

# The Cat

Chorus:

Susan Hishland

Bart - the cat came back the very next day  
The cat came back, they thought he was a gone-a  
But the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away

- 1) Old Mr Johnson had troubles of his own  
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave his home  
He tried and he tried to get the cat away  
He gave it to a man who was going far away-
- 2) He gave it to a man who was going way out west  
He told him far to take it to the one that he loved best  
First the train hit a curve, then it jumped the rails  
And not a soul was left behind to tell the gresone tale
- 3) He gave it to a little boy with a dollar note  
He told him far to take it up the river in a boat  
First the train hit
- 4) He tied a rope around its neck it must have weighed a lb.  
Now they're dragging of the river for a little boy that's drowned
- 5) The man around the corner swore he'd shoot the cat on sight  
He loaded up his gun with nails and dynamite  
He waited and he waited for the cat to come around  
But 97 pieces of the man was all they found -

5) The atom bomb fell just the other day  
The H-bomb fell in the very same way  
First England went, then Russia went and then the US  
The human race was ended, without a chance to pray.

It ain't gonna rain no more

It ain't gonna rain no more no more  
It ain't gonna rain no more  
How in the heck can a fellow wash his neck  
If it ain't gonna rain no more

The elephant is a graceful beast  
It flits from bough to bough  
It perches on the rhubarb tree  
And whistles like a cow.

The boy stood on the railway track  
The engine gave a squeal  
The driver took his penknife out  
And scraped him off the wheel

The peanut on the railway track  
~~The train was coming fast~~  
His heart was all a-flutter  
The train came whistling down the track  
Hoo - oo - peanut butter

King Mormon had ten thousand wives  
And that's the reason why  
He always missed his business train  
Kissing them all goodbye

## Woad

What's the use of wearing a coat  
when you can't stand upright?

Look at him upon his mucky bed  
Down off Becton hill.

That's the wretched shank of a lion  
Stuck full through his side.

These affairs are all soft rotten!  
Bitter far is woad!

Woad's the stuff to show men

Woad to scare your foe, men

Boil it to a brilliant hue

And rub it on your back and your abdomen

Ancient Britons never bit on

Any thing as good as woad to spit on

Neck or knees or where you sit on  
taitors you be blowed!

Romans came across the channel

All decked out in tin and flannel

Half a pint of woad per man'll

Does us more than there

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 admens

Saxons your pyjamas

Hairy coats were meant for goats  
 Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs & llamas  
 Walk up snowdon with you wood or  
 Never mind if you rain or blowed on,  
 Weeds need abutter, paved on  
 Go it, Ancient B's!

### The Oxford Macmillan dog

Come all you loyal citizens  
 I sing of Bill  
 About a noble hound  
 He's a dad you all know well  
 He's the dandie of the nation  
 That his friendly countenance  
 Is the master of the fauna of the world.

### Chorus: There a bee! (raise a cheer)

Wee-fie! (cluck-fees)

For the safety of the prince who doth hence  
 Be to a man of all who is  
 Known from high design to sue  
 For a woman there shall be none

He will be none

John Lykken

Chorus John Lykken is the boat I repeat  
Daddy-o (daddy-o) S  
Riding in the Cincinnati trade

Well she runs in men & cotton  
Daddy-o, daddy-o.

Can't you see the boat a-coming  
A-coming round the bend

Can't you see the boat a-coming  
Waves are running low.  
She's loaded up with cotton  
And riding it far now

Pedi mevi dixi domine Perry

I had four brothers over the sea

Pedi mevi dixi domine

They each sent a present unto me

Pedi etc

Putnam pattern paid dixi lemprene

Pedi etc

The first sent a cherry that had <sup>no</sup> bone  
Pedi etc

The second sent a chicken that had no bone  
Pedi etc

when the chicken's in the egg it has no bone

Our Mac been down right but I could  
see him black & blue  
and... I said "you stay,  
And he says "I'll live"  
But when the country cried out "Take him"  
Our Mac fidgeted back him  
And was bury moving into No 10.

Our Mac been down right  
He makes the money fly  
But have them he left them  
But he not care for no men  
So he I went to the village  
And up a hill I went  
And buying Yankee dole's second hand

I took it up and another  
I took it up and  
I took it up and another  
I took it up and another  
At the top I got the broken  
I took it up and another  
I took it up and another  
I took it up and another

For I took it up and another  
I took it up and another  
I took it up and another

And the sheikhs of Asia Minor.  
 All regarded him as their hero  
 And they love him just as much as standard oil

He's not an anti-German  
 And he rather likes de Gaulle  
 And as far as I'm concerned  
 He's guilty with them all  
 There'll be widespread lamentations  
 From the democratic nations  
 And the world will never be the same again

Now he's been re-elected  
 And the world will go to pot  
 He's lost his office  
 And Milwaukee's had his last  
 State of the Union speech cancellation  
 And the Democratic nation  
 Will never be the same again

When Shirley calls on him  
 He never uses the 't'c  
 He loves the working classes  
 But he hates to see them work  
 He said "My board is building  
 At the rate of \$1000000 a day  
 So he put 200000 on the side."

# To Jim the Hungry Minuteman

They're fighting in Okinawa (Misato)

They're starving in Saigon

They're bleeding in Florida

But Japan needs them

The stake would be lost if

the unhappy people

of Okinawa became the Japanese

and the Japanese became the Americans

So Okinawa must be freed

It's a matter of morality as well

as of justice and of sympathy.

It's a matter of justice and of sympathy.

