

FSC
SONGS
2002



We hope you find this new songbook to your liking, you will see that some songs have been removed but replaced by new ones. If there's a song you really like that you don't see, you may want to keep an eye on the FSC website. We plan to put all the lyrics of songs old and new on there, but as you'll appreciate this could take some time!

We welcome your comments on the design and contents of this book. Remember that this book will last as long as you want it to if you look after it; to do this all you have to do is keep it dry and we all know how to do that don't we?

May we also suggest that you personalise your songbook. Besides writing your name in it, why not do a self portrait, decorate it or colour in the pictures?

If there are any really good songs sung on your camp that you don't find in here, please let us know as we always like to hear about new ones.

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ALCOHOL

Started drinking all around town,
Went to a club to put a few more down,
Feeling bad, drunk and sad,
This is gonna be the last drink I ever have.

*Alcohol. Alcohol . Alcohol. Alcohol,
You're the very Devil - get away from me.*

I got in with the crowd, we got in a car,
I went to a party, I played a guitar,
I never played well, It must have been hell,
Made a fool of myself, of that I can tell.

I fell in the door, I fell on the street,
I fell on the floor, I fell in a heap,
I blundered on home, battered and blown,
Swore to the Lord to leave it alone.

Next thing I knew, I was back home in bed,
My papa was there he was holding my head,
My mama was there, in her nightclothes,
Holding a bucket right under my nose.

Early next day, I was all in a fuzz
Feeling ashamed, I started to curse,
All the money I'd earned, I'd been out and burned,
It's a lesson I feel I never seem to learn.

ALL MY TRIALS

Hush little baby don't you cry,
You know that your mama was born to die.

*All my trials, Lord, will soon be over
The River Jordan is muddy and cold
Well it chills the body but not the soul*

I've got a little book with pages three,
And every page spells liberty.
Too late, my brothers, too late, but never mind

If living was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.

There grows a tree in paradise,
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life.

ARISE SONG (a)

Awake, awake, the sun's on the hill
The dew is on the grass and you are lying still
Arise, arise for every shadow flies.
The morn is in the forests and the dew-washed skies
With the sun awake now
Stir yourself and shake now
Song in every brake now
Call you back to life.
Awake! Awake! The sun is on the hill
The dew is on the grass and you are lying still

ARISE SONG (b)

Rise, arise, arise,
Wake thee arise, life is calling thee
Wake thee arise, every watchful be
Mother Life God, she is calling thee.
Mother Life God, she is greeting thee.
Rise, arise, arise.

THE AULD TRIANGLE

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing,
And the mice were a-squealing in my prison cell
*And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.*

Oh to start the morning, the warder bawling,
Get up out of bed you and clean at your cell,

Oh the screw was peeping and the lag was sleeping
As he lay weeping for his girl Sal,

Oh a fine spring evening, the lag lay dreaming
And the seagulls were wheeling high above the wall,

Oh the wind was sighing and the day was dying
As the lag lay crying in his prison cell,

In the women's prison there are seventy women
And I wish it was with them that I could dwell.

THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

In the streets of New York City,
When the hour was getting late,
Lurked young men armed with knives and guns,
Young men armed with hate.
And Lou Marsh stepped between them
And died there in his tracks,
For one man is no army, when a city turns its back.

And now the streets are empty,
And now the streets are dark,
So keep an eye on shadows,
And never pass the park.
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight,
And death lurks in El Barrio
With the orphans of the night.

There were two gangs approaching,
In Spanish Harlem town,
The smell of blood was in the air,
The challenge was laid down.
He felt their blinding hatred
As he tried to save their lives,
But they broke his peaceful body
with their fists and staves and knives.

Shall Lou Marsh lie forgotten,
In a cold and silent grave?
Or will his memory linger on
In those he tried to save.
And those of us who knew him
Will now and then recall,
And shed a tear on poverty,
The tombstone of us all.

- Phil Ochs

A barrio is a Spanish-speaking neighbourhood.

BANANA BOAT SONG

*Day-o, me say day-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Day-o, me say day-o
Daylight come and me wan' go home*

Hey all of the workmen sing this song,
Daylight come an me wan' go home
Well I sleep by the sun and I work by the moon,
Daylight come an me wan' go home

Work all night 'till the morning come
Daylight come an me wan' go home

Come, Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana,
Me say come Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana

Lift six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch
Me say six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch

A beautiful bunch o' ripe banana
Out come a big fat hairy tarantula

Well, I'll pack up my things and I'll go to sea
Then the bananas see the last of me

- Harry Belafonte, Lord Burgess, and Bill Attaway

BANKS OF MARBLE

I've travelled round this country
From shore to shining shore
It really makes me wonder
The things I heard and saw

I saw the weary farmer
Ploughing sod and loam
I heard the auction hammer
Just a-knocking down their home

But the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for

I saw the seaman standing
Idly by the shore
I heard the bosses saying
"Got no work for you no more."

I've seen the weary miners
Scrubbing coal dust from their backs
And I heard their children crying
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

My brothers and my sisters
Are at work throughout this land
I pray we'll get together
And together make a stand

Then we'll own those banks of marble
With no guard at any door
And we'll share those vaults of silver
That the workers sweated for!

- Les Rice

BANKS OF THE OHIO

I asked my love to take a walk,
To take a walk, just a little walk.
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio

*And only say that you'll be mine,
And in no others arms entwine.
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio*

I held a knife against her breast,
As close into my arms she pressed.
She cried "Oh Willie don't you murder me,
I'm not prepared for eternity."

I took her by the lily white hand
And led her down by the water's strand.
I picked her up and pitched her in,
And watched her body floating by.

I wandered home 'twixt twelve and one,
I cried "My God, what have I done?
I've killed the only woman I've loved,
Because she would not be my bride."

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

On a summers day in the month of May
A burly bum came hiking,
Down a shady lane with a sugar cane,
He was looking for his liking.
As he strolled along he sang a song,
Of the land of milk and honey
Where a bum can stay for many a day
And he don't need any money.

*Oh the buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees,
The soda water fountains
Where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains*

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft boiled eggs.
The farmer's trees are full of fruit
The barns are full of hay
I want to go where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains,
You never wash your socks,
And little streams of Alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks
There's a lake of stew and whisky too
And you paddle around in a big canoe
Where they hung the berk who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

BIG YELLOW TAXI

They paved paradise, put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel,
A boutique and a swinging hot spot

*Don't it always seem to go that you
Don't know what you've got 'til it's gone
They pave paradise, put up a parking lot
Choo, ba ba ba ba - choo, ba ba ba ba.*

They took all the trees, put 'em in a tree museum
And they charged all the people
A dollar and a half just to see 'em

Chorus

Hey, farmer farmer put away the D.D.T. now!
Give me spots on my apples,
But leave me the birds and the bees, please!

Chorus

Late last night I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi
Took away my old man

Chorus x2

Choo, ba ba ba ba.

- Joni Mitchell



BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town.
A bad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I see but a pretty fair maid
Come tripping along the pathway
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
I knew she meant a doing for him
By the look in her roguish black eye.
His watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into me hand
And and the very next thing that I said was
“Bad luck to the Black velvet band”

Before the judge and jury
Next morning I had to appear
The judge he said to me "young man,
Your case it is proved clear.
I'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent right away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band."
So come all you jolly young fellers

So come all you jolly young fellers
I'll have you take warning by me
When you go out on the liquor me me boys
Beware of your pretty colleens.
They'll treat you to strong drink me boys
'Til you are not able to stand
And before you have time for to leave 'em
They'll land you in Van Diemen's land.

BLACKLEG MINER

It's in the evening after dark
The blackleg miner gangs ta wark
In his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
There goes the Blackleg miner.

He takes his pick and down he goes
To hew the coal that lies below.
There's not a woman in this town row
Would look at a blackleg miner.

For Deleva is a terrible place,
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face.
Around the pits they run a foot race
To catch the blackleg miner.

And don't go near the Segal mine
Across the top they've stretched a line,
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miner.

Well they take his pick and his duds as well
And they hurl them down the Pit of Hell
So off you go and fare thee well
You dirty blackleg miner.

So join the union while you may
Don't wait until your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty blackleg miner.

"Blackleg" is a slang term for a strike breaker.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Oh! Blow the man down bullies blow the man down!

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

Oh! Blow the man down bullies blow him away!

Gimme me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down paradise street

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

A saucy young damsel I happened to meet

Gimme me some time to blow the man down.

I says to her “Polly how do you do.”

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

She says “None the better for seeing of you”

Gimme me some time to blow the man down.

We'll blow the man up and we'll blow the man down

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town

Gimme me some time to blow the man down.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down,
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail,
Before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly,
Before they're forever banned?

*The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.*

How many times can a man look up,
Before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have,
Before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take 'till he knows,
That too many people have died?

How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending that he doesn't see?

- Bob Dylan



BOTANY BAY

Farewell to Old England for ever,
Farewell to me old pals as well,
Farewell to the well known Old Bailey,
Where I once used to look such a swell

*Singing toora-li, oora-li, additty
Singing toora-li, oora-li, ay
Singing toora-li, oora-li, additty,
For we're bound for the Botany Bay.*

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew,
There're the first and the second class passengers
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

'Taint the leaving Old England we cares about,
'Taint because we misspells wot we knows,
But because all we light fingered gentry
Hops around with a log on our toes.

Oh! had I the wings of a turtle dove,
I'd soar on my pinions so high,
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young dookies and duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say,
Mind all is your own as you touchesses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh love, oh careless love
Love, oh love, oh careless love
Love, oh love, oh careless love
Can't you see what careless love can do?

Sorrow, sorrow, to my heart (x 3)
That my true love and I must part.

When my apron strings did bow (x 3)
You followed me through sleet and snow.

Now my apron strings won't pin (x 3)
You pass my door and won't come in.

Cried last night and the night before (x 3)
Gonna cry tonight and never no more.

Love my momma and my poppa too (x 3)
But I'd leave them both to go with you.

How I wish that train would come, (x 3)
And take me back where I come from.

CHICKEN ON A RAFT

*Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hi ho, chicken on a raft
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hi ho, chicken on a raft*

The skipper's in the war room drinking gin

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

I don't mind knocking, but I ain't going in

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

The jimmy's laughing like a drain

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Been looking in me comic cuts again

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning

Oh what a terrible sight to see

Dabtow's for'ard and the dustman's aft

Sitting there picking at a chicken on a raft

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Hi ho, chicken on a raft

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Hi ho, chicken on a raft

Well they gave me the middle and the fore-noon too

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

And now I'm pulling in a whaler's crew

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

There's a seagull laughing overhead

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Hope to be floating in a feather bead

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

(chorus)

Well an Amazon girl lives in Dumfries

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

She only has kids in twos and threes

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Her sister lives in Maryhill

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

She says she won't but I think she will

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

(chorus)

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

But she didn't cry, she didn't fuss

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Am I the one that she loves best?

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

(chorus)

I had another girl in Donnerbie

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

And did she make a fool of me?

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Her heart was like a purser's shower

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

(chorus)

There is some debate as to whether chicken on the raft in the above song refers to eggs on toast or chicken curry. The word 'dabtow' is a term for a seaman, and 'dustman' is a stoker. They're vomiting over the front and back of the ship after a heavy weekend on the town drinking! This shanty is from Cyril Tawney.

CHICKENS

We had some chickens - no eggs would they lay
We had some chickens - no eggs would they lay
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny,
We're losing money; no eggs would they lay

*One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those chickens right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard*

We had some moo-cows-no milk would they give x2
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny,
We're losing money; no milk would they give
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard
They're giving egg nog instead of milk now,
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard

We had some elephants-no tusks would they grow x2
They're laying eggs now, of solid ivory

We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go x2
Now it goes eggsactly, just like it used to

We had some scientists - they just wouldn't work, x2
They're doing eggsperiments, just like they used to



CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE

Children go where I send thee
How shall I send thee?
Well I'm gonna send thee one by one

One for the the iddy-biddy baby
That's born, born, born, born,
Born in Bethlehem.

Two by two. Two for the Paul and Silas.

Three for the Hebrew children.

Four for the four that stood at the door.

Five for the five that got out alive.

Six for the six that never had a fix.

Seven for the seven that that never got to heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate.

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine.

Ten for the ten commandments.

CIRCLE GAME

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
He was fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And tearful at the falling of a star.

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on a carousel of time
We can't return, we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round in the circle game.

And the child he tiptoed ten times round the seasons,
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
And words like 'when you're older' must appease him
And promises of someday make his dreams.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town.
And they tell him: 'take your time, it won't be long now',
'Til you drag your feet to slow the circles down.'

The years spin by and now the boy is twenty
And the dreams have lost some grandeur coming true,
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams, and
plenty,
Before the last revolving year is through.

- Joni Mitchell

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, '49-er, and his daughter Clementine.

*O my darling, O my darling, O my darling Clementine
You are lost and gone forever, O my darling Clementine.*

Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water, every morning just at nine
Stubbed her toe against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine
But alas! I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon, where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies, fertilised by Clementine.

Then the miner, '49-er, soon began to peak and pine
Thought he oughter join his daughter, now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me, robed in garments soaked in
brine.

Though in life I used to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I missed my Clementine,
Till I kissed her little sister, and forgot my Clementine.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels a-live a-live oh.

*Alive, alive oh! Alive, alive oh!
Crying cockles and mussels a-live a-live oh.*

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her Father and Mother before.
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive oh.

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
and that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive oh.

COME FROM THE HEART

(Dance Dance Dance)

When I was a young man my daddy told me
A lesson he learned, it was a long time ago
If you want to have someone to hold onto
You're gonna have to learn to let go

*You got to sing like you don't need the money
Love like you'll never get hurt
You got to dance dance dance like nobody's watchin'
It's gotta come from the heart if you want it to work*

Now here is the one thing that I keep forgetting
When everything is falling apart
In life as in love, what I need to remember
There's such a thing as trying too hard

- Susanna Clark & Richard Leigh



COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern x2
And they decided x3
To have another flagon.

