



SING BOOK

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THE WATER IS WIDE

The Water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that will carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.

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

I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger right to the bone
And left the sweetest flower alone.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree
But first he bended and then he broke
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I can sink or swim.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine
And love's a jewel while it is new
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew.

DONNA DONNA

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

Now the winds are laughing,
They laugh with all their might
Laugh, and laugh the whole day through,
and half the summer's night.
Donna, donna, donna, donna;
Donna, donna, donna, do. (twice)

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

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

ALL MY TRIALS

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

All my trials, Lord, soon be over.
The River Jordan is muddy and cold,
Well it chills the body but not the soul.

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

THE HUNTSMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SOLDIER AND THE SAILOR

A Soldier and a sailor were walking one day
Said the soldier to the sailor let's kneel down and pray
And if we have one prayer may we also have ten
May we have a ruddy litany said the sailor amen.

And the first thing we'll pray for we'll pray for
some cash. Glory Halleliaua to go on a bash

May we have the Bank of England
Said the sailor, amen.

And the next thing a wench may she be French
..... May we have a ruddy harem

Wives - bane of our lives - may they all live in Tipperar
Beer - give us good cheer - ruddy brewery.
Queen - long may she reign - a ruddy regiment.
King - right rotten person to us he has been -
one dose - ruddy hospital.

And the last thing we'll pray for we'll pray for ourselves.
G.H and long may we dwell.
And if we live one year may we also live ten.
May we live to be a thousand
Said the sailor. Amen.

BLACKLEG MINER

It's in the evening, after dark.
The blackleg miner gangs ta wark
In his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
There goes the blackleg miner.

He takes his pick and down he goes
To Hew the coal that lies below
There's not a woman in this town row
Would look at a blackleg miner.

For Deleva is a terrible place
They rub wet clay in a blacklegs face
Around the pits they run a foot race
To catch the blackleg miner.

And don't go near the Segal mine.
Across the top they've stretched a line
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty blackleg miner.

So join the union while you may
And don't wait till your dying day
For that may not be far away.
You dirty blackleg miner.

DEPORTEES

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

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

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

The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon,
A fireball of lighting 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 fresh fruit?
Employing cheap labour from over the border,
Labour the radio calls deportees.

RED MAN

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

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

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

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

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

DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on the deck?
Where there's a king with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

Hey, Ho, away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding
Hey, Ho, away we go
Riding on a donkey

Were you every off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm
See the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey?

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay
Where the folks all shout "Hooray
Here comes Johnny with his three month's pay
Riding on a donkey".

QUEENIE

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

Take'em off, take'em off!
Cry the boys at the back
Take'em off, take'em off!
Be your natural self,
But Queenie is a lady and 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.

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

AUNT RHODY

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

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

CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE

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

Two by two. Two for the Paul and Silas.

Three for the Hebrew children

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that go out alive

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments.

POOR OLD MAN

A poor old man was crossing the road (3 times)

When along came a

Wheelbarrow

Fish and chip potato cart

Trolley-bus wire wiper

Corporation cart what sucks water up an 'ole

Oh, don't let the wheels of your

Your Your

Oh don't let the wheels of your

Run over the poor old man

SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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

Away, away with rum, by gum,
With rum, by gum, with rum, by gum,
Away, away with rum, by gum,
That's the song of the Salvation Army

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

A man who eats fruit cake is a terrible disgrace,
He rolls in the gutter with crumbs on his face,

Can you imagine a more horrible sight
Than a man who eats fruit cake until he is tight?

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.

HEAVEN (I gotta robe...)

I gotta robe, you gotta robe, all God's children gotta robe
When I get to heaven gonna put on my robe
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven, heaven, heaven.
Everybody talking 'bout heaven and goin' there, heaven, h
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven.

Shoes	Dance
Song	Sing
Harp	Play
Wings	Fly

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.

Hal and Tow (D), jolly rumbelow (D),
We were up (D), Long before the day-oh (D),
To welcome in the summer,
To welcome in the May-oh,
For summer is a coming in
And Winter's gone away-oh.

What happened to the Spaniards
that made so great a boast-oh,
Why they shall eat the feathered goose
and we shall eat the road-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

SWEET CHARIOT

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

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

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many miles must one man walk
before people call him a man?
How many miles must a white dove sail
before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly
before they're forever banned?

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

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

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

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

BANKS OF THE OHIO

I asked my love to take a walk, to take a walk,
just a little walk.

Down beside where the waters flow,
down by the banks of the Ohio.

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

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

I took her by the lily white hand,
and led her down by the water's strand.
I picked her up and pitched her in,
and watched her body floating by.

I wandered home t'wixt twelve and one,
I cried "My God, what have I done?
I've killed the only woman I loved,
because she would not be my bride".

THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

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

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

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

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

MY GIRLS A CORKER

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

She's got a pair of legs just like two whisky kegs etc.
She's got a pair of hips just like two battleships
She's got a pair of arms just like two waving palms
She's got a pair of eyes just like two custard pies
She's got a nose just like a garden hose
She's got a mop of hair just like a grizzly bear.

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry that has no stone
I gave my love a chicken that has no bone
I told my love a story that has no end
I gave my love a baby with no crying.

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 story that has no end
How can there be a baby with no crying.

A cherry when its blooming, it has no stone
A chicken when its peeping it has no bone
The story that I love you, it has no end.
A baby when its sleeping has no crying.

BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they called Belfast,
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
And many an hour's sweet happiness
Have I spent in that neat little town.
A bad misfortune came over me
Which caused me to stray from the land
Far away from me friends and relations
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds
I thought her the queen of the land
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
Tied up with a black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay
When who should I see but a pretty fair maid
Come tripping along the pathway.
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
I knew she meant a doing for him
By the look in her roguish black eye.
His watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into me hand
And the very next thing that I said was
"Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band".

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

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

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.

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.

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.

SHOALS OF HERRINGS

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day:
Out of Yarmouth Harbour I was faring.
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

Oh the work was hard, and the hours were long
And the treatment, sure it took some bearing.
There was little kindness, and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

Oh, we've fished the Swarth and the Broken Bank,
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing
And I used to sleep standing on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

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

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear, and show a manly bearing,
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring.

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
While you're following the shoals of herring.

Oh, I earned my keep and I paid my way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing,
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring.

BLACK GIRL

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

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

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

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

POOR BOY

As I went down to the river, poor boy
To see the ships go by
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
And she waved to me good-bye.

Bow down your head and cry, poor boy
Bow down your head and cry
stop thinking about that woman you love
Bow' down your head and cry.

I followed her for months and months
She offered me her hand
We were just about to get married, when
She ran off with a gambling man.

He came at me with a big jack knife
I went for him with lead,
When the fight was over, poor boy
He lay down beside me, dead.

They took me to the big jail house
The months, the months rolled by
The jury found me guilty, poor boy
And the Judge said you must die.

And yet they call this justice, poor boy
Then justice let it be
I only killed a man that was
Just a-fixing to kill me.

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

On a summer's day, in the month of May
A burly bum came hiking,
Down a shady lane with a sugar cane
He was looking for his liking.
As he strolled along
He sang a song Of the land of milk and honey
Where a bum can stay for many a day
And he don't need any money

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

In the big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
The farmers' trees are full of fruit
The barns are full of hay
I want to go where there ain't no snow
Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never wash your socks
And little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks
There's a lake of stew and whisky too
And you paddle around in a big canoe
Where they hung the Turk
Who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

HOME BOYS HOME

Oh who wouldn't be a sailor boy a-sailing on the main
To gain the good will of his captain is to blame.
For he went ashore now one evening for to be
And that was the beginning of the whole calamity.

And it's Home, Boys, Home
Home I'd like to be
Home for a while in me own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-blooming freely in the north country.

Now I asked her for a handkerchief to tie around me head
And likewise for a candle for to light me up to bed
She tended to me needs just like a young maid ought to do
So then I says to her why don't you leap in with me too.

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

Oh well early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron poured a pocket full of gold
Saying "Take this my dear for the mischief I have done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son".

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

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

HOLY GROUND

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

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

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

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

PRICKELI-BUSH

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 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 I see my true love coming over yonder stile.

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

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

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.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

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

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

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
many hours had he spent as a boy.
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
and to share in his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty four as he entered in the door
with his blushing and beautiful bride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
when the old man died.

My Grandfather said that of those he could hire,
not a servant more true could be found.
For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
at the end of each week to be wound,
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
and its hands never hung by its side.
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
when the old man died.

It struck an alarm in the dead of the night,
an alarm that for years had been dumb.
And we knew that his spirit was poised for its flight,
that the hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept strict time with a soft and muffled chime,
as we silently stood by his side,
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
when the old man died.

THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept up on Crowdon,
I've camped by the Wain Stones as well,
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder,
And many more things I can tell.
My rucksack has oft been me pillow,
The heather has oft been my bed,
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way,
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way,
I may be a wage slave on Monday,
But I am a free man on Sunday.

The day was just ending as I was descending
By Grimesbrook just by Upper Tor
When a voice cried "Hey you!" in the way keepers do,
He's the worst face that ever I saw.
The things that he said were unpleasant.
In the teeth of his fury I said,
Sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

I once loved a maid, a spot-welder by trade,
She was fair as the rowan in bloom
And the blue of her eye matched the June moorland sky
And I wooed her from April till June.
On the day that we should have been married
I went for a ramble instead,
For sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

So I walk where I will, over mountain and hill,
And I'll lie where the bracken is deep,
I belong to the mountains, the clear-running fountains
Where the grey rocks rise rugged and steep.
I've seen the white hare in the gully
And the curlew fly high overhead,
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

THE FOX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE NIGHTINGALE

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

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

Then out from his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle
And he played her such merry tunes as you ever did hear
And he played her such merry tunes as the valley did ring
Oh la cried the fair maid how the Nightingales sing

I'm off to India for seven long years
Drinking wines and strong whiskies
instead of strong beers
And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring
And we'll both sit down together love
to hear the Nightingale sing.

Oh then says the fair maid won't you marry me
Oh no says the soldier, however could that be
For I've my son and wife at home in my own country
And she is the fairest little maid as you ever did see.

STANLEY AND DORA

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

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

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

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

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

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

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three
Lord I'm four, Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home
Five hundred miles (x4)
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home

Not a shirt on my back,
Not a penny to my name,
Lord I can't go home this-a-way,
This-a-way (x4)
Lord I can't go home this-a-way.

'ENRY

Where have you been all the day, 'Enry?
Where have you been all the day, my son?
Where have you been all the day, my own current bun
In the woods muvver (x2)

O make my bed quick 'cos I'm feeling very sick
And I wanna lay down and die

What did you do in them woods 'Enry ...
Ett, muvver ...

What you eat in them woods 'Enry
Eels muvver

What colour was them eels 'Enry ...
Green, muvver

Thems wasn't eels, them's was snakes 'Enry
Yeucch, muvver.

HENRY MY SON

Where have you been all day, Henry my son?
Where have you been all day, my beloved one?
In the churchyard, in the churchyard

Oh make my bed, I've a pain in my head
And I want to lie down and die

What have you been eating, Henry my son...
Poison berries

Who gave you those berries ...
My sister ...

What colour were those berries ...
Red and yellow ...

What will you leave your father ...
Watch and chain ...

What will you leave your mother ...
Keys to heaven ...

What will you leave your sister, Henry my son ...
Knives to stab her, chains to bind her.



THE HERRING (GEORDIE VERSION)

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

Herrings heads loaves of bread
and all manner of things
of all the fish that swim in the sea
The herring is the fish for me
Away the day Away the day
My Winnie oh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

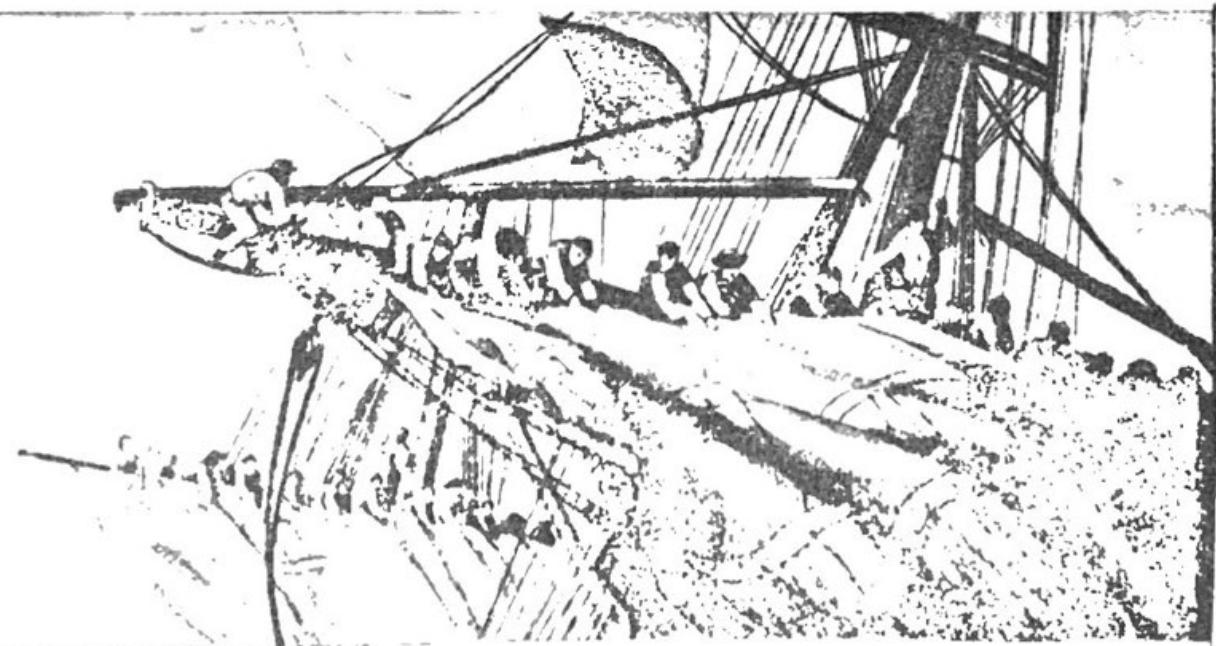
HAUL AWAY JOE

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

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

King Louis was the king of France
 before the revolution
And then he had his head cut off
 which spoiled his constitution ...

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



THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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 a jug of punch.

Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo,
toora loora, loo

A birdie sat on an ivy bunch, And the song he sung was a 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 depression that's on the heart,

Even the cripple forgets his hunch, when he's safe outside of a jug of punch

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

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

THE OLD DUN COW

(with hics and belches)

Some pals and I in a Public House,
Were playing dominoes last night,
When all of a sudden in the potman rushed
With a face just like a kite.
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen your Aunt?
Have you seen your Aunt Maria?"
"Aunt Maria be blowed", says he,
"The bloomin' pub's on fire".
"What's that?" says Brown, "What a bit of luck,
What a bit of luck" shouts he,
"Down in the cellar with a fire on top,
We'll have a good ol' spree".
So we all went down with gool ol' Brown
And beer we couln't miss,
And we hadn't been ten minutes there
Before we were like this

Oh there was Brown, upside down
Knocking back the whiskey on the floor.
"Booze! booze! the firemen cried,
As they came a-knocking at the door.
"Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up,"
Someone shouted "MacIntyre",
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub,
And gave it just a few hard knocks.
He started taking off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hold on!" says Snoops, "If you wanna wash yer feet,
There's a tub of four ale here.
Don't dip your trotters in the port wine tub,
When we've still got some old stale beer".
Just then there came such an awful crash,
Half the bloomin' roof gave way
We was run with the firemen's hose
But still we were all gay.

We got some sacks and some old tin tacks
And bunged ourselves inside,
And we all got drinking good old scotch
Till we was bleary eyed.

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

Follow the drinking gourd (x2)

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

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.

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

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.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

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.

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

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

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

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

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

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

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

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

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



A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

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

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

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

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

DIRTY OLD TOWN

I found my love by the gasworks wall
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

I heard the siren from the docks,
Saw a train set the night on fire,
Smelt the Spring on the smoky air

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

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

FOGGY DEW

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

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

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

CHICKENS

We had some chickens - no eggs would they lay (x2)
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; no eggs would they lay

One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught these chickens right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now just like they used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give (x2)
So, I said honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; no milk would they give

One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught these moo-cows right off of their guard
They're giving egg nog instead of milk now
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some elephants no tusks would they grow
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; no tusks would they grow

One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught these elephants right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now of solid ivory
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny
We're losing money; the tractor wouldn't go

One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught this tractor right off of its guard
Now it goes EGGsactly just like it used to
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

THE LOGGER LOVER

'Twas as I sat down one morning, 'twas in a small cafe,
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:
I see that you are a Logger and not just a common bum
For nobody but a Logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

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

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

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

I watched my Lover leaving, as homeward he did go,
Sauntering gaily onwards at forty eight below.
The weather tried to freeze him it tried its level best,
At a hundred degrees below zero,
he buttoned up his vest.