Rickety-tickety-tin

Tom Lehrer

Shout a maid I'll sing a song  
 Rickety-tickety-tin  
~~who didn't have her family~~  
 Shout a maid I'll sing a song  
 Who didn't have her family long  
 Not only did she do them wrong  
 She did wear one of them on  $\times 2$

Her mother she could never stand  $\times 2$   
 And so a cyanide soup she planned  
 Her mother died with the spoon in her hand  
 And her face in a hideous grin  $\times 2$

One morning in a fit of pique  $\times 2$   
 She pushed her father in the creek  
 The water lasted bad for a week.  
 And they had to make do with grm  $\times 2$

She set her sister's hair on fire  $\times 2$   
 And as the flame grew higher and higher  
 She danced around the funeral pyre  
 Playing the violin  $\times 2$

She weighted her brother down with stones x 2  
And sent him off to Davy Jones  
And all they ever found were some bones  
And occasional pieces of skin x 2

One day when she had nothing to do x 2  
She cut her baby brother in two  
And served him up as an Irish stew  
And invited the neighbours in x 2

And when at last the police came by x 2  
Her little pranks she did not deny  
far to do so she would have had to lie  
And lying she knew was a sin x 2

## The Huntsman

- 1) A huntsman blew loud on his horn  
 Blew loud on his horn  
 And all that he blew it was lost and gone  
 It was lost and gone  
 I caree - a - ho - sa - sa Tisca - la - la  
 And all that he blew etc.
- 2) Shall all my blowing be thus for nought  
 Far better were I no huntsman born
- 3) He cast his net he leashed about  
 A nut-brown damsel sprang quickly out
- 4) "O nut-brown damsel escape me not  
 In my great big hounds they will fetch thee out"
- 5) "My great big hounds they will fetch me not  
 In my high and mighty leapin' they doubt me not"
- 6) "My high and mighty leapin' they know full well  
 And they know that today they thee of must fell"
- 7) "O bury me deep! neath the roses red  
 And lay those lilies on my last bed"

- ⑧ And on her grave 3 lilies green stood  
A squire rode by and pluck them wond'.
- ⑨ "O squire forkear let the lilies stand  
For they are for 'the fresh bairn young  
huntsman's hand."

### The Ballad of Bethnal Green (Paddy Roberts)

O I'll tell a tale Of a jalous male  
And a maid of sweet sixteen  
She was blond and dumb and she lived with  
her mum  
On the juige of Bethnal Green  
She worked all week for a mil' red greeb  
For her dad was on the date  
And her one delight on a Friday night  
Was to have a little rock and roll  
To my it-fabhal to my ity fal-lal }  
to my etty, mitty fal-lal? lay. } x2

② One morning fine day i tho month of May  
She found her big romance  
He was dark and sleek with a sea on his cheeb  
And a pair of drain pipe pants  
She said "With you, I could be so true  
For all the years to come"

for she loved the gay abandoned way  
 He chewed his chewing gum

- ③ And all went well because he fell  
 for all her girlish charms  
 But he had his doubt when he found her out  
 In someone else's arms  
~~He said "Look here my dear"~~  
 He said "look here  
 You know my dear  
 This is really going too far"  
 And he went quite white  
 And nosed her right  
 In the middle of the cha-cha-cha

- ④ He went before the man of the law  
 Who said "This will not do  
 I've had enough of the sort of stuff  
 I get from the likes of you"  
 And was he pleased when he received  
 A longer term in blink  
 In a fit of pique she married the Greek  
 And now she's dressed in mink.

## Dankie Sunday School

Old folks young folks everybody come  
Join the dankie Sunday School I have a bit of fun  
Killing your sticks of chewing gum  
And sit upon the floor  
And I'll tell you Bible stories  
That you never hear before

+ Sam Adam was the first man and he lived all alone  
Till Eve was manufactured from Adam's collar bone  
They didn't know how but they soon found a way  
And that is the reason why we're singing here today

Samson was a strong man, he had a head of curls,  
He fought against the Philistines and flinted with them  
He flinted once too often and Delilah laid him low  
So he pulled down the pillars of the whole damn show

Shadrach Meshach and Abednego  
Annoyed the king of Babylon and so they had to go  
Into the fiery furnace but not one of them was burnt  
Because the hand provides his children with an asbestos  
skirt.



## The Grand Canyon Line

On the Grand Canyon line I was riding along  
On the Grand Canyon line I was singing no song  
On the Grand Canyon line I was riding along  
couldn't go back to Texas 'cause I know I'd done wrong

- 1) I paned the State bank and no money I had  
It wasn't that I really had meant to be bad  
But I robbed the State Bank with a trembling hand  
With my pistol and the money through the big  
doors I ran
- 2) Sitting alone in a box car four walls  
Because of a breaking the rich man's law  
I thought of my sweetheart and began to cry  
When I am caught by the neck I will die
- 3) The box car door opened and the posse walked in  
The Sheriff said "Grab 'im boys I think that is him"  
They took me to the jailhouse and now I must die  
Five hours to live, boys, how the time does fly.

Jerse James.

Man home

Jerse James was a lad that killed many a man  
 Robbed that Danville train  
 And with his brother Frank held up that  
 gallopin' bank.

"It's those outlaws Frank & Jerse James."

For J. J. had a wife to mourn  
 all her life

Three children they were brave  
 But that dirty little coward Whoshet Mr. Howard  
 has laid poor Jerse in his grave

v. It was on a wed night  
 Not moon was shining bright  
 They robbed that Glendale train -  
 And the people they did say from many miles away  
 It was them outlaws Frank & Jerse James

Chorus.

It was on one saturday night  
 that Jerse was at home  
 talking to his family brave  
 Robert Ford came along like a thief i thought  
 And laid poor Jerse in his grave

opl. death

Yes the people held their breath when they heard  
Chandeler her, he came to die

It was one of the gang called little little Renard  
Shot poor Sene on the sly

Sene went to rest with his hand on his breast  
Devil will weep on his knee  
He was born one day in the country of Clay  
Came from a robbery race.

### The Boll Weevil

Have you heard the latest  
Latest of your song  
Bout dem little hell weevils  
Picked up all feet & gone  
looking for a home poor boy x 4

Boll weevil is a little black bug  
From Mexico they say  
Come to City dis Texas oil  
And he thought he'd helte stay

First time I saw that boll weevil  
On that western plain  
Next time I saw that boll weevil  
He had a 'hopped that Memphis train

Fame take out de boll weevil  
Put him i Paris green  
Boll weevil said to the fame, lend  
It the best I've ever seen  
This my home x 4

Fame asks the boll weevil  
What makes yo' head so red  
Bis travelling dis wild world over, lend  
It is a wond'r I ain't dead

But you got bags of cotton  
Bags of cotton to nest  
Did leave the poor old farmer's wife  
With one old cotton dress  
And it is full of holes

If any body ask you  
Who composed this song  
Tell him was a dark skinned fame lend  
With the pale blue duckies on

Originally English, imported by USA

Jolly Roger Tar

Hankshaw

Now shipp's may come and shipp's may go  
As long as the sea does roam  
Each saile had likewise his deal  
He loves that flowing bowl

Alas the shore he does adone  
One stet is plump and round  
When your money is gone it's the same old song  
"Get up Jack I'm sit down <sup>my folly pravation</sup>  
Come along come along <sup>there's lots of grog i the ja</sup>  
We'll plough the hving ocean with them jolly roving tar