*Come landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over
For tonight we'll merry merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.*

Here's to the man drinks water pure
And goes to bed quite sober x2
Falls as the leaves do fall x3
He'll die before October

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale
And goes to bed quite mellow x2
Lives as he ought to live x3
And dies a jolly good fellow

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
And runs to tell her mother x2
She's a foolish, foolish thing x3
She'll never get another

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
And comes back for another x2
She's a boon for all mankind x3
She'll very soon be a mother

COUNTRY LIFE

*I like to rise when the sun she rises,
early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing,
Merrily upon their layland
And hurrah for the life of a country boy,
And to ramble in the new mown hay.*

In spring we sow at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
but of all the times choose I may
't would be rambling in the new mown hay

In summer when the summer's hot
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In winter when the sky is grey
We hedge and we ditch our times away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go ramblin' through the new mown hay

Oh Nancy is my darling gay
And she blooms like the flowers every day
But I love her best in the month of May
When we're rambling through the new mown hay

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine
And seek not your fortunes way down in the mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
'Til the streams of your blood run as black as the coal.

*For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It's as dark as a dungeon way down in the mines*

There's many a man I have known in my day
Who has lived just to labour his whole life away
Like the fiend for his dope or the drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

The morning, the evening, the middle of the day
They're the same to the miner who labour's away
And the one who's not careful will never survive
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll
That my body will blacken, and turn into coal
As I look from the door of my heavenly home
I'll pity the miner a slave to my bones.

DEEP BLUE SEA

Deep blue sea Willie deep blue sea

Deep blue sea Willie deep blue sea

Deep blue sea Willie deep blue sea

It was Willie what got drownded in the deep blue sea

Dig his grave with a silver spade

Dig his grave with a silver spade

Dig his grave with a silver spade

It was Willie what got drownded in the deep blue sea

Sew his shroud with a silken thread

Sew his shroud with a silken thread

Sew his shroud with a silken thread

It was Willie what got drownded in the deep blue sea

Lower him down on a golden chain

Lower him down on a golden chain

Lower him down on a golden chain

It was Willie what got drownded in the deep blue sea

DEPORTEES

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
Oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
They're flying them back to the Mexican border.
To pay all their money to wade back a-gain.

*Good-bye to my Juan, fare-well Rosanita,
Adios mes amigos, Jesus y Maria.
You won't have a name when you ride the big aeroplane
All they will call you will be deportees.*

My fathers own father he waded that river,
Spent all the money he made in his life.
My brothers and sisters are working your fruit trees,
And they rode the truck 'till they lay down and died.

The aeroplane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon,
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills,
Who are these friends who are scattered like dry leaves?
Radio says they are "just deportees."

Some of us are illegal and some are not wanted,
Our work contracts out and we have to move on.
Six hundred miles to the Mexico border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys and died on your plains.
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river we died just the same.

Is this the best way to farm our great orchards?
Is this the best way we can pick our fresh fruit?
Employing cheap labour from over the border,
Labour the radio calls deportees.

- Words by Woodie Guthrie, music by Martin Hoffman.

THE DIGGERS SONG (The World Turned Upside Down)

In 1649 to St George's Hill
A ragged band they called the diggers
Came to show the people's will.
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws,
They were the dispossessed re-claiming what was theirs.

"We come in peace" they said, "to dig and sow,
We come to work the land in common
And to make the wasteland grow.
This earth divided, we will make whole,
So it will be a common treasury for all."

"The sin of property, we do disdain,
No man has any right to buy and sell
The earth for private gain."
By theft and murder they took the land,
Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command.

"They make the laws, to chain us well,
The clergy dazzle us with heaven
Or they damn us into hell.
We will not worship, the god they serve,
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve."

"We work, we eat together, we need no swords,
We will not bow to the masters
Or pay rent to the lords
We are free men, though we are poor,
You Diggers all, stand up for glory, stand up now"

From the men of property, the orders came,
They sent hired men and troopers
To wipe out the Diggers' claim
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn,
They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on.

You poor take courage, you rich take care,
This earth was made a common treasury,
For everyone to share.
All things in common, all people one
"We come in peace";
The orders came to cut them down.

- Leon Rosselson

The Diggers sprang up during the time of Oliver Cromwell.
They actively rejected the efforts of landlords who tried to
'own' land that was once common land for villagers.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

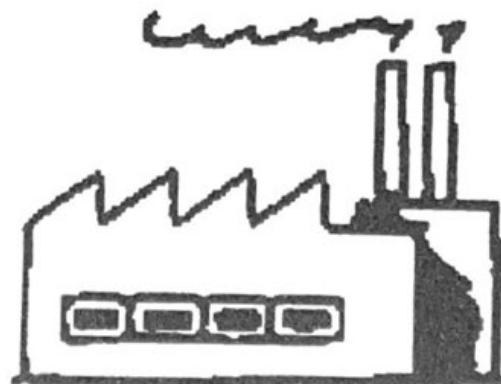
I found my love by the gas works wall
Dreamed a dream by the old ca-nal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard the siren from the docks
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelt the spring on the smokey air

The clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl in the street at night

I'm going to take a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
We'll chop you down like an old dead tree



DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on the deck?
Where there's a king with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

*Hey, Ho, away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding
Hey, Ho, away we go
Riding on a donkey*

Were you every off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm
See the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey?

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay
Where the folks all shout 'Hooray!'
Here comes Johnny with his three month's pay
Riding on a donkey

DONNA DONNA

On a wagon bound for market
There's a calf with a mourn-ful eye
High above him there's a swallow
Winging swiftly through the sky

*Now the winds are laughing.
They laugh with all their might.
Laugh and laugh the whole day through
And half the summers night (singing softly)
Donna, donna, donna, donna
Donna, donna, donna do.
Donna, donna, donna, donna
Donna, donna, donna do.*

'Stop complaining' said the farmer
'Who asked you our calf to be?
Why don't you have wings to fly with
Like the swallow so proud and free?'

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered
Never knowing the reason why
But whoever treasures freedom
Like the swallow must learn to fly.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow
Hear the winds blow love, hear the winds blow
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven, know I love you
Know I love you love, know I love you
Angels in heaven, know I love you

If you don't love me, love who you please
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease
Give my heart ease love, give my heart ease
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease

Write me a letter, send it by mail
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail
Birmingham Jail love, Birmingham jail
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail.

Build me a castle forty feet high
Where I can see her as she rides by
As she rides by love, as she rides by
Where I can see her, as she rides by.

DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL

See the boys out walking, the boys they look so fine
Dressed up in green velvet, their silver buckles shine
Soon they'll be bleary-eyed under a keg of wine

Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

See that lover standing staring at the ground
He's looking for the real thing, lies were all he found
But you can get the real thing, it will only cost a pound

Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

There goes a troubled woman, she dreams a troubled dream
She lives out on the highway, she keeps her money clean
Soon she'll be returning to the place where she's the queen

Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

You can be a gambler, who never drew a hand
You can be a sailor, never left dry land
You can be Lord Jesus, all the world will understand

Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

- Richard Thompson

DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

Every morning at seven o'clock
There are twenty tarriers drilling at the rock
And the boss come along and he said "Keep still,
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill"

*And drill, ye tarriers drill
And drill, ye tarriers drill
For its work all day for the sugar in yer tay
Down behind the old railway,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill
And blast... and fire...*

Our new foreman is Jimmy McCann,
By God he is a blame mean man.
One day a premature blast went off
And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough.

When next pay day came around
Jim Gough a dollar short was found.
When he asked what for, came this reply
'You were docked for the time you were up in the sky.'

Our boss is a good man down to the ground
And he married a lady six foot round.
She bakes good bread and she bakes it well
But she bakes it hard as the rocks in hell.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light,
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night,
And of that union there came three,
A porky and a porpoise and the other was me.

*Yo ho ho, the wind blows free
Oh for a life on the rolling sea.*

Late one night when I was trimmin' of the glim,
And singing a verse of the evening hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted "Ahoy."
And there was my mother, sitting on a buoy.

"Oh what has become of my children three,"
My mother then she asked of me,
"Oh, one was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served on a chafing dish."

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there,
A voice came echoing out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light."



ERIE CANAL (Got an Old Mule)

I got an old mule, and her name is Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie canal
She's a good worker and a good old pal
Sixteen miles on the Erie canal
We've hauled some barges in our day
Full of lumber coal and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo-o

*Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge for we're coming to a town
And you'll always know your neighbour
You'll always know your pal
If you've ever navigated on the Erie cana-al*

We better get along on our way old gal
Fifteen years on the Erie canal
'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie canal
Get up there mule here comes a lock
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
One more trip and back we go
Right back home to Buffalo-o



FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heroes, lend an ear to my song
I will sing you the praise of good brandy and rum
If the clear crystal fountains o'er England shall roll

*Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl
I'll fathom the bowl
I'll fathom the bowl
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl*

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control

My wife she do disturb me as I sits at my ease
For she says as she likes and she does as she please
My wife she is a devil - heart's black as the coal

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea
With no stone at his head but what matters for he
If the clear crystal fountains o'er England shall roll



FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on,
You will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

*Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two,
Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home.*

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name
Lord I can't go home this-a-way.
This-a-way (x 4)
Lord I can't go home this-a-way.

A hundred tanks across the square
One man stands to stop them there
One day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free
I'll be free, I'll be free, to go home to my country
One day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free.

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd
Then the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd gourd gourd

Follow the drinking gourd
Follow the drinking gourd
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd

Now the river bank will make a mighty good road
Dead trees will show you the way
Left foot, peg foot, travellin' on
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd gourd gourd

The river ends between two hills
Follow the drinking gourd
There's another river on the other side
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd gourd gourd

Where the little river meets the great big one
Follow the drinking gourd
There the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd gourd gourd

FREIGHT TRAIN

Freight train, freight train runs so fast.
Freight train, freight train runs so fast.
Please don't tell what train I'm on,
So they won't know what route I'm gone

When I die lord bury me deep,
Way down on old Chestnut street.
So I can hear old number nine
As she come rolling by.

When I am dead and in my grave,
No more good times 'ere I crave
Put a stone at my head and feet
And tell them all I've gone to sleep.

- Libby Cotton



FROGGY WENT A COURTIN'

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum
Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum
Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum
A sword and pistol by his side a-hum...

Came up to Missie Mouse's door a-hum x3
Where he'd often been before a-hum...

Missie Mouse are you within a-hum x3
Yes kind sir and please come in a-hum...

Missie Mouse will you marry me a-hum x3
O no kind sir that never can be a-hum...

Without my Uncle Rat's consent a-hum x3
I would not marry the president...

Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides a-hum x3
To think his niece would be a bride a-hum...

Where will the wedding breakfast be a-hum x3
Way down yonder in the hollow tree.a-hum...

What will the wedding breakfast be a-hum x3
Two red beans and a black-eyed pea a-hum...

They all went swimming across the lake a-hum x3
And got swallowed up by a big black snake a-hum...

GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Gather round you sailors and listen to me

Go down you blood red roses, go down!

Ne'er take a pretty girl on your knee,

Go down you blood red roses, go down!

Oh! You pinks and posies

Go down you blood red roses, go down!

Them Liverpool girls ain't got no comb,

They comb their hair with a kipper backbone.

The wind blows cold around Cape Horn

And there ain't no girls to keep you warm,

When I was young and in my prime

I took them pretty girls nine at a time,

But now I'm old and getting grey

I can hardly manage one a day.

GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and eighty one
The American railway was begun
The Great American Railway

x2

Patsy-at-sy-or-ee-ay
The Great American Railway

x3

or

I was wearing corduroy breeches
Digging ditches
Swinging switches
Dodging hitches
I was working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty two
I found myself with nothing to do
Just beside the Railway

x2

In eighteen hundred and eighty three
The overseer accepted me
For work upon the Railway

x2

In eighteen hundred and eight four
My hands were tired and my feet were sore x2
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty five
I found myself more dead than alive
From working on the Railway

x2

In eighteen hundred and eighty six
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks
Just beside the Railway

x2

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven
I found myself half way to heaven
Just above the Railway

x2

In eighteen hundred and eighty eight
I picked the lock of the Golden Gate
With a crowbar from the Railway

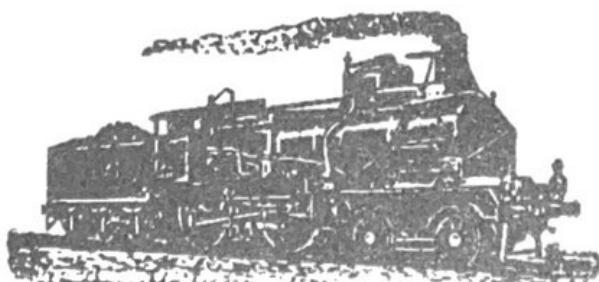
x2

In eighteen hundred and eighty nine
I found my wings and a harp divine
Overlooking the Railway

x2

In eighteen hundred and eighty ten
If you want more you can sing it again
All about the Railway.

x2



GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

I'll sing you one-o
Green grow the rushes-o
What is your one-o
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so

Two, two the lily white boys clothed all in green-o

Three, three the rivals

Four for the gospel makers

Five for the symbols at your door

Six for the six proud walkers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Eight for the April rainers

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Ten for the ten commandments

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Twelve for the twelve apostles.

GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

They took us jolly sailor lads
A-fishing for a whale
On the fourth day of August in 1864
Bound for Greenland we set sail, brave boys
Bound for Greenland we set sail.

The lookout stood on the cross-trees high
With a spyglass in his hand
'There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale-fish' he cried
'And she blows at every span', brave boys
'And she blows at every span'.

