

DAM

now

That's What I Call
Glee



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This collection of songs was recorded on the Glee Camp at Rushall Manor Farm, October 1997. Following on from 'The Next to Come In' tape we drew together various traditions. Our intention is to re-introduce songs, which are rarely sung at camp, and to bring new songs into the FSC fold.

Please note that harmonies on sheet music are only a suggestion - feel free to experiment!

Glee Camp '97 included: Lucy Abbott, Jane Antoniewicz, Pete Blackman, John Boden, Julian Brandon-Jones, Dom Cox, Sally Davin, Julian Dodd, Simon Emmerson, Amelia Gregory, Jess Grugeon, Nigel Hogg, Corrine Howells, Tom Hudson, Daniel Jacks, Danny Kuper, Adrian Matthews, Linden Monck, Sara Mort, Juliet O'Keeffe, Steve Rudall, Rupert Samuels, Polly Sands, Garry Saunders, Matt Shoul, Meg Taylor, Julia Tozer, Polly Spencer-Vellacott, Barbara Wood

Cover illustration by Leo Murray

Sound recording and engineering by Simon Emmerson Edited at Sonic Innovations by Martin Russell

country life

I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon the leyland
And hurrah! for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay

In the spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
Oh but of all the times, if choose I may
T'would be rambling in the new mown hay
(chorus)

In winter when the sky is grey
We 'edge and we ditch our time away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new mown hay
(chorus)

Traditional English song as sung by the Watersons

The musical score consists of three staves of handwritten notation in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The notation uses vertical stems and horizontal dashes to represent pitch and rhythm. The lyrics are written below the notes. Roman numerals (I, IV, V) are placed under specific notes to indicate harmonic progression.

1
I like to rise when the sun she ri - ses early ia the mor ning And

2
I like to rise when the sun she ri - ses early ia the mor ning And

3
I like to rise when the sun she ri - ses early ia the mor ning And

IV V I IV V

5
I like to hear them small birds sing ing Mer ri ly up on the ley land And hur rah! for the life of a

IV V I IV V I

10
coun try boy and to ram ble in the new mown hay

IV V I V I

shawnee town

Well some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawnee Town

And it's hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow
Way down in Shawnee Town, on the Ohio

Well now the currents got her, and we'll take up the slack
We'll float her down to Shawnee Town
And we'll bushwhack her back
(chorus)

The whiskey's in the jar boys, the wheat is in the sack
We'll trade 'em down in Shawnee Town
And we'll bring the rock salt back
(chorus)

Well I've got a wife in Louisville, and one in New Orleans
But when I get to Shawnee Town
Gonna see my Indian Queen
(chorus)

The water's mighty warm boys, the air is cold and dank
And that cursed fog it gets so thick
You cannot see the bank
(chorus)

Well some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawnee Town
(chorus)

An American river boat song from the singing of Dillon Bustin

captain don't you know me?

Well, Captain don't you know me
Don't you know my name?
Well, Captain don't you know me
Don't you know my name?
Well the name is the same, whatever the game
And the game's got the same old name
You've the same old rascal, stole my watch and chain
And that's the name of the game

Lovvallus

I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands away

I dreamed my love came standing by
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
Came standing close by my bedside
Lowlands away

He's drowning in the Lowlands sea
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
And never more coming home to me
Lowlands away

He's drowning in the Lowlands low
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
And never more shall I him know
Lowlands away

He's lying in the windy lowlands
Lowlands, lowlands away my John
He's lying in the windy lowlands
Lowlands away

An unusual ballad, as it is told from the point of view of the woman

1

2

6

Sea shanties were sung to keep sailors spirits up whilst doing hard and repetitive work. There was a range of shanties for different types of work, for example - halyard shanties, capstan shanties. (Halyard are the ropes used to pull up the rigging, and a capstan is a winching mechanism.) Boats would employ a shanty man to sing the verses and the sailors would join in the chorus.

The four songs in this collection - *Chicken on a Raft*, *Donkey Riding*, *South Australia* and *Shallow Brown* are all shanties.

chicken on a raft

Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hi ho, chicken on a raft
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hi ho, chicken on a raft

The skipper's in the ward room drinking gin
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
I don't mind knocking, but I ain't a going in
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
The jimmy's laughing like a drain
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Been looking in me comic cuts again
Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Oh, chicken on a raft on a monday morning
Oh what a terrible sight to see
Dabtow's for'ead, and the Dustman's aft
Sitting there picking at a chicken on a raft
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hi ho, chicken on a raft
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hi ho, chicken on a raft

Well they gave me the middle and the fore-noon too
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
And now I'm pulling in a whaler's crew
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
There's a seagull wheeling overhead
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Hope to be floating in a feather bed
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
(chorus)

Well an Amazon girl lives in Dumfries
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
She only has her kids in twos and threes
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Her sister lived in Maryhill
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
She says she won't, but I think she will
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
(chorus)

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
But she didn't cry and she didn't fuss
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Am I the one that she loves best?
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
(chorus)

I had another girl in Donnerbie
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
And did she make a fool of me?
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
Her heart was like a purser's shower
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour
Hey ho, chicken on a raft
(chorus)

There is some debate whether chicken on a raft in the above song refers to egg on toast or chicken curry. The word 'dabtow' is a term for a seaman, and 'dustman' is a stoker. They're vomiting over the front and back of the ship after a heavy weekend on the town drinking!
This shanty is from Cyril Tawney

donkey riding

Where 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

Where you ever off the Horn
Where its always fine and warm?
See the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey
(chorus)

Where you ever in Cardiff bay
Where the folks all shout hurrah!
Here comes Johnny with his three months pay
Riding on a donkey
(chorus)

Sung as an accompaniment to loading cargo. Popular amongst timber 'droghers' in Liverpool and Canada. Originally this was a litany of derogatory verses about women in various ports around the world, but was later sanitised and sung in primary schools and FSC. Don't ask why but it has fond memories for some of us due to the jolly chorus!

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 you rolling kings, heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Australia*

As I walked out one morning fair
Heave away, haul away
T'was there I met Miss Nancy Blair
We're bound for South Australia
(chorus)

I rolled her up, I rolled her down
Heave away, haul away
I rolled her round and round the town
We're bound for South Australia
(chorus)

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind
Heave away, haul away
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind
We're bound for South Australia
(chorus)

And as we wallop'd her round Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
You'll wish to God you'd never been born
We're bound for South Australia
(chorus)

And here I am in a foreign land
Heave away, haul away
With a bottle of whiskey in my hand,
We're bound for South Australia
(chorus)

Port Adelaide's a grand old town
Heave away, haul away
There's plenty girls to go around
We're bound for South Australia
(chorus)

Unusual for a shanty because the chorus contains the order to 'heave away' and then 'haul away'. This means it is a song for 'pumping' where some of the crew would be heaving on pump handles while others were hauling on bell ropes.
From the days of mass emigration to South Australia in the late nineteenth century

shallow brown

And it's goodbye Juliana
Shallow, oh shallow brown
And it's farewell Juliana
Shallow, oh shallow brown

I am bound for to leave you
Shallow, oh shallow brown
Oh I am bound for to leave you
Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's get my things in order
Shallow, oh shallow brown
For the packet rides tomorrow
Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's shallow in the morning
Shallow, oh shallow brown
Just as the day was dawning
Shallow, oh shallow brown

And it's goodbye Juliana
Shallow, oh shallow brown
And it's farewell Juliana
Shallow, oh shallow brown

This started life as a West Indian pump shanty. In the latter days of sail it was used at halyards. The word 'shallow' either refers to a press ganger called Shallow Brown, or from the Caribbean term 'Challow' meaning of mixed race

The musical notation consists of three staves of music. Staff 1 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It contains lyrics: "Well it's good bye Ju li an a Shallow Oh! Shallow Brown". Staff 2 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It contains lyrics: "And it's fare well Ju li an a Shallow Oh Shallow Brown". Staff 3 starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It contains lyrics: "And it's fare well Ju li an a Shallow Oh Shallow Brown". The music features eighth-note patterns and some rests.

down where the drunkards roll

See the boys out walking, the boys they look so fine
Dressed up in green velvet, their silver buckles shine
Soon they'll be bleary-eyed under a keg of wine
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

See that lover standing staring at the ground
He's looking for the real thing, lies are all he found
You can get the real thing it will only cost a pound
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

There goes a troubled woman, she dreams a troubled dream
She lives out on the highway, she keeps her money clean
Soon she'll be returning to the place where she's the queen
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

Oh, you can be a gambler, who never laid a hand
You can be a sailor, never left dry land
You can be Lord Jesus, all the world will understand
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

Written by Richard Thompson. From the album 'I want to see the Bright Lights Tonight' by Richard and Linda Thompson, 1974

The musical score consists of four staves of music. Staff 1 starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. It contains lyrics: "See the boys out walk ing the boys they look so fine Dressedp in green vel vet". Staff 2 continues with the same key signature and adds lyrics: "sil ver buckles shine Soon they'll be bleary eyed under a keg of wine Downwhere the drunkeds roll". Staff 3 begins with a key signature of one flat. Staff 4 concludes the piece with the lyrics "Down where the drunkeds roll". Measure numbers 1, 2, 4, and 9 are indicated above the staves.

the lady and the crocodile

She sailed away on a sunny summers day
On the back of a crocodile
'You see' said she, 'he's as tame as tame can be
I'll ride him down the Nile'
Well the croc' winked his eye as the lady waved goodbye
Wearing a happy smile
But at the end of the ride the lady was inside
And the smile was on the crocodile

see the little engines...

Early in the morning
Down upon the station
See the little engines all in a row
Along comes a man, and he pulls a little handle
Woo, woo!
Choo, choo!
Off we go!

beanz means heinz

A million housewives everyday
Pick up a tin of beans and say
'Beanz means Heinz'
Don't be mean with the beanz mum!
'Beanz means Heinz'

Advertising jingle from the late 1960's

got an old mule

I got an old mule, and her name is Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie canal
She's a good worker and a good old pal
Fifteen miles on the Erie canal
We've hauled some barges in our day
Full of lumber, coal and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo

*Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town .
And you'll always know your neighbour
You'll always know your pal
If you've ever navigated on the Erie canal*

We'd better get along on our way, old gal
Fifteen years on the Erie canal
'Cos you bet your life I'd never part with Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie canal
Get up there mule, here comes a lock
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
One more trip and back we go
Right back home to Buffalo
(chorus)

An American folk blues song

process man

A process man am I, and I'm telling you no lie
I've worked and breathed among the fumes that trail across the sky
There's thunder all around me, and poison in the air
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair

*And it's go, boys go
They'll time your every breath
And every day you're in this place
You're two days nearer death - but you go*

I've worked amongst the spinners, breathed in the oily smoke
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke
I've stood knee deep in cyanide, gone sick with a caustic burn
I've been working rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach turn
(chorus)

There's overtime, there's bonus, opportunities galore
All the young lads like the money, and they all come back for more
But soon you're knocking on, and looking older than you should
For ever bob earned on this job, you pay in sweat and blood
(chorus)

A Process man am I, and I'm telling you no lie
I've worked and breathed among the fumes that trail across the sky
There's thunder all around me, and poison in the air
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair
(chorus)

*A hard hitting song about the life of chemical process workers, written by
Ron Angel of the Teesside Fettlers, probably written in the 1970's*

swing down chariot

Swing down chariot
Stop and, let me ride
Swing down chariot
Stop and, let me ride
Oh, rock me Lord
Rock me Lord
Calm and easy
I've got a home, on the other side

A simple and effective spiritual

moving on song

Born in the middle of the afternoon
In a horse drawn carriage on the old A5
The big twelve wheeler shook my bed
'You can't stay here', the police man said
'You'd better be born in some place else'

Move along, get along, move along, get along, go! move! shift!

