



**THE NEXT TO COME IN . . . .**

## PREFACE.

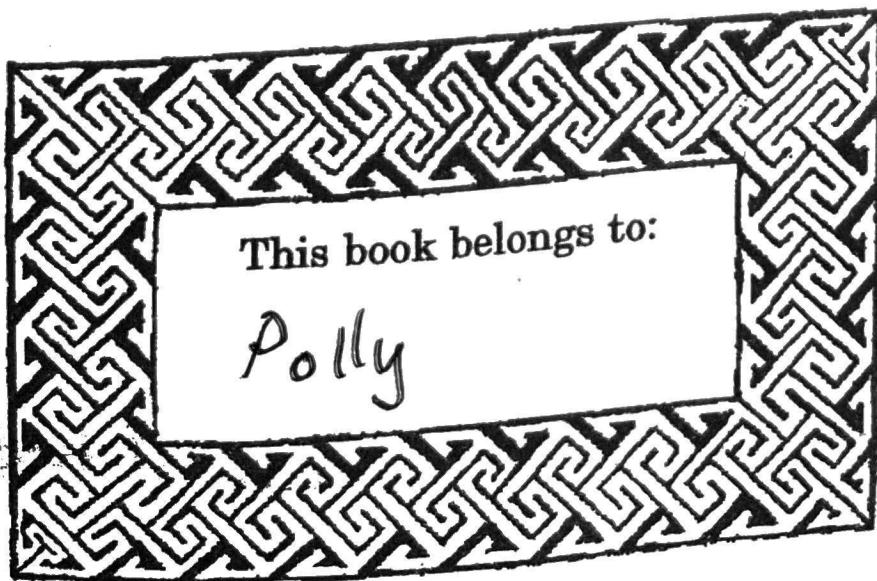
Welcome to "The Next to come in". The collection of songs in this booklet are new to FSC, although you may know or recognise some of them. These songs will hopefully be included in the next FSC song book, which comes out about every three years, usually with some new songs put in and sometimes old songs taken out.

We have tried to collect a variety of songs for this booklet, trying to create a balance of representation in the type of songs we sing on camp. To place these in the context in which they were written we have also included, where available, the date, who wrote/sung them and why. You will find guitar chords to some of the songs as well as a chord glossary at the back for reference. Also included are illustrations to brighten up the pages.

This booklet is an experiment, very much in a fluid state, and is reliant on you, the singer, for feedback and improvement. Maybe you have more information on the songs included, or know of songs suitable for future use. We welcome comments and suggestions either sent to the address below, or pass them on, on your camp.

The Glee Committee

Flat 11, 18-20 Hornsey Rise,  
Ashley Road, London N19 3SB



"The next to come in" is printed on 100% recycled paper.

## LEAVES OF LIFE

All under the leaves and the leaves of life,  
I met with virgins seven,  
And one of them was Mary mild,  
Our Lord's first mother in heaven.

Oh what are you seeking you seven pretty maids,  
All under the leaves of life,  
We are seeking for no leaves Thomas,  
But for a friend of thine.

Go down, go down into yonder town,  
And sit in the gallery,  
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ,  
Nailed to a big yew tree.

So down they went into yonder town,  
As fast as foot could fall,  
And many a bitter and a grevious tear,  
From the virgin's eyes did fall.

Oh peace mother, oh peace mother,  
Your weeping does me grieve,  
But I will suffer this, he said,  
For Adam and for Eve.

Oh how can I my weeping leave,  
My sorrows undergo,  
While I do see my own son die,  
And sons I have no more.

He laid his head on his right shoulder,  
And death has struck him nigh,  
The Holy Ghost be with your soul,  
Sweet mother now I die.

O'h the rose, the gentle rose,  
The fennel it grows so strong,  
And then good Lord your charity,  
Is the ending of my song.

This spring ballad carol tells the story based on  
the Apocrypal Gospels. It is about 150 years old.

# 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.

*Chorus: 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.

*Chorus:*

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

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



# 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.

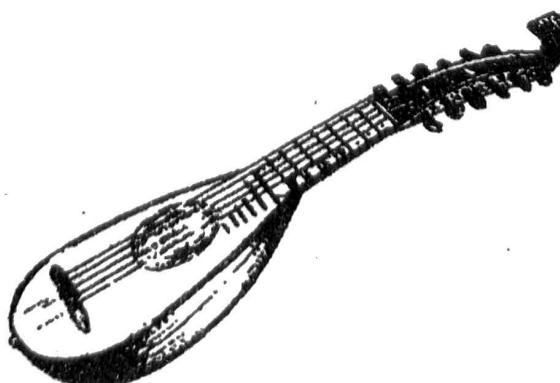
*Chorus: And it's lady, lady, hush-a-bye baby,  
Well your mammie will be coming back bye and bye,  
But with the fire burning bright I could sit half the night,  
Rocking me babies to sleep.*

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.

*Chorus: And it's lady, lady, hush-a-bye baby... etc.*

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.



