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31st of April

~ Jim Blake (c1985)

Late one night I was sitting in a chair
When I thought I heard a funny noise
outside.

Up I rose and went out into the square,
I beheld a sight to make my eyes grow
wide.

Hankies in their hands, ribbons in their
hair,
Never had I seen such peculiar folk.
Stamping on the ground and shouting to
the air,
Come and dance the Morris with Hearts
of Oak.

Have you heard the music? Have you
heard the bells?
Have you seen the sticks they've cracked
and broke?
No one does the dances half so well,
As the highly celebrated Hearts of Oak!

On and on they continued through the
night,
'Till I felt for certain that their legs would
drop.
As I stood there arrested by the sight,
I began to wonder would they ever stop.

Pausing just a moment for half a case of
beer,
Whiskey from the bottle and a smoke.
Forming up a side they called for me to
hear,
Come and dance the morris with the
Hearts of Oak

Have you heard the music? Have you
heard the bells?

Have you seen the sticks they've cracked
and broke?

No one does the dances half so well,
As the highly celebrated Hearts of Oak!

Left right left and the hankies up and
down,
They explain each figure every step and
turn.
Up and back and you circle all around,
While I listened closely and I tried to
learn.

But, stumbling on my feet 'till I could
nearly scream,
Feeling like a fool or an awful joke.
Well looking at me now no one could ever
dream,
I could dance the morris with the Hearts
of Oak.

Have you heard the music? Have you
heard the bells?
Have you seen the sticks they've cracked
and broke?
No one does the dances half so well,
As the highly celebrated Hearts of Oak!

So late one night if you're sitting in a
chair,
And you're not quite certain that you hear
a sound,
Rise on up and go out into the square.
When you see the dancing this is what
you've found.

Hankies in our hands, ribbons in our hair,
No one but the finest dancing folk.
Stamping on the ground and shouting to
the air,
Come and dance the morris with the
Hearts of Oak.

Have you heard the music? Have you
heard the bells?
Have you seen the sticks they've cracked
and broke?
No one does the dances half so well,
As the highly celebrated Hearts of Oak!

1952 Vincent Black Lightning

~ Richard Thompson

Oh says Red Molly to James "That's a
fine motorbike.
A girl could feel special on any such like"
Says James to Red Molly "My hat's off to
you
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952.
And I've seen you at the corners and
cafes it seems
Red hair and black leather, my favourite
colour scheme"
And he pulled her on behind and down to
Boxhill they did ride

Oh says James to Red Molly "Here's a
ring for your right hand
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous
man.
For I've fought with the law since I was
seventeen,
I robbed many a man to get my Vincent
machine.
Now I'm 21 years, I might make 22
And I don't mind dying, but for the love of
you.
And if fate should break my stride
Then I'll give you my Vincent to ride"

"Come down, come down, Red Molly"
called Sergeant McRae
"For they've taken young James Adie for
armed robbery.
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing
inside.
Oh come down, Red Molly to his dying
bedside"
When she came to the hospital, there
wasn't much left
He was running out of road, he was
running out of breath
But he smiled to see her cry
He said "I'll give you my Vincent to ride"

Says James "In my opinion, there's
nothing in this world
Beats a 52 Vincent and a red headed girl.
Now Nortons and Indians and Greeves
won't do,
Ah, they don't have a soul like a Vincent
52"
Oh he reached for her hand and he
slipped her the keys
Said "I've got no further use for these.
I see angels on Ariels in leather and
chrome,
Swooping down from heaven to carry me
home"
And he gave her one last kiss and died
And he gave her his Vincent to ride.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/j0kJdrfzjAg>

Acres Wild

~ Ian Anderson

I'll make love to you
In all good places
Under black mountains
In open spaces.

By deep brown rivers
That slither darkly
Through far marches
Where the blue hare races.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
Northern father's western child.
Where the dance of ages is playing still
Through far marches of acres wild.

I'll make love to you
In narrow side streets
With shuttered windows,
Crumbling chimneys.

Come with me to the weary town ---
Discos silent under tiles
That slide from roof-tops, scatter softly
On concrete marches of acres wild.

By red bricks pointed
With cement fingers
Flaking damply
From sagging shoulders.

Come with me to the Winged Isle ---
Northern father's western child.
Where the dance of ages is playing still
Through far marches of acres wild.

Jethro Tull: <https://youtu.be/J5a3QIZt0Os>

Adieu Sweet Lovely Nancy

[Roud 165]

Adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand
times adieu
I'm a-going round the ocean, love, to seek
for something new
Come change your ring with me, dear girl,
come change your ring with me,
For it might be a token of true love while I
am on the sea.

When I am far upon the sea, who knows
not where I am
Kind letters I will write to you from every
foreign land
The secrets of your heart, dear girl, are
the best of my good will
So let my body be where it might, my
heart is with you still.

There's a heavy storm arising, see how it
comes around
While we poor sailors are on the sea,
a-fighting for the crown
Our officer commanded us, and him we
must obey
Expecting every moment all to get cast
away.

There are tinkers, tailors, and
shoemakers, lie snoring in their sleep
While we poor souls on the ocean wide
are a-plowing through the deep
There's nothing to defend us, love, nor to
keep us from the cold
On the ocean wide, where we must bide
like jolly seamen bold.

But when the wars are over, there'll be
peace on every shore
We will drink to our wives and our
children, and the girls that we adore

We'll call for liquor merrily, and spend out
money free
And when the money it is all gone, we'll
boldly go to sea.

So adieu, sweet lovely Nancy, ten
thousand times adieu
I'm a-going round the ocean, love, to seek
for something new
Come change your ring with me, dear girl,
come change your ring with me,
For it might be a token of true love while I
am on the sea.