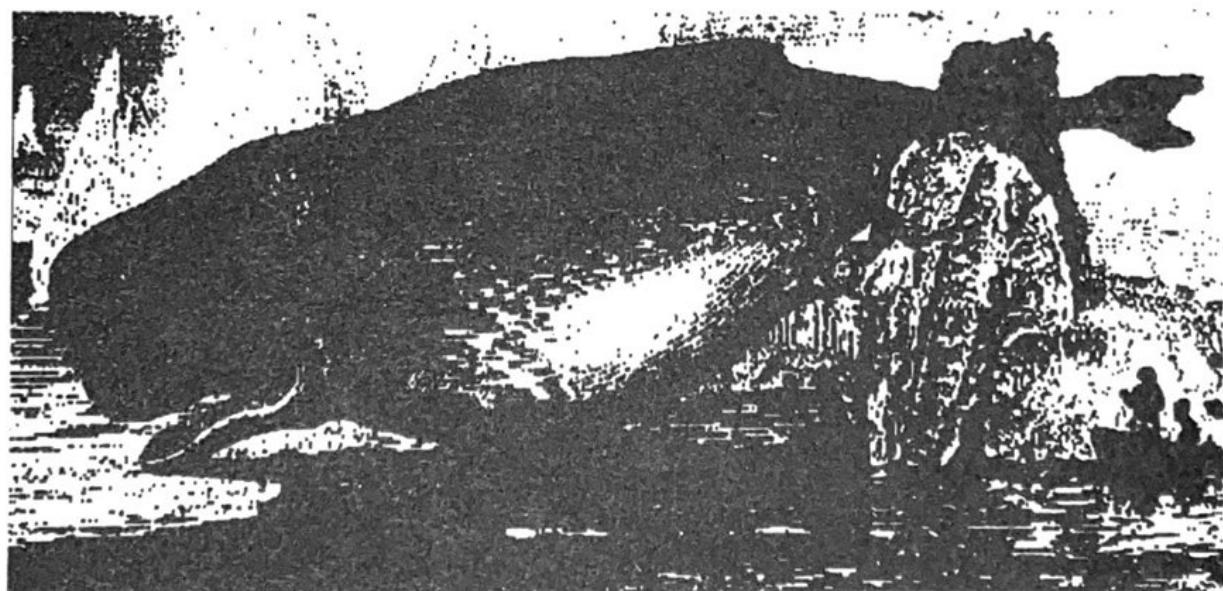
The captain stood on the quarter deck
And a sod of a man was he
'Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall
And we'll launch them boats to sea', brave boys
'And we'll launch them boats to sea'.

Well the boats went down with the men aboard
And the whale was in full view
Resolved, resolved, was each whaler bold
For to steal where the whale fish blew, brave boys
For to steal where the whale fish blew.

We strapped that whale and the line played out
But she gave a flurry with her tail
And the boat capsized, we lost seven of our men
And we never caught that whale, brave boys
And we never caught that whale.

Well the losing of seven fine seamen
Well it grieved our captain sore,
But the losing of a bloody sperm whale
Oh, it grieved him ten times more, brave boys
Oh, it grieved him ten times more.

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place
A land that's never green
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whale-fishes blow
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys
And the daylight's seldom seen.



GREY FUNNEL LINE

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away

Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her 'round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green
Then I'll dance on down that walk a-shore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more

HAL AND TOW

Take the scorn to wear a horn,
It was the crisp when you was born.
Your father's father wore it,
And your father wore it too.

*Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow,
We were up, long before the day-oh,
To welcome in the summer,
To welcome in the May-oh,
For summer is a coming in,
And winter's gone away-oh.*

What happened to the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-oh,
Why they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast-oh.

Robin Hood and Little John
Have all come to the fair-oh,
And we will to the merry greenwood
To hunt the buck and hare-oh.

God bless St. Mary, Moses
And all the poor and mite-oh,
And send us peace to England
Send peace by day and night-oh.

HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

Oh the winter is gone and the springtime has come
So I'll pick up my bundle and go on the bum.

*Halleluia, I'm a bum, Halleluia, bum again,
Halleluia, give us a handout to revive us again.*

Oh I went to a house and I asked for some bread
And the lady said "Bum, bum, the baker is dead."

Oh why don't you work as other men do
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do.

Oh why don't you pray for your daily bread?
Well, if that's all I did I would damn soon be dead.

Oh I went to a house and I knocked on the door
The lady said "Bum, bum, you've been here before."



HARD TIMES (COME AGAIN NO MORE)

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh Hard times come again no more.

*Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard Times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
Oh hard times come again no more.*

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks still say
Oh hard times come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry, she's sighing all the day,
Oh hard times come again no more.

Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more.

- Stephen Foster

HARRIET TUBMAN

One night I dreamed I was in slavery
'Bout 1850 was the time
Sorrow was the only sign
Nothing around to ease my mind
Out of the night appeared a lady
Leading a distant pilgrim band
"First mate" she yelled pointing her hand,
"Make room on board for this young man."

*Singing come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
She said her name was Harriet Tubman
And she drove for the underground railroad*

Hundreds of miles we travelled onwards
Gathering slaves from town to town
Seeking every lost and found
Setting those free that once were bound
Somehow my heart was growing weaker
I fell by the waysides sinking sand
Firmly did this lady stand
She lifted me up and took my hand.

- Walter Robinson



Walter was an escaped slave and Harriet Tubman was a leader of the **Underground Railroad**, a secret network of safe houses that helped slaves escape to the North and Canada from the American deep south. For most slaves the only hope of freedom was escape.

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little lad or so my mother told me

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

That if I didn't kiss the girls my lips would all grow mouldy

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away we'll haul away together

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away we'll haul for better weather

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy

Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

An alternative version of this song uses the following words:

Away, away, we'll haul away for Rosie

Away away, we'll haul away for Johnny-O



THE HERRING (GEORDIE VERSION)

What'll I do with my herring's head
Oh what'll you do with your herring's head
I make it into loaves of bread

*Herring's heads loaves of bread
And all manner of things
Of all the fish that swim in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Howay the day howay the day
Howay the day me hinnie oh?*

What'll I do with my herring's eyes
Oh what'll you do with your herring's eyes
I make them into puddings and pies

What'll I do with my herring's gills
Oh what'll you do with your herring's gills
I make them into window sills

What'll I do with my herring's back
Oh what'll you do with your herring's back
I make it into a fishing smack

What'll I do with my herring's fins
Oh what'll you do with your herring's fins
I make them into needles and pins



What'll I do with my herring's scales
Oh what'll you do with your herring's scales
I make them into a ship with sails

What'll I do with my herring's guts
Oh what'll you do with your herring's guts
I make them into a pair of boots

What'll I do with my herring's tail
Oh what'll you do with your herring's tail
I make it into a barrel of ale

Oh what do you think of such a thing



HESITATION BLUES

If the river was whisky and I was a duck,
I'd dive to the bottom and I'd never come up,

*Tell me how long have I got to wait,
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?*

If the river was whisky and the branch was vine,
You'd see me in bed most all of the time,

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee,
You don't like my peaches, don't you shake my tree,

Two old maids sitting in the sand,
Each one a-wishing that the other was a man,

I was born in England, schooled in France,
If you want to know more best ask my parents,

I'm standing on the corner with a dollar in my hand,
Looking for a woman, who's looking for a man,

I got the hesitation stockings, hesitation shoes,
I really do believe I've got the hesitation blues.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar
He gazed at the bottom as he peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star.
Away on a hilltop sat combing her hair
His fair hippopotami maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And he sang her this sweet serenade.

*Mud, mud, glorious mud,
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud.*

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice
From her seat on the hilltop above
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tiptoeing down to her love
Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet

Now more hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side
They dived all at once with an ear-splitting splash
Then rose to the surface again
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain

The amorous hippopotamus whose love song we know
Is now married and father of ten
He murmurs, "God rot 'em." as he watches them grow
And he longs to be single again.
He'll gambol no more on the banks of the Nile
Which Nasser is flooding next spring
With the hippopotamus in silken pajamas
No more will he teach them to sing.

- Flanders & Swann



HOME BOYS HOME

Oh who wouldn't be a sailor lad a-sailing on the main,
To gain the good will of his captain is to blame.
For he went ashore now one evening for to be,
And that was the beginning of the whole calamity.

*And It's Home, boys, home
Home I'd like to be
Home for a while in me own country
Where the Oak and the Ash and the bonny Rowan tree
Are all a-blooming freely in the north country*

Now I asked her for a handkerchief to tie around me head
And likewise for a candle for to light me up to bed
She tended to me needs just like a young maid aught to do
So then I says to her why don't you jump in with me too.

Oh, she jumped into bed now taking no alarm
Thinking a young sailor lad to her could do no harm
I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long
'Til she wished the short night had been seven years long.

Well early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron poured a pocket full of gold
Saying "Take this my dear for the mischief I have done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son."

Now if it be a girl child we'll send her out to nurse
With silver in her pocket and gold in her purse
And if it be a boy child give him the jacket blue,
And send him up the rigging like his daddy used to do

Come listen all you fair maids take this advice from me
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee
For I trusted one and he beguiled me
And he left me with a pair of twins to dandle on me knee.

THE HUNTSMAN

The Huntsman blew loud on his horn
Blew loud on his horn
And all that he blew it was lost and gone
Was lost and gone.

Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la
[add last line of each verse, Eg:]
And all that he blew it was lost and gone

Shall all my blowings be just forlorn
Far better were I no huntsman born.

He cast his net the bush about
A nut brown damsel sprung quickly out.

Oh nut brown damsel escape me not
I have great big hounds that will fetch thee hot.

Thy great big hounds they will fetch me not
My high mighty leapings they know them not

Thy high mighty leapings they know full well
They know that today death thee must fell.

Well if I die then I'll be dead
O bury me deep 'neath the roses red.

And under the lilies and roses red
I'll sleep for ever, in my last bed.

And on her grave three lilies grew
A squire rode by and would pluck the few.

O Squire forbear, let the lilies stand
They are for a fresh young huntsman's hand.

I AM WEARY (LET ME REST)

Kiss me mother kiss your daughter
Lay my head upon your breast
Throw your loving arms around me
I am weary let me rest

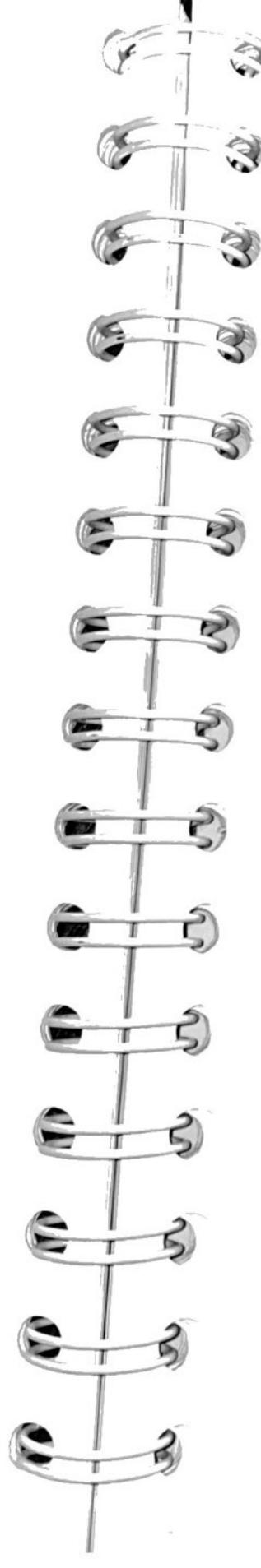
Seems the light is swiftly fading
Pride or sins they do now show
I am standing by the river
Angels wait to take me home

Kiss me mother kiss your daughter
See the pain upon my brow
While you'll soon be with the angels
Fate has doomed my future now

Through the years you've always loved me
And my life you've tried to save
But now I shall slumber sweetly
In a deep and lonely grave

Kiss me mother kiss your daughter
Lay my head upon your breast
Throw your loving arms around me
I am weary let me rest
I am weary let me rest

- Pete Roberts



I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS MISTER

I don't want your millions mister,
I don't want your diamond ring.
All I want is the right to live mister,
Give me back my job again

I don't want your rolls royce mister
I don't want your pleasure yacht
All I want, is food for my babies
Give me my old job back

We worked to build this country mister
While you enjoyed a life of ease
You've stolen all that we built mister
Now our children starve and freeze.

Think me dumb if you wish mister
Call me green, or blue, or red
This one thing I know for sure mister
My hungry children must be fed

Take the two opposing parties
No difference in them I can see
But with a farmer Labour party
We could set the people free

I don't want your millions mister
I don't want your diamond ring
All I want is the right to live mister
Give me back my job again.



IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE GENERAL

If you want to see the General
I know where he is
I know where he is
I know where he is
If you want to see the General
I know where he is
He's pinning another medal on his chest
I saw him, I saw him
Pinning another medal on his chest, I saw him
Pinning another medal on his chest

If you want to see the Colonel...
He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face

If you want to see the Major...
He's home again on seven days leave

If you want to see the Sergeant...
He's drinking all the company's rum

If you want to see the Corporal...
He's drunk upon the dug-out floor

If you want to see the Private...
He's hanging on the old barbed wire



I'LL FLY AWAY

Some bright morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

*I'll fly away oh glory
I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die Halleluia by and by
I'll fly away*

When the shadows of this life are gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from these prison walls I fly
I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet
I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet
I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end
I'll fly away

- Albert E. Brumley



IRENE

*Irene, good night Irene, Irene good night.
Good night Irene, good night Irene
I'll kiss you in my dreams.*

I asked your mother for you ,
She told me you was too young.
I wish to the lord I'd never seen your face,
I'm sorry you ever was born.

Last Saturday night I got married
Me an' my wife settled down
Now me an' my wife are parted
Gonna take me a stroll uptown.

You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan,
You caused me to leave my home.
But the very last words I heard her say were
"Please sing me one more song."

Stop rambling and stop gambling,
Quit staying out late at night.
Go home to your wife and your family
Sit down by the fireside bright.

I loves Irene, God knows I do,
I love her till the sea runs dry.
If Irene turns her back on me
I'm gonna take morphine and die.

Sometimes I live in the country,
Sometimes I live in the town.
Sometimes I have a great notion
To jump in the river and drown.

- Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly) and John Lomax

JAMAICAN FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
And when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop.

*But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.*

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to and fro,
I must declare that my heart is there,
Though I've been from Maine down to Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out as on their heads they bear
Husky rice and salt fish are nice,
And the rum is fine any time of year.

JOCK STEWART

My name is Jock Stewart and I'm a canny young man
And a rambling young fellow I've been,
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

I've got acres of land, I've have men at command,
And I've always a shilling to spare,
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.

*So come fill up your glasses of brandy or wine,
What ever the cost I will pay,
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day.*

I take out my dog, and with him I do shoot,
All down by the river Kildare.
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.

JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night a-live as you or me.
Says I, "But Joe you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he, "I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake Joe," says I to him
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge"
Says Joe "But I ain't dead." x2

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you Joe" says I,
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die." x2

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me
"Joe Hill ain't never died,
Where working folk are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where workers strike and organise,
It's there you'll find Joe Hill."

(Repeat first verse)

- Words by Alfred Hayes. Music by Earl Robinson.

Joe Hill (A Swedish immigrant whose real name was Joseph Hillstrom) was a labour organiser and poet who was framed and executed on a murder charge in 1915 in Utah, USA.)

