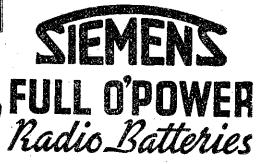


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Songs of All Ages WHY DO THEY LIVE

Friday, July 15, 1938.

(Continued from page 9.)

a place of peace and content—not only for the negroes, but in the mind of everyone who hears those old haunting strains.

SUCH songs as "Home Sweet Home" and "Swanee River" are songs of nostalgia. But there are other immortals that are martial and robust, born often in times of trouble when a shaken people sought relief in song and music. Inspired words found fame when they were set to some familiar tune.
"Star-Spangled Banner," for in-

stance, was written by Francis Scott Key during the war of 1812, as he watched the bombardment of Fort McHenry. The lyric was set to the tune of an English drinking song. "Anacreon in Heaven."

"VANKEE DOODLE," a song first sung to make fun of the young American colonists, became the patriotic hymn of the Revolution. But where the tune originated is rather puzzling, for it bears a resemblance to a Dutch nursery song, a German street song, an old English country dance, a folk tune from the Pyrenees, and another from Hungary. Researches into song history seem to indicate it was taken, over 1000 years ago, from a chant in the old churches of Italy. The song meandered to the sunny vineyards of Southern Europe, where the peasants soon devised simple words for it, and thence to Spain, France, and Holland.

By 1650 "Yankee Doodle" had entered the households of England as a popular ballad. In the days of the Commonwealth, it was used to ridicule Oliver Cromwell when he came riding from Canterbury to London stiffly astride his Kentish pony. On his head he wore his tiny round cap, sporting a feather which had obviously known better days. The Cavalier wags made the most of it, and soon London was singing its mockery aloud:

"Yankee Doodle came to town Upon a Kentish pony, Stuck a feather in his cap

And called him Macaroni." Incidentally "Macaroni" was a contemptuous reference to a likeness in Cromwell's dress to the slender and tightly-clothed bodies of dandies. It was not the roung many for years, when the melody arrived in America, that Dr. Richard Shuckarrived in burg, an English army surgeon, wrote the words for "Yankee Doodle" as we know them to-day.

JUST another camp-meeting hymn of the American South was "John Brown's Body" in its early days. John Brown, it is true, actually existed in the person of an irritable Scotsman in a Massachusetts regiment, and an irrepressible humourist among the soldiers made a parody of the hymn, suggesting that the evil-tempered one be hanged

to "a sour apple tree."
Then, quite suddenly, the words took a deeper meaning. The soul of another John Brown, a hanged abolitionist, was indeed "marching on." The Union soldiers tramped away to the south with the song on their lips and trium-phantly in their hearts. Later, this finest of all marching songs served with Kitchener's troops in the Sudan; was