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/zra5wlhLJh8>

Al Bowlly's In Heaven

~ Richard Thompson

Well we were heroes then, and the girls
were all pretty
And a uniform was a lucky charm, bought
you the key to the city
We used to dance the whole night
through
While Al Bowlly sang "The Very Thought
Of You"
Now Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo
now

Well I gave my youth to king and country
But what's my country done for me but
sentenced me to misery
I traded my helmet and my parachute
For a pair of crutches and a demob suit
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo
now

Hard times, hard hard times
Hostels and missions and dosser's soup
lines
Can't close me eyes on a bench or a bed
For the sound of some battle raging in my
head

Old friends, you lose so many
You get run around, all over town
The wear and the tear, oh it just drives
you down
St Mungo's with its dirty old sheets
Beats standing all day down on
Scarborough Street
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo
now

Can't stay here, you got to foot-slog
Once in a blue moon you might find a job
Sleep in the rain, you sleep in the snow
When the beds are all taken you've got
nowhere to go

Well I can see me now, I'm back there on
the dance floor
Oh with a blonde on me arm, red-head to
spare
Spit on my shoes and shine in me hair
And there's Al Bowlly, he's up on a stand
Oh that was a voice and that was a band
Al Bowlly's in heaven and I'm in limbo
now

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/ze2YJURB-jM>

Albion Sunrise

~ Richard Thompson

Albion Country Band:

<https://youtu.be/8CjACtRzR60>

When the sun comes up in the morning
and you hear the dancing boys
Mother leave your pots and pans, sister
leave your toys

If you have to break a camel's back or
pull the crowds apart
You'll find a way to get there when that
old time music starts

Just down the street
There's a rattling sound
There's a country band
Playing hand me down
And it's a jamboree

It was in my father's father's time they
new a rolling air
And the Albion boys will show you how,
they sang it everywhere

And if you come along with us you're
numbered as a friend
And the faded flower of England will rise
and bloom again

Just down the street
There's a rattling sound
There's a country band
Playing hand me down
And it's a jamboree

The dancers standing three and three are
a most illustrious sight
If someone saw a better one then you
surely know he lied

You can hear the bells a-ringing as the
singer calls them on
They can dance away the night and day
and never step it wrong

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale

[Roud 1512]

When I was a young man my father did
say
The Summer is comin' 'tis time to make
hay
And when hay's been carted don't you
ever fail
to drink gaffer's health in a pint of good
ale

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale
Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale
Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie
kale
But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish
of taters
and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of
good ale

Our MP's in parliament our faith for to
keep
And I hope now we've put 'im there he
won't sit and sleep
He'll always get my vote if he doesn't fail
To bring down the price of our Good
English Ale

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale
Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale
Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie
kale
But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish
of taters
and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of
good ale

Some folks is teetotallers, they drink
water neat
It must rot their gutses and give 'em damp
feet
But as for my part I know I'll not fail

On boiled beef and bacon and Good
English Ale

Ale, Ale, Glorious Ale
Served up in pewter, it tells its own tale
Some folks like radishes, some cur-lie
kale
But give I boiled parsnips and a gert dish
of taters
and a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of
good ale

All Through The Ale

[Roud 475 ; Master title: Good Brown Ale
and Tobacco]

The hat that I have on, it is so greasy
gone
And as you can tell by its shining
It used to fasten up with a button and a
loop
But now it's all worn out to the lining.

All through the ale, the confounded ale
All through the ale and tobacco
With a whack-fol-the-day, fol-the-diddle,
fol-the-day
All through the ale and tobacco.

The coat that I have on, it is so far run
down
It's out at the sleeve and the elbow
It's needing of repair like a soldier in
despair
That's been seven years in the battle.

All through the ale, the confounded ale
All through the ale and tobacco
With a whack-fol-the-day, fol-the-diddle,
fol-the-day
All through the ale and tobacco.

The breeches I have on, they are so far
run down
My legs you so plainly can see them
Pockets I have two but it's long since they
were new
And I never have a penny to put in them.

All through the ale, the confounded ale
All through the ale and tobacco
With a whack-fol-the-day, fol-the-diddle,
fol-the-day
All through the ale and tobacco.

Stockings I have two, but I never had a
shoe
And my boots they are open to all
weathers
I've pulled them off and on till the
undersoles are gone
And shockingly destroyed the upper
leathers.

All through the ale, the confounded ale
All through the ale and tobacco
With a whack-fol-the-day, fol-the-diddle,
fol-the-day
All through the ale and tobacco.

As for my rags, I don't give a jag,
I'm not afraid that anyone should rob me
And when I am dead you can put it on my
grave
I left this old world as it found me.

All through the ale, the confounded ale
All through the ale and tobacco
With a whack-fol-the-day, fol-the-diddle,
fol-the-day
All through the ale and tobacco.

John Roberts & Tony Barrand:
<https://youtu.be/feZ9dx1UyR0>

The Americans Have Stolen My True Love Away

[Roud 587]

The Americans have stolen my true love
away
And I in old England no longer can stay
I will cross the briny ocean all on my sad
breast
To find out my true love who I do love
best

And when I have found him, my joy and
delight
I'll be constant unto him by day and by
night
I will always prove as constant as a true
turtle dove
And I never will in no time prove false to
my love

When meeting is a pleasure but parting's
a grief
And an inconstant lover is worse than a
thief
For a thief he will but rob you, take all that
you have
But an inconstant lover brings you to the
grave

The grave it will rot you and bring you to
dust
There is not one in twenty pretty ladies
can trust
For they'll kiss you and court you and
swear they'll prove true
And the very next morning they will bid
you adieu

Come all you pretty maidens wherever
you be
Don't settle your mind on yon sycamore
tree

For the leaves they will wither and the
branches will die
And you'll be forsaken, you won't know
not for why.

Eliza Carthy & Saul Rose:

<https://youtu.be/xJPHxbBbKlw>

Anchor Song

~ Rudyard Kipling (1893) / Peter Bellamy
(c1982)

[Line by line](#) analysis

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah, heave
her short again!
Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her
on the pawl.
Loose all sail, and brace your yards
aback and full --
Ready jib to pay her off and heave short
all!

Well, ah, fare you well; we can stay no
more with you, my love --
Down, set down your liquor and your girl
from off your knee;
For the wind has come to say:
"You must take me while you may,
If you'd go to Mother Carey
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),
Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where
she feeds her chicks at sea!"

Heh! Walk her round. Break, ah, break it
out o' that!
Break our starboard-bower out, apeak,
awash, and clear!
Port -- port she casts, with the
harbour-mud beneath her foot,
And that's the last o' bottom we shall see
this year!

Well, ah, fare you well, for we've got to
take her out again --
Take her out in ballast, riding light and
cargo-free.
And it's time to clear and quit
When the hawser grips the bitt,
So we'll pay you with the foresheet and a
promise from the sea!

Heh! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her!
Handsome to the cathead, now; O tally on
the fall!

Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the
davit-guy.

Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard
haul!

Well, ah, fare you well, for the Channel
wind's took hold of us,
Choking down our voices as we snatch
the gaskets free.
And it's blowing up for night,
And she's dropping light on light,
And she's snorting under bonnets for a
breath of open sea,

Wheel, full and by; but she'll smell her
road alone to-night.
Sick she is and harbour-sick -- Oh, sick to
clear the land!
Roll down to Brest with the old Red
Ensign over us --
Carry on and thrash her out with all she'll
stand!

