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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.

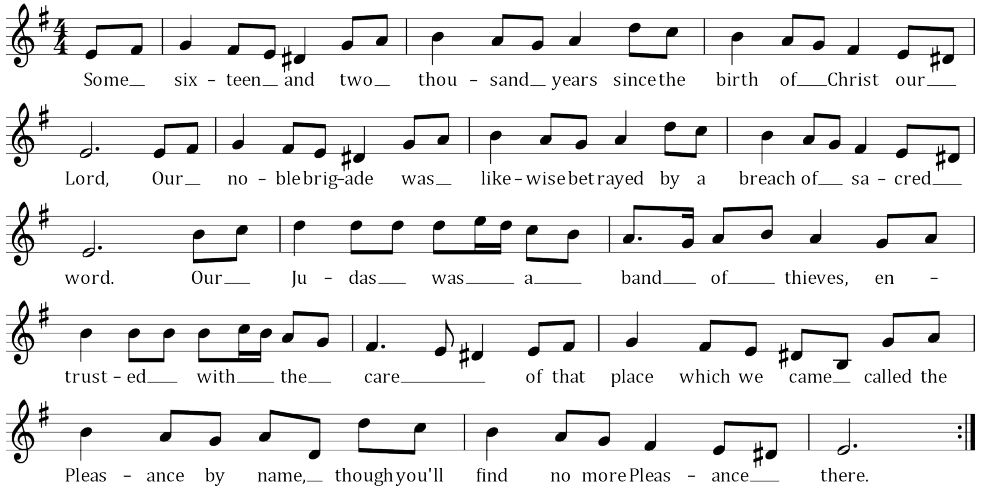
I grieve to leave my native land,  
I grieve to leave my comrades all,  
And my aging parents whom I've always loved so dear,  
And the bonnie, bonnie lass that I do adore.

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

## Greenland (is a hell of a place)



*Greenland is a hell of a place,  
It's a place that's never green,  
Where there's ice and snow, and the whale fishes blow,  
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys,  
The daylight's seldom seen.*

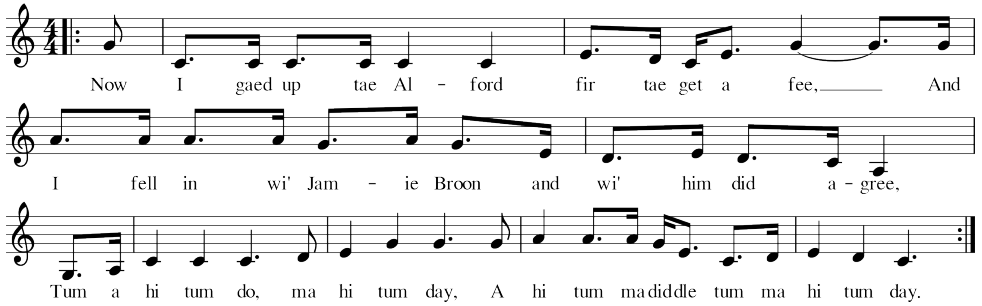
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,  
On June the thirteenth day,  
Our gallant ship her anchor weighed,  
And for Greenland sailed away, brave boys,  
For Greenland sailed away.

Our captain stood on the quarter deck,  
With a spy glass in his hand.  
"There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a bloody great whale,  
And she blows on every span, brave boys,  
She blows on every span".

We hit that whale and the line paid out,  
And she made a flounder with her tail,  
And the boat capsized and ten men were drowned,  
And we ne'er did catch that whale, brave boys,  
We ne'er did catch that whale

Well, the losing of those ten brave men,  
It grieves my heart full sore.  
But the losing of that bloody great whale,  
It grieves me ten times more, brave boys,  
It grieves me ten times more

## Guise o' Tough



Now I gaed up tae Alford fir tae get a fee,  
And I fell in wi' Jamie Broon and wi' him did agree

*Tum ma hi tum do ma hi tum day,  
A hi tum maddie tum ma hi tum day*

I engaged wi' Jamie Broon in the year o' ninety-one,  
Tae gang hame an' ca' his second pair an' be his orraman

When I gaed hame tae Guise o' Tough 'twas on an evening clear,  
An' oot about some orra hoose the gaffer did appear

I'm the maister o' this place an' that's the mistress there,  
An' ye'll get plenty cheese an' breid an' plenty mair tae spare

