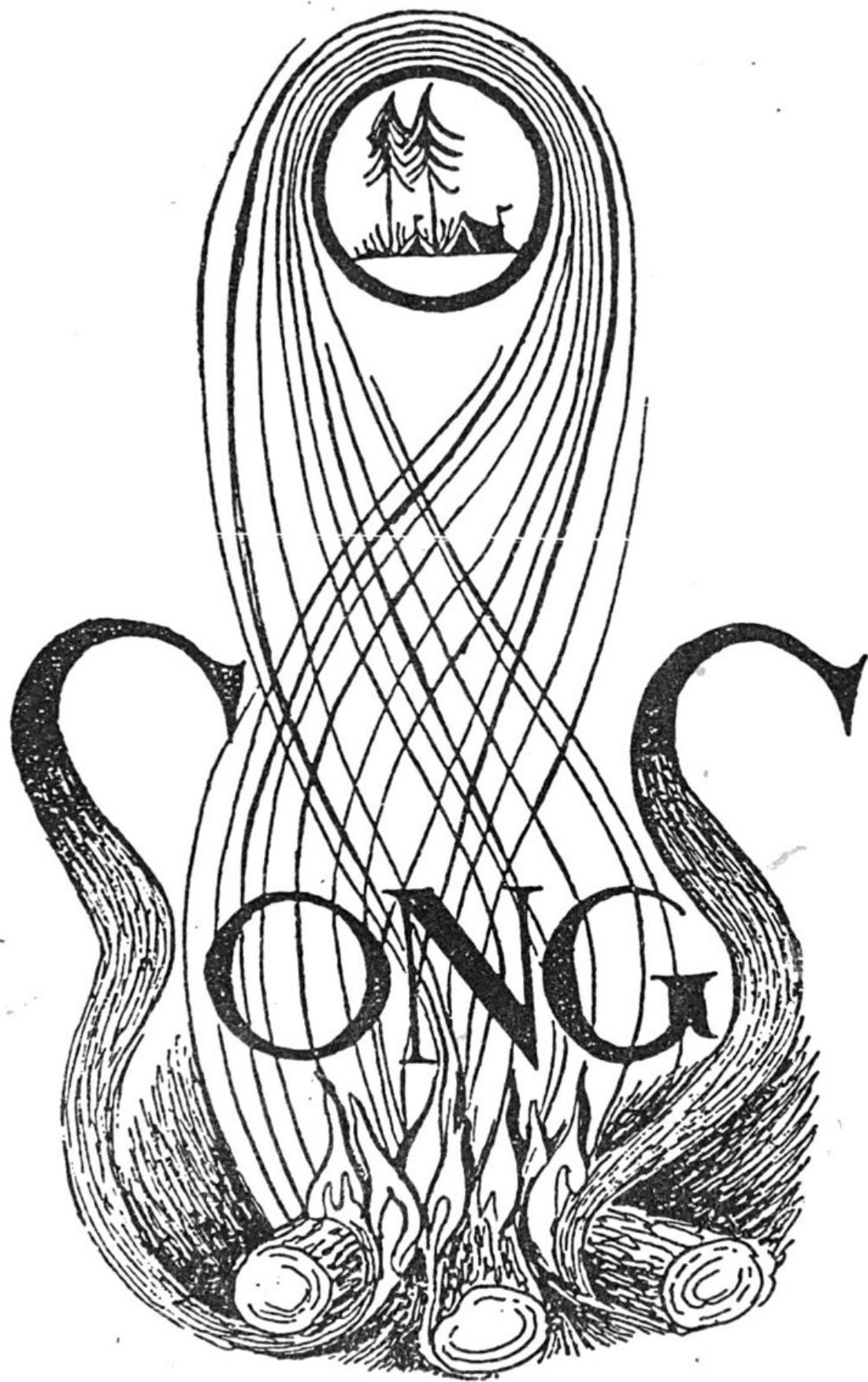


FSC



FOREST SCHOOL CAMPS SONGBOOK 1995

The songbook is reprinted frequently, so if you find any mistakes or errors, please let us know so that we can correct them for the next reprinting.

For this edition we have introduced a song numbering system to go along with page numbers. Every song that has ever appeared in an FSC songbook has been given a unique number. For those of you with older editions of the songbook, it is possible to find the past page number by taking the new song number and removing the final digit. Thus *The Ballad of Lou Marsh* is song number 140, and appears on page 14 of any of the older books that it is in. *Drill Ye Tarriers* is song 1035 and appears on page 103 if it is in your older copy.

This new edition contains many new songs and quite a few old favourites. To make space, some songs have had to be omitted. But there is now a new option. The Glee Committee holds copies of all the songs that have ever appeared in the FSC Songbook, so if you desperately want copies of a song that is not in the current version, write to us enclosing an SAE (A5) and we will do our best to supply them.

