

I feel a song
comin' on...



Welcome to I Feel A Song Comin' On!

The FSC songbook is a record of the songs that get sung on camp and a way of learning new songs: brand new campers will need the lyrics even to popular songs at their first lodge fires, and Pathfinders can get the book out to learn complex songs around group fires.

For the 2026 edition of the songbook we will follow time-honoured FSC tradition and lose some songs and introduce some new ones. This booklet aims to showcase some of those new songs. We collected over 100 suggestions from various sources: the recent lodge survey of around 200 people, Conscious Songbook collective song shares and glee events from 2020-2023, suggestions from the songbook working group of around 50 volunteers, and recommendations from the recent call-out for more diversity.

This booklet prints around 40 of those suggestions, focusing on songs we think already get sung on camps and those which bring more diverse perspectives. Some of these have been super popular for ages; some are newer but catching on fast. We want you to try them out, and tell us which ones should go in to the next songbook.

Acknowledgements

Produced with the help of members of the songbook revamp team and the conscious songbook collective.

Contributors include, but are not limited to:

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What should go in the songbook?

There is space for about 30 songs in the new songbook, so we need your help to pick what goes in.

Below are the criteria we propose considering when choosing songs to go into our next songbook:

- It's popular on camp with both campers and staff
- It's easy to learn/sing round a fire (audio recordings help!)
- It's not written by a man or from a male perspective (as this makes up most of our existing songbook - we want to rebalance it a bit)
- It has a theme people have told us they want to see more of in the songbook. For example, songs about:
 - Nature
 - A variety of cultures and languages
 - Different social backgrounds and occupations
 - LGBTQ+ issues
 - Disability and neurodivergence
 - Struggles for equal rights and social justice

As you sing songs from this booklet, we'd like you to use these prompts to think about which ones are your top candidates to go in the new songbook, and let us know - either by marking up the contents page and sending a picture after camp to songbook@fsc.org.uk, or by filling in the online survey (QR code and URL link at the back of the book).

If you REALLY like a song in this book then make sure you teach it to lots of people and get them to fill in the survey if they like it too! The further a song spreads, the more chance it will end up in a songbook- if not the next one, then the one after...

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Tick the ones you think should go in and send us a photo!
songbook@fsc.org.uk
 Or fill in the online survey linked on the back cover.

THE SONGS !

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RE-LOVED (purple songbook)

YOUR GROUP :

CAMP :

Why is Rattling Bog in here-- doesn't everyone know it already?!

Not everyone finds it easy to learn songs orally - that's what the songbook is there for! We want to print songs people sing, no matter how well known they are, or how simple-- after all, new campers won't know the words to Princess Pat, and deaf campers or those with auditory processing issues might need to read the chorus to the Humpty Dumpty rap to understand it.

This gives everyone the chance to try out and judge these songs equally, so you can tell us which ones are the best. We are taking the same approach to the main songbook as well - Glee should be accessible for everyone.



Campaign For Total Bog

A note on Rattling Bog specifically - although we sing this action song on nearly every camp, the last time it was printed in the songbook was 1974. That's right, the official FSC songbook has been bogless for half a century! Presumably someone didn't like it very much and thought that by taking it out they'd stop it being sung. How wrong they were...

We'd like to invite you to join our campaign to redress this historic injustice. Bring back the Bog!

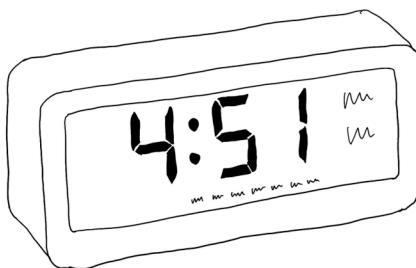
9-5

Tumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen
 Pour myself a cup of ambition
 Yawnin' and stretchin' and try to come to life
 Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumpin'
 Out on the streets, the traffic starts jumpin'
 With folks like me on the job from 9 to 5

Working 9 to 5, what a way to make a living
 Barely gettin' by, it's all taking and no giving
 They just use your mind and they never give you credit
 It's enough to drive you crazy if you let it
 9 to 5, for service and devotion
 You would think that I would deserve a fair promotion
 Want to move ahead but the boss won't seem to let me
 I swear sometimes that man is out to get me Mmmmm...

They let you dream just to watch them shatter
 You're just a step on the boss man's ladder
 But you got dreams he'll never take away
 In the same boat with a lot of your friends
 Waiting for the day your ship will come in
 And the tide's gonna turn an' it's all gonna roll you away

Dolly Parton, 1980



Written for the 1980s film “9-5” which depicted gender inequality in the workplace.

A Börtön Ablakában (Hungary)

A börtön ablakába soha nem süt be a nap
 Az évek tovaszállnak, mint egy múló pillanat
 Ragyogón süt a nap és szikrázik a fény
 csak a szívem szomorú, ha rád gondolok én

| Szeretlek én daram daram dam daram daram daram daram daram
 Szeretlek én daram daram dam daram daram daram daram daram

Egy késő üzenet, egy megkésett levél
 amelyben üzenem, hogy nem vagy már enyém
 Ragyogón süt a nap és szikrázik a fény
 csak a szívem szomorú, ha rád gondolok én

A börtönben az évek oly lassan múlnak el
 Egy csavargó dalától vidámabb leszel
 Ragyogón süt a nap és szikrázik a fény
 csak a szívem szomorú, ha rád gondolok én

English translation

The sun never shines in the prison window
 The years fly by like a fleeting moment
 The sun shines brightly and the light sparkles
 but my heart is sad when I think of you

I love you (daram daram dam)

A late message, a belated letter telling me that you are no longer mine
 The sun shines brightly and the light sparkles
 but my heart is sad when I think of you

In prison, the years pass so slowly
 A tramp's song will make you more cheerful
 The sun is shining and the lights are sparkling
 but my heart is sad when I think of you

A popular campfire song in Hungary, where most Hungarians will know the tune and the words. The author and exact date are unknown, but this song was sung by many artists who were a key part of the 'polbeat' movement of politically motivated lyrics during the 1960s and 1970s. Introduced by Pete Ormosi, Hungarian/ British staff.