It froze right through to China,
it froze to the stars above,
At a thousand degrees below zero,
it froze my Logger Love,
And so I lost my lover, and if you believe it, Sir,
They made him into axe-blades,
to chop the Douglas Fir.

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

DIDO BENDIGO

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

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

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

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

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

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 nine
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 Heaver 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.

MAIRI'S WEDDING

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

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

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

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

COSHER BAILEY

Cosher Bailey had an engine
That was always needing mending
And according to the power
It would do four miles an hour

Was you ever saw (x3)
Such a funny thing before

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.

(further verses ad lib)

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)
Doon the double ra'

He's gan tar get a claihes 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 cou'na getch it
And he's blown down double ra'

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

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

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

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

THREE CROWS

Three Crows, sat upon a wall
sat, upon, sat upon a wall
Three crows sat upon a wall
on a cold and frosty morning.

The First Crow fell and broke his jaw ...
The Second Crow couldn't fly at all ...
The Third Crow greetin for his ma ...
The Fourth crow wasna There at all.

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.
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 bomber 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 mammy 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.

SHENANDOAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

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

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

Wives are waiting on the bank, or
Looking seaward from the heather;
Pull her round, boys! And we'll anchor
Ere the sun set at Mingulay.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born, Heave away, haul away,
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn,
We're bound for South Australia.

Haul away, your rolling King,
Heave away, haul away,
Haul away, oh hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia.

As I walked out one morning fair, Heave away, haul awa
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair,
We're bound for South Australia.

I shook her up, I shook her down

I shook her round and round the town

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind,

To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind,

And as we wallop around Cape Horn

You'll wish to God you'd never been born,

MAGGIE MAY

Come gather round you sailor boys and listen to my song
And when you've heard it through you'll pity me,
For I was a goddam fool in the port of Liverpool
The first time that I came home from sea.
I was paid off at the Hove for a trip from Sydney Cove,
And two pound ten a month was all me pay,
But I started drinking gin and was neatly taken in
By a little girl they all called Maggie May.

Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away
And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
For the judge he guilty found 'er
For robbing a homeward bounder
The first time that I came home from sea.

The first time I saw Maggie she took me breath away
She was cruising up and down Old Canning Place
She had a figure fine as a warship of the line
And me being a sailor, I gave chase.
In the morning I awoke, stiff and sore and stoney broke,
No trousers, coat or weskit could I find;
The landlady said "Sir,
 I can tell you where they are
They'll be down at the pawnshop, Number Nine".

To the bobby on the beat at the corner of the street
To him I went, to him I told me tale
And he asked, as if in doubt
 "Do you mother know you're out?"
But agreed the lady ought to be in jail.
To the pawnshop I applied but no trousers could I find,
The bobbies came and took the girl away.
The judge he guilty found 'er
 for robbing a homeward bounder,
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay.

A CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Whalloping Window Blind
No storm 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
And it often appeared when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below.

So blow ye winds hi 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 by the morning train
I'll cross the raging main
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove
Ten thousand miles away.

The bosun'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 blooming 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.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
As we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles where the Poopoo smiles
And the rubbly ubbugs road
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 Torribly 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.

SLOOP JOHN "B"

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

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

trunk

The first mate, oh, he got drunk, He broke up the people's
Constable had to come and take him away, Sheriff Johnstone
Please let me alone; I feel so break up, I want to go home.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

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

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

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

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.

THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

We're all met together here to sit and to crack
With our glasses in our hands and our work upon our back
There's nae a trade among them that can mend or can mack
If it was nae for the work o' the weavers.

If it was nae for the weavers what would we do?
We would nae hae clae's made of oor woo'
We would nae hae a coat neither black nor blue
If it was nae for the work of the weavers.

There's soldiers, and there's sailors and glaziers and a',
There's doctors and there's meenisters, and them that live by I
And our friends in South America, though them we never saw,
But we know they wear the work o' the weavers.

The weaving is a trade that never can fail,
As long as we need clothes for to keep another hale,
So let us all be merry o'er a pitcher of good ale
And we'll drink to the health of the weavers.

BOTANY BAY

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

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

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew
There'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 on to 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.

GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Gather round you sailors and listen to me
Go down you blood red roses, go down!
Ne'er take a yeller 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 yeller 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 yeller girls nine at a time.

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

GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

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

Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay (X3)
The Great American Railway

or

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

In eighteen hundred and eighty two
I found myself with nothing to do (X2)
Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty three
The overseer accepted me (X2)
For work upon the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty four
My hands were tired and my feet were sore (X2)
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty five
I found myself more dead than alive (X2)
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty six
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks (X2)
Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven
I found myself half way to heaven (X2)
Just above the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eight eight
I picked the lock of the Golden Gate (X2)
With a crowbar from the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty nine
I found my wings and a harp devine (X2)
Overlooking the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty ten
If you want more you can sing it again (X2)
All about the Railway

FROG WENT A COURTIN'

Frog went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum (X2)
A sword and a pistol by his side a-hum

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YORKSHIRE TUP

As I was going to Skipton
All on a market day
I met with the finest ba-lamb
That ever was fed on hay

Singing clear the road this morning
Clear the road hi-ho
Clear the road you foggy guys
And blow boys blow

This ram he had four feet sir
Four feet on which to stand
And every one of those four feet
Why it covered an acre of land

This ram he had two horns sir
Which reached up to the sky
The eagles made their nests on top
You could hear the young ones cry

The man who killed this ram sir
Well he feared for his life
So he sent him away to Sheffield
To get him a longer knife

Took all the men in Buxton
To carry away his horns
Took all the women in Grassington
To roll away his stones

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

1. I'll sing you one - O
Green grow the rushes - O
What is your one - O
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so
2. Two, two, the lilly white boys clothed all in green - o
3. Three, three the rivals
4. Four for the Gospel makers
5. Five for symbols at your door
6. Six for the six proud walkers
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky
8. Eight for the April rainers
9. Nine for the nine bright shiners
10. Ten for the ten commandments
11. Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven
12. Twelve for the twelve apostles.

HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

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

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

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

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

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

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



IRENE

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 the 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.

HANGING JOHNNY

They call me hanging Johnny
Away boys away
But I never hanged nobody
So hang boys hang em.

They says I hanged me Granny
Away boys away
And all me bloomin' family
So hang boys hang em.

They says I hanged me Mother
Away boys away
Me Sister and me Brother
So hang boys hang em.

Well I am a rotten liar
Away boys away
For I'd hang the bloody Friar
So hang boys hang em.

Now they says I hang for money
Away boys away
But hanging's so bloody funny
So hang boys hang em.

Now we all will hang together
Away boys away
And we'll haul for better weather
So hang boys hang em.

SNOW SNIFFING LAMENT

Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
Were walking down 5th Avenue

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The moral of this just goes to show
There ain't no sense in sniffing snow.

JAMAICAN FAREWELL

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

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

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

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

TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer (B) Carry it to the Captain (B) (X3)
Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone

If he ask you (B) was I running (B) (X3)
You can tell him I was flying, You can tell him I was flying

If he ask you (B) was I laughin' (B) (X3)
You can tell him I was crying, You can tell him I was crying.

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

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

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

THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

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

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

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

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

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Thru streets broad and narrow
Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!

She was a fishmonger, but shure twas no wonder
For so were her Father and Mother before
And they each wheeled their barrow
Thru streets broad and narrow
Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Thru streets broad and narrow
Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh!

YELLOW ROSES

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

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

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

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

JOHNNY TODD

Johnny Todd, he took a notion,
For to sail the ocean wide
But he left his true love behind him,
Weeping by the Liverpool tide.

For a while she wept full sorely,
Tore her hair and wrung her hands,
Till she met up with another sailor,
Walking on the Liverpool sands.

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

'I will buy you sheets and blankets,
I will 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 and false one,
Was another sailor's bride.

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

WILD ROVER

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

And it's No nay never
No nay Never no more
Will I play the wild rover
No never no more

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

I drew out 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 oft times before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT

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

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

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

KILGARY MOUNTAIN

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

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

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

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

'Twas early in the morning I was wakened from my napping
I beheld a band of footman and the wily, handsome captain
I reached for my pistols for to begin the slaughter
But I could not discharge them for I couldn't fire the water

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

If anyone can help me its my brother in the army
But I know not where he's stationed, be it Cork
or in Killarney

If only I could find him we'd go roving in Kilkenny
And I know he'd treat me better than
my darling sporting Jenny.

Now some folks takes delight in their carriages a rolling
And others takes delight in the hurley and the bowling
But me I takes delight in the juice of the barley
And courting pretty women in the morning bright and earl

WOAD

Whats the use of wearing braces
Hats & spats & shoes with laces
All the things you buy in places
Down the Brompton Road.

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

Woad's the stuff to show men
Woad to scare your foemen
Boil it to, a brilliant blue
And rub it on your back and your abdomen.

Ancient Britain never hit on
Anything as good as woad to fit on
Neck or knees or where you sit on
Tailors you be blowed.

Romans came across the channel
All wrapped up in tin & flannel
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.

Saxons you can waste your stitches
Building beds for bugs in breeches
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.

Romans keep you armours
Saxons your pyjamas
Hairy coats, were meant for goats
Gorillas, Yaks, retriever dogs & Llamas.

Tramp up Snowdon, with your woad on
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on
Never want a button sowed on
Go it, ancient B's.

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 to 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, etc.
- 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.

POOR BOY

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

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.

I followed her for months and months
She offered me her hand
We were just about to get married, when
She ran off with a gambling man.

He came at me with a big jack knife
I went at him with lead,
When the fight was over, poor boy
He lay down beside me, dead.

They took me to the big jail house
The months, the months rolled by
The jury found me guilty, poor boy
And the Judge said you must die.

And yet they call this justice, poor boy
Then justice let it be
I only killed a man that was
Just a-fixing to kill me.

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

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

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

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

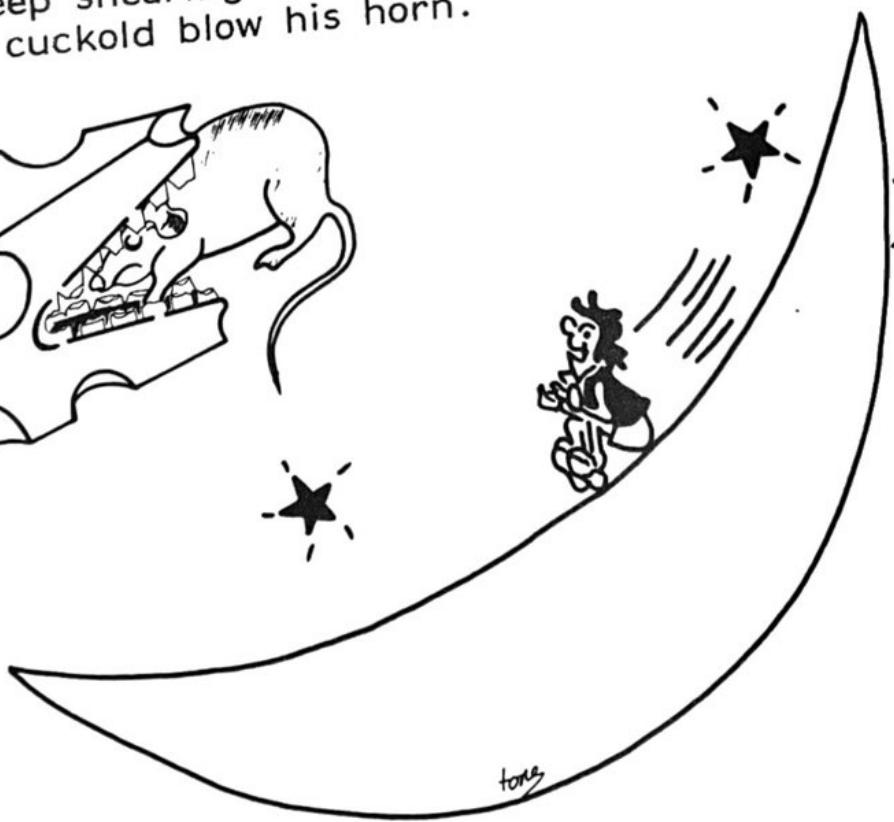
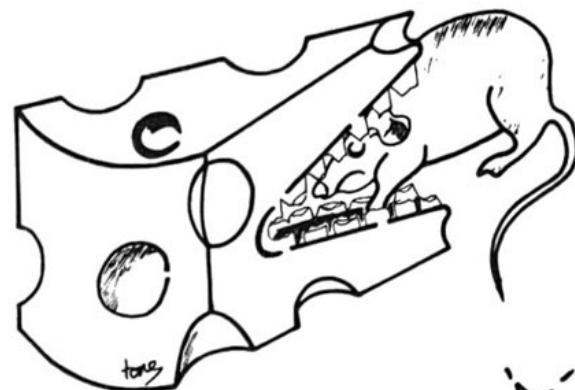
I saw the mouse chase the cat
And saw the cheese eat the rat.