The words in this book are not necessarily the 'correct' ones, as there are often many versions of a song, and someone at your camp may know a better version. These words are provided as a guide, and to prompt fading memories (just in which order *do* those verses go?)

The Glee Committee hopes that the next edition will have information on more songs as well as illustrations. If you have any information, illustrations or general comments/criticism, please write to:

The Glee Committee, 17 St Augustines Road, London NW1 9RL

This copy belongs to

Index

A-ROVING.....	34
ALCOHOL	87
ALL MY TRIALS	2
ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH	116
AMONG THE LEAVES SO GREEN-O	51
ARISE SONG (a).....	117
ARISE SONG (b)	118
AUNT RHODY	7
BALLAD OF LOU MARSH	14
BANANA BOAT SONG	40
BANKS OF MARBLE	104
BANKS OF THE OHIO	13
BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS.....	21
BLACK GIRL	19
BLACK VELVET BAND	16
BLACKLEG MINER	5
BLOW THE MAN DOWN	70
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND	12
BOTANY BAY	65
BY THE WATERS	115
CAMP FIRE'S BURNING	114
CARELESS LOVE	55
CHICKENS	47
CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE	9
CLEMENTINE	94
CLUCK OLD HEN	55
COCKLES AND MUSSELS	78
COME FOLLOW	114
COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL	50
COME TO THE COLOURS JOHNNY	45
DARK AS A DUNGEON	67
DAY-O	40
DEEP BLUE SEA	52
DEPORTEES	6

DIDO BENDIGO	49
DIGGERS SONG	62
DIRTY OLD TOWN	44
DONNA DONNA.....	2
DON'T GET MARRIED GIRLS	66
DOWN IN THE VALLEY	42
DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL	107
EDDYSTONE LIGHT	35
EL SALVADOR	113
FATHOM THE BOWL	37
FIDDLER'S GREEN	26
FISH & CHIPS & VINEGAR.....	114
FIVE HUNDRED MILES.....	31
FOGGY DEW	46
FOX, THE	28
FREIGHT TRAIN	9
FROG WENT A COURTTIN'	69
GIMME CRACK CORN	32
GLORIOUS ALE	39
GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES	64
GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY	68
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O	71
HAL AND TOW	11
HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM	72
HARRIET TUBMAN	10
HAUL AWAY JOE	34
HERRING (GEORDIE VERSION)	33
HESITATION BLUES	110
HIPPOPOTAMUS	15
HOME BOYS HOME	22
HUNTSMAN	3
I WANT TO GO HOME	63
IRENE	73
JACKIE BOY	51

JAMAICAN FAREWELL	76
JEAN HARLOT	115
JOCK STEWART	60
JOE HILL	111
JUG OF PUNCH	36
KEEPER, THE	51
KILGARY MOUNTAIN	80
KOOKABURRA	114
LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS	74
LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL	43
LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING	44
LIFE IS BUTTER	116
LOGGER LOVER	48
LORD OF THE DANCE	8
LOST LOVE	93
LOU MARSH	14
MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG	88
MAIRI'S WEDDING	56
MANCHESTER RAMBLER	27
MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN	84
MARY DON'T YOU WEEP	41
MERCEDES-BENZ	70
MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT	79
MIDNIGHT SPECIAL	90
MILWAULKEE TRUCKIN' BLUES	97
MINGULAY BOAT SONG	60
MY GOOSE	115
MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK	25
NIGHTINGALE	29
NO MAN'S LAND	92
OLD AB'RAM BROWN	116
OLD DUN COW	38
OLD JOE	58
OLD JOE CLARK	98

PACE EGGING SONG	89
POLE TAX SONG	109
POOR BOY	20
PRETTY BOY FLOYD	82
 RED MEN	7
RED RIVER VALLEY	95
REUBEN JAMES	45
RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN	106
RISE AND SHINE	117
ROCKING ME BABIES TO SLEEP	91
ROSE, ROSE	114
ROSEMARY LANE	23
 SALLY FREE AND EASY	61
SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES	96
SANTE ANNO	100
SCARBOROUGH FAIR	17
SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS	85
SHENANDOAH	59
SHOALS OF HERRING	18
SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY	108
SINNER MAN	101
SIXTEEN TONS	53
SKYE BOAT SONG	99
SLOOP JOHN B	63
SPEED BONNIE BOAT	99
STANLEY AND DORA	30
STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN	103
STEALIN'	110
STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET	112
STRANGEST DREAM	72
STREETS OF LONDON	105
SWEET CHARIOT	11
 TAKE THIS HAMMER	76
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN	57
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND	24

UNCLE JOE	31
UNDER THE FULL MOONLIGHT	115
WATER IS WIDE	1
WE ALL FLY LIKE EAGLES	115
WHISKY IN THE JAR	80
WHISKY ON A SUNDAY	86
WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER	102
WHITE COCKADE	4
WHITE SANDS	115
WIDDECOMBE FAIR	54
WILD MOUNTAIN THYME	77
WILD ROVER	79
WOAD	81
WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN	62
WORRIED MAN	52
YELLOW BIRD	75
YELLOW ROSES	78

10 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.