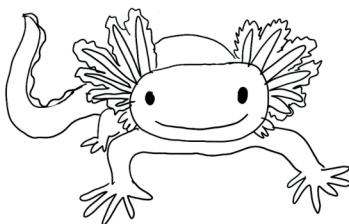
Ask an Axolotl

There's an axolotl on the pink stairs
Is an axolotl s'posed to be there?
If you ask an axolotl
If they'll be back tomorrow
A penguin waddles in and then the axolotl's gone

There's an axolotl on the lawn chair
Is an axolotl s'posed to be there?
If you ask an axolotl
If they'll be back tomorrow
A penguin waddles in and then the axolotl's gone

There's an axolotl at the front door
Is that what the welcome sign is there for?
If you ask an axolotl
If they'll be back tomorrow
A penguin waddles in and then they both sing you a song:

Ribble robble, axolotl
Bibble bobble, penguin waddle
We'll see you tomorrow



Ryan Walter

Axolotls are small amphibians that have been studied extensively by scientists owing to their amazing ability to regenerate entire limbs, gills and parts of their eyes and brains.

The Bay of Biscay

My Willy sails on board the tender
 And where he is I do not know
 For seven long years I've been constantly waiting
 Since he crossed the Bay of Biscay-o

One night as Mary lay a-sleeping
 A knock came to her bedroom door
 Crying arise, arise, my dearest Mary
 For to catch one glance of your Willy-o

Young Mary rose, put on her clothing
 And to her bedroom door did go
 And there she found her Willy standing
 His two pale cheeks as white as snow

Oh Willy dear, where are those blushes
 Those blushes I knew long years ago?
 Oh Mary dear, the cold clay has them
 I am only the ghost of your Willy-o

Oh Mary dear, the dawn is coming
 Don't you think it's time for me to go?
 I am leaving you quite broken-hearted
 For to cross the Bay of Biscay-o

If I had all the gold and silver
 And all the money in Mexico
 I would grant it all to the King of Heaven
 If he'd bring me back my Willy-o



Trad. British, c1860

This song is an example of a 'night visiting' song, a common theme in British folk songs, in which a drowned lover returns in the form of a ghost to announce his death to the woman he has left behind. The Bay of Biscay between France and Spain is renowned for its tempestuous storms and massive 'rogue waves', which caused the sinking of many a British sailing ship. Willy in this case is short for William.

Beeswing

I was nineteen when I came to town, they called it the Summer of Love
Burning babies, burning flags, the hawks against the doves
I took a job at the steamie way down on Cauldrum Street
And I fell in love with a laundry girl that was working next to me

Brown hair zig-zagged round her face and a look of half-surprise
Like a fox caught in the headlights, there was animal in her eyes
And she said to me "oh can't you see that I'm not the factory kind
If you don't take me out of here I'll lose my mind"

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away
She was a lost child, she was running wild
She said "So long as there's no price on love, I'll stay
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

We busked around the market towns, fruit picking down in Kent
We could tinker pots and pans and knives wherever we went
We were camping down the Gower one time and the work was pretty good
She wouldn't wait for the harvest, I thought maybe we should

I said to her, "we'll settle down, we'll get a few acres dug
A fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug"
And she said, "Oh love, you foolish thing, that surely sounds like hell
You might be lord of half the world, you'll not own me as well"

We were drinking more in those days and our tempers reached a pitch
Like a fool I let her go and she took the rambling itch
The last I heard she's living rough back on the Derby beat
A bottle of White Horse in her pocket, a wolfhound at her feet

And they say her rose is faded now
Rough weather and hard booze
Well maybe that's the price you pay
For the chains that you refuse

She was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
And I miss her more than ever words could say
If I could just taste all of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today
I wouldn't want her any other way

Richard Thompson, 1994. As sung by Grace Petrie.



This song was inspired by legendary musicians Annie Briggs and Vashti Bunyan, whose influence on the folk scene persists to this day. The lyrics sung by Grace Petrie make the song's perspective gender neutral - so we can all imagine ourselves in love with a freespirted folk legend.

Bella Ciao (Italy)

Una mat-ti-na mi son svegliato, o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao, u-na mat-
ti - na mi son sve - glia-to, e ho tro - va - to l'in - va - sor.

Italian

Una mattina mi sono alzato
o bella ciao, bella ciao...
Una mattina mi sono alzato
e ho trovato l'invasor

O partigiano portami via
o bella ciao, bella ciao...
o partigiano portami via
che mi sento di morir

E se io muoio da partigiano
o bella ciao, bella ciao...
e se io muoio da partigiano
tu mi devi seppellir

E seppellire lassù in montagna
o bella ciao, bella ciao...
e seppellire lassù in montagna
sotto l'ombra di un bel fior

E le genti che passeranno
o bella ciao, bella ciao...
e le genti che passeranno
mi diranno «che bel fior»

Questo è il fiore del partigiano
o bella ciao, bella ciao...
questo è il fiore del partigiano
morto per la libertà

English

One morning I awakened
Bella ciao (Goodbye beautiful)
One morning I awakened
And I found the invader

Oh partisan carry me away
oh bella ciao...
oh partisan carry me away
Because I feel death approaching

And if I die as a partisan
oh bella ciao...
and if I die as a partisan
then you must bury me

Bury me up in the mountain
oh bella ciao...
bury me up in the mountain
under the shade of a beautiful flower

And all those who shall pass
oh bella ciao...
and all those who shall pass
will tell me "what a beautiful flower"

This is the flower of the partisan
oh bella ciao...
this is the flower of the partisan
who died for freedom

This famous Italian resistance song is about the 'Partisans' who resisted Nazi occupation during the second world war - it's a song sung by a partisan facing death after fighting for freedom. It is now sung around the world by people resisting fascism. It originated in a women's work song sung while weeding the rice fields of northern Italy in the 1800s, back-breaking and poorly paid work.

Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise
And 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
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot

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

Hey farmer farmer
Put away that DDT now
Give me spots on my apples
But leave me the birds and the bees
Please!