I sat an' ate at cheese an' breid till they did roon' me stare,  
An' then I thocht that it wis time tae gang an' see my pair

I gaed tae the stable my pairie fir tae view,  
An' aye they were a dandy pair a chestnut and a blue

On the followin' mornin' I gaed tae the ploo,  
But lang lang ower lowsins' time my pairie gart me rue

My ploo she wisna workin' weel she widna throw the fur,  
The gaffer says a better yin at the smiddy tae gang fir

When I got hame the new ploo she pleased me unco weel,  
But I thought she wid be better gin she had a cuttin' wheel

I wrocht awa' a month or twa wi' unco little clatter,  
Till I played up some nasty tricks and broke the tattie chapper

The gaffer he got word o' this and orders did lay doon,  
That if I did the like again he wad pit me frae the toon  
Noo my song is nearly ended and I won't sing any more,  
An' if be offended ye can walk ootside the door



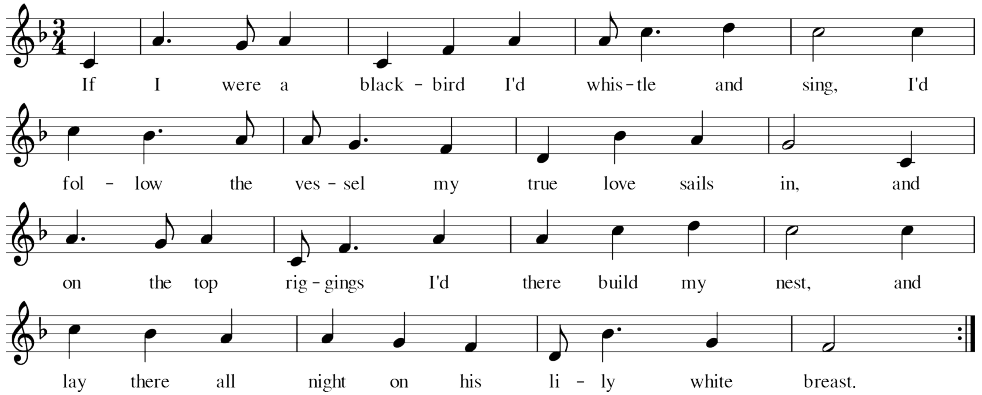
## Hey, ho, Nobody Home

Hey, ho, no - bo - dy home, Meat nor drink nor mon-ey have I none,  
Yet shall I be mer - ry, ve - ry mer - ry

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Hey, ho, Nobody Home'. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is written on a five-line staff. The lyrics 'Hey, ho, no - bo - dy home, Meat nor drink nor mon-ey have I none,' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'Yet shall I be mer - ry, ve - ry mer - ry'. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are written in a simple, sans-serif font, with hyphens used for syllables that span across measures.

Heigh, ho, nobody home,  
Meat, nor drink, nor money have I none,  
Yet, shall I be merry, very merry

## If I were a Blackbird



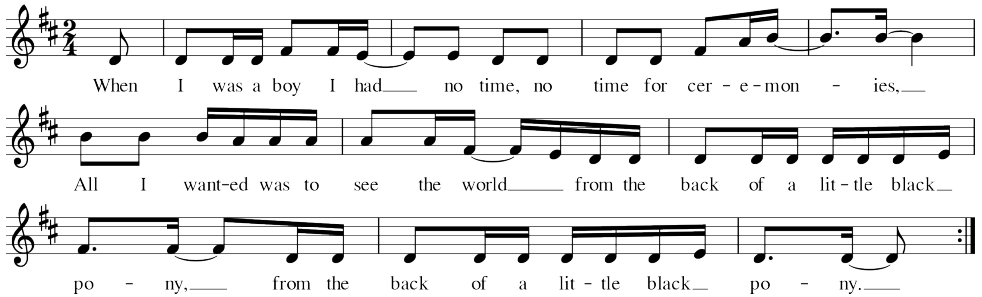
*If I were a blackbird, I'd whistle and sing,  
I'd follow the vessel my true love sails in,  
And on the top riggings, I'd there build my nest,  
And lay there all night on his lily white breast.*

I am a young maiden and my story is sad,  
For once I was courted by a brave sailor lad,  
He courted me strongly by night and by day,  
But now my dear sailor is gone far away.

He promised to take me to Donnybrook fair,  
To buy me red ribbons to tie up my hair,  
And when he'd return from the ocean so wide,  
He'd take me and make me his own loving bride.

