



FOREST SCHOOL CAMPS

SONG BOOK

This song book has been culled from the biases of the Glee Committee, who prefer, in this instance, to remain anonymous.

Our aim has been to include both songs which are sung or have been sung successfully at a full lodge campfire, and also songs more properly considered as solo items which have choruses singable by lesser (less musically insensitive?) mortals.

Most people will find that a favourite song of theirs has been omitted; for this we tender no apologies. It is, however, proposed to issue bi-annual additions to the basic song book, and if you feel any particular lack, tell your Gleeman, who will pass the information on.

There are no grounds for taking the words of songs given as the 'correct' ones, they may well be inferior to those which are known by a member of the camp. We believe, therefore, that the song book will make its greatest contribution if used sparingly at camp fires, perhaps only at the first one or two.

Most of the work which went into the collecting of these songs was done by Helen Weiureich, and we are indebted to her for this.

We suggest that you write your name here, for we feel that the song book will be very popular and you will wish to identify your own copy.

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THE HUNTSMAN

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

CHORUS:

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

2. Shall all my blowings be just forlorn
Far better were I no huntsman born.
3. He cast his net the bush about
A nut brown damsel sprung quickly out.
4. O' Nut brown damsel escape me not
I have great big hounds that will fetch thee hot.
5. Thy great big hounds they will fetch me not
My high mighty leapings they know them not.
6. The high mighty leapings they know full well
They know that today death thee must fell.
7. And if I die then, I'll be dead
O bury me deep 'neath the roses red
8. And under the lilies and roses red
I'll sleep for ever in my last bed
9. And on her grave three lilies grew
A squire rode by and would pick the few.
10. O - Squire forbear, let the lilies stand
They are for a fresh young huntsman's hand.

GEORDIE'S PINKER

Geordie's lost 'is pinker (three times)
Doon the double ra'

It rolled right doon the cundie (three times)
Doon the double ra'

Geordie cou'na fetch it (three times)
etc.

He's gan ter get a claithes prop.

He's rammed it up the cundie.

Still he cou'na fetch it.

He's gan ter get a terrier.

He's pushed him up the cundie.

Still he cou'na fetch it.

He's gan and got gunpowder.

He's rammed it up the cundie
And he's blown down double ra'.

Still he cou'na fetch it
And he's blown down double ra'

'Twas in his bleddy pocket
And he's blown down double ra'.

DID YOU EVER SEE.

1. Mrs. Jones she had a mangle,
She did turn it with a handle
She did turn it with such pow'r
She did forty miles an hour
Did you ever see (twice)
Did you ever see such a funny thing before.
2. There's a little pub in Wales
Where they sell the best of ales
If you want a drink on Sunday
You will have to wait till Monday.
3. Oh I had a brother Rupert
He did play full back for Newport
But whilst playing at Llanelli
They did kick him in the belly.
4. Oh I had a brother Ikey
Who did ride a motor biky
And he said he rode to Gower
In a quarter of an hour.
5. Then I had a sister Phyllis
Who did work at Pontardulais
But the boss he had to sack her
'Cos he caught her chewing 'bacca'.
6. Oh I had a brother Trevor
He was very very clever
He could play upon the fiddle
Up the sides and down the middle
7. Oh I had a sister Anna
She did play the grand pianna
When she played full presto
All the buttons fly off her vesto.

A CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Whalloping Window Blind
No wind that blew dismayed the crew
Or troubled the captain's mind
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow
Though it often appeared when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS:

Then blow ye winds heigh ho, a-roving I will go
I'll stay no more on England's shore
So let the music play-ay-ay
I'm off for the morning train
I'll cross the raging main
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove
Ten thousand miles away.

The bo'swain's mate was very sedate
Yet fond of amusement too
He played hop scotch with the starboard watch
While the captain he tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad.
For he sat on the after rail
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of a booming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day,
And the cook was Dutch and behaved as such
For the diet he served the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue.

continued on next page.

A CAPITAL SHIP (continued)

All nautical pride we laid aside,
As we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles where the Poopoo smiles
And the rubbly Udbugs roar
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shining sea.

On Rugbug bark from morn till dark
We dined till we had grown
Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone
She was chubby and square but we didn't much care
So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

HUSH LITTLE BABY

Hush little baby, don't say a word
Mama's going to buy you a mocking-bird
If that mocking-bird don't sing
Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring
If that diamong ring is brass
Mama's going to buy you a looking-glass
If that looking-glass gets broke
Mama's going to buy you a billy-goat,
If that billygoat don't pull
Mama's going to buy you a Cossack bull
If that Cossack bull turn over
Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover
If that dog named Rover don't bark
Mama's going to buy you a horse and cart
If that horse and cart break down -----
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in the town.

STANLEY AND DORA

Stanley and Dora was lovers,
They met down the Tot'nam Court Road,
A whoopin' it up at the Palais,
Where the ice cream fountains flowed,
He was her man, a Looney Binagon fan.

Now Dora worked at the Dominion,
The best usherette in the flicks.
She sold Stan a ticket for one and nine
Wot did oughta cost four and six,
He left his cosh in his mackintosh.

Well Dora was swiftly promoted,
To the circle she rose in a dream,
When who should she see but young Stanley
Wiy the chick wot sold ice-cream,
He'd chuckd her up for a Walls' ice cup.

But justice came soon to poor Dora,
For Stan and his Walls' ice cream,
They both was killed in the rush for the exit
When they played 'God Save the Queen'.
God save our Stan, the only one wot can.

RAMBLING BOY

Well I'm a rake and a rambling boy
There's many a city I did enjoy
And now I've married me a pretty little wife
And I love her dear as I love my life.

Oh she was pretty, both neat and gay
Caused me to rob the broad highway,
Oh yes, I robbed it I do declare,
And I got myself ten thousand there.

Oh, when I die, don't bury me at all
Just place my bones in alcohol,
And at my feet place a white stone dove
To tell the world that I died for love.

WOODLING AND ELF

When I was a Woodling and you were an Elf,
And you were too young to look after yourself,
I undertook to see you through,
I did all you asked and a little more too.

Each morning at Breakfast 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, while I did my knots.

We preached high morals, from love & the rest,
To stick to our scruples, we did our best.
Each night as our fair little heads touched the pillow,
We stripped, we stripped, we stripped ... the Willow.

Oh dearest, o darling, I try to forget,
The tears of sorrow, the long year of regret.
It was like losing my complementary half,
When you ran off with a member of Staff.

CHEVALIER DE LA TABLE RONDE

Chevalier de la table ronde
Goutons voir si le vin est bon (2)
Goutons voir oui oui oui,
Goutons voir non non non,
Goutons voir si le vin est bon (2)

S'il est bon s'il est agreeable,
J'en boirai jusqu'a mon plaisir.(2)
J'en boirai oui

J'en boirai cinq ou six bouteilles,
Et une femme sur mes genoux (2)
Et une femme

Toc toc toc . Qui frappe a la porte?
Je crois bien, ca c'est son mari. (2)
Je crois bien

Si je meurs,je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans une cave ou il y a du bon vin.(2)
Dans une cave

Les deux pieds contre la muraille,
Et la tete sous le robinet.(2)
Et la tete

Sur ma tombe je veux qu'on ecrive
ici Git le roi des buveurs. (2)
Ici Git

ALOUETTE (French Canadian)

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te pumerai:- la tete, le bec, le nez, le dos,
les pattes, le cou, les ails.
Et la tete

FREIGHT TRAIN

CHORUS:

Freight train, freight train, going so fast
Freight train, freight train, going so fast
I don't know what train he's on
Won't you tell me where he's gone.

Don't know where he's heading for,
What he's done against the law,
He's got no future, got no hope,
Just nothing but the rope.

CHORUS:

He's lost his reason, lost his life,
He killed his friend in mortal strife
He must keep moving like the rolling skies
Just a-waiting 'till he dies.

CHORUS:

When he dies, just bury him please
Way down at the end of old Chestnut Street,
Poplars at his head and feet,
Tell the world he has gone to sleep.

CHORUS:

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE

A la claire fontaine, j'en allant promener
J'ai trouver l'eau si claire, Que je m'y suis baigné.

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierais.
(Chorus)

Sous les feuilles d'un chene, Je me suis fait seche,
Sur la plus haute branche un rossignol chantait.

J'ai perdu mon amie, Sans l'avoir merite,
Pour un bouquet de roses, Que je lui refusais.