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

Joni Mitchell, USA, c. 1967

DDT is a pesticide that was responsible for a major decline in the populations of fish-eating birds, such as the bald eagle, brown pelican, peregrine falcon, and osprey. At the time Joni Mitchell wrote this song, there was a public outcry about its environmental impacts. DDT is now banned for agricultural use worldwide. Big yellow taxis remain legal (as long as they're properly licensed)

Black Tie

Well, it's a jungle out there
 The year 2018, I didn't think
 We'd still be sorting babies into blue and pink
 And all our progress, well, I wonder what it means
 That the only girls' clothes that work for me
 Turn out to be boyfriend jeans



Well, that's fine. 'Cause I decline
 A narrow set of rules that just don't work
 'Cause these red lines, well, they're not mine
 And if you need me, you can find me ironing my shirt

'Cause I'm in black tie tonight
 Get a postcard to my year 11 self in a year 11 hell
 Saying everything's gonna be alright
 No, you won't grow out of it, you will find the clothes that fit

And the images that gotcha were a patriarchal structure
 And you never will surrender to a narrow view of gender

And I swear there'll come a day when you won't worry what they say
 On the labels, on the doors, you will figure out what's yours

And it's a bloody nightmare
 Tryna fight the spread of bigotry and fear
 That's uniting Piers Morgan and Germaine Greer
 And all our progress. Yeah, I wonder who it's for
 When I dared to utter that trans lives matter,
 And all I got was a TERF war

Grace Petrie, 2018

TERF stands for Trans Exclusionary Radical Feminist, meaning someone who advocates for women's rights but excludes transgender women from their activism. The feminist movement has traditionally called for the abolition of all social structures which reproduce patriarchy and gender inequality. Our organisation firmly upholds the rights of all women to not experience misogyny and the rights of trans people to not be subject to transphobic hate. The issue of trans rights has been weaponised in recent years by the far right to divide progressive forces and distract people from the co-ordinated pillaging of public resources.

Blessed Motion

I believed in solid ground
 Until I saw the earth in motion
 In the winds of steady change
 And in the ever-rolling ocean

All moves on in perfect, perfect motion
 All is change and ever-rolling ocean

All is moving, all is change
 Though I once believed that there
 Might somehow be something firm beneath my feet, but
 All is motion, and all is well for solid ground is just a myth
 For those who never swim in it
 All is moving in blessed change, o the world we know
 Will come and go and everything will rearrange, so
 Be the ground beneath that sky
 Tumbling round the by and by
 All is change, so am I. Lye lye lye, lye lye lye

Annie Zylstra, USA, c. 2020



This song is partially inspired by a quote from Martin Prechtel after surviving the Guatemala earthquake of 1976, during which he witnessed the ground beneath him rising up and swallowing people and villages whole: "solid ground is a myth believed by people who live on the earth rather than in it."

Bonny at Morn

The sheep's in the meadow and the kye's in the corn
 Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn
 The sheep's in the meadow and the kye's in the corn
 Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn

Canny at night, bonny at morn,
 Thou's ower long in thy bed, bonny at morn

The bird's in the nest and the trout is in the burn,
 Thou hinders thy mother at many a turn

We're all laid idle wi' keeping the bairn
 The lad winnot work and the lass winnot learn

Trad. English, c. 1800



'Thou's ower lang in thy bed' means 'You're staying in bed too long'! This traditional Northumbrian folk song contains several other North-Eastern English words: 'kye', meaning 'cow'; 'canny', meaning 'pleasant'; and 'bairn', meaning 'baby'.

Bright Morning Star

Bright morning star a-rising
 Bright morning star a-rising
 Bright morning star a-rising
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear sisters?
 Oh where are our dear sisters?
 They have gone to heaven a-shouting
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear brothers?
 Oh where are our dear brothers?
 They are down in the valley a-praying
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear mothers?
 Oh where are our dear mothers?
 They have gone to heaven a-shouting
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear fathers?
 Oh where are our dear fathers?
 They are down in the valley a-praying
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Bright morning star a-rising x 3
 Day is a-breaking in my soul



Trad. American

A traditional spiritual originating from the Appalachian Mountains, notably collected in Harlan County, Kentucky by Alan Lomax in 1937

Broadside to Broadside

Keep your land you gentry of England, France and Spain
 For there's nothing like dominion of the water
 From the rocky coast of Kerry to the bloody Spanish Main
 It's the best thing you can ever teach your daughter

Broadside to broadside, two captains collide
 Queen of the spheres and queen of the tide
 Regalia and rebellion go sailing side by side
 Haul away, sister, haul away

Plunder men for treasure, and never heed their blows
 For there's nothing given freely to a woman
 Be generous to friendship and lavish to your foes
 Then pirate queens may share the seas in common

For blows will make you weary and marriage make a slave
 You'd be better on the sea like brave O'Malley
 And when that gallant vessel goes a rolling on the wave
 Be sure you're on the deck not in the galley



Nancy Kerr, UK, 2014

Inspired by the 1593 meeting of Irish noblewoman Gráinne Ní Mháille (Grace O'Malley) and Queen Elizabeth I. The Ní Mháille clan of West Ireland became wealthy extorting 'black rents' from fishermen and other ships passing by the Irish Coast, which has led to Gráinne being remembered as a "pirate queen". Gráinne Ní Mháille spent much of her life leading armies and fleets in resisting the expanding power of the English in Ireland. She eventually travelled to the court of Elizabeth to surrender and plead for the life of several members of her family.

Byker Hill

If I had another penny
 I would have another gill
 I would make the piper play
 The bonny lass of Byker Hill

| Byker Hill and Walker Shore, collier lads for ever more
 Byker Hill and Walker Shore, collier lads for ever more

The pitman and the keelman trim
 They drink bumble made from gin
 Then to dance they do begin
 To the tune of *Elsie Marley*

When first I went down to the dirt
 I had no cowl nor no pitshirt
 Now I've gotten two or three
 Oh, Walker Pit's done well by me

Geordie Charlton had a pig
 He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
 All the way to Walker Shore
 To the tune of *Elsie Marley*

All them lads from Walker Shore
 Drink half a pint then eighteen more
 All along they rant and roar
 To the tune of *Elsie Marley*

Trad. English, c.1810

Elsie Marley is the name of a well known country dance from Tyneside in the North of England where this miner's song originates. A pitman worked in a mine digging coal, and a keelman worked on the barges that transported the coal along rivers and canals.