20 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. (twice)*

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?

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

25 ALL MY TRIALS

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

All my trials, Lord, soon be over

The River Jordan is muddy and cold
Well it chills the body but not the soul.

I've got a little book with pages three,
And every page spells liberty.

If living were a thing that money could buy,
You know the rich would live, and the poor would die.

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

Too late, my brothers, too late, but never mind

30 THE HUNTSMAN

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

Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la
(add last line of each verse)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

40 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, he advanced,
He advanced, 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, how I wish that,
How I wish that, 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 my, since he has been my,
Since he has been my, since he has been my
Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe.

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing tears,
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, you and I love,
You and I love, you and I love
Will be married when I return again.

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

50 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.

Blackleg is a slang term for a strike breaker

60 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.

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'.

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

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

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.

70 RED MEN

We are the red men tall and quaint
In our feathers and warpaint

*Pow wow, pow wow,
We're the men of the Old Dun Cow
All of us are red men
Feathers in our head men
Down among the dead men
Pow wow, pow wow*

We can fight with sticks and stones
Bows and arrows, bricks and bones

We come home from fighting wars
Greeted by our long-nosed squaws.

We come home from fighting snakes,
Mix their innards in our cakes

80 AUNT RHODY

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody
Go tell Aunt Rhody that the old grey goose is dead .

The one she's been saving (3) to make a feather bed.

She died in a mill pond (3) standing on her head.

The goslings are crying (3) cause their mammy's dead.

The gander is weepin' (3) 'cause his wife is dead.

Go tell Aunt Rhody (3) that the old grey goose is dead.

85 LORD OF THE DANCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

90 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.

Two by two. Two for the Paul and Silas.

Three for the Hebrew children

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments.

95 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.

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.

by Libby Cotten.

One of the most famous folk songs of all time, written by Elizabeth (Libby) Cotten. In her own words she said she wrote it after listening to the freight trains passing her bedroom window. Many other versions exist.

100 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 woman."

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

Hundreds of miles we travelled 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.

Words and Music by 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.

110 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,

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

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

* = drumbeat

115 SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home (x2)

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

If you get 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

120 BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

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

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

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

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

130 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."

140 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-Bareo
With the orphans of the night.*

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

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

145 HIPPOPOTAMUS

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

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

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

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

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

160 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.
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".

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

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

170 SCARBOROUGH FAIR

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

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

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

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

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

180 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.

190 BLACK GIRL

Black girl, black girl, don't you lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night?
In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines,
And shivered the whole night through.

Tell me where did you get those pretty little shoes
And the dress that you wear so fine?
I got my shoes from a railroad man
My dress from a driver in the mine.

I wish to the Lord that I'd never been born,
Or died when I was young.
I never would have kissed your sweet face
Or heard your rattling tongue.

True love, true love, tell me where will you go?
Going to go where the wild winds blow,
Going to weep, going to cry,
going to sleep, going to sigh,
Going to dance in my good-time shoes.

200 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.

210 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.

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 Turk who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

220 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 leap in with me too.

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

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."

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

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

230 ROSEMARY LANE

When I was in service in the Rosemary Lane
I won the goodwill of my master of the day,
'Til 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.

240 THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

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

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

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

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

Woody Guthrie

250 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.

260 FIDDLER'S 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 taking a trip mates
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's 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.

Now when we're in dock and the long trip is thru
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.

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.

265 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.

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.

270 THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night
He prayed for the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o

Well he ran till he came to the farmer's yard
The ducks and the geese were all a-feared
"A couple of you will grease my beard.
Before I leave this town-o"...

Well he grabbed the grey goose by the neck
And slung a duck right over his back
He didn't mind their quacky quacky quack
Or the legs all dangling down-o...

Well old mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed
And out of the window she cocked her head
Crying "John, John, John ! The grey goose is gone
And the fox is away to his den-o"...

Then John he went up to the top of the hill
And blew his horn both loud and shrill
"Play on," says Reynard, "with your music shrill
For I am away to my den-o"...

He ran till he came to his cosy den
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten
They said "Daddy, better go back again
'Cos it must be a mighty fine town-o"...

The old daddy fox and his cubs and his wife
Cut up the goose without any strife
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o...

280 THE NIGHTINGALE

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

*And they kissed so sweet and comforting as they clung to each other
They went 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."

"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."

"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."

290 STANLEY AND DORA

Stanley and Dora was lovers,
They met down the Tot'nam 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.

300 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 (x4)
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 (x4)
Lord I can't go home this-a-way.

305 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.

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

310 GIMME CRACK CORN

When I was young I used to wait
On the master and carry the plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the bluetail fly.