BANKS OF THE OHIO

And only say that you'll be mine, In no others arms entwine.
Down beside where the waters flow, Down by the banks of the Ohio.

Chorus.

I asked my love to take a walk, Just a walk, just a little walk.
Down beside where the waters flow, Down by the banks of the Ohio.

I held a knife against her breast , As into my arms she pressed.
She cried "Oh Willie, don't you murder me, I'm not prepared
for eternity".

I took her by the lily white hand, And led her down to the
water's stand.

I picked her up & pitched her in, Then watched her body
floating by.

I walked back t'wixt twelve & one, Cried "My God what have
I done?

I've killed the only woman I loved, because she would not
be my bride."

CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE.

Children go where I send thee, How shall I send thee?
Well I'm going to send thee one by one, One
For the iddy, biddy baby that was born, born, born
Born in Bethlehem.

Two by two. Two for Paul and Silas.

Three for the Hebrew children.

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the gospel preachers

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never went to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine all dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments,

WHAT DO YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL

What did you learn in school today)
Dear little boy of mine?)
What did you learn in school today) Chorus
Dear little boy of mine?)

I learned that Washington never told a lie;
I learned that soldiers seldom die.
I learned that everybody's free,
That's what the teacher said to me.

That's what I learned in school today)
That's what I learned in School.)

I learned that policemen are my friends
I learned that justice never ends.
I learned that murderers die for their crimes
Even if we make a mistake sometimes:

I learned that our government must be strong,
It's always right and never wrong.
Our leaders are the finest men
And we elect them, again and again.

I learned that war is not so bad,
I learned about the great ones we have had.
We fought in Germany and in France,
And some day I may get my chance.

MARY HAMILTON

Word is to the kitchen gone, And word is to the hall;
And word is up to Madame, the Queen, And that's the worst of all,
That Mary Hamilton's borne a babe To the highest Stuart of all.

Oh rise, arise Mary Hamilton, Rise and tell to me
What thou hast done with thy wee babe, I saw and heard weep by thee.

I put him in a tiny boat, And cast him out to sea,
That he might sink or he might swim But he'd never come back to me.

Oh rise, arise Mary Hamilton, Arise and come with me,
There is a wedding in Glasgow Town, This night we'll go and see.

She put not on her robes of black, Nor yet her robes of brown
But she put on her robes of white, To ride into Glasgow Town.

As she rode into Glasgow Town, The city for to see,
The Bailiff's wife and Provost's wife Cried "Oh and alas for thee".

"You need not weep for me" she cried "You need not weep for me"
For had I not slain my own wee babe, This death I would not die".

"How little did my mother think, when first she cradled me,
The lands I was to travel in, And the death I was to die".

"Last night I washed the Queen's feet, Put the gold in her hair
And the only reward I find for this: The gallows to be my share."

"Cast off! Cast off my gown!" she cried, But let my petticoat be,
And tie a napkin round my face: The gallows I would not see".

Then by and come the King himself, Looked up with a pitiful eye
"Come down! Come down, Mary Hamilton, Tonight you dine with me".

"Oh, hold your tongue, my Sovereign Liege, And let your folly be
For if you had a mind to save my life, You would never
have 'shamed' me."

Last night there were four Mary's,
Tonight there'll be but three,
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton
And Mary Carmichael and me."

PEAT BOG SOLDIERS

Far and wide as the eye can wander
Heath and bog are every where.
Not a bird sings out to greet us
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

CHORUS: We are the Peat Bog Soldiers
Marching with our spades to the moor.

Up and down the guards are pacing,
No one, no one can get through.
Flight t'would mean a sure death facing.
Guns and barbed wire greet our view .

CHORUS:

But for us there's no complaining,
Winter will in time be past,
Then at last we'll cry rejoicing,
Homeland dear, you're ours at last.

CHORUS: PEACE I ASK OF THEE! O RIVER

Peace, I ask of thee, o river,
Peace, peace, peace.
When I learn to live serenely, cares will cease.
From the hills I gather courage.
Vision of the day to be.
Strength to lead and faith to follow.
All are given unto me.
Peace I ask of thee o river.
Peace, peace, peace.

THE LOGGER LOVER

As I sat down one evening, within a small cafe,
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:
I see that you're a Logger and not just a common bum
'Cause nobody but a Logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

My Lover was a Logger, there's none like him today,
If you put whisky on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.
He never shaved his whiskers from off his horny hide,
He'd just drive them in with a hammer
and bite them off inside.

My Lover came to see me, upon a freezing day,
He held me in a fond embrace, which broke three vertebrae.
He kissed me when we parted, so hard it broke my jaw
I could not speak to tell him,
he forgot his mackinaw.

I saw my Lover leaving, up saunterin' through the snow,
Going bravely onward at forty eight below.
The weather tried to freeze him, it tried it's level best,
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.

It froze right through to China, it froze to the
stars above,
At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze
my Logger love
And so I lost my lover, and it's to this cafe I come,
And here I wait 'till someone stirs his coffee with
his thumb.

PRICKELI-BUSH

CHORUS: O the prickeli-bush, that breaks my heart so sore
If I ever get out of this prickeli bush
I'll never get in it any more.

Hangman stay your hand, o stay it for a while,
For I think I see my father a-coming Over yonder stile.

Father have you brought me gold, or silver to see me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?

No, I have not brought you gold, or silver to see you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree.

(repeat with mother and brother)

Hangman stay your hand, o stay it for a while
For I think ;- see my true love a-coming over yonder stile.

True love, have you brought me gold, or silver to set me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?

Yes, I have brought you gold and silver to set you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree

O the prickeli bush, that broke my heart so sore
Now I am out of that prickeli bush
I'll never get in it any more.

WILD GOOSE

Last night I heard the wild goose cry
Winging north in the evening sky
I tried to sleep but it weren't no use
For I am the brother to the old wild goose.

CHORUS:

My heart knows what the wild goose knows
And I must go where the wild goose goes
Wild goose, brother goose, which is best ?
A wandering soul, or a heart at rest?

The cabin is warm and the snow is deep
And I have a woman who lies asleep
When she wakes at tomorrow's dawn
She'll find, poor critter, that her man has gone.

My woman is kind and good to me
She thinks that she loves me, the more fool she
She must learn that it ain't no use
To love the brother to the old wild goose.

The Spring will come and the ice will break
And I can't linger for a woman's sake
She'll see a shadow pass overhead
She'll find a goose-feather by her bed.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

When I was a sinner, I sinned both night and day
Asked my Lord to help me, He showed me the Way.

CHORUS: Go tell it on the mountain
Over the hills & everywhere,
Go tell it on the mountain
That Jesus Christ is born.

When I was a gambler I gambled both night and day
Asked my Lord to help me, He showed me the Way.

CHORUS:

I NEVER WILL MARRY

As I went out walking down by the sea shore
The wind it did whistle, and the waves they did roar.

I heard a fair maiden make a pitiful cry
It sounded so lonesome in the waters nearby.

CHORUS: I never will marry, I'll be no man's wife,
I'd rather stay single for the rest of my life.

My love's gone and left me, the one I adore
He's gone, and I never will see him no more.

The shells in the ocean shall be my death bed,
And fish in deep water swim over my head.

CHORUS:

She threw her fair body in the water so deep
She closed her pretty blue eyes in one long last sleep.

The shells in the ocean and the fish in the sea,
They all have their places, but there's no place for me.

TRUE LOVE

True love, true love, don't you lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night?
In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines,
And shivered with cold, dreadful cold.

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

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

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

THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

On the streets of New York City
When the hour was getting late,
Lurked young men armed with knives and guns,
Young men with armed with bats;
And Lou Marsh stepped between them
And died there in his tracks,
For one man is no army, when a city turns its back.

CHORUS:

And now the streets are empty
And now the streets are dark,
So keep an eye on shadows,
And never pass the park.
For the city is a jungle
When the law is out of sight,
And death lurks in El-Bareo
With the orphans of the night.

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

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

COME FOLLOW

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, whither shall I follow,
follow thee?
To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood, to the Greenwood,
Greenwood tree, (x 2)

SIXTEEN TONS

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

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

Now some people say a man is made out of mud,
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood, and skin and bone,
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong,

I was born one morning in the drizzling rain,
Fighting and trouble are my middle name.
I was raised in the cane brake by an old mother line
Can't get a high toned woman make me walk the line.

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

TIME FOR MAN

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

SLOOP JOHN "B"

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

So hoist up the John B.sails, See how the main sail set,
Send for the Captain a-shore, Let me go home; Let me go home,
I feel so break up, I want to go home.

The first mate, oh, he got drunk, He broke up the people's
trunk;

Constable had to come and take him away, Sheriff Johnstone.
Please let me alone; I feel so break up, I want to go home.

BOTANY BAY

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

Singing tooral, liooral, liadditty,
Singing tooral, liooral, liay,
Singing tooral, liooral, liadditty,
For we're bound for the Botany Bay.

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

'Taint the leaving Old England we cares about,
'Taint because we mispells wot we knows,
But because all we light finger'd gentry,
Hops around with a log on our toes:
Oh! had i the wings of a turtle dove,
I'd soar on my pinions so high;
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

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

THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE

Show me the prison, show me the jail
Show me the prisoner whose life has gone stale.

CHORUS:

And I'll show you, young man
so many reasons why.
There but for fortune go you or I.

Show me the ally, show me the train
Show me the hobo who sleeps out in the rain.

Show me the whisky stains on the floor
Show me the drunkard as he staggers out the door.
Show me the country where the bombs had to fall
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall.

GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Gather round all you sailors and listen to me
Go down you blood red roses, go down!
Never take a Liverpool girl on your knee,
Go down you blood red roses, go down!
Oh you pinks and posies
Go down you blood red roses, go down!

Them Liverpool Girls ain't got no comb,
They comb their hair with a kipper-back bone.

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

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

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on, You will know that I am gone,
You can hear the whistle blow 100 miles,
A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

CHORUS: Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three
Lord I'm four, Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home,
Five hundred miles (X 4)
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home.

Not a shirt on my back,
Not a penny to my name.
Lord I can't go on home this-a-way,
This-a-way (X 4)
Lord I can't go home this-a-way.

PLEASE COME BACK AGAIN

Once I loved a girl, and I loved her as my life
Truly would I have given her my hand and my heart
To make her my wife.
But she took me by the hand, and she led me to the door
And the answer that she gave me was "Don't come here no more
O don't come here no more".

So I stayed away six months which caused her to complain
And she wrote to me a letter saying "Please come back again,
O, please come back again".

So I wrote to her another, and it was to let her know
That a young man often ventures where he ought not to go,
Ought not to go.

For the leaves they will wither, and the roots they will decay
And the beauty of a fair young maid will soon fade away
O-Oh will soon fade away.

Irene

CHORUS:

Irene good-night Irene, Irene goodnight,
Goodnight Irene, Goodnight Irene, I'll kiss you
in my dreams.

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in town
Sometimes I have a great notion to jump into the river
and drown.

I asked your mother for you, She told me you were too young,
I wish to the Lord I never seen your face, I'm sorry
you ever was born.

You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan,
You caused me to leave my home.
The last word I ever heard you say, "I want you to
sing me a song."

Stop rambling and stop gambling, quit staying out late
at night,
Go home to your wife and your family, Sit down by the
fireside bright.

I love Irene, God knows I do, I love her till the
sea runs dry.
If Irene turns her back on me I'm gonna take
morphine and die.

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN

Hey! Mister Tambourine man play a song for me
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mister Tambourine man play a song for me
In that jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

Though I know that evening's empire has returned to sand
Vanished from my hand
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping
My weariness amazes me I'm branded on my feet
I have no-one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

(Refrain)

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship
My senses have been stripped
My hands can't feel to grip
Toes too numb to step
Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way
I promise to go under it. (Refrain)

Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging
madly across the sun,
its not aimed at anyone, its just escaping on the run
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme
To our tambourine in time
Its just a ragged clown behind, I wouldn't pay it any mind
Its just a shadow you are seeing that he's chasing.

(Refrain)

Then take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted frightened trees, out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow,
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate, driven deep beneath the waves
Lats forget about today until tomorrow.

OLD SMOKY

Chorus: On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow
I lost my true love, from courting too slow.

1. Now courting's a pleasure and parting's a grief
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
2. A thief he will rob you and take what you have,
But a false hearted lover will send you to the grave.
3. The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
There's not one in a million a poor man can trust.
4. She'll tell you she loves you and tell you more lies
Than the crossties on the railroad or the stars in the skies
5. Come all you young maidens and listen to me,
Never hang your affections on a green willow tree.
6. The leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
And you'll be forsaken & never know why.
7. Bury me on Old Smoky, Old Smoky so high,
Where the wild birds in heaven can hear my sad cry.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

Got the blues, when my baby left me by the San Francisco Bay,
Odean liner, she's gone so far away,
Didn't mean to treat her so bad.
She was the best girl that I ever had
Said goodbye, made me cry
Want to lay down and die.

Ain't got a nickel, I ain't got a lousy dime
If she don't come back I think I'm going to lose my mind
If she ever come back to stay, 'Be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

Sitting down looking through my back door
Wond'ring which way to go
Girl that I'm so crazy 'bout
She don't want me no more
Think I'll take a Freight train 'cause I'm feeling blue
Ride all the way to the end of the line thinking only of you,
Meanwhile in another city, just about to go insane,
Thought I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name.
If she ever come back to stay, 'be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

A MIGHTY SONG OF PEACE

A mighty song of peace will soon be ringing
Soon be ringing, soon be ringing.
A mighty song of peace will soon be ringing
All over this land
All over this land, this land
All over this land.
A mighty song of peace will soon be ringing
All over this land.

Repeat: "mighty song of unity and peace will"
"justice unity and peace"
"freedom, justice, etc."
"friendship, freedom, etc."
"brotherhood, friendship, etc."
"harmony"
"unison"

BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY, OH

Chorus:

Oh-aye, a rattling bog and a bog down in the valley-oh
Rare bog, a rattling bog and a bog down in the valley-oh.

In this bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a-rattling tree
Tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-oh.

On this tree there was a limb, a rare limb a rattling limb,
Limb on the tree,
Tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-oh.

Branch
Twig
Leaf
Nest
Egg
Lion
Bird
Feather

HAL and TOW

Take the scorn to wear a horn, it was the crisp when you
was born.

Your father's father wore it, and your father wore
it too.

CHORUS;

Hal and Tow D, jolly rumbelow D,

We were up D, Long before the day- oh D,

To welcome in the May-oh,

To welcome in the summer,

And winter's gone away-oh.

What happened to the Spaniards that made so great a
boast-oh,

Why they shall eat the feathered goose and we shall
eat the roast-oh,

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

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

D - drumbeat

IT AINT ME BABE

Go 'way from my window, leave at your own chosen speed
I'm not the one you want, babe, I'm not the one you need
You say you're lookin' for someone, never weak but always strong
To protect you & defend you, whether you are right or wrong,
Someone to open each and every door,
But it aint me, babe, NO, NO, NO, it ain't me babe,
It aint me you're lookin' for, babe.

Go lightly from the ledge, Babe,
Go lightly on the ground,
I'm not the one you want, Babe,
I will only let you down,
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who will promise never to part
Someone to close his eyes for you,
Someone to close his heart.
Someone who will die for you an' more
But it aint me, babe, it aint me your looking for Babe.

Go melt back into the night, babe,
Everything inside is made of stone,
There's nothing in here moving, an' anyway I'm not alone
You say you're looking for someone
Who'll pick you up each time you fall
To gather flowers constantly, and to come each time you call
A lover for your life an' nothing more
But it aint me, babe, No, NO, NO, it aint me babe,
It aint me you're looking for.

THE SUN

The sun is burning in the sky,
Strands of cloud go slowly drifting by,
In the park the dreamy bees are droning in the flowers
among the trees,

And the Sun is in the sky.

Now the Sun is in the West,
Little kids lie down to take their rest,
And the couples in the park are holding hands and
waiting for the dark,

And the Sun is in the West.

Now the Sun is sinking low,
Children playing know it's time to go
High above, a spot appears, a little blossom blooms
and then draws near.

And the Sun is sinking low.

Now the Sun has come to earth,
Shrouded in a mushroom cloud of death,
Death comes in a blinding flash of hellish heat
and leaves a smear of ash,
And the Sun has come to earth.

How the Sun has disappeared,
All is darkness, anger, pain and fear,
Twisted sightless wrecks of men go groping on their
knees and cry in pain
For the Sun has disappeared.

MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

I am a man of constant sorrow, I've seen troubles all my days
I'm going back to California, place where I was born & raised.
All through this world I'm bound to ramble, through storm and
wind, through sleet and rain,
I'm bound to catch that northern railroad, perhaps I'll take
the very next train.

Your friends they say I am a stranger, you'll never see
my face no more,
There is just one thing -- we'll stay on God's golden shore.
I am a man of constant sorrow, etc.

ISLAND IN THE SUN

Chorus: Oh, island in the sun,
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters, your shining sands.

As morning breaks, the heaven on high
I lift my heavy load up to the sky.
The sun comes out with a burning glow.
Mingles my sweat with the earth below.

I see woman on bended knee
Cutting cane for the family,
I see man by the waterside
Casting his nets into the surging tide.

This is my island in the sun,
Where my people have toiled since time began.
Though I've sailed through many a sea
It's shores will always be home to me.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many miles must one man walk before people call him a man?
How many seas must the white dove sail before she sleeps in
the sand?

How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're
forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist before it is washed to the
the sea?

How many years can some people exist before they're allowed
to be free?

How many times can a man turn his head and pretend that he just
doesn't see?

The answer etc.

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

The answer is etc.

SHENANDO

Oh Shenando^h, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenando^h, I long to hear you,
And it's way we're bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

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

Oh Shenando^h, I love your daughter ...
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water ...

Oh Shenando^h, I took a notion ...
For to go cross the stormy ocean ...

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

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

Oh Shenando^h, I'm bound to leave you ...
Oh Shenando^h, I'll not deceive you ...

She went away and took another ...
She went away, for-sook her lover ...

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT

Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluiah (x 2)

Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluiah (x 2)

The river is deep and the river is wide
Milk and honey on the other side.

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

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little lad and so my mother told me,
 way haul away we'll haul away Joe,
That if I did not kiss a girl my lips would all grow
 mouldy, way haul away we'll haul away Joe.

CHORUS:

Way haul away we'll haul for better weather,
 way haul away we'll haul away Joe,
King Louis was the King of France before the Revolution,
 way haul away we'll haul away Joe,
Then they went cut off his head which spoiled his
 constitution, way haul away, etc.

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy
 way haul away, etc.

And the captain's in his cabin drinking wine & brandy,
 way haul away, etc.

SINNER MAN

'Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to' (x 3)
All on that day.

Run to the moon, "Moon won't you hide me" (x 3)
Lord said "Sinnerman, moon'll be your bleeding" (x 3)

Run to the sea, "Sea won't you hide me," (x 3)
Lord said "Sinner man, sea'll be your sinking" (x 3)

Run to the sun, "Sun won't you hide me?" (x 3)
Lord said "Sinnerman, sun'll be a-freezing" (x 3)

Run to the Lord "Lord won't you hide me?" (x 3)
Lord said "Sinnerman, you should-a-been a'prayin'" (x 3)

Run to the Devil "Devil won't you hide me?" (x 3)
Devil said "Sinnerman, come on in and howdy" (x 3)

SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY

We're coming, we're coming, our crude little band
To drive all the fruit cake from this wicked land.

CHORUS: Away, away with rum, by Gum, with rum, by Gum, with rum,
by Gum,
That's the song of the Salvation Army.

We're going to ban fruitcake, it's chock-full of rum
Just one single bite puts a man on the bum

Can you imagine a more horrible 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 and beats up his wife

A man who eats fruit cake dies a horrible death
With the odour of raisins and rum on his breath.

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

When I first came to this land
I was not a wealthy man
So I built myself a shack
I did what I could.
And I called my shack break-a-my-back
Though the land was sweet and good
I did what I could .

Got myself a cow
Called my cow no milk now.

Hen - now and then

Duck - no such luck

Horse - lame of course

Donkey - horse gone wonky

Wife - run for your life

Son - my work's done. -35-

YELLOW ROSES

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

CHORUS: Send my mother a lock of my hair
Send my father the watch that he gave me
Tell my brother to follow me if he dare
Tell them I'm lost now, and no-one can save me
Remember, remember, send my love little yellow roses.

My father taught me that all men are equal
Whatever colour, religion or land
Told me to fight for the things I believed in
This I have done, with a gun in my hand.

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

HEAVEN

I gotta robe, you got a robe, all God's children got a robe,
When I get to heaven gonna put on my robe,
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven.

Shoes Dance

Song Sing.

Harp Play

A-WEEPING AND WAILING

One evening in summer, when twilight was falling
Down by the river I chanced for to roam
And there a young man sat a-weeping and wailing
And rocking a cradle that was not his own.

CHORUS: Oh - sweet baby lie easy
Your own Daddy will never be known
With a-weeping and wailing and rocking the cradle
Of somebody's baby that was not his own.

"It was first when I married your innocent mother
I thought; like a fool, I was blessed with a wife
It's now to my sorrow and sad lamentation
She's turned out the plague and the curse of my life.

It's every night to some ball or dance-hall
While I am left with the baby alone
A poor innocent laddie who calls me his Daddy
Though little he knows that I am not his own.

Come all you young fellows who one day may marry,
Take my advice and leave woman alone,
For by the Lord Harry, if ever you marry
She'll give you a baby and swear "it's your own".

AUNT RHODY

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

1. The one she's been saving(3) to make a feather bed
2. She died in a mill pond(3) standing on her head
3. The goslings are crying (3) cause their mammy's dead
4. The gander is weepin'(3) 'cause his wife is dead
5. Go tell Aunt Rhody(3) that the old grey goose is dead.

THE BELLS OF RHYMNEY

'O what will you give me?' say the sad bells of Rhymney,
'Is there hope for the future' say the brown bells of Merthyr.
'Who made the mine owner?' say the black bells of Rhondda,
'And who robbed the miner?' say the grim bells of Blaenau.

'They will plunder willy nilly!', say the bells of Cerpilly,
'They have fangs, they have teeth!', shouts the loud bell of Neath,
'Even God is uneasy', say the moist bells of Swansea,
And 'What will ye give me?' say the sad bells of Rhymney.

'Throw the vandals in Court', say the bells of Newport,
'All will be well if, if, if, if!' say the green bells of Cardiff,
'Why so worried, sisters, why?' say the silver bells of Bligh,
And 'What will ye give me?' say the sad bells of Rhymney.

JAMAICAN FAREWELL

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

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

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

Chorus:

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

DEVIL'S NINE QUESTIONS

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

Q: What is whiter than the milk?
Sing ninety-nine and ninety
And what is softer than the silk?
And you are the weaver's bonny.

A: Snow is whiter than the milk
Sing ninety nine and ninety
And down is softer than the silk
And I am the weaver's bonny.

Q: What is louder than the horn?
Sing ninety nine and ninety
And what is sharper than the thorn?
And you are the weaver's bonny.

A: Thunder is louder than a horn
Death is sharper than the thorn.

Q: What is higher than a tree ?
And what is deeper than the sea ?

A: Heaven is higher than a tree
And Hell is deeper than the sea.

Q: What's more innocent than a lamb ?
And what is meaner than womankind ?

A: A babe's more innocent than a lamb
And a he-devil's meaner than womankind.

You have answered my questions nine
Sing Ninety-nine and ninety
And you are God's child, and none of mine
And you are the weaver's bonny.

THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

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

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

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will plant
All the flowers of the mountain,
Will ye go, lassie, go ?

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

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you my own true love, I'm going far away
I am bound for California, but I know that I'll return some day.

It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.

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

Oh the sun is on the harbour love and I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be some long time before I see you again.

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS LOST

They whipped Him up the hill, (twice)

They whipped Him up the hill for me.

One day when I was lost

They hung Him on the Cross,

They whipped Him up the hill for me.

They speared Him in the side, (twice)

They speared Him in the side for me,

One day etc.

He never said a mumblin' word.

He Rose on Easter Day.

He's going to come again.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

I found my love by the factory wall

Dreamed a dream by the old canal

Kissed my girl by the gasworks croft

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

The clouds are drifting across the moon

Cats are prowling on their beat

Springs a girl in the street at night

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard the siren from the docks,

Saw a train set the night on fire.

Smelt the Spring on the smoky air.