Well, ah, fare you well, and it's Ushant
slams the door on us,
Whirling like a windmill through the dirty
scud to lee:
Till the last, last flicker goes
From the tumbling water-rows,
And we're off to Mother Carey
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where
she feeds her chicks at sea!

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/kjWn-RmKGSE>

Fay Hield: <https://youtu.be/j5ergi9p5JE>

Tony Barrand & John Roberts:

<https://youtu.be/UCasXPDI5Ws>

Anderson's Coast

~ John Warner

Oh, Annie dear, don't wait for me
I fear I shall not return to thee
There's naught to do but endure my fate
And watch the moon
The lonely moon
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.

Now Bass Strait roars like some great mill
race
And where are you, my Annie
And the same moon shines on this lonely
place
As shone one day on my Annie's face

But Annie dear, don't wait for me
I fear I shall not return to thee
There's naught to do but endure my fate
And watch the moon
The lonely moon
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.

We stole a vessel and all her gear
And where are you, my Annie
And from Van Diemen's we north did
steer
'Till Bass Strait's wild waves wrecked us
here

But Annie dear, don't wait for me....

A mile inland, as our path was laid
And where are you, my Annie?
We found a government stockade.
Long deserted, but stoutly made.

But Annie dear, don't wait for me...

And somewhere west, Port Melbourne
lies
And where are you, my Annie

Through swamps infested with snakes
and flies
The fool who walks there, he surely dies

But Annie dear, don't wait for me...

We hail no ships, though the time it drags
And where are you, my Annie
Our chain gang walk and government
rags
All mark us out as Van Diemen's lags

But Annie dear, don't wait for me...

We fled the lash and the chafing chain
And where are you, my Annie
We fled hard labour and brutal pain
And here we are and here remain

But Annie dear, don't wait for me
I fear I shall not return to thee
There's naught to do but endure my fate
And watch the moon
The lonely moon
Light the breakers on wild Bass Strait.

Nancy Kerr & James Fagan:
<https://youtu.be/EdB7z-aJQSI>

Angel From Montgomery

~ John Prine

I am an old woman named after my
mother
My old man is another child that's grown
old
If dreams were lightning thunder was
desire
This old house would have burnt down a
long time ago

Make me an angel that flies from
Montgom'ry
Make me a poster of an old rodeo
Just give me one thing that I can hold on
to
To believe in this living is just a hard way
to go

When I was a young girl well, I had me a
cowboy
He weren't much to look at, just free
rambling man
But that was a long time and no matter
how I try
The years just flow by like a broken down
dam.

Make me an angel that flies from
Montgom'ry
Make me a poster of an old rodeo
Just give me one thing that I can hold on
to
To believe in this living is just a hard way
to go

There's flies in the kitchen I can hear 'em
there buzzing
And I ain't done nothing since I woke up
today.
How the hell can a person go to work in
the morning

And come home in the evening and have
nothing to say.

Make me an angel that flies from
Montgom'ry
Make me a poster of an old rodeo
Just give me one thing that I can hold on
to
To believe in this living is just a hard way
to go

John Prine:

<https://youtu.be/U6cagWYTGCY>

The Angels Took My Racehorse Away

~ Richard Thompson

Well the angels came to see me today
Said "We've taken your racehorse away"
And I believe it was that bookmaker from
Crail
I believe that he put one in her pail

All the finest in the field
Only measured to her shoulders, they
only ever see her heels
And I believe (I believe) every sporting
man will cry
I believe (I believe) to see his income
pass him by

She won the Lanark Silver Bell and she
stole every heart away
She stood her stand at sixteen hands and
I'd ride her easy
But they've taken her away, they've taken
my racehorse away

There's a racecourse in the sky
And that's where all the racing horses
must go by and by
And I believe (I believe) every steward,
lord and groom,
I believe (I believe) that they're calling her
name

She would look at me in the eyes and that
was all she had to say
She stood her stand at sixteen hands and
I'd ride her easy
But they've taken, they've taken my
racehorse away

They've taken my racehorse away
They've taken my racehorse away
They've taken my racehorse away

They've taken my racehorse away
They've taken my racehorse away.

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/VE_RkWOPWgQ

Another May Day Morning

~ Jim Blake (c1986 & 1995)

Look at the sunrise on the river,
One more year it's springtime again.
April has promised, May delivers,
One more May Day morning.

Winter at last has past behind us,
Cold I was, how cold it has been.
Summer is creeping up to find us,
One more May Day morning.

Another May Day morning,
New life in the ground.
Let's sing a song to greet the day,
Let's fill our lungs with the air of May.
Let's watch the winter float away,
And pass the bottle round.
Let's watch the winter float away,
And pass the bottle round.

Such a brave crowd and such ambition,
Traveling here at break of day.
Carrying on the old tradition,
One more May Day morning.

Singing and standing here together,
Magic runs within our ring.
Bringing about a change in the weather,
One more May Day morning.

Another May Day morning,
New life in the ground.
Let's sing a song to greet the day,
Let's fill our lungs with the air of May.
Let's watch the winter float away,
And pass the bottle round.
Let's watch the winter float away,
And pass the bottle round.

I hear the bells that bring the springtime,
Dusted off for one special day
Ushering in our dance and sing time,

One more May Day morning

All my old teammates, how I miss them;
Moved or changed or drifted away
If they were here I'd shout and wish them
One more May Day morning

Another May Day morning,
New life in the ground.
Let's sing a song to greet the day,
Let's fill our lungs with the air of May.
Let's watch the winter float away,
And pass the bottle round.
Let's watch the winter float away,
And pass the bottle round.

Dawn and Jay Garrett-Larsen (2021):
<https://tinyurl.com/yehuj5tp>

Apple Picker's Reel

~ Larry Hanks (c1966)

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine
Looking out across the orchard in the
bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Up in the morning before the sun
I don't get home until the day is done;
My pick-sack's heavy and my shoulder's
sore
But I'll be back tomorrow to pick some
more.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine
Looking out across the orchard in the
bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Start at the bottom and you pick 'em from
the ground
And you pick the tree clean all the way
around;
Then you set up your ladder and you
climb up high
And you're looking through the leaves at
the clear blue sky.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine
Looking out across the orchard in the
bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Three-legged ladder, it's wobbly as hell
Reaching for an apple---whoa!---I almost
fell.
Got a twenty-pound sack hanging 'round
my neck
And there's three more apples that I can't
quite get.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine
Looking out across the orchard in the
bright sunshine.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so funny
When you walking through the town and
got no money.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so down
Picking up windfalls, crawling on the
ground.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hey, ho, you lose your mind
If you sing this song about a hundred
times;

Hey, ho, makes you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Larry Hanks (1972):

<https://youtu.be/G8KAGW5iFFg>

Apple Tree Wassail

O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,
Please to come down and let us come in!
O lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,
Please to come down and pull back the
lock!

For it's our wassail jolly wassail!
Joy come to our jolly wassail!
How well they may bloom, how well they
may bear,
So we may have apples and cider next
year.

O master and mistress, o are you within?
Please to come down and pull back the
pin.
Good luck to your house, may riches
come soon,
So bring us some cider, we'll drink down
the moon.

For it's our wassail jolly wassail!
Joy come to our jolly wassail!
How well they may bloom, how well they
may bear,
So we may have apples and cider next
year.

There was an old farmer and he had an
old cow,
But how to milk her he didn't know how.
He put his old cow down in his old barn.
And a little more liquor won't do us no
harm.
Harm me boys harm, harm me boys
harm,
A little more liquor won't do us no harm.

For it's our wassail jolly wassail!
Joy come to our jolly wassail!
How well they may bloom, how well they
may bear,

So we may have apples and cider next
year.

O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor
of the song goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.

The Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/vh7JbVKwJjk>

Jon Boden:

<https://youtu.be/L0FQ1tGfVXk>

Arthur McBride

[Roud 2355]

I had a first cousin called Arthur McBride,
He and I took a stroll down by the seaside
A-seeking good fortune and what might
betide,
T'was just as the day was a-dawning
And then after resting we both took a
tramp,
We met Sergeant Harper and corporal
Cramp
Besides the wee drummer who beat up
for camp
With his rowdy-dow-dow in the morning

He says 'My young fellows, if you will
enlist,
A guinea you quickly will have in your fist
Besides a Crown for to kick up the dust
And drink the King's health in the
morning'
Had we been such fools as to take the
advance
The wee bit of money we'd have to run
chance
'Do ye think it no scruples for to send us
to France
Where we would be killed in the morning'

He says 'My young fellows, if I hear but
one word,
I instantly now will out with my sword
And into your bodies as strength will
afford,
So now, my gay devils, take warning'
But Arthur and I we took in the odds,
We gave them no chance to launch out
their swords
Our whacking shillelaghs came over their
heads
And paid them right smart in the morning

As for the young drummer we rifled his
pouch
And we made a football of his
rowdy-dow-dow
And into the ocean to rock and to roll
And bade it a tedious returning
As for the old rapier that hung by his side
We flung it as far as we could in the tide
To the devil I pitch you, says Arthur
McBride
To temper your steel in the morning

Planxty: <https://youtu.be/0hV9fvhCmbw>

Awake, Awake

[Roud 701]

Awake, Awake, you drowsy souls
And hear what I do say:
Remember Christ, our Savior dear,
Was born upon this day.
The Prince of Peace upon this earth,
A humble stable saw his birth.

God send you all a joyful New Year, a
New Year,
And God send you all a joyful New Year.

The shepherds wondered at the sight
Of the babe that was foretold;
The son of God brought down to earth,
In a stable bleak and cold.
Upon the straw he lay his head,
With ass and oxen 'round his bed.

God send you all a joyful New Year, a
New Year,
And God send you all a joyful New Year.

The eastern kings they heard the news
Of the child, the lord of all;
And following the guiding star,
They came upon his stall.
In squalor cold they brought him gold,
And frankincense and myrrh, it's told.

God send you all a joyful New Year, a
New Year,
And God send you all a joyful New Year.

God bless you master of this house
And send you long to reign;
Remembering Christ who came to earth,
So humble to remain.
And may the poor of lowly birth,
Inherit all the joys of earth.

God send you all a joyful New Year, a
New Year,
And God send you all a joyful New Year.

Waterson:Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/aljdFnS9ROM>

This is the dark Easter version, not
Finest Kind's lighter Christmas
version

B Side

~ Loudon Wainwright III

It's wonderful to be alive
To be a bee in this beehive
It's tough as nails, it's smooth as silk
It's milk and honey, without milk

I work with flowers, it's my work
From this, there's no way that I can shirk
No-no-no-no-no, there is no complex
philosophy
It's just because I'm a bee

Unlike the skunk, I do not smell
But I have a thing and it stings like hell
As heroes go, I'm unsung
But step on me and you'll get stung
You'll get stung

The cutest bee I've ever seen
Is our own big, fat sexy queen
It's true she hasn't got such great legs
But you should see the girl lay eggs

It's wonderful to be a bee
Although there are billions just like me
This hive of mine, I call it home
There is no place like comb sweet comb

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/pdx04VeAabA>

Babes in the Wood
[Roud 288]

Tim Hart & Maddy Prior:
<https://youtu.be/3JUzTY4g2hk>

O, don't you remember a long time ago
Those two little babies their names I don't
 know,
They strayed away one bright summer's
 day,
Those two little babies got lost on their
 way.

Pretty babes in the wood, pretty babes in
 the wood,
O, don't you remember those babes in
 the wood?

Now the day being done and the night
 coming on
Those two little babies sat under a stone.
They sobbed and they sighed, they sat
 there and cried,
Those two little babies they lay down and
 died.

Pretty babes in the wood, pretty babes in
 the wood,
O, don't you remember those babes in
 the wood?

Now the robins so red how swiftly they
 sped,
They put out their wide wings and over
 them spread.
And all the day long in the branches they
 throng,
They sweetly did whistle and this was
 their song.

Pretty babes in the wood, pretty babes in
 the wood,
O, don't you remember those babes in
 the wood?

Back in Durham Gaol

~ Jez Lowe

I'm a poor man as honest as they come
I never was a thief until they caught me,
The judge said he saw my hands were
red,
No matter how I pled they found me
guilty,
There was no bail, off to Durham Gaol,
I went knowing nothing now can save me,
Calamities they always come in threes,
And that's how many months it was he
gave me.

And it's no never in the live-long day,
You'll not find me back in Durham Gaol.

'Twas a grey day when first I went astray,
The devil take the man who came to
tempt me,
For in no time my life was one of crime,
And now you see the trouble that it's got
me.

There are four bare walls at which to
stare,
Me food and my lodgings are all paid for,
You can't see the turning of the key,
To hear it turning back is all you wait for.