Crazy Moose

There was a crazy moose (there was a crazy moose)
Who liked to drink a lot of juice (who liked to drink a lot of juice)
There was a crazy moose (there was a crazy moose)
Who liked to drink a lot of juice (who liked to drink a lot of juice)

Singing way-o, way-o (singing way-o, way-o)
Way-o, way-o, way-o way-o (way-o, way-o, way-o, way-o)
Way-o, way-o (way-o, way-o)
Way-o, way-o, way-o, way-o (way-o, way-o, way-o, way-o)

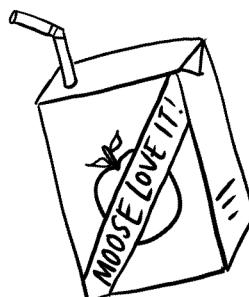
The moose's name was Fred.
He liked to drink his juice in bed.

He drank his juice with ease,
Until he spilled some on his knees.

He drank his juice with care,
Until he spilled some on his hair.

He drank his juice with class,
Until he spilled some on his ass.

Origin unknown



Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea
(When I put out to sea, when I put out to sea)
(And may there be no moaning of the bar)
(When I put out to sea)

But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark
And may there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1889; Rani Arbo, 1990s

Doffing Mistress

Oh do you know her or do you not
 This new doffing mistress we have got?
 Elsie Thompson it is her name
 And she helps her doffers at every frame

Fol de ri fol ra
 Fol de ri fol ray

On Monday morning when she comes in
 She hangs her coat on the highest pin.
 Turns around just to greet her friends,
 Crying, “Hi, doffers, tie up your ends!”

Some times the boss he looks in the door
 “Tie your ends up, doffers,” he will roar
 Tie our ends up we surely do
 For Elsie Thompson but not for you

Yes tie our ends up we surely do
 For Elsie Thompson but not for you
 We’ll tie our ends up and we’ll leave our frames
 And we’ll wait for Elsie to return again

Trad, Northern Ireland, 1800s

This song comes from the textile mills of Northern Ireland. Mills were mostly worked by women and girls, some as young as nine. A doffing mistress would supervise the mill's doffers, workers whose work involved darting in and out of operating machinery. This was dangerous work, both because of the risk of being crushed and the high chance of lung disease from the small bits of lint that filled the air. Doffers spent most of the day in a hunched position, and because of this many doffers struggled to stand up straight - the doffing mistress hanging her coat on the highest peg is an act of kindness.

This song was re-popularised by Annie Briggs, whose name you may recognise from the note on Beeswing! Other songs in our songbook she recorded include Lowlands & Rosemary Lane.

Everything Possible

We have cleared off the table, the leftovers saved,
Washed the dishes and put them away
I have told you a story and tucked you in tight
At the end of your knockabout day
As the moon sets its sails to carry you to sleep
Over the midnight sea
I will sing you a song no one sang to me
May it keep you good company

You can be anybody you want to be,
You can love whomever you will
You can travel any country where your heart leads
And know I will love you still
You can live by yourself, you can gather friends around,
You can choose one special one
And the only measure of your words and your deeds
Will be the love you leave behind when you're done

Some children grow up strong and bold
While some are quiet and kind
Some race on ahead, some take it slow
Some go in their own way and time
Some women love women, some men love men
Some leave every label behind
You can dream all the day never reaching the end
Of everything possible you'll find.
Don't be rattled by names, by taunts, by games
But seek out spirits true
If you give your friends the best part of yourself
They will give the same back to you

Few Days

Well I pitched my tent on this campground
(Few days, few days)
And I give old Satan another round
(And I am going home)

I can't stay in these diggings
Few days, few days
Lord I can't stay in these diggings
And I am going home

Although I like the diggings here
I won't stay here another year

For years I've labored in cold ground
And now, at last, I'm homeward bound

I'm going home to stay a while
Before I go I'll plant a smile

These banking thieves I will not trust
But with me take my little dust

My mother she has gone before
I'll meet her there at glory's door

So I pitched my tent on this campground
And I give old Satan another round

Trad. American, c. 1854

There are many versions of this song, including a sacred harp version and one about American liquor laws! This one is written from the perspective of a miner in the 1849 California Gold Rush.

Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall
 I heard a young girl calling
 "Michael, they have taken you away
 For you stole Trevelyan's corn
 So our young might see the morn
 Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay"

Low lie the fields of Athenry
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly
 Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall
 I heard a young man calling
 "Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
 Against the famine and the crown
 I rebelled, they cut me down
 Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall
 She watched the last star falling
 As that prison ship sailed out against the sky
 For she lived to hope and pray
 For her love in Botany Bay
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

Pete St. John, 1979

This popular Irish song tells of the punishment inflicted on those who resisted the British government during the Great Famine in 1845-52. Over the preceding centuries, Irish Catholics had been forcibly displaced from good farmland by English and Scottish settlers. One of the few crops that could be grown on the scraps of land left to the Irish was potatoes. When blight disease destroyed the potato crops in 1845, people starved, but Ireland's wealthy protestant landowners continued to export large amounts of food. Charles Trevelyan was a civil servant partially responsible for Britain's failure to provide any effective famine relief. Ireland's population still has not recovered to its pre-famine levels. Ireland has been described by historians as a "testing ground" in which the British Empire practiced the methods of colonisation, exploitation, and repression which it would later inflict on the rest of the world.

Fish and Chips and Vinegar

Fish and Chips and Vinegar, Vinegar, Vinegar

Fish and Chips and Vinegar, Salt and Pepper on the lot

One bottle of beer, two bottle of beer,

three bottle of beer, four bottle of beer,

Five bottle of beer, six bottle of beer, seven bottle of beer, eight

Oh you can't put your muck in our dustbin, our dustbin, our dustbin

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

Origin Unknown

Frogs Go Tralalalala

“Mm-mm” went the little green frog one day

“Mm-mm” went the little green frog

“Mm-mm” went the little green frog one day

And the frog went “Mm-mm ah”

But we know frogs go, “Tralalalala, tralalalala, tralalalala”

We know frogs go, “Tralalalala”

They don’t go, “Mm-mm ah”



Origin Unknown

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

The lookout stood on the crosstrees high
The 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

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

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

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

Oh, Greenland is a horrid place
Where our fisher lads have to go
Where the rose and the lily never bloom in spring
And there's only ice and snow

Whaling was a hard and bitter job, working in cruel weather amid a deluge of blood. It wasn't very nice for the whales either. This song was first published in 1725, but there have been many versions sung before and since.