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I'm going to take me a good sharp axe

Shining steel tempered in the fire

Chop you down like an old dead tree

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

The gipsy rover came over the hill,
Down through the valley so shady,
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus:

Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day,
Ah de doo, ah de day-ay
And he whistled and he sang till the green woods rang.
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her father's castle great,
Left her own fond lover,
Left her servants and her state,
To follow the gipsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed
And searched his valleys all over,
Seeking his daughter at great speed,
And the whistling gipsy rover.

At last he came to the castle gate,
Along the river shady,
And there was music and there was wine
For the gipsy and his lady.

He is no gipsy, my father, she said,
But Lord of these lands all o'er,
And I will stay 'till my dying day,
With my Whistling Gipsy Rover.

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover this many a year
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never shall play the wild rover no more.

Chorus: No no never
 Never no more
 I never shall play the wild rover no more.

I went into a shanty I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day".

Then I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
She said, "I have whisky, and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke then were only in jest".

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they will do so, as often before
Then I never shall play the wild rover no more.

THE HAMMER SONG

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land,
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out a love between all my brothers
All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning, etc.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning, etc.

Now I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell
And I've got a Song to sing all over this land
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom
It's the song of a love between all my brothers
All over this land. -43-

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone - young girls pick them
every one
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?
Where have all the young men gone,? etc.
Gone to soldiers every one.
Where have all the soldiers gone? etc.
Gone to graveyards every one.
Where have all the graveyards gone? etc.
Gone to flowers every one.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong ...
Under the shade of a coolaban tree
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'.

Chorus: Waltzing Matilda! Waltzing Matilda!
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he watched & waited till his
billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong ...
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tucker-bag
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Up came the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred
Up came the troopers -- one, two, three.
'Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing with me! '

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong
'You'll never catch me alive!' said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me! '

GIMME CRACK CORN

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

Chorus: Gimme crack corn, and I don't care
Gimme crack corn, and I don't care
Gimme crack corn and I don't care -
my master's gone away.

One day when riding round the farm
The flies so numerous, they did swarm
One chanced to bite the pony's thigh
The devil take the bluetail fly.

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

They laid him under a cinnamon tree
His epitaph is there to see
'Beneath this tree is bound to lie
A victim of the bluetail fly'.

ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

Hush-a-bye don't you cry,
go to sleep you little baby.
When you wake you shall have,
all the pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays, dapples and greys,
coach and six-a little horses,
Hush a bye, don't you cry,
go to sleep you little baby.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

1. Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
Hear the wind blow love, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
2. Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven, know I love you.
3. If you don't love me, love who you please
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease.
4. Give my heart ease love, give my heart ease,
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease.
5. Write me a letter, send it by mail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.
6. Birmingham Jail, Birmingham Jail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.
7. Build me a castle forty feet high
Where I can see her as she rides by.
8. As she ~~rides~~ by love, as she rides by
So I can see her, as she rides by.

(repeat 1.)

THE ARISE SONG

Rise, arise, arise, Wake thee rise
Life is calling thee, Wake thee rise
Ever watchful be Mother Life God
She is calling thee Mother Life God
She is greeting thee, Rise, Arise! Arise!

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

Chorus:

Follow the drinking gourd (x 2)

For the old man is a-waiting to carry you
to Freedom,

Follow the drinking gourd.

Now when the nighttime comes, and the first quail calls

Follow the drinking gourd,

For the old man -----

Now the river bank would make a mighty good road,

The dead trees will show you the way,

Left foot, peg foot, travelling on,

Follow the drinking gourd.

The river ends between two hills,

Follow the drinking gourd,

There's another river on the other side,

Follow the drinking gourd.

DEEP BLUE SEA

Chorus:

Deep Blue sea, baby, deep blue sea (x 3)

It was Willie, what got drowned in
the deep blue sea.

Dig his grave with a silver spade (x 3)

It was Willie what got drowned in
the deep blue sea.

Lower him down on a golden chain (x 3)

It was Willie what got drowned in
the deep blue sea.

THE KEEPER

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

Chorus:

Jackie-boy - master
Sing ye well - Very well
Hey down - Ho down
Derry derry down.

Both: Among the leaves so green-o,
To my hey down down - to my ho down down.
Hey down - ho down

Both: Derry derry down, among the leaves so green-o.

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

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

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

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

THE SAILOR'S LAMENT

Long years ago when I was young,
The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sung
A sailor and his fair young bride were weeping by
the water's side

Fa-la-la-la la-la-la

A sailor ----- Water's side.

Tis but six months since we were wed,
But oh how fast the time has sped
For we must part at the dawning of the day
When the good ship bears my love away

Chorus - For we must part ----- away.

Long years have passed but he comes no more
To greet his bride by the ocean shore
His ship went down in the howling of the storm
And the waves engulfed his lifeless form.

Chorus - etc. ----- form.

Oh that I were with him too
Beneath the waves of the ocean blue
My soul to my God and my body to the sea
And the deep blue waves a 'rolling over me.

Chorus ----- over me.

IN A COTTAGE

In a cottage in a wood
A little old man at the window stood
Saw a rabbit running by
Knocking at the door
"Help me! Help me!" the rabbit said
Or else the huntsman will shoot me dead
He opened the door, said "Come inside,
Pretty little rabbit".

(repeat substituting actions, one or two per
verse as it becomes known, until whole song
is mimed)

LITTLE BOXES

Little boxes on the hillside,
 little boxes made of ticky-tacky,
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky,
 and they all look just the same.
There's a green one, and a pink one,
 and a blue one, and a yellow one.
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky,
 and they all look just the same.

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

And the men play on the golf course,
 and they drink their Martini Dry
And they all have pretty children,
 and the children go to school.
And the children go to summer camp
 and then to the university,
Where they all get put in boxes,
 And they all end up the same.

And the boys go into business, marry & raise a family,
And they all live in boxes, little boxes just the same.
There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one,
 and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky and
 they all turn out the same.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,
And he laid with a mermaid one fine night,
And of that union there came three,
A porgy and a porpoise and the other was me.

Chorus: Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for a life on the rolling sea.

One night when I was a trimmin of the glim,
And singing a verse of the evening hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted 'Ahoy!',
And there was my mother, sitting on a buoy.

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

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

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN?

Just a little rain falling all around,
The grass lifts its head to the heavenly sound.
Just a little rain, just a little rain,
What have they done to the rain?

Chorus: Just a little boy standing in the rain,
The gentle rain that falls for years,
And the grass is gone, the boy disappears,
And rain keeps falling like helpless tears,
What have they done to the rain?

Just a little breeze out of the sky,
The leaves red their heads as the breeze blows by.
Just a little breeze, with some smoke in its eye,
What have they done to the rain?

THE SNOW SNIFFING LAMENT
(or Rolling Stone Keep Rolling).

Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
Were walking down Fifth Avenue.

Chorus: Singing, Honey have a (sniff)
have a - on me
Honey have a sniff on me.

They came to a drug store painted green
The sign outside said 'No Morphine'.

They came to a drug store finished in oak
The sign outside said 'No more Coce'

Then in the river side by side
They both committed suicide.

In a grave yard on a hill
Lies the body of Morphine Bill.

And in the coffin side by side
There lies the body of his Cocaine bride.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
If the Coce don't get you then the Morphine must.

The Moral of this is plain to show
There ain't no sense in sniffing snow.

ONE MAN SHALL MOW

One man shall mow my meadow
Two men shall gather it together
Two men, one man and one more
Shall shear my rams, my ewes and lambs,
And gather my corn together.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together
Four men, three men, two men, one man and one more
Shall shear my rams, my ewes and lambs,
And gather my corn together.

STEAMBOAT (Dance)

Four jolly sailors, strolling on a steamboat
Taking the sea-breeze, sniffing at the air,
Full steam astern now, arm in arm together
Four jolly tars are back now where they were.

First couple lead down, second couple after,
First couple turn around, second make an arch
First couple under, chugging into Margate
And see how the seabreeze blows away the starch.

Hands to the capstan, hitch your wagon to a star
Spinning on the quarter deck and getting in a whirl.
Change to the other hand, round with her the other way
Now you're back in port again and smiling at your girl.

Hands to your partner, isn't this a jolly step?
One, two, three, hop and round the other two,
Spinning on your axis, one, two, three and hop
Cheerio to that old couple, welcome to the new.

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone
I gave my love a ring that has no end
I gave my love a baby with no cryin'.

How can there be a cherry that has no stone
How can there be a chicken that has no bone
How can there be a ring that has no end
How can there be a baby with no cryin'.

A cherry when its bloomin', it has no stone
A chicken when its peepin', it has no bone
A ring when its rollin', it has no end
A baby when its sleeping there's no cryin'.

REUBEN JAMES

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

Chorus: Tell me what were their names,) X 2
 Tell me what were their names,)
 Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James)

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

THE GRAND CANYON LINE

Chorus: 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,
'cos I knowed I'd done wrong.

I passed by the 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 my money through the big doors i ran.

Chorus:

Sitting alone in a box car forlorn,
Because of the brigand the rich man's woe,
I thought of my sweetheart ~ began to cry,
When I am caught, by my neck I will die.

Chorus:

The box car flew open and the Posse walked in.
The Sheriff said 'grab him 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.

Chorus:

QUEENIE

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

CHORUS:

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

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

CHORUS:

Someday, Queenie will fall,
Queenie, pride of them all.
Someday, churchbells will chime....
....(pause).. But only just in time.

ALL MY TRIALS

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

All my trials, Lord, will soon be over (chorus)

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

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

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

If living was a thing that money could buy,
 The rich would live, and the poor would die.

There Grows a tree in Paradise,
 And the pilgrims call it the tree of life,
Too late my brothers ----- too late but never mind (x 2)

GOING DOWN THE ROAD

1. I'm going down the road feeling bad (3)
I ain't gonna be treated this way.
2. These 2 dollar shoes hurt my feet (3)
I ain't, etc.
3. These 10 dollar shoes fit me fine (3)
I ain't etc.
4. This prison water tastes like turpentine (3)
I ain't etc.
5. I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine (3)
Cos New York water tastes like turpentine.
6. I'm goin' where the climate suits my clothes(3)
etc.
7. I'm goin' down the road feeling bad (3)
etc.

THE TIMES THEY ARE A'CHANGING

Come gather round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth saving
Then you'd better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a'changing.

Come writers and critics who prophesy with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheels still in spin
And there's no telling who that it's naming
'cause the looser now will be later to win
For the times they are a'changing.

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway, don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
The battle outside a-raging
Will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changing.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you don't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly aging
Please get out of the new one if you can't lead a hand
For the times they are a-changing.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly changing
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changing.

DEPORTEES

The crops are all in, and the peaches all rotten,
Oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
They're flying them back to the Mexican Border,
To pay all their money to wade back again.

Chorus:

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosanita,
Adios mes Amigos, Jesu and Maria.
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be deportees.

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

The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon,
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills,
Who are these friends who are scattered like dry leaves?
Radio says they are just deportees.

Is this the best way we can farm our great orchards?
Is this the best way we can pick our frost fruit?
Employing cheap labour from over the border,
Labour the radio calls deportees.

MARY DON'T YOU WEEP.

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

CHORUS: O Mary don't you weep, don't you moan,
 O Mary don't you weep, don't you moan.
 Pharoah's army got drowned,
 O Mary don't you weep.

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

Mary wore three links of chain,
And every one was Freedom's name, etc.

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

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

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

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

LIVERPOOL LULLABY

O you are a mucky kid,
 dirty as a dustbin lid.

When he hears the things you did,
 you'll get a belt from your Dad.

O you have your Father's nose,
 so crimson in the dark it glows.

If you're not asleep when the boozers closed,
 you'll get a belt from your Dad.

You look so scruffy lying there,
 strawberry jam tats in your hair,
Though in the world you haven't a care,
 and I have got so many.

It's quite a struggle every day,
 living on your Father's pay.

The bugger drinks it all away
 And leaves me without any.

Although we have no silver spoon,
 better days are coming soon.

Now Nelly's working at the Lune
 and she gets paid on Friday.

Perhaps one day we'll make a splash,
 when Littlewoods supply the cash.

We'll get a home in Knotty Ash
 and buy your Dad a brewery.

O you are a mucky kid,
 dirty as a dustbin lid,
When he hears the things you did,
 you'll get a belt from your Dad.

O you have your Father's face,
 you're growing up a real hard case.
But there's no one else to take your place,
 so go to sleep for your Mammy.

FLY AWAY

One bright morning, when this world is over, I'll fly away,
To that land on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away, fly away.

Chorus:

One bright morning when my time is nigh, I'll fly away,
Like a bird o'er these prison walls, I'll fly,
I'll fly away, fly away.

Chorus:

JOURNAL ZEPDI

(Lancashire song, originally the T'IZ-CANS' theme)

For a while she wept full sorely, Tore her hair & wrung her hands,
Till she met up with another sailor, walking on the
Lunatical sands.

'Why fair maiden, are you weeping, for your Johnny gone to Sea?
If you will wed with me tomorrow I will bind and constant be.'

'I will buy you sheets & blankets, I'll buy you a wedding ring,
And I'll give to you a gilded cradle for to rock your Baby in.'

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

All young men who go a-sailing, For to fight the foreign foe,
Don't : you leave your love like Johnny, Carry her
before you go.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it
stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself, though it
weighed not a pennyweight more,
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and
was always his pleasure and pride,
But it stopped short never to go again, when the old man died.

CHORUS:

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

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he spent as a boy.

And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
and to share in his grief and his joy.

For it struck twenty-four as he entered in the door
with his blushing as beautiful bride.

But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

CHORUS:

My Grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant more true could be found.

For it wasted no time and had but one desire, at the end of
each week to be wound,

And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and
its hands never hung by its side.

But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

CHORUS:

It struck an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for years had been dumb.

And we knew that his spirit was poised for its flight, that
the hour of departure had come.

Still the clock kept strict time with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side,

As we silently stood by, the song
But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

CHORUS:

TURPIN HERO

On Hounslow Heath as I rode o'er, I spied a lawyer riding before,
'Kind Sir', said I, 'aren't you afraid of Turpin,
that mischievous blade?

Chorus: O rare Turpin, O rare Turpin O!

Says Turpin, 'He'll ne'er find me out: I've hid my money in
my boot,
'O', says the lawyer 'there's none will find my gold,
for it's stitched in my cape behind.'

As they rode down by the powder mill, Turpin commands him to
be still,

Says he, 'Your cape, I must cut off, for my mare she wants
a saddle-cloth'.

As Turpin rode in search of prey, he met an excise man on the
way.

Then boldly did he bid him stand, 'Your gold!', he said,
'I do demand'.

Turpin then without remorse, soon knocked him quite from his
horse,

And left him on the ground to sprawl, so he rode off
with the gold and all.

As he rode over Salisbury Plain, he met Lord Judge with
all his train,

Then hero-like he did approach, and robbed the judge as he
sat in his coach.

For the shooting of a dung-hill cock, poor Turpin at last
he is took,

And carried straight into a jail, where his ill-luck
he does bewail.

Now Turpin is condemned to die, to hang upon yon gallows high,
His legacy is a strong rope, for shooting a poor dung-hill
cock.

DONNA DONNA

On a wagon bound for market, there's a calf with a mournful eye,
High above him there's a swallow, singing swiftly through
the sky.

Now the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might
Laugh, and laugh the whole day through, and half of
the summer's night.

Donna, donna, donna; donna, donna, donna, do
Donna, donna, donna, donna, donna, donna, do.

Stop complaining said the farmer, who asked you our
calf to be
Why don't you take wings to fly with,
like the swallow so proud and free?

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

DRILL YE TARRIERS, DRILL

CHORUS: And drill, ye tarriers, drill (2)
For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay,
Down behind the railway,
And drill ye tarriers, drill.
And blast --- and fire.

Every morning at seven o'clock,
There were twenty tarriers working at the rock,
The boss came along and he said "Keep still,
And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill".

Our new foreman's Jimmy Mc Cann
By God, he was a blane man.
Last week a premature blast went off
And a mile in the air went Big Jim Gough.

When next pay day came round
Jim Gough a dollar short was found,
When he asked what for, come his reply:
"You was stopped for the time you was up in the sky"

Our boss was a good man, down to the ground
And he married a lady six foot round,
She baked good bread and she baked it well,
But she baked it (as) hard as the holes in Hell.

LISTEN TO THE OCEAN

There's a world of sun and sand, full of sky and far from land,
Where evening breezes caress the shore like a gentle
comforting hand.

Fragrant blossoms, honey bees, careless laughter upon the
breeze,
And lovers fade into pools of deep purple shadows among
the trees.