And it's no never in the live-long day,
You'll not find me back in Durham Gaol.

Sad to say, here I am to stay,
With only iron bars around to lean on,
I get a cold bath to dampen down me
wrath,
Though it's barely just a month ago I had
one,
And God knows, I need a suit of clothes,
You'd think they could've found a one to
fit me
Me boots would be fine if they were both
a nine,

I'm walking like a fall of stones had hit me

And it's no never in the live-long day,
You'll not find me back in Durham Gaol.

And I'm sure that me mother's heart
would break,
To see me in a state of such repentance,
I'm glad she's not around to see,
And I'll be out before she finishes her
sentence,
The sun will shine, I'll leave it all behind,
Knowing I've done my time and done my
duty,
And out of the gates on the narrow and
the straight,
To the place where I've buried all the
booty.

And it's no never in the live-long day,
You'll not find me back in Durham Gaol.

Jez Lowe: <https://youtu.be/zhb2iYlj5x4>

The Ballad of Ned Kelly

~ Trevor Lucas

Eighteen hundred and seventy eight
Is a year I remember so well
When they drove Old Red into an early
grave
And sent my mother to jail
Now I don't know what's right or wrong
But they hung Christ on nails
But with six kids at home and two still on
her breast
They wouldn't even give her bail

Oh Ned, you're better off dead
You get no peace of mind
A track's a trail
And they're hot on your tail
Before they're gonna hang you high

I did write a letter
And I sealed it with my hand
Tried to tell about Stringy Bark Creek
And tried to make them understand
Oh, that I didn't wanna kill Kennedy
Or cause his blood to run
Well he alone could have saved his life
By throwing down his gun

Oh Ned, you're better off dead
You get no peace of mind
A track's a trail
And they're hot on your tail
Before they're gonna hang you high

Well I'd rather die like Donahue
That bush-ranger so brave
Than be taken by the government
And forced to walk in chains
Well I'd rather fight with all my might
While I have eyes to see
Well I'd rather die ten thousand times
Than hang from a gallow's tree.

Oh Ned, you're better off dead
You get no peace of mind
A track's a trail
And they're hot on your tail
Before they're gonna hang you high

Fotheringay:

<https://youtu.be/MVvpVvgYIrY>

The Ballad of the Cowpuncher

~ Genny Haley

I am an old cowpuncher, I punch them
cows so hard
I have me a cowpunching bag, set up in
my back _____
This bag is made of leather, and so are
cows, of course
When I get tired of punching cows, I go
and punch a _____

One day as I was punching upon my
leathern cow
An Indian walked up to me, and first he
asked me _____
I said it was quite simple, and gave him
quite a slug
The very next words that the Indian said
to me that day were _____

I went back to my punching, as all good
cowboys do
When a well-known band of rustlers came
rustling into _____
I said, Hello, how are you, and what might
bring you here
They said, if it's all right we'd like to rustle
up some _____

I said, oh no, kind sirs, that should never
be
For I am the best cowpuncher out on the
whole prair _____
But if you will sit down a spell, I'll rustle up
some lunch
Then maybe in the afternoon you'll get to
watch me _____

I've been lonesome in the saddle ever
since my old horse died
And sometimes when it's late at night, I
dream she's by my _____

So if you'll pay attention and listen to my
song
I am an old cowpuncher and a long, long
ways from _____

John Roberts & Tony Barrand:
<https://youtu.be/WigE95foifl>

Bank Vault In Heaven

~ Richard Thompson

Got a bank vault in heaven, got my name
on the door
Every day I get richer, add a little bit more
Come you tellers and lenders and lend
me some more
Got a bank vault in heaven and it's mine
for evermore

And the angels sing "Fly, fly, fly"
The angels sing "Fly, fly, fly"
Fly from the darkness that covers you all
Fly to the sky where the only wall is
infinity, infinity

Going to shine down from heaven right
into your room
Take the minds of your children right off to
the moon
Every mud hut and igloo, every
penthouse and farm
I'll shine down from heaven and I'll do my
snake-charm

And the angels say "Sing, sing, sing",
"Sing, sing, sing"
Oh the whole world is singing the same
happy tune
Something so low even hound dogs can
croon to insanity, insanity

Oh there's a signpost in heaven, in the
firmament blue
You can run to the wastelands, but it
points straight at you
I've got a bank vault in heaven, what joy
will it bring
All you Punchs and Judys, I'll be pulling
your strings

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/cBy6ZJ5qG74>

The Banks of the Nile

[Roud 950]

“Oh hark! the drums do beat, my love, no
longer can we stay.
The bugle-horns are sounding clear, and
we must march away.
We're ordered down to Portsmouth, and
it's many is the weary mile
To join the British Army on the banks of
the Nile.”

“Oh Willie, dearest Willie, don't leave me
here to mourn,
Don't make me curse and rue the day that
ever I was born.
For the parting of our love would be like
parting with my life.
So stay at home, my dearest love, and I
will be your wife.”

“Oh my Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure that
will never do.
The government has ordered, and we are
bound to go.
The government has ordered, and the
Queen she gives command.
And I am bound on oath, my love, to
serve in a foreign land.”

“Oh, but I'll cut off my yellow hair, and I'll
go along with you.
I'll dress myself in uniform, and I'll see
Egypt too.
I'll march beneath your banner while
fortune it do smile,
And we'll comfort one another on the
banks of the Nile.”

“But your waist it is too slender, and your
fingers they are too small.
In the sultry suns of Egypt your rosy
cheeks would spoil.

Where the cannons they do rattle, when
the bullets they do fly,
And the silver trumpets sound so loud to
hide the dismal cries.”

“Oh, cursed be those cruel wars, that ever
they began,
For they have robbed our country of
manys the handsome men.
They've robbed us of our sweethearts
while their bodies they feed the lions,
On the dry and sandy deserts which are
the banks of the Nile.”