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

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

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

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



HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer
Mop it down, Mop it down (X2)
Here's to good old beer
It makes you feel so queer
Here's to good old beer
Mop it down, Mop it down

Whisky frisky



Brandy handy

Tea want to P



Coffee just like Tea

Dettol stings you like a nettle

Water do what you oughter

Gin want to sin

Soup cock-a-hoop



etc



WHISKEY ON A SUNDAY

I sits at the corner of Beggars Bush
Astride of an old packing case
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing
As he crooned with a smile on his face.

Da Da Da come day go day
Wishing me heart it was Sunday la la la la
Thinking what I'll do all the week
And its whiskey on a Sunday.

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

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

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

*COULTER'S CANDY

Ally, bally, ally bally be,
Sittin' on yer mammy's knee
Greetin' fur a wee bawbee,
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Mammy gie me ma thrifty doon
Here's auld Coulter comin' roon
Wi' a basket on his croon
Sellin' Coulter's candy.

Poor wee soul, you're lookin' awfu' thin
A rachle o' bones covered ower wi' skin,
Soon you'll hae a wee, double chin
Fra sookin' Coulter's candy.

Poor wee Annie's greetin' tae
Whit can puir wee mammy dae
But gi'em a tanner a 'tween the twae
Tae buy mair Coulter's candy.

Ally, bally, ally bally bee,
When you grow up you'll gae tae sea
Makin' pennies for daddy and me
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

* pronounced "Cooters".

MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

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

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

When we went to church, Hey ding dorum day,
When we went to church, me being young,
When we went to church, he left me in the lurch,
Maids when ...

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

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

When he went to sleep ... out of bed I did leap
Into the arms of a handsome young man.

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

MANY 1000s GONE

1. No more auction block for me, no more, no more
2. No more driver's lash for me, "
3. No more pint of salt for me, "
4. No more peck of corn for me, "

No more auction block for me, many thousands gone
No more driver's lash for me, "
No more pint of salt for me, "
No more peck of corn for me, "

PACE EGGING SONG

Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
We are come a pace egging and I hope you'll prove kind,
And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs & strong beer,
For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.

And the first to come in is Lord Nelson you'll see
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine
And I hope he remembers it's pace egging time.

And the next to come in, it is Lord Collingwood
And he fought with Lord Nelson 'till he shed his blood.
And he's come from the sea, Old England to view,
And he's come a pace-egging with all of his crew.

And the last to come in is old Toss Pot you'll see
He's a valiant old man and in every degree
He's a valiant old man and he wears a pig tail
And his only delight is a-drinking mulled ale.

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire,
Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire,
Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right
If you give nowt we'll take nowt, farewell & goodnight.

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Well you wake up in the morning to the ding dong ring
Go marching to the table see the same damn thing
Knife and fork upon the table nothing in my pan
Say anything about it you're in trouble with the man.

Let the midnight special
Shine its light on me
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever loving light on me.

Well yonder came Miss Rosy; how in the world d'you know
Well I knowed her by her apron and the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
She's gonna tell the Guvnor turn a-loose my man.

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

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

ROUNDS

COME FOLLOW

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow,
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?
To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood,
To the Greenwood, Greenwood tree. (X2)

ROSE, ROSE

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

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

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

KOOKABURRA

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

WHITE SANDS

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

MY GOOSE

Why doesn't my goose
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 (X3)
Never to die

LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter (X2)
Melancholy flower (X2)
Life is but a melon (X2)
Cauliflower (X2)

FISH & CHIPS & VINEGAR

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

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

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

SOME MORE 'ROUNDS' SONGS

Donna nobis pacem

Turn again Whittington

I hear thunder

Row, Row

Great Tom is cast

Animal Fair

Rock my Soul

London's Burning

OLD SMOKY

On top of Old Smoky, all covered in snow
I lost my true lover, through courting too slow.

Now courting's a pleasure and partings' a grief
But a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
A thief he will rob you and take what you have,
But a false hearted lover will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust,
There's not one man in a million a poor girl can trust.
He'll tell you he loves you and tell you more lies
Than the crossties on the railroad
or the stars in the skies.

He'll tell you he loves you to give your heart ease
But the moment your back's turned
he'll court whom he please.