Now when Jack is ashore he beats his way  
To some boardin' home  
He's welcomed i wit pean and gri  
Likewise wit pork and some  
He'll spend and spend till and he'll never fend  
Till he lies dead on the ground

Now when Jack is old and weatherbeast  
Too old for the knockabout  
In some grog-shop they'll let him stop  
Till 8 bells he's turned out  
Then he'll sing and sing right up to the sky  
"O land I'm homeward bound"

grey\_goose

hast Monday morning loud loud loud      x 2  
My daddy went a-hunting loud loud loud  
He was a-hunting for de grey goore      ..  
And he went to de big wood      ..  
And dat hound-dog he went too      ..  
Well along come de grey goore      ..  
He was a hell of a grey goore      ..

far up to his shoulder  
And dat shet gran went "bathoom"  
And down come de grey goore  
He was a mighty big grey goore  
Took an ox team to haul him x2  
Took " "  
Then yo' wife e my wife  
Dey give a feather pickin'  
Took ~~6~~ 6 weeks to pick him  
Took 6 weeks to pick him

Den dey put him on de paabotil " " x 2  
It took 10 days to paabotil " " x 2  
Den dey put him on de table " " x 2  
And de forte wouldn't sticle him " " "  
And de knife couldn't pricile him  
So dey threw him in de hog-pe  
And he broke the Nel now's gan bone

And dey took him to de sawmill  
Had he bust dat saw b leetle out

Well de last time ah saw him  
He was flying across de ocean  
He had a long string of goslings & 2  
And dey all went a-quack quack & 2  
He was a hell of a grey goose <sup>loud loud louder</sup>

Now bye-bye greygoose loud loud louder & 2  
Yes bye-bye greygoose .. .. ..

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Manhomas      git along little dogies

As I walked out one mornin' so please  
I met a com-pa-nier come a-walkin' along  
Her heel was turned back  
And her spurs was pur-pling  
As she approached off of me  
Singing <sup>git along</sup>

Chorus Woopsee ty-i-o git along little dogies  
It's your misfor-tune and none of our own.  
Woopsee ty i-i-o git along little dogies  
For you know Wyoming will be your

git along

It's early in the springtime we round up our dogies  
 Make 'em brand em then off their fairs  
 Round up the horses load up the chuck wagon  
 And throw them little dogies out on the trail.

You mother was raised way down in Texas  
 Where the gypsum need the spear grass grow  
 We'll feed you up on prairie pear in Missouri  
 And put you on that trail to Idaho

It's you "beef" for Uncle Sam's engines  
 "It's beef" beef beef I hear them say  
 Git along little dogies  
 You'd gonna be ~~beaten~~ by a big

It's a-whooping & a yellie edaminy dem,  
 To our perchler & none of ~~their~~ own  
 whoopee - ti yi o - yo git along little dogies  
 It's you misfortune & none of our own  
 whoopee - ti - o git along little dogies  
 For you etc.

# Lasher Bailey's Engine

Ewan MacColl

Lasher Bailey had an engine  
It was always wanting mending  
And according to a power  
She could do 4 mile hour

Did you ever see a 3 and a funny thing  
before

And the night-wander from Gower  
She went 20 mile an hour  
As she whistled through the station  
Man she frightened half a nation

Lasher bought her second hand  
And he painted up to grand  
When the driver went to oil her  
Man, she nearly burst a cable

Lasher Bailey's wife here  
She was living up in St. Asaph  
She could knit a dam he stitching  
But he costking it was shocking!

Lasher Bailey went to Oxford  
To to pass matriculation  
But he saw a pretty barmaid  
And he never left the station

O the sight it was heartrending  
Coshe drove his little engine  
And he got stuck in the tunnel  
And went up the blooming funeral

Yes Coshe Bailey <sup>him</sup> did die  
And they put <sup>in</sup> him a coffin  
But alas they <sup>had</sup> some knockin'  
Coshe Bailey only jokin'

Well the devil wouldn't have him  
But he gave him steaks & patches  
To set upon his own  
~~To~~ On the top of Sadda dachais

## The Eddystone Light.

D

My father was the keeper of the  
Eddystone light and he slept with a  
mermaid one fine night.

Out of this vision there came three,  
~~my mother and father~~ and the other was  
me.

Arius: Yoho ho and the wind blows free  
Oh for a life on the rocking sea

D One night when I was a trumming of the glim  
And singing a verse of the evening hymn  
When what should I hear but a soft tap tap  
And there was my mother a-sitting on a rock

③ "And what has become of my children?"  
My mother she did ask of me  
"One was born as a talking fish  
And the other was served up on a charfiel"

④ The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair  
I looked again - my mother wasn't there  
A voice came echoing through the night  
"To tell wife the keeper of the Eddystone light,

## The Family of Man

1) I belong to a family, the biggest on earth  
A thousand every day are coming to birth  
Our name isn't Dallas or Hated or Jones  
It's a name every man should be proud to own

It's the family of man keeps growing  
The family of man keeps sowing  
The seeds of a new life every day

2) I've got a sister in Melbourne, a brother in Pader  
The whole wide world is brother or sister to me  
Whenever you turn you'll find my kin  
Whatever the creed or the colour of his skin

3) The mine in Rhondda, the castle in Pekin  
Men across the world who reap and plough and spin  
They've all got a life and others to share it  
Let's bridge the oceans and let's declare it.

4) From the North Pole ice to the snow of the other  
There isn't a man whom I wouldn't call brother  
But I haven't much time, I've had my fill  
Of the men of war who want to kill

5) Some people say the world is a horrible place  
But it's just good or bad as the human race  
Dirt and misery or health and joy  
Man can build or man can destroy.

### Wark o' the weavers

Ewan McCall  
Inverness

1 Nine a' met t'gither here to sit & te crack  
We're ~~oor~~ glases in oor hands  
And oor wark upon oor back  
And there's no trade amang them can either  
mend or mak'. If it wasna fair the wark o' the weavers.

Thomas If it wasna fair the weavers

If it wat would we do  
We would na ha' clauth neether or woo'  
We would nae hae <sup>a coot</sup> neither black ne blue  
Gin it wasna fair the wark o' the weavers

Inverness

2 The Highland chiefs they mock us  
And crack aye aboots  
They say we are thin-faced  
And bleached like cloots  
And yet fo' a' thair mockery  
They canna dae wi' oot's  
Nay, they canna want the wark o' the  
weavers!