Fotheringay:

<https://youtu.be/zBSmR7fhNsk>

Bathsheba Smiles

~ Richard Thompson

Bathsheba smiles
She smiles and veins turn to ice
She smiles and heads bow down
She works the room
Air-kisses every victim twice
She spreads her joy around

Do you close your eyes to see miracles
Do you raise your face to kiss angels
Do you float on air to hear oracles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
No doubt can cross her mind
Cross her mind

Bathsheba knows
She knows you better than yourself
Confess it on your knees
She shares her love
And sharing love is sharing wealth
Dig in your pockets please

Do you close your eyes to see miracles
Do you raise your face to kiss angels
Do you float on air to hear oracles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
No doubt can cross her mind

No pain no gain's a strain
But she never seems to hurt
Catwalk pilgrims sing this song
Hello heaven, goodbye dirt
And no hair shirt

Do you close your eyes to see miracles
Do you raise your face to kiss angels
Do you float on air to hear oracles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
No doubt can cross her mind

Do you close your eyes
Do you raise your face
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles, smiles
Bathsheba smiles

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/CByWw_qO1hl

Beat the Retreat

~ Richard Thompson

I'm beating my retreat
Back home to you
I'm beating my retreat
Back home to you
I'm burning all my bridges
I'm burning all my bridges
I'm burning all my bridges
I'm running back home to you

I'm trailing my colours
Back home to you
I'm trailing my colours
Back home to you
This world is filled with sadness
This world is filled with sadness
This world is filled with sadness
I'm running back home to you

I'll follow the drum
Back home to you
I'll follow the drum
Back home to you
There was no joy in my leaving
There was no joy in my leaving
There was no joy in my leaving
I'm running back home to you

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/5vrNW6Vu9DA>

Beer That Tastes Like Beer

~ Nick Robertshaw

Here's to beer that tastes like beer,
An amber glass of wholesome cheer,
A noble brew that has no peer,
Beer that tastes like beer!

For centuries the brewers craft
Produced the most exquisite draft
When he brews with what he oughter
Barley malt, hops, yeast and water.

Let cheese be cheese and bread be
bread
Don't serve us soap and cake instead
While sausages may cause some fear
For goodness sake let beer be beer!

Among the most requested favors,
Please avoid exotic flavors,
Fruits and nut and spices queer,
Have no place in honest beer,

Stay the bung, don't drive the spile,
On concoctions made with adjuncts vile,
Cornflakes, rice, and rats from sewers,
Fine for cooks, ... but not for brewers!

So stick with what is plain and true
A beery tasting smelling brew
Then you'll earn our highest rating
Refreshing yet intoxicating!

Nick Robertshaw:

<https://youtu.be/zUTcMOYqIIA>

Beeswing

~ Richard Thompson

I was nineteen when I came to town, they
called it the Summer of Love
They were burning babies, burning flags.
The hawks against the doves
I took a job in the steamie down on
Cauldrum Street
And I fell in love with a laundry girl who
was working next to me

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's
wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her
away
She was a lost child, oh she was running
wild
She said "As long as there's no price on
love, I'll stay.
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

Brown hair zig-zag around her face and a
look of half-surprise
Like a fox caught in the headlights, there
was animal in her eyes
She said "Young man, oh can't you see
I'm not the factory kind
If you don't take me out of here I'll surely
lose my mind"

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's
wing
So fine that I might crush her where she
lay
She was a lost child, she was running
wild
She said "As long as there's no price on
love, I'll stay.
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

We busked around the market towns and
picked fruit down in Kent

And we could tinker lamps and pots and
knives wherever we went
And I said that we might settle down, get
a few acres dug
Fire burning in the hearth and babies on
the rug
She said "Oh man, you foolish man, it
surely sounds like hell.
You might be lord of half the world, you'll
not own me as well"

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's
wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her
away
She was a lost child, oh she was running
wild
She said "As long as there's no price on
love, I'll stay.
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

We was camping down the Gower one
time, the work was pretty good
She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost
and I thought maybe we should
We was drinking more in those days and
tempers reached a pitch
And like a fool I let her run with the
rambling itch

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's
wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her
away
She was a lost child, oh she was running
wild
She said "As long as there's no price on
love, I'll stay.
And you wouldn't want me any other way"

Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough
back on the Derby beat
White Horse in her hip pocket and a
wolfhound at her feet

And they say she even married once, a
man named Romany Brown
But even a gypsy caravan was too much
settling down
And they say her flower is faded now,
hard weather and hard booze
But maybe that's just the price you pay for
the chains you refuse

Oh she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's
wing
And I miss her more than ever words
could say
If I could just taste all of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today
Well I wouldn't want her any other way

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/HAPy-Xoix-g>

The Big Hewer

~ Ewan McColl (1960)

Out of the dirt and darkness I was born,
go down
Out of the hard black coalface I was torn,
go down
Kicked on the world and the earth split
open
Crawled through a crack where the rock
was broken
Burrowed a hole, away in the coal, go
down

In a cradle of coal in the darkness I was
laid, go down
Down in the dirt and darkness I was
raised, go down
Cut me teeth on a five-foot timber
Held up the roof with my little finger
Started me time away in the mine, go
down

On the day that I was born I was six feet
tall, go down
And the very next day I learned the way
to haul, go down
On the third day worked at board and
pillar
Worked on the fourth as a long-wall filler
Getting me steam up, hewing the seam,
go down

I'm the son of the son of the son of a
collier's son, go down
Coal dust flows in the veins where the
blood should run, go down
Five steel ribs and an iron backbone
Teeth that can bite through rock and
blackstone
Working me time, away in the mine, go
down

Three hundred years I hewed at the coal
by hand, go down
In the pits of Durham and East
Northumberland, go down
Been gassed and burned and blown
asunder
Buried more times than I can number
Getting the coal, away in the hole, go
down

I've scabbled and picked at the face
where the roof was low, go down
Crawled in the seams where only a mole
could go, go down
In the thin-cut seams I've ripped and
redded
Where even the rats are born bow-legged
Winning the coal, away in the hole, go
down

I've worked in the Hutton, the Plessey, the
Brockwell Seam, go down
The Bensham, the Busty, the Beaumont,
the Marshall Green, go down
I've lain on me back in the old
three-quarter
Up to the chin in stinking water
Hewing the coal, away in the hole, go
down

In the northern pits I've sweated and
earned me pay, go down
Toiled in the worn-out drift mines night
and day, go down
Where the anthracite is hard and shining
I've tried me hand at the hard-rock mining
I dug a hole away in the coal, go down

Out of the dirt and darkness I was born,
go down
Out of the hard black coal-face I was torn,
go down
Lived in the shade of the high pit heap

I'm still down there where the seams are
deep
Digging a hole, away in the coal, go down

Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger:

<https://youtu.be/A8t4VdqpQZ4>

BBC Radio Dramas:

<https://youtu.be/mf7LuLSJBLM>

Big Strong Man (Sylvest)

~ Jesse Lasky, Sam Stern, music by Fred Fisher (1908)

Have you heard about the big strong
man;
He lived in a caravan
Have you heard about the Jeffrey
Johnston fight;
Oh what a hell of a fight
You can take all the heavy weights you
got;
We gotta lad who will beat the whole lot
He used to ring the bells in the belfry;
Now he's gonna fight Jack Dempsey.