JOHNNY MINER

Johnny Miner you were born
Never to see the rising sun
Now it's time that you were gone
Farewell Johnny Miner

*Farewell Durham and Yorkshire too
Nottingham the same to you
Scotland, South Wales bid adieu
Farewell Johnny Miner*

They promised you the Earth sometimes
To dig coal from their stinking mines
And all the justice for their crimes is
Farewell Johnny Miner

You battled with the sliding scale
Lungs turned black and faces pale
Now your body's up for sale
Farewell Johnny Miner

Come on John don't take it hard
Unemployment isn't bad
They'll treat you well in the knacker's yard
Farewell Johnny Miner

JUG OF PUNCH

As I was sitting with jug and spoon
One fine morning in the month of June
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo,
Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang, was a jug of punch.

What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to court a maid by an ale house fire,
With kerry pippin to crack and crunch
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch.

The learned doctors with all their art,
Cannot cure depression that's on the heart,
Even the cripple forgets his hunch,
When he's safe outside of a jug of punch.

And when I'm dead and in my grave,
No costly tombstone will I crave,
Just lay me down in my native peat,
With a jug of punch at my head and feet.

KILGARY MOUNTAIN

As I was a-going over Kilgary Mountain
I met Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
I drew forth my pistol and I rattled out my sabre
Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver."

*Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar, whack fol di daddy-o.
Whack fol di daddy-o, there's whisky in the jar.*

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
So I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She promised in her heart that she never would deceive me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went to Jenny's chamber for to take a little slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew my charges and filled them up with water
Then she fetched Captain Farrell just as fast as she could totter.

'Twas early in the morning I was wakened from my napping
I beheld a band of footmen and the wily, handsome captain
I reached for my pistols for to begin the slaughter.
But I could not discharge them for I couldn't fire the water.

I reached for my sabre but I found I hadn't any
Then I knew I had been taken by my darling sporting Jenny.
And thus I did surrender, and a prisoner I was taken
And by a gay deceiver then I was all forsaken.

If anyone can help me then it's my brother in the army
But I know not where he's stationed, be it Cork or Killarney
If only I could find him we'd go roving in Kilkenny
And I know he'd treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

Now some folks take delight in their carriages rolling
And others takes delight in the hurley and the bowling.
But me I takes delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty women in the morning bright and early.

ry Mountain
s money he was counting
rattled out my sabre
for I am a bold deceiver."

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ere's whisky in the jar.

it made a pretty penny
I took it home to Jenny.
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n for they never can be easy.

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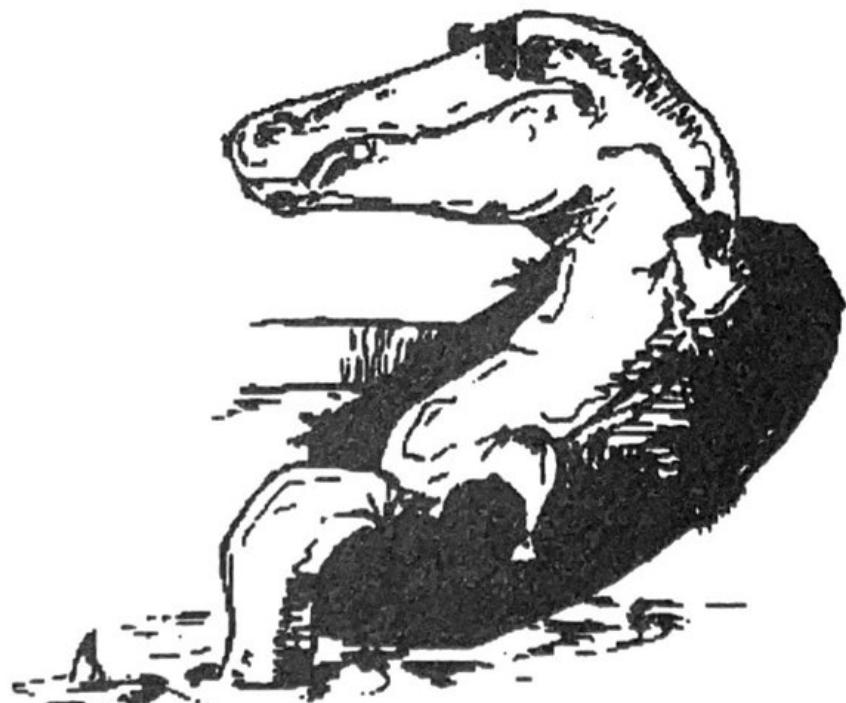
THE LADY AND THE CROCODILE

She sailed away on a sunny summer's day
On the back of a crocodile
'You see' said she,
'He's as tame as tame can be
I'll ride him down the Nile.'
Well the croc winked his eye
As the lady waved goodbye
Wearing a happy smile
But at the end of the ride
The lady was inside
And the smile was on the croc-o-dile



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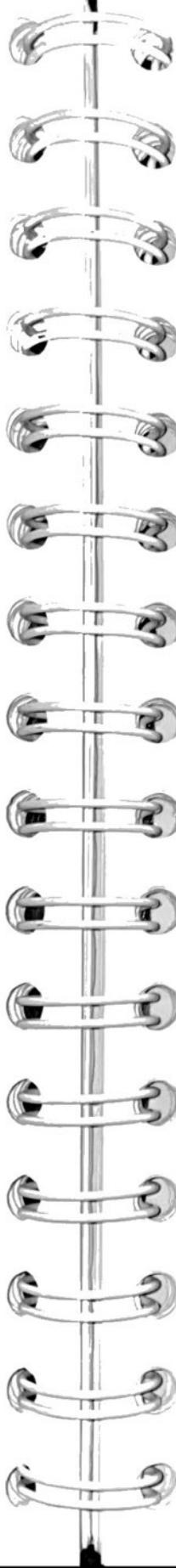
THE LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS

It was pleasant and delightful
One mid-summer's morn
And the fields and the meadow
Were all covered in corn
And the thrushes and the songbirds
Sang on every green spray
And the larks they sang melodious
At the dawning of the day.

*And the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious
At the dawning of the day.*

A sailor and his true love
Were walking one day
Says the sailor to his true love
'I am bound far away.
I am bound for the East Indies
Where the wild cannons roar
I am bound to leave you Nancy
You're the girl that I adore.'

*I am bound to leave you Nancy
I am bound to leave you Nancy
I am bound to leave you Nancy
You're the girl that I adore.*



The ring from her finger she instantly drew
Saying 'Take this dearest William
And my heart it goes too.'
And as they were embracing
Tears from her eyes fell
Saying 'May I go along with you?'
'Oh, no my love, farewell.'

Saying 'may I go along with you?'
Saying 'may I go along with you?'
Saying 'may I go along with you?'
Oh no my love, farewell.

Now the wind's in the rigging
And the anchor's aweigh,
And the ship she will be sailing
At the dawning of the day
And the current is rising
On a fast-flowing tide
'And if ever I return again
I will make you my bride.'

'And if ever I return again
And if ever I return again
And if ever I return again
I will make you my bride.'

LEAVE HER JOHNNY

I thought I heard the old man say
Leave her Johnny, leave her
It's a long hard pull to the next pay day
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her Johnny, leave her
Oh leave her Johnny, leave her
(it's a long hard pull to the next pay day)
And it's time for us to leave her

The captain was bad but the mate was worse
He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse

And a dollar a day is a Jack Shite's pay
When it's pump all night and work all day

Now the rats are all gone and we the crew
Oh it's time by Christ that we went too

Well it's pump or drown the old man said
Or else by Christ we'll all be dead

I thought I heard the old man say,
Just one more pump and then belay.

LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you my own true love,
I'm going far away
I am bound for California,
But I know that I'll return some day.

*So fare thee well my own true love,
And when I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee*

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess, is the Captain of her,
And they say she is a floating shame

Oh the sun is on the harbour love,
And I wish I could remain
For I know it will be some long time
Before I see you again.



LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

It's a lesson too late for the learning,
In the wink of an eye my heart is turning
In your hand, in your hand.

*Are you going away with no word of fare-well
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have you better, didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind*

As we walk all my thoughts are a-tumblin'
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin'
Underground, underground

As I lie in my bed in the morning,
Without you, without you,
Every song in my heart lies a-borning
Without you, without you

You have reasons a-plenty for going
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go.

LITTLE BOXES

Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky,
Little boxes, little boxes,
Little boxes, all the same.
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky
And they all look just the same.

And the people in the houses
All go to the university,
And they all get put in boxes,
Little boxes, all the same.
And there's doctors and there's lawyers
And business executives,
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf-course,
And drink their Martini dry,
And they all have pretty children,
And the children go to school.
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university,
And they all get put in boxes
And they all come out the same.

And the boys go into business,
And marry, and raise a family,
And they all get put in boxes,
Little boxes, all the same.
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky
And they all look just the same.

Written by Malvina Reynolds and sung by Pete Seeger.

LOGGER LOVER

'Twas as I sat down one morning, 'twas in a small cafe,
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

I see that you are a Logger and not just a common bum,
For nobody but a Logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

My lover was a Logger, there's none like him today,
If you poured whisky on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.

He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide.
He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off inside.

My lover came to see me, "twas on one freezing day,
He held me in a fond embrace, which broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when he parted, so hard it broke my jaw
I could not speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.

I watched my lover leaving as homeward he did go,
Sauntering gaily onwards at forty eight below.

The weather tried to freeze him, it tried its level best.
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.

It froze right through to China, it froze to the stars above,
At a thousand degrees below zero it froze my Logger love.

And so I lost my lover, and if you believe it, Sir,
They made him into axe-blades, to chop the Douglas Fir.

And now it's every morning that to this cafe I come,
Until I meet with someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.

LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
I danced in the moon and the stars and the sun,
I came down from heaven and I danced on earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*Dance then wherever you may be,
I am the Lord of the dance said he,
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance said he.*

I danced for the Scribe and the Pharisee
They would not dance and they would not follow me;
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John
They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the sabbath and I cured the lame
The holy people they said it was a shame
They whipped me they stripped me and they hung me high
And left me there on a cross to die

I danced on the Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body and they thought me gone
But I am the dance and I still go on

They cut me down but I leapt up high
For I am the dance that will never, never die
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the lord of the dance, said he.

- Sydney Carter

LOWLANDS

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands away

I dreamed my love came standing by
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
Came standing close by my bedside
Lowlands away

He's drowning in the lowlands sea
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
And never more coming home to me
Lowlands away

He's drowning in the lowlands low
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
And never more shall I him know
Lowlands away

He's lying in the windy lowlands
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
He's lying in the windy lowlands
Lowlands away.

MAIRI'S WEDDING

*Step we gaily, on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and on we go,
All for Mairi's Wedding.*

Over hill ways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheiling through the town
All for sake of Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonny bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mairi

Cheeks as bright as rowans are,
Brighter far than any star,
Fairest of them all by far,
Is my darling Mairi.

THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept up on Crowdon,
I've camped by the Wain Stones as well,
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder,
And many more things I can tell.
My rucksack has oft been my pillow,
The heather has oft been my bed,
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

*I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way,
I may be a wage slave on Monday,
But I am a free man on Sunday.*

The day was just ending as I was descending
By Grimesbrook just by Upper Tor
Then a voice cried "Hey you!" in the way keepers do,
He's the worst face that ever I saw.
The things that he said were unpleasant.
In the teeth of his fury I said,
Sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade,
She was fair as the rowan in bloom
And the blue of her eye matched the June moorland sky,
And I wooed her from April til June.
On the day that we should have been married
I went for a ramble instead,
For sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

So I walk where I will , over mountain and hill,
And I'll lie where the bracken is deep,
I belong to the mountains, the clear running fountains
Where the grey rocks rise rugged and steep.
I've seen the white hare in the gully
And the curlew fly high overhead,
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

Martin said to his man, Fie man, fie.
Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now?
Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now.

I saw the man in the moon, Fie man Fie,etc
Sliding down St Peter's shoen.

I saw the mouse chase the cat,
And saw the cheese eat the rat.

I saw the maid milk the bull,
Every stroke a bucketful.

I saw the hare chase the hounds,
Forty miles above the ground.

I saw the flea heave a tree,
Forty leagues across the sea.

I saw the sheep shearing corn,
And saw the cuckold blow his horn.



MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

If I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Pharaoh's army got drownded
Oh Mary don't you weep

O Mary don't you weep don't you moan
O Mary don't you weep don't you moan
Pharaoh's army got drownded
O Mary don't you weep

Mary wore three links of chain
And on each link was Jesus' name.
Pharaoh's army got drownded...

Mary wore three links of chain
And every one was freedom's name...

One of these nights about twelve o'clock
This old world's gonna reel and rock...

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore
Shooting the water with a two-by-four...

God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water but fire next time...

The Lord told Moses what to do
To lead those Hebrew children through...

MAY THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN?

I was standing at my window
On a cold and cloudy day
When I saw a hearse come rolling
Oh to carry my sweetheart away

*May the circle be unbroken
By and by Lord, by and by
There's a better home awaiting
In the sky Lord, in the sky*

Oh I told the undertaker,
'Undertaker please drive slow,
'Cause this lady that you're holding
Oh I hate to see her go'

I will follow close behind her
Try to hold up and be brave
But I could not hold my sorrow
As they laid her in the grave

MERCEDES-BENZ

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz?
My friends all drive Porches, I must make amends.
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a colour TV?
Dialling for Dollars is trying to find me
I'll wait for delivery each day until three
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a colour TV?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?
I'm counting on you Lord, please don't let me down.
Prove that you love me and buy the next round,
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz?
My friends all drive Porches I must make amends.
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz?

- Janis Joplin and Michael McQuire

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Well you wake up in the morning to the ding dong ring
Go marching to the table see the same damn thing.
Knife and fork upon the table, nothing in my pan
Say anything a-bout it, you're in trouble with the man

*Let the midnight special
Shine its light on me
Let the midnight special,
Shine its ever loving light on me.*

Well yonder come Miss Rosy; how in the world d'you know?
Well I knowed her by her apron, and the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
She's gonna tell the guv'nor turn a-loose my man.

Now Jumping little Judy, was a jumping queen
And she's been jumping since she was sixteen
Well she bring me little coffee, she bring me little tea.
She bring me damn near everything but the jailhouse key

If you ever go to Houston the you better walk right
And you'd better not stagger and you better not fight.
Or the Sheriff will arrest you and carry you down
You can bet your bottom dollar you're penitentiary bound.

- Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly)

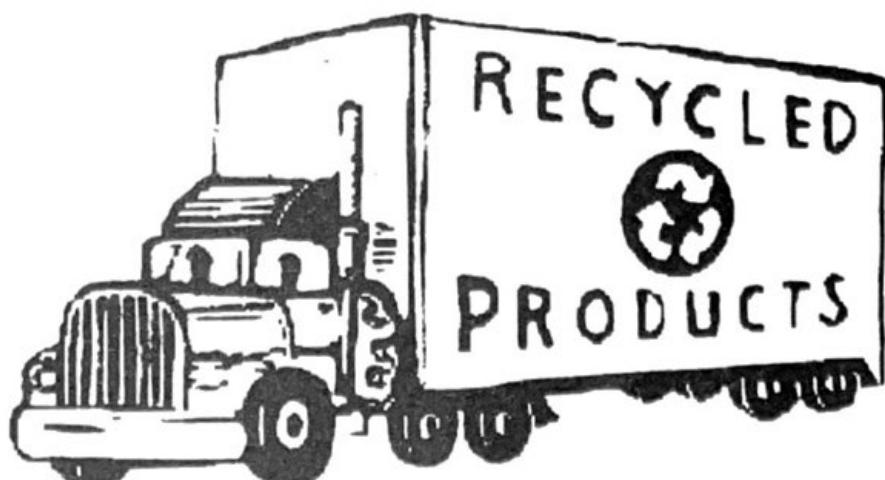
MILWAUKEE TRUCKIN' BLUES

Drink your whiskey, drink your rye
Turn your thoughts up to the sky.
Things will happen by and by
If you keep on truckin' along.

Drink your whiskey, drink your wine
Everything's gonna work out fine
You do your thing and I'll do mine
And we'll keep on truckin' along.

Truckin', Truckin' Truckin'
Truckin', Truckin', Truckin',
Truckin', Truckin', Truckin',
Keep truckin', keep on truckin'.

Drink your whiskey drink your booze
Some you win and some you lose
We've got them ol' Milwaukee blues
But we'll keep on truckin' along.

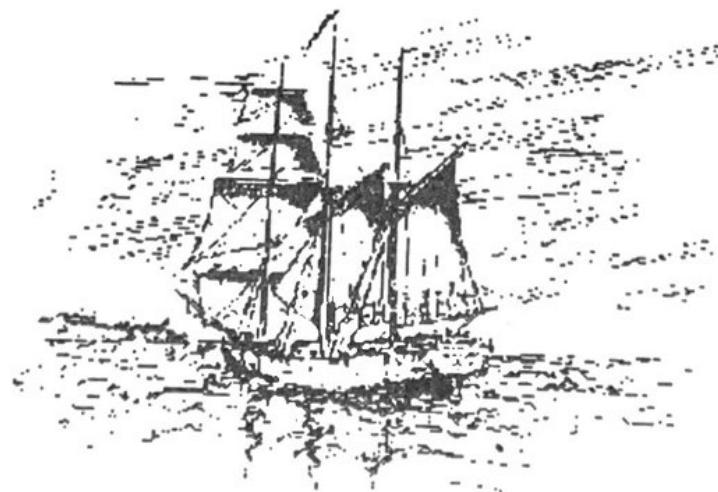


MINGULAY BOAT SONG

What care we though white the Minch is
What care for wind or weather
Let her go, boys! Every inch is
Weaving home to Mingulay

*Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, now altogether
Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Singling homeward to Mingulay*

Wives are waiting on the bank, or
Looking seaward from the heather;
Pull her round, boys! And we'll anchor
Ere the sun set at Mingulay



MOLE IN A HOLE

I like the flowers and I like the trees,
I like the woodlands and the bees,
I like The Byrds on their LPs
And I'm a refugee

*I wanna' be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow,
I wanna' be a fly flying high in the sky,
I wanna' be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow,
I wanna' be a fly flying high in the sky,*

I had a friend just as wise as Mr. Wise Owl
He could count from one to ten, from A to Z.
My friend he was so wise he got religion,
That's why I'm alive today and he is dead.

I had a friend who had a friend in Jesus,
He used to read the good book every day,
My friend he got so friendly with friend Jesus,
Friend Jesus took my only friend away.

My feet are smelly and my hair's a mess,
My teeth are yellow and I've got bad breath,
I may look great but I feel like death,
And I'm a refugee...

THE MONKEY SONG

One Monday morning I woke up late
I saw a little monkey outside me gate
I went outside to investigate
The monkey was doing the latest dance craze

*I don't know what to say the monkey won't do
I don't know what to say the monkey won't do*

When I do the twist* monkey twist it too
I don't know what to say the monkey won't do
When I do the twist monkey twist it too
I don't know what to say the monkey won't do

One Tuesday morning I woke up late... (etc.)

*For example. Dances should be improvised on the spot, eg. pogo, tango, moonwalk, ballet, bangra etc etc.)

From Derrick Harriott's Monkey Ska, based on a folk song from northwest Africa.



MOONDANCE

Well It's a marvellous nigh for a moondance
With the stars up above in your eyes,
A fantabulous night to make romance
'Neath the cover of October skies.
And all the leaves on the trees they are falling,
To the sound of the breezes that blow
And I'm trying to please to the calling,
Of your heart-strings that play soft and low
And all the night's magic seems to whisper and hush
And all the soft moonlight seems to shine, in your blush.

Can I just have one more moondance with you, my love?
Can I just make some more romance with you, my love?

Well I wanna make love to you tonight,
I can't wait till the morning has come
And I know now the time is just right,
And straight into my arms you will run
And when you come my heart will be waiting
To make sure that you're never alone
There and then all my dreams will come true, dear,
There and then I will make you my own.
And everytime I touch you, you just tremble inside,
And I know how much you want me, that you can't hide

One more moon-dance with you, in the moonlight,
On a magic night, la la la la, in the moonlight,
On a magic night
Can't I just have one more dance with you,
My love?

- Van Morrison

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man him-self
though it weighed not a pennyweight more,
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his pleasure and pride,
But it stopped, short, never to go a-gain
When the old man died.

*Ninety years without slumbering - tick, tock, tick, tock...
His life seconds numbering - tick, tock, tick, tock...
It stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.*

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro many hours
Had he spent as a boy.
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share in his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty four as he entered in the door
With his blushing and beautiful bride.
But it stopped, short, never to go again when the old man died.
My Grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant more true could be found.
For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
At the end of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side.
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.

It struck an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb.
And we knew that his spirit was poised for its flight,
That the hour of departure had come.
Still it kept perfect time with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died.

MY HUSBAND'S GOT NO COURAGE IN HIM

As I went out one May morning
To view the fields and leaves a-springing
I saw two maidens standing by
And one of them her hands was wringing

*Oh dear-o! Oh dear-o!
My husband's got no courage in him.
Oh dear-o!*

Me husband's admired wherever he goes
And everyone looks well upon him
With his handsome features and well-shaped leg
But still he's got no courage in him

Me husband can dance and caper and sing
And do anything that's fitting for him
But he cannot do the thing I want
Because he's got no courage in him

All sorts of vittles I did provide
A sorts of meats that's fitting for him
With oyster pie and rhubarb too
But still he's got no courage in him

Every night when I goes to bed
I lie and throw me leg right o'er him
And me hand I clamp between his thighs
But I can't put any courage in him

Seven long years I've made his bed
And every night I've lain beside him
But this morning I rose with me maidenhead
For still he's got no courage in him

I wish me husband he was dead
And in his grave I'd quickly lay him
And then I'd find another one
That's got a little courage in him

MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER

My Johnny was a shoemaker
And dearly he loved me
My Johnny was a shoemaker
But now he's gone to sea
With pitch and tar to soil his hands
And to sail across the sea... stormy sea
And sail across the stormy sea

His jacket was a deep sky blue
And curly was his hair
His jacket was a deep sky blue
It was I do declare
For to reef the topsails up against the mast
And to sail across the sea... stormy sea
And sail across the stormy sea

Some day he'll be a Captain bold
With a brave and gallant crew
Some day he'll be a Captain bold
With a sword and spyglass too
And when he has his gallant Captain's sword
He'll come home and marry me.... marry me
He'll come home and marry me

THE NIGHTINGALE

As I was walking one morning in May
I heard a young couple so fondly did stray
And one was a fair maid as fair as can be
And the other was a soldier of the brave Grenadiers.

*And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other
They went arm in arm along the road like sister and brother
They went arm in arm along the road till they came to a stream
And they both sat down together love to hear the nightingale sing*

Then out of his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle
And he played her such merry tunes as you ever did hear
And he played her such merry tunes as the valley did ring
“Oh la,” cried the fair maid, “how the nightingales sing.”

“I’m off to India for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskies instead of strong beers
And if ever I return again it’ll be in the spring
And we’ll both sat down together love to hear the Nightingales sing.”

“Oh,” then says the fair maid, “won’t you marry me?”
“Oh no,” says the soldier, “however could that be?
For I’ve my son and wife at home in my own country
And she is the fairest little maid as you ever did see.”



NO MANS LAND

Well how do you do Private William McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave-side.
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.

And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen-sixteen
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or Willie McBride was it slow and ob-scene?

*Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the last post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the Forest"?*

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined
And though you died back in nineteen-sixteen
To that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?

Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enclosed behind some glass pane
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

*Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the last post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the Forest"?*

But the sun shining now on fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches have all vanished under the plough
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now.

But here in this graveyard it's still no mans land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To mans blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

*Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the last post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the "Flowers of the Forest"?*

And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe that this war could end wars?

The suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame,
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain
For Willie McBride it all happened again
And again and again and again and again.

Written by Eric Bogle while passing through
Flanders fields in France.



THE OLD DUN COW (with hics and belches)

Some pals and I in a Public House,
Were playing dominos last night,
When all of a sudden in the potman rushed
With a face just like a kite.

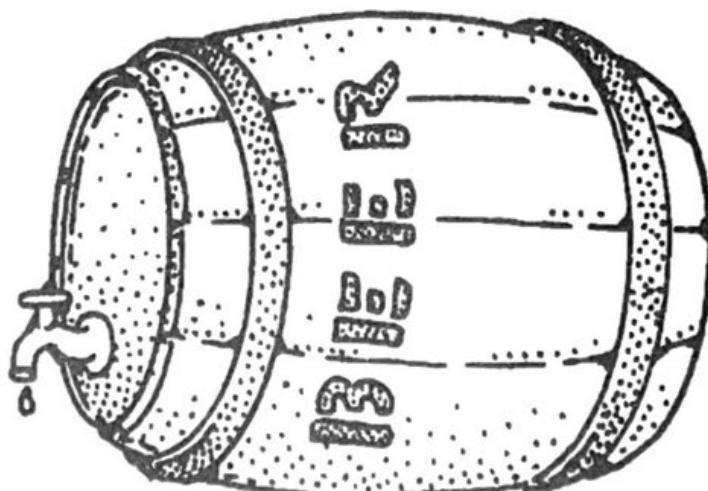
"What's up?" says Brown."Have you seen your Aunt?
Have you seen your Aunt Maria?"
"Aunt Maria be blowed," says he,
"The bloomin' pub's on fire."

"What's that?" Says Brown, "What a bit of luck,
What a bit of luck shouts he,
"Down in the cellar with a fire on top,
We'll have a good ol' spree."
So we all went down with good ol' Brown
And beer we couldn't miss,
And we hadn't been ten minutes there
Before we were like this...

Oh there was Brown, upside down
Knocking back the whisky on the floor.
"Booze! Booze!" The firemen cried,
As they came a-knocking at the door.
"Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up."
Someone shouted, "MacIntyre!"
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub,
And gave it just a few hard knocks.
He started taking off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hold on!" says Snoops,
"If you want to wash yer feet,
There's a tub of four ale here.
Don't dip your trotters in the port wine tub,
When we've still got some old stale beer."

Just then there came such an awful crash,
Half the bloomin' roof gave way.
We was run with the firemen's hose
But still we were all gay.
We got some sacks and some old tin tacks
And bunged ourselves inside,
And we got drinking good old scotch
Till we was bleary eyed...



OLD JOE

My daddy made his living in a little southern town,
And after school was over I would help him with his rounds,
He'd sit there in his pick up truck, while I wore out my shoes,
But he always walked beside me when I went up to old Joe's.
Like all the other kids in town I'd never seen his face,
Though I used to leave his groceries at the back door of his place,
And I knew somebody lived there 'cos next morning they'd be gone,
But the curtains of old Joe's house were always tightly drawn.

They say that in his younger days he loved another man,
When that small town started talking
His friend died by his own hands.
There was whispering among the women,
Hard talk amongst the men.
But the curtains of Old Joe's house were never pulled again.

I could tell you where this happened 'cos I think you ought to know,
That right there where you're living there are people like Old Joe,
For each of us has secrets that we keep on the backroom shelves,
Keep them hidden from our neighbours and often from ourselves.
But everybody's got the right to be the way they are,
If you're not hurting someone else then you've not gone too far,
So before you start to criticise the lives that others lead,
Take a good look in the mirror and be sure of what you see.

They say that in his younger days he loved another man,
When that small town started talking
His friend died by his own hands.
There was whispering among the women,
Hard talk amongst the men.
But the curtains of Old Joe's house were never pulled again.

OLD JOE CLARK

Fare thee well old Joe Clark, fare thee well I'm gone,
Fare thee well old Joe Clark, and goodbye Betsy Brown.

I used to live in the mountain top, now I live in the town,
Staying at a boarding house, courting Betsy Brown.

Old Joe had a yellow cat, could neither sing or pray
She stuck her head in the buttermilk jug and washed her sins away.

When I was a little boy I used to want a knife,
Now I am a bigger boy I only want a wife.

When I was a little girl, I used to play with toys,
Now I am a bigger girl, I only play with boys.

I wish I was a sugar tree, standing in the middle of town,
Every time a pretty girl passed, I'd shake some sugar down.

If I had a sweetheart, I'd sit her on a shelf,
And every time she smiled at me I'd get up there myself.

Very popular with fiddle players and singers.
The song is around 150 years old and comes from North Carolina.

PACE EGGING SONG

*Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
We are come a pace egging and I hope you'll prove kind,
And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.*

And the first to come in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee,
And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine
And I hope he remembers it's pace egging time.

And the next to come in, it is Lord Collingwood
And he fought with Lord Nelson 'til he shed his blood.
And he's come from the sea, Old England to view,
And he's come a pace egging with all of his crew.

