trouble flies away;
Bright days are coming, sunshine and cheer,
Just keep on humming, sadness will disappear,
Keep on humming, the world will smile at you,
Sunbeams your love dreams will be,
Just hum a song as you travel along,
Keep right on humming with me.

Copyright, T. B. Harms, Inc.
(From "Tip Top")

MAMMY

Mammy, Mammy,
The sun shines east, the sun shines west,
But I’ve just found where the sun shines best.
Mammy, Mammy,
My heartstrings are tangled around Alabamy.
I’se a-comin’, sorry that I made you wait;
I’se a-comin’, hope and pray I’m not too late.
Mammy, Mammy,
I’d walk a million miles for one of your smiles,
My Mammy.

Copyright, Irving Berlin, Inc.
THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long;
I'm a-growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Thro' my memory,
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

CHORUS

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,—
Where the nightingales are singing,
And a 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.

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GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

Good night, ladies, good night ladies,
Good night ladies, we're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along o'er the deep blue sea.

JINGLE BELS

CHORUS

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

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.

Users Sing the Praises of Worcester Salt
BUBBLES

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air,
They fly so high—
   Nearly touch the sky,
Then like my dreams
   They fade and die.
Fortune's always hiding—
   I've looked everywhere,
I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

By G. Clifton Bingham and J. L. Molloy

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song,
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

CHORUS

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Though 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.

A PERFECT DAY

By Carrie Jacobs Bond

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
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 a memory has painted this perfect day
In colors that never fade.
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.
23 WE'LL ALL GO HOME THE SAME WAY

We'll all go home the same way,
We'll all go up the hill,
We'll all go home the same way,
'Round by the mill.
We've been very merry
Since we began to dine,
And we'll meet again
Some other time,
For auld lang syne.

HARRY LAUDER.

24 IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time, in the good old summer time,
Strolling down the shady lanes with your Baby Mine,
You hold her hand and she holds yours, and that's a very good sign
That she's your Tootsey Wootsey, in the good old summer time.

25 OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by "hard times" comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady, oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucly home far away.

26 OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee ribber, far, far, away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ever, dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for de old folks at home.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and dreary, everywhere I roam.
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home.

Users Sing the Praises of Worcester Salt 9
The Quilting Party

In the sky the bright stars glittered
On the banks the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

The Love Nest

Just a love nest, cozy and warm,
Like a dove rest down on the farm,
A veranda with some sort of clinging vine,
Then a kitchen where some rambler roses twine.
Then a small room, tea set of blue,
Best of all room, dream room for two,
Better than a palace with a gilded dome
Is a love nest you can call home.

Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

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!
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,
Some day 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.

Yankee Doodle (Up to Date)

Worcester Salt is all the rage,
And all who use it profit;
And Mac is always satisfied,
When others try to knock it.

CHORUS

Worcester Salt is dandy fine,
Worcester Salt's a seller;
You don't believe it's so,
Why, you're a foolish feller.
31

COMRADES

CHORUS

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
Comrades, when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might betide,
When danger threatened, my darling old comrade was there by my side.

32

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS

Then I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

33

HOW-DY

Now when we meet together,
Together, together,
No matter what the weather,
Or what the time of day,
Let's grab a hand and shake it,
And shake it, and shake it,
And as for greeting, make it
That good old-fashioned way:

CHORUS

How-dy do, Bill,
How-dy do, Phil,
How-dy do, Jim and Jack,
How-dy do, George and Mac,
How-dy do, Fred,
How-dy do, Ed,
How-dy do, Tom and Lou,
How-dy do.

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Users Sing the Praises of Worcester Salt
SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away;
But my darling, you will be—will be
Always young and fair to me.
Yes, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS
Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.

MOTHER MACHREE

CHORUS
Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me.
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day;
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowing,
Wake up so early in the morn,
Don't you hear the driver calling:
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS
Home, Home, Home, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.
38  LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
Let me call you “Sweetheart,” I’m in love with you;
Let me hear you whisper that you love me, too;
Keep the love-light glowing in your eyes so true,
Let me call you “Sweetheart,” I’m in love with you.

39  KEEP ON HOPING
Keep on looking for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hoping that the sun will rise;
Keep on singing when the whole world sighs,—
And you’ll get there in the morning.

Keep on sowing when you’ve missed the crops,
Keep on dancing when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,—
And you’ll get there in the morning.

Keep on trusting in the cause of Right,
Keep on looking to the dawn of Light,
Keep on fighting till you’ve won the fight,—
And you’ll get there, and you’ll get there
In the morning.

40  SING! SING! SING!
(Tune: “My Hero.”)
Sing, sing, sing for the singing the whole day long;
Sing, sing, voices are ringing with heartfelt song,
Sing, sing, what ever betide you;
Sing for the joy of the song that’s inside you;
Sing, song’s the thing,
Sing, sing, loving the singing, just
Sing, sing, sing.

41  LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY
With someone like you,
A pal good and true,
I’d like to leave it all behind
And go and find
Some place that’s known
To God alone—
Just a spot to call our own.
We’ll find perfect peace
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We’ll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

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Users Sing the Praises of Worcester Salt  13
IT'S A FINE THING TO SING
Oh, it's a fine thing to sing,
Singing is the thing;
It brightens everything, when dark and dreary—
It helps you on the road, when you have a heavy load;
   Singing is the thing to make you cheery.
   Harry Lauder

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'
Roamin' in the gloamin'
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wae my lassie by my side,
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best,
Oh, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.
   Harry Lauder

THERE'S A WEE HOUSE
There's a wee hoose 'mang the heather,
   There's a wee hoose o'er the sea,
There's a lassie in that wee hoose
   Waitin' patiently for me.
She's the picture o' perfection,
   Oh, I wouldn't tell a lee,
If ye seen her, ye would love her,
   Just the same as me.
   Harry Lauder

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER
Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

IN THE GARDEN OF TOMORROW
In the garden of tomorrow
   Will the roses be more fair?
Will we find relief from sorrow?
   Will there be more sunshine there? —
Of the love-flowers that will blossom
   Some will die and fade away—
Oh I'd so much rather,
   All my love-flowers gather
From the garden of today.
WORCESTER SALT
(Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean)

Good salt is the need of all nations,
   And Worcester is the best, you'll agree;
It should always be used in your rations
   The reason is plain as can be.
For fifty years it has stood all the tests
Being the strongest, purest, and best.
And we know our bread is all right
When salted with real Worcester Salt.

Chorus
   When salted with real Worcester Salt,
      When salted with real Worcester Salt,
      It assures us our bread is all right
      When salted with real Worcester Salt.

To Worcester we pledge sincere devotion
   The salt that is as pure as can be.
It is known from ocean to ocean,
   And all sing its praises you see.
All the bread-makers here now assembled
   Know that it has not a single fault,
And for results they never need to tremble
   Three cheers then for Worcester Salt.

Chorus
   Three cheers then for Worcester Salt,
      Three cheers then for Worcester Salt,
      And may it forever prosper
      Three cheers then for Worcester Salt.
unrivaled for cooking

wax wrapped carton

Always uniform
Smooth fine grain
Saves time
and energy
Kiln dried
Easy to handle

Users Sing the Praises of Worcester Salt