Come all you young maidens and listen to me,
Don't hang your affections on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither
and the roots they will die,
And you'll be forsaken and never know why.
Bury me on Old Smoky, Old Smoky so high,
Where the wild birds in heaven can hear my sad cry.

RED RIVER VALLEY

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

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

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

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

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

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

Got the blues, when my baby left me
by the San Francisco Bay,
Ocean liner, she's gone so far away,
Didn't mean to treat her so bad
She was the best girl that I ever had
Said goodbye, made me cry
Want to lay down and die.
Ain't got a nickel, I ain't got a lousy dime
If she don't come back I think I'm
going to lose my mind
If she ever come back to stay,
it'll be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

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

QUARE BUNGLE RYE

Now Jack was a sailor as roamed round the town
And he met with a damsel as skips up and down
Says the damsel to Jack now as she passed him by
Would you care for to purchase some quare bungle
rye raddy rye.

Fal-da-diddle- ai raddy rye raddy rye.

Says Jack to himself now and what can this be
Why the finest old whiskey from far Germany
Smuggled up on a basket and sold on the sly
And the name that it goes by is quare bungle rye ...

Jack gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange
She said hold me old basket while I run for your change.
Jack peeped in the basket and a child he did spy
Oh damn it, says Jack, this is quare bungle rye ...

Now to get the child christened was Jack's first intent
And to get the child christened to the parson he went
Says the parson to Jack, now what shall he go by,
Oh damn it, says Jack, call him quare bungle rye ...

Says the parson to Jack 'tis a very queer name
Well damn it, says Jack, 'tis a queer way he came
Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly
And the name that he'll go by is quare bungle rye ...

So come all you young sailors as roams round the town
Beware of them damsels as skips up and down
Beware of those ladies as you pass them by
Or else they might sell you some quare bungle rye ...

PEGGY-O

There once was a troop of Irish Dragoons
Came marching down through Fyvie-O
And our Captain's fell in love wi' a lady like a dove
The fairest maiden in Fyvie-O

There's many a bonny lass in the Shire of Inverness
There's many a bonny lass in the Fyvie-O
There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen
But the fairest o' them all is pretty Peggy-O

Come tripping down the stairs pretty Peggy my dear
Come tripping down the stairs pretty Peggy-O
Come tripping down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair
And bid a last farewell to your mammy-O

What would your mammy think if she heard the guineas chink
And the hautboys playing afore ye-O
What would your mammy think if she heard the guineas chink
And kenned you were married to a soldier O

I never did intend a soilders wife to be
I never will marry a soldier-O
I never did intend going to a foreign land
I'd rather bide here with my mammy-O

Then its up cries the Colonel mount boys mount
Oh tarry cries our captain oh tarry-O
Oh tarry for a while for another day or two
To see if this fair maiden will marry O

It was early the next morning as we marched away
And oh, but our captain was sorry-O
The drums they did beat o'er the bonnie braes o'gight
And the fife played the Lowlands of Fyvie-O.

It was long er' we came to old Meldrun Town
That we had our captain to carry-O
It was long e'r we came to bonnie Aberdeen
That we had our captain to bury-O

Oh green grow the kirks on bonnie ythen Side
And low lie the Lowlands of Fyvie-O
Our captain he is dead, and he died for a maid
He died for the bonnie lass of Fyvie-O

SKYE BOAT SONG

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar
Thunder claps rend the air
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall he sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

SANTE ANNO

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

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

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

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

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

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

COPPER KETTLE

Get you a copper kettle, get you a copper coil
Cover with cornmash, and never more you'll toil

You just lay beneath the Juniper
O when the moon is bright
Watch them jugs a fillin'
In the pale moon light

My father he made whisky, my father's father too
We ain't paid no whisky tax, since 1792

Build your fire of hickory, hickory, ash and oak
Don't use green or rotten wood,
they'll get you by the smoke

SINNER MAN

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to (X3)
All on that day

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me (X3)
Lord said sinner man sun'll be a freezing

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me (X3)
Lord said sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding

Run to the rock, rock wont you hide me (X3)
Lord said sinner man rock'll be a melting

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me (X3)
Lord said sinner man, sea'll be a boiling

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me (X3)
No sinner man you should be a prayin'

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me (X3)
Yes sinner man come on in and howdy.

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.

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

She left her father's castle great,
Left her own fond lover,
Left her servants and her state,
To follow the 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 over,
And I will stay till my dying day,
With my Whistling Gipsy Rover.

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.

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.

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.

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 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.

Now 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.

STREETS OF LONDON

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

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

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

In the all night cafe
At a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea cup
Each tea lasts an hour
Then he wanders home alone.

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

RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN

About a maid I'll sing a song
Sing Ricketty Ticketty Tin
About a maid I'll sing a song
She didn't keep her family long
Not only did she do them wrong
She did everyone of them in (X2)

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

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

She weighted her brother down with stones
And sent him down to Davey Jones
And all they ever found were some bones
And occassional pieces of skin.

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

She chopped her baby brother in two
And served him up as an Irish Stew
Served him up as an Irish Stew
And invited the neighbours in.

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

DANCES

STEAMBOAT

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 to where they were.

First couple lead down, second couple follow
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 & hop
Cheerio to that old couple, welcome to the new.

OH JOHNNY

Now you all join hands and you circle the ring
Then you stop where you are, give your honey a swing.
Swing the little girl behind you,
Swing your own if she can come and look and find you,
Turn by the left with the corner girl,
Do - si - do your own,
Then you all promenade with that sweet corner maid,
Singing Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh;
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh.

SHOO FLY

Shoo fly, don't bother me (X3),
I belong to somebody
I do, I do, I do, and I ain't gonna tell you who.
I belong to somebody, yes indeed I do.