His parents they slight me and will not agree,  
That I and my sailor boy married should be,  
But when he comes home I will greet him with joy,  
And I'll take to my bosom my dear sailor boy.

## Little Black Pony



When I was a boy I had no time,  
 No time for ceremonies,  
 All I wanted was to see the world  
 From the back of a little black pony,  
 From the back of a little black pony.

Mr. Lee lived across the street,  
 had a daughter my age named Joanie.  
 In the summertime we'd build us a boat,  
 We'd sail to the island Coney,  
 We'd sail to the island Coney

There used to be a medicine man come around,  
 Everybody called him a phony,  
 But I thought he was a king when I heard him ring  
 A big bell on the little black pony,  
 He was riding on a little black pony.

I said oh mister what can I give you,  
 I haven't got much money,  
 But I'll do anything even try to sing  
 If you'll let me have that pony,  
 I gotta have that little black pony.

He said son learn to play the banjo,  
 All the old tunes happy and lonely,  
 And I'll be back this way someday,  
 And you can have that pony,  
 You can have that little black pony.

Well the old man he never came back,  
But I never once thought he was a phony,  
I just guess he must have realized,  
He couldn't do without that pony,  
He couldn't live without that little black pony.

Mr. Lee moved away and got a job in the city,  
That's the last I saw of Joanie,  
But I can't forget the cardboard boats,  
And I still love little black ponies,  
I still love little black ponies.

# Midnight Feast

Lal Waterson, Oliver Knight

The musical score is written for a single voice in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: 'I never thought I'd find life easy, I was late-ly falling apart, Then you came and then you made me lean that much harder on my heart. Are-n't you just rav-en-ous for a midnight feast. Old drooling moon is shin-ing down on us at the end of the street. I'm damned if I do my love, damned if I don't my sweet. Dare I de-clare this morning's love turned eve-ning deep.'

I never thought I'd find life easy,  
I was lately falling apart.  
Then you came, and then you made me  
Lean that bit harder on my heart.

*Aren't you just ravenous for a midnight feast.  
Old drooling moon is shining down on us  
At the end of the street.  
I'm damned if I do my love, damned if I don't my sweet.  
Dare I declare this morning's love turned evening deep.*

Well we went down the road, got soaked in moonlight,  
Hedged in roses on either side.  
And all was in our ears was the sound of the ocean,  
All was in the distance was an indigo sky.

Come away with me, or leave me.  
Come nearer me or go away.  
Just the sound of your breathing,  
Come a feeling worth feeling.  
Come a summer's evening at the close of day.

# The Moose Song

Tom Payton

When I was a young lad I used to like girls, I'd  
fondle their bodies and play with their curls, But my  
girlfriend ran off with my ex-best friend Bruce, and you'd  
never get treatment like that from a moose.  
So it's moose, moose, I like a moose. I've  
never had anything quite like a moose, I've  
had many lovers, my morals are loose, but I've  
never had anything quite like a moose.

When I was a young lad I used to like girls,  
I'd fondle their bodies and play with their curls,  
But my girlfriend ran off with my ex-best friend Bruce,  
And you'd never get treatment like that a moose.

*So it's moose, moose, I like a moose.  
I've never had anything quite like a moose.  
I've had many lovers, my morals are loose,  
But I've never had anything quite like a moose.*

So when I'm in the need for a really great lay,  
I go to my bedroom and get me some hay,  
I open the window and spread it around,  
For a moose always comes when there's hay on the ground.

Now gorillas are fine for a Saturday night,  
And lions and tigers put up a good fight,  
But it just ain't the same when you slam that caboose  
As the feeling you gets when you're humping a moose.

When I am an old man, advanced in my years,  
I'll look back on my life and I'll shed me no tears,  
I'll sit in my chair with a glass of vermouth,  
Playing hide the salami with my favourite Moose.

I've died, gone to heaven, my soul flees away,  
I show up at those gates with a bale of hay,  
St. Pete's bound to inquire as to my wicked grin,  
So I'll wind up in Hell fucking mooses again.

## Oak and Ash and Thorn

Rudyard Kipling

Peter Bellamy



Of all the trees that grow so fair,  
Old England to adorn,  
Greater are none beneath the sun  
Than oak, and ash, and thorn.