3 There's our Wrights and our staters  
 And glaziers and a'  
 Our doctors e our ministers  
 And them that live by law  
 And our friends in Sooth Amerikey  
 Though them we never saw  
 But we ken they wear the wark o' the weavers

4 Or sailors e our sodgers  
 We ken they're a' bo'd  
 But if they hadn'a claes  
 They couldn'a fight for eod  
 The high e low, the rich e poor  
 A' body young e auld  
 They unna want the wark o' the weavers

5 Thir's folk that's independent  
 O' ither tradesman's work  
 The women need nae bairns e the dykes need nae clothe  
 But none o' them can dae twi' oot  
 A coat or a sare  
 Nay they canna want the wark o' the weavers

6 The weaving is a trade, that never can fail  
 As lang's me need aye doot to keep an' the hal  
 So let us aye be memory  
 O'er a hicker o' guiel ale  
 And drinke lay the heft o' the weavers

## The Tailor and the Devil

① A Tailor went out walking  
A very fine summer's day  
And met the Devil stalking  
Along the Queen's highway

Chorus: "Oh ho ! You Tailor fellow  
Come quickly down to hell o  
for all my sins I've need new clothes  
Sing hallday hallday ho

② The Tailor looked him in his eye  
And said "I'll not refuse  
If you will here and now agree  
I may sew as I do choose"

③ And when they came where hell is  
He took his measuring rod  
And smote on their bodies  
(They thought it more than odd)

"Oh ho you tailor fellow !  
Get quickly out of hell o  
We don't want no more tailors here "  
Sing hallday hallday ho

3) And then he took his needle out  
 And threaded it bold and fine  
 He sewed their ears and nostrils up  
 And snatched them all in a bone

4) And when he'd made an end of that  
 He turned away from Hell  
 He bowed to old Nick and raised his hat  
 And made them a last farewell.

### French Resistance song

Rosalind Delmar

I When they called across the border  
 I was ordered to surrender  
 This I could not do  
 I took my gun and vanished

II There were five of us this morning  
 Am the only one this evening  
 Lorraine, you who know

Oh you must keep my secret-

III I have changed my name so often  
 And I've lost my wife & children  
 Still I carry on  
 The frontier is my prison

IV Then a woman gave us shelter  
Gave us food & gave us water  
Then the German came  
He died without a whisper

V Now the wind is blowing  
Through the fields the wind is blowing  
Freedom soon will come  
And we'll come from the shadows

Rep. V. I

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### Avanti popolo

I Avanti popolo  
Avanti popolo rivoluzioni, rivoluzioni  
Avanti popolo, avanti popolo  
Rivoluzioni trionfa

II bandiera rossa  
III e comunisme  
IV e Mussolini

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# Do Come Back Again

18

Once I loved a girl and I loved her as my life  
Really would I have given her my hand  
To make her my wife Long heart

But she took me by the hand & she led me to the  
And the answer that she gave me was  
"Don't come here no more  
Oh .. .

So I stayed away six weeks which came  
And she wrote me a little so [her to complete  
saying 'Please come back again'  
Oh .. .

Well I wrote her another, and it has to let her  
that a young man often ventures I know  
There he might not do go

Oh .. .

In the leaves they will take, & the roots  
And the beauty of a fair young maid [they will see  
Till soon fade away  
Oh .. .

## Po hayasius.

The sheriff he told de deputy hayas  
He says ~~the~~ deputies go out bring me ~~the~~ <sup>head</sup>  
the King him dead or 'live  
Oh lordy bring him dead or 'live

Well the deputy began to wonder  
He said where in de world can a find me  
Well I can know  
Well my lordy lord, Ah just doan know  
Well they found Po hayas  
Way off between two mountains  
And dey brought him down  
Oh my lordy lord, dey put him down

Po hayas called his sister  
Wan't you bring me one cost dawd  
Or just before Ah die  
Oh my lordy lord, befo' Ah die

Po hayas' his mothe  
She couldn't come to de funer'l  
Didn't have no shoes  
Oh lordy didn't have no shoes

Now captain did ye hear 'bont  
 Now all yo' men goan a leave you  
 Next pay day  
 Oh lordie, lordie nex pay day

### Old Shes a wif

Old man come countin me one day  
 That I won't have him  
 He come he done a walkin on a cane  
 With his durned old head a wif

Mama told me to open the door  
 No I won't budge her  
 Open the door or he fell on the floor  
 With his durned old head a wif

Mama told me to take his hat  
 Oh I won't never have him  
 If you bid me bid old shes at the cat  
 And his durned old head a wif

Mama told me to give him some cake  
 No I won't never have him  
 Give him some cake and he ate it up  
 With his durned old head a wif

Mama told me to put him to bed  
No I ain't gonna leave him

I put him to bed & he slept like he's dead  
x2 till his damned old head a-waggin'

Mama told me to kiss him goodbye  
Oh I won't have him ~~go~~ <sup>leave</sup>  
Kiss him goodbye & I thought I'd die  
till his damned old head a-waggin'

I'd if you'd git me a nice young man  
for I'm gonna have him

I'd if you'd git me a nice young man  
till his damned head a-waggin'

Tee Roo

Early one morning I went out to plough  
 Tee 100

Like 16 old oxen & a durned old cow  
 Tee 100

Up stepped the devil says How do you do  
 Tee 100

There's one in your family I must have,  
 Tee 100

Nor please don't take my oldest son  
 Tee 100

Men's work on this place that got to be done  
 Tee 100

All I want is that old wife of yours

Tee 100

Well you can have her wif all my heart  
 And promising me she'll never depart

Tee 100

So he took her up all on his back

Tee 100

He looked like an eagle skeared off with  
 Tee 100 a rack.