That was me brother Sylvest;
(What's he got?)
A row of forty medals on his chest
(Big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the West;
He knows no rest
Think of the man; hell's fire; don't push;
just shove;
Plenty of room; For you and me.
He's got an arm
(Got an arm!)
Like a leg
(Ladie's leg!)
And a punch that would sink a battle ship;
(Big ship!)
Takes all the army and the navy to put the
wind up Sylvest.

He thought he'd take a trip to Italy;
He thought that he'd go by the sea.
He jumped off the harbour in New York;
He swam like a man made of cork.
He saw the Lusitania in distress;
(What'd he do?)
Put the Lusitania on his chest,
(Big chest!)
Drank all the water in the sea;
He walked all the way to Italy.

That was me brother Sylvest;
(What's he got?)
A row of forty medals on his chest
(Big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the West;
He knows no rest
Think of the man; hell's fire; don't push;
just shove;
Plenty of room; For you and me.
He's got an arm
(Got an arm!)
Like a leg
(Ladie's leg!)
And a punch that would sink a battle ship;
(Big ship!)
Takes all the army and the navy to put the
wind up Sylvest.

He thought he'd take a trip to old Japan;
They brought out the big brass band,
He played every every instrument they'd
got;
Like a lad, he played the whole lot,
The old church bell will ring;
(Hell's bells!)
The old church choir will sing,
(Hell's fire!)
They all turned out to say farewell,
To my big brother Sylvest.

That was me brother Sylvest;
(What's he got?)
A row of forty medals on his chest
(Big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the West;
He knows no rest
Think of the man; hell's fire; don't push;
just shove;
Plenty of room; For you and me.
He's got an arm
(Got an arm!)
Like a leg
(Ladie's leg!)

And a punch that would sink a battle ship;
(Big ship!)
Takes all the army and the navy to put the
wind up Sylvest.

Wolfe Tones:

<https://youtu.be/LcAVg47eEHk>

Big Sun Falling In The River

~ Richard Thompson

She spins me round
And turns me down
And I don't know why
And I don't know why

Did she just refuse me?
Did she just abuse me?
And I don't know why
And I don't know why

She's always bugging me, hugging me
Faking me, shaking me
Haunting me, taunting me

Big Sun Falling In The River
Big sky shining in the water
Big love dying like the dying day
Big Sun Falling In The River
Big sky shining in the water
We're done, but she don't have the nerve
to say

On the bridge of sighs
She close her eyes
And she looks away
And she looks away
As a compromise
She softly lies
And she looks away
And she looks away

The world is crashing around me and
Dashing around me and
Smashing around me

On the pleasure wheel
Pain is all I feel
And she bites her lip

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/kOU6dItXzoM>

Black Muddy River

~ Jerry Garcia / Robert Hunter

When the last rose of summer pricks my
finger
And the hot sun chills me to the bone
When I can't hear the song for the singer
And I can't tell my pillow from a stone

I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And sing me a song of my own
I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And sing me a song of my own

When the last bolt of sunshine hits the
mountain
And the stars start to splatter in the sky
When the moon splits the southwest
horizon
With the scream of an eagle on the fly

I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And sing me a song of my own
I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And sing me a song of my own

Black muddy river, roll on forever
I don't care how deep or wide if you've got
another side
Roll muddy river, roll muddy river
Black muddy river, roll

Black muddy river, roll on forever
I don't care how deep or wide if you've got
another side
Roll muddy river, roll muddy river
Black muddy river, roll

When it seems like the night will last
forever
And there's nothing left to do but count
the years
When the strings of my heart start to
sever

And stones fall from my eyes instead of
tears

I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And dream me a dream of my own
I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And sing me a song of my own
And sing me a song of my own

Norma Waterson:

<https://youtu.be/svpcW1s7JV4>

The Blackest Crow

[trad]

As time draws near my dearest dear
when you and I must part
How little you know of the grief and woe
in my poor aching heart
'Tis but I suffer for your sake, believe me
dear that's true
I wish that you were staying here or I was
going with you

I wish my breast were made of glass
wherein you might behold
Upon my heart your name lies wrote in
letters made of gold
In letters made of gold my love, believe
me when I say
You are the one that I will adore until my
dying day

The blackest crow that ever flew would
surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you bright day will
turn to night
Bright day will turn to night my love, the
elements will mourn
If ever I prove false to you the seas will
rage and burn

And when you're on some distant shore
think of your absent friend
And when the wind blows high and clear
a light to me pray send
And when the wind blows high and clear
pray send your love to me
That I might know by your hand light how
time has gone with thee

Hilary Hawke:

https://youtu.be/Z_wC7Q_kwSc

Red Tail Ring:

<https://youtu.be/4wRnDa7GdzQ>

Bruce Molsky:

<https://youtu.be/d6jh1vqNvMs>

PeakFiddler: <https://youtu.be/tvLE92t2T6U>
(fiddle notation included)

Alt first verse

As time draws near my dearest dear
when you and I must part
How little you know of the grief and woe
in my poor aching heart
Each night I suffer for your sake, you're
the girl I love so dear
I wish that I was going with you or you
were staying here

Blackleg Miner

[Roud 3193]

It's in the evening after dark,
When the blackleg miner creeps to work,
With his moleskin pants and dirty shirt,
There goes the blackleg miner!

Well he grabs his duds and down he goes
To hew the coal that lies below,
There's not a woman in this town-row
Will look at the blackleg miner.

Oh, Delaval is a terrible place,
They rub wet clay in the blackleg's face,
And around the heaps they run a foot
 race
To catch the backleg miner!

So, dinna gang near the Seghill mine
Across the way they stretch a line
To catch the throat and break the spine
Of the dirty backleg miner.

They grab his duds and his pick as well,
And they hoy them down the pit of hell.
Down you go, and fare you well,
You dirty blackleg miner!