Harbour

When you've crossed the stormy waters
Come, walk a-shore
Bring your sons and bring your daughters
Wander no more

And our door is always open
And our hearth is always warm
When you need a place to shelter
We're a harbour in the storm

There'll be time for rest and sleeping
Come, walk a-shore
There'll be space for peace and healing
Wander no more

For in days of lesser fortune
Come, walk a-shore
We may need a door to open
Wander no more

Anna Tabbush, 2020

Written in response to the Syrian refugee crisis. Anna has said: "With the appalling response by the British press and government to the tragedies that were happening at sea, I felt mine was a lonely voice in wanting a more welcoming and compassionate country to live in. I wrote the song so that others with similar opinions to me could sing together and know that they were not alone and that together we could change our society for the better."

Hares on the Mountain

If all you young men were hares on the mountain (x2)
 How many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes (x2)
 How many young girls would go beating the bushes?

If all you young men were ducks in the water (x2)
 How many young girls would dive in and swim after?

If all you young men were rushes a-growing (x2)
 How many young girls would take scythes and go mowing?

But the young men are given to frisking and fooling
 Oh, the young men are given to frisking and fooling
 So I'll leave them alone and attend to my schooling

Trad. English, c. 1837



Please return all scythes to the stores tent after use.

Home to the Motherland

Home I'm going home
I need a land to heal my soul
Take me home, take me home
Over the green green hills and far away

Home to the motherland
Home to the motherland
Over the green green hills and far away

Helen Yeomans

Humpty Dumpty Rap

Hump-ty dump, hump hump de dump-ty dump-ty
Hump-ty dump, hump hump de dump-ty dump-ty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All the king's horses and all the king's men said
OOH AIN'T THAT FUNKY NOW

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his pudding and pie
He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum and said:
OOH AIN'T THAT FUNKY NOW

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider, who sat down beside her and said:
OOH AIN'T THAT FUNKY NOW

Jack Hartmann, 2015

I Feel A Sin Coming On

I feel a sin comin' on
I feel a right that's about to go wrong
I got a shiver down to the bone
I feel a sin comin' on

| And you can see it, all over my face
Sweet temptation, all over the place
Give me tall, dark and handsome
Mix it up with something strong
I feel a sin (I feel a sin) comin' on

I got a buzz in my brain
Drunk on a love goin' down like champagne
I got a feelin' it's gonna leave a lipstick stain
And I'll be the only one to blame

Please, Jesus, don't hold me back
I know it ain't mine, but I want it so bad
The smoke and the whiskey's
Got me feeling easy
And the lights are all fadin' to black

Angaleena Presley, Ashley Monroe & Miranda Lambert, 2012



If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be sittin' right there
I'll be sittin' right there, I'll be sittin' right there
Come on up to the front of the bus
I'll be sittin' right there

If you miss me at the Mississippi River, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the swimmin' pool, I'll be swimmin' over there.
I'll be swimmin' over there...

If you miss me at the picket lines, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on down, to the jailhouse, I'll be roomin' over there.
I'll be roomin' over there....

If you miss me at the cotton fields, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on down to the court house, I'll be votin' right there
I'll be votin' right there...

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be sittin' up there
I'll be sittin' up there...

Charles Neblett, Pete Seeger 1963

During the period of segregation in the Southern United States, people's access to public facilities was limited based on their race. While the system supposedly created a system that was "separate but equal", in reality Black Americans were simply deprived of access to good cinemas, restaurants, hospitals, and schools. This song was written about attempts to 'desegregate' a public swimming pool after a young African-American drowned in the Mississippi river due to being banned from the pool. Buses were also segregated, with only white people being allowed to sit at the front.

I Like the Flowers

I like the flowers,
 I like the daffodils
 I like the mountains,
 I like the rolling hills
 And I like the fireside
 When the lights are low
 (Singing a-boom-di-ay a-boom-di-ay
 a-boom-di-ay, a-boom-di-ay)



I Like the Potholes

I like the potholes,
 I like the grippy rocks,
 I like the stalactites,
 And I don't mind the soggy socks
 And I like to crawl around
 When we're underground
 (Singing and echoing and echoing
 and echoing and echoing)



Bess Spencer-Vellacott, Rowan Kinchin, Molly Hopkinson & friends, 2003.

Written by a group of Pathfinders & Trackers while exploring Bull Pot of the Witches on an FSC caving camp, over the last 20 years this song has been sung underground and in caving huts from Devon to South Wales

In A Cottage In A Wood

In a cottage in a wood
 Little old man at the window stood
 Saw a rabbit running by,
 Knocking at the door.
 "Help me! Help me!" the rabbit said
 "Before the hunter shoots me dead!"
 "Come in rabbit, come inside,
 Pretty little rabbit".



Little Rabbit Foo Foo

Little rabbit Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scooping up
 the field mice and bopping them on the head

Down came a good fairy, and she said

"Little rabbit Foo-Foo, I don't like your attitude, scooping up the
 field mice and bopping them on the head

I'll give you threeee chances to reeeee-form, and then I'll turn
 you into a blurbwruwbl"

[Repeat with decreasing number of chances, then:]

"I gave you threeee chances and you didn't reeeee-form, so
 now I'm turning you into a blurbwruwbl!"

Little rabbit blurbwruwbl, hopping through the forest....

Let Them Stay

We brought children into our homes and into our lives,
You said we're doing right for those who've survived.
You said give them family, you said give them love,
Give them hope for a future not strewn by blood

Yet the day they come of age, you say we can't let them stay

We gave them a home, we gave them our care
We grew to love them, to ease their despair
You said we were family, to see them as so
But now you say it's not so when they grow

For the day they come of age, you say we can't let them stay

They've suffered so much from all they have seen
Torture, death and destruction, often obscene.
They lost their home and country, all that they knew
From soldiers who cared not the family they slew

But the day they come of age, you say we can't let them stay

We sent them to school in a language unknown.
They coped with the system, survived and have grown
They want the same as their peers, are doing their best,
Just let them have the same rights. Give it a rest!

So the day they come of age, you let them stay
So the day they come of age, they say WE CAN STAY!

Alice Husband, 2020

Alice wrote this song after seeing a petition by foster carers and hearing them speak out on behalf of children they had taken in as refugees. The government had said that as the children became adults they could be deported; the song reflects the response of their foster families.