He got he dern by the Old Devils Den  
Fee too  
There stood a little devil with a ball & chain  
She raised her foot and she kicked out  
Fee too his brains

Ain't no little devils went climbing the wal'

Said look out pappy we'll murder us  
Fee too all

Early next morning well he peeped thor' the crack  
Fee too And he spied that old devil come a-waggin'  
Fee too back

What I says the old man well you back so  
Fee too soon

Yes I sleep' out hell o' bank up the broom  
Fee too

Now that goes to them you what a  
Fee too woman can do  
She can whip out the devil o' her hush  
Fee too To o

champion at keepin' them  
rolling

21

I am an old timer o  
I travell the road

I sit on me wagon & humph me load  
The hotbox is too jingle the coffee me absorbs  
And this well-known to Blondie & Ray

The liquor is diesel oil laced with strong tea  
And the old highway 'tude was me first ABC  
And I cut me cyclett on old ACE  
And I'm champion at keep em rolling

I've sat in me cabin & to  
And howled in the sun

Bin snowed up on Shap in the Manchester  
I've warred through Motor with me 22 ton  
Like fil that was stinkin' like blazes

From London to Glasgow to the Newcastle quay  
From Liverpost, Bristol & Bristol City  
The postmen in the road give the thumbs <sup>take</sup> sign  
But I champion at keepin' em rolling

yo

You may sing of your soldiers & sailors bold  
But there's many a many a hero unbold  
Who sits at the field in the heat & the cold  
Day after day without sleeping

So watch out for cops  
And steer down at the bends  
Check all your guitars & watch you by <sup>each</sup>  
And zig w/<sup>t</sup> your lights  
Then you pass an old friend,  
You'll be champion at keepin' em rolling

### The Gresford Disaster

You've heard of the Gresford Disaster  
And the terrible price that was paid  
242 colliers were lost  
And 3 men of the Rescue Brigade

It occurred in the month of September  
At 2 in the morning that pit  
Was wrecked by a violent explosion  
In the davies where you lay so thick

the gas in denny's deep section  
 was packed there who now is a drift  
 And many a man had to leave the coalface  
 Before he had worked out his shift

A fortnight before the explosion cried  
 To the slot fire & somwhere ~~Gasfield~~  
 If you fire that slot we'll be all blown to hell  
 And nobody can say that he lied

The fireman reports they are missing  
 The words of 42 days

The colliie manager had them destroyed  
 To cover his criminal ways

Don't there is the date they are lying  
 They died for 9/- a day [must lie]  
 They worked out their shift and its nor they  
 In the darkness until Judgment Day

The hard Raegy of border's meeting  
 To help shift the children & wives  
 The owners have just some white lies  
 To pay for the poor others' lives

Farewell my dear wives & my children  
 Farewell on dear comrades as well  
 Don't send your sons i the dark doorway  
 They'll be lowered like the sinners i hell

# Drill ye Tamers Drill

Chorus

And drill ye tamers drill  
for it's work all day for the sugar in yer tail  
Down behind the railway  
And drill ye tamers drill.  
And blast.  
And fire.

Every morning at 7 o'clock  
There were 20 tamers aworking at the rock  
The boss come along  
And he says keep still  
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill

Our new foreman's name Jimmy McCran  
By God he was a driving man  
Last week a premature blast took off  
A mile in the air went big Jim Gongl

When next pay day came around  
Jim Gongl a dollar short was found  
When he asked for why came this reply  
You was stopped for that you was up in the sky

Our bus was a good man down to the ground  
 He married a lady 6 feet around  
 She baked good bread & she baked it well  
 But she baked it hard as the hills in Hell

### The House of the Rising Sun. Shuna

American  
 probably white origin but negroid  
 influence.

1. There is a House in New Orleans  
 They call the Rising Sun  
 It's been the ruin of many a poor  
 And me Oh Lord were one.
2. My mother she's a tailor  
 She sews those new blue jeans  
 My father he's a gambling man  
 Way down in New Orleans.
3. My husband he's a rambler  
 In New Orleans town  
 The only time he's satisfied  
 When he drinks that liquor down.

If I had 've listened to what my mother  
said

I'd have been at home today  
But I was young and foolish, Oh lord.  
And rambling lead ~~me~~ me astray.

Go tell my baby sister

Don't do as I have done.

~~But I was young and foolish of~~

And to shun that house in New  
~~Lord~~ Orleans

They call ~~the~~ the Rising Sun.

I'm going back to New Orleans

My road is almost run

I'm going back to spend my days  
Beneath the Rising Sun.

Send my love yellow roses

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

climces.

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 no one can save me  
 Remember, remember  
 Send my love little yellow roses

My father told me that all men are equal  
 Whatever color religion or land  
 He 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  
 The ~~thorns~~ pricked her finger how sharp the  
<sup>thorn grows</sup>  
 He made a row that till death did part us  
 We'd never look on that wild yellow rose

Reuben James.

Weaver.

Woody Guthrie

Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James  
Name'd by hard fighting men bolt of honour e same?  
She flies the stars and stripes of the land of the free  
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea

phones 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-boats e waited for the fight  
Then the fire, e the rock, and the great explosion round  
They laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright  
In the farms e the cities they're telling the fight  
And now our mighty battleships will steam the <sup>bounding main</sup>  
And remember the name of the good Reuben James 

Well many years have passed since those brave men  
<sup>were gone</sup>  
And those cold icy waters now are still e are  
<sup>e are</sup>  
calm

Many years have passed but still I wonder why  
The worst of men must fight e the best of men must die

(James Reeves  
East Coast USA  
version  
Ann Phinne )

## Foggy Dew

I am a young bachelor  
I follow the weaving trade  
And all the harm that ever I done  
Was to court a pretty fair maid

I courted her all the summer time  
And in the winter too  
And all the harm that ever I done  
Was to think on the foggy dew

One night she came to my bedchamber  
As I lay fast asleep  
Oh come into my arms, my pretty young man  
Get out of the foggy dew

She lay in my arms till broad daylight  
The sun began to shine  
I turned my back on my own true love  
Goodbye my love I'm gone

All in the first part of the year  
The green gables in the face  
And in the second part of the year  
The green bage around the waist

And in the third part of the year  
She bore to me a son  
And now you see as well as I  
What the foggy deer has done

I loved that girl with all my heart  
I loved her with my life  
So in the fourth part of the year  
I made her my lawful wife

I never held it up to her  
Nor did I take its deer  
But every time the baby cries  
I think of the foggy deer.

· Bring a little water Sylvie Peggy Seeger

Well it was long, hot summer's day, and there was a man working out in the fields. He got so hot and he got so thirsty, he'd just raise back his head & he'd sing: —

Bring a little water by linc

Bring a little water now.

Bring a little water by linc

Every little come in a while ( $\times 2$ )

Now he waited a while & nothing happened so he sang out at her again, a little louder this time

Can't you hear me calling?