Gimme crack corn and I don't care (x3)
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom.
The pony being apt to shy,
When bitten by the bluetail fly.

One day he rode around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chanced to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the bluetail fly.

The pony run, he buck, he pitched
He threw my master in the ditch.
He died and the jury wondered why -
The verdict was the bluetail fly.

They buried him under a cinnamon tree
His epitaph is there to see:
"Beneath this tree is forced to lie
A victim of the bluetail fly."

320 THE HERRING (GEORDIE VERSION)

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

*Herring's heads loaves of bread
And all manner of things
Of all the fish that swim in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Away the day Away the day
My Winnie oh*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

330 HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little lad or so my mother told me
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe
That if I didn't kiss the girls my lips would all grow mouldy
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

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

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution

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

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy

The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy

335 A-ROVING

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
Bless you young women.
In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
Mark well what I do say
In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

A-roving a-roving
Since roving's been my ruin
I'll go no more a-roving
With you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk
Bless you ...
I took this fair maid for a walk
Mark well ...
I took this fair maid for a walk
And we had such a loving talk
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I took her hand within my own
Bless you ...
I took her hand within my own
Mark well ...
I took her hand within my own
And said "I'm bound for my old home"
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

340 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.

*Ye 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.

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

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

350 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 & crunch,
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch.

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

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

355 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 apples from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control

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

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

360 THE OLD DUN COW

(with hics and belches)

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 all got drinking good old scotch
Till we was bleary eyed.

370 GLORIOUS ALE

When I was a young man my father did say
The summer 'tis coming, it's time to make hay
But when hay is brought in don't you never fail
To drink your good health with a pint of good ale

*Ale, ale, glorious ale
Served up in pewter it tells it's own tale
Some folks like radishes, some curly kale
But gives I boiled parsnips and a good dish of 'taters
And a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale*

Now takes them teetotallers as drinks water neat
It must rot their toes's and give them damp feet
But the young men of England well they'll never fail
With boiled beef and carrots and a pint of good ale

Our MP's off to parliament, our laws for to keep
And now that we've put 'im there I hopes he don't sleep
But he'll always get my vote if he'll never fail
To bring down the price of a pint of good ale

375 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

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

A traditional Trinidad work song

380 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, etc.

One of these nights, about twelve o'clock.
This old world's going to reel and rock, etc.

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

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

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

390 DOWN IN THE VALLEY

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

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

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

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

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

400 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.

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.

410 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.

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

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

413 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

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

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

415 REUBEN JAMES

Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James,
Manned by hard fighting men both of honour and fame,
She flew the Stars & Stripes of the land of the free,
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

Tell me what were their names, }
Tell me what were their names, } (x2)
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James }

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for the U-boat and waited for the fight,
Came a whine and a rock, and the great explosion roar,
And they laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

One hundred men went down to that dark watery grave,
When the good ship went down only forty-four were saved,
It was the last day of October that they saved the forty-four,
In the cold icy waters by the cold ocean shore.

Now tonight there are lights in our country, so bright,
In the farms and in the cities, they are telling of that fight
And now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main,
And remember the name of the good Reuben James.

Well, many years have passed since those brave men were gone,
And these cold icy waters are now still and are calm,
Many years have passed, but I still wonder why
The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die.

418 COME TO THE COLOURS JOHNNY

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

420 FOGGY DEW

I am a bachelor, I live by myself
And I work at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time
And in the winter too
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew.

One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep
She laid her head upon my bed
And she began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damn near died
She said "What shall I do?"
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son
And we work at the weaver's trade.
And every, every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid
He reminds me of the summer time
And of the winter too
And of many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

430 CHICKENS

We had some chickens – no eggs would they lay (x2)
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; no eggs would they lay
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those chickens right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now just like they used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

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

We had some elephants – no tusks would they grow (x2)
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 elephants 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 (x2)
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 that tractor right off of its 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 (x2)
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 scientists right off of their guard
They're doing EGGsperiments just like they used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

440 THE LOGGER LOVER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

450 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.

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.

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."

460 COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

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

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

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

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

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

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

470 THE KEEPER

The Keeper did a-shooting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow.
All for to shoot at a merry little doe,
Among the leaves so green-o .

<i>Jackie-boy</i>	Master
<i>Sing ye well</i>	Very well
<i>Hey down</i>	Ho down
<i>Derry, derry down</i>	
<i>Among the leaves so green-o.</i>	
<i>To my hey down down</i>	To my ho down down
<i>Hey down</i>	Ho down
<i>Derry, derry down, among the leaves so green-o.</i>	

The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second doe he trimmed, he kissed.
The third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green-o.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
The keeper fetched her back with his crook,
Where she is now you may go and look,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The sixth doe she ran over the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her again
It is there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
Among the leaves so green-o.

480 WORRIED MAN (Blues)

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song (x3)
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.

