

FSC Songbook

This songbook belongs to:



Welcome to the new FSC songbook; a selection of some of the songs that we sing when we're out in the fields and sitting around our campfires (and sometimes at home in the bathroom). Glee is central to the FSC ethos. It reflects our belief in "learning by doing, teaching by being." On our camps we come together to sing and dance and create our own entertainment.

The songs in this book have been passed down over many years and countless camps – some are hundreds of years old and Glee on FSC has been described as "one of the few genuine oral singing traditions left in England."

It is nice to learn the words to songs so that we don't always have to use the book, and of course there are plenty of other songs that are wonderful to sing on camp which we have not been able to include in here.

This songbook was compiled by the Glee committee, the group in FSC responsible for maintaining and extending the role of song and dance in our organisation. We have meetings in London once a month where we sing, dance and socialise. There are also regular get-togethers outside London – in Bristol, Cambridge and Sheffield currently. Anyone is welcome to come along to these and we are always looking for new people to get involved.

For information or suggestions on this or anything else to do with glee in FSC please email: glee@fsc.org.uk

Blue Skies
The Glee Committee
June 2006

CONTENTS

A Bi O.....	8
Alcohol.....	8
All Things Shall Perish.....	9
Anchored In Love.....	10
Angel Band.....	11
Angels (All Night, All Day).....	12
Animal Fair.....	13
Arise Songs.....	14
The Auld Triangle.....	15
The Ballad Of Lou Marsh.....	16
Banks Of The Ohio.....	17
Banana Boat Song.....	18
The Barley Mow.....	20
Big Rock Candy Mountains.....	22
Big Yellow Taxi.....	24
Blackleg Miner.....	25
Black Velvet Band.....	26
Blowin' In The Wind.....	28
Blow The Man Down.....	29
By The Waters Of Babylon.....	30
Campfire's Burning.....	30
Captain, Don't You Know Me?.....	30
Careless Love.....	31
Chicken On A Raft.....	32
Chickens.....	34
Children Go Where I Send thee.....	36
Clementine.....	38
Cockles And Mussels.....	40
Come From The Heart.....	41
Come Follow.....	42
Come Landlord Fill The Flowing Bowl.....	42
Come To The Colours, Johnny.....	44

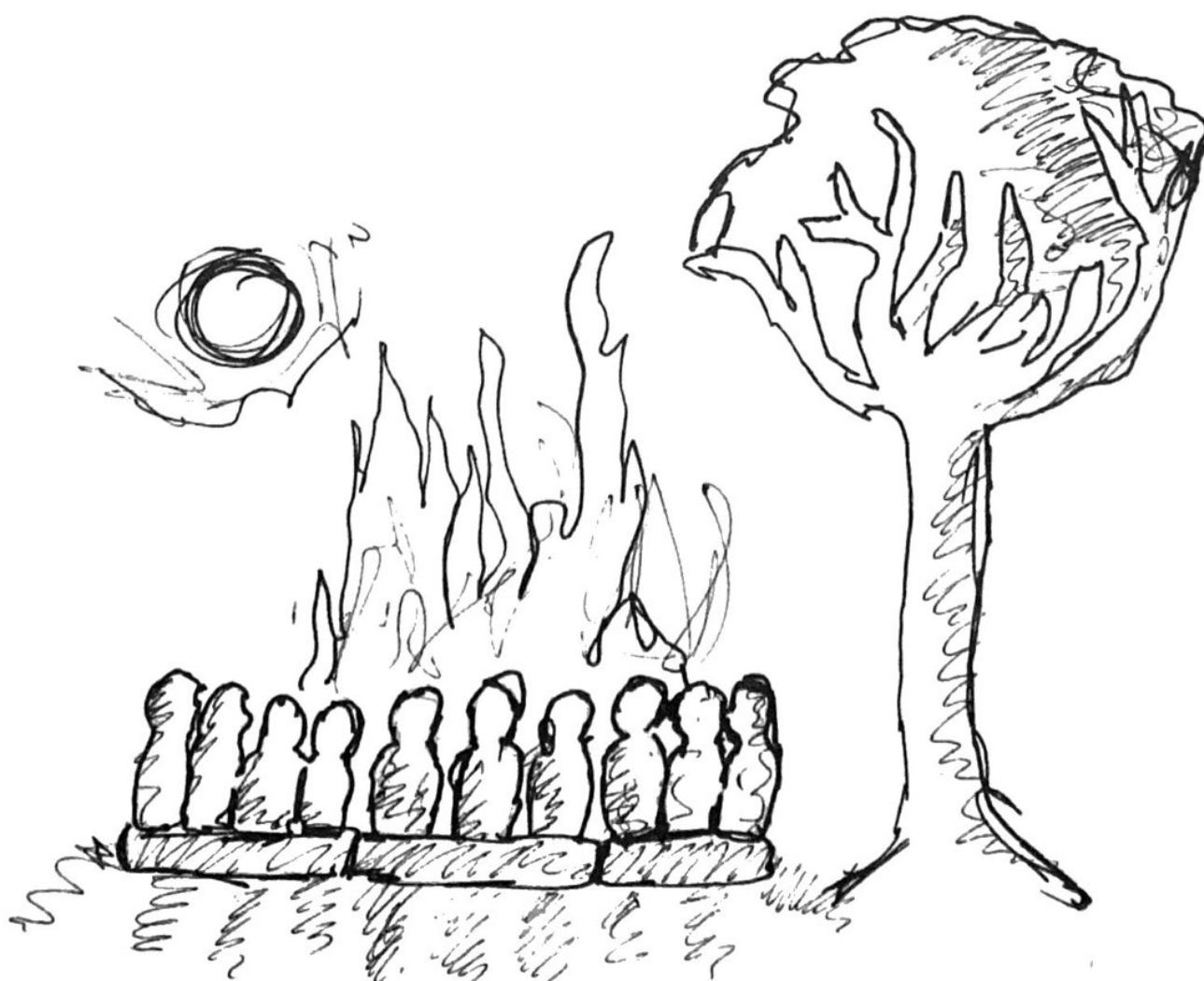
Country Life.....	45
Dark As A Dungeon.....	46
Deep Blue Sea.....	47
Deportees.....	48
Diamonds In The Rough.....	50
Dido Bendigo.....	51
Dirty Old Town.....	52
Donna Donna.....	53
Down In The Valley.....	54
Down Where The Drunkards Roll.....	55
Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill.....	56
Earth My Body.....	57
Eddystone Light.....	58
Erie Canal.....	59
Fathom The Bowl.....	60
Fiddlers Green.....	61
Fish And Chips And Vinegar.....	62
Five Hundred Miles.....	63
Follow The Drinking Gourd.....	64
Freight Train.....	65
Froggy Went A-Courting.....	66
The Ghost Of John.....	67
Go Down You Blood-Red Roses.....	68
The Great American Railway.....	70
Green Grow The Rushes-O.....	72
Greenland Whale Fisheries.....	74
Grey Funnel Line.....	76
Hal And Tow.....	77
Halleluiah I'm A Bum.....	78
Hanging On The Old Barbed Wire.....	79
Hard Times.....	80
Harriet Tubman.....	81
Haul Away Joe.....	82
The Herring.....	84

Hesitation Blues.....	86
Hey, Ho, Anybody Home.....	87
Hill An' Gully Rider.....	87
The Hippopotamus.....	88
Holy Ground.....	90
Home, Boys, Home.....	92
The Huntsman.....	94
I Am Weary (Let Me Rest).....	96
I Don't Want Your Millions Mister.....	97
I'll Fly Away.....	98
Irene.....	98
Irish Ballad (Ricketty Ticketty Tin).....	100
Jamaica Farewell.....	102
Jean Harlow.....	103
Jock Stewart.....	104
Joe Hill.....	105
Johnny Boy, Go Home.....	106
Jug Of Punch.....	107
Kilgary Mountain.....	108
Kookaburra.....	110
The Lady And The Crocodile.....	110
The Larks They Sang Melodious.....	110
Leave Her, Johnny.....	112
Leaving Of Liverpool.....	113
Lesson Too Late For The Learning.....	114
Life Is Butter.....	115
Little Boxes.....	116
Lowlands.....	117
Maids When You're Young.....	118
Mairi's Wedding.....	119
The Manchester Rambler.....	120
Martin Said To His Man.....	122
Mary Don't You Weep.....	123
May The Circle Be Unbroken.....	124

Mercedes-Benz.....	125
Midnight Special.....	126
Milwaukee Truckin' Blues.....	128
Mingulay Boat Song.....	129
Moccasin Mile.....	130
Mole In A Hole.....	132
My Baby Cares For Only Me.....	133
My Girl's A Corker.....	134
My Goose.....	135
My Grandfather's Clock.....	136
My Husband's Got No Courage In Him.....	138
My Johnny Was A Shoemaker.....	140
My Sweet Love Ain't Around.....	141
The Nightingale.....	142
Nine Hundred Miles.....	143
No Man's Land.....	144
Oh! Susanna.....	146
The Old Dun Cow.....	148
Old Joe Clark.....	150
Old Mother Lee.....	151
Pace Eggning Song.....	152
Poor Boy.....	153
The Prickle Eye Bush.....	154
Process Man.....	156
Queenie.....	157
Red River Valley.....	158
Rose, Rose.....	159
Rosemary Lane.....	160
Sally Free And Easy.....	161
San Francisco Bay Blues.....	162
Scarborough Fair.....	163
Scarborough Fair (Trad Version).....	164
See The Little Engines.....	165
Seven Drunken Nights.....	166

Shallow Brown.....	168
Shawneetown.....	169
Shenandoah.....	170
Shoals Of Herring.....	172
Si Si Si.....	173
Sinner Man.....	174
Sixteen Tons.....	175
Skye Boat Song.....	176
Sloop John B.....	177
Snow Sniffing Lament.....	178
So What?.....	179
South Australia.....	180
Stanley And Dora.....	181
The Star Of The County Down.....	182
Stealin'.....	183
Stone Cold Dead In The Marketplace.....	184
Strangest Dream.....	185
Streets Of London.....	186
Sweet Chariot.....	187
Sweet Roseanne.....	188
Swing Down Chariot.....	189
Take This Hammer.....	190
There Is A Tavern In The Town.....	191
This Land Is Your Land.....	192
Thousands Or More.....	193
Thula.....	193
Tower Of Strength.....	194
Tshotsholosa.....	194
Tu We.....	195
Uncle Joe.....	195
Under The Lilacs.....	196
The Unicorn.....	198
Up Above My Head.....	200
Wade In The Water.....	200

The Water Is Wide.....	201
Way Over Yonder In The Minor Key.....	202
We All Fly Like Eagles.....	203
When I'm Gone.....	204
Whisky On A Sunday.....	205
The Whistling Gypsy Rover.....	206
The White Cockade.....	207
The Wild Mountain Thyme.....	208
Wild Rover.....	209
Woad.....	210
Work Song.....	211
The World Turned Upside Down (Digger's Song)...	212
Worried Man.....	213
Yellow Bird.....	214
Yellow Roses.....	215



A BI O

A bi O (A bi O)

A bi O (A bi O)

A bi O bi O bi a ma ma (A bi O bi O bi a ma ma)

Bi O bi O bi a ma ma (Bi O bi O bi a ma ma)



ALCOHOL

Started drinking, all around town

Went to a club to put a few more down

Feeling bad, drunk and sad

This is going to be the last drink that I'll ever have

Alcohol, Alcohol

Alcohol, Alcohol

You're the very devil

Get away from me

I got in with a 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

Alcohol, Alcohol...

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

Alcohol, Alcohol...

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 night clothes
Holding a bucket, under my nose

Alcohol, Alcohol...

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

*Alcohol, Alcohol
Alcohol, Alcohol
You're the very devil
Get away from me*



ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH

All things shall perish from under the sky
Music alone shall live
Music alone shall live
Music alone shall live
Never to die



ANCHORED IN LOVE

I've found a sweet haven of sunshine at last
And Jesus abiding above
His dear arms around me are lovingly cast
And sweetly He tells His love

The tempest is o'er

(The danger, the tempest forever is o'er)

I'm safe evermore

(I'm anchored in hope and have faith evermore)

What gladness, what rapture is mine

The danger is past

(The water's receding, the danger is past)

I'm anchored at last

(I'm feeling so happy I'm anchored at last)

I'm anchored in love divine

He saw me endangered and lovingly came
To pilot my storm-beaten soul
Sweet peace He has spoken and bless His dear name
The billows no longer roll

The tempest is o'er...

His love shall control me through life and in death
Completely I'll trust to the end
I'll praise Him each hour and my last fleeting breath
Shall sing of my soul's best friend

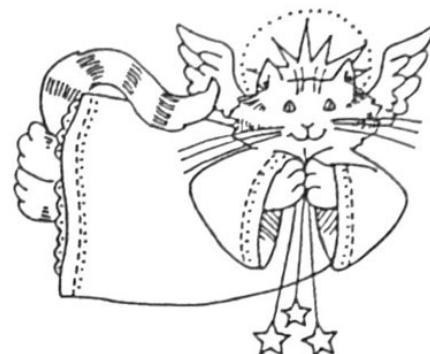
The tempest is o'er...



A.P. Carter

ANGEL BAND

My latest sun is sinking fast
My race is nearly run
My strongest trials now are past
My triumph is begun



*O come, angel band
Come and around me stand
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home*

O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me
Where blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory

O come, angel band...

I've almost gained my heavenly home
My spirit loudly sings
The Holy one before me comes
I hear the noise of wings



*O come, angel band
Come and around me stand
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home*

ANGELS (ALL NIGHT, ALL DAY)

*All night, all day
Angels watching over me, lord
All night, all day
Angels watching over me*

*Now I lay me down to sleep
Angels watching over me, lord
Pray the lord my soul to keep
Angels watching over me*

All night, all day...

*If I die before I wake
Angels watching over me, lord
Pray the lord my soul to take
Angels watching over me*

All night, all day...

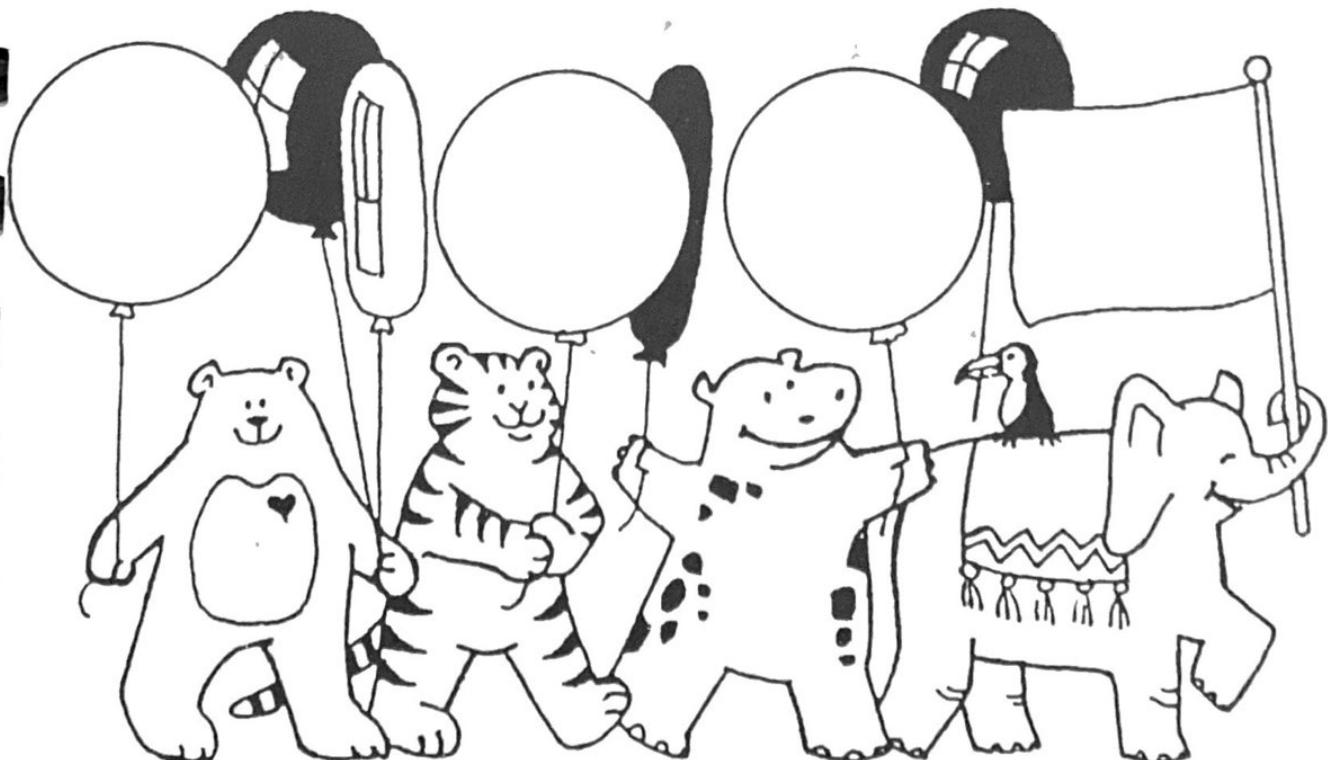
*If I live for ever and a day
Angels watching over me, lord
Pray the lord guard me alway
Angels watching over me*

*All night, all day
Angels watching over me, lord
All night, all day
Angels watching over me*



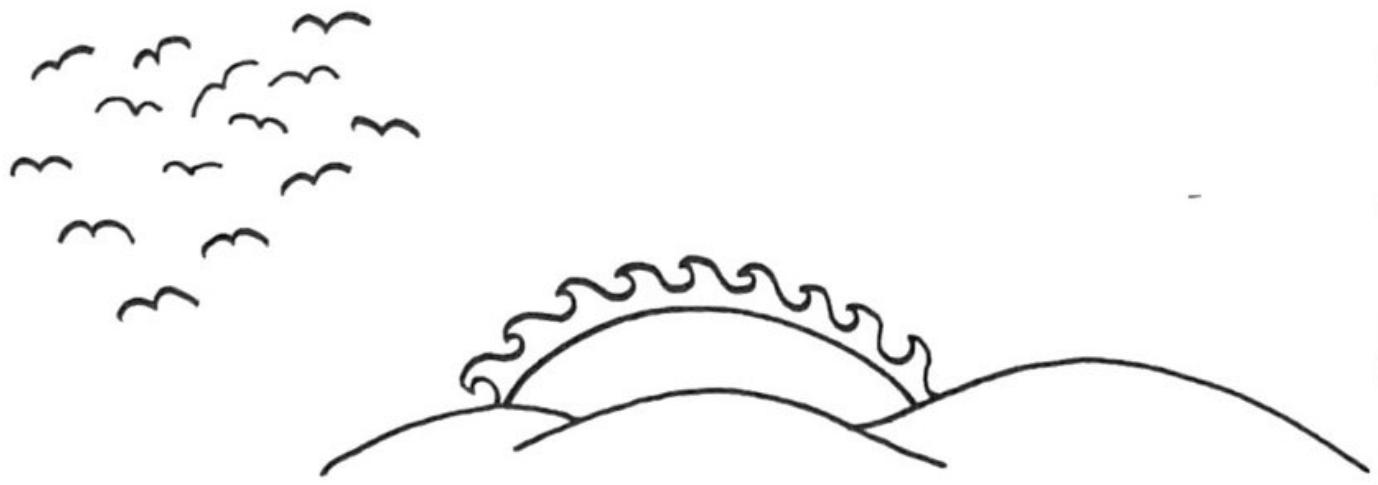
ANIMAL FAIR

I went to the animal fair
The birds and the beasts were there
The big baboon by the light of the moor
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 knee
And what became of the monkey?