And the last to come in is old Toss Pot you'll see
He's a valiant old man and in every degree,
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pig tail
And his only delight is a-drinking mulled ale.

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire.
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right,
If you give nowt we'll take nowt, farewell and goodnight.

POOR BOY

As I went down to the river, poor boy
To see the ships go by
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
And she waved me good-bye.

*Bow down your head and cry, poor boy
Bow down your head and cry,
Stop thinking about that woman you love
Bow down your head and cry,*

I followed her for months and months
She offered me her hand.
We were just about to get married, when
She ran off with a gambling man.

He came at me with a big jack knife
I went for him with lead,
When the fight was over, poor boy
He lay down beside me, dead.

They took me to the big jail house
The months, the months rolled by
The jury found me guilty, poor boy
And the Judge said you must die.

And yet they call this justice, poor boy
Then justice let it be
I only killed a man that was
Just a-fixin to kill me.

THE PRICKLE EYE BUSH

Hangman stay your hand. Oh stay it for a while
For I think I see my Mother Dear a-coming over yonder stile.
Mother have you brought me gold or silver to set me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?
No I have not brought you gold, or silver to set you free,
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree

*Oh! The prickle eye bush,
That grieves my heart full sore,
If I ever get out of this prickle eye bush,
I shall never get in it anymore*

Hangman stay your hand. Oh stay it for a while
For I think I see my Father Dear, a-coming over yonder stile.
Father have you brought me gold, or silver to set me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?
No I have not brought you gold, or silver to set you free,
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree

Hangman stay your hand. Oh stay it for a while
For I think I see my True Love Dear, a-coming over yonder stile.
True love have you brought me gold or silver to set me free,
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?
Yes! I have brought you gold, and silver to set you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree

PROCESS MAN

A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie
I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
There's thunder all around me and poison in the air
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in my hair

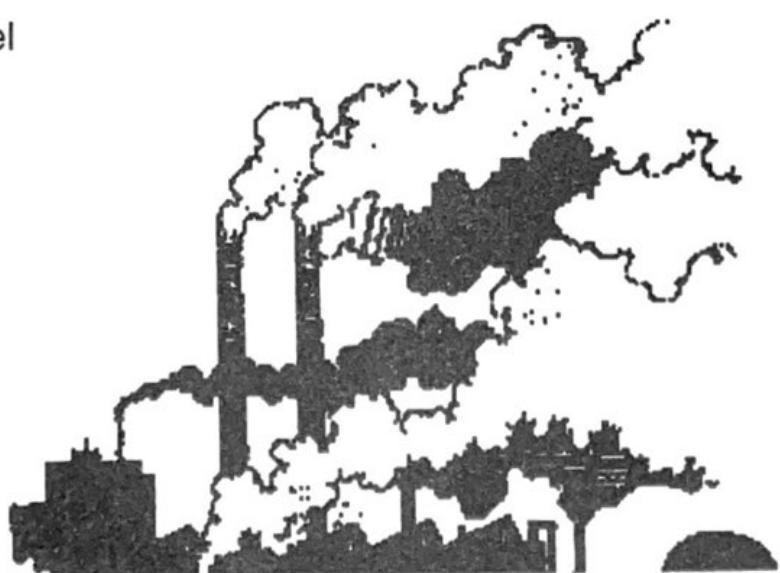
*And it's go, boy, go
They'll time your every breath
And every day you're in this place
You're two days nearer death
But you go*

I've worked among the spinners and I've breathed the oily smoke
I've shoveled up the gypsum till it nigh on makes you choke
I've stood knee-deep in cyanide, gone sick with caustic burn
Been workin' rough and seen enough to make your stomach turn

There's overtime and bonus - opportunities galore
The young boys like the money and they all come back for more
But soon you're getting on, you look older than you should
For every bob made on the job you pay with flesh and blood

Come all you young fellows and a warning hear me say
Don't work for Hooker Chemical on the shores of the Elliot Bay
Don't take the pay and promises, don't bet your youth so strong
Don't end up like me at 33, no one to sing your song.

- Ron Angel



RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathways awhile

*Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true.*

Do you think of the valley you're leaving,
Oh how lonely, how lonesome 'twill be,
Do you think of the fond hearts you're grieving
And the pain you are causing me.

I've been thinking a long time sweet darling,
Of the sweet words you never would say,
Now alas for my fond heart is breaking
For they say you are going away.

They will bury me where you have wandered,
On the hills where the daffodils grow,
When you're gone from the Red River Valley
For I can't live without you, I know.

RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN

(‘An Irish Ballad’)

About a maid I’ll sing a song - sing Ricketty Ticketty Tin
About a maid I’ll sing a song, she didn’t keep her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did everyone of them in, them in, she did every one of them in.

One day when in a fit of pique etc...
She drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
So we had to make do with Gin...

Her mother she could never stand etc...
And so a cyanide soup she planned
Her mother died with he spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin...

She weighed her brother down with stones etc...
And sent him down to Davy Jones
And all they ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin...

She set her sister’s hair on fire etc...
And as the flames grew higher and higher,
she danced and sang round the funeral pyre
Playing a violin...

One day when she had nothing to do etc...
she chopped her baby brother in two
Served him up as an Irish Stew
and invited the neighbours in...

And when at last the police came by etc...
Her little pranks she did not deny
For to do so she would have had to lie
And LYING she knew was a SIN...

My tragic tale I won’t prolong etc...
And if you do not enjoy my song
You’ve yourselves to blame if it’s too long
You should never have let me begin...
- Tom Lehrer

ROCKING ME BABIES TO SLEEP

I'm a char-lady's son, and I'm just thirty one,
And me wife's ten years younger than me,
And I don't like to roam, 'cos I likes to stay home,
But me wife she goes out on a spree,
And she leaves me behind, the babies to mind,
And the house in a good order to keep,
But with the fire burning bright, I could sit half the night,
Rocking me babies to sleep.

*And it's lady, lady, hush-a-bye baby,
Well your mammie will be coming back by and by,
But with the fire burning bright I could sit half the night,
Rocking me babies to sleep.*

Well last Saturday night I went out for a stroll,
After rocking me babies to sleep,
When at the bottom of our street, well who do you think I met,
But me wife, with a soldier six feet,
Well she sobbed and she sighed and she damned nearly died
She said lad I've been thinking of thee,
But with the fire burning bright, I could sit half the night,
Rocking me babies to sleep.

As sung be Mike Waterson.
This song was made form two songs, one from the music halls of
the 1860's, the other an Irish Ballad.

ROSEMARY LANE

When I was in service in Rosemary Lane,
I won the good will of my master of the day,
'Til a sailor came there, one night to lay
And that as the beginning of my misery

He called for a candle to light him to bed,
And likewise a silk handkerchief to tie up his head;
To tie up his head, as sailors will do
And he says, "My pretty Polly will you come too?"

Now this maid being young and foolish she thought it no harm
For to lie into bed to keep herself warm
And what was done there I will never disclose,
But I wish that short night had been seven long years

Next morning the sailor so early arose
And into my apron three guineas did throw,
Saying, "This I will give, and more I will do,
If you'll be my Polly wherever I'll go."

Now if it's a boy he will fight for the King,
And if it's a girl she will wear a gold ring.
She will wear a gold ring and a dress all aflame
And remember my service in Rosemary Lane.

When I was in service in Rosemary Lane
I won the good will of my master of the day,
'Til a sailor came there, one night to lay
And that was the beginning of my misery.

SALLY FREE AND EASY

Sally free and easy,
That should be her name.

Sally free and easy,
That should be her name.

Took a sailors loving,
For a nursery game.

All the loving that she gave to me
Was not made of stone.

All the loving that she gave to me
Was not made of stone.

It was sweet and hollow,
Like the honeycomb

Think I'll wait 'til sunset,
See the ensign down.

Think I'll wait 'til sunset,
See the ensign down.

Then I'll take the tideway,
To my burying ground.

Sally free and easy,
That should be her name.
Sally free and easy,
That should be her name.
When my body's landed,
Hope she dies of shame.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

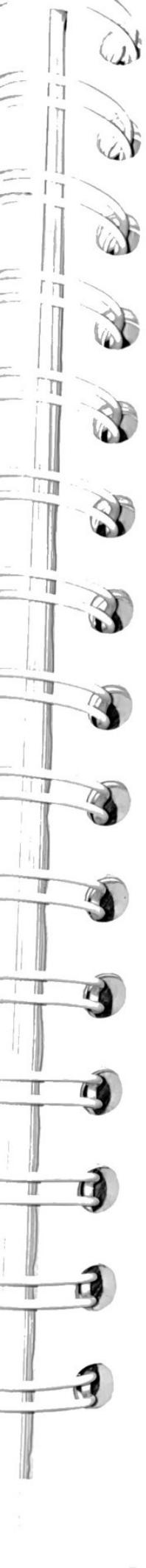
Got the blues when my baby left me by the San Francisco bay
Ocean liner she's gone so far away,
Didn't mean to treat her so bad, she was the
Best girl I ever had. Said goodbye, made me cry,
And now I want to lay down and die.
Ain't got a nickel, I ain't got a lousy dime
If she don't come back I think I'm going to lose my mind.

But if she ever come back to stay,
It's gonna be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

Sitting down looking through my back door,
Wond'ring which way to go
Girl that I'm so crazy 'bout
She don't want me no more
Think I'll take a freight train because I'm feeling blue
Ride all the way to the end of the line thinking only of you

Meanwhile in another city,
Just about to go insane,
Thought I heard my baby,
The way she used to call my name
If she ever came back to stay,
It's gonna be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

- Jesse Fuller



SANTE ANNO

From Boston Town we're bound away
Heave away, Sante Anno
Around Cape Horn to Frisco Bay
We're bound for Californio

So heave her up and away we'll go
Heave away, Sante Anno
Heave her up and away we'll go
We're bound for Californio

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew
A down knees Yankee for her skipper too

Back in the days of '49
Those were the days of the good old wine

When I leave ship I'll settle down
I'll marry a girl named Sally Brown

There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
Way down in Californio

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Without no seam or needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land.
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
Between the salt water and the sea strand,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to plough it with one ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And sow it all over with one peppercorn
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.
And gather it all in a bunch of heather,
Then she'll be a true love of mine.

SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

As I went home on a Monday night
As drunk as drunk could be
I saw a horse outside the door
Where my old horse should be
Well I calls me wife and I says to her
would you kindly tell to me
Who owns that horse outside my house
Where my old horse should be

Well you're drunk you're drunk you silly old fool
Until you cannot see
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me

Well its many a day I've travelled
A hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

Tuesday: I saw a coat behind the door etc...
That's a lovely blanket that my mother sent to me
But buttons on a blanket sure I never saw before

Wednesday: I saw a pipe upon the chair etc...
That's a lovely tin whistle that my mother sent to me
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

Thursday: I saw two boots beneath the bed etc...
They're two lovely geranium pots that my mother sent to me
But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

Friday: I saw a head inside the bed etc...
That's a baby boy that my mother sent to me
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

SHALLOW BROWN

And it's goodbye Juliana

Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's farewell Juliana

Shallow, oh shallow brown

I am bound for to leave you

Shallow, oh shallow brown

Oh I am bound for to leave you

Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's get my things in order

Shallow, oh shallow brown

For the packet rides tomorrow

Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's shallow in the morning

Shallow, oh shallow brown

Just as the day is dawning

Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's goodbye Juliana

Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's farewell Juliana

Shallow, oh shallow brown

This started life as a West Indian pump shanty. In the latter days of sail it was used at halyards. The word 'shallow' either refers to a press ganger called Shallow Brown, or from the Caribbean term 'Challow' meaning of mixed race.

SHAWNEETOWN

Well some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown
And it's hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Now the current's got her, and we'll take up the slack
We'll float 'er down to Shawneetown,
And we'll bushwhack 'er back

Whiskey's in the jar, boys, the wheat is in the sack
We'll trade 'em down in Shawneetown
And we'll bring the rock salt back

I've got a wife in Louisville, and one in New Orleans
When I get to Shawneetown,
Gonna see my Indian queen

Water's mighty warm boys, the air is cold and dank
And that cursed fog, it gets so thick
You cannot see the bank

Well, some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown

An American river boat song from the singing of Dillon Bustin.

SHENANDOAH

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away we're bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

The white man loved the Indian maiden...
With notions his canoe was laden...

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter...
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water...

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion...
To sail across the stormy ocean...

'Tis seven long years since last I saw her...
'Tis seven years long the love I've borne her...

He sold the chief the fire water...
And 'cross the river stole his daughter...

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you...
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive...

She went away and took another...
She went away, forsook her lover...

SHOALS OF HERRING

With our nets and gear we're faring
On the wild and wasteful ocean.
Its there that we hunt and we earn our bread
As we hunted for the shoals of herring

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day:
Out of Yarmouth Harbour I was faring.
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

Oh the work was hard, and the hours were long
And the treatment, sure it took some bearing.
There was little kindness, and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

Oh, we've fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank,
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing
And I used to sleep standing on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

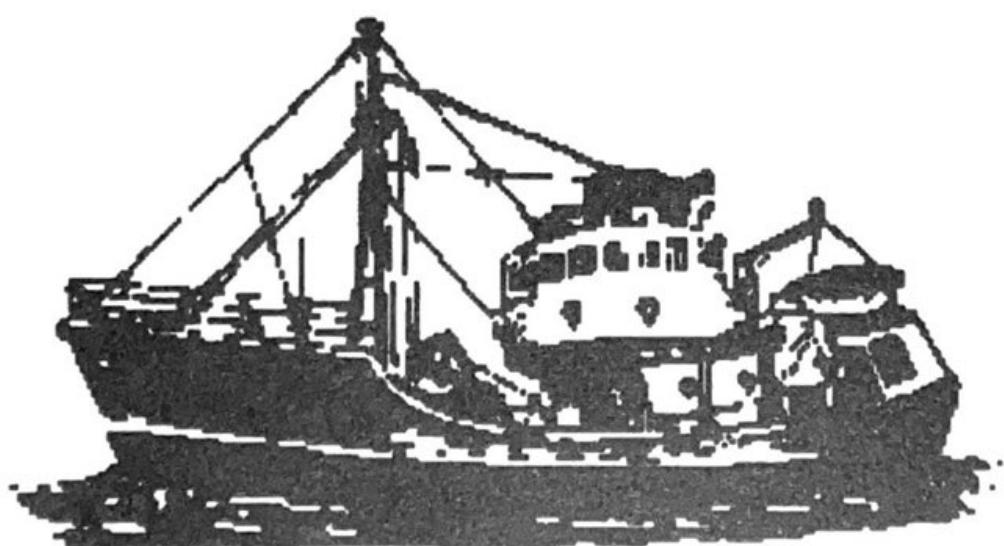
Oh we left the home grounds in the month of June
And for Canny Shields we soon was faring.
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear and show a manly bearing
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
As you're following the shoals of herring

O I earned my keep and I paid my way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring

- Ewan McColl



SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY

The British police are the best in the world
I don't believe one of those stories I've heard,
About them raiding our clubs for no reason at all,
Lining the customers up by the wall
Pulling out people, knocking them down
Resisting arrest as you're knocked on the ground
Raiding our houses, calling us queer
I don't believe that sort of thing happens here.