Liverpool Street Station

The musical score consists of two staves of music in 3/4 time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are written below the notes.

There's a girl that I love who has given me the shove,
 She says I am too low for her station
 I can't sleep, life goes on and on, I've started taking Mogadon
 But love's a sickness doctors can't treat - -
 Where does she go, where does she live?
 Her place of work to me she didn't give
 And now I'm writing letters that I know I never can deliver - - - -

She says poor men are fools, over rich men she drools
 So it's rob a bank or take up the pools - - -
 I can't sleep, life goes on and on, I've started taking Mogadon
 But love's a sickness doctors can't - - treat - -
 Where does she go, where does she live?
 Her place of work to me she didn't give
 And now I'm writing letters that I know I never can deliver - - - -

There's a girl that I - love who has given me the - shove
 She says I am too - low for her - - - station
 She says poor men are - fools, over rich men she - drools
 So it's rob a bank or - take up the - pools - - -
 I can't sleep, life goes on and on, I've started taking Mogadon
 But love's a sickness doctors can't - - treat - -
 Where does she go, where does she live?
 Her place of work to me she didn't give
 And now I'm writing letters that I know I never can de - li - ver!

There's a girl that I - love who has given me the - shove
 She says I am too - low for her - - - station
 She says poor men are - fools, over rich men she - drools
 So it's rob a bank or - take up the - pools - - -
 I can't sleep, life goes on and on, I've started taking Mogadon
 But love's a sickness doctors can't - - treat - -
 Where does she go, where does she live?
 Her place of work to me she didn't give
 And now I'm writing letters that I know I never can deliver - - - -

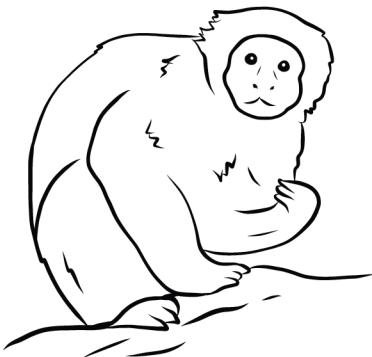
Monkey Dance

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

When I [disco], monkey discos too,
 I don't know what to say the monkey won't do (x2)

On Tuesday morning...

Derrick Harriott, 1965



This fun nonsense song is originally a Jamaican mento tune, with several different versions recorded by artists including Lord Flea and Harry Belafonte. We sing Derrick Harriott's "Monkey Ska" version, but Harry Belafonte's has the monkey coming to a stickier end:

Well my patience run out and I'm telling you sure
 Tomorrow I'm gonna show that monkey the door
 And if he don't leave I'm inviting you
 To my house for dumplings and monkey stew

The Jamaican monkey is thought to have become extinct in the 1700s due to human activity.

Oak and Ash and Thorn

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun, than Oak and Ash and Thorn.

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oak of the Clay lived many a day, or ever Aeneas began
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home, when Brut was an outlaw man
Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town, from which was London born
Witness hereby the ancentry, of Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Yew that is old in churchyard mould, he breedeth a mighty bow
Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and beech for cups also
But when ye have killed, and your bowl is spilled,
Your shoes are clean outworn
Back ye must speed for all that ye need, to Oak and Ash and Thorn!

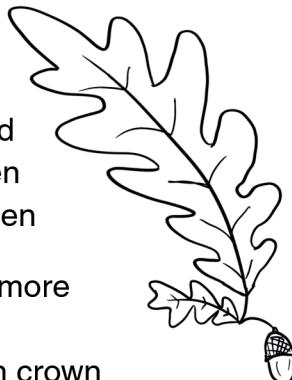
Elm she hates mankind, and waits, till every gust be laid
To drop a limb on the head of him, that anyway trusts her shade
But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow with ale from the horn
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along, 'Neath Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight, or he would call it a sin;
But—we've been out in the woods all night, a-conjuring Summer in!
And we bring you news by word of mouth
Good news for cattle and corn –
Now is the Sun come up from the South, with Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Rudyard Kipling (1906), Peter Bellamy (1970)

Oak of Old

Oak, Oak, Oak of old
 King of trees in your crown of gold
 You are the door to worlds unseen
 In winter bare and in summer green



From gold to green and green once more
 Your leaves will turn before they fall
 When twice you've worn your golden crown
 Each season's harvest comes tumbling down

And when you wear your Autumn crown
 Blue-feathered Jay from your branches sounds
 From cradles high your acorns fall
 So young may grow or to nourish all

Five hundred years to grow and thrive
 Five hundred more to remain alive
 Shelter for all throughout your reign
 And many thousand lives sustain

When dark clouds roll across the sky
 When thunder roars and storm winds cry
 All must beware you mighty Oak
 For you may court the lightning stroke

Your roots grow deep your heart so strong
 Power of the sun to you belongs
 Generous to all as King you stand
 In strength and peace you guard this land

Anna Richardson, River Jones and Oran Ash

Oh You'll Never Get to Heaven

Oh you'll never get to heaven
In a baked bean tin
Cos a baked bean tin's
Got baked beans in

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a baked bean tin
Cos a baked bean tin's got baked beans in
I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more

I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord
(I ain't gonna grieve, I ain't gonna worry)
I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord
(I ain't gonna leave this world in a hurry)
I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a jumbo jet
Cos the Lord ain't built no runways yet

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a biscuit tin
Cos the Lord don't let no crumby ones in

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a Trailie lat
Cos a Trailie lat wasn't made for that



Princess Pat

Oh, the Princess Pat... Lived in a tree...
 She sailed across... The seven seas...
 She sailed across... The channel too...
 And she took with her... A Ricky Bamboo...

A Ricky Bamboo... Now what is that?...
 It's something made... By the Princess Pat...
 It's red and gold... And purple too...
 That's why it's called... A Ricky Bamboo...

Now Captain Jack... Had a mighty fine crew...
 He sailed across... The Channel too...
 But his ship sank... And yours will too...
 If you don't take... A Ricky Bamboo...

Oh, the Princess Pat... Saved Captain Jack...
 She dived right in... And pulled him back...
 She saved his life... And his crew too...
 All because she took... A Ricky Bamboo...