Listen to the ocean, echoes of a million seashells, For ever
it's emotion
Moving to a rhythmic and unwritten music that's played
eternally
(Chorus)

The sound of a seagull's distant cry, His wings like
parenthesis drawn in the sky,
And two white birds clinging like foam to the crest of
a wave rolling by.

The silence of noon, the glamour of night,
The heat of the day when the fish won't bite,
These are the things that remain to-night the day you
sailed out of sight.

A BOLD YOUNG FARMER COURTED ME

A bold young farmer courted me,
He stole my love and my liberty
He stole my love and my liberty,
And I must confess that I love him still.

I wish, I wish, but it's all in vain,
I wish I was a sweet maid again,
But a maid, a maid I'll never be,
'Till apples grow out of an orange tree.

And now I wish my baby was born,
And sitting on his Daddy's knee;
And me poor maid was dead and gone,
The green grass growing over me.

There sits a bird in yonder tree,
They say he's blind and cannot see,
But I that bird would rather be,
Since that bold farmer courted me.

A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING.

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

CHORUS: Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind,
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

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

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

BELOW THE GALLows TREE
(Mac Pherson's Lament)

1. Farewell you dungeons dark and strong, farewell, farewell
to thee,
Mac Pherson's song will not be long upon the gallows tree
Sae rantin'ly, say wantonly, sae dauntin'ly played he,
He played a tune and he danced it roon, below the gallows tree.
2. Oh little did my Mother know when first she cradled me
That I would become a-roving boy and die on the gallows tree.
3. Untie these hands from off my handsand give to me my bow
I've got to leave my gay Scotland with a tune before I go.
4. There's some come here to see me hang, and some to steal
my fiddle,
But before that I do part with her, I'll split her through
the middle --
5. He took the fiddle into both his hands, he broke it o'er
his knee
Saying 'when I am gone no other hands shall ever play on
thee.'

STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream I've never dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed to put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room The room was filled with men,
And the treaty they were signing said They'd never fight again.
And when the treaty was all signed, And a million copies made
They all joined hands & bowed their heads, and grateful prayers
were prayed.

And the people in the streets below Were dancing round & round,
And guns & swords and uniforms Lay scattered on the ground.

WILD COLONIAL BOY

There was a wild colonial boy Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland in a place called
Castlemaine.

He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love their wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam,
He robbed the rich he helped the poor & shot James McAvoy,
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
A listening to the mocking bird a singing a cheerful song,
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
They all set out to capture him the wild colonial boy..

"Surr-ender now Jack Duggan for you see we're three
to one,
Surrender to the Queen's high name for you're a
plundering son",
Jack drew three pistols from his belt & proudly held
them high,
"I'll fight but not surrender" said the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground
And turning round to Davis he received a fatal wound.
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol
of Fitzroy,
And that was how they captured him, The Wild
Colonial Boy.

POOR BOY

Chorus: Bow down your head and cry, poor boy,
Bow down your head and cry
Stop thinking about that woman you love
Bow down your head and cry.

1. As I went down to the river, poor boy
To see the ships go by
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
And she waved to me good-bye.
2. I followed her for months and months
She offered me her hand
We were just about to get married, when
She ran off with a gambling man.
3. He came at me with a big jack knife
I went at him with lead,
When the fight was over, poor boy
He lay down beside me, dead.
4. They took me to the big jail house
The months, the months rolled by
The jury found me guilty, poor boy
And the Judge said you must die.
5. And yet they call this justice, poor boy
Then justice let it be
I only killed a man that was
Just a-fixing to kill me.

PAPER OF PINS

- Man: I'll give to you a paper of pins,
If that's the way your love begins.
If you will marry me, If you will marry me.
- Woman: I'll not accept your paper of pins,
It's not the way my love begins.
And I'll not marry you, And I'll not marry you.
- Man: I'll give to you a coach and four,
That you may ride from door to door, etc.
- Man: I'll give you a little lap dog,
To carry with you when you go abroad, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you a pacing horse,
That paced these hills from cross to cross, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you a coach and six,
With every horse as black as pitch, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you a gown of green,
That you may shine as any queen, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you a dress of red,
All sewn around with a golden thread, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you a blue silk gown,
With golden tassels all around, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you my hand and my heart,
That we may marry and never more part, etc.
- Man: I'll give to you the keys of my chest,
And all my gold at your request.
If you will marry me, If you will marry me.
- Woman: Oh, yes, I'll accept the key to your chest,
And all your gold's at my request,
And I will marry you, And I will marry you.
- Man: And now I see that money is all,
And woman's love is nothing at all,
So I'll not marry you, I'll not marry you.
- Woman: Ha-ha-ha, I'll be an old maid,
Take my stool and live in the shade,
And marry no one at all, And marry no one at all.

JUG OF PUNCH

As I was sitting with jug and spoon one fine morn in the
month of June

A birdie sat on an ivy bunch, and the song he sang was the
jug of punch.

Chorus: Toora loora too, Toora loora too, Toora loora too,
toora loora, too

A birdie sat on an ivy bunch, And the song he sung
was the jug of punch.

What more diversion can a man desire, than to court a girl
by an ale house fire,

With kerry pippin to crack & crunch, Aye, and on the
table a jug of punch.

The learned doctors with all their art, cannot cure the
impression that's on the heart,
Even the cripple can forget his hunch, when he's safe
astride of a jug of punch.

And when I'm dead and in my grave, no costly tombstone will
I crave,

Just lay me down in my native peat, With a jug of punch at
my head and feet.

AUPRES DE MA BLONDE

Chorus: Aupres de ma blonde qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
Aupres de ma blonde qu'il fait bon dormir.

Dans le jardin de mon pere les lilas sont fleuris(2)
Tous les oiseaux du monde y viennent fair' leurs nids.

Tous les oiseaux du monde y viennent faire leurs nids (2)
La caille la tourterelle et la joli' perdrix.

..... Et ma joli colombe, Qui chante jour et nuit.

..... Qui chante pour les filles, Qui non pas de mari.

..... Pour moi ne chante guere, Car j'en ai un joli.

..... Il est dans la Hollande, Les Hollandais l'ont pris.

..... "Que donn'riez vous la belle, Pour le voir revenir?"

..... Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et Saint-Denis.

..... Les tours de Notre Dame, Les cloches de mon pays.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

1. Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Till the streams of your blood run as dark as the coal.

Chorus:

It's dark as a dungeon and dank as a tomb
Where the dangers are double & the pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It's as dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

2. There's many a man I have known in my day
Who has lived just to labour his whole life away
Like the fiend with his dope or the drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.
3. I hope when I die and the ages shall roll
That my body will blacken and turn into coal
As I look from the door of my heavenly home
I'll pity the miner a slave to my bones.

SANTE ANNO

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

Chorus: So heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away Santa Anno,
Heave her up and away we'll go
We're bound for California.

2. She's a fast clipper ship & a bully good crew
A down knees Yankee for her captain too.
3. Back in the days of '49
Those were the days of the good old Wine.
4. When I leave ship, I'll settle down,
I'll marry a girl named Sally Brown,
5. There's plenty of gold, so I've been told —
Way down in California.

ALPHONSO SPEGO NI

Chorus:

Yes if I catch Spegoni,
He will 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, get it,
The expense it has caused me much pain, much pain,
But the pawnbroker's promised, when I catch Spegoni
To take it in pawn once again,
 yes, no, yes, no .
And tonight there will be dirty work.

ROUNDS

ROSE. ROSE.

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

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

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

KOOKABURRA

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree
Merry merry king of the bush is he
Laugh, Kookaburra, laugh Kookaburra
Gay your life must be.

WHITE SANDS

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

THE GOOSE

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

OLD AB'RAM BROWN.

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

ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH.

All things shall perish from under the sky,
Music alone shall live (x 3)
Never to die.

LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter (x 2)
Melancholy flower (x 2)
Life is but a melon (x 2)
Cauliflower (x 2)

DON'T THINK TWICE

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why babe
If you don't know by now,
Well, it ain't no use to sit and wonder why
It doesn't matter anyhow.

When the rooster crows at the break of dawn,
Look out your window, and I'll be gone.
You're the reason I'm a-travelling on.
But don't think twice it's all right.

And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe
The light I never knewed.

And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe
I'm on the dark side of the road.