So join the union while you may,
Don't wait 'til your dying day
For that may not be far away,
You dirty blackleg miner

Offa Rex:

<https://youtu.be/AAVKy9WUzeU>

Blues in the Bottle

~ Prince Albert Hunt

Blues in the bottle, blues in the bottle
Stopper in my hand, pretty mama
Blues in the bottle, stopper in my hand
Hunt: I'm goin' back to Fort Worth, find
me a woman
Kweskin: I'm looking for a woman who's
looking for a man

Dig your taters, go dig your taters
It's tater diggin' time, pretty mama
Go dig your taters, it's tater diggin' time
Old man Jack Frost done an' killed your
vine

Asked my baby, asked my baby
Could she stand to see me cry, pretty
mama
Asked my baby could she stand to see
me cry
She said, whoa black daddy, I can stand
to see you die

Rooster chews tobacco, rooster chews
tobacco
The hen uses snuff, pretty mama
The rooster chews tobacco and the hen
uses snuff
The little chickens don't use nothin', but
they strut their stuff

Goin' to Chattanooga, goin' to
Chattanooga
See my pony run, pretty mama
Goin' to Tadinoonie, see my pony run
If I win some money, gonna give my baby
some

Prince Albert Hunt:

<https://youtu.be/EfT4cJA1n64>

Blues in the Bottle

~ Peter Stampfel & Steve Weber version

Blues in the bottle, blues in the bottle
Where do you think you're at, pretty
mama

Blues in the bottle, where do you think
you're at

You went and kicked my dog
And now you've drowned my cat

Goin' to Chattanooga, goin' to
Chattanooga
See my ponies run, pretty mama
Goin' to Chattanooga to see my ponies
run

If I win a prize
I'll give my baby some

Rooster chews tobacco, rooster chews
tobacco
Hen uses snuff, pretty mama
The rooster chews tobacco and the hen
uses snuff
The baby chickens don't take nothin'
But they just strut their stuff

Goin' to Sillypuddie, goin' to Sillypuddie
Sorry I can't take you, pretty mama
Goin' to Sillypuddie, sorry I can't take you
I can't abide no woman
Who goes round sniffin' glue

Jim Kweskin:

<https://youtu.be/hXekjdArJiU>

Bluey Brink

[Roud 8838 ; trad.]

There once was a shearer, by name
Bluey Brink,
He's a devil for work, he's a devil for
drink.
He could shear a five hundred each day
without fear,
He could drink without flinching twelve
gallons of beer.

Now Jimmy, the barman, who served out
the drink,
How he hated the sight of this here Bluey
Brink.
'Cause he stayed much too late and he
come much too soon;
At morning, at evening, at night time and
noon.

So one morning when Jimmy was
cleaning the bar
With sulphuric acid that he kept in a jar,
Along come the shearer a-bawling with
thirst,
Saying, "Whatever you got, Jim, just hand
me the first."

Now, it ain't put in history, nor it ain't put in
print,
But Old Bluey drunk acid with never a
wink,
Saying, "That's the stuff, Jimmy, Christ,
strike me stone dead.
This'll make me the ringer of Stevenson's
shed."

But the rest of the day as he served out
the beer,
The barman he was trembling with worry
and fear.
Too nervous to argue, too anxious to
fight,

Thinking that shearer a corpse in his
fright.

But next morning when Jimmy he opened
the door,
Well, along come that shearer a-bawling
for more;
With his eyebrows all singed and his
whiskers deranged
And holes in his hide like a dog with the
mange.

Says Jimmy, "And how did you find the
new stuff?"
Oh, says Bluey, "It's fine but I've not had
enough.
Though it sets me to coughing and you
know I'm no liar,
But every cough sets my whiskers on
fire."

Spiers & Boden:

<https://youtu.be/p7kfv65IEzU>

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/HGpUeQhVrtI>

Boatman's Cure

~ George Ward

Poling up the river in a three-hand boat,
Too deep to carry, too shallow to float,
Too deep to carry, too shallow to float.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for the river is a bottle of rum,
Best cure for the river is a bottle of rum.

Listen to the forwarder struttin' on the
quay,
He's quick to tell the boatman how the
river will be,
He's quick to tell the boatman how the
river will be.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for the forwarder is a bottle of
rum,
Best cure for the forwarder is a bottle of
rum.

Workin' up the rift the current swung her
round,
Bedbugs swum ashore, poor boatman
nearly got drowned,
Bedbugs swum ashore, poor boatman
nearly got drowned.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for bedbugs is a bottle of rum,
Best cure for bedbugs is a bottle of rum.

Sweatin' in the heat of day, chillin' in the
rain,
Sleepin' in the open got the ague again,
Sleepin' in the open got the ague again.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for the ague is a bottle of rum,
Best cure for the ague is a bottle of rum.

Frostbite in November took my toes away,
Devil take the blackfly 'bout the last week
in May,
Devil take the blackfly 'bout the last week
in May.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for the blackfly is a bottle of
rum,
Best cure for the blackfly is a bottle of
rum.

Sweet Annie from Schenectady, she stole
my heart,
Her face is in the firelight, the river sings
her part,
Her face is in the firelight, the river sings
her part.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for a woman is a bottle of rum,
Best cure for a woman is a bottle of rum.

Got a callus on my shoulder and my
hands are sore,
Sweetest sight some thirsty frontier girl
ever saw,
Sweetest sight some thirsty frontier girl
ever saw.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for wisdom is a bottle of rum,
Best cure for wisdom is a bottle of rum.

I fought all through this wilderness in '59

Still fancy I see shadows moving most of
the time,
Still fancy I see shadows moving most of
the time.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
Best cure for shadows is a bottle of rum,
Best cure for shadows is a bottle of rum.

Morning comes up early for a fast bateau,
Shoulder to the setting pole, you push off
and go,
Shoulder to the setting pole, you push off
and go.

If it doesn't lift your spirits it'll leave you
numb
But there ain't no cure for living in a bottle
of rum,
But there ain't no cure for living in a bottle
of rum.

John Roberts:

https://youtu.be/Vsw_X0-t06Y

Bold Riley

[Roud 18160]

Oh the rain it rains all day long,
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
And the northern wind, it blows so strong,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Goodbye my sweetheart,
goodbye my dear-o
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Goodbye my darlin',
goodbye my dear-o,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Well come on, Mary, don't look glum,
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Come White-stockin' Day you'll be
 drinkin' rum
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Goodbye my sweetheart,
goodbye my dear-o
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Goodbye my darlin',
goodbye my dear-o,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Our anchor's aweigh and our sails are all
 set
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Those Liverpool girls, we'll never forget
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Goodbye my sweetheart,
goodbye my dear-o
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Goodbye my darlin',
goodbye my dear-o,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay,
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Get bending, me lads,

it's a hell-of-a-way,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

Goodbye my sweetheart,
goodbye my dear-o
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Goodbye my darlin',
goodbye my dear-o,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

The