# 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.

*Chorus:*

*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.*

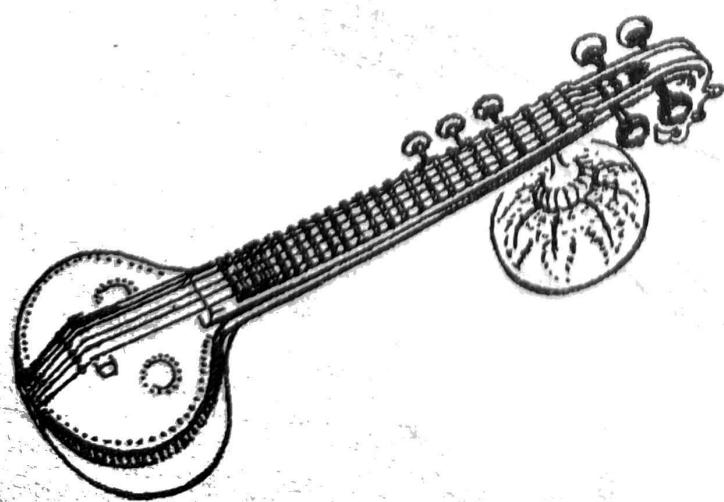
I could tell you where this happened 'cos I think you ought to know,  
That right there where you're living there are people like Old Joe,  
For each of us has secrets that we keep on the backroom shelves,  
Keep them hidden from our neighbours and often from ourselves.

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.

*Chorus:*

*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



# FREIGHT TRAIN

*Chorus: 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.

*Chorus: Freight train, freight train... etc.*

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.

*Chorus: Freight train, freight train... etc.*

*C G  
Freight train, freight train runs so fast.*

*C  
Freight train, freight train runs so fast.*

*E F  
Please don't tell what train I'm on,*

*C G C  
So they won't know what route I'm gone.*

*C G C  
When I die lord bury me deep, way down on old Chestnut street.  
E F C G C  
So I can hear old number nine as she comes rolling by.*

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.

## WHALING SONG

There's no more whales, in the cold grey sea,  
Iker vile, Iker vile, Iker vile.

Writhing to death in agony,  
Iker vile, Iker vile, Iker vile.

No more sounding to harpoons flood,  
No more glows of bright red blood,  
There's no more blubber in the cleansing tub,  
Iker vile, Iker vile, Iker vile.

In Norway, Russia, and Japan,  
Iker vile, etc...

There's murder at the hands of man,  
Iker vile, etc...

From Greenland to the coast of Perth,  
The largest mammal on the earth,  
is slaughtered before it can give birth,  
Iker vile, etc...

There's no more whales in the early morn,  
Iker vile, etc...

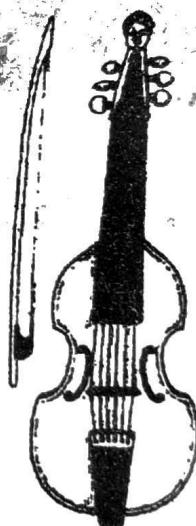
Cruising for crill on the craggy horn,  
Iker vile, etc...

Mammouths with their giant sperm,  
Knew no fear, so never run,  
Their fight for life just never begun,  
Iker vile, etc...

The white, the finn, the giant blue,  
Iker vile, etc...

The humpback and the catch-a-lat too,  
Iker vile, etc...

For ámbergris, and blubber and bones,  
Where hunted from their ocean homes,  
And all their fertile breeding zones,  
Iker vile, etc...



I hoped I'd never hear this cry,  
Iker vile, etc...  
The last great whale is here to die,  
Iker vile, etc...  
Gentle giant of the finn,  
Forty tons with larger kin,  
In two hundred years man's finished him,  
Iker vile, etc...

Collected at a folk club  
in Cecil Sharp House.

## OLD JOE CLARK

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

1. I used to live in the mountain top, now I live in town,  
staying at a boarding house, courting Betsy Brown.
2. Old Joe had a yellow cat, could neither sing nor pray,  
she stuck her head in a buttermilk jug,  
and washed her sins away.
3. When I was a little boy, I used to want a knife,  
now I am a bigger boy, I only want a wife.
4. When I was a little girl, I used to play with toys,  
now I am a bigger girl, I only play with boys.
5. 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.
6. 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.

## THE BRAVE PLOUGHBOY

Come all you jolly ploughboys  
Come listen to me lays,  
And join with me in chorus  
And I'll sing the ploughboy's praise,  
My song is of the ploughboy's fame  
And unto you I'll relate the same,  
He whistles, sings, and drives his team,  
The brave ploughing boy.

So early in the morning the ploughboy he is seen,  
He hastens to the stable  
His horses for to clean,  
Their manes and tails he will comb straight,  
With chaff and corn he does them bait,  
Then he'll endeavour to plough straight,  
The brave ploughing boy.