Born on the common by a building site
Where the ground was rutted by the trailers wheels
The local Christians said to me
'You'll lower the price of property
You'd better get born in some place else'
(chorus)

Born at potato picking time
In an old bell tent in a tattie field
The farmer said 'The work's all done
It's time that you were moving on
You'd better get born in some place else'
(chorus)

Born at the back of a hawthorn hedge
Where the black hoar frost lay on the ground
No eastern kings came bearing gifts
Instead the order came to shift
'You'd better be born in some place else'
(chorus)

The Eastern sky was full of stars
And one shone brighter than the rest
The wise men came so stern and strict
And brought the orders to evict
'You'd better be born in some place else'
(chorus)

Wagon tent or trailer born
Last month, last year or in far off days
Born here or a thousand miles away
There's always men nearby who'll say
'You'd better be born in some place else'
(chorus)

Ewan McColl, from the version sung by Christie Moore

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count our many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears
Oh hard times come again no more

T'is the song, the sigh of the weary
Hard times, hard times, come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
Oh, hard times, come again no more

There's a pale drooping maiden who's toiled her life away
With worn heart whose better days are o'er
Tho' her voice would be merry she's sighing all the day
Oh hard times come again no more
(chorus)

Though we seek mirth and beauty and music bright and gay
There are frail forms fainting at the door
Tho' their voices are silent, their pleading looks still say
Oh hard times come again no more
(chorus)

T'is a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
T'is a wail that is heard upon the shore
T'is a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh hard times come again no more
(chorus)

written by Stephen C Foster

the lightweight dirge

Our master of old has now passed away
At peace and at rest, we may all see him lay
We've one consolation now we are unmastered
Until his last breath, he was a real bastard
Every man had a good word for he
But will not repeat it in company

His life it was long which made ours seem longer
When we fed him hemlock that just made him stronger
When we cut off his beard and set fire to his stubble
He untied our cottages and reduced them to rubble
(chorus)

He was fond of animals, especially of horses
So we pulled the plough, while he went to race courses
He also loved children and tried without cease
By night and by day to make their numbers increase
(chorus)

On his common land we had grazing rights
But you don't get fat eating grass every night
He gave us each year a long holiday
Which started in winter without any pay
(chorus)

Now he is gone, his life is complete
We have placed a large stone at his head and his feet
The stones are all prepared, indeed truth to tell
It was them falling on him that sent him to hell
(chorus)

A parody on various dirges - this one was written by Stan and Ted of the Kipper family. (Note that the name 'Kipper Family' is a play on the name of the traditional English folk group the Copper Family)

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff (Voice 1) starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics begin with "Our Master of old have now passed a way In peace and con". The second staff (Voice 2) starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics continue with "lest ment we hope he may lay but there's one con so lation now we are in". The third staff (Voice 3) starts with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics continue with "mas tered Us til his last breath he was a scal bas tard". The bottom staff (Piano) starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics continue with "Ev ery man had a good word for be but we'll not re". The next section of the piano staff continues with "pear ill in com pan y".

the wedding song (come write me down)

Come write me down ye powers above
The man that first created love
For I've a diamond in my eye
Where all my joys and comforts lie
Where all my joys and comforts lie

I'll give you gold I'll give you pearl
If you can fancy me dear girl
Rich costly robes that you shall wear
If you can fancy me my dear
If you can fancy me my dear

It's not your gold shall me entice
To leave off pleasures to be a wife
For I don't mean or intend at all
To be at any young man's call
To be at any young man's call

Then go your way you scornful dame
Since you've proved false I'll prove the same
For I don't care but I shall find
Some other fair maid to my mind
Some other fair maid to my mind

Oh stay young man don't be in haste
You seem afraid your time will waste
Let reason rule your roving mind
And unto you I will prove kind
And unto you I will prove kind

So to church they went that very next day
And were married by asking as I've heard say
So now that girl she is his wife
She will prove his comfort day and night
She will prove his comfort day and night

Traditional English song, as sung by Germaine Greer and the Wilson Family

earth my body

Earth my body
Water my blood
Air my breath
And fire my spirit

A moving chant celebrating the four elements

NEA

This tape and song book is, as ever,
an experiment in singing within FSC

Send any thoughts or comments, good or bad, to:
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