But Sylvie was already on her way, running across those fields with a cool glass of water in her hand, and she sang out at him: "can't you see me coming?" No, I can't see you coming with all that tall corn in the way.

Can't you see me coming?

Finally Sylvie got there; she had that cool glass of water in her hand. She drank it down at one gulp and wanted more. "What do you think I do all day? Just got time to get you cool glasses of water? I've got my work too, you know - house and kids, starts when the sun goes down like youn does. But he just laughed & said

Bring it in a bucket sylphie

Soon he found he was humming it  
Whenever he went (hum)  
And whistling it as he walked along  
During the day & night.  
And late at night he'd sing it as  
A lullaby to his kids, quiet & soft.  
Bring a little water sylphie.

---

(Lalypoo lullaby)

Come little baby, don't say a word  
Mummy's gonna buy you a mockin' bird  
If that mocking bird don't sing  
Mommals gonna buy you a diamond ring  
If that diamond ring is brass  
Momma's gonna buy you a looking glass  
If that looking glass gets broke  
Momma's gonna buy you a billy goat  
If that billy goat won't pull  
Mommals gonna buy you a lonsack bull  
And if that lonsack bull turns one  
Mommals gonna buy you a dog named Rose  
If that dog named Rose don't bark  
Mommals gonna buy you a horse & cat  
If that horse & cat breaks down  
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in the town

27

# Devilish Mary

They say that I'm too old.

I once dressed up and went to Town  
to court a fair young lady  
I enquired about her name,  
Her name was Devilish Mary

Chorus. Follow king come a-lining come a-lining } x 2  
Follow king come a-lining

He and Mary began to spark  
And she got in a hurry  
We fixed it up that very night  
We'd marry the very next Thursday

We hadn't been married but about two weeks  
When she got mean as the Devil  
And every time I said a word  
She hit me with a shovel

She washed my clothes in old soap nuts  
She filled my bath with snotches  
She let me know right at the start  
She was going to wear my bitches

One day I said to Mary  
I think we'd best be parted  
Just as I said the words  
out of the door She started

Now if I ever marry again  
It'll be for love not riches  
~~I'll be for love n~~

Marry a little gal 'bout two feet tall  
So she can't wear my breeches.

---

### Rio Grande.

Oh say were you ever in Rio Grande (Oh Rio)  
It's there that the river flows down golden sand  
Ch. And we're bound for the Rio Grande etc.

And good bye, fare you well, all you ladies of town (n)  
We've left you enough far to buy a silk gown

So it's pack up your donkey & get underway  
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay

Now you Boney ladies, we'd have you to know  
We're bound to the southward, so bids let us go no

Mores. Then away, love, away

way down Rio

So fare you well my pretty young gal  
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

# Keepin' e-wailing

Ann Plumme

One evening in summer as twilight was  
falling  
Down by the river I chanced to ram  
And there a young man sat a-weeping &  
a-wailing  
A rocking the cradle that was not his own

chor Sing idle-o boy  
Sweet baby lie easy  
Your own daddy will never be known  
With a weeping & a-wailing & rocking the  
cradle  
Of somebody's baby that is not your own

It was first when I married you  
I thought like a fool I was blessed with a wife  
his <sup>innocent mother</sup> now to my sorrow a sad lamentation  
She's turned out the plague & the curse of my  
life

Go every night to some ball or  
dance-hall  
While I am left with the baby alone  
An innocent laddie who calls me his daddy  
Howz little he knows that I am not his own

lone all you young fellows who someday  
may marry  
take my advice & leave women alone  
for by the Lord Harry if ever you marry  
she'll give you a baby & take it's  
your own.

---

### Zum Gali gali

For every pioneer there is labour  
Labour for each honest pioneer  
(Zum gali gali)

Every pioneer has a sweetheart  
Every sweetheart has a pioneer

Every nation must have peace  
And for peace each nation must strive

---

# Alphonse Specioni

list to me while I tell you  
of the Spaniard who blighted my life  
list to me while I tell you  
of the man who stole my future wife

It was at the bull-fight that I met him  
(met him)

we were watching his daring display (display)  
and while I went out for some nuts & a programme  
the dirty dog stole her away (oh yes, she was)  
And I've sworn I shall have my revenge  
~~cheer~~ when I eat Alphonse Spec. the toro-ado

With one mighty swipe I shall dislodge this  
muddy jar tra-la-la

I'll fight that bullfight, I will  
When I eat the pig's life I've sworn I shall kill  
He shall die he shall die etc.  
I'll raise a banner on his spaniel neck  
If I eat him headless tonight ô

Yes if I eatel Specioni  
He'll wish that he'd never been born  
And for this special reason  
My stiletto I've fetched out of pawn

It cost me five shillings to get it (got it)  
the expense it did cause me much pain (mp)  
But the pawn-brokers promised when  
I eatel spicin  
to take it & pawn once again (oh yes etc)  
And to night there will be dirty work  
etc.

---

fruit-cake

Ann Plumbe

We're coming, we're coming

Our crude little hand

To take all the fruit-cake from this wicked land

dance

Away, away [with rum, by gum] x 3  
That's the song of the salvation army

We're going to ban fruit-cake

It's chock-full of rum

Just one single bite puts a man on the bum.

Can you imagine a mere terrible sight

Than a man who eats fruit-cake until he is  
tight

A man who eats fruit-cake

Is a terrible disgrace

He rolls in the gutter with crumbs on his face

A man who eats fruit-cake

leads a terrible life

He's cruel to his children & beats up his wife

A man who eats fruit-cake

Dies a terrible death

With the odor of raisins & rum on his breath

I was born in East Virginia

heavens

I was born in East Virginia  
North Carolina I did go  
then I met the fairest maiden  
Her name & age I did not know

Her hair it was a light brown color  
Cheeks they were a ruby red  
On her breast there were white lilies  
Where I long to lay my head

Repeat 1

louping doves don't know my sorrow  
louping doves don't know my shame  
Once they've counted one another  
They never fly that way again

Repeat 1

---

West Virginia for -



little old woman & the pig

Beneath the Gallows Tree weaves

~~Pipes & Pins (Bene T' venice)~~

Farewell ye dungeons dark & strong  
Farewell farewell to thee  
A cursing song will not be long  
Upon the gallows tree

Say run to me say swan-tail  
Say daunt'ly played he  
He playcd a tune and he danced aroon'  
~~Below~~ the gallows tree

"Far little did my mother know  
When first she cradled me  
That I would become a roving boy  
And die on the gallows tree

Untie these bands from both my hands  
And give to me my bow  
I'm set to leave my brave Scotland  
For a time before I go

There's none come here to see me hanged  
And none to steal my fiddle  
But before that I do part with her  
I'll break her through the middle"

He took the fiddle into both his hands  
 He broke it o'er his knee  
 Said "When I am gone no other hands  
 Shall ever play on thee"

After cl. He played a tune & he danced aroon'  
 And they hanged him to the tree

---

### I wanna travel on.

x2 { Done laid around & stayed around in this old town too long  
 (i) Summers almost gone, summers almost gone  
 (ii) And I feel like I wanna travel on

x2 { Well there's a lonesome freight at 6:05 comin' thro' the town  
 (i) I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound  
 (ii) And I feel like I wanna travel on

{ The chilly wind will soon begin, I'll be on my way  
 On a lonesome day going home to stay  
 And I feel etc.