Now all things being ready  
And the harvest that's put to,  
All with a shining countenance  
His work he will pursue,  
The small birds sing on every tree  
The cuckoo joins sweet harmony,  
To welcome in as you may say  
The brave ploughing boy.

So early in the mornings,  
To harrow, plough, and sow,  
And with a gentle cast me boys,  
Will give the corn a throw,  
Which makes the valleys,  
Thick to stand,  
With corn to fill the reapers hand,  
All this you well may understand  
Comes from the ploughing boy.

Now the corn it is a-growing  
And the seed time that's all o'er,  
Our master he does welcome us  
And unlocks the cellar door,  
With cake and ale we'll have our fill  
Because we've done our work so well,  
There's none here can excel the skill,  
Of the brave ploughing boy.

Now the corn it is a-growing  
And the fields look fresh and gay,  
The cheerful lads come in to mow  
While damsels rake the hay,  
The ears of corn they now appear  
And peace and plenty crown the year,  
So we'll be merry whilst we are here  
And drink to the brave ploughing boy.

As Sung by the Waterson family.  
Dating back to 1843, this song was mostly  
sung at parties after the harvest was over.



## ROLLING ON THE GRASS

In living cities, where the bricks and mortar teem,  
There's nothing more exciting than a little bit of green,  
And often on a summers day an idle hour to pass,  
Off to the woods I'll get away and roll upon the grass,

*Chorus: Rolling on the grass amid the buttercups and daisies,  
That's the way, that's the way, an idle hour to pass,  
Rolling on the grass amid the buttercups and daisies,  
Fancying you're a child again and rolling on the grass.*

The prettiest of carpet stairs that ever could be found,  
With may bells scattered here and there and may bushes around,  
A bright blue sky above o'er which the silver clouds roll by,  
And sky larks think it but a lark to sing up in the sky,

*Chorus:*

One day as I reclined it was, and half inclined to dream,  
I suddenly was startled by a female's piercing scream,  
(All the ladies scream).

Toward me ran a pretty girl in a fearful state of mind,  
And followed by a frantic cow, unpleasantly behind.

(THE NEXT PART IS SPOKEN).

But of course as you might imagine to spring to me feet and take  
The fainting maid in me arms was but the work of a quarter of a  
minute.

The cow seemed mighty fine, attitude an stared,  
I took out my hankchief and waved commandingly saying, be gone now,  
Be gone at which point the cow turned and sent us both,

*Chorus:*

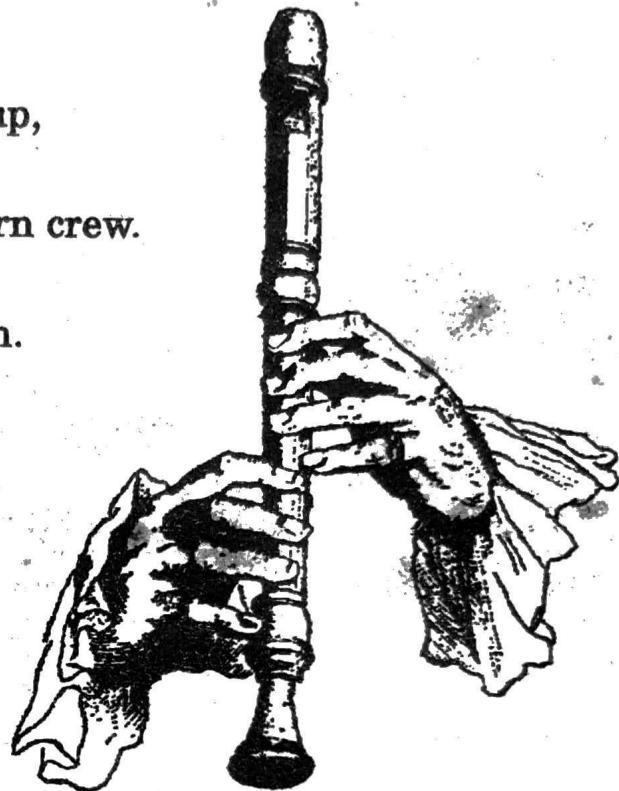
I often saw her after that and this was my excuse,  
That if a frantic cow turned up I might perhaps be of use,  
She's going to change her name to mine, in a few short weeks she'll  
And so I bless that blessed cow and rolling on the grass, pass,

*Chorus:*

## 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.



## HILL AN GULLY RIDA

Hill an gully rida  
Hill an gully  
Hill an gully rida  
Hill an gully  
  
And then you bend down, down, down  
Hill an gully  
And then you better mind your tumble down  
Hill an gully  
If you tumble down you broke your neck  
Hill an gully  
If you broke your neck you go to hell  
Hill an gully

*Repeat top section. Can be sung as a round.*

From the Caribbean  
Communities of farmers would help on each other's  
farms singing digging songs as they worked.

# NKOSI SIKELEL IAFRIKA

Nkosi sikelel' i-Afrika  
Maluphakanisw' uphondo lwayo  
Yizwa imithandazo yethu  
Nkosi sikelela - Nkosi sikelela

Nkosi sikelel' i-Afrika  
Maluphakanisw' uphondo lwayo  
Yizwa imithandazo yethu  
Nkosi sikelela - Thina Lusapho lwayo

Woza Moya - Woza Moya Woza  
Woza Moya - Woza Moya Woza  
Woza Moya oyingcwele  
Usi Sikelele - Thina Lusapho lwayo

Morena boloka Sechaba sa heso  
O felise lintoa le Matsoenyeho  
Morena boloka Sechaba sa heso  
O felise lintoa le Matsoenyeho

O se boloke - o se boloke  
O se boloke - o se boloke  
Sechaba sa heso, Sechaba sa Afrika

O se boloke Morena - o se boloke  
O se boloke Sechaba - o se boloke  
Sechaba sa heso, Sechaba sa Afrika

## *translation*

Lord Bless Africa  
Let its Horn be Raised  
Listen also to our prayers  
Lord Bless  
Lord Bless  
Come Spirit  
Come Spirit  
Holy Spirit  
Lord Bless Us  
We, thy Children

Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika - The ANC Anthem  
origin Enoch Sontonga; starts G;  
language Xhosa and Sotho

## THOUSANDS OR MORE

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

Bright Phoebe awakes so high up in the sky,  
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye,  
Sparkling eye, sparkling eye, sparkling eye,  
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye.

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

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

Little is known about this song, except that it is about 100 years old and is thought to originate in Yorkshire.

## 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.

# 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.

*Chorus:* "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.

*Chorus:*

"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 men starve."

*Chorus:*

"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."

*Chorus:*

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.

*Chorus:*

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.

*Chorus:*

C Dm  
In 1649 to St. George's Hill,

F  
A ragged band they called the Diggers  
C  
Came to show the people's will

Dm  
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws,

F C G C  
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs.

C Dm  
"We come in peace", they said, "to dig and sow

F  
We come to work the land in common,

C  
And to make the waste land grow

Dm  
This earth divided, we will make whole,

F C G C  
So it will be a common treasury for all."

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.

## 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 took 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.

# STEALIN'

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

*Chorus:*

*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

*Chorus:*

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

*Chorus:*

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

*Chorus:*

*C  
Put your arms around me like a circle round the sun,*

*F  
You know I love you Mama, when my easy rider done*

*C  
If you don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've bin,*

*C  
If you don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in,*

*C7                      F                      C  
Cause I'm stealin, stealin, pretty mama don't you tell on me,*

*C    A7              D              G    C  
I'm stealin back to my same old used to be.*

by Will Shade  
Sung by the Memphis Xxx Band 1929

# 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.

*Chorus: 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."

*Chorus:*

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.

*Chorus:*

*Em*                            *G*      *D*  
Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,

*G*      *Em*      *D*  
One morning last July,

*Em*                            *G*      *D*  
From a boreen green came a sweet coleen,

*Em*      *C*      *Em*  
and she smiled as she passed me by.

*G*                            *Am*  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,

*G*      *Em*      *D*  
To the sheen of her nut brown hair,

*Em*      *G*      *D*  
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself

*Em*      *C*      *D*      *Em*  
For to see I was really there.

*G*                            *D*  
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,

*G*      *Em*      *D*  
and from Galway to Dublin Town,

*Em*                            *G*      *D*  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,

*Em*      *C*      *D*      *Em*  
That I met in the County Down.



## 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.

*Chorus: 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:*

*C G C F  
My name is Jock Stewart and I'm a canny young man,  
C G C G  
And a roving young fellow I've been,  
C G C F  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
C G C G  
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.*

# BLACKBIRD

Blackbird singing in the dead of night,  
Take these broken wings and learn to fly,  
All your life,  
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

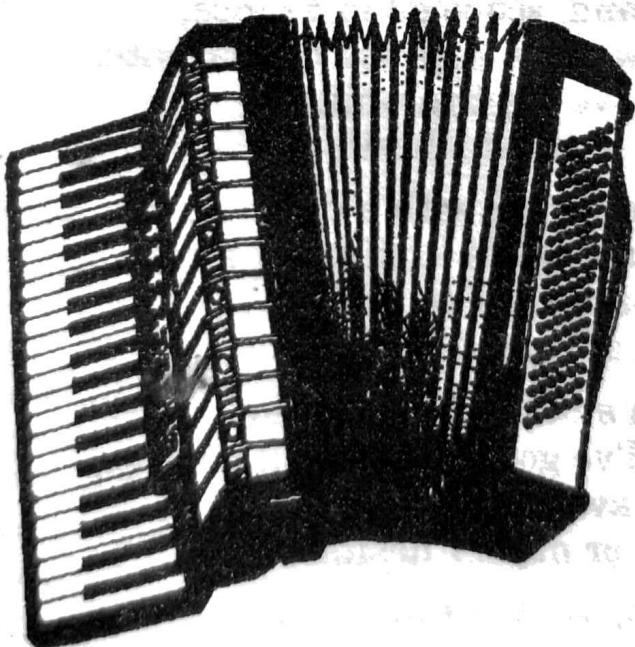
Blackbird singing in the dead of night,  
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see,  
All your life,  
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.

Black - bird fly, Black - bird fly, } x2  
In to the light of a dark black night.

repeat

1st verse

John Lennon and Paul McCartney



## HESITATION BLUES

If the river was whiskey 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 whiskey and the branch was vine,  
You'd see me in bed most all of the time,  
Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee,  
You don't like my peaches, don't you shake my tree,  
Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

Two old maids sitting in the sand,  
Each one a-wishing that the other was a man,  
Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

I was born in England, schooled in France,  
If you want to know more best ask my parents,  
Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

I'm standing on the corner with a dollar in my hand,  
Looking for a woman, who's looking for a man,  
Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

I got the hesitation stockings, hesitation shoes,  
I really do believe I've got the hesitation blues,  
Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?

Song written 1939  
A very popular song of the 1930s.  
by Charlie Paul, an American Blue Grass Musician



## MERCEDEZ-BENZ

Oh Lord won't you buy a mercedes benz  
My friends all drive porshes I must make amends  
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,  
So, Oh Lord won't you buy me a mercedes benz.

O Lord won't you buy me a colour T.V.  
Darling for dollars is trying to find me,  
I wait for delivery each day until three  
So, Oh Lord won't you buy me a colour T.V.

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

Repeat 1st verse

Janis Joplin and Micheal McQuire

## 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.

*Chorus: 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.

*Chorus:*

## 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.

*Chorus: 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

*Chorus:*



*Dm* *C Dm*  
One night I dreamed I was in slavery  
*Dm* *C Dm*  
'Bout 1850 was the time  
*F* *A*  
Sorrow was the only sign  
*Dm* *C Dm*  
Nothing around to ease my mind

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

*C*      *Dm*  
Come on up to this train of mine

Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline

*C* *Dm*  
Come on up to this train of mine  
*C* *B6*  
She said her name was Harriet Tubman  
*F* *C* *C Dm*  
And she had a gun and she used it

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.

## 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?

*Chorus:* *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-sizteen  
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?

*Chorus:*

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.

*Chorus:*

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.

*G*                    *C*                    *Am*  
Well how do you do Private William McBride  
*D*                    *D*                    *G*                    *D*  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside  
*G*                    *C*                    *Am*  
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun?  
*D*                    *C*                    *G*  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.

*G*                    *Am*  
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
*D*                    *G*                    *D*  
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen-sixteen,  
*G*                    *Am*  
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,  
*D*                    *C*                    *G*  
Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene?

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

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

# I'M GONNA BE AN ENGINEER

When I was a little girl, I wished I was a boy,  
I tagged along behind the gang and wore me corduroys  
Everybody said I only did it to annoy  
But I was gonna be an engineer

Mama told me "Can't you be a lady?  
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl,  
Wait until you're older dear and maybe  
You'll be glad that you're a girl"

Dainty as a Dresden Statue  
Gentle as a Jersey cow  
Smooth as silk, gives creamy milk,  
Learn to coo, learn to moo,  
That's what you do to be a lady now

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

G - / G GD (://v2 only) G - / A7 D7

G A7 / CG AmD / G B7C7 / GD G

EmBm Em / Em Bm / Cm G / C G / Em EmAm AmD

\* – omit these verses for shorter version

When I went to school I learned to write and how to read  
Some history, geography and home economy,  
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to need,  
To while away the extra time until the time to breed  
And then they had the nerve to say "What would you like to be?"  
I says "I'm gonna be an engineer!"

No, you only need to learn to be a lady  
The duty isn't yours for to try and run the world  
An engineer could never have a baby!

Remember, dear, that you're a girl

She's smart! for a woman,  
I wonder how she got that way?  
You get no choice, you get no voice  
Just stay mum, pretend you're dumb,  
That's how you come to be a lady today!

So I became a typist and I study on the sly  
Working out the day and night so I can qualify  
And every time the boss come in he pinched me on the thigh  
Say's "I've never had an engineer!"

You owe it to the job to be a lady,  
It's the duty of the staff to give the boss a whirl,  
The wages that you get are crummy maybe,  
But it's all you get 'cause you're a girl.

Then Jimmy come along and we set up a conjugation,  
We were busy every night with loving recreation,  
I spent MY day at work so HE could get his education,  
And now he's an engineer!

He says "I know you'll always be a lady,  
It's the duty of me darling to love me all her life,  
Could an engineer look after or obey me?  
Remember, dear, that you're my wife"

Well as soon as Jimmy got a job, I began again,  
Then happy at me turret-lathe a year or so and then,  
The morning that the twins were born, Jimmy says to them  
"Kids your mother WAS an engineer"

You owe it to the kids to be a lady  
Dainty as a dish-rag, faithful as a chow,  
Stay at home, you got to mind the baby,  
Remember you're a mother now.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Well everytime I turn around it's something else to do,  
It's cook a meal or mend a sock or sweep a floor or two,  
I listen in to Jimmy Young, it makes me want to spew,  
I was gonna be an engineer!

I really wish that I could be a lady,  
I could do the lovely things that a lady's 'sposed to do  
I wouldn't even mind if only they would pay me  
And I could be a person too

What price - for a woman?

You can buy her for a ring of gold,  
To love and obey (without any pay)  
You get a cook and a nurse (for better or worse)  
You don't need a purse when a lady is sold.

\*  
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\*  
\*  
\*

Ah but now that times are harder and me Jimmy's got the sack,  
I went down to Vicker's, they were glad to have me back,  
But I'm a third class citizen, my wages tell me that  
And I'm a first class engineer

The boss he says "We pay you as a lady  
You only got the job 'cause I can't afford a man  
With you I keep the profits high as may be  
You're just a cheaper pair of hands"

You got one fault: you're a woman  
You're not worth the equal pay  
A bitch or a tart, you're nothing but heart  
Shallow and vain, you got no brain  
You even go down the drain like a lady today

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Well I listened to my mother and I joined a typing pool  
I listened to my lover and I put him through his school  
But if I listen to the boss, I'm just a bloody fool,  
And an underpaid engineer!

I been a sucker ever since I was a baby  
As a daughter as a wife, as a mother and a "dear"  
But I'll fight them as a woman, not a lady,  
I'll fight them as an engineer!

Peggy Seeger

## FROG WENT A COURTIN'

Frog went a courtin' and he did ride, A-hum A-hum  
Frog went a courtin' and he did ride, A-hum A-hum  
Frog went a courtin' and he did ride,  
A sword and a pistol by his side; A-hum  
Came up to Missie mouse's door, A-hum A-hum  
Came up to Missie mouse's door, A-hum A-hum  
Came up to Missie mouse's door,  
Where he'd been many times before; A-hum  
Missie Mouse are you within,  
Yes kind sir I sit alone and spin;  
He took Missie Mouse upon his knee,  
And said Missie Mouse will you marry me;  
Without my uncle Rat's consent,  
I would not marry the president;  
Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides,  
To think his niece would be a bride;  
Where will the wedding breakfast be,  
Way down yonder in a hollow tree;  
When uncle Rat gave his consent,  
Mr Weasel broke the publishment;  
The owls did hoot and the birds they sang,  
Through the woods the music rang;  
Next to come in was a bumble bee,  
Danced a jig with a two leged flea;  
They all went swimming across the lake,  
Got swallowed up by a big black snake;  
There's bread and cheese upon the shelf,  
If you want any more you must sing it yourself;

<sup>C</sup>  
Frog went a courtin' and he did ride, A-hum A-hum  
<sup>C7</sup>  
Frog went a courtin' and he did ride, A-hum A-hum  
<sup>C</sup>  
Frog went a courtin' and he did ride,  
<sup>F7</sup>  
A sword and a pistol by his side; A-hum

## 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.

*Chorus: 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.

*Chorus: Alcohol, Alcohol, etc...*

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.

*Chorus: Alcohol, Alcohol, etc...*

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.

*Chorus: Alcohol, Alcohol, etc...*

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.

*Chorus: Alcohol, Alcohol, etc...*

Collected at a folk club  
in Cecil Sharp House.

## OH FREEDOM

Oh freedom, oh freedom, oh freedom over me  
And before I'll be a slave I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

No more mourning, no more mourning, no more mourning over me,  
And before I'll be a slave I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

There'll be singing, there'll be singing, there'll be singing over me,  
And before I'll be a slave I'll be buried in my grave  
And go home to my Lord and be free.

Traditional

The marching song of the newly free  
black soldiers in the American Civil War

## ONCE I LIVED IN OLD VIRGINIA

Once I lived in old Virginia, to North Carolina I did go,  
There I spied a beautiful damsel, but her name I never did know.  
Her hair was black as any charcoal, her eyes were of some  
diamond blue,  
On her bosom she wore white lilies, well my poor heart most  
broke in two.

Every day I'm thinking about her, every night 'till I can't rest,  
Every moment seems like an hour, oh what a pain across my breast.  
Shall I go to Alagadie, shall I go for loving you,  
Or shall I go to some far country, where I bid a sad adieu.

Fetch me a razor and a pan of cold water,  
Fetch me a hammer to beat out my brains,  
For the old corn liquor has got me surrounded  
The women have run me deranged.

A traditional ballad from the  
Appalachian Mountains of America.

# 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."

*Chorus: 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*

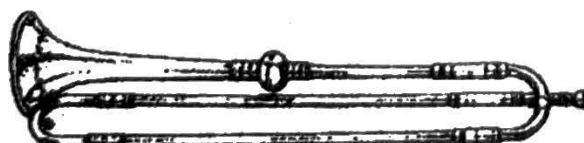
There's been infiltration,  
In this organisation,  
The taxmen are dressed as camp chiefs.  
Hogg'll ogle your tent,  
And you know what is meant,  
He's really just one more pole thief.