But I wish there was something you would do or say
To try to make me change my mind and stay.

We never did too much talking anyway,
So don't think twice, it's all right.

So it ain't no use in calling out my name gal,
Like you've never done before,
And it ain't no use in calling out my name gal
I can't hear it any more.

I'm thinking and I'm wondering all the way down the road,
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told,
I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul.
But don't think twice, it's all right.

I'm walking down this long lonesome road babe
Where I'm bound I can't tell
Goodbye's too good a word, babe,
So I just say fare thee well.

I ain't saying that you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don't mind,
You just kind of wasted my precious time;
But don't think twice, it's allright.

HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

CHORUS:

Hal~~le~~luia, I'm a bum, Alleluia bum again,
Hal~~le~~luia give us a hand up to revive us again.

1. Oh the winter is gone and the springtime has come
So I'll pick up my bundle and go on the bum.
2. Oh I went to a house, I asked for some bread
And the lady said, "Bum, Bum, the baker is dead".
3. Oh why don't you work as other men do
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do.
4. Oh why don't you pray for your daily bread
Well, if that's all I did, I would damn soon be dead.
5. Oh I went to a house & I knocked at the door,
The lady said, "Bum, Bum, you've been here before".
6. Oh I love Jim Hill he's a great friend of mine,
And that's why I'm hitching down Jim Hill's
main line.

WORRIED MAN (Blues)

CHORUS: It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long .

1. I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep
When I woke, there were shackles on my feet.
2. Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain
And every one initialled with my name.
3. I asked the judge "What's gonna be my fine?"
"Twentyone years on the Rocky Mountain Line".
4. The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long,
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

CROW ON THE CRADLE

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!
Now is the time for a child to be born.
He'll cry for the moon and laugh at the sun!
If he's a boy he'll carry a gun,
Sang the crow on the cradle.

If it should be that our baby's a girl.
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes!
And a bonber above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Rockabye, baby, the dark and the light!
Somebody's baby is born for a fight.
Rockabye baby the white and the black!
Somebody's baby is not coming back.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Your mamy and pappy they'll scrape and they'll save!
Build you a coffin, and dig you a grave.
Hushabye, little one, why do you weep?
We've got a toy that will put you to sleep.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Oh bring me a gun and I'll shoot that crow dead!
That's what your mammy and pappy once said.
The crow's on my cradle, oh what shall I do?
That is a thing that I leave to you.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

WIDDECOMBE FAIR

Tam Pierce, Tam Pierce, Lend me your grey mare
All along, down along, out along Lea,
Us wants for to go to Widdecombe Fair.

With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawks, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all (x 2)
When shall I see my grey mare again? All along, down along,
out along Lea,
By Friday noon, or Saturday soon, with Bill ----

Then Friday came and Saturday soon, all along ---
And Tam's grey mare she ne'er did come home
with Bill ---

So Tam he went up to the top of the hill, all along ---
And see'd his old mare a-making her will, with Bill
Brewer ---

When the wind whistles cold on the moor at night,
all along ---
Tam's old grey mare doth appear ghastly white, with
Bill Brewer - ---

And all the night long he heard skirling and groans,
all along ----
From Tam's old grey mare and her rattling bones,
with Bill Brewer ----

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

1. On a summer's day, In the month of May
A burly bum came hiking, As he strolled along
He sang a song Of the land . milk and honey
Where a bum can stay for many a day
And he don't need any money.

Chorus:

Oh - The buzzin' of the bees and the
Cigarette trees
The soda-water fountain
Where the lemonade springs
And the blue bird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

2. In the big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit
And the barns are full of hay
I want to go where there ain't no snow
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow.
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
3. In the Big Rock Candy Mountain
You never wash your socks
And the little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks
There's a plate of stew and whisky too
And you paddle around in a big canoe
And they hung the Turk
Who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

THE CUTTY WREN

O Where are you going, says Milder to Malder,
O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We're going to the woods, says John the Red Nose
We're going to the woods, says John the Red Nose.

O what will you do there, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, says John the Red Nose (x2)

O how will you shoot her, says Milder to Malder

O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
With arrows and bows, says John the Red Nose (x2)

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Big guns & cannons, says John the Red Nose (x2)

O how will you bring her home, says Milder to Malder

O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
On four strong men's shoulders, says John the Red Nose (x2)

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Big carts and waggons, says John the Red Nose.

O what will you cut her up with, says Milder to Malder

O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
With knives and with forks, says John the Red Nose.

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Hatchets and cleavers, says John the Red Nose.

O how will you boil her, says Milder to Malder

O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
In pots and in kettles, says John the Red Nose.
O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Brass pans and cauldrons, says John the Red Nose.

O who'll have the spare ribs, says Milder to Malder

O I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We'll give them to the poor, says John the Red Nose.

LORD OF THE DANCE

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

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

I danced for the Scribes and the Pharisees
But they would not dance and they would not follow me;
I danced for the fishermen James and John
They came with me and the dance went on.

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

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

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

GOODNIGHT SONG

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

OLD KING COLR.

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe in the middle of the night
And he called for his privates three.
Now every private had a very great thirst
And a very great thirst had he
"Beer, beer, beer," said the privates
"Merry, merry men are we;
There's none so fair as can compare
With the men of the King's Army.

..... called for his corporals three.
Now every corporal had a very high voice
And a very high voice had he,
"Left, right, left, right, left," said the corporals
"Beer, beer, beer" said the privates
"Merry, merry men are we

Now every sergeant had a very loud voice
"Move to the right in fours" said the sergeants
Now every subaltern had a very big grouse
"We do all the work" said the subalterns
Now every captain had a very high horse
"Won't somebody hold my horse" said the captains

Now every adjutant did a great deal of work
"We want six months leave" said the adjutants
Now every colonel had a very great swear
"Blankety, blank, blank, blank," said the colonels
Now every general thought he was a very great man
"We are very great men" said the generals
Now evry field marshal was a very great man
"We are writing our memoirs" said the field marshals

HIPPOPOTAMUS

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

CHORUS: Mud, mud glorious mud
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
So follow me follow, down to the hollow
And there we will wallow in glorious mud.

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

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

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

WHO'S THE FOOL NOW

Martin said to his man, Fie, man, fie
Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now.

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can.

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

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

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

I saw the maid milk the bull
Each pull a bucketful.

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

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

MY GIRL'S A CORKER

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

She's got a pair of legs, just like two Whisky kegs, etc.

"	hips	"	battleships
"	arms	"	waving palms
"	Eyes	"	custard pies
"	lips	"	greasy chips

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

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathways awhile.

Chorus: Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

Do you think of the valley you are leaving,
Of how lonely, how lonesome 'twill be.
Do you think of the fond hearts you're grieving
And the pain you are causing to me.

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

They will bury me where you have wandered,
On the hills where the daffodils grow,
When you've gone from the Red River Valley
For I can't live without you, I know.

I HEAR THUNDER

I hear thunder, I hear thunder
Hark don't you, Hark don't you?
Pitter, patter, raindrops
Pitter, patter, raindrops,
I'm wet through - so are you.

AND YET MORE SONGS

Longtime girl
Champion at keeping them rolling
Click go the shears
Calito Lindo
Jerusalem
She was poor but she was honest
Corina Corina
B. Iana boat song
Soldier and a Sailor
Careless Love
Kumbaya
Ricketty Ticketty Tin
One fish Ball
Ilkley Moor
Cutty Wren
I shall overcome
Ick a bala of cotton
The Mermaid
Michael Finnigan
Clementine
Cockles and Mussels
Cock Robin
Little Brown Jug
Riding down from Bangor
There is a tavern in the town
Uppidee
Father's pants
Lloyd George
A rovin'
Blow the man down
Drummer and the cook
Drunken sailor
Fire down below
Rio Grande
Hullabaloo Belay
Whisky Johnny
Frog went a courtin'
Frankie and Johnny
John Henry

Midnight special
Home on the range
Under the Lilac
John Brown's body
Lolly too dum
Shortnin' Bread
Swing low sweet chariot
Skip to my Lou
Camptown races
Barley Mow
Great American Railway
Green grow the rushes-O.
Animal Fair
Old John Braddelam
One more river
Rise and Shine
There's a hole in my bucket
My bonny
Old mother Lee
Sipping Cyder
My girl's a corker
You'll never go to heaven
The deadwood stage
Here's to the good old beer
Kisses sweeter than wine