*Sing if you're glad to be gay,
Sing if you're happy that way, hey!
Sing if you're glad to be gay,
Sing if you're happy that way*

Pictures of naked young women are fun
In Titbits and Playboy, page three of the Sun,
There're no nudes in Gay News, our one magazine
But they still found excuses to call it obscene
Read how disgusting we are in the press
The Telegraph, The People, The Sunday Express
Molesters of children, corrupters of youth ,
It's there in the papers... it must be the truth.

And don't try to kid us that if you're discreet
You perfectly safe as you walk down the street,
You don't have to mince or make bitchy remarks,
To get beaten unconscious and left in the dark.
I had a friend who was gentle and short
He was lonely one evening, he went for a walk.
Queer bashers caught him, kicked in his teeth,
He was only hospitalised for a week.

And sit down and watch as they close down our clubs
Arrest us for meeting and raid all our pubs.
Make sure your boyfriend's at least twenty-one,
So only your friends and your brother gets done.
Lie to your work mates, lie to your folks,
Put down the queens, tell anti-queer jokes.
Gay Lib's ridiculous, join their laughter,
The buggers are legal now, what more are they after?
TELL THEM

Sing if you're glad to be gay,
Sing if you're happy this way x2

- Tom Robinson

SINNER MAN

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to
Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to
Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to
All on that day

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me? x3
No sinner man, sun'll be a freezing.

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me? x3
No sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding.

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me? x3
No sinner man, sea'll be a boiling.

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me? x3
No sinner man, you should be a praying.

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me? x3
Yes sinner man, come on in and howdy.

-This song is often sung alongside The Drunken Sailor

SIXTEEN TONS

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine
I picked up me shovel and I walked to the mine
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the store boss said "God bless my soul"

*You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt
St Peter don't you call me, 'cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store*

Now some people say a man is made out of mud
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, and skin and bone
And a mind that's weak and a back that's strong

I was born one morning in the drizzling rain
Fighting and trouble are my middle name
I was raised in the cane break by an old mother line
Can't get a high toned woman make me walk the line

Now if you see me comin' better step aside
A lotta men didn't and a lotta men died
One fist of iron and the other of steel
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.



SKYE BOAT SONG

*Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
“Onward” the sailors cry
Carry the lad that’s born to be king
Over the sea to Skye*

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar
Thunderclaps rend the air
Baffled our foes, stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare.

Many’s the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could yield.
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden’s field.

Though the waves leap, soft shall he sleep
Ocean’s a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora shall keep
Watch by your weary head.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scattered the loyal men
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again.

- Words by Sir Harold Boulton, music by Annie MacLeod

SLOOP JOHN B

We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me,
'Round Nassau Town we did roam.
Drinking all night, got into a fight;
I feel so break up, I wanna go home.

*So hoist up the John B sails,
See how the main sail sets.
Send for the captain a-shore, let me go home.
Please let me alone, I want to go home,
I feel so break up, I wanna go home.*

The first mate, oh he got drunk,
He broke up the people's trunk.
Constable had to come and take him away,
Sheriff Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.

The cook he got the fits, ate up all of my grits,
Then he went and ate up all of my corn,
O let me go home, please let me go home
This is the worst trip, I've ever been on.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born

Heave away, haul away

In South Australia round Cape Horn

We're bound for South Australia

Haul away you rolling kings

Heave away, haul away

Haul away, you'll hear me sing

We're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair

Heave away, haul away

'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

We're bound for South Australia

I rolled her up, I rolled her down

Heave away, haul away

I rolled her round and round the town

We're bound for South Australia

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind

Heave away, haul away

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

We're bound for South Australia

And as we wallop round Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to god you'd never been born
We're bound for South Australia

And here I am in a foreign land
Heave away, haul away
With a bottle of whisky in my hand
We're bound for South Australia

Port Adelaide's a grand old town
Heave away, haul away
There's plenty of girls to go around
We're bound for South Australia



STANLEY AND DORA

Stanley and Dora was lovers,
They met down the Tottenham Court Road
A-whoopin' it up at the Palais,
Where the ice cream fountains flowed
He was her man, a Lonny Donnegan fan.

Now Dora worked at the Dominion,
The best usherette in the flicks.
She sold Stan a ticket for one and nine
What did oughta cost four and six,
He left his cosh, in his mackintosh.

Well Dora was swiftly promoted,
To the circle she rose in a dream.
When who should she see but young Stanley,
Wiv' the chick wot sold ice-cream,
He'd chucked her up, for a Walls' Ice Cup.

But justice came soon to poor Dora,
For Stan and his Walls' ice cream,
Both got killed in the rush for the exit
When they played 'God Save The Queen'.
God save our Stan, the only one wot can.

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,
One morning last July,
From a boreen green came a sweet coleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,
To the sheen of her nut brown hair
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
For to see if I was really there.
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,
That I met in the County Down.

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,
And I looked with a feeling rare,
And I says, says I to a passer-by,
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"
He smiled at me and he says, says he,
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down.

At the harvest fair she'll surely be there,
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right,
For a smile from my nut-brown rose...
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
'Til my plough turns a rust-coloured brown,
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.

STEALIN'

Put your arms around me like a circle round the sun,
You know I love you Mama, like your easy rider done.

*You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what hole I'm in
'Cause I'm a stealin', stealin', pretty Mama don't you tell on me
'Cause I'm a stealin' back to my same old used to be.*

The woman I'm a lovin', she's my size and height,
She's a married woman so you know she treats me right.

The woman I love she's so far away,
But the woman I hate why I see her every day.

Come a little closer honey to my breast
And tell me that I'm the one you really love the best
And you don't have to worry 'bout any of the rest
'Cause everything's going to be fine.



STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET PLACE

He's stone cold dead in the marketplace
He's stone cold dead in the marketplace
He's stone cold dead in the marketplace
But I kill nobody but my husband

Last night he went out drinking
Came home and gave me a beating.
So I took up the rolling pin,
And went to work on his head till I bashed it in.

I lick him with the pot and the frying pan x3
But I kill nobody but my husband.

His family they trying to kill me x3
But if I kill him he had it coming.

There's one thing that I am sure,
He ain't going to beat me no more
So I tell you that I doesn't care
If I was to die in the 'lectric chair.



STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream
I'd ever dreamed before,
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room
The room was filled with men,
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed
And a million copies made,
They all joined hands and bowed their heads,
And grateful prayers were prayed.

And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round,
While guns and swords and uniforms
Lay scattered on the ground.

- Ed McCurdy

Based on 'Last Night I had a Happy Dream,' an Irish rebel song.

STREETS OF LONDON

Have you seen the old man,
Inside the closed down market
Kicking up the paper with his worn out shoes
In his eyes you see no pride,
Arms held loosely by his side,
Yesterday's papers telling yesterday's news.

*So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you the sun don't shine
Let me take you by the hand
And lead you Through the streets of London,
I'll show you something, to make you change your mind.*

Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags
She's no time for talking, just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night cafe at a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup
Each tea lasts an hour then he wanders home alone

Have you seen the old man outside the seamans' mission
Memory fading with the medals that he wears
In this winter city the rain shows little pity,
One more forgotten hero in a world that doesn't care.

- Ralph McTell

SWEET CHARIOT

*Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.*

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home.
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too
Coming for to carry me home.

The river Jordan is deep and wide...
There's milk and honey on the other side...

The river Jordan is chilly and cold...
It chills the body but not the soul...

SWING DOWN CHARIOT

Swing down chariot
Stop and let me ride,
Swing down chariot,
Stop and let me ride,
Rock me now, rock me now,
Calm and easy,
I've got a home on the other side.

TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain
Take this hammer, carry it to the captain
Take this hammer, carry it to the captain
Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone.

If he asks you was I running x3
You can tell him I was flying,
You can tell him I was flying.

If he asks you was I laughing
You can tell him I was crying,
You can tell him I was crying.

I don't want no cold iron shackles,
'Cos they hurts my feet Lord,
'Cos they hurts my feet.

I don't want no cornbread and molasses, x3
'Cos they hurts my pride Lord.
'Cos they hurts my pride.

Swing this hammer, it looks like silver, x3
But it feels like lead Lord.
But it feels like lead.



THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down
And he drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me

*Fare thee well for I must leave you
Do not let this parting grieve you
But remember that the best of friends must part,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee, well with thee.*

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark
Each Friday night we used to spark, used to spark
And now my love, once true to me
Takes that dark damsel on his knee, on his knee.

Oh dig my grave both deep and wide, deep and wide
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
And on my breast carve a turtle-dove
To signify I died of love, of love.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley and I thought
This land is made for you and me.

*This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
This land is made for you and me.*

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling souls of our Diamond desert
All around me a voice was chanting
This land is made for you and me.

Sun came shining as I was strolling
And the wheat sheaves waving and the dust clouds rolling
And a voice was sounding, and the fog was lifting, and it said:
"This land was made for you and me".

In the squares of the city - In the shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office - I see my people
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me.

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign
And on the sign it said - 'no trespassing'
But on the other side it didn't say nothin'
This side was made for you and me!

- Woody Guthrie

UNCLE JOE

Don't you want to go heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe?
Don't you want to go heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe?
Don't you want to go heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe?
Don't mind the weather, so the wind don't blow.

*Hop high, my ladies, three in a row,
Hop high, my ladies, three in a row,
Hop high, my ladies, three in a row,
Don't mind the weather, so the wind don't blow.*

Yes I want to go to heaven, just the same as any man
Yes I want to go to heaven, just the same as any man
Yes I want to go to heaven, just the same as any man
But I can't go to heaven with a possum in my hand.

As sung by Jean Richie, Viper, Kentucky
This song is about 200 years old and originates from Kentucky.

UNDER THE LILACS

She sat under the lilacs and played her guitar,
Played her guitar, played her guitar
She sat under the lilacs and played her guitar
Played her guita-ha-ha-har.

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar,
Smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar
Smoked his ciga-ha-ha-har.

He said that he loved her but oh how he lied...

She said she believed him but oh how she sighed...

They were to be married but somehow she died...

He went to her funeral but just for the ride...

He sat on her tombstone and laughed till he cried...

The tombstone fell on him and squish-squash he died...

The parson was passing and popped him inside...

She went heaven and flip-flap she flied...

He went to t'other place and frizzled and fried...

The devils they ate him with pitchforks and knives...

The moral of this story is don't tell a lie...

WATER IS WIDE

The Water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

Oh, down in the meadows the other day
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue.
I little thought what love can do.

I put my hand onto one soft bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger to the bone
And left the sweetest flower alone.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree
But first he bended then he broke
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I can sink or swim.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew.

WHISKY ON A SUNDAY

I sits at the corner of Beggars Bush
Astride of an old packing case
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing
As he crooned with a smile on his face.

*La da da da come day go day
Wishing me heart it was Sunday la da da da
Drinking buttermilk all the week
But it's whisky on a Sunday.*

His tired old hands have a wooden beam
And the puppets they dance up and down
A far better show than you ever will see
In the fanciest theatre in town.

In 1902 old Seth Davey died
His song was heard no more
The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were thrown
And the plank went to mend the back door.

On some stormy night if you're passing that way
And the winds blowing up for the sea
You will still hear the sound of old Seth Davey
As he croons to his dancing girls three.

THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

The gypsy rover came over the hill,
Down through the valley so shady
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

*Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day,
Ah de doo, ah de day-o
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.*

She left her father's castle great,
Left her own fond lover,
Left her servants and her state,
To follow the gypsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
And searched his valleys all over,
Seeking his daughter at great speed,
And the whistling gypsy rover.

At last he came to a castle gate,
Along the river shady,
And there was music and there was wine,
For the gypsy and his lady.

He is no gypsy my father, she said,
But lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay 'till my dying day,
With my whistling gypsy rover.

THE WHITE COCKADE

It's true my love's enlisted, and he wears the white cockade,
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade,
He is a handsome young man, most right to serve the King
Oh my very, oh my very, x2
Heart is breaking all for the loss of him.

As I walked out this morning, as I rambled over yon moss,
I had no thought of 'listing, till a soldier did me cross,
He straight 'way did invite me to take a flowing bowl,
He advanced, he advanced, x2
Me the money, two guineas and a crown.

My love is tall and handsome and comely for to see,
But by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he,
May the man that first enlisted him not prosper night or day
How I wish that, how I wish that, x2
He might perish all in the foaming spray.

O may he never prosper and may he never thrive,
In all he puts his hand upon as long as he's alive,
May the very ground he treads upon the grass refuse to grow,
Since he has been the, since he has been the, x2
Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe.

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing eye,
Wipe up, wipe up the flowing tears likewise those mournful sighs,
And be you of good courage love till I return again,
You and I love, you and I love, x2
Will be married when I return again.



THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

The Summertime has come,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows a-round the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie go?

*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, lassie go?*

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will plant,
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go, lassie go?



And if my true love she won't come
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, lassie go?

I will build my love a shelter
On yon high mountain green,
And my love shall be fairest
That the summer sun has seen,
Will ye go, lassie go?