*Chorus:*

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

*Chorus:*

As written and sung on Glee Campus 1991



# 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

*Chorus: This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York highway  
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 foot steps  
To the sparkling souls of our Diamond desert  
All around me a voice was chanting  
This land is made for you and me.

*Chorus:*

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.

*Chorus:*

A Em  
As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
B7 Em  
I saw above me that endless skyway  
A Em  
I saw below me that golden valley and I thought  
B Em  
This land was made for you and me

A Em  
This land is your land, this land is my land  
B7 Em  
From California to the New York highway  
A Em  
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters  
B7 Em  
This land is made for you and me.

Woody Guthrie

## — ROUNDS —

# BY THE WATERS

- 1) By the waters, by the waters, by the waters of Babylon,  
We sat down and wept, and wept, for thee Zion:
  - 2) We remember, we remember, we remember thee Zion.

# UNDER THE FULL MOONLIGHT

- 1) Under the full moonlight we dance, spirits, dance, we dance,
  - 2) Holding hands, we dance,
  - 3) Joining souls, rejoice.

JEAN HARLOT

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

EARTH MY BODY



# POEM PAGE

## OLD MEG

Old Meg she was a gypsy,  
And lived upon the moors,  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
And her house was out of doors;

Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants pods o' broom,  
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,  
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her sisters larchen trees,  
Alone with her great family  
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon,  
And 'stead of supper she would stare  
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh  
She made her garlanding,  
And every night the dark glen yew  
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers, old and brown,  
She plaited mats o' rushes,  
And gave them to the cottagers  
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,  
And tall as Amazon,  
An old red blanket cloak she wore,  
A chip hat she had on.  
God rest her aged bones somewhere!  
She died full long agone!

John Keats

## THE CROCODILE

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws.

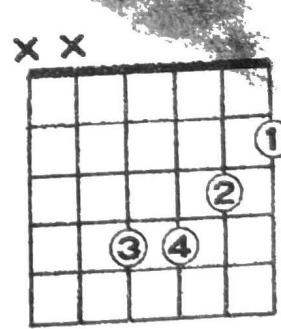
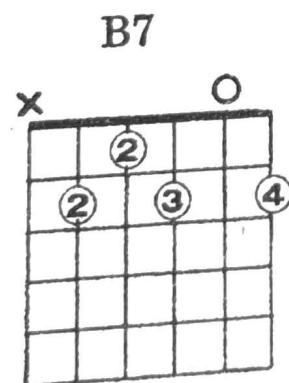
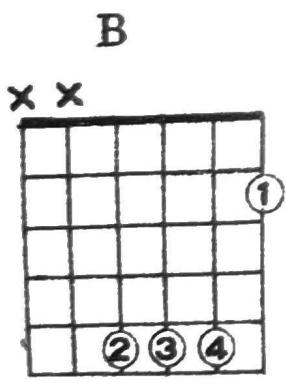
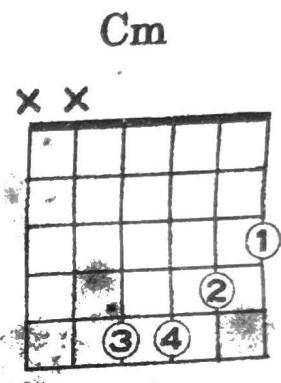
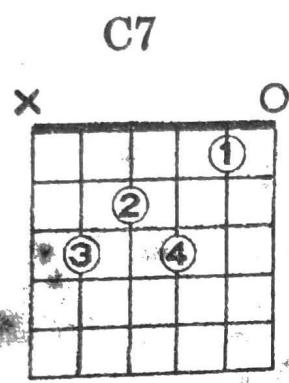
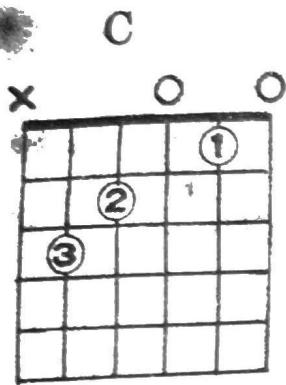
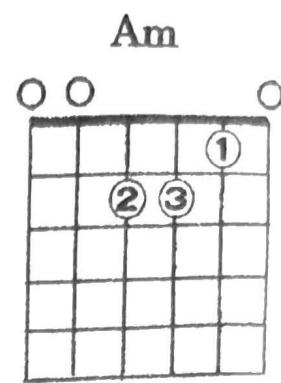
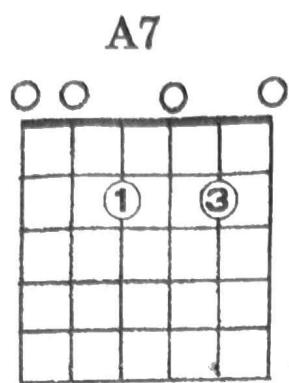
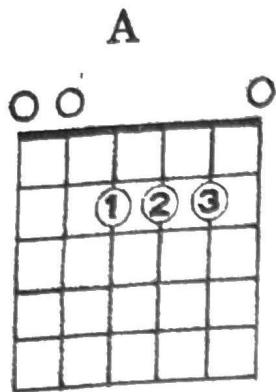
Lewis Carroll