The Canadian Girl Scouts

This song parodies a marching song sung by Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, whose regimental flag is crimson silk with gold trim. The flag is called the 'Ric-a-Dam-Doo', said to be a corruption of the Gaelic for 'cloth of your mother' in recognition of the fact that Princess Patricia (a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment) made the original herself.

Penguin Jamboree

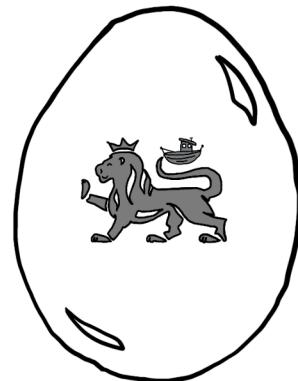
Have you ever seen a penguin jamboree?
 If you look at me a penguin you will see
 Penguins, attention! Penguins, salute!
 Right arm...

Rattling Bog

Oh, aye, a rattling bog, bog down in the valley-O
 A rare bog, a rattling bog, a bog down in the valley-O

And in that bog there was a tree,
 A rare tree, a rattling tree
 And the tree in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-O

And on that tree there was a limb...
 And on that limb there was a branch...
 And on that branch there was a twig...
 And on that twig there was a leaf...
 And on that leaf there was a nest...
 And in that nest there was an egg...
 And on that egg there was a lion...
 And on that lion there was a mane...
 And on that main there was a ship...
 And on that ship there was a deck...
 And on that deck there was a cabin...
 And in that cabin there was a table...
 And on that table there was a map...
 And on that map there was a BOG



Trad, Irish, c. 1826

This cumulative song, sometimes known as 'The Everlasting Circle' has variants found all over the world. However, the verses from 'On that egg there was a lion' appear to be unique to FSC. British eggs have a 'Lion Mark' stamped on them to show they are from hens vaccinated against salmonella. Lions have manes, and 'main' is an old-fashioned word for the open ocean. The word "rattlin'" means splendid in this context.

Små Grodorna (Swedish)

Phonetic version (verse 1)

Smoor groor doh na Smoor groor doh na Air lu - sti - gar at say Smoor groor doh na Smoor
 groor doh na Air lu - sti - gar at say Eh err ron Eh err ron Eh svan - sar har va day Eh
 err ron Eh err ron Eh svan - sar har va day Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo
 ack ack ack ack aw Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo
 ack ack ack aw

Verse 1 (Swedish language)

Små grodorna, små grodorna är lustiga att se (x2)

Ej öron, ej öron, ej svansar hava de (x2)

Ko ack ack ack, ko ack ack ack, ko ack ack ack ack ack. (x2)

The little frogs, the little frogs are funny to observe

No ears, no ears, no tails do they possess

<Swedish frog noises>

Verse 2 (Swedish language)

Små grisarna, små grisarna är lustiga att se (x2)

Båd ören, båd ören, och svansar hava de (x2)

Å nöff, nöff, nöff, å nöff, nöff, nöff, å nöff, nöff, nöff, nöff, nöff (x2)

The little pigs, the little pigs are funny to observe (x2)

Both ears, both ears and tails do they possess (x2)

<Swedish pig noises>

This Swedish Midsummer classic has actions and involves pretending to be frogs whilst hopping in a circle. Almost everyone in Sweden knows it and will be dancing it at Midsummer, which is as big as Christmas. It originated in a French military song which was mocked by the English and then taken on by the Swedes (the frogs in the song are French soldiers). Swedes are delighted if foreigners get involved in giving this song a go and we don't mind if you mangle the words. Just hop enthusiastically. Introduced by British/Swedish staff Emily Kerr.

Si Si Banaha (Kiluba)

Sisi, sisi, dolada
 Yaku sine ladu banaha
 Sisi, sisi, dolada
 Yaku sine ladu banaha

Banaha, banaha
 Yaku sine ladu banaha
 Banaha, banaha
 Yaku sine ladu banaha

Ha, banaha
 Yaku sine ladu banaha
 Ha, banaha
 Yaku sine ladu banaha

Traditional Kiluba

English translation

At the foot of the pineapple tree
 Yaku ladles a banana into his aunt's red hat (x2)

Banana, banana,
 Yaku ladles a banana into his aunt's red hat (x2)

This song is from the historic Katanga Province in southern Congo. The song is sung in the Kiluba language, mostly spoken by the Luba people. Nowadays, it's sung all over the world after a Belgian priest named Father Guido Haazen tried to disseminate music from the Congo abroad with a choir he formed called Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin. They toured Europe for six months in 1958. The lyrics have been interpreted as a form of nonsense poetry - pineapples are not native to the Congo and in fact grow straight out of the ground!

Sosban Fach (Welsh)

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi bribo
 A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach
 Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio
 A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach

Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân
 Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
 A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach

Dai bach y sowldiwr
 Dai bach y sowldiwr
 Dai bach y sowldiwr
 A gwt ei grys e mas

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi gwella
 A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd
 Mae'r baban yn y crud wedi tyfu
 A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd

Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân
 Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr
 A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd

Sosban Fach (English)

Mary-Ann has hurt her finger
 And David the servant is not well
 The baby in the cradle is crying
 And the cat has scratched Johnny

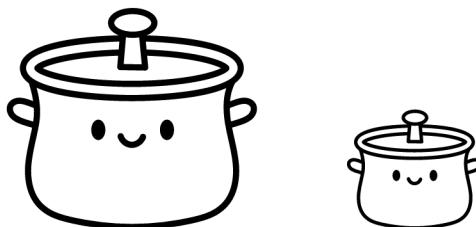
A little saucepan boils on the fire
 A big saucepan boils on the floor
 And the cat scratched Johnny

Little Dai the soldier
 Little Dai the soldier
 Little Dai the soldier
 And his shirt tail is hanging out

Mary-Ann's finger has got better
 David the servant is in his grave
 The baby in the cradle has grown up
 And the cat is 'asleep in peace'

A little saucepan is boiling on the fire
 A big saucepan is boiling on the floor
 And the cat is 'asleep in peace'

Welsh traditional, 1873



This is one of the best-known and most frequently sung songs in the Welsh language. It catalogues the problems of a harassed housewife.