{ I've waited here for most a year waiting for  
 Waiting for the sun to shine hoping you would  
 change your mind  
 Now I feel like I wanna travel on.

## Dirty Old Town

I found my love by the gasworks soft  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
Kissed my girl by the factory wall  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

The clouds are drifting across the moon  
Lads are prancing on their beat  
Singing a girl in the street at night  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the dock  
Saw a train set the night on fire  
Smelt the smoke on the smoky wind  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to take a good sharp axe  
Shining steel tempered in the fire  
Chop you down like an old dead tree  
Dirty old town, dirty old town

# My Johnny was a Shoemaker

My Johnny was a shoemaker  
 And dearly he loved me  
 My Johnny was a shoemaker  
 And now he's gone to sea  
 To reef the topsails he has gone  
 And sail upon the bright blue sea

His jacket was a deep sky blue  
 And curling was his hair  
 His jacket  
 It was I do declare  
 With dirty rist to soot his hands  
 And sail upon the bright blue sea

A captain he will be one day  
 With a brave and a valiant crew  
 A captain . . .  
 With a sword and a spy glass too  
 And when he gets a vessel of his own  
 Then he'll come back and marry me

And when I am a captain's wife  
 I'll sing the while day long  
 And when . . .  
 Then this shall be my song  
 Many peace and plenty bles on day  
 And a little one upon our knee

## Lonesome Travelling Weavers.

- 1 I am a lonely & a lonesome traveller (x 3)  
I been a-travelling on
- 2 I travelled here & then I travelled yonder x 3  
I been a-travelling on
- 3 I travelled cold & then I travelled hungry x 3  
I went a-travelling on
- 4 I travelled up the mountain travelled down  
in the valley & 3  
Well I been a travelling on
- 5 I travelled with the wind travelled with  
the poon & 3  
I been a-travelling on
- 6 One of these days I'm gonna stop all  
my travelling x 3  
Stop all this travel time
- 7 I'll keep <sup>right</sup> on travelling this lonesome trail x 3  
Keep on travelling on

Pearl and Need



## Devils of Gresteoas

I will ask you questions nine - sing ninety nine & ninety,  
 To see if you're God's child ~~or~~ or one of mine.  
 and you are the weaver's bonny,

Q What is whiter than the milk sing 99 & 90  
 And what is softer than the silk.  
 And you are the weaver's bonny ?

A Snow is whiter than the milk sing 99 & 90  
 & down is softer than the silk.  
 And I am the weaver's bonny.

Q What is louder than a Horn - sing 99 & 90  
 and what is sharper than a thorn  
 And you are the weaver's bonny?

A Thunder is louder than a horn sing 99 & 90  
 And death is sharper than a thorn  
 And I am the weaver's bonny.  
 (taller)

Q What is higher than a tree sing 99 & 90  
 And what is deeper than the sea  
 And you are the weaver's bonny ?

(Taller)

A Heaven is higher than a tree sing 99 & 90  
And Hell is deeper than the sea  
And I am the weaver's bonny.

Q What's more innocent than a lamb sing 99 & 90  
And what is meaner than woman kind  
And you are the weaver's bonny?

A Babe's more innocent than a lamb  
sing 99 & 90.  
And a le dev'l's meaner than woman kind  
And I am the weaver's bonny.

You have answered my questions nine sing 99 & 90  
And you are God's child not one of mine  
And you are the weaver's bonny.

Woodling & Elf

FSC

When I was a woodling & you were an elf.  
And you were too young to look after yourself  
I undertook to see you through  
I did all you asked & a little more too

Each morning you had open lips  
While I ate your bacon, you ate my chips  
And after, we'd go to a nearby copse  
You did your firelighting, I did my knots

Listening to the Ocean. Lalypso-

There's a world of sun & sand  
full of sky & far from land  
Where evening breezes caress the shore  
like a gentle comforting hand  
fragrant blossoms, honey bees  
laughing laughter upon the ledge  
And leaves fade into pools of purple  
Madrass among the trees

listen to the ocean  
Beaches of a million seashells  
Never it is in motion  
Moving to a <sup>rhythmic</sup> unwritten music  
that is played eternally

The sound of the sea gulls distant cry  
His wings like parentheses drawn in the sky  
And two-eyed <sup>bird</sup> clinging like foam  
To the crest of a wave rolling by  
The silence of noon  
The clamour of night  
The heat of the day when the fish won't bite  
These are the things that remind me of  
the day you sailed out of sight

Lantern leavers.

The Virgin Mary Had a Baby Boy. (Heavens!)

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy (x 3)  
And they say that his name was Jesus

Monus He come from the glory (he comedown) x2  
He come from the Glorious Kingdom

Oh yes, believe (x 2)

He come from the glory (he comedown)

He come from the Glorious Kingdom,

the

The wise man saw where the Baby was born x 3  
And they say that his name was Jesus

The Angels sang when the Baby was born.  
And they say that his name was Jesus.

Johnny Tod (Rhine-Z-car) Hans

Johnny Tod he took a notion  
 Far to sail the ocean wide  
 And he left his love behind him  
 Weeping by the Liverpool tide

For a while she wept full sorrow  
 Tore her hair & unring her hands  
 Till she met another sailor  
 Walking on the Liverpool Sands

"Why fair maiden are you weeping  
 For your Johnny gone to sea  
 If you'll meet with me tomorrow  
 I will kind & constant be

I will buy you sheets & blankets  
 I will buy for you a ring  
 And I'll give you a gilded wadle  
 An to rock your baby in"

Johnny Tod came back from sailing  
 Sailing o'er the ocean wide  
 But he found his fair & false one  
 Was another sailor's bride

To all you men who go a-sailin'  
Far to fight the foreign foe  
Don't you leave your love like Johnny  
Many her before you go.