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

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

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

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

485 DEEP BLUE SEA

Deep blue sea, Willie deep blue sea (x3)
It was Willie, what got drownded in the deep blue sea.

Dig his grave with a silver spade (x3)
It was Willie, what got drownded in the deep blue sea.

Sew his shroud with a silken thread (x3)
It was Willie, what got drownded in the deep blue sea.

Lower him down on a golden chain (x3)
It was Willie, what got drownded in the deep blue sea.

490 SIXTEEN TONS

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

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

Now some people say a man is made out of mud,
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood, and skin and bone,
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 line
Can't get a high toned woman make me walk the line.

Now if you see me coming better step aside,
A lotta' 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.

500 WIDDECOMBE FAIR

Tam Pierce Tam Pierce lend me your grey mare
All along down along out along lea
Us wants for to go to Widdecombe Fair

*With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney
Peter Davey, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawke
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all (x2)*

When shall I see my grey mare again?
All along.....
By Friday soon or Saturday noon.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon
All along.....
And Tam Pierce's grey mare she had not trotted home.

So Tam he went up to the top of the hill
All along.....
And seed his grey mare down a-making her will.

Now Tam Pierce's grey mare she took sick and died
All along.....
And Tam Pierce he sat down on a stone and he cried.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
All along.....
Tam Pierce's grey mare doth appear ghastly white.

And all the night long there are skirlings and groans
All along.....
From Tam Pierce's grey mare and her rattling of bones.

520 CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh love, oh careless love (x3)
Can't you see what careless love can do.

Sorrow, sorrow to my heart (x3)
That my true love and I must part.

When my apron strings did bow (x3)
You followed me through sleet and snow.

Now my apron strings won't pin (x3)
You pass my door and won't come in.

Cried last night and the night before (x3)
Gonna cry tonight and never no more.

Love my momma and my poppa too (x3)
But I'd leave them both to go with you.

How I wish that train would come (x3)
And take me back where I come from.

525 CLUCK OLD HEN

Cluck old hen you better cluck,
Hawk going to eat your chickens up.

Some lay one, some lay two,
Some lay enough for the whole darn crew.

Good old hen, good old hen,
You'll lay eggs for the railroad men.

Ed Weaver & Pug Allen.
Started it's life as a fiddle tune from the Appalachian Mountains of America.

530 MAIRI'S WEDDING

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

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

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

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

550 THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

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

Oh dig my grave both 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.

560 OLD JOE

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

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

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

*They say that in his younger days he loved another man,
And what went on between them, no-one there could understand,
There was whispering among the women, hard talk amongst the men,
But the curtains of Old Joe's house were never pulled again.*

as sung by Roy Baily

570 SHENANDOAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

580 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.

585 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 everyday.

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 everyday.

*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 everyday.*

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 everyday.

Chorus:

590 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.

600 THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (THE 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 land 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.

by Leon Rosselson

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

610 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 a-shore, 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 Johnstone please let me alone;
I feel so break up, I want to go home

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

words & music adapted by Lee Hays

620 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,

They comb their hair with a kipper-back bone.

The wind blows cold around Cape Horn

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

When I was a young man in my prime

I took them pretty girls nine at a time.

But now I'm old and getting grey

I can hardly manage one a day

630 BOTANY BAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

635 DON'T GET MARRIED GIRLS

Oh don't get married girls, you'll sign away your life
You may start off as a woman, but you'll end up as a wife
You could be a vestal virgin, take the veil and be a nun
But don't get married girls, for marriage isn't fun

Oh it's fine when you're romancing and he plays the lover's part
You're the roses in his garden, you're the flame that warms his heart
And his love will last for ever and he'll promise you the moon
But just wait until you've wedded and he sings a different tune
You're his tapioca pudding, you're the dumplings in his stew
And he soon begins to wonder what he ever saw in you
Still he takes without complaining all the dishes you provide
But you see he has to have his bit of jam tart on the side

So don't get married girls, it's very poorly paid
You may start off as a mistress, but you'll end up as a maid
Be a daring deep sea diver, be a polished polyglot
But don't get married girls for marriage is a plot

You've seen him in the morning with a face that looks like death
He's got dandruff on his pillow and tobacco on his breath
And he needs some reassurance with his cup of tea in bed
'Cos he's got worries with the mortgage and the bald patch on his head
And he thinks that you're his mother, lays his head upon your breast
So you try to boost his ego, iron his shirt and warm his vest
Then you send him off to work, the mighty hunter is restored
And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford

So DON'T get married girls, for men are all the same
They just want you when they need you, you'd do better on the game
Be a call girl, be a stripper, be a hostess, be a whore
But don't get married girls for marriage is a bore

When he comes home in the evening he can hardly spare a look
All he says is what's for dinner, after all you're just the cook
Then he takes you to a party and he eyes you with a frown
And you know you've got to look your best, you mustn't let him down
And he eyes you with that 'look what I've got' sparkle in his eye
Like he's entered for a raffle and he's won you for a prize
And when the party's over you'll be slogging through the sludge
Half the time a decoration, half the time a drudge

So don't get married girls, it'll drive you round the bend
It's the road without a turning, it's the end without an end
Change your lover every Friday, take up tennis, be a nurse
But don't get married girls for marriage is a curse

640 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 mines.*

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

The morning, the evening, the middle of the day
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

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.

650 GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and eighty one
The American Railway was begun (x2)
The Great American Railway.

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

or

*Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay (x3)
The Great American Railway*

In eighteen hundred and eighty two
I found myself with nothing to do (x2)
Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty three
The overseer accepted me (x2)
For work upon the Railway

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

In eighteen hundred and eighty five
I found myself more dead than alive (x2)
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty six
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks (x2)
Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven
I found myself half way to heaven (x2)
Just above the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty eight
I picked the lock of the Pearly Gates (x2)
With a crowbar from the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty nine
I found my wings and a harp divine (x2)
Overlooking the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty ten
If you want more you can sing it again (x2)
All about the Railway

660 FROG WENT A COURTIN'

Frog went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum (x3)
A sword and a pistol by his side a-hum

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

670 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...

A saucy young damsel I happened to meet

Gimme some...

I says to her "Polly and how do you do"

Way Ay! Blow...

She says "None the better for seeing of you"

Gimme some...

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

Way Ay! Blow...

We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town

Gimme some...

675 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 me 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

Oh 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

Repeat 1st verse

Janis Joplin and Michael McQuire

680 GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

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

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

Three, three the rivals

Four for the Gospel makers

Five for the symbols at your door

Six for the six proud walkers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Eight for the April rainers

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Ten for the ten commandments

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Twelve for the twelve apostles.

690 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.

695 HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

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

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

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

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

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

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

700 IRENE

*Irene good-night Irene, Irene goodnight
Goodnight Irene, Goodnight 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.

710 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 (x3)
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 (x3)
You're the girl that I adore.

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" (x3)
"Oh no, my love, farewell."

Now the wind's in the rigging,
And the anchor's aweigh,
And the ship, she'll be a-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,
I will make you my bride.*" (x3)

720 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.

730 JAMAICAN FAREWELL

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

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

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

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

735 TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer (B) Carry it to the Captain (B) (x3)
Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone

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

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

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

I don't want no cornbread & molasses
'Cos they hurts my pride Lord.

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

740 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,
Will ye go, lassie, go?

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

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

750 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
Thru 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
Thru 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
Thru streets broad and narrow
Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!

755 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.

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.

770 WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover this 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.

775 MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT

Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia
Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia

River Jordan is deep and wide, Alleluia
Milk and honey on the other side, Alleluia

River Jordan is chilly and cold, Alleluia
Chills the body, but not the soul, Alleluia

780 KILGARY MOUNTAIN

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

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

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

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

Twas early in the morning I was wakened from my napping
I beheld a band of 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

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

If anyone can help me 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.

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.

790 WOAD

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

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

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

Romans came across the channel
All wrapped up in tin & 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 & Llamas.
Tramp up Snowdon, with your woad on
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on
Never want a button sowed on
Go it, ancient B's

800 PRETTY BOY FLOYD

Come gather round me children
A story I will tell
Of Pretty Boy Floyd an outlaw
Oklahoma new him well

It was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in the wagon
As into town they rode

A deputy sheriff approached them
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words and language
And his wife she overheard

Well Pretty Boy grabbed a logging chain
And the deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

Then he took to the trees and timber
To live a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name

Yes he took to the trees and timbers
On the Canadian river shore
And the outlaw found a welcome
At many a farmers door

Yes there's many a starving farmer
The same story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little home

Others tell about the stranger
Who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill

It was in Oklahoma City
It was on a Christmas day
Came a whole carload of groceries
And a letter that did say:

"Well you say that I'm an outlaw
And you say that I'm a thief
Well here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief"

Well as through this world I've rambled
I've seen lots of funny men
Some would rob you with a six-gun
Some with a fountain pen

As through this world you wander
As through this world you roam
You'll never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home

by Woody Guthrie.

Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd of Sallisaw, Oklahoma was convicted of bank robbery and murder but the folk made a hero of him.

800 PRETTY BOY FLOYD

Come gather round me children
A story I will tell
Of Pretty Boy Floyd an outlaw
Oklahoma new him well

It was in the town of Shawnee
On a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in the wagon
As into town they rode

A deputy sheriff approached them
In a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words and language
And his wife she overheard

Well Pretty Boy grabbed a logging chain
And the deputy grabbed his gun
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down

Then he took to the trees and timber
To live a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name

Yes he took to the trees and timbers
On the Canadian river shore
And the outlaw found a welcome
At many a farmers door

Yes there's many a starving farmer
The same story told
How the outlaw paid their mortgage
And saved their little home

Others tell about the stranger
Who came to beg a meal
And underneath his napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill

**It was in Oklahoma City
It was on a Christmas day
Came a whole carload of groceries
And a letter that did say:**

**"Well you say that I'm an outlaw
And you say that I'm a thief
Well here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief"**

**Well as through this world I've rambled
I've seen lots of funny men
Some would rob you with a six-gun
Some with a fountain pen**

**As through this world you wander
As through this world you roam
You'll never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home**

by Woody Guthrie.

**Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd of Sallisaw, Oklahoma was convicted of
bank robbery and murder but the folk made a hero of him.**

820 MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

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

*Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now .*

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

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

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

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

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

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

830 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 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 drunk you drunk you silly old fool
Until you cannot see
That's 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

Tuesday:

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

Wednesday:

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

Thursday:

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

Friday:

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

840 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
Wishing me heart it was Sunday la la la la
Thinking what I'll do all the week
And its whisky on a Sunday.*

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

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

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

850 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, (x2)

*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.

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

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

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

Collected at a folk club in Cecil Sharp House.

860 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.

*'Cos 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...

When we went to bed...he lay like he was dead...

I threw me leg over him...damn near did smother him.

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.*

870 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 & 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 & goodnight.

880 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.

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

If you ever go to Houston 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.

890 ROCKING ME BABIES TO SLEEP

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

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

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

As sung by Mike Waterson.

This song was made from two songs, one from the music halls of the 1860s, the other an Irish ballad.

900 NO MAN'S LAND

Well how do you do Private William McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside
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?

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.

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.

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

910 LOST LOVE

All the flowers that I loved of the wildwood,
Have since lost their beautiful bloom,
And the memories, dear friends, of my childhood,
Have slumbered for years in the dunes.

*It's no wonder I'm broken hearted,
And thickened with sorrow shall be,
We have lived, we have loved, we have parted,
My plough, my companion, and me.*

Just think of that lovely dark morning,
When the spirit of earth shall be free,
We shall meet who we love in the dawning,
My plough, my companion, and me.

920 CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, '49-er,
And his daughter Clementine

*O my darling (x3) Clementine
You are lost & 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

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

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

In a churchyard near the canyon
Where the myrtle doth entwine
There grow roses and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine

Then the miner, '49-er,
Soon began to peak and pine
Thought be oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine

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

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

How I missed her (x2)
How I missed my Clementine
Till I kissed her little Sister
And forgot my Clementine

A '49-er was a miner in the gold rush of 1849

930 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.

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.

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.

940 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 come 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 come back to stay, it'll be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

950 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

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' (x3)
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

960 OLD JOE CLARK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

970 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.

975 SANTE ANNO

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

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

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

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

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

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

980 SINNER MAN

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to (x3)
All on that day

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

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

Run to the rock, rock won't you hide me (x3)
No sinner man, rock'll be a melting (x3)

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

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me (x3)
No sinner man, you should be a prayin' (x3)

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

990 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.

1000 THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,
One morning last July,
From a boreen green came a sweet coleen,
And she smiled as she passed me by.
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,
To the sheen of her nut brown hair,
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
For to see 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.

1010 BANKS OF MARBLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1020 STREETS OF LONDON

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

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

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

In the all night 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.

Have you seen the old man
Outside the Seaman's Mission
Memory fading with the medals that he wears
In this winter city
The rain shows little pity
One more forgotten hero in a world that doesn't care.

1030 RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing Ricketty Ticketty Tin
About a maid I'll sing a song
She didn't keep her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did everyone of them in (x2)

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

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

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

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

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

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

My tragic tale I won't prolong,
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...

1035 DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

Every morning at seven o'clock
There are twenty tanners 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 tanners, drill (x2)
For its work all day for the sugar in yer tay
Down behind the old railway,
And drill, ye tanners, drill
And blast - and fire!*

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

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

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

1040 SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY

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

Sing if you're glad to be gay, }
Sing if you're happy that way } (x2)

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

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

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

TELL THEM.... *Sing if you're glad to be gay,* }
 sing if you're happy this way } (x2)

1050 THE POLE TAX SONG

It's so very taxing,
My tent is collapsing,
I found myself one pole too short
So I phoned up the council,
They said "You scoundrel
We're going to take you to court."

*North Pole South Pole, flag pole, bean pole,
But there's one pole you can axe,
It's the p . . . p . . . p . . . p . . . p . . . pole tax*

There's been infiltration,
In this organisation,
The taxmen are dressed as camp chiefs.
Hogg'll ogle your tent,
And you know what is meant,
He's really just one more pole thief.

I'm cheesed off with camping,
My spirits are dampening,
My tent without poles is sod all.
I want bricks and mortar
And hot running water
So I'll go and install at Rushall

As written and sung on Glee Campus 1991

1060 STEALIN'

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

*If you don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've bin,
If 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,
I'm stealin back to my same old used to be.*

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

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

Come a little closer honey to my breast
And tell me that I am the one you really love the best

1070 HESITATION BLUES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1080 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. (x2)

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

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

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes
Joe says "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize" (x2)

"Joe Hill ain't dead" he says to me
"Joe Hill ain't never died
Where working folk are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side" (x2)

"From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where workers strike and organize
It's there you'll find Joe Hill" (x2)

Repeat first verse

(m: Earl Robinson, w: Alfred Hayes. Joe Hill was a labour organiser and poet who was framed and executed on a murder charge in 1915 in Utah, USA.)

1090 STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET

*He's stone cold dead in the market (x3)
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 (x3)
Bit I kill nobody but me husband.

His family they trying to kill me (x3)
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

1100 EL SALVADOR

A girl cries in the early morning woken by the sound of a gun.
She knows somewhere somebody's dyin' beneath the rising Sun.
Outside the window of he cabaña the shadows are full of her fears,
She knows her lover is out there somewhere,
he's been on the run for a year.

Oh! The soul of El Salvador.

The bell rings out on the chapel steeple,
the priest prepares to say mass.
The sad congregation come tired and hungry
to pray that their troubles will pass.
Outside the Sun rises over the dusty street
where the crowd gathers round,
Flies and mosquitos drink from pools of blood
where his body is found.

Oh! The soul of El Salvador.

Out on the ranch the rich man's preparin' to go for his morning ride.
They've saddled his horse out in the corral,
he walks out full of pride.
He looks like a cowboy in one of the movies
the President made in the past.
The Peasants in rags they stand back
for they know Enrico gallops fast.

Over the soul of El Salvador

A girl cries in the early morning woken by the sound of a gun.
She knows somewhere somebody's dyin' beneath the rising Sun.
Outside the window of he cabaña the shadows are full of her fears,
She knows her lover is out there somewhere,
he's been on the run for a year.

Oh! The soul of El Salvador.

by Johnny Duhan as sung by Christy Moore.
This song was written about the civil war in El Salvador in the early
1980's and the death squads operating then.

ROUNDS

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. (x2)

ROSE, ROSE

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

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

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

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.

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

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

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

BY THE WATERS

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.

UNDER THE FULL MOONLIGHT

Under the full moonlight we dance, spirits, dance, we dance,
Holding hands, we dance,
Joining souls, rejoice.

JEAN HARLOT

Jean Harlot died the other day, and these are the very last words I
heard her say
Mama don't walk mama talking (x3) New York
Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a da dea da da (x3) New York

WHITE SANDS

White sands and grey sands,
Who'll buy my white sands
Who'll buy my grey sands .

MY GOOSE

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

OLD AB'RAM BROWN

Old Ab'ram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttons down before.

ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH

All things shall perish from under the sky,
Music alone shall live (x3)
Never to die

LIFE IS BUTTER

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

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said to Noah }
There's going to be a floody, floody } (x2)
All God's children in the muddy, muddy
Children of the Lord

So, rise and shine }
And give God your glory, glory } (x3)
Children of the Lord

So Noah he made him
He made him an arky, arky
With cedar plants and hickory barky, barky
Children of the Lord

The animals they came in
They came in by two-sies, two-sies
Elephants and kangaroosies, roosies
Children of the Lord

The animals, they came in
They came in by threesies, threesies
Or-ang-u-tangs and chimpanzeezies, zeezies
Children of the Lord

ARISE SONG (a)

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

ARISE SONG (b)

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

GOODNIGHT SONG

All is still, Night doth fill, dale and hill,
Heath and rill, mead and mill, Peace is here, gone is fear.
God is near.

TIME FOR MAN

It's time for man to go home,
It's time for man to go home,
It's time for bird and it's time for beast,
And it's time for man to go home.

What is a Forest School Camp? It takes its name from a small boarding school which was started in a valley in the New Forest in Hampshire. In the wooden huts which were the classrooms, living rooms and dormitories, up to thirty children of all ages lived with their teachers! Their aim was to allow the children to learn by doing - and there was plenty to do in the acres of pine woods and by the river at the end of the path. The children learned by working alongside the teachers looking after the ponies, cutting wood for the fires, cooking the meals and studying the Roman pottery, strange stones, wild plants and animals they found in the forest. They even helped to put out a forest fire which raged through the pinewood one dry summer!

Many of the lessons were taken outside and sometimes there would be hikes using home-made tents and rucksacks, carried on a trek cart. In 1947 it was decided to start camps so that other children could learn the "Woodcraft Way" of living. Since that time thousands of children and leaders have come together in camp communities. They have learned how to look after themselves and so be able to look after others, discovering many of the lessons about living together and surviving. After a Forest School Camp the civilised world never seems the same again!

FSC people believe that each one of us needs to have a proper balance of Heart, Head and Hand. They believe in Learning by Doing and Teaching by Being.