Talkin' Bout A Revolution

Don't you know they're talking about a revolution? (It sounds like a whisper) (x2)

While they're standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation
Wasting time in the unemployment lines
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know they're talking about a revolution? (It sounds like a whisper)

Poor people gonna rise up, and get their share
Poor people gonna rise up, and take what's theirs

Don't you know you better run, run (x2)

'Cause finally the tables are starting to turn, talkin' 'bout a revolution (x2)

I've been standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation
Wasting time in the unemployment lines
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know talking about a revolution? (It sounds like a whisper)

'Cause finally the tables are starting to turn, talkin' 'bout a revolution (x2)

Teapot Big Enough For Two



I've got a teapot big enough for two
 Big enough for two, my darling, big enough for two
 I've got a teapot big enough for two
 Under the shade of the leaves of the old bamboo

I'll be T H I N E thine if you'll be M I N E mine
 And I will L O V E love you all the T I M E time
 When we are married, happy we shall be
 Under the shade of the leaves of the bamboo tree

Three Little Birds

"Don't worry about a thing
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright"
 Singing, "Don't worry about a thing
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

Rise up this morning, smiled with the rising sun
 Three little birds pitch by my doorstep
 Singing sweet songs of melodies pure and true
 Saying, "This is my message to you-ou-ou"

Singing, "Don't worry about a thing
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright"
 Singing, "Don't worry about a thing
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

[Repeat verse and chorus again if you like]

The Water

All that I have is a river
The river is always my home
Lord, take me away
For I just cannot stay
Or I'll sink in my skin and my bones

The water sustains me without even trying
The water can't drown me, I'm done
With my dying

Please help me build a small boat
One that'll ride on the flow
Where the river runs deep
And the larger fish creep
I'm glad of what keeps me afloat

Now deeper the water I sail
And faster the current I'm in
That each night brings the stars
And the song in my heart
Is a tune for the journeyman's tale

Now the land that I knew is a dream
And the line on the distance grows faint
So wide is my river, the horizon a sliver
The artist has run out of paint
Where the blue of the sea meets the sky
And the big yellow sun leads me home
I'm everywhere now, the way is a vow
To the wind of each breath by and by

Winter Calls a Clear Horizon

1

Win - ter calls a clear ho - ri - z - on

2

Like the sea calls to the shore

3

Like the sun calls to the de - se - rt

4

Like the love calls to the heart

Jan Harmon, USA, 1985



Name game songs

Not everyone likes being picked on! We suggest either asking people to put their hand up/wave at you if they want to be next, or asking people who don't want to participate to stand outside the logs (if playing at rally)

Hotter than Hot

My name is Cara and you know what I got

What have you got?

I've got a songbook that is hotter than hot

How hot is hot?

Batman and Superman

Can't take the heat

Can't take the heat like Celeste can

Little White Pony

(use “their pony” for everyone to avoid making assumptions!)

Here comes Celeste on their pony,
Riding on their little white pony,
Here comes Celeste on their pony,
This is what they told me:

Front to front to front, my baby
Back to back to back, my baby
Side to side to side, my baby
This is what they told me

Telephone song

Hey Alfie!

I think I hear my name

Hey Alfie!

I think I hear it again

You're wanted on the telephone

Well, if it isn't Marlowe then I'm not at home

With a click click clickety clack

10 ‘new’ songs from the existing songbook

Our lodge survey last year which 225 people responded to showed us which songs were popular and which songs people didn’t know. The below 10 songs are those which very few (mostly less than 10%) of people said they knew, but when they did know them, people liked them and wanted to keep them.

Accordingly, before deciding whether or not we should archive them, we wanted to give people a chance by putting them into this songbook and highlighting the recordings we have on glee.org.uk. Have a listen to them and see what you think, and if you already love them, sing them and definitely want to keep them, we will be re-surveying in autumn!

We are aware that this survey will not have reached the entirety of our FSC community, and that research always has its limitations.

10 songs in the existing songbook for you to rediscover!

Page numbers are those in the purple 2017 songbook.

- All On The Shore p. 8
- As I Roved Out p. 12
- Before I Met You p. 20
- Calling On p. 32
- Come from the heart p. 41
- Death Come Knocking p. 48
- Let the Bulbine Run p. 110
- Mrs McGrath p. 127
- Up the Ladder p. 196
- When you were Born p. 203

Suggestions for songbook activities on camp

Each group chooses a well-known (and non contentious) song that the whole group likes. They teach it to each other until everyone knows it well. Then they make a silent visual or tactile representation of this song somewhere on site - e.g. "oh you never go to heaven in a baked bean tin" as a mud sculpture.

Groups go round and try to identify each others' song-inspired artworks. Reveal the answers at the rally circle, reflect on how it might have been hard to agree on a shared response to the songs given that we have differing personal relationships with the music produced collectively.

A chance to approach the songs in a playful and critical way, so that they'll take on new meanings next time we sing them. In small groups or pairs including a staff member, everyone spends a bit of time comparing viewpoints:

Pick a song in your small group - what's your favourite line to sing - can you imagine it being sung outside of camp - how would you feel sharing it with someone outside of camp? - where do you think it was first sung, by whom - why do we enjoy singing it (or do we enjoy singing it?!?) - which words do you find especially interesting or confusing?

Everyone buddies up (randomly? At rally? Across age groups?) to introduce a song/rap/piece of music/morsel of language which they love and which is NOT usually heard on camp. Tell each other what you like about it. Consider whether or not it would work to introduce this on camp...

Notes



More info and where to find recordings of the songs

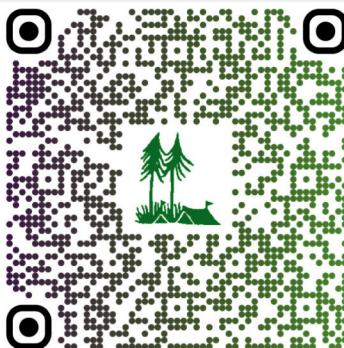


Our virtual campfire site has a link to a list of the IFASCO recordings - let us know if you can help add more!

www.glee.org.uk

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There's also a Spotify playlist for those we can find - search IFASCO and IFASCO kids under user ejekerr



<https://www.fsc.org.uk/r/songbook-survey>

Songbook Survey

Open to all campers

Tell us which of these songs should go in, and your thoughts on the songbook/Glee as whole!



https://www.fsc.org.uk/r/glee_resources

Folder with more info on new songbooks

FSC-registered staff email address required for access