HOT TIME

Now it's gentlemen left to the corner you must go
Grand right and left around the outside row
Meet your honey and promenade her home
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

* First couple out to the right and circle four hands round
Pick up two and circle six hands round
Take two more and cirle eight hands round
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Allemande left with the lady on the left
Allemande right with the lady on the right
Allemande left with the lady on the left
And a grand old right and left around the ring.

Meet your honey with a do-si-do
Take her in your arms and around and around you go
Promenade with sweetest girl you know
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Repeat from * for each couple in turn.

I WANT TO BE NEAR YOU

First couple separate go out around the ring
You pass your partners going out
You pass them coming in
Bow to your corner
Promenade your own

Sing - I want to be near you
You're the one the one the one,
I want to be near you
Your the one for me

Repeat for all couples

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said to Noah)
There's going to be a floody, floody) twice
All God's children
In the muddy, muddy
Children of the Lord

So, rise and shine)
And give God your glory, glory) Three times
Children of the Lord)

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

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

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

ARISE SONG (a)

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

ARISE SONG (b)

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

GOODNIGHT SONG

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

TIME FOR MAN

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

MORE SONGS TO SING

Abdul El Bulbul Emir
Abilene
Alphonso Spegoni
Animal Fair
Animal noises, (tune - Wenceslas)
Apuski dusky
A'roving
Auld Lang Syne
Aupres de ma Blonde
Banana Boat Song
Bananas in Pyjamas
Barley Mow
Bear went over the mountain
Bells of Rhymney
Blow the Man Down
Blow the Wind Southerly
Bog down in the Valley
Bread and Fishes
Camptown Races
Champion at keeping 'em rolling
Charlie is my Darling
Chevalier de la table ronde
Clementine
Click go the shears
Cock Robin
Cold haily, windy, night
Coming round the mountain
Contractor, The
Cooper of Fife
Corrina Corrina
Cutty Wren
Daddy's taking us to the zoo
Daisy Daisy
Darkie Sunday School
Day-O
Derby Ram
Devil Woman
Donal' whaurs yer troosers?
Donna Nobis Pacem
Don't think twice
Down by the Riverside
Down in Demerara
Drill ye Tarriers
Drunken Sailor
Early one morning

Family of Man
Father's Pants
Fiddlers Green
Fire down below
Frankie and Johnnie
Freight Train
Frere Jacques
Gentleman Soldier
Gimme Crack Corn
Go tell it on the mountain
Going down the road feeling bad
Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy
Grand Canyon Line
Great Tom is cast
Greensleeves
Haul on the Bowline
Heads Shoulders Knees and Toes
He's got the whole world
Hippopotamus
Home on the Range
Honey, you can't love one
Hullabaloo Belay
Hush Little Baby
I belong to Glasgow
I can sing a Rainbow
I hear thunder
I know my love
I sent her for bread
If I had a hammer
If you're happy
Ilkley Moor
In a Cottage
Island in the Sun
It aint me Babe
~~It's a long way to Tipperary~~
I've got sixpence
Jerusalem
John Barleycorn
John Brown's Body
John Henry
Johnny I hardly knew you
Keel-row
Keep that wheel a'turning
Kimbaya

Larks, The
Lily the Pink
Little Boxes
Little Brown Jug
Lloyd George knew my father
Loch Lomond
Lolly too dum
London's burning
Lord of the Dance
Lowlands
Man of constant sorrow
Mary Hamilton
Mermaid, The
Michael Finnegan
Morningtown Ride
My Bonnie
North Country Maid
Northern lights, The
Oak and the Ash
Ol' Texas
Old King Cole
Old MacDonald (fat ones, thin ones)
Old Mother Lee
On Top of Spaghetti
One Meat Ball
One More River
Pack up your Troubles
Pick a bale of cotton
Polly Wolly Doodle
Punch Ladle
Quartermaster Stores
Rambling Boy
Reuben James
Riding down from Bangor
Rio Grande
Rising of the Moon
Rock Island Line
Rock my soul
Rothesay-O
Row, row
Sally Free and Easy
Scarborough Fair
Seven Drunken Nights
She was poor, but.....
Shortnin' Bread

Skip to my lou
Song of the Clyde
St James Infirmary
Stealin'
Strangest Dream
Streets of Laredo
Tambourine Man
Ten in the Bed
There but for Fortune
There was an Old Lady
There's a hole in my bucket
Times they are a-changin'
Turn again Whittington
Turn, turn, turn
Turpin Hero
Twanky Dillo
Under the Lilac
Uppidee
Waltzing Matilda
We shall overcome
Westering Home
What did you learn in school?
What have they done to the rain?
When I first came to this land
Where have all the flowers gone
White Cockade
Wild Colonial Boy
Windmill in Old Amsterdam
Woad's the stuff
Woodling and Elf
Work of the Weavers, The
Worried Man
Yankee Doodle
Yellow Roses
Yellow Submarine
Yorkshire Tup
You'll never go to Heaven
Your mother should know

Forest School Camps Song Book

After a long time here is the new Song Book. It's making has spanned two glee committees so this is reflected in the wide variety of songs. Some old songs have been excluded to make space for new ones, but we hope somebody still remembers the words.

The words given here are not necessarily the "correct" ones. Your Gleeman may know a better version so sing along with him and not in opposition. Better still, learn the words during the first one or two camp fires. Refer to the "More Songs" section at the back to add greater variety to your camp fire singing.

We hope that this song book should have holes punched ready for you to put it into a loose leaf file to preserve it from the inevitable mud, then it should last for years.

In future instead of printing a new song book each time we want to change the songs we can print supplementary pages with the new songs for you to add to your file. Then old songs need not fade into the past.

If you would like to see a song added to the book, write it down and send it to the Glee Committee, c/o., F.S.C. Office.

Our thanks to Tony Nolan for the drawings, and to the many people who have given a great deal of time to help in the production of this book.

The Glee Committee
June 1979