

Reuben (Rachel), Reuben (Rachel) I've
been thinking
Life would be so easy then;
What a lovely world this would be
If there were no tiresome men (if you'd
leave it to the men).

Reuben (Rachel), Reuben (Rachel) I've
been thinking
If we went beyond the seas,
All the men (girls) would follow after
Like a swarm of humble (honey) bees.

58. THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (70)

East Side, West Side,
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.

59. GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE (20)

The ship is sailing down the bay,
Goodbye, my lover, good-bye;
We may not meet for many a day,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
My heart will ever more be true,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
Tho' now we sadly say adieu,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

Refrain:

By-low, my baby, By-low my baby,
By-low, my baby,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

Then cheer up till we meet again,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
I'll try to bear my weary pain,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!
Tho' far I roam across the sea,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye;
My every thought of you shall be,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!

60. SOME FOLKS DO (23)

Some folks like to sigh
Some folks do, Some folks do;
Some folks long to die,
But that's not me nor you.

Refrain:

Long live the merry, merry heart
That laughs by night and day,
Like the queen of mirth,
No matter what some folks say.

Some folks fear to smile
Some folks do, Some folks do;
Others laugh thro' guile,
But that's not me nor you.

Some folks fret and scold
Some folks do, Some folks do;
Others' hearts are cold,
But that's not me nor you.

61. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE (19)

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
Where we sat in the long, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill,
Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.
And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done,
Let us sing of the days that are gone,
Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then;
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
A spray by the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were,
Maggie,
When you and I were young.
And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done,
Let us sing of the days that are gone,
Maggie,
When you and I were young.

62. WAIT FOR THE WAGON (37)

Will you come with me, my Phyllis dear,
To yon blue mountain free?
Where blossoms smell the sweetest.
Come rove along with me.
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, dear,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon
And all take a ride.

" E V E R Y B O D Y S I N G S "