---

### Stewball

Well Stewball he was a grey-neck  
Ol' Ringo he was a brown  
Ol' Stewball he'd beat ol' Ringo  
On the very last go round

You bet on Stewball boy & you might win x3  
You bet on Stewball, an' you might win

Way out in California  
Where ol' Stewball he was born  
All the jockeys in the country  
They said

It was a big day down in Dallas  
Down you wish you were there  
And you would bet your bottom dollar  
On that iron way steed

well the value of his horses  
 It has never yet been told  
 On his bridle there was silver  
 On the saddle there was gold

---

### Wild West.      he has

Along the trail you'll find me  
 Where the spaces are wide open  
 In the land of the old west      Yahoo  
 Where enemy's attracted  
 And the air is radioactive  
 On the wild west is where I wanna be

And the sage brush & the cactus  
 I'll watch the fellows practise  
 Dropping bombs through the clean desert breezes  
 I'll have on my tanks <sup>new</sup> (Yahoo)  
 And o'erwise I'll wear o' levi's  
 On my lead PVDs

I'll will leave the city's bust  
 leave the fancy & the plush  
 leave the morn & leave the slush  
 And the crowds  
 I will seek the deserts' bust  
 Where the enemy is bust

how I long to see the mushroom clouds  
it

Did the yadás o the thistles  
I'll watch the guided missiles  
while the Ad FBI watches me (Yahoo)  
yo I'll soon make my appearance  
soon as I can get my clearance  
cos' the Wild West is where I wanna be

---

Fight Fiercely Harvard

Fight fiercely Harvard fight fight fight  
Demonstrate to them our skill  
Albeit they possess the night  
Nonetheless we have the will  
How we will celebrate our victory  
We shall invite the whole team back to tea  
And their spheriod down the field  
And fight fight fight

Fight fiercely Harvard fight fight  
Impress them with our prowess do  
Oh fellows do not let the curtain down  
Be of stout heart & true  
Come on chaps fight for Harvard's glorious name  
Won't it be peachey if we win the game  
\* How jolly Oh goodness

"2.

lets try not to injure them  
But fight fight fight  
(lets not be rough though)  
fight fight fight  
(and do fight finely)  
fight fight fight.

### Back to Dixie

I wanna go back to Dixie  
Take me back to dear ol' Dixie  
That's the only lil place for lil ole me  
Old times they are, not forgotten  
Boppin slaves & sellin' cotton  
And waitin' for the Robert E Lee  
(It was never there or time  
I'll go back to the swanee  
Where polaca makes ye scrumpy  
And the honeysuckle clutters up the vine  
I really am a-fixing  
To go home and flat a-mizin'  
Down below that Mason-Dixie line

Oh pol-tax, how I love ye \*2

My dear ole pol-tax

won't ye come with me to Alabama  
Hack to the arms of my dear ole Mammy  
Her cooking's lousy her hands are  
clammy

But what the hell it's home

Yes' for Paradise the huthland is my nominee  
Just give me a ham-hock & a git of  
herrings

I wanna go back to Dixie.

I wanna be in Dixie ~~place~~  
And eat corn-pone till it's onion <sup>on a</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>can</sup>  
I want to talk with Southern gal me  
Put my my white sheet on again  
I ain't seen one good lynching in years

The land of the bold sweet

Where the laws are medieval

Telling me to come & never more roan

I wanna go back to the Southland  
That "you-all" "and" "shut na mouth" land

If it ever so decadent

There's no place like home

---

# The Old Dorn low

Thomas

There was Brown upside down  
 Flipping up the whisky on the floor  
 "Boye booze!" the fireman cried  
 As they came knocking at the door  
 "Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up"  
 Someone shouted back inside  
 And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk  
 When the Old Dorn low caught fire!

I some pals and I in a public house playing  
 dominoes last night  
 Then all in a flenny and in a dame  
 with a face fit a Rite  
 "What's up" said Brown "have you seen  
 you seen your Aunt Nance?"  
 "The Aunt Nance he borrowed" said he  
 Re blooming pub's on fire  
 "On fire" said Brown "what a bit o' luck  
 What a bit o' luck" said he  
 Down in the cellar if the fire ain't there  
 We'll have a nose old spake  
 So we all went down in' good old Brown  
 And beer we could not miss and we hadn't  
 been five minutes here  
 when we were all like this

Nor Johnson rushed to the port wine jugs  
gave it one or two hard knocks  
started taking off his pantaloons likewise  
his buck & socks

"Oh no" said Snooks "if you want to  
wash your feet  
there's jugs of foul ale here  
Don't wash trotters in a port wine jugs  
when

Perry most

fashion programme parade  
3 lonely ladies from Banan  
8 George & the Dragon  
clothes shopping  
Run Cow  
Eddy store bright  
The Hobo's lullaby

Plum  
Jill  
Sue Nick  
Dave Greg  
Mike Duke

Andrews ad -  
Ventriloquist ?

Pete  
John  
Philip

Baldwin - Refugee play] Keelt  
Nick 15 mins

Elton - Jew Harp John  
Chairboys John  
Dr Faustus  
Staff Sketch.

Giles - sugar plum song

82/10/79  
1120 ab Comp  
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Merton SW19

Lidkemer  
27 Song Park Hill Rd  
S. Croydon  
CR0 3953 Surrey

Vellaecht  
89 Throstlewood Rd  
SE21

Gill Saunders  
130 Hatchment Rd  
Kingston on Thames

Cole Grates  
70 Ellengowan Gdns  
Edin. 10  
MGR 1055

Stef Piymer.  
32<sup>B</sup> Lambolle Rd  
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H. 16



David McBrayde  
23 Clements Road  
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17. Church Avenue  
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The Virgin Mary had a baby boy 38  
Johnny Ted 39  
8tenball 39  
the kid he'd to  
fight fiercely Howard 40  
Back to Dixie 41

I think this handwritten song book  
belonged to Fran Seeley and  
that her brother Pete brought  
to Peter & Helen (nee Kaste) Weingreicht's  
flat in Colney Hatch Lane - where FS's  
first song book was put together by Bill Wicks.