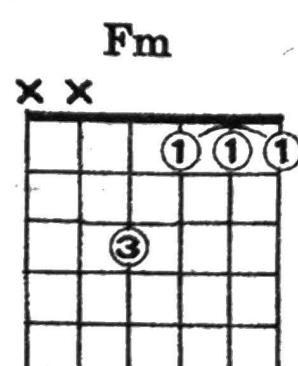
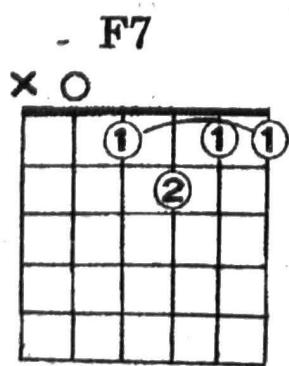
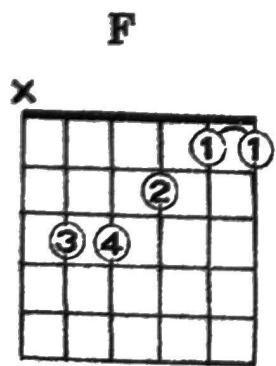
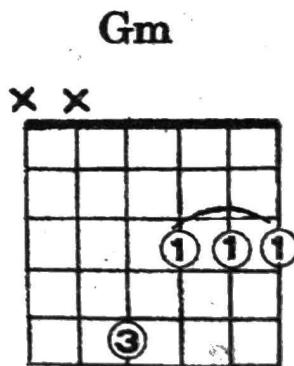
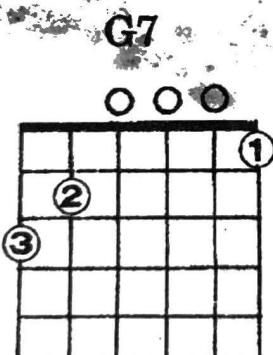
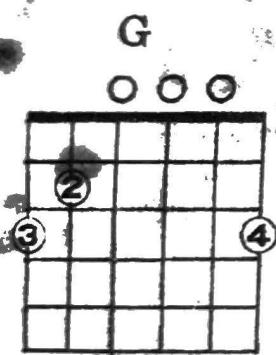
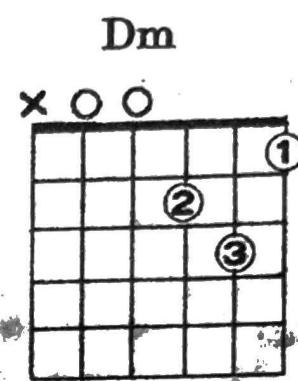
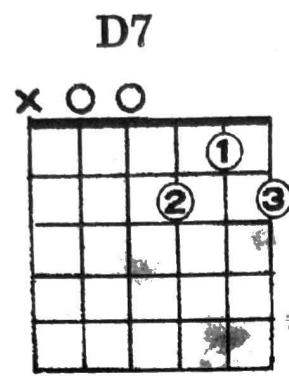
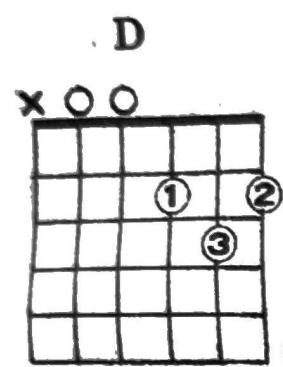
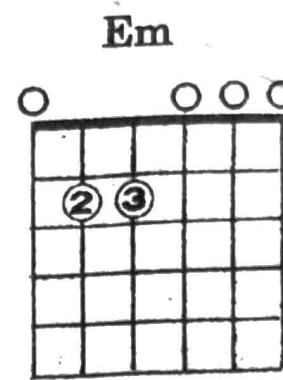
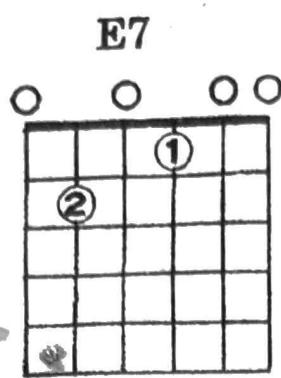
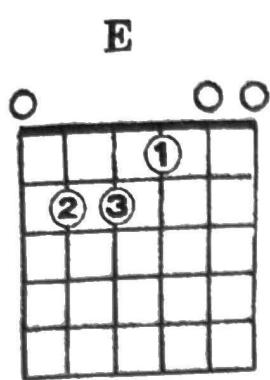


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**NEW SONGS**



# Chord Fingering





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