ARISE SONG (a)

Awake, awake, the sun is 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
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 over 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

*And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

Brendan Behan

The triangle was struck at the Mountjoy Jail in Dublin each time a prisoner was hanged

THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

In the streets of New York City when the hour was getting late
There were 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

And now the streets are empty and now the streets are dark

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

And now the streets are empty and now the streets are dark



Phil Ochs

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

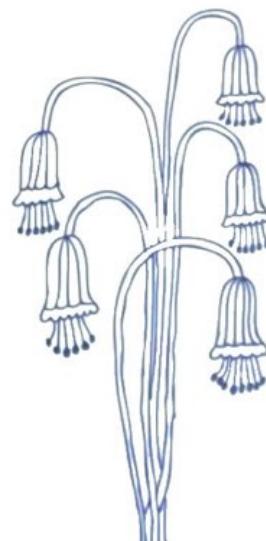
*And only say that you'll be mine
And in no other's arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow
Down by the banks of the Ohio*

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 loved,
Because she would not be my bride

And only say that you'll be mine...



This is an American version of the great British murder ballad *The Oxford Girl* or *The Butcher Boy*, taken over to the states in the later half of the 18th century

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 and me wan' go home
Well I sleep by the sun and I work by the moon
Daylight come and me wan' go home*



Day-o, me say day-o...



*Work all night 'til the morning come
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Stack them banana 'til the morning come
Daylight come and me wan' go home*



Day-o, me say day-o...



*Come, Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Me say, come Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home*



Day-o, me say day-o...



*Lift six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Me say, six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch
Daylight come and me wan' go home*



Day-o, me say day-o...

A beautiful bunch o' ripe banana
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Out come a big, black, hairy tarantula
Daylight come and me wan' go home

Day-o, me say day-o...

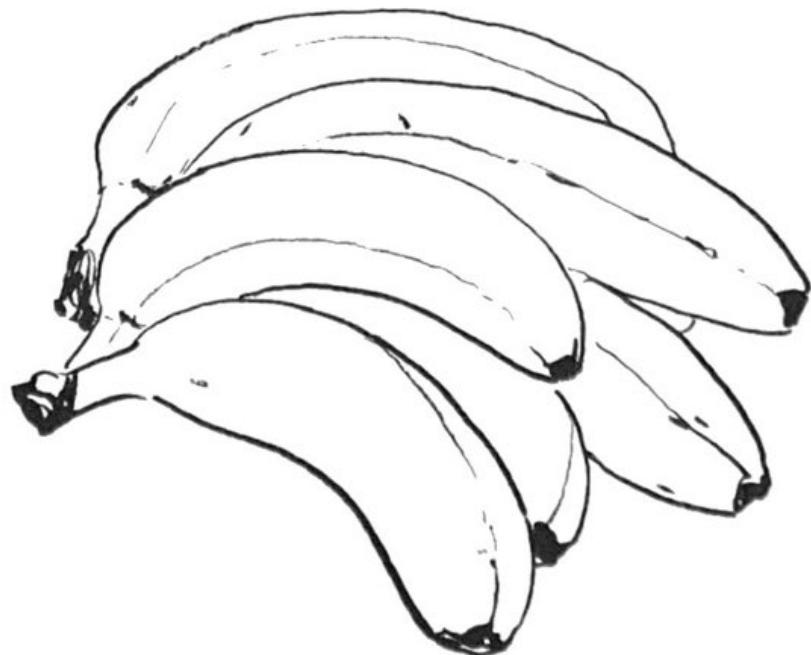
Well, I'll pack up my things and I'll go to sea
Daylight come and me wan' go home
Then the bananas see the last of me
Daylight come and me wan' go home

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



A traditional Trinidadian work song, popularised by Harry Belafonte

THE BARLEY MOW

Now here's jolly good luck to the quarter gill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the quartergill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Oh, the quarter gill

Fetch in a little drop more
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Now here's jolly good luck to the half gill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the half gill
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Oh, the half gill, quarter gill

Fetch in a little drop more
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Now here's jolly good luck to the gill pot
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the gill pot
Good luck to the Barley Mow
Oh, the gill pot, half gill, quarter gill

Fetch in a little drop more
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow

Now here's jolly good luck to the

half pint
pint pot
quart pot
half gallon
gallon
half bushel
bushel
half barrel
barrel
barmaid (who serves the Barley Mow)
landlord (who keeps the Barley Mow)
brewery (that brews the Barley Mow)

Fetch in a little drop more

Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow



BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

On a summer's 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 blue bird 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 farmers' 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

Oh - The buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees...

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 jerk who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

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

Haywire Mac McClintock



BIG YELLOW TAXI

They pave 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 till it's gone?
They pave paradise, put up a parking lot

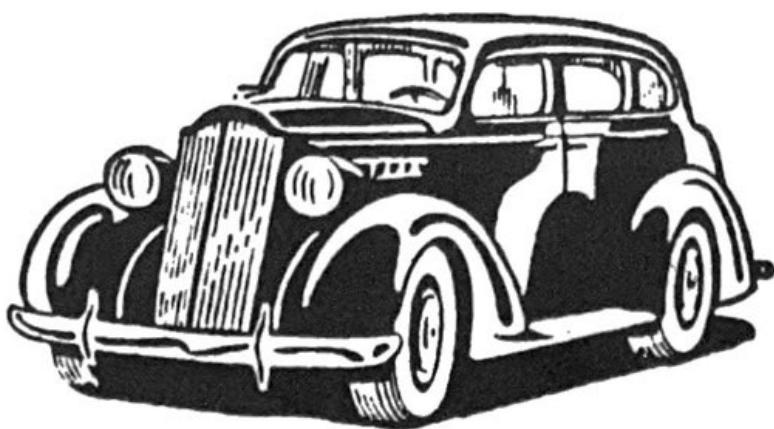
They took all the trees, put 'em in a tree museum
And they charged all the people a dollar and a half
just to see 'em
Don't it always seem to go...

Hey farmer, farmer, put away the DDT now
Give me spots on my apples, but leave me the birds
and the bees - please!
Don't it always seem to go...

Late last night I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi took away my old man
Don't it always seem to go...

Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?
They pave paradise, put up a parking lot

Joni Mitchell



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 a 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 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
And don't wait till your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty blackleg miner

A Durham song, sung as far away as Nova Scotia, about the fierce emotions of miners towards strike-breakers. One variant tells of "the best-dressed man of Seghill" hunted like a hare on the moor and his clothes and tools thrown down the pit shaft



BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they called Belfast
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's 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 me 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
She was both fair and handsome
Her neck it was just like a swan's
And her hair it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds...

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 the very next thing that I said was
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

Her eyes they shone like diamonds...

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 I 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

Her eyes they shone like diamonds...

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town, me lads
Beware of the pretty colleens
They'll feed you with whiskey and porter
Till you are unable to stand
And the very next thing that you know is
You've landed in Van Diemens Land

Her eyes they shone like diamonds...

Black velvet bands were worn by mourning widows but also by ladies of the night to advertise their services. This was popular among both English and Irish sailors; and also in east Anglia in the 19th century where many Irish travelled to work draining the fens

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

G C G
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?

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

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 just doesn't see?

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

Bob Dylan

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 and 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

Oh! 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



This song dates from the end of the civil war, when the American and British navies were competing to build faster, bigger ships, sailing the Atlantic in 23 days east and 40 days west. A different shanty rhythm was needed to accompany work on the new style of rigging. Other songs in this new style include *Whiskey Johnny* and *Blood-Red Roses*

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

By the waters, by the waters, by the waters of Babylon
We sat down and wept, and wept for thee Zion
We remember, we remember, we remember thee Zion



CAMPFIRE'S BURNING

Campfire's burning, campfire'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

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 ...
That my true love and I must part

When my apron strings did bow...
You followed me through sleet and snow

Now my apron strings won't pin ...
You pass my door and won't come in

Cried last night and the night before...
Gonna cry tonight and never no more

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

How I wish that train would come...
And take me back where I come from

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

Tom Paxton

An American jazz/blues song popularised by Leadbelly. It comes from an ancient Scottish ballad known as Lord Gregory or The Lass of Roch Royal. The original song tells the story of Isabel of Roch Royal going to Lord Gregory's castle after being banished by her parents for bearing his child, only to find he has gone to sea. In the American version the ship became a train

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 ward 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 here 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 forenoon too

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

And now I'm pulling in a whaler's crew (*Hey ho...*)

There's a seagull laughing overhead (*Hey ho...*)

Hope to be floating in a feather bed (*Hey ho...*)

Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...

Well an amazon girl lives in Dumfries (*Hey ho...*)

She only has her kids in twos and threes (*Hey ho...*)

Her sister lives in Maryhill (*Hey ho...*)

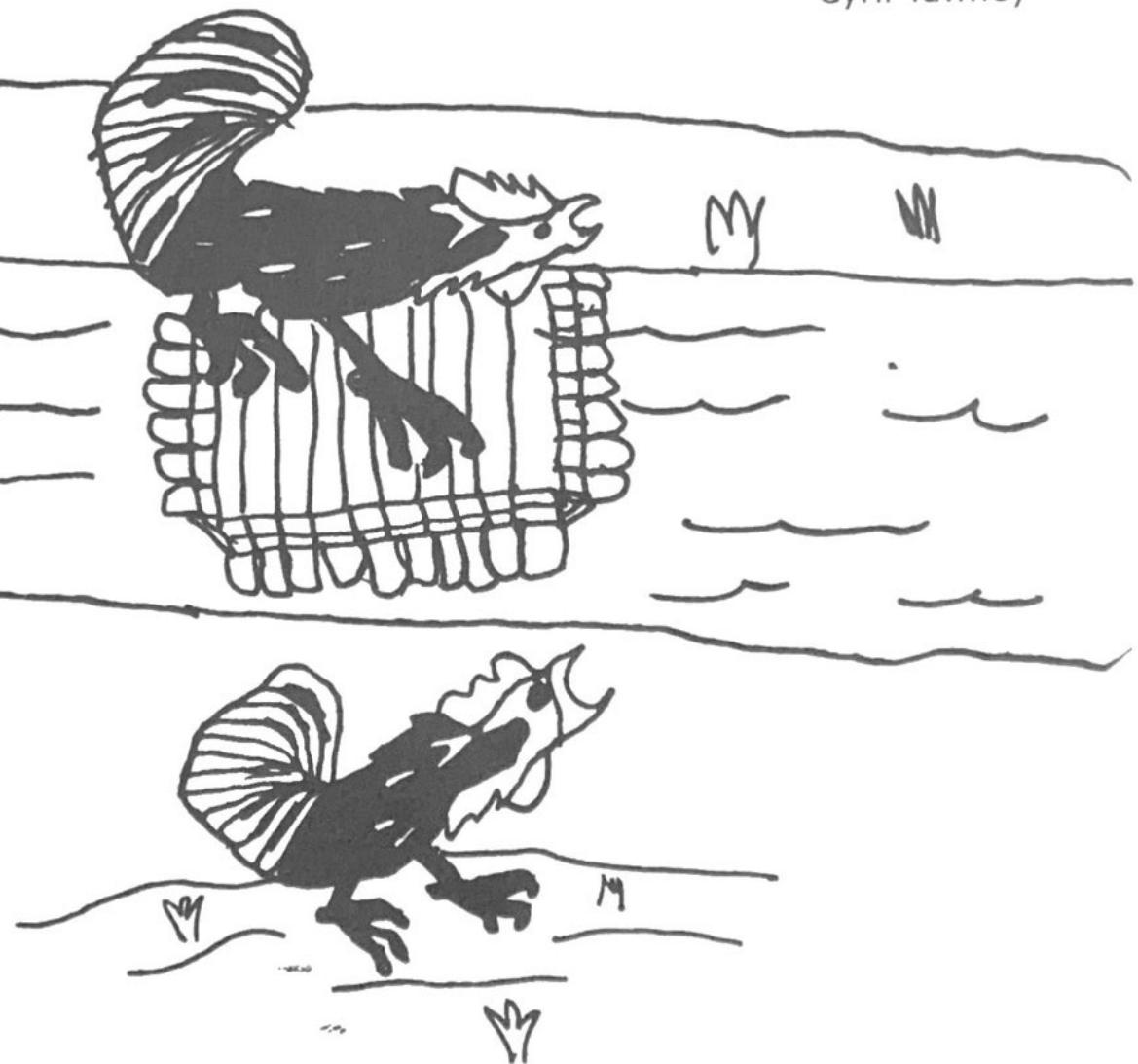
She says she won't but I think she will (*Hey ho...*)

Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus (*Hey ho...*)
But she didn't cry, she didn't fuss (*Hey ho...*)
Am I the one that she loves best? (*Hey ho...*)
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest? (*Hey ho...*)
Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...

I had another girl in Donnerbie (*Hey ho...*)
And did she make a fool of me (*Hey ho...*)
Her heart was like a purser's shower (*Hey ho...*)
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour (*Hey ho...*)
Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...

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

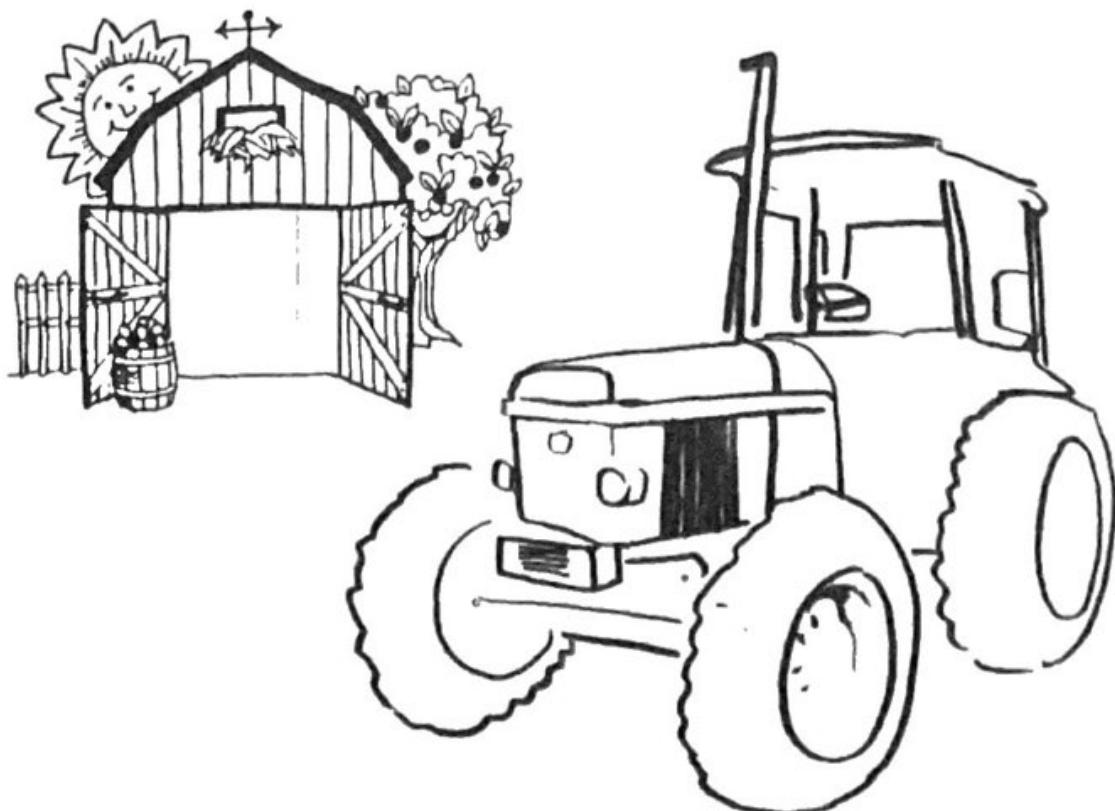
We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give
We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give
So, I said Honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; no milk would they give
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard
They're giving egg nog instead of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

We had some elephants - no tusks would they grow
We had some elephants - no tusks would they grow
So I said Honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; no tusks would they grow
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now of solid ivory
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard



We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go
We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go
So I said Honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; it just wouldn't go
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard
Now it goes EGGsactly just like it used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard

We had some scientists - they just wouldn't work
We had some scientists - they just wouldn't work
So I said Honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; they just wouldn't work
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard
They're doing EGGsperiments just like they used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard



CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE

*Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?
Well I'm going to send thee one by one,
One for the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born
Born in Bethlehem*

*Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?
Well I'm going to send thee two by two
Two for the Paul and Silas
One for the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born
Born in Bethlehem*

*Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?
Well I'm going to send thee three by three
Three for the Hebrew children
Two for the Paul and Silas
One for the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born
Born in Bethlehem*

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

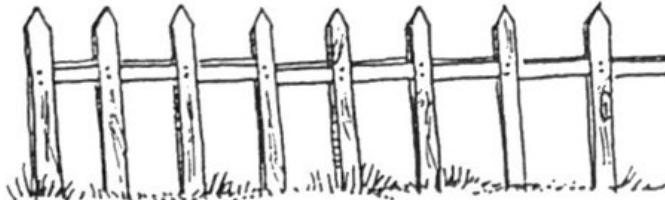
Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?
Well I'm going to send thee ten by ten
Ten for the ten commandments
Nine for the nine that dressed so fine
Eight for the eight that stood at the gate
Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven
Six for the six that never had a fix
Five for the five that got out alive
Four for the four that stood at the door
Three for the Hebrew children
Two for the Paul and Silas
One for the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born
Born in Bethlehem



This is a variant of Green Grow the Rushes-O

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine

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

Light she was and like a fairy
And her shoes were number nine
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine
O my darling...

Drove she ducklings to the water
Every morning just at nine
Stubbed her toe against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine
O my darling...

Ruby lips above the water
Blowing bubbles soft and fine
But alas! I was no swimmer
So I lost my Clementine
O my darling...

In a churchyard near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow roses and other posies
Fertilized by Clementine
O my darling...

Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine
Thought be oughter jine his daughter
Now he's with his Clementine
O my darling...

In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments soaked with brine
Tho' in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead I draw the line
O my darling...

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning
To this tragic tale of mine
Artificial respiration
Would have saved my Clementine
O my darling...

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

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



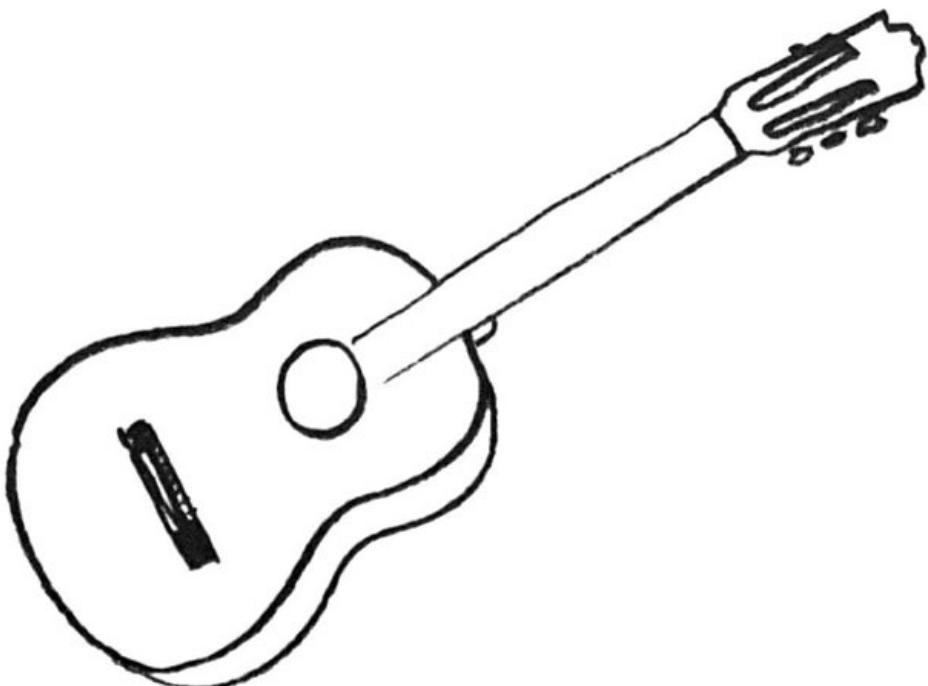
A forty-niner was a miner in the North American gold rush of 1849

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 wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive 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

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 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

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



Susanna Clark & Richard Leigh

COME FOLLOW

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?
To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood
To the Greenwood, Greenwood tree
To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood
To the Greenwood, Greenwood tree

COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
And they decided, and they decided
And they decided to have another flagon

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

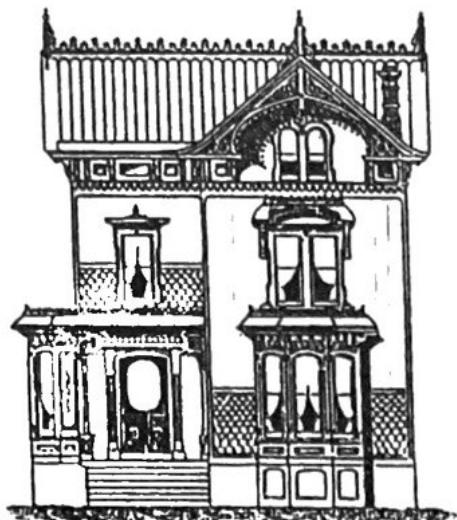
Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed
quite sober
Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed
quite sober
Falls as the leaves do fall
Falls as the leaves do fall
Falls as the leaves do fall
He'll die before October
Come landlord...

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

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell
her mother...
She's a foolish, foolish thing...
She'll never get another
Come landlord...

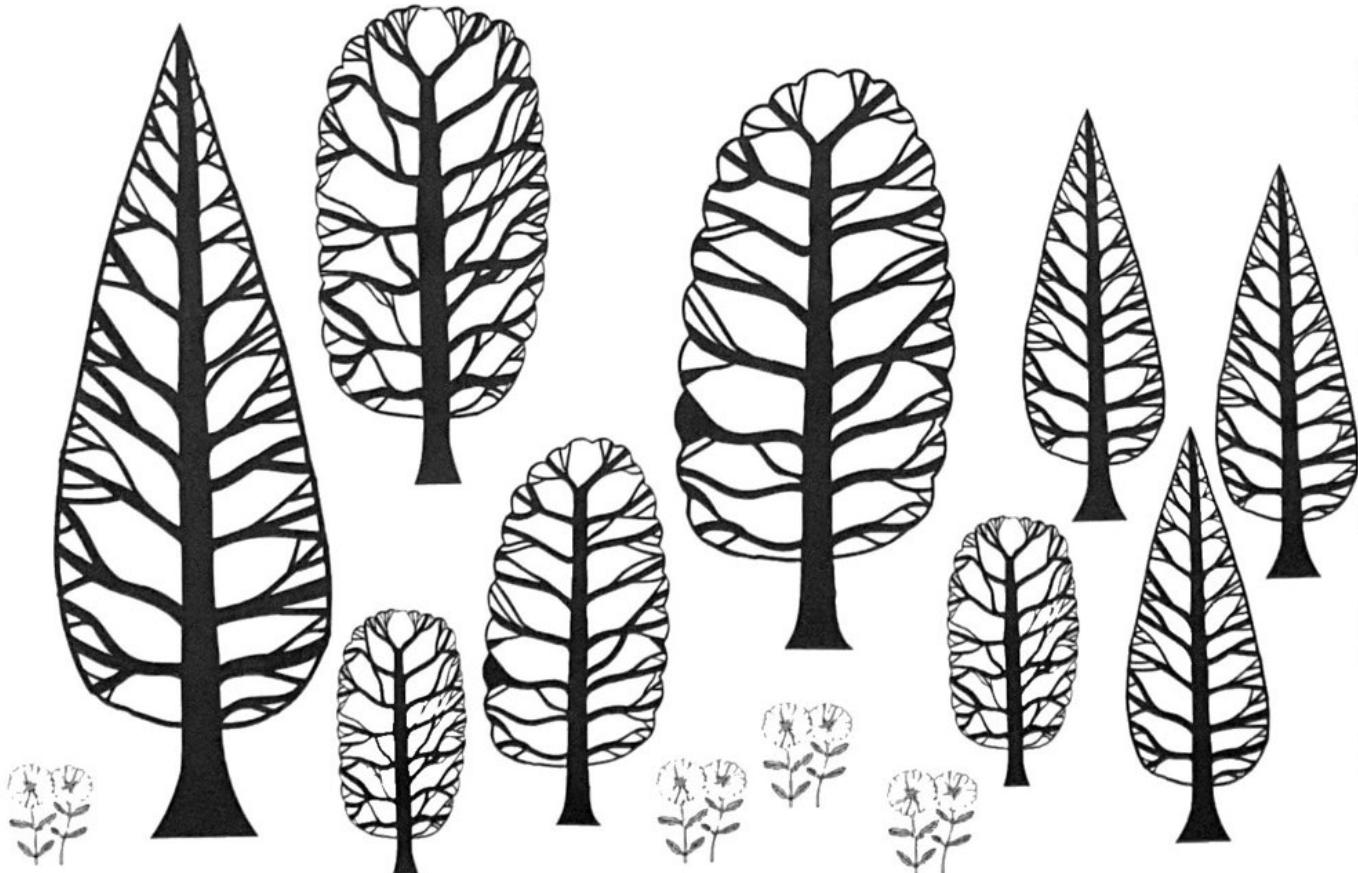
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back
for another
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back
for another
She's a boon for all mankind
She's a boon for all mankind
She's a boon for all mankind
She'll very soon be a mother

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



COME TO THE COLOURS JOHNNY

Come to the colours Johnny, come
No I don't want to leave you, but I know I must go
No I don't want to leave you, but I know I must go
Stay with me, stay with me don't go



COUNTRY LIFE

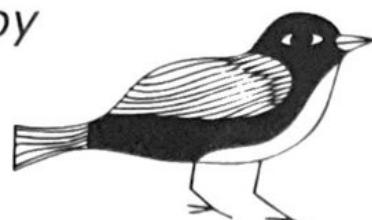
*I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their layland
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new-mown hay*

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
Oh but of all the times choose I may
'Twould be rambling in the new-mown hay

*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 winter when the sky turns grey
We hedge and we ditch our lives away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new-mown hay

*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*



DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Till 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 mine*

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

For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew...

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

For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew...

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

For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew...

Merle Travis

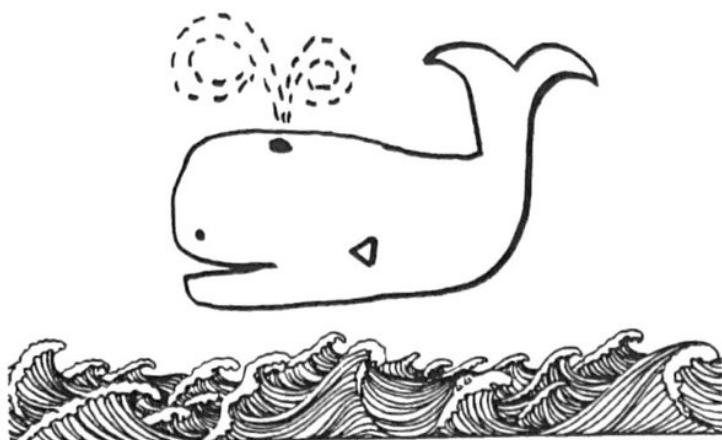
DEEP BLUE SEA

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 again

*Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Rosanita
Adios mes amigos, Jesu et Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees*

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

Goodbye to my Juan...

The airplane 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

Goodbye to my Juan...

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

Goodbye to my Juan...

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, we died in your bushes
Both sides of the river, we died just the same

Goodbye to my Juan...

Is this the best way we can 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

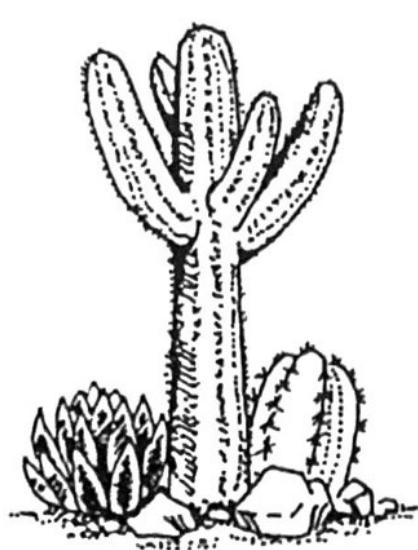
(Optional ending to last verse):

To fall like dry leaves, to rot on the topsoil
And to be called by no name except deportee

Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Rosanita

Adios mes amigos, Jesu et Maria

You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees



Woody Guthrie

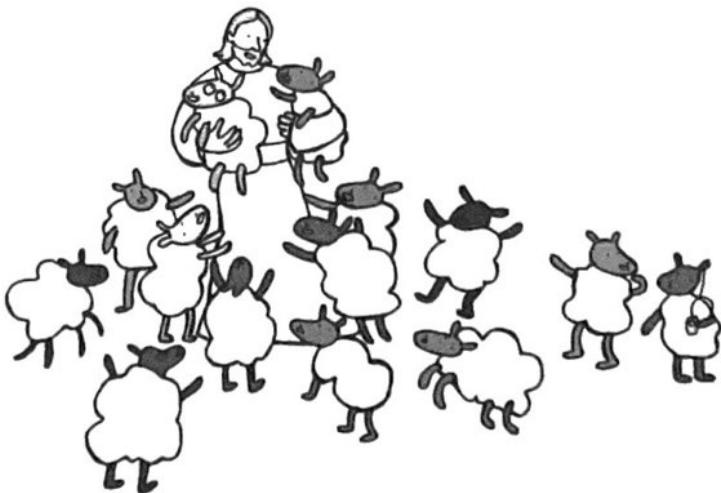
DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

While walking out one evening not knowing where to go
Just to pass the time away before we held our show
I heard a band, a mission band singing with all its might
I give my heart to Jesus and left the show that night

*The day will soon be over and digging will be done
And no more gems be gathered so let us all press on
When Jesus comes to claim us and says it is enough
The diamonds will be shining no longer in the rough*

One day my precious comrade was all too lost in sin
Another soul to rescue, when Jesus took him in
So when you're tired and tempted, exhausted and rebuffed
Don't turn away in anger those diamonds in the rough

*The day will soon be over and digging will be done
And no more gems be gathered so let us all press on
When Jesus comes to claim us and says it is enough
The diamonds will be shining no longer in the rough*



Recorded by the Carter Family in 1929

DIDO BENDIGO

As I was a-walking one morning last autumn
I overheard some noble fox-hunting
Between some noble men and the Duke of Wellington
So early before the day was dawning

*There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry, he was there-o
Traveller, he never looked behind him
There was Countess, Rover, Bonny Lass and Jover
These are the hounds that would find him*

Well, the first fox being young and his trials just beginning
He made straight away for the cover
He's run up yon highest hill, and run down yon lowest ghyll
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there for ever
There was Dido, Bendigo...

Now, the next fox being old, and his trials past a-dawning
He's made straight away for the river
The fox he has jumped in, and an 'ound jumped after him
It was Traveller, a-striding on for ever
There was Dido, Bendigo...

Well, they've run across the plain, but they'll soon return again
The fox nor the hounds never failing
It's been just one month today since I heard the Squire say
Oh, forward then me brave hounds for ever
There was Dido, Bendigo...



DIRTY OLD TOWN

I found my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
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 smoky air
Dirty old town, dirty old town

The clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

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
Dirty old town, dirty old town



Ewan McColl

DONNA DONNA

On a wagon bound for market
There's a calf with a mournful 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 summer's night
Donna, donna, donna, donna
Donna, donna, donna, do
Donna, donna, donna, donna
Donna, donna, donna, do*

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

Now the winds are laughing...

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

Now the winds are laughing...

Donna Donna was written in Yiddish during WWII by Jtschak Katsenelson, after his wife and two sons were taken from the Warsaw ghetto to Auschwitz where they were murdered. Katsenelson later also died in Auschwitz. The original title of the song is The Calf. What we sing is a pretty accurate translation, apart from the "donna donna" refrain, which is actually a corruption of "donaj, donaj" meaning "my God, my God."

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

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

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



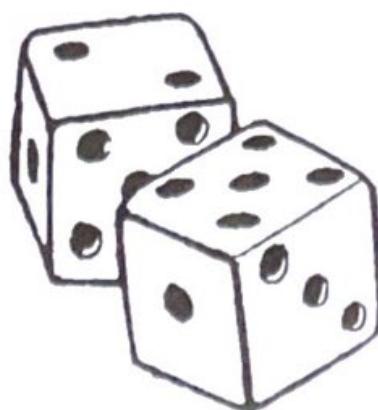
DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL

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 it's 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

And drill, ye tarriers, drill...

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

And drill, ye tarriers, drill...



Our boss is a good man down to the ground
And he married a lady six feet round
She bakes good bread and she bakes it well
But she bakes it hard as the holes in Hell

*And drill, ye tarriers, drill
And drill, ye tarriers, drill
For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay
Down behind the old railway
And drill, ye tarriers, drill
And blast
And fire*

Thomas Casey



EARTH MY BODY

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

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 a 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

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

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

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

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!

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



ERIE CANAL

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 and coal and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo

*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 Canal*

We'd 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

*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 Canal*

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

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

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

"Punch" comes from the Hindi word panch (five) because of its five ingredients: spirit, water, lemon juice, sugar and spices. The word was first recorded in English in 1669 but the song probably dates from a little later. High custom duties meant the singers of songs such as this one were unlikely to have enjoyed punch made from spirits acquired through legitimate channels. The mysterious last verse may also allude to a dead smuggler, but who knows?

FIDDLERS GREEN

As I roved by the docks one evening so rare
To view the still water and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh take me away boys, me time it's not long

*Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old shipmates
I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green*



Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper...

Now when we're in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's parks and there's lasses there too
Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it flows free
And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper...

No I don't need a harp nor a halo nor key
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

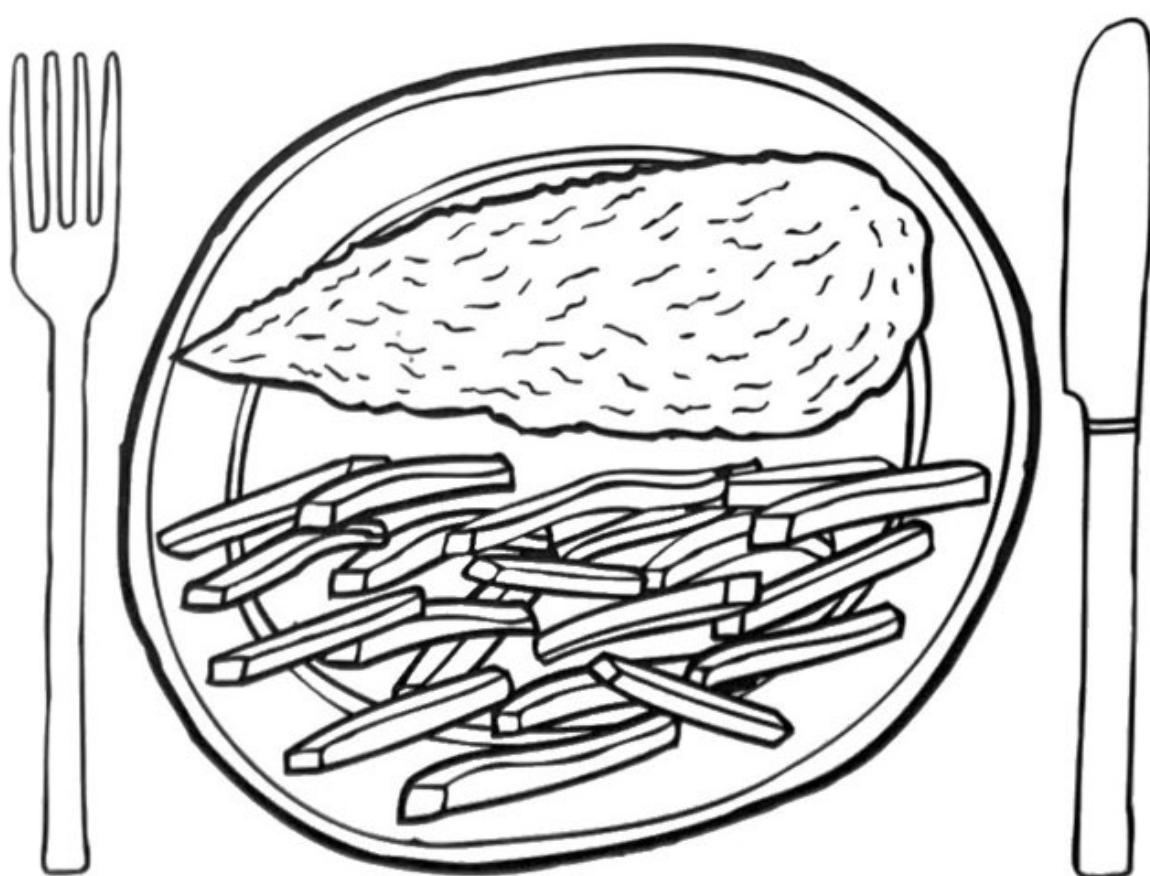
Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper...

FISH AND CHIPS AND VINEGAR

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

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



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, this-a-way
This-a-way, this-a-way
Lord I can't go home this-a-way

*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*

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd
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 makes a mighty good road
The dead trees will show you the way
Left foot, peg foot, travelling on
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd, gourd, gourd

Follow the drinking 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

Follow the drinking 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

*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*

FREIGHT TRAIN

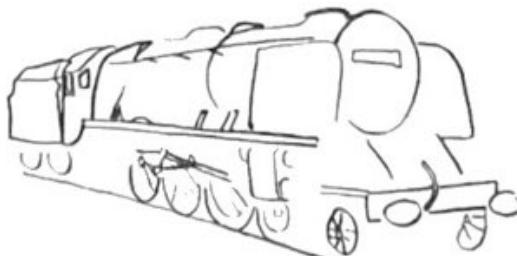
*Freight train, freight train runs so fast
Freight train, freight train runs so fast
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know what route I'm gone*

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

Freight train, freight train runs so fast...

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 that I'm gone to sleep

Freight train, freight train runs so fast...



Libby Cotten

The drinking gourd is another name for the Big Dipper or Plough (see back cover) which points to the North Star and is an accurate marker to follow while travelling at night. The song tells the story of a sailor known as Peg-Leg Joe who helped young black slaves to escape and run north to freedom, following the waters of the Tombigbee and Ohio Rivers. The peg-leg sailor would teach this song to the young slaves and show them the mark of his natural left foot and the round hole made by his peg leg. He would then go ahead of them and they would follow his peg-leg tracks

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, ah hum, ah hum, ah hum

Came up to Missie Mouse's door, a-hum
Came up to Missie Mouse's door, a-hum
Came up to Missie Mouse's door, a-hum
Where he'd often been before
A-hum, ah hum, ah hum, ah hum

Missie Mouse are you within?
Yes kind sir and please come in

Missie Mouse will you marry me?
O no kind sir that never can be

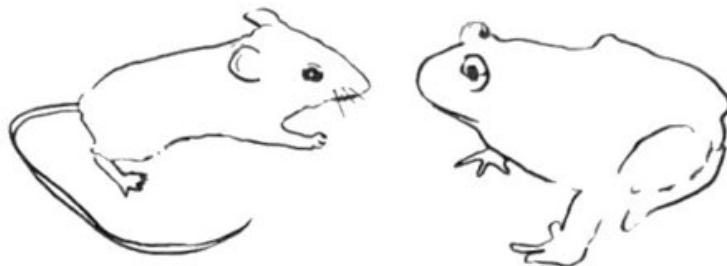
Without my Uncle Rat's consent
I would not marry the President

Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides
To think his niece would be a bride

Where will the wedding breakfast be?
Way down yonder in the hollow tree

What will the wedding breakfast be?
Two red beans and a black-eyed pea

They all went swimming across the lake, a-hum
They all went swimming across the lake, a-hum
They all went swimming across the lake, a-hum
And got swallowed up by a big black snake
A-hum, ah hum, ah hum, ah hum



This is the popular American version of the Scottish shepherds' song
The Frog and the Mouse, or *The Frog Cam to the Myl-dur*, first
recorded in 1549

THE GHOST OF JOHN

Have you heard of the ghost of John?
Pale white bones with the flesh all gone
Poo-oo-oor old John
Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin on?



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 young 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
Go down...
They comb their hair with a kipper backbone
Go down...

Oh you pinks and posies...

The wind blows cold around Cape Horn
And there ain't no girls to keep you warm

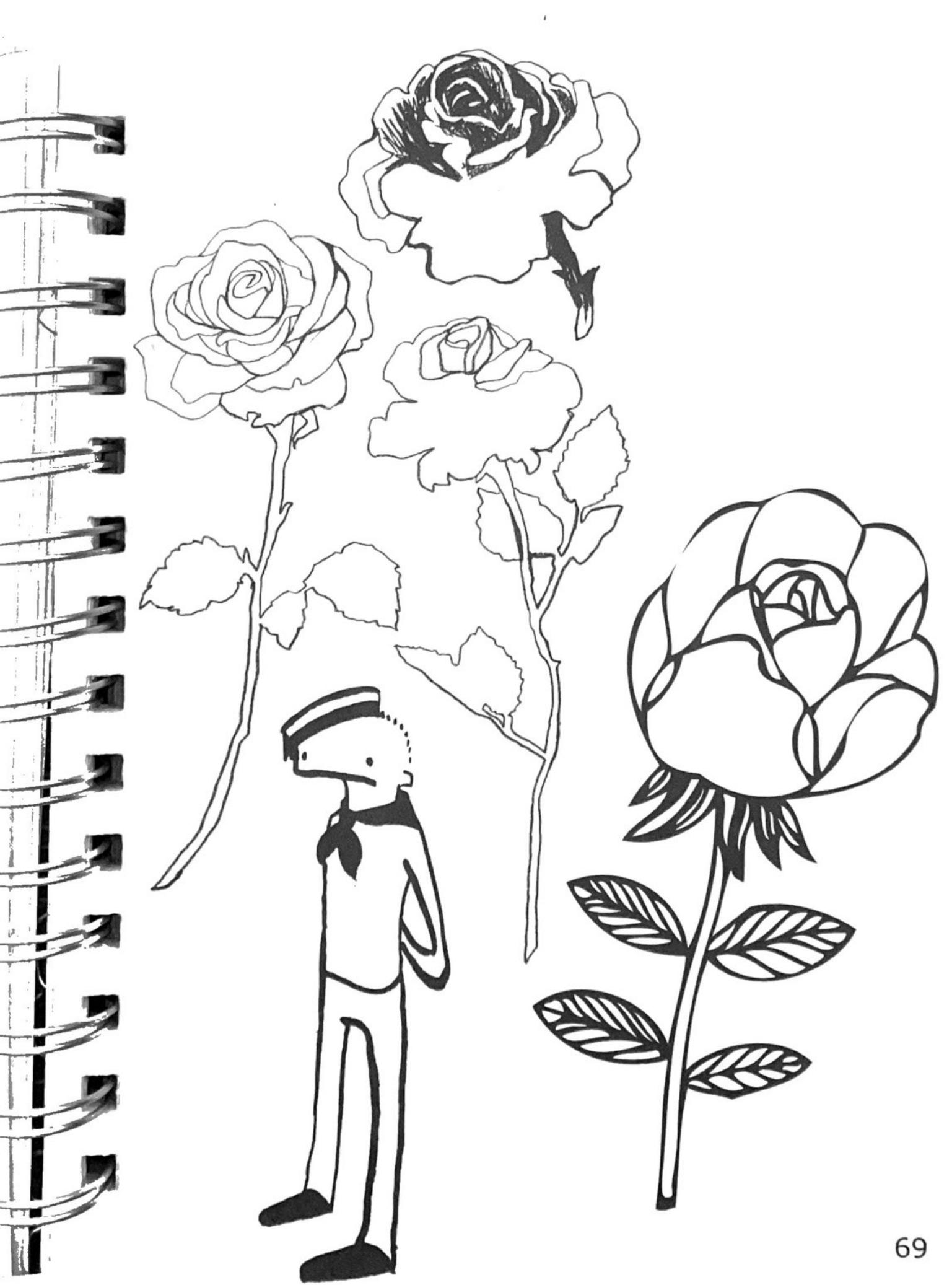
Oh you pinks and posies...

When I was a young man in my prime
I took them pretty girls nine at a time

Oh you pinks and posies...

But now I'm old and getting grey
I can hardly manage one a day

Oh you pinks and posies
Go down you blood red roses, go down!



GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

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

Chorus:

I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches

Swinging switches, dodging hitches

I was working on the Railway

Or:

Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay

Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay

Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay

The Great American Railway

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'll sing you two-o!
Green grow the rushes-o
What is your two-o?
Two, two, the lily white boys clothéd all in green-o
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so

I'll sing you three-o!
Green grow the rushes-o
What is your three-o?
Three, three the rivals
Two, two, the lily white boys clothéd all in green-o
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so

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

I'll sing you twelve-o!

Green grow the rushes-o

What is your twelve-o?

Twelve for the twelve apostles.

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Ten for the ten commandments

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Eight for the April rainers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Six for the six proud walkers

Five for the symbols at your door

Four for the Gospel makers

Three, three the rivals

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

One is one and all alone

And ever more shall be so



GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

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

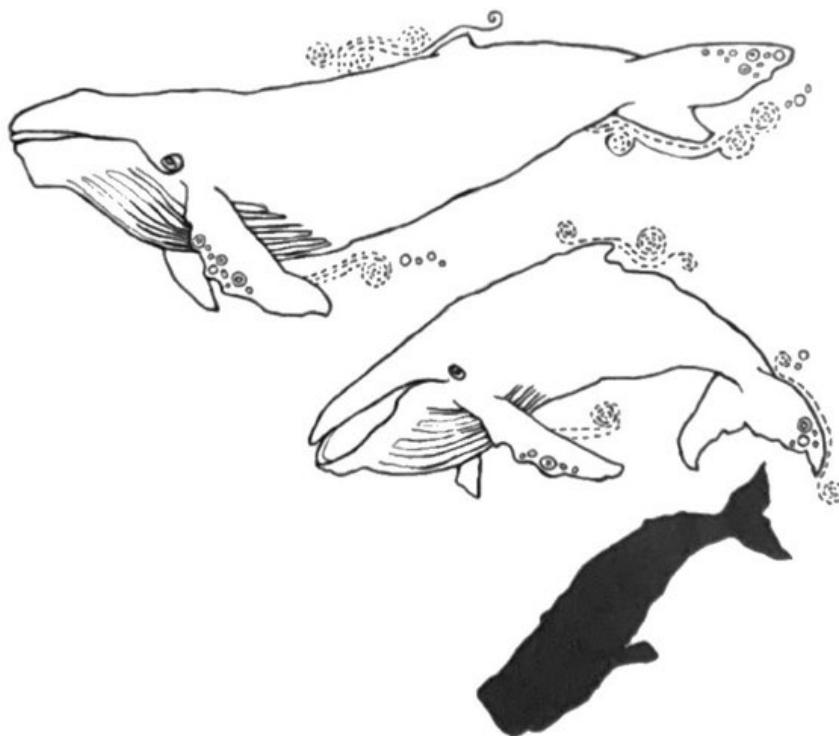
Well the boats went down with the men aboard
And the whale was in full view
Resolved, resolved was each whaler bold
For to steal where the whalefish blew, brave boys
For to steal where the whalefish blew

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



Life as a sailor on a whale fishing boat was bitter, working in cruel weather amid a deluge of blood. Until 1830, the whaling ships put out each spring from London, Kings Lynn, Hull and Whitby, bound for the Right Whale grounds of Greenland. The best of our whaling ballads are about the Greenland fishery. This version was first published in 1725. After 1830, the fleets moved to Baffin's Bay in North America and later on to Hawaii

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

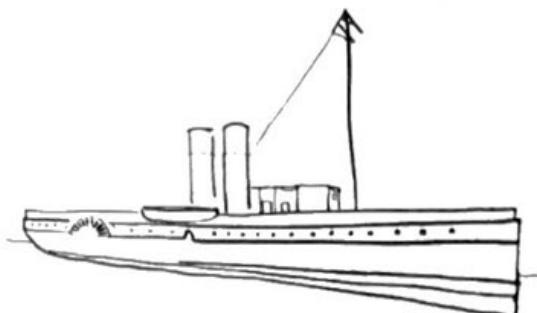
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Oh Lord, if only dreams were 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

Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

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

Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line



Cyril Tawney

HAL AND TOW

Take the scorn to wear a horn
It was the crisp when you were 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
Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow...

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
Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow...

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
Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow...



An ancient Cornish song which accompanied a dance intended to bring good fortune, good weather for crops and fertility for the livestock

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

Halleluia, I'm a bum...

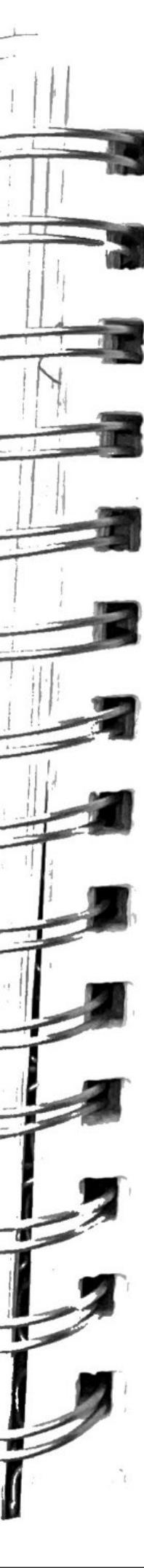
Oh why don't you work as other men do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

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



Haywire Mac McClintock



HANGING ON THE OLD BARBED WIRE

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, I know where he is
I know where he is, I know where he is
If you want to see the Colonel, I know where he is
He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face
I saw him, I saw him
Sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face (I saw him)
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, I know where he is
I know where he is, I know where he is
If you want to see the Private, I know where he is
He's hanging on the old barbed wire
I saw him, I saw him
Hanging on the old barbed wire (I saw him)
Hanging on the old barbed wire

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, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
Come on up, 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 onward
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

Singing come on up, I got a lifeline...

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 during the American Civil War. 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 grow all mouldy
(*Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe*)

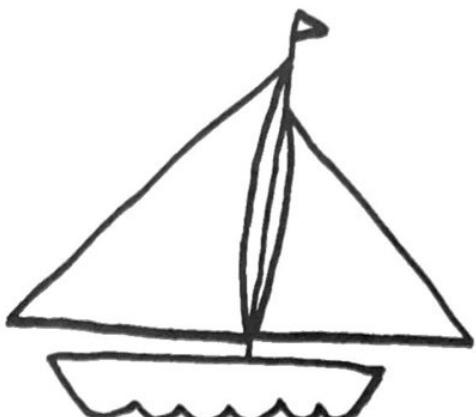
Way haul away, we'll haul away together
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe
Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather
Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution
(*Way haul away...*)
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution
(*Way haul away...*)

Way haul away, we'll haul away together...

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy
The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy

Way haul away, we'll haul away together...



Extra Verses:

Charley Dalton had a pig and it was double-jointed
He took it to the blacksmith's shop to get its trotters pointed

St Patrick was a gentleman, he came of decent people
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple

St. Patrick drove away the snakes, then drank up all the whiskey
This made him sing and dance a jig, he felt so fine and frisky

Once I knew an Spanish girl and she was fat and lazy
But now I've got an Irish girl, she nearly drives me crazy

Next I had an English girl but she would not be civil
I put my dagger in her back and sent her to the devil

Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and tatties
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces

You call yourself a second mate but you cannot tie a bowline
You cannot even stand up straight when the ship it is a-rolling

We're running down a stormy sea and rolling through the thunder
It's ev'ry man aloft my boys or we'll be driven under

Pat Murphy was a friend of mine, his wake was last September
They said I had a real good time, I wish I could remember

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 head - loaves of bread

*And all manner of things
Of all the fish that swim in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Away the day, away the day
My 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
Herring's eyes - puddings and pies
Herring's head - loaves of bread

*And all manner of things
Of all the fish that swim in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Away the day, away the day
My Hinnie oh*

Herring's gills - window sills

Herring's back - fishing smack

Herring's fins - needles and pins

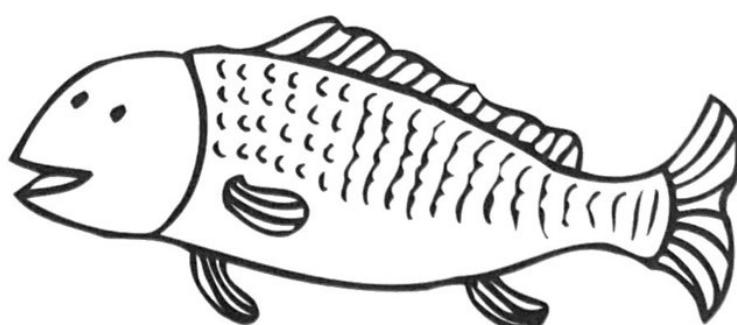
Herring's scales - ship with sails

Herring's guts - 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
Herring's tail - barrel of ale
Herring's guts - pair of boots
Herring's scales - ship with sails
Herring's fins - needles and pins
Herring's back - fishing smack
Herring's gills - window sills
Herring's eyes - puddings and pies
Herring's head loaves of bread

*And all manner of things
Of all the fish that swim in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Away the day, away the day
My Hinnie oh*

Oh what do you think of such a thing?
Haven't I done well with my bonny herring?



The earliest known version of this song is better known as *The Red Herring* or *The Jolly Herring*. Songs like this may have been connected with animal sacrifice and fertility rituals, because the red herring was once a staple diet of the poor

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
Tell me how long have I got to wait?...

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee
You don't like my peaches, don't you shake my tree
Tell me how long have I got to wait?...

Two old maids sitting in the sand
Each one a-wishing that the other was a man
Tell me how long have I got to wait?...

I was born in England, schooled in France
If you want to know more best ask my parents
Tell me how long have I got to wait?...

I'm standing on the corner with a dollar in my hand
Looking for a woman who's looking for a man
Tell me how long have I got to wait?...

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

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

HEY HO, ANYBODY HOME?

Hey, ho, anybody home?
Meat nor drink nor money have I none
Still I will remain merry



This 16th century song was a favourite of carollers who went from door to door at Christmas hoping for food and drink

HILL AN' GULLY RIDER

Hill an gully rider
Hill an gully
Hill an gully rider
Hill an gully

With a low down bend down
Hill an gully

And then you better mind your tumble down
Hill an gully

If you tumble down you broke your neck
Hill an gully

If you broke your neck you go to hell
Hill an gully

Repeat top section

This song (which can be sung as a round) is from the Caribbean.
Communities of farmers would help each other, singing digging songs
as they worked

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar
He gazed at the bottom as it 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 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

*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*

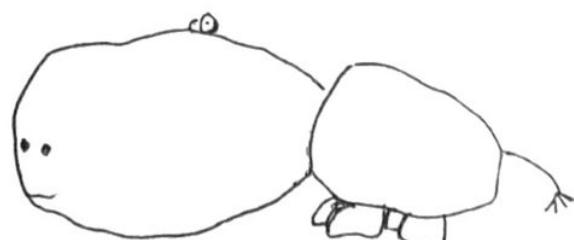
Now more hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side?

They dived all at once with an ear-splitting splosh
Then rose to the surface again
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain

*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 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 hippopotamas in silken pyjamas
No more will he teach them to sing

*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*



Michael Flanders and Donald Swann

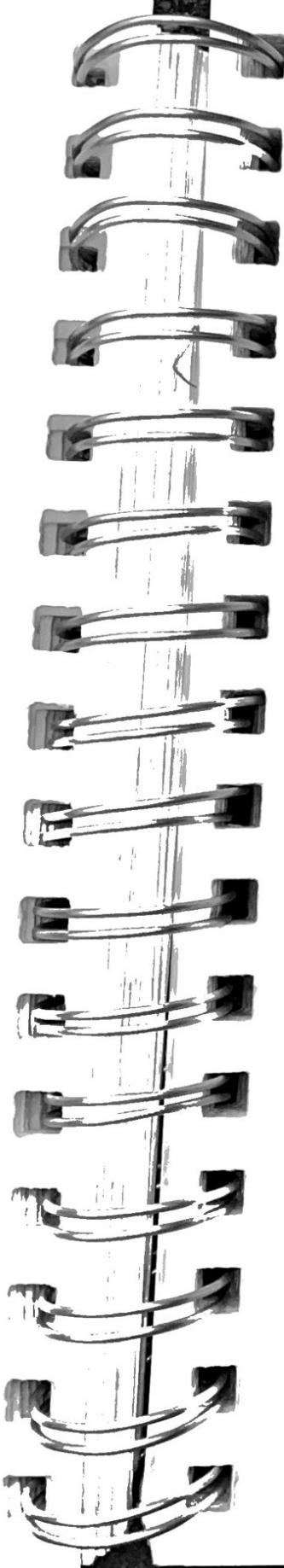
HOLY GROUND

Fare thee well to you my Dinah
A thousand times adieu
For we're going away from the Holy Ground
And the girls we love so true
We will sail the salt seas over
And then return to shore
To see again the girls we love
And the Holy Ground once more

*Fine girl you are
You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more*

And now the storm is raging
And we are far from the shore
And the good old ship is tossing about
And the rigging is all torn
And the secret of my mind, my love
You're the girl I do adore
And still we live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more

*Fine girl you are
You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more*



And now the storm is over
And we are safe and well
We will go into a public house
And we'll sit and drink our fill
We'll drink strong ale and porter
And make the rafters roar
And when our money is all spent
We'll go to sea once more

*Fine girl you are
You're the girl I do adore
And still I live in hope to see
The Holy Ground once more*



HOME, BOYS, HOME

Oh who wouldn't be a sailor boy 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 ought to do
So then I says to her, Why don't you jump in with me too?
And it's home, boys, home...

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
Till she wished the short night had been seven years long
And it's home, boys, home...

Oh 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
And it's home, boys, home...

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 we'll give him the jacket blue,
And send him up the rigging like his daddy used to do
And it's home, boys, home....

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

*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*



This comes from two songs put together: *Rosemary Lane* and *The Oak And The Ash* (a popular song from the north east of England dating back to the 1650's)

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
Was lost and gone

Shall all my blowings be just forlorn
Be just forlorn
Far better were I no huntsman born
No huntsman born
Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la
No huntsman born

He cast his net the bush about
The bush about
A nut brown damsel sprung quickly out
Sprung quickly out
Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la
Sprung quickly out

Oh nut brown damsel escape me not
Escape me not
I have great big hounds that will fetch thee hot
Fetch thee hot
Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la
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
The lilles stand
They are for a fresh young huntsman's hand
Young huntsman's hand
Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la
Young huntsman's hand



The Huntsman was the favourite of the late Beefy, one of FSC's great founding members. The song seems to be derived from Tally-ho and Huntsman songs sung by hunters and poachers alike. However this version is unrecorded anywhere in Britain or America and could be unique to FSC. A real gem, let's keep it alive!

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 to me my old job back
I don't want your millions, Mister...

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
I don't want your millions, Mister...

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
I don't want your millions, Mister...

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...

Jim Garland

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, O 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'll fly

I'll fly away

I'll fly away, O Glory...

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet

No more cold iron shackles on my feet

Just a few more weary days and then

To a land where joys will never end

Albert E Brumley

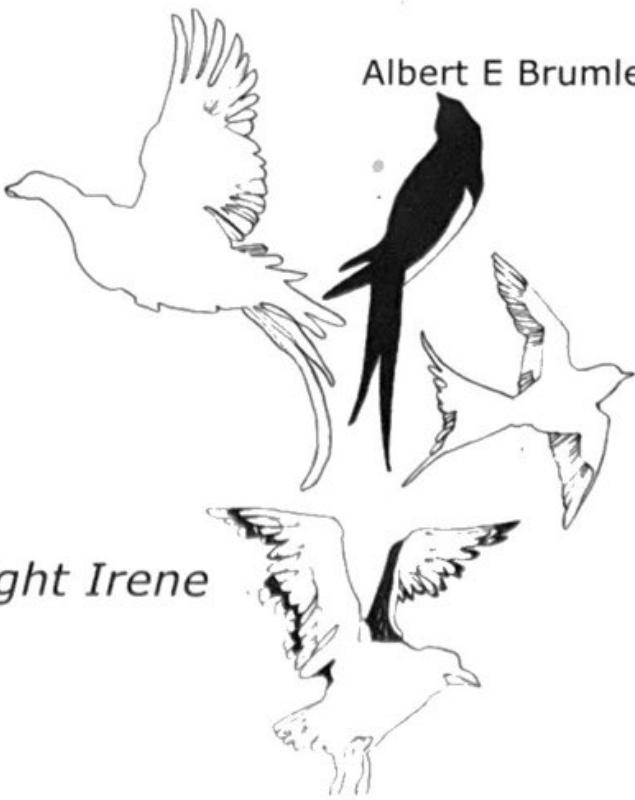
IRENE

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 mourn
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 love 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 into the river and drown
Irene, good night...

Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly) and John Lomax

THE IRISH BALLAD (RICKETY TICKETY TIN)

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing rickety tickety tin
About a maid I'll sing a song
Who did not have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did every one of them in, them in
She did every one of them in

Her mother she could never stand
Sing rickety tickety tin
Her mother she could never stand
And so a cyanide soup she planned
The mother died with a spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin
Her face in a hideous grin

She weighted her brother down with stones
Rickety tickety tin
She weighted her brother down with stones
And sent him down to Davy Jones
All they ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin
And occasional pieces of skin

One morning in a fit of pique
Rickety tickety tin
One morning in a fit of pique
She drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And we had to make do with gin, with gin
We had to make do with gin

She set her sister's hair on fire
Rickety tickety tin
She set her sister's hair on fire
And as the smoke and flames rose higher
She danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin, 'olin
Playing a violin

One day when she had nothing to do
Rickety tickety tin
One day when she had nothing to do
She cut her baby brother in two
And served him up as an Irish stew
And invited the neighbours in, 'bours in
And invited the neighbours in

And when at last the police came by
Sing rickety tickety tin
And when at last the police came by
Her little pranks she did not deny
To do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin
And lying she knew was a sin

My tragic tale I won't prolong
Rickety tickety tin
My tragic tale I won't prolong
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, begin
You should never have let me begin

Tom Lehrer

Tom Lehrer (a 1950's satirist) decided to create a song that had all the ingredients of a folk song: murder, jealousy, senseless crime and a nonsense fol-di-rol-like refrain. *Ricketty Ticketty Tin* was thus born

JAMAICA 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*

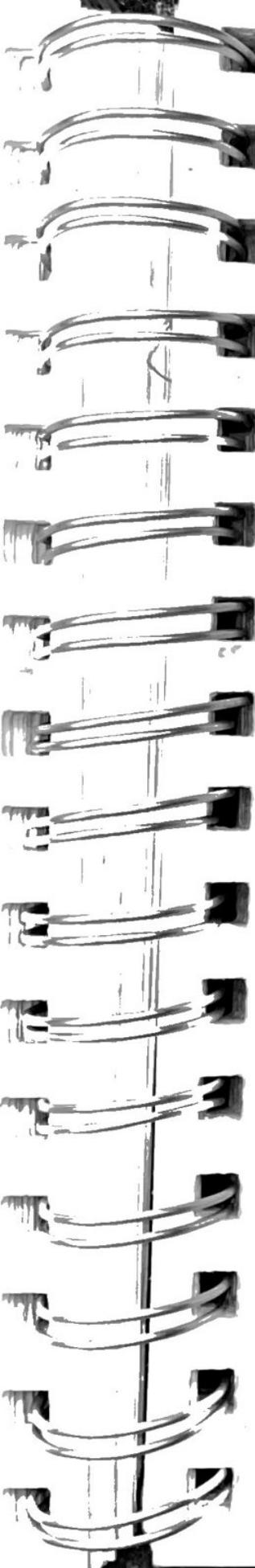
Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to and fro
I must declare that my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine down to Mexico

*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*

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

*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*

Irving Burgie



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
Mama don't walk mama talking
Mama don't walk mama talking
New York

Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo
Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo
Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo
New York



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 have men to 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 every day

Come fill up your glasses of brandy or wine
And whatever 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 by the River Kildare
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
I'm a man you don't meet every day

Come fill up your glasses of brandy or wine
And whatever 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



Earl Robinson and Alfred Hayes (Joe Hill)

JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive 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, says Joe, But I ain't dead

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, says Joe, I didn't die

And standing there as big as life and smiling with his eyes
Joe says, What they forgot to kill
Went on to organise, went on to organise

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, 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, it's there you'll find Joe Hill

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night alive as you or me
Says I, But Joe, you're ten years dead
I never died, says he, I never died, says he

JOHNNY BOY, GO HOME

Johnny Boy go home, to the land you know
There's a warm fire burning, a place set at your table
Johnny Boy go home, far away from this place
Please remember the morning mist, feel the sun on
your face

*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you
bring into my heart*
*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you
bring into my heart*

Johnny Boy go home, to the land you know
There's a future calling you, there's a future calling me
Johnny Boy go home, far away from this place
Please remember the morning mist, feel the sun on
your face

*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you
bring into my heart*
*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you
bring into my heart*



Matthew Wood

This new song was written for a play called Castles And Roses by Karen Simpson (Action Transport Theatre Company) about a boy who finds himself with a canalboat family in the early 1900's

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

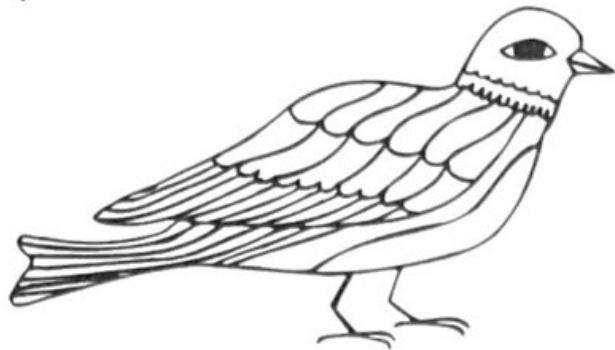


*Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo
Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch*

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
Toora loora loo...

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
Toora loora loo...

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
Toora loora loo...



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
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...

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
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...

'Twas early in the morning I was wakened from my napping
I beheld a band of footman 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
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...

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
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...

If anyone can help me its my brother in the army
But I know not where he's stationed, be it Cork or in 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
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...

Now some folks takes delight in their carriages a 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
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...



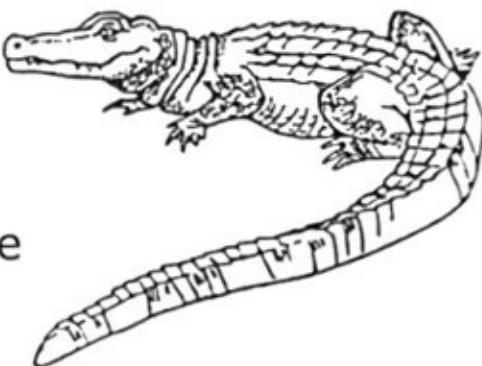
An Irish song also known as *Whiskey In The Jar* often sung in pubs and drinking holes as a toast to highwaymen, army defectors and "robbers of the rich to feed the poor". Some versions let our hero go free

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

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 crocodile



THE LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn
And the fields and the meadows were all covered in corn
And the thrushes and 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 loud cannons roar
I am bound to leave you, Nancy, you're the girl that I adore
I am bound to leave you, Nancy...

Then the ring from off 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...

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



When lovers were to be parted for many years, it was practical as well as romantic to give a ring or other token. Years of separation and hardship could greatly transform appearances and such tokens could help lovers to recognise each other. This song was first published in 1809 as *The Sailor And His True Love*, but it is probably much older

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
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse
And it's time for us to leave her...

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
And it's time for us to leave her...

This shanty was sung at the end of a voyage and sums up all the hatred the sailors felt towards their masters. To sing it before the last day on board was tantamount to mutiny

THE 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

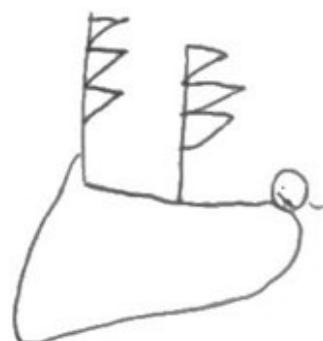
*So fare thee well my own true love
And when I return united we will be
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me
But my darling when I think of thee*

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

So fare thee well...

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

So fare thee well ...



The David Crockett was a real ship launched in 1853, under the command of Captain John A. Burgess. The song was first heard on board in 1885 but only published in 1951

A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

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

*Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved 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-tumbling
Round and round, round and round
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling
Underground, underground

Are you going away with no word of farewell?...

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

Are you going away with no word of farewell?...

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

Are you going away with no word of farewell?...

Tom Paxton

LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter
Life is butter
Melancholy flower
Melancholy flower
Life is but a melon
Life is but a melon
Cauliflower
Cauliflower



LITTLE BOXES

Little boxes on the hillsides, little boxes made of ticky-tacky
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky and they all look just 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

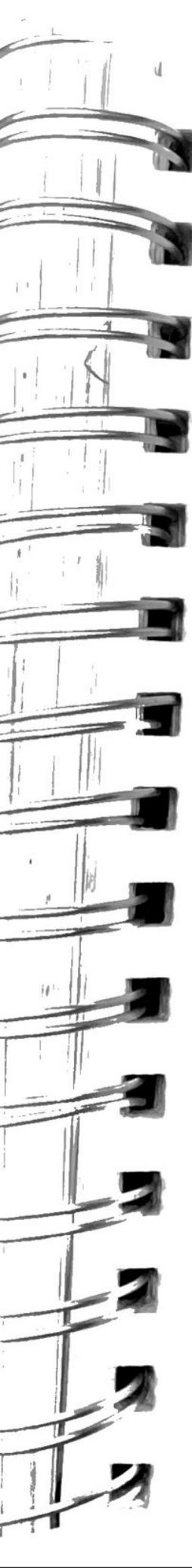
And the people in the boxes, they go to the university
And they all get put in boxes, little boxes all the same
There's a doctor, and a lawyer, and a business executive
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky and they all
turn out the same

And the men play on the golf course and they 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
Where they all get put in boxes and they all end up the same

And the boys go into business, marry and raise a family
And they all live in boxes, little boxes just 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
turn out the same



Malvina Reynolds



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

A hybrid of a British and an African American song, this song is unusual as shantymen were normally averse to sentimental songs

MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

An old man came courting me, hey ding dorum da
An old man came courting me, me being young
An old man came courting me, fain would he marry me
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

*'Cause he's lost his fallorum fal diddle di-orum
He's lost his fallorum fal diddle di-ay
He's lost his fallorum he's got no ding dorum
Oh maids when you're young never wed an old man*

When we went to church, hey ding dorum day
When we went to church, me being young
When we went to church, he left me in the lurch
Maids when you're young never wed an old man
'Cause he's lost his fallorum...

When we went to bed, hey ding dorum day
When we went to bed, me being young
When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead
Maids when you're young never wed an old man...

I threw me leg over him, hey ding dorum day
I threw me leg over him,
I threw me leg over him, damn near did smother him
Maids when you're young never wed an old man...

When he went to sleep, hey ding dorum day
When he went to sleep, me being young
When he went to sleep, out of bed I did leap
Into the arms of a handsome young man

*And he's got me fallorum fal diddle di-orum
He's got me fallorum fal diddle di-ay
He's got-me fallorum I found his ding dorum
Oh maids when you're young never wed an old man*

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
Step we gaily...

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

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

*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*



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 me 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
When a voice cried, Hey you! in the way keepers do
He'd 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

He called me a louse and said, Think of the grouse
And I thought but I just couldn't see
How old Kinder Scout and the moors round about
Couldn't hold both the poor grouse and me
He said, All this land is my master's
At that I stood shaking my head
No man has the right to own mountains
No more than the wide ocean bed

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 till 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

I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler...



Ewan MacColl

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*
I saw the man in the moon, *Who's the fool now*
I saw the man in the moon, sliding down St Peter's shoen
Thou hast well drunken man
Who's the fool now?

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



Martin and his man are arguing as to which of them is more drunk.
As they do, the song makes fun of the tellers of tall stories. Shoen is
an old word for shoe, and sliding means to patch up an old shoe. This
song was first printed in 1588

(Cap. 3)

MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

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

Mary wore three links of chain
And on each link was Jesus' name
Pharaoh's army got drowned
O Mary don't you weep...

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 going to 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 a-waiting
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

May the circle be unbroken...

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 her grave

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

First recorded by the Carter Family in 1935, The Staple Singers popularised this song in the sixties. It originates as a religious spiritual, popular in the Pentacostal church

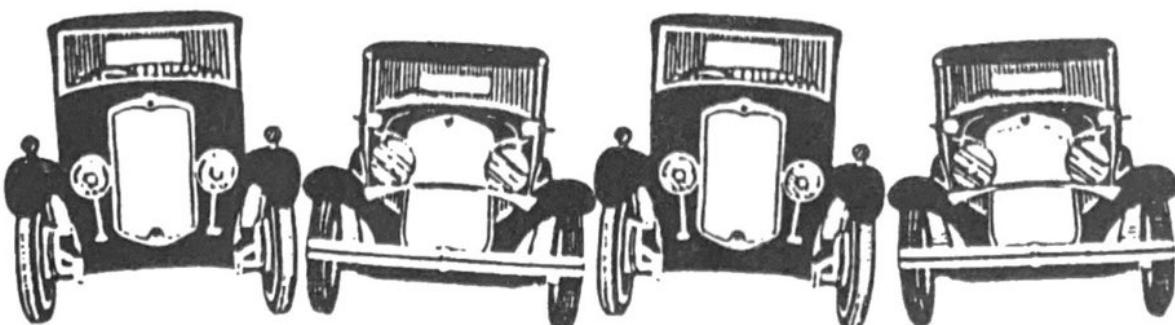
MERCEDES-BENZ

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

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

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?
I'm countin' 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 a Mercedes-Benz?
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends
Oh Lord, won't you buy 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 about 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

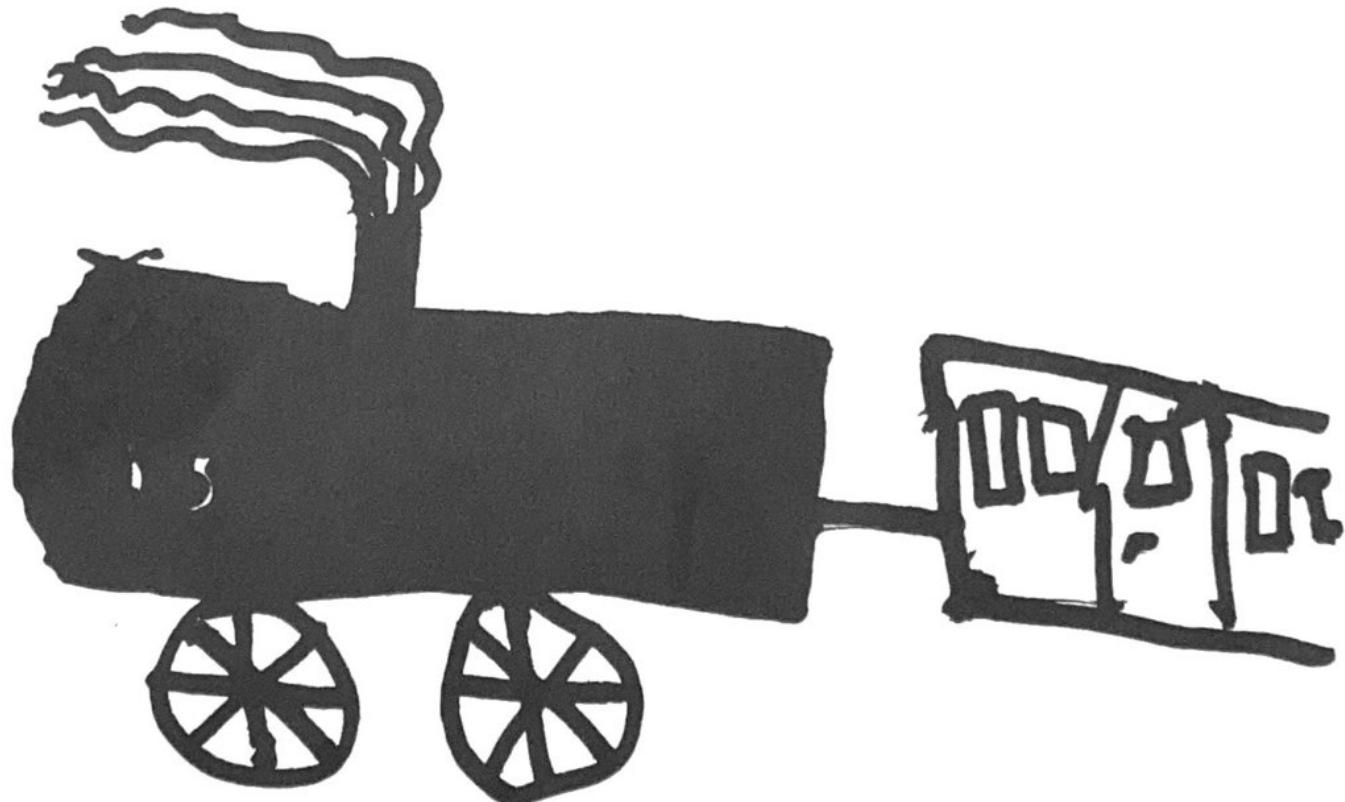
*Let the Midnight special
Shine its light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever-loving light on me*

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

*Let the Midnight special
Shine its light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever-loving light on me*

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

*Let the Midnight special
Shine its light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever-loving light on me*



The Midnight Special was the Golden Gate Limited train which pulled out of the Southern Pacific depot at Houston Texas sharp at midnight, headed for San Antonio, El Paso and San Francisco. Thirty miles along it shone its "ever loving light" through the barred windows of Texas State Prison Farm at Sugarland. The black convicts who lay awake in the dormitories would send their dreams of the free world along with that train

MILWAULKEE 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

*Truckin', truckin', truckin'
Truckin', truckin', truckin'
Truckin', truckin', truckin'
Keep truckin', keep on truckin'*

Drink your whiskey, drink your wine
Everything's gonna turn 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 loose
We've got them ol' Milwaukee blues
But we'll keep on truckin' along

*Truckin', truckin', truckin'
Truckin', truckin', truckin'
Truckin', truckin', truckin'
Keep truckin', keep on truckin'*



MINGULAY BOAT SONG

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

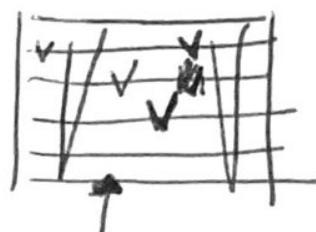
Heel yer ho, boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round, now all together
Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys
Sailing home, home to Mingulay

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

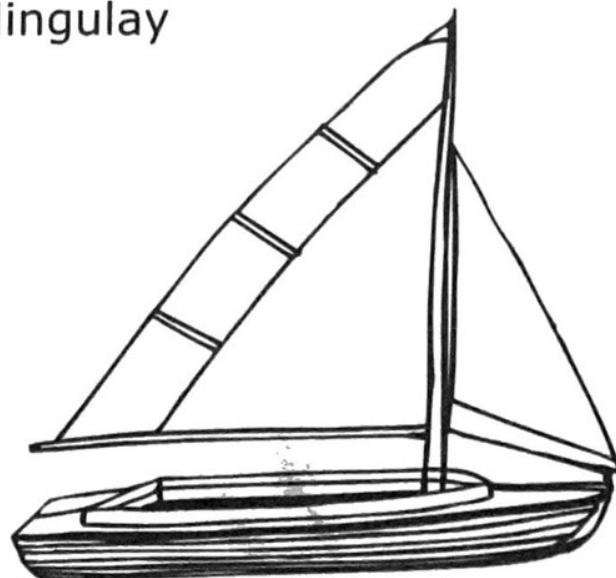
Heel yer ho, boys, let her go, boys
Bring her head round, now all together
Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys
Sailing home, home to Mingulay

Capo cu 1st ave-

C



Hammer on



Mingulay is in the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland.

The Minch is a strait of water off the Hebrides known for its rough storms and difficult sailing



MOCCASIN MILE

To step in the shoes our ancestors used
To map out the paths that we tread
Is to unravel time & sling them a line
They've written from the history we've read

*Now the struggle is on for where we belong
Don't shrink from the task that's at hand
'Cause I'm steeply inclined to walk a moccasin mile
For the love of my fellow human*

To rebuild upon the toil that's been done
Is to continue elevation
Of the framework of those, the ancients who know
How to generate veneration
Now the struggle is on for where we belong...

(Bridge:)

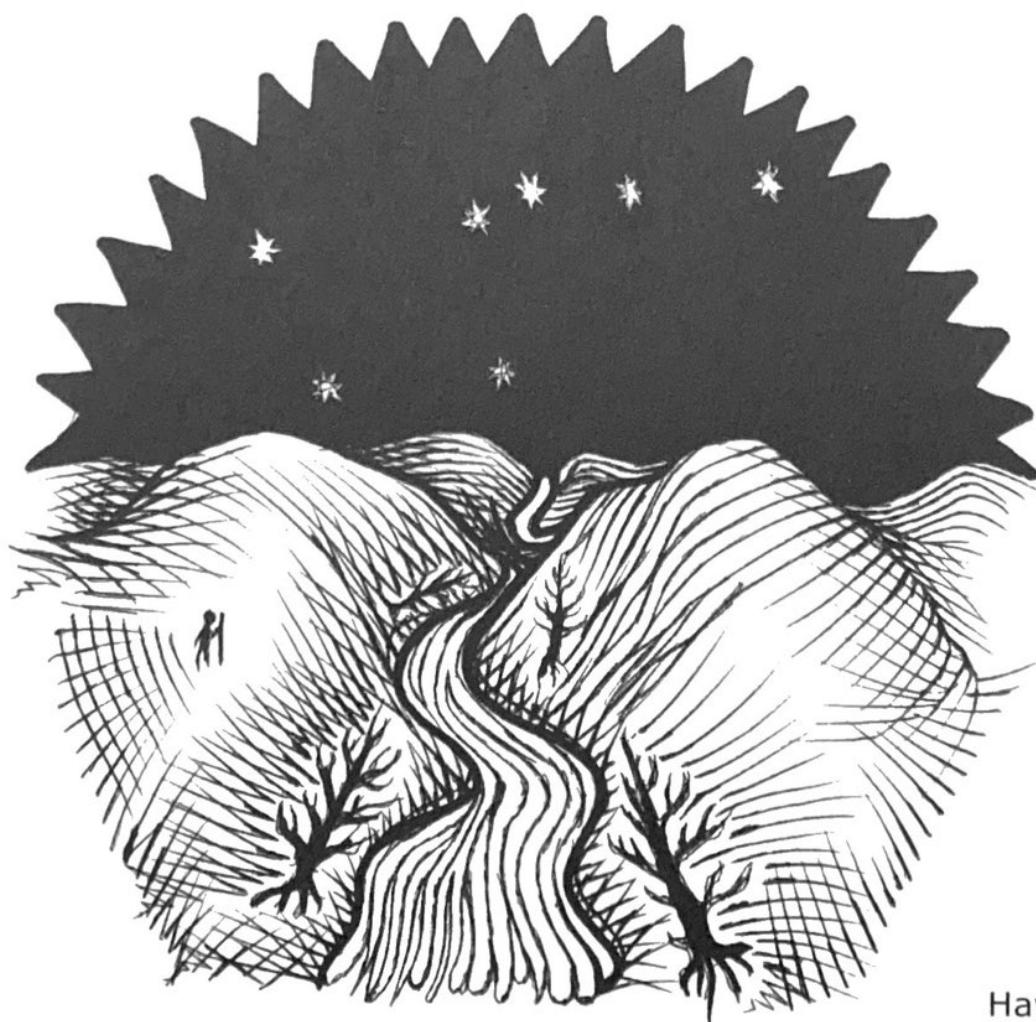
*To soar above the mighty lake
Touch down where angels stand
Is to journey within for wisdom's sake
And awake to replenish the land*

To order our thought and speak the report
Of experience up to this day
Is to throw to the wind every deep engraving
And watch as they blow all away
Now the struggle is on for where we belong...

So honour is due to the ones who pursue
The fulfilment of life's divine plan
And I'm steeply inclined to walk a moccasin mile
For the love of my fellow human

*Now the struggle is on for where we belong
Don't shrink from the task that's at hand
'Cause I'm steeply inclined to walk a moccasin mile
For the love of my fellow human*

*To soar above the mighty lake
Touch down where angels stand
Is to journey within for wisdom's sake
And awake to replenish the land*



Hay-ere-yah

A tribute to all ancestors, past, present and future, especially Jill Monk.
Penned in Snowdonia above a mighty lake. 2006

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 wanna be a mole in a hole...

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
I wanna be a mole in a hole...

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
I wanna be a mole in a hole...



Mike Waterson

MY BABY CARES FOR ONLY ME

My baby cares for
My baby cares for
My baby cares for
My baby cares for only me

Pretty baby I'd lie for my
Pretty baby I'd die for
'Cause my baby don't love nobody but me
I'm so happy

Everybody loves my baby
Everybody loves my baby



MY GIRL'S A CORKER

My girl's a corker, she's a New Yorker
I'd give her anything to keep her in style
She's got a pair of feet, just like two plates of meat
Yes sir, that how the money goes, Ta, ra, ra
Umpah, Umpah, umpah-pah
Stick it up your Jumpah-pah

She's got a pair of legs just like two whisky kegs

She's got a pair of hips just like two battleships

She's got a pair of arms just like two waving palms

She's got a pair of eyes just like two custard pies

She's got a nose just like a garden hose

She's got a mop of hair just like a grizzly bear

My girl's a corker, she's a New Yorker
I'd give her anything to keep her in style
She wears silk underwear, I wear my latest pair
Yes sir, that how the money goes, Ta, ra, ra...



MY GOOSE

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



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 himself
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 again
When the old man died

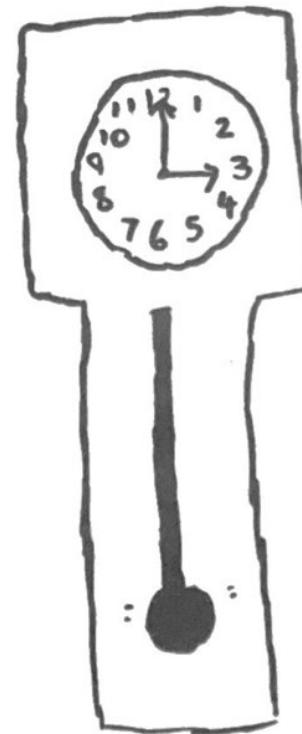
*Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock
His life's seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock
It stopped, short, never to go again
When the old man died*

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 the clock kept strict 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

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



Written by Henry Clay Work (1832-1884) the great abolitionist, unionist and prohibitionist from Connecticut. A mechanical genius and musical score typesetter, he was said to compose melodies straight onto the printing press

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
And all of their conversation went
My husband's got no courage in him

*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
Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...

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
Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...

All sorts of victuals I did provide
All sorts of meats that's fitting for him
With oyster pie and rhubarb too
But still he's got no courage in him
Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...

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
Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...

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
Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...

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

Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o
My husband's got no courage in him
Oh dear-o



This derives from a comical song called *Oh Dear Oh* printed in the 19th century. Oysters were and still are a well known aphrodisiac, rhubarb however not so

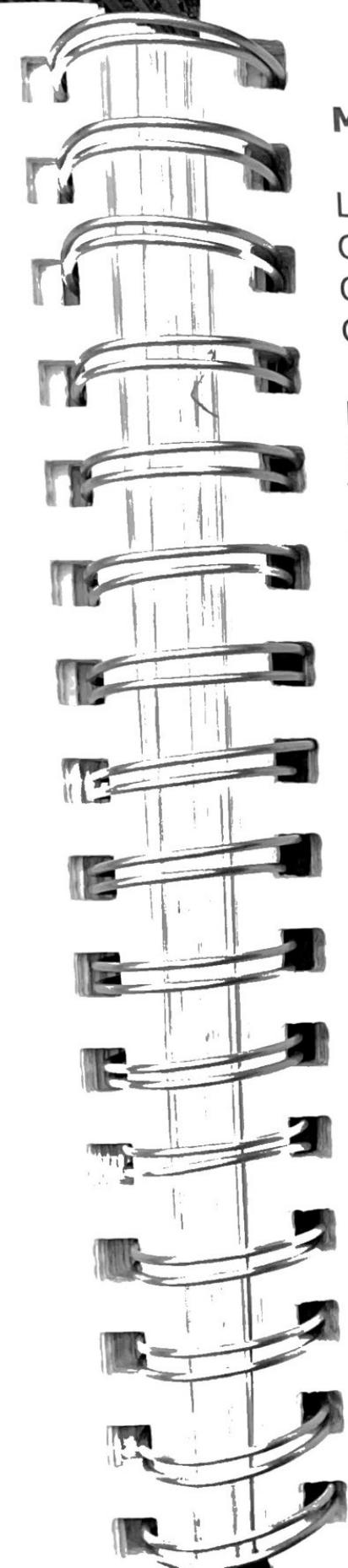
MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER

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





MY SWEET LOVE AIN'T AROUND

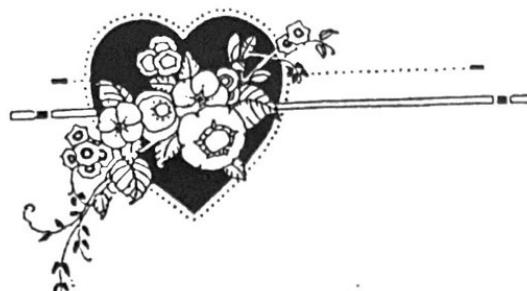
Listen to that rain a-fallin'
Can't you hear that lonesome sound
Oh my poor old heart is breakin'
Cos my sweet love ain't around

Memories come back to haunt me
My dream house has done fell down
This old world is dark around me
Cos my sweet love ain't around

Lord I think I'll start to ramble
Got to leave this weary town
This old place is way too lonely
Cos my sweet love ain't around

On that train tonight I'm leavin'
And I don't know where I'm bound
I can't stay here any longer
Cos my sweet love ain't around

I can't stay here any longer
Cos my sweet love ain't around
Cos my sweet love ain't around



Hank Williams Senior

THE NIGHTINGALE

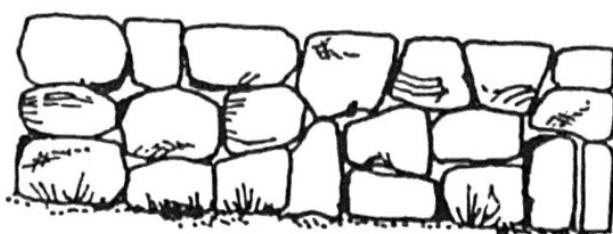
As I was walking one morning in May
I heard a young couple so fondly did stray
And one was a fair maid as fair as can be
And the other was a soldier of the brave Grenadiers

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

Then out from 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
And they kissed so sweet and comforting...

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 sit down together love to hear the Nightingale sing
And they kissed so sweet and comforting.....

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
And they kissed so sweet and comforting...



NINE HUNDRED MILES

I'm walking down this track, I've got tears in my eyes
Trying to read a letter from my home

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

I'll pawn you my watch and I'll pawn you my chain
Pawn you my diamond golden ring

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

The train I ride on is a thousand coaches long
You can hear that whistle blow a hundred miles

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

If my woman says so I will railroad no more
I'll sidetrack my engine, go on home

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night
I'm nine hundred miles from my home
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

NO MAN'S 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 obscene?

*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers o' 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 you as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers o' the Forest?*

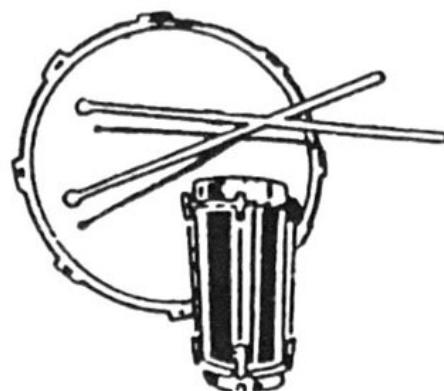
But the sun shining now on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches have all vanished under the plough
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now

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

Did they beat the drum slowly...*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?*
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers o' the Forest?

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

Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?
Did the bugles sound the Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flowers o' the Forest?



Eric Bogle

OH! SUSANNA

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee
I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left
The weather it was dry
The sun so hot, I froze to death
Susanna, don't you cry

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

I jumped aboard the telegraph and travelled down the wire
The electric fluid magnified, killed hundreds in the fire
The bull-gine bust, the horse run off
I really thought I'd die
I shut my eyes to hold my breath
Susanna, don't you cry

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

I had a dream the other night when everything was still
I thought I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth
The tear was in her eye
Says I, I'm coming from the south
Susanna, don't you cry

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

I 'll soon be in New Orleans and then I'll look around
And when I find Susanna I will fall upon the ground
And if I do not find her
I know I'll surely die
And when I'm dead and buried
Susanna, don't you cry

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

Stephen Foster 1848



The final verse is a later addition to the original song. The second and last verses have been altered to remove the racist language which would have passed without comment when the song was new. This is one of many "plantation songs" which were actually written by middle class white composers to suit the fashion of the time

THE OLD DUN COW

Some pals and I in a public house
Were playing dominoes 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 whiskey 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 wanna 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

*Oh, there was Brown, upside down
Knocking back the whiskey 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*



Harry Wincott

This was a popular English music hall song before 1900. It was illegal to yell "Fire!" in a public building, so the word "MacIntyre" was used instead - the audience would all join in and shout it together

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 on the mountain top, now I live in the town
Staying at a boarding house and courting Betsy Brown
Fare thee well old Joe Clark...

Old Joe had a yellow cat, could neither sing nor pray
She stuck her head in a buttermilk jug and washed her sins away
Fare thee well old Joe Clark...

When I was a little boy, I used to want a knife
Now I am a bigger boy, I only want a wife
Fare thee well old Joe Clark...

When I was a little girl, I used to play with toys
Now I am a bigger girl, I only play with boys
Fare thee well old Joe Clark...

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
Fare thee well old Joe Clark...

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

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



OLD MOTHER LEE

There was an old woman called Old Mother Lee
Old Mother Lee, Old Mother Lee
There was an old woman called Old Mother Lee
Down by the walnut tree

Down by the sea
Where the walnuts grow
I lost my love, I dare not go

She had a baby in her arms...

She had a penknife long and sharp...

She stabbed the baby in the heart...

The county police came riding by...

The magistrate said she must die...

They hanged her from the walnut tree...

And that was the end of Old Mother Lee
Old Mother Lee, Old Mother Lee
And that was the end of Old Mother Lee
Down by the walnut tree...

Schoolboys in Liverpool corrupted an ancient Scottish ballad called *The Cruel Mother*, about a mother that kills her child who then comes back to haunt her. They turned it into a skipping song and a genuine playground classic was born

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 till 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

*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*

This song was sung by pace-eggers, fantastically dressed mummers (performers) who visited the rich houses of the village at Easter time to collect decorated pace-eggs and beer

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 to 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-fixing to kill me

This version was sung by Burl Ives, the great American balladeer and actor. It was originally an African American song called *The Coon-Can Game* and was set to a far more exotic melody. It was about the tough life of the black Americans living on the American frontiers



PRICKLE-EYE BUSH

*Oh, the prickle-eye bush
That breaks my heart so sore
If I ever get out of this prickle-eye bush
I'll never get in it any more*

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while
For I think I see my father coming over yonder stile
Father have you brought me gold, or silver to see 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 see you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree

Oh, the prickle-eye bush...

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while
For I think I see my mother coming over yonder stile
Mother have you brought me gold, or silver to see 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 see you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree

Oh, the prickle-eye bush...

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while
For I think I see my brother...

Oh, the prickle-eye bush...

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while
For I think I see my true love 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

*Oh, the prickle-eye bush
That breaks my heart so sore
If I ever get out of this prickle-eye bush
I'll never get in it any more*



This song, which is possibly a thousand years old is more commonly known as *The Maid Freed From The Gallows Tree*, *Briery Bush* or *The Prickle Holly Bush*. The chorus is either a metaphor for a sticky situation, or a reference to being burnt at the stake, on top of the "bush of tinder". But why was she to be hanged? Some versions mention a golden ball, which may represent virtue or more probably her virginity, thus only her lover can rescue her and hence her family's rejection

PROCESS MAN

A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie
I've worked and breathed 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, breathed in the oily smoke
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke
I've been knee-deep in cyanide, got sick with caustic burn
Been working rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach tum

And it's go, boy, go...

There's overtime, there's bonuses - opportunities galore
The young ones like the money and they all come back for more
But soon you're knocking on, looking older than you should
For every bob made on the job you pay in flesh and blood

And it's go, boy, go...

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

And it's go, boy, go...

Ron Angel

QUEENIE

There's a low-down tavern where the boys all go
To see Queenie, the star of the burlesque show
But the highlight of the evening is when on the stage she trips
And the band plays the polka while she strips

*Take 'em off, take 'em off!
Cry the boys at the back
Take 'em off, take 'em off!
Be your natural self
But Queenie is a lady and it's only pantomime
So she stops..... but only just in time*

There's another side of Queenie that the boys don't see
She dreams of a cottage surrounded by trees
But the payment of the mortgage takes an awful lot of chips
So the band plays the polka while she strips

*Take 'em off, take 'em off!
Cry the boys at the back
Take 'em off, take 'em off!
Be your natural self
But Queenie is a lady and it's only pantomime
So she stops..... but only just in time*

Some day, Queenie will fall
Queenie, pride of them all
Some day, churchbells will chime...
But only just in time!

(No chorus)



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 to me
Come and sit by my side if you love me...

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

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
Come and sit by my side if you love me...

ROSE, ROSE

Rose, rose, rose, rose
Shall I ever see thee red?
Aye, marry, that thou wilt
An thou'l^t but stay



An Elizabethan round popular in Victorian glee singing

ROSEMARY LANE

When I was in service in the Rosemary Lane
I won the goodwill of my master of the day
Till a sailor came there, one night to lay
And that was 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 then said, 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 shall 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 the Rosemary Lane
I won the goodwill of my master of the day
Till a sailor came there, one night to lay
And that was the beginning of my misery

Rosemary Lane: at first sight this story is of an innocent girl betrayed, which might indeed be the song's message. Yet Rosemary Lane (now called Royal Mint Street in London City) was situated near the tower and was a street famous for brothels and servicing young sailors

SALLY FREE AND EASY

Sally free and easy, that should be her name
Sally free and easy, that should be her name
Took a sailor's 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 till sunset, see the ensign down
Think I'll wait till 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



Cyril Tawney

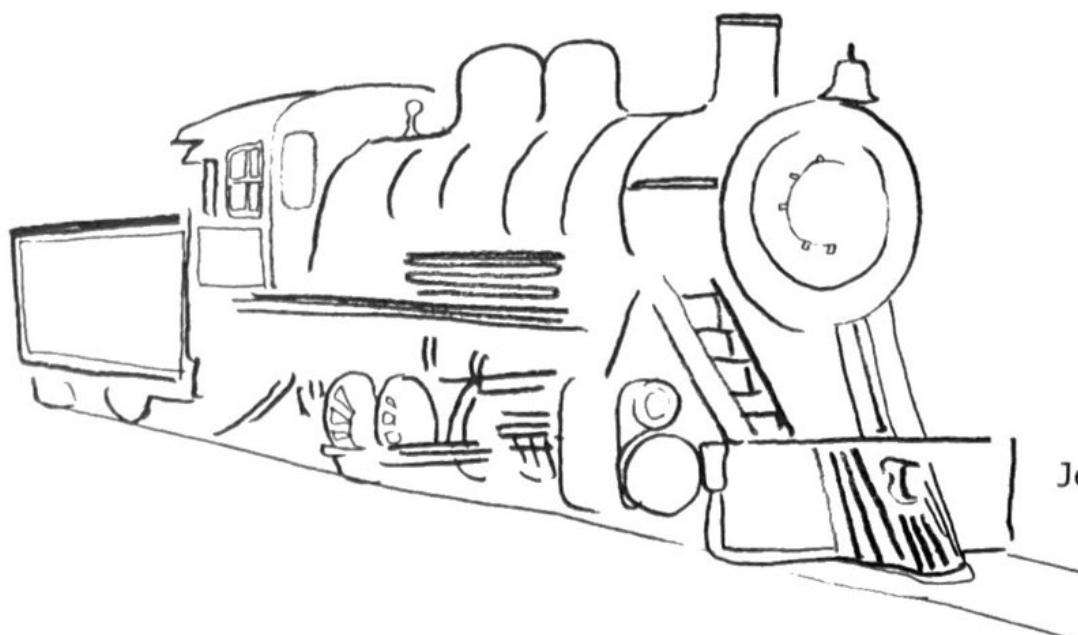
SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

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 that I ever had
Said goodbye, made me cry
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

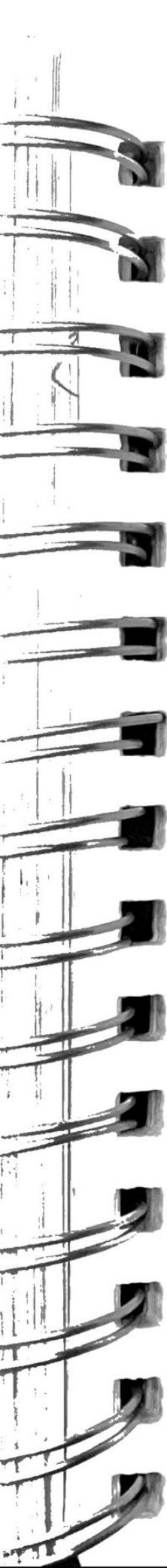
*If she ever comes back to stay, it'll be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay*

Sitting down on my back step, wond'ring which way to go
Girl that I'm crazy 'bout, she don't want me no more
Think I'll take a Freight train
'Cause 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 comes back to stay, it'll be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay*



Jesse Fuller



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
Between the salt water and the sea strand

Tell her to plough it with one ram's horn
And sow it all over with one peppercorn

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

This ancient ballad, known officially as the *Elfin Knight*, tells of a maiden in her castle bower who hears a faraway blast of an elfin horn and wishes the fairy knight were in her bed. The man appears straightway at her bedside, but he demands the answers to his riddles before consenting to be her lover. This version was popularised by Simon and Garfunkel who obtained it on their visits to England to research British folk material. You can read the symbols as follows: parsley takes away bitterness, sage represents strength, thyme courage and rosemary faithfulness, love and remembrance. A more traditional version follows, the first four verses are sung by the man, the next four by the woman and the last by both

SCARBOROUGH FAIR (TRAD VERSION)

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 nor fine needlework
Then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well
Where water ne'er sprung nor rain ever fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born

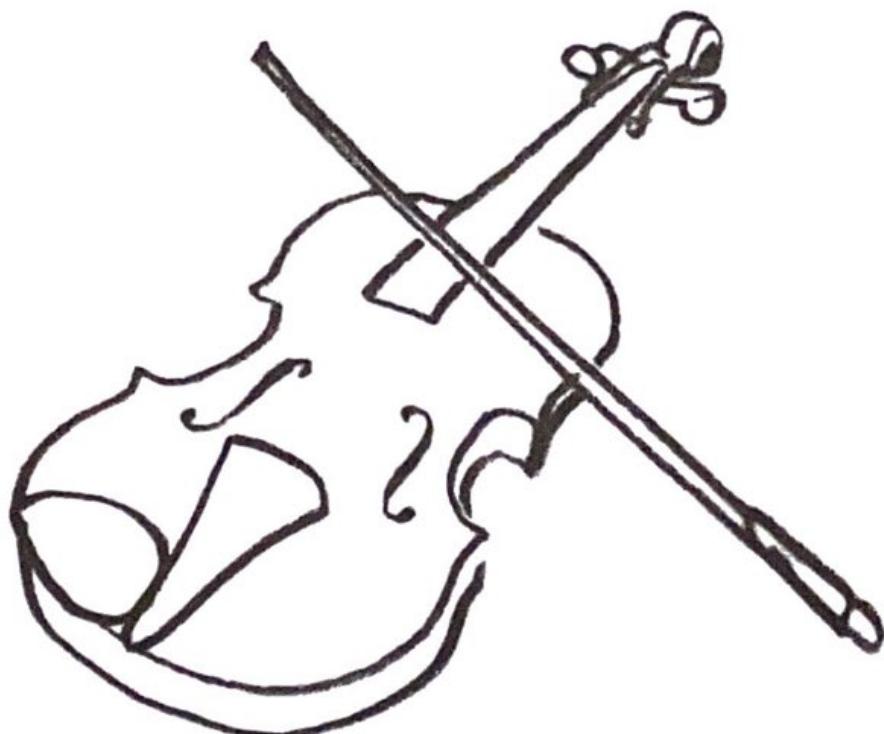
Can you find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between the salt water and the sea-sand?
Or you'll never be a true love of mine

Can you plough it with a lamb's horn?
And sow it all over with one peppercorn ?

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather?
And gather it up in a bundle of heather?

When you have done and finished your work
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Come to me for your cambric shirt
For then you'll be a true love of mine

If you say that you can't, then I shall reply
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Oh, Let me know that at least you will try
Or you'll never be a true love of mine



SEE THE LITTLE ENGINES

Down by the station
Early in the morning
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

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 is a lovely sow that my mother sent to me
Well it's many a day I've travelled
A hundred miles or more
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Tuesday night...
I saw a coat behind the door
Where my old coat should be...
That is a lovely blanket that my mother sent to me
... But buttons on a blanket sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Wednesday night ...
I saw a pipe upon the chair
Where my old pipe should be...
That is a lovely tin whistle that my mother sent to me
... But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Thursday night ...
I saw two boots beneath the bed
Where my old boots should be...

They are two lovely geranium pots that my mother sent to me
... But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

As I went home on a Friday night...
I saw a head inside the bed
Where my old head should be...
That is a baby boy that my mother sent to me
... But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

As I went home on Saturday night...
I saw a hand upon her breast
Where my old hand should be...
That is a lovely nightgown that my mother sent to me
... But a nightgown with fingers sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Sunday night...
I saw a thing between her legs
Where my old thing should be...
That is a lovely shillelagh that my mother sent to me
... But testicles on a shillelagh sure I never saw before

(Alternative last verse:)

As I went home on a Sunday night...
I saw a man run out the door a little after three...
That is a tax collector that the English sent to me
...But an Englishman that could last all night sure I
never saw before

SHALLOW BROWN

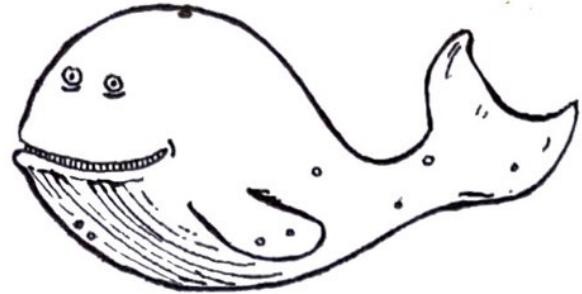
And it's goodbye, Juliana
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown
And it's farewell, Juliana
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown

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 but became a sea shanty. The word Shallow either refers to a press ganger called Shallow Brown, or comes 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 her down to Shawneetown
And we'll bushwack her back
And it's hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Whisky's in the jar, boys, the wheat is in the sack
We'll trade 'em down to Shawneetown
And we'll bring the rock salt back
And it's hard on the beech oar...

I've got a wife in Louisville and one in New Orleans
When I get to Shawneetown
Gonna see my Indian queen
And it's hard on the beech oar...

Water's mighty warm, boys, the air is cold and dank
And that cursed fog
It gets so thick you cannot see the bank
And it's hard on the beech oar...

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

An American riverboat song as performed by 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
Away you rolling river
With notions his canoe was laden
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away you rolling river
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion
Away you rolling river
To sail across the stormy ocean
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

'Tis seven long years since last I saw her
Away you rolling river
'Tis seven long years the love I've borne her
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

He sold the chief the fire water
Away you rolling river
And 'cross the river stole his daughter
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

She went away and took another
Away you rolling river
She went away, forsook her lover
Away we're bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri



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

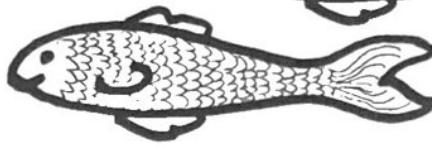
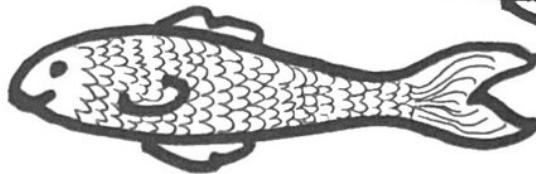
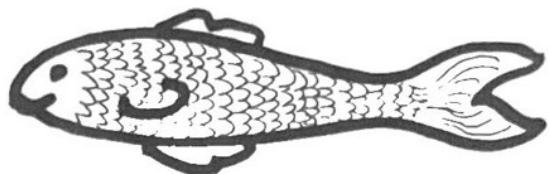
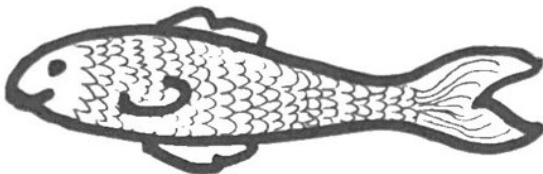
Oh we left the home grounds in the month of June
And for Canny Shields we soon was faring
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

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
While you're following the shoals of herring

Oh, 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 MacColl



SI SI SI

Si si si si banaha
Yacu sin a lo do banaha
Banaha

Si si si si banaha
Yacu sin a lo do banaha
Banaha

Banaha, banaha
Yacu sin a lo do banaha
Banaha, banaha
Yacu sin a lo do banaha
Banaha, banaha
Yacu sin a lo do banaha
Banaha, banaha
Yacu sin a lo do banaha

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?
Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me?
Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me?
All on that day

No sinner man, sun'll be a freezing

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me?

No sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding

Run to the rock, rock won't you hide me?

No sinner man, rock'll be a melting

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me?

No sinner man, sea'll be a boiling

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me?

No sinner man, you should be a prayin'

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me?

Yes sinner man, come on in and howdy

SIXTEEN TONS

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine
Picked up my 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, 'cause 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
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 brake by an old mother lion
Can't get a high tone woman make me walk the line

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

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

Merle Travis

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 wield
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 will keep
Watch by your weary head

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

Harold Boulton

This tells of how Bonny Prince Charlie escaped from his enemies in the winter of 1745-6 by putting out to sea with Flora MacDonald and a few devoted Highland boatmen in a rising storm - his pursuers were too afraid to follow

SLOOP JOHN B

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
'Round Nassau town we did roam
Drinkin' all night, got into a fight
I feel so break up, I want to go home

*So hoist up the John B sails
See how the main sail sets
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home
Please let me alone, I want to go home
I feel so break up, I want to 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 John Stone 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

So hoist up the John B sails
See how the main sail sets
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home
Please let me alone, I want to go home
I feel so break up, I want to go home



SNOW SNIFFING LAMENT

Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
Were walking down 5th Avenue

*Singing honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me
Honey have a (sniff) on me*

They came to a drugstore painted green
The sign outside said No Morphine

They came to a drugstore finished in oak
The sign outside said No More Coke

They came to a drugstore painted red
The sign outside said We're All Dead

They came to-a drugstore painted blue
The sign outside said We're Dead Too

So in the river, side by side
They both committed suicide

And in the graveyard on the hill
Lies the body of Morphine Bill

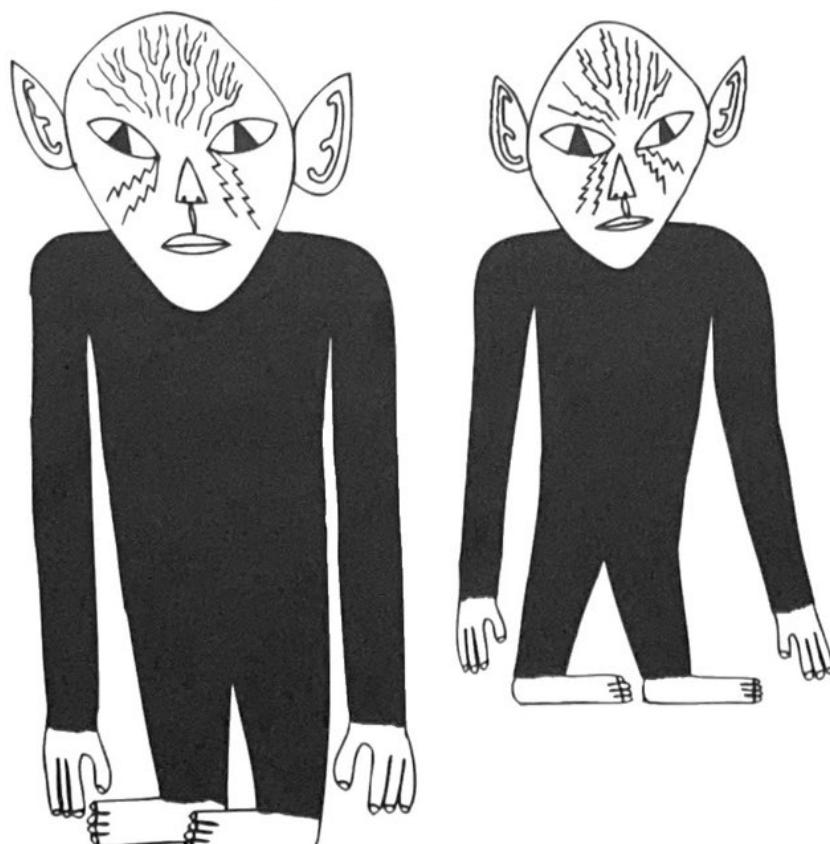
And in the graveyard on the side
Lies the body of his Cocaine bride



SO WHAT?

My friend's orange with a long green nose
His teeth are purple and arranged in rows
He comes from a planet where the blue grass grows
But inside he's just like me

So what? So what, so what?
Who cares how many eyes he's got?
He's my friend and I like him a lot
So what? So what?



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, oh 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

Haul away, you rolling kings...

I rolled her up, I rolled her down
I rolled her round and round the town

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind

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

Haul away, you rolling kings
Heave away, haul away
Haul away, oh hear me sing
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 Donegan fan

Now Dora worked at the Dominion
The best usherette in the flicks
She sold Stan a ticket for one and nine
Wot 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
They both was killed in the rush for the exit
When they played God Save the Queen
God save our Stan, the only one wot can



Ron Gould

This is a parody of the American traditional song *Frankie And Johnny*

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July
From a boreen green came a sweet colleen
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 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 be surely 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
Till my plough turns a rust-coloured brown
Till 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 a hole I'm in
'Cause I'm 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
You don't believe I love you...

The woman I love, she's so far away
But the woman I hate, why I see her every day
You don't believe I love you...

Come a little closer honey to my breast
And tell me that I am the one you really love the best
You don't believe I love you...



Gus Cannon

Gus Cannon was born in 1883 in Marshall County, Mississippi, the 10th son of a sharecropper and a freed slave. Gus began work in the cotton fields aged 12. He made his first banjo himself from a bread pan fixed to a guitar neck. Gus, also known as Banjo Joe, formed Cannon's Jug Stompers, one of the popular "jug bands" whose musicians would blow into jugs or whisky bottles in lieu of brass instruments. Another staple was the bullfiddle, a double bass made from a dustbin, a broom handle and string

STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKETPLACE

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 me 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
I lick him with the pot and the frying pan
I lick him with the pot and the frying pan
But I kill nobody but me husband

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

There's one thing that I'm 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

STREETS OF LONDON

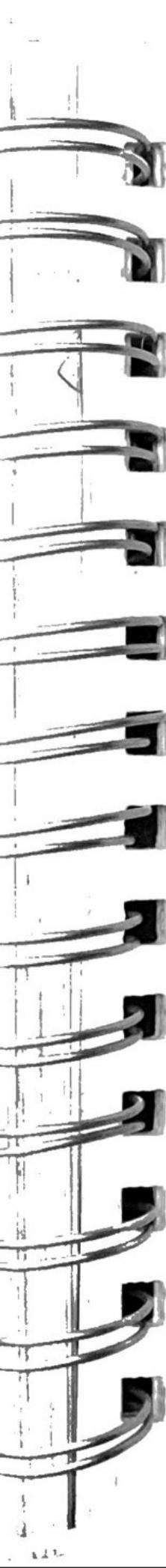
Have you seen the old man
In the closed down market
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride
Hands held loosely by his side
Yesterday's papers telling yesterday's news

*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
She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags
So how can you tell me...

In the all-night café
At a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea cup
Each tea lasts an hour
Then he wanders home alone
So how can you tell me...

Have you seen the old man
Outside the Seaman's Mission
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears



In our winter city
The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero
And a world that doesn't care

*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*

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
Swing low, sweet chariot...

If you get to heaven before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot...

SWEET ROSEANNE

Sweet Roseanne, sweet Roseanne
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
I thought I heard my baby say
I won't be home tomorrow

Sweet Roseanne, my darling child
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
Sweet Roseanne, my darling child
I won't be home tomorrow

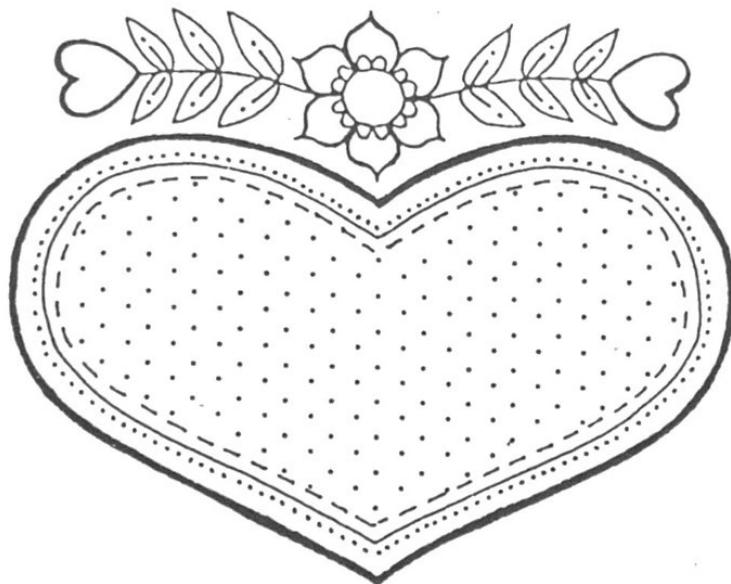
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye
I won't be home tomorrow

That steamboat coming round the bend
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
She's loaded down with harvestmen
I won't be home tomorrow

Don't you want to go home on your next payday?
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
Don't you want to go home on your next payday?
I won't be home tomorrow

I'm goin' away but not to stay
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
I'll be gone but not for long
I won't be home tomorrow

Sweet Roseanne, sweet Roseanne
Bye-bye sweet Roseanna
Sweet Roseanne, sweet Roseanne
I won't be home tomorrow



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

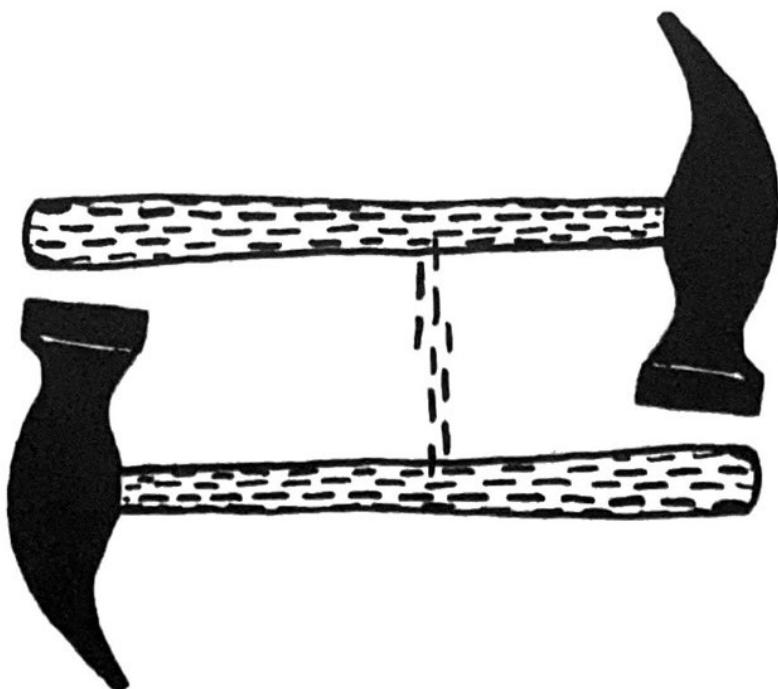
If he ask you was I running...
You can tell him I was flying, Lord, you can tell him I was flying

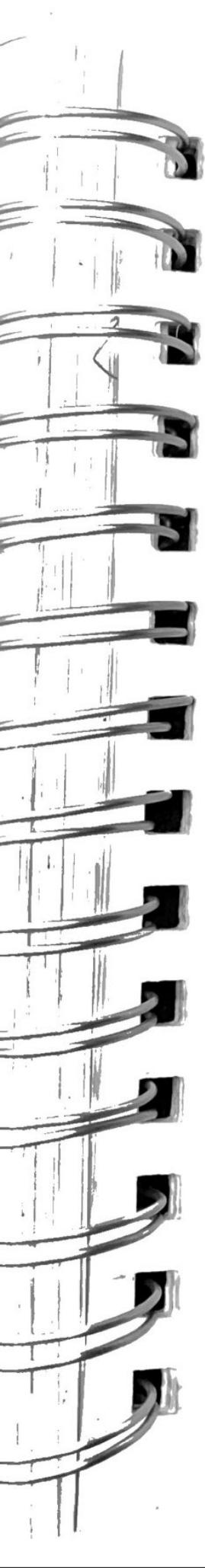
If he ask you was I laughin'...
You can tell him I was crying, Lord, you can tell him I was crying

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

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

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

Fare thee well for I must leave you...

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

*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*

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

This land is your land...

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 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*



Woody Guthrie

THOUSANDS OR MORE

The time passes over more cheerful and gay
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away

Bright Phoebe awakes so high in the sky
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye
Sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye

If you ask for my credit you?ll find I have none
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home
Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more
Thousands or more, thousands or more, thousands or more
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more



THULA

Thula, thula mama thula
Thula mama thula
Thula ithi tu

Thula thu, thula baba, suku kha la
Thula thu, thula baba mama yesa
Thula thu, thula baba, suku kha la
Thula thu, thula baba, iyeza

TOWER OF STRENGTH

I am a tower of strength within and without
I am a tower of strength within
I am a tower of strength within and without
I am a tower of strength within

I let all burdens fall from my shoulders
All anxieties slip from my mind
I let all burdens fall from my shoulders
All anxieties slip from my mind

I let every shackle be loose, I
Let every shackle be loose
I let every shackle be loose, I
Let every shackle be loose



TSHOTSHOLOSA

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

Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia
Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia

Todd Matshikiza

In English this song means: 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



UNCLE JOE

Don't you want to go to heaven Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?
Don't you want to go to heaven Uncle Joe, Uncle Joe?
Don't you want to go to 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

*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*

As sung by Jean Richie. 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 guitar-ha-ha-ha

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 cigar-ha-ha-ha

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 to 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



THE UNICORN

A long time ago, when the Earth was green
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn

*There was green alligators and long-necked geese
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
The loveliest of all was the unicorn*

The Lord seen some sinning and it gave him pain
And he said, Stand back, I'm going to make it rain
He said, Hey, Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do
I want you to build me a floating zoo

*And take two green alligators and a couple of geese
Two humpty backed camels and two chimpanzees
Two cats, two rats, two elephants, but sure as you're born
Noah, don't you forget my unicorns*

Old Noah was there to answer the call
He finished making the ark just as the rain started to fall
He marched the animals two by two
And he called out as they came through

*Hey Lord, I've got two green alligators, a couple of geese
Two humpty backed camels and two chimpanzees
Two cats, two rats, two elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn
I just can't find no unicorns*

And Noah looked out through the driving rain
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games

Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling
Oh, them foolish unicorns

Then the ducks started duckin' and the snakes started snakin'
And the elephants started elephantin' and the boat started shakin'
The mice started squeakin' and the lions started roarin'
And everyone's aboard but them unicorns

I mean the *green alligators and long-necked geese*
The humpty backed camels and the chimpanzees
Noah cried, Close the door because the rain is falling
And we just can't wait for no unicorns

The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day

You'll see a *lot of alligators and a whole mess of geese*
You'll see humpty backed camels and chimpanzees
You'll see cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born
You're never gonna see no unicorn



Shel Silverstein

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



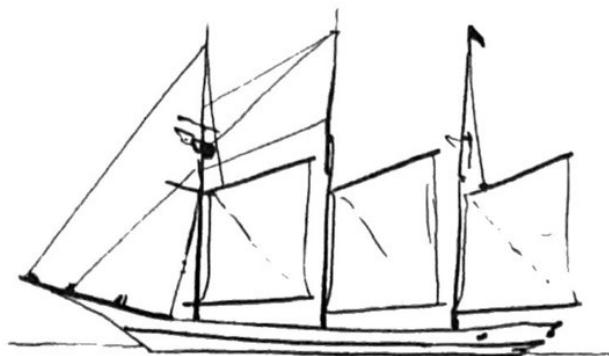
WADE IN THE WATER

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
I wanna die easy when I die



THE 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

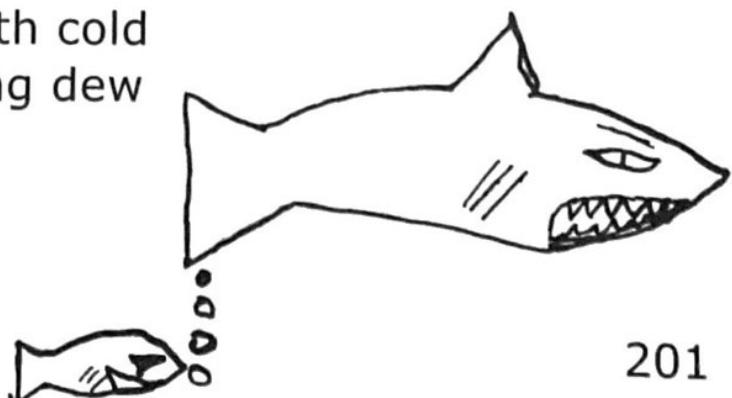
Oh, down in the meadows, the other day
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay
A-gathering flowers both red and blue
I little thought what love can do

I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger right 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 and 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



WAY OVER YONDER IN THE MINOR KEY

I lived in a place called Okfuskee
And I had a little girl in a holler tree
I said, little girl, it's plain to see
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

She said it's hard for me to see
How one little boy got so ugly
Yes, my little girly, that might be
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain't nobody that can sing like me*

We walked down by the buckeye creek
To see the frog eat the goggle eye bee
To hear that west wind whistle to the east
There ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Oh my little girly will you let me see
Way over yonder where the wind blows free
Nobody can see in our holler tree
And there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Way over yonder in the minor key...

Her mama cut a switch from a cherry tree
And laid it on to she and me

It stung lots worse than a hive of bees
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Now I have walked a long long ways
And I still look back to my tanglewood days
I've led lots of girls since then to stray
Saying, ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Way over yonder in the minor key...

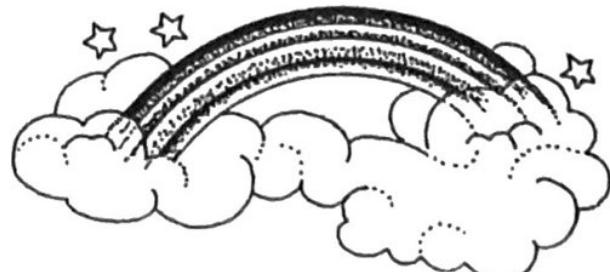
*Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me*



Words by Woody Guthrie 1946
Music by Billy Bragg 1997

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
Oh-i-oh



WHEN I'M GONE

You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my walk
You're gonna miss me by my talk
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone

*When I'm gone (When I'm gone)
When I'm gone (When I'm gone)
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone
When I'm gone (When I'm gone)
When I'm gone (When I'm gone)
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone*

You're gonna miss me by my prayers
You're gonna miss me everywhere
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my song
You're gonna miss me all day long
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone...

You're gonna miss me by my ways
You're gonna miss me everyday
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my song
You're gonna miss me all day long
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone

When I'm gone...



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

*Da Da Da come day go day
Wish in me heart it was Sunday la la la la
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

Da Da Da come day go day...

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

Da Da Da come day go day...

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

Da Da Da come day go day...

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
And 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 the 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), Oh my very (Oh my very)
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 kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl
He advanced... 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... 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... only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

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



More than 100 years old, this song was a favourite with the peasantry in every part of England, but especially in the mining districts of the north

THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

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

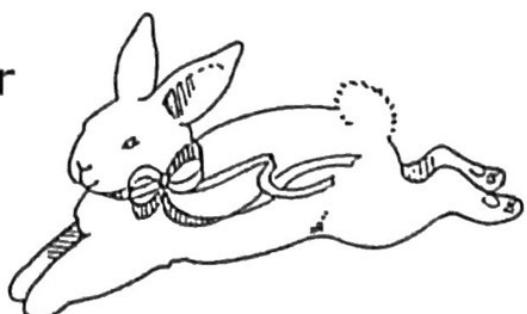
*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will plant
All the flowers of the mountain

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

I will build my love a shelter
On yon high mountain green
And my love shall be fairest
That the summer sun has seen

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
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 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 a 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 wines
For your words show you plainly as no friend of mine
There's others most willing will 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

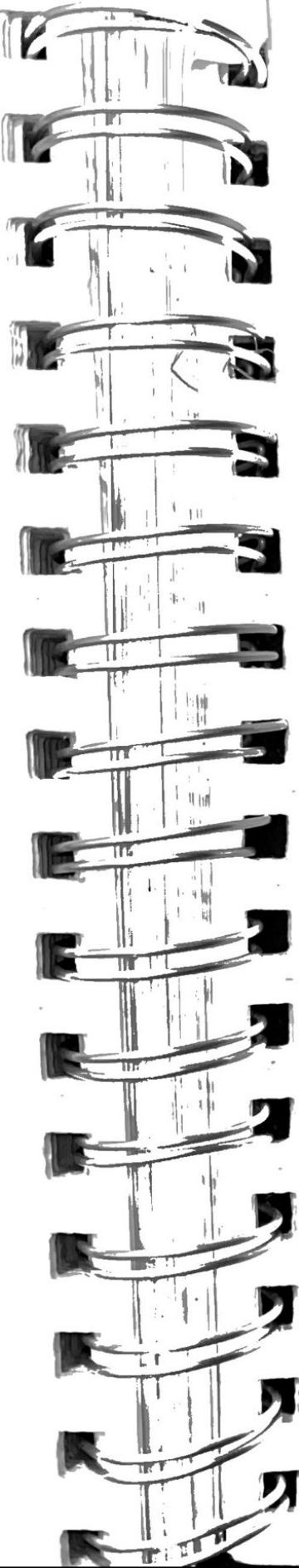
WOAD

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

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 you 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 pyjamas
Hairy coats were meant 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 ought to get it
I've been working, working
but I still got so terribly far to go*

I committed crime Lord of needing
Crime of being hungry and poor
I left the grocery store man breathing
When he caught me robbing his store
Hold it steady right there while I hit it...

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!
Hold it steady right there while I hit it...

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
Hold it steady right there while I hit it...



Oscar Brown Jr and Nat Adderley

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (DIGGERS' SONG)

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 reclaiming 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 waste grounds 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 the 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

WORRIED MAN

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...
When I woke, there were shackles on my feet

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

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

The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long...
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, makes 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



Marilyn Keith, Alan Bergman and Norman Luboff

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, now 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
Told me to fight for the things I believed in
This I have done, with a gun in my hand

Send my mother a lock of my hair...

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

*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*



OTHER SONGS TO SING

Abdul El Bulbul Amir
All My Trials
A-Roving
Arthur McBride
Aunt Rhody
An Austrian Went Yodelling
Banks of Marble
The Bells of Rhymney
Below the Gallows Tree
Black Girl
Blaydon Races
Blow the Wind Southerly
Bog Down in the Valley-O
Botany Bay
A Bold Young Farmer Courted Me
The Brave Ploughboy
Campdown Races
Cluck Old Hen
Copper Kettle
Cosher Bailey / Did you Ever See
Coulter's Candy
Crazy Moose
The Curtains of Old Joe's House
The Cutty Wren
Derby Ram
Devil's Nine Questions
Donkey Riding
Don't Get Married Girls
Down by the Riverside
Family of Man
Father Abraham
Foggy Dew

The Fox
Geordie's Lost His Pinker
Gimme Crack Corn
(Sing if You're) Glad to be Gay
Glorious Ale
Goodnight Song
The Grand Canyon Line
Greensleeves
Hanging Johnny
Heaven
Helston Dance
Henry my Son
Here's to Good Old Beer
Home on the Range
Hot Time
House of the Rising Sun
I Gotta Robe
I'm Gonna be an Engineer
Island in the Sun
I Want to be Near You
Jerusalem
Johnny Miner
Johnny Todd
The Keeper
Land of the Silver Birch
Leaves of Life
Listen to the Ocean
Liverpool Lullaby
Logger Lover
Lord of the Dance
Love is Pleasing
Maggie May

Man of Constant Sorrow
Many Thousands Gone
Mary Hamilton
Michael Row the Boat Ashore
Monkey Song
Moondance
My Flower, My Companion and Me
Never Will Marry
Nkosi Sikelel' i-Afrika
Oh Freedom
Oh Johnny
Old Smoky
Once I Lived in Old Virginia
Paper of Pins
Peace I Ask of Thee O River
Peggy-O
Please Come Back Again
Poor Old Man
Pretty Boy Floyd
Quare Bungle Rye
Rambling Boy
Red Men
Reuben James
The Riddle Song
Riding Down from Bangor
Rise and Shine
Rocking me Babies to Sleep
Roll the Old Chariot Along
Rolling on the Grass
The Sailor's Lament
Sante Anno

Shoo Fly
Skip to my Lou
The Soldier and the Sailor
Song of the Salvation Army
Steamboat
There But for Fortune
Three Crows
Time for Man
'Tis a Gift to be Simple
Turpin Hero
Under the Full Moonlight
A-Weeping and Wailing
What did you Learn in School?
What Have They Done to the Rain?
White Sands
Widdecombe Fair
Wild Colonial Boy
Wild Goose
The Work of The Weavers
Yorkshire Tup

