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Songs

Äling Bäling

Ä - ling Bä - ling åt upp tju - gi tjä - ling och vart int mätt en - då. Huj!

Åt uppenhäst, Drack uppett träsk, Hop - pa ö - ver ha - gen, Men just då sprack ma - gen.

Äling Bäling åt upp tjugi tjäling,
Och vart int mätt ändå.
(x2)

Åt upp en häst,
Drack upp ett träsk,
Hoppa över hagen,
Men just då sprack magen.
(x2)

Translation:

“Äling Bäling (a troll) ate up twenty people, but still he wasn’t full. He ate up a horse,
drank up a swamp, then jumped over a wall, but just then his stomach burst open.”
Deep lyrics indeed.

Anderson's Coast

John Warner

Now Bass Strait roars like some great mill - race. And where are you my
An - nie? And the same moon shines on this lone - ly place as shone one
day on my An - nie's face. But An - nie dear don't wait for me, I fear I
shall not return to thee. There's naught to do but en - dure my fate, and watch the
moon, the lone - ly moon, light the break - ers on wild Bass Strait.

Now Bass Strait roars like some great millrace
And where are you, my Annie?
And the same moon shines on this lonely place
As shone one day on my Annie's face.

*But Annie dear, don't wait for me.
I fear I shall not return to thee.
There's naught to do but endure my fate,
And watch the moon, the lonely moon,
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.*

We stole a vessel and all her gear
And where are you, my Annie?
And from Van Diemen's we north did steer
Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us here.

And somewhere west Port Melbourne lies
And where are you, my Annie?
Through swamps infested with snakes and flies.
The fool who walks there, he surely dies.

We hail no ships, though the time it drags.
And where are you, my Annie?
Our chain-gang walk and our government rags.
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags.

We fled the lash and the chafing chain.
And where are you, my Annie?
We fled hard labour and brutal pain,
And here we are and here remain.

Bold Sir Rylas

Now bold Sir Ry - las a hun - ting went, All al - ong and down a - lee, And
bold Sir Ry - las a hun - ting went, Down by the ri - ver - side. Now
bold Sir Ry - las a hun - ting went, to catch some game was his in - tent,
Down in the grove where the wild flowers grow and the green leaves fall all a - round.

Now bold Sir Rylas a-hunting went,
All along and down alee.
And bold Sir Rylas a-hunting went,
Down by the riverside.
Bold Sir Rylas a-hunting went,
To catch some game was his intent,

Down in the grove where the wild flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

Well, he spied a wild woman sitting in a tree,
All along and down alee.
Good lord, what brings you here? said she,
Down by the riverside.
Oh, there is a wild boar in this wood;
He'll eat your flesh and drink your blood.

Well, he put his horn unto his mouth,
All along and down alee.
And blew it east, north, west and south.
Down by the riverside.
The wild boar came out of his den,
Bringing his children nine or ten.

Then bold Sir Rylas the wild boar fell on,

All along and down alee.

And bold Sir Rylas the wild boar fell on.

Down by the riverside.

He fought him three hours all the day

Until the boar would have run away.

Oh, now you've killed my spotted pig,

All along and down alee.

Oh, now you've killed my spotted pig,

Down by the riverside.

Oh, there's three things I'd have of thee,

Your horse and your hound and your fair lady.

Oh, now I've killed your spotted pig,

All along and down alee.

Oh, now I've killed your spotted pig,

Down by the riverside.

Oh, there's no thing you'll have of me,

Not my horse nor my hound nor my fair lady.

Then bold Sir Rylas the wild woman fell on,

All along and down alee.

And bold Sir Rylas the wild woman fell on,

Down by the riverside.

He split her head down to her chin,

You should have seen her kick and grin.

Dundee Doag

Steve Inglis

Harry Hagan



I'm a doag, I'm a doag, I'm a Dun-dee doag, I'm a D-O-A-G doag, I'm
fight in' mad and a heid-case, and I live up the Loch-ee road. All the
doags in the toon have heard o' me they call me men-tal Wull, I've
killed ev-ery cat for miles a-round, I'm look-in' for Sam the Skull.

*I'm a doag, I'm a doag, I'm a Dundee doag,
I'm a D, O, A, G, doag.
I'm fightin' mad and a heidcase,
and I live up the Lochee road
All the doags in the toon have heard o' me,
They call me mental Wull,
I killed every cat for miles aroond,
I'm lookin' for Sam the Skull.*

There's a great big doag called Gnasher Bob
Wha lives here in Dundee,
Thought he was a hard man,
He was going tae challenge me.
Well I telt him it was suicide,
But still he widnae listen,
He's gaein' about on three legs noo,
And half his tackle's missin'.

I've a heid like an alligator,
And teeth like a dinosaur,
I'm fifteen stone wi' ma claes off,
Wi' feet like a tiger's paw.
They pit bulls and Alsations,
They stay oot o' my way,
Rottweilers dinnae bother me,
Cos I eat one every day.

Last week I gaed tae Shettleston
Tae seek oot Sam the Skull,
They say he's moved and he's livin' wi' a bird
In a single end in Maryhill.
I phoned him on his mobile,
Said you and a' your team
If ye've balls to show, then we'll have a square go
In the middle of the Glasgae Green.

Next morning at the break o' dawn
Stood Sam and a' his team,
Just like the old O.K. Corral
In the middle of the Glasgae Green,
He came at me like a charging bull,
Said "You're just a mug",
He tried to tear ma een oot,
so I cut off half his lug.

He hit me wi' a baseball bat
That had a six inch nail,
He kneed me in the goolies,
so I bit off half his tail.
We kicked and bit and kicked and scratched,
For sixteen hours and mair,
The whiskers, blood and fur and guts,
Was fleein' everywhere.

We twa were feelin' knackered,
And so we did agree,
If I'd bide oot of Glasgae,
Then he'd stay oot Dundee.
We put awa' oor weapons,
We shook each other's paws.
Naebody won the fight that day,
They just called it a draw.

Farewell to Nova Scotia



*Farewell to Nova Scotia, the sea-bound coast,
Let your mountains dark and dreary be.
For when I'm far away on the briny ocean tossed,
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me?*

The sun was setting in the west,
The birds they sang on every tree.
All nature seemed inclined for to rest
But alas there was no rest for me.

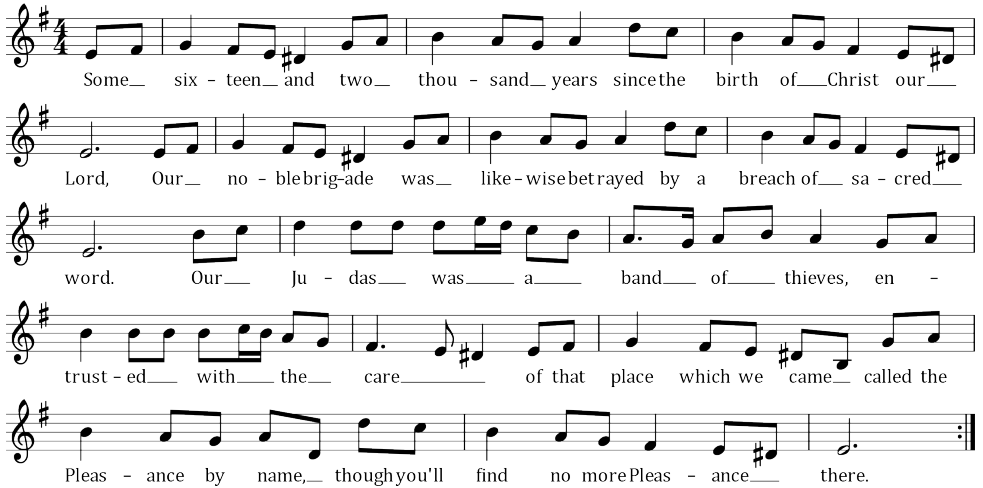
I grieve to leave my native land,
I grieve to leave my comrades all,
And my aging parents whom I've always loved so dear,
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore.

I have three brothers and they are at rest,
Their arms are folded on their chest.
But a poor simple sailor just like me,
Must be tossed and turned in the deep dark sea.

The drums they beat and the wars to alarm,
My captain calls, I must obey.
So farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms,
For it's early in the morning and I'm far, far away.

Fuck EUSA

Adam Dahmer



Some sixteen and two-thousand years
Since the birth of Christ our Lord
Our noble brigade was likewise betrayed
By a breach of sacred word
Our Judas was a band of thieves
Entrusted with the care
Of that place, whence we came, called the Pleasance by name
Though you'll find no more Pleasance there

Though our foes of yore, they had promised before
That they always would honour our rights
Trusting all that we heard, we wrote down not a word
Thus began our descent into night
We join the ranks of those poor souls by Satans tongue misled
Though not fallen to hell, nor from Eden expelled
A most perilous path did we tread

So we looked high and low for place we might go
And at length made an end to our search
As so many before turned away from their doors
We have found our refuge in the Church
But though we no more roam still we long for a home
For a room of our own do we yearn
And let you, sir, take note though our enemies gloat
Even now do we plot our return!

We were driven forth in banishment
By the cruel usurpers hand
But onward well go and by action well show
Were beholden to nary a man
It is said all men are born in sin
And you, sir, prove it true
But our will it is strong
And youll know before long
We are mightier than (E) you (SA)

So if you, sir, think we wont outlast this decree
Let us think upon this rule:
Fa dheigh thig croch air an t-saoghail
Ach mairidh cel agus gaol
A saying of the Scottish Gael,
The truth of which is sure:
At last the Earth itself will end,
But music and love will endure.

To be finished on a Tierce de Picardie (major third). Any resemblance to any student associations (living or deceased) is entirely ~~deliberate~~ coincidental.

Gloomy December

Robert Burns

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy De - cem - ber!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sor - row and care;

Sad was the part - ing thou makes me re - mem - ber,

Par - ting wi' Nan - cy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lov - ers' par - ting is sweet, pain - ful plea - sure,

Hope beam - ing mild on the soft part - ing hour;

But the dire feel - ing O fare - well for e - ver! Is

an - guish un - min - gled and a - go - ny pure!

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;

Sad was the parting thou makes me remember-

Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,

Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;

But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!

Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,

Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;

Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,

Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,

Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;

For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,

Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

Good old mountain dew

Bascom Lamar Lunsford and Scotty Wiseman

My bro - ther Bill runs a still on the hill where he turns out a gal - lon or two. The
buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly just from sniffing that old mountain dew.
Well they call it the good old mountain dew, and them that re - fuse it are few. I'll
hush up my mug if you fill up my jug with that good old mountain dew.

My brother Bill runs a still on the hill
Where he turns out a gallon or two
And the buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
Just from sniffing that old mountain dew.

*Well they call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few.
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew.*

My uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short,
He measure 'bout four foot two,
But he thinks he's a giant when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

The preacher walked by, with a tear in his eye
Said that his wife had the flu
And hadn't I ought just to give him a quart
Of that good old mountain dew

There's an old hollow tree, just a little way from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
If you hush up your mug, then they'll give you a jug
Of that good old mountain dew.

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, he told me how he felt
The day the old dry law went through:
If your likker's too red, it will swell up your head
Better stick to that good old mountain dew