*Sing oak, and ash, and thorn good sirs,  
All on a midsummer's morn.  
Surely we sing of no little thing,  
In oak, and ash, and thorn.*

Oak of the clay lived many a day,  
O'er ever Aeneas began.  
Ash of the loam was a lady at home  
When Brut was an outlaw man.  
And thorn of the down saw new Troy town,  
From which was London born,  
Witness hereby the ancient try,  
Of oak, and ash, and thorn.

Yew that is old, in churchyard mould,  
He breedeth a mighty bow.  
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,  
And Beech for cups also.  
But when you have killed, and you bowl it is filled,  
And your shoes are clean outworn,  
Back you must speed for all that you need  
To oak, and ash, and thorn.



Elm, she hates mankind, and waits  
Till every gust be laid,  
To drop a limb on the head of him  
That anyway trusts her shade,  
But whether a lad be sober or sad,  
Or mellow with ale from the horn,  
He'll take no wrong when he lyeth along  
'neath oak, and ash, and thorn.

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight,  
Or he would call it a sin,  
But we've been out in the woods all night,  
A-conjuring summer in,  
And we bring you good news by word of mouth,  
good news for cattle and corn.  
Now is the sun come up from the south,  
By oak, and ash, and thorn.

# Plov

Lewis Williamson

Plov plov plov plov, plov plov plov plov, plov plov plov plov plov plov plov. \_\_\_\_\_

Plov plov, plov plov plov plov, plov plov plov plov plov plov. \_\_\_\_\_

Plov plov, plov plov, plov plov plov plov plov plov plov. \_\_\_\_\_

Plov plov plov plov,  
Plov plov plov plov,  
Plov plov plov plov plov plov.

Plov plov,  
Plov plov plov plov,  
Plov plov plov plov plov.

Plov plov,  
Plov plov,  
Plov plov plov plov plov.

# Poor Ned

Trevor Lucas

Poor Ned, you're better off dead, at least you'll get some peace of mind. You're  
out on the track, they're right on your back, boy they're gonna hang you high.  
Eighteen hun - dred and sev-en-ty eight was the year I remember so well. They  
put my fath - er in an ear-ly grave, slung my moth-er in jail.  
I don't know what's right or wrong but they hung Christ on nails.  
Six kids at home and two still on the breast, they wouldn't ev-en give her bail.

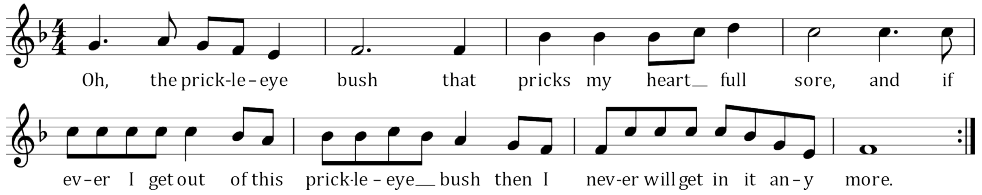
*Poor Ned, you're better off dead,  
At least you'll get some peace of mind.  
You're out on the track,  
They're right on your back,  
Boy they're gonna hang you high.*

*Eighteen hundred and seventy eight  
Was the year I remember so well.  
They put my father in an early grave,  
Slung my mother in gaol.  
Now I don't know what's right or wrong,  
But they hung Christ on nails.  
Six kids at home and two still on the breast,  
They wouldn't even give her bail.*

You know I wrote a letter about Stringy-Bark Creek  
So they would understand  
That I might be a bushranger  
But I'm not a murdering man.  
I didn't want to shoot Kennedy  
Or that copper Lonnigan.  
He alone could have saved his life  
By throwing down his gun

You know they took Ned Kelly  
And they hung him in the Melbourne jail.  
He fought so very bravely  
Dressed in iron mail,  
And no man single-handed  
Can hope to break the bars.  
It's a thousand like Ned Kelly  
Who'll hoist the flag of stars

## Prickle Eye Bush



*Oh, the prickle-eye bush  
That pricks my heart full sore,  
And if ever I get out of this prickle-eye bush  
Then I never will get in it any more.*

Oh hangman, stay your hand,  
Stay it for a while,  
For I think I see my sister  
Coming over yonder stile.  
Oh sister, have you brought me gold?  
Or silver to set me free?  
For to save my body from the cold, cold ground  
And my neck from the gallows tree.  
Oh no, I have not brought you gold  
Or silver to set you free  
For to save your body from the cold, cold ground  
And your neck from the gallows tree.

Oh hangman, stay your hand,  
Stay it for a while,  
For I think I see my mother  
Coming over yonder stile.  
Oh mother, have you brought me gold?  
Or silver to set me free?  
For to save my body from the cold, cold ground  
And my neck from the gallows tree.  
Oh no, I have not brought you gold  
Or silver to set you free  
For to save your body from the cold, cold ground  
And your neck from the gallows tree.

Oh hangman, stay your hand,  
Stay it for a while,  
For I think I see my one true love  
Coming over yonder stile.  
Oh love, have you brought me gold?  
Or silver to set me free?  
For to save my body from the cold, cold ground  
And my neck from the gallows tree.  
Oh yes, I have brought you gold  
And silver to set you free  
For to save your body from the cold, cold ground  
And your neck from the gallows tree.

## Railway station porter



Oh I am a rail-way port - er and my name is Wil-ly Lee, I'm the  
 most im - por - tant per - son that you're ev - er like tae see, I'm in  
 charge of a' the sta - tions from Dun - bar - ton tae Dun - dee, and my  
 du - ty is tae tell ye where ye change for.  
 Ye change for Auch-ter-much - ty, Til-ly or Tuch - ty, Crieff or Cul-ler - coats,\_\_\_\_  
 Fife or John o' Groats, Beech-am's Pills or Quak - er Oats, Change for  
 Ecc - le - fe - chan Ai - ber - deen and a' the sta - tions in bet - ween un -  
 less ye want tae gang tae To - ber - mor - y.

Oh I am a railway porter and ma name is Willie Lee,  
 I'm the most important person that you're ever like tae see.  
 I'm in charge of a' the stations frae Dumbarton tae Dundee,  
 And my duty is tae tell ye where ye change for.

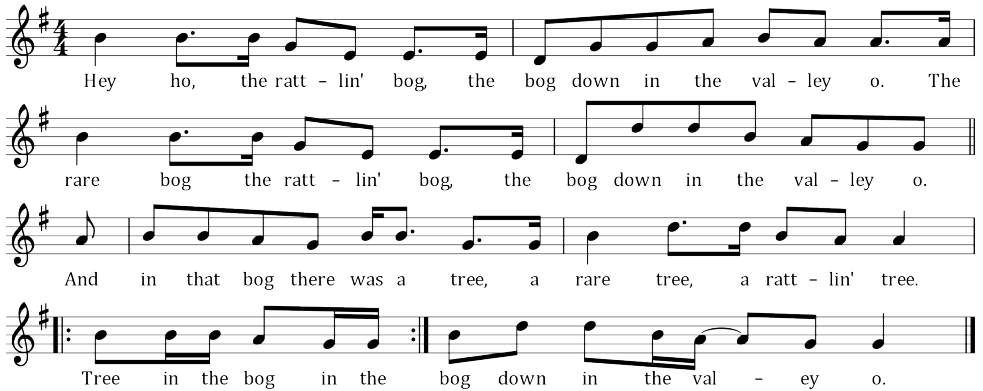
*Ye change for Auchtermuchty, Tilly or Tuchty, Crieff or Cullercoats,  
 Fife or John o' Groats, Beecham's Pills or Quaker Oats.  
 Change for Ecclefechan, Aiberdeen and a' the stations in between  
 Unless ye want tae gang tae Tobermory.*

Ye should see me hurl ma barrow, ye should see me sweep the flair,  
 If there's no a tip forthcoming ye should hear me curse and swear,  
 When a train comes in the station, ma heid flees in the air,  
 And I cry wi' a' ma might "Ye've got tae change here."

Well, one day the Royal Train drew in, ma heart was full of pride,  
I keeked in through the windae, and wha d'ye think I spied?  
Her Majesty the Queen herself, the Duke was sittin' by her side,  
So I cried, wi' a' ma might "Ye've got tae change here."



## Rattlin' Bog



*Hey, ho, the rattlin' bog,  
The bog down in the valley o.  
The rare bog, the rattlin' bog,  
The bog down in the valley o.*

Well in the bog there was a tree,  
A rare tree, a rattlin' tree,  
Tree in the bog,  
In the bog down in the valley o.

Well on that tree there was a limb,  
A rare limb, a rattlin' limb,  
Limb on the tree,  
And the tree in the bog,  
In the bog down in the valley o.

Well on that limb there was a branch,  
A rare branch, a rattlin' branch,  
Branch on the limb,  
And the limb on the tree,  
And the tree in the bog,  
In the bog down in the valley o.

Well on that branch there was a twig...

Well on that twig there was a leaf...

Well on that leaf there was a nest...

Well in that nest there was an egg...

Well on that egg there was a bird...

Well on that bird there was a wing...

Well on that wing there was a feather...

Well on that feather there was a flea...

# Rocky Top

Felice and Boudleaux Bryant

Wish that I was up on Rocky Top, down in the Ten-nes-see hills.

Ain't no smog - gy smoke on Rocky Top, ain't no te - le - phone bills.

Once I had a girl on Rocky top, half bear the oth - er half cat,

wild as a mink but sweet as so-da pop, I still dream ab-out that. Oh

Rock-y Top you'll al-ways be home sweet home to me. Good ol' Rock-y Top,

Rock-y Top Ten - nes - see, Rock-y Top Ten - nes - see.

Wish that I was up on Rocky Top  
 Down in the Tennessee hills.  
 Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top,  
 Ain't no telephone bills.  
 Once I had a girl on Rocky Top,  
 Half bear, the other half cat,  
 Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop,  
 I still dream about that

*Oh, Rocky Top, you'll always be  
 Home sweet home to me.  
 Good ol' Rocky Top,  
 Rocky Top, Tennessee,  
 Rocky Top, Tennessee.*

Once two strangers climbed ol' Rocky Top  
Looking for a moonshine still.  
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top,  
Reckon they never will.  
Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top,  
Dirts to rocky by far.  
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top  
Get their corn from a jar.

I've had years of cramped up city life  
Trapped like a duck in a pen  
All I know is it's a city life  
Can't be simple again

## Shady Grove



*Shady Grove, my little love,  
Shady Grove I say,  
Shady Grove, my little love,  
I'm bound to go away.*

Cheeks as red a a blooming rose  
And eyes are the prettiest brown.  
She's the darling of my heart,  
Sweetest girl in town.

I wish I had a big fine horse  
And corn to feed him on  
And Shady Grove to stay at home  
And feed him while I'm gone.

Went to see my Shady Grove,  
She was standing in the door  
Her shoes and stockin's in her hand  
And her little bare feet on the floor.

When I was a little boy  
I wanted a Barlow knife  
And now I want little Shady Grove  
To say she'll be my wife.

A kiss form pretty little Shady Grove  
Is sweet as brandy wine  
There ain't no girl in this old world  
That's prettier than mine.

# The Sly Bold Rambler

Adam Dahmer

Young Guy Fawkes in old York Town, coat of red and teeth of white,  
nev - er had a fath - er round, with eyes as bright as am - ber,  
since King James with horse and hound did spill his blood up - on the ground, so  
stoke the fire, build it high - er, for the sly bold ramb - ler.

Young Guy Fawkes in old York town,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
Never had a father round  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
Since King James, with horse and hound  
Did spill his blood upon the ground.

*So stoke the fire,  
Build it higher,  
For the sly bold rambler.*

Such for James was his disdain,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
Off he went to fight for Spain.  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
He slew the English East and West  
But to kill their king he wanted best.

Five years shy of sixteen-ten,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
He formed a band of merry men.  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
To slay the king, as was their bent,  
Theyd blow away the parliament!

On Novembers half-tenth day,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
In the cellar Fawkes did stay,  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
Guarding barrels, for to light  
When down came the guard in the dead of night.

Though he was of Scots descent,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
To hide the fact was his intent,  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
So he said it was his plan  
To blow the king to his native land.

Sixth November he did flee.  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
Though he was under lock and key,  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
Escape from cells designed for men  
Is not beyond a foxs ken.

They could not admit hed fled  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
Or the guards would lose their heads,  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
And the thought they did so dread  
That they killed another in his stead.

Old king James called for fte,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
And the bonfires all were lit.  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
In the flames Guy Fawkes did go,  
But not the real one, dont you know!

And his years were long and many,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
At a manse near Auchendinny.  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
Still he lives there, so they say  
Though old King James has passed away.

Listen, children, unto me,  
*Coat of red and teeth of white,*  
As you burn Guys effigy.  
*With eyes as bright as amber,*  
Chase your dreams on widespread wings  
And never fear the wrath of kings.



## Swedish Beauty Contest



There was a beauty contest in town,  
All the old hags they were there,  
They were so ugly that you could die.  
No one won.

Original Swedish version:

Det var skönhetstävling på byn.  
Alla kärringar de var där.  
De vart så fula att man kunn dö.  
Ingen vann.