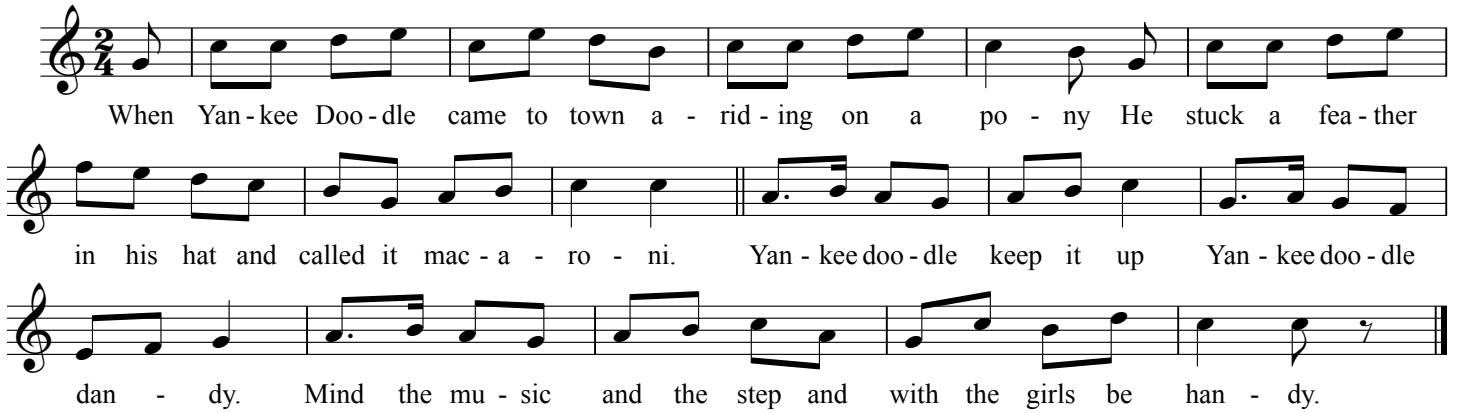


# The Hills Sing the Old Songs

improvisation designed  
by Pamela J. Marshall

## Yankee Doodle



When Yan-kee Doo-dle came to town a - rid - ing on a po - ny He stuck a fea - ther  
in his hat and called it mac - a - ro - ni. Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up Yan - kee doo - dle  
dan - dy. Mind the mu - sic and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

## Old Folks at Home



Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a - way. That's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er.  
That's where the old folks stay. All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I  
roam, Still long-ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.  
All the world is sad and drea - ry, Ev - 'ry - where I \_\_\_\_\_ roam,  
Oh! Lord-y, how my heart grows wear - y, \_\_\_\_\_ Far from the old folks at home.

## Tramp Tramp Tramp



In the pri-son cell I sit, Thin-king Mo-ther dear of you, And our bright and hap-py home so far a - way, And the  
tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do Though I try to cheer my co-mrades and be gay.  
Tramp! tramp! tramp! The boys are march - ing Cheer up com - rades, They will come. And be-  
neath the star - ry flag We shall breathe the air a - gain Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

# Long Long Ago

Tune - Two players can play this together, improvising as one

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go, Sing me the songs I de-  
light-ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go, Now you are come all my grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so  
long you have roved. Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

# Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the wes - tern sea, \_\_\_\_\_  
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the wes - tern sea! \_\_\_\_\_  
O - ver the rol - ling wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow,  
Blow him a - gain to me, \_\_\_\_\_ While my lit - tle one, While my pret - ty one, Sleeps.

# When Johnny Comes Marching Home

When John-ny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur - rah! \_\_\_\_\_ Hur - rah! \_\_\_\_\_ We'll give him a hear - ty  
wel - come then Hur - rah! \_\_\_\_\_ Hur - rah! \_\_\_\_\_ The\_ men will cheer and the boys will shout The\_  
la - dies they\_ will all turnout And we'll all feel gay when John-ny comes march - ing home. \_\_\_\_\_



## **The Hills Sing the Old Songs**

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The basic idea is nostalgia, with tunes emerging out of silence, out of accompanimental background, as fragments barely remembered, as twisted fragments remembered badly.

Don't play too much. Let the textures be open. If thickly layered textures build up, let them also unwind by playing less and less until the texture is open again.

The tunes are all given in the key of C. Transpose if you want to create some bitonality.

Texture ideas:

Long notes or silence. Melody fragments.

Angular fragments. Jaunty tunes.

Duet with someone else.

Set up an accompaniment for someone else's melody.

Add something outrageous. React to something outrageous.

Sing the words.