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer.
And now now I'm returning with gold in great store.
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

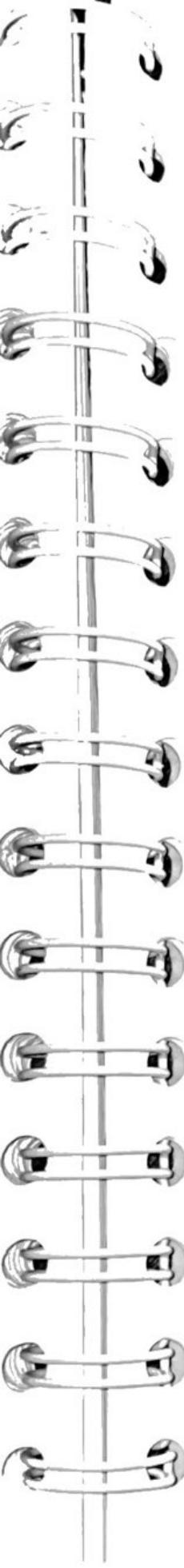
*And it's no nay never,
No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover,
No never, no more.*

I went into an ale house I used to frequent,
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
Such custom as yours I can get any day."

I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whisky, and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke then were only in jest."

I'll have none of your whisky nor fine Spanish wine,
For your words show you plainly as no friend of mine.
There's others most willing to open the door
To a man coming home from a far distant shore.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they will do so, as oft times before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.



WOAD

What's the use of wearing braces
Hats and spats and boots with laces
All the things you buy in places
Down the Brompton Road.

What's the use of shirts of cotton
Studs that always get forgotten
These affairs are simply rotten
Better far is woad.

Woad's the stuff to show men
Woad to scare your foemen
Boil it to a brilliant blue
And rub it on your back and your abdomen.
Ancient Britain never hit on
Anything as good as woad to fit on
Neck or knees or where to sit on
Tailors you be blowed.

Romans came across the channel
All wrapped up in tin and flannel
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.

Saxons you can waste your stitches
Building beds for bugs in breeches
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.

Romans keep your armours
Saxons your pajamas
Hairy coats were ment for goats
Gorillas, Yaks, retriever dogs and Llamas.
Tramp up Snowdon with your woad on
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on
Never want a button sewed on
Go it, ancient B's.

WORK SONG

Breaking rocks out here on the chain gang
Breaking rocks and serving my time
Breaking rocks out here on the chain gang
'Cause I been convicted of crime

*Hold it steady right there while I hit it
Well I reckon that oughta get it
I been working, working
But I still got so terribly far to go*

I committed crime, lord o' needing
Crime of being hungry and poor
I left the grocery store man breathing
When he caught me robbing his store

I heard the judge say 'five years'
On the chain gang you're gonna go
I heard the judge say 'five years labour'
I heard my old man scream 'lordy no!'

Gonna see my sweet honey baby
Gonna break this chain off the rock
Gonna lay down somewhere shady
Lord it sure is hot in the sun

- Nat Adderley & Oscar Brown Jr.
popularised by Nina Simone.

WORRIED MAN BLUES

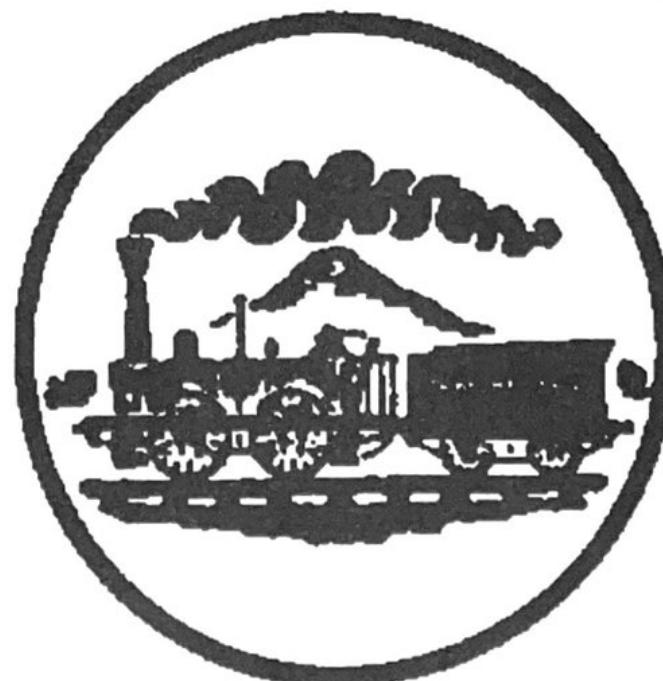
*It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.*

I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep x3
When I awoke, there were shackles on my feet.

Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain x3
And every one initialled with my name.

I asked the judge, "What's gonna be my fine?" x3
"Twenty one years, on the Rocky Mountain line."

The train I ride is twenty one coaches long x3
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.



YELLOW BIRD

Yellow bird up high in banana tree
Yellow bird you sit all alone like me.
Did your lady friend leave the nest again
That is very sad make me feel so bad.
You can fly away in the sky away
You more lucky than me.

I also have a pretty girl
She not with me today
They're all the same the pretty girls
Make them the nest then they fly away.

Yellow bird high up in banana tree
Yellow bird you sit all alone like me.
Picker coming soon pick from night to noon
Black and yellow you like banana too
Better fly away in the sky away
They might pick you some day.
Wish that I was a yellow bird
I'd fly away with you
But I'm not a yellow bird
So here I sit
Nothing else to do.



YELLOW ROSES

I lay on my back with the sun in my eyes
Soon I shall know what no living man knows
All of my life's been a fight against lies
Death brings the truth, and it's my turn to know

*Send my mother a lock of my hair
Send my father the watch that he gave me
Tell my brother to follow me if he dare
Tell them I'm lost now and no-one can save me
Remember, remember
Send my love little yellow roses*

My father taught me that all men are equal
Whatever colour, religion or land
He told me to fight for the things I believe in:
This I have done with a gun in my hand

I met my love in a garden of roses
She pricked her finger - how sharp the thorn grows
We made a promise till death do part us
We'd never look on a wild yellow rose

YELLOW SUBMARINE

In the town where I was born,
Lived a man who sailed to sea.
And he told us of his life,
In the land of submarines.

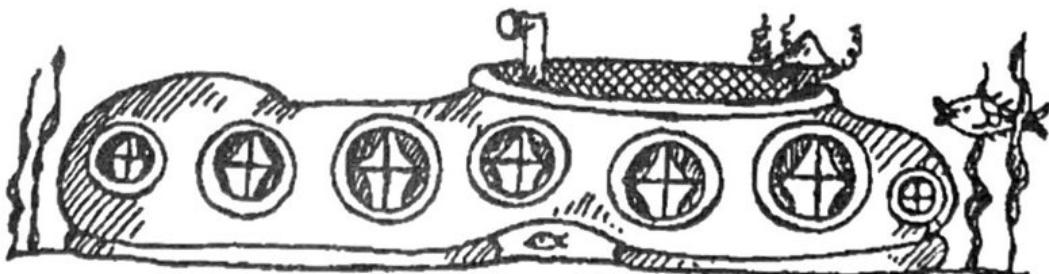
So we sailed up to the sun
Till we found the sea of green,
And we lived beneath the waves
In our yellow submarine

*We all live in a yellow submarine,
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine.
We all live in a yellow submarine,
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine.*

And our friends are all aboard,
Many more of them live next door,
And the band begins to play

As we live a life of ease,
Every one of us has all we need.
Sky of blue and sea of green,
In our yellow submarine.

- John Lennon and Paul McCartney



ROUNDS

And other cyclic songs

A BI O

A bi o (*A bi o*)

A be o (*A be o*)

A bi o bi o bi a ma ma (*A bi o bi o bi a ma ma*)

Bi o bi o bi o ma ma (*Bi o bi o bi o ma ma*)

ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH

All things shall perish from under the sky,

Music alone shall live (x3)

Never to die

ANIMAL FAIR

I went to the animal fair

The birds and the beasts were there

The big baboon by the light of the moon

Was combing his auburn hair

The monkey fell out of his bunk

And slid down the elephant's trunk

The elephant sneezed

And fell on its knees

But what became of the monkey?

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

By the waters, the waters of Babylon
We lay down and wept and wept for thee Zion.
We remember we remember we remember thee Zion.

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

Camp fire's burning, camp fire's burning
Draw nearer, draw nearer,
In the gloaming, in the gloaming
Come, sing and be merry.

CAPTAIN DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

Captain don't you know me?
Don't you know my name?
Captain don't you know me?
Don't you know my name?
Well the name is the same whatever the game
And the game's got the same old name.
You're the same old rascal stole my watch and chain
That's the name of the game.

COME TO THE COLOURS

Come to the colours Tommy, come (x4)
No I don't want to leave you, but I know I must go (x2)
Stay with me, stay with me don't go

EARTH MY BODY

Earth my body, water my blood,
Air my breath and fire my spirit

FISH & CHIPS & VINEGAR

Oh you can't put your muck in our dustbin,
Our dustbin, dustbin
You can't put your muck in our dustbin, our dustbin's full

Fish & chips & vinegar, vinegar, vinegar
Fish & chips & vinegar, salt & pepper on the lot

One bottle of beer, 2 bottle of beer,
3 bottle of beer, 4 bottle of beer,
5 bottle of beer, 6 bottle of beer,
7 bottle of beer, 8.

JEAN HARLOW

Jean Harlow died the other day
And these are the very last words I heard her say
Mama don't walk mama talking (x3)
New York
Zingalanga Zingalanga de do de do (x3)
New York

KOOKABURRA

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree
Merry merry king of the bush is he
Laugh, Kookaburra, laugh, Kookaburra,
Gay your life must be

LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter (x2)
Melancholy flower (x2)
Life is but a melon (x2)
Cauliflower (x2)

MY GOOSE

Why doesn't my goose
Sing as well as thy goose
When I paid for my goose
Twice as much as thine

ROSE, ROSE

Rose, rose, rose, rose
Shall I ever see thee red?
Aye, marry, that thou wilt
An thou but stay

In Shakespearean English, 'Marry' is a mild oath
and 'an' in this context means 'if'.

SEE THE LITTLE ENGINES

Early in the morning,
Down upon the station
See the little engines all in a row
Along comes a man,
And he pulls a little handle
Woo, woo!
Choo, Choo!
And off we go.

SI SI SI

Si si si si banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha,
Banaha.

Si si si si banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha,
Banaha.

Banaha, Banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha

THULA

Thula, thula mama thula

Thula mama thula

Thula ithi tu

Thula thu, thula ba ba, suku kha la

Thula thu, thula baba mama yesa

Thula thu, thula baba, suku kha la

Thula thu, thula baba, iyeza

A Zulu lullaby.

TOWER OF STRENGTH

I am a tower of strength within and without

I am a tower of strength within

(repeat)

I let all burdens fall from my shoulders

All anxieties slip from my mind

(repeat)

I let every shackle be loose, I

Let every shackle be loose

(repeat)

TSHOTSHOLOSA

(pron. cho-cho-losa)

Tshotsholosa, kwesontaba
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia
Tshotsholosa, kwesontaba
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia

Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba
Stimela siphuna e Rhodesia
Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba
Stimela siphuna e Rhodesia

- Todd Matshikiza, 1959

In English: "Steam away, steam away over the hills, you train from Rhodesia. You are fast-moving through hills, steam away, you train from Rhodesia."

TU WE

Tu we tu we
Barhima tu we tu we
Tu we tu we
Barhima tu we tu we
Ambassado amado, do
Tu we tu we
Barhima tu we we
Barhima tu we tu we

UP ABOVE MY HEAD

Up above my head
I can feel it in the air
Up above my head
I can feel it in the air
And I really do believe
There's a heaven up there

-Call and answer

WADE IN THE WATER

Wade in the water, wade in the water
Wade in the water, wade in the water
Wade in the water, wade in the water
God's gonna trouble the water

Why don't you wade in the water?
Wade in the water children
Wade in the water
God's gonna trouble the water

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long, long way from home

I wanna die easy when I die
I wanna die easy when I die
I wanna die easy when I die
Shout salvation when I rise
Wanna die easy when I die

WE ALL FLY LIKE EAGLES

We all fly like eagles
Flying so high
Circling around the universe
On wings of pure light
Ooh itchi chi-oh
Ooh-i-oh

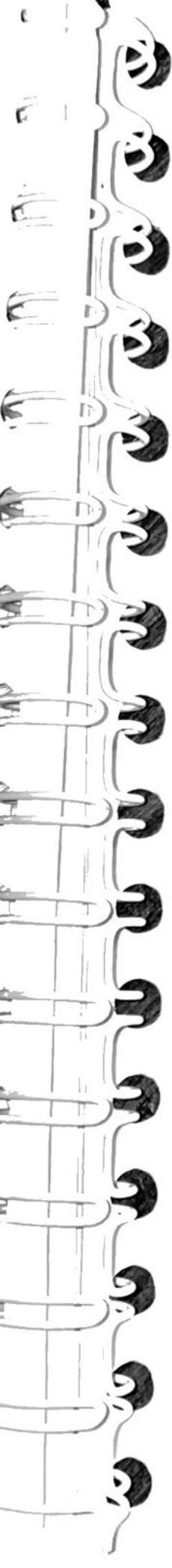


OTHER SONGS TO SING

A-Roving
Abdul the Bub Bul Emir
An Old Austrian
Barleymow
Black Girl (aka True Love)
Bog Down In The Valley-O
Campdown Races
Come Follow
Crazy Moose
Dido Bendigo
Donna Nobis Pacem
Don't Get Married Girls
Down By The Riverside
El-Salvador
Father Abraham
Fever
Foggy Dew
Fool On The Hill
The Fox
Hey Ho, Anybody Home
Gimmie Crack Corn
Glorious Ale
Help!
House of the Rising Sun
I Don't Want A Bunny Rabbit
I Heard It On The Grapevine
I Got You
I Like The Flowers
In A Cottage In A Wood
J C
Jesus On That Mainline
Katy Cruel
Little Green Frog
Little Rabbit Foo Foo

OTHER SONGS TO SING (cont'd)

Lost Love
Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds
Michael Row The Boat
My Girl's A Corker
Nobody Does It Better
Now I Walk In Beauty
Nowhere Man
Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da
Oh Sir Jasper
Oh You'll Never Get To Heaven
Old Smokey
Pick A Bail Of Cotton
Pizza Hut Song
Poll tax song
Quarter Masters Stores
Queenie
Reuben James
Sail to the Indies
Say A Little Prayer
Shoo Fly
Shortenin' Bread
Should I Stay Or Should I Go
Si A Humba
Snow Sniffing Lament
Summertime
There Ain't No Rock
There She Goes
Three Blind Jellyfish
Three Crows
Walnut Tree
White Sands, Grey Sands
Widdecombe Fair



This songbook belongs to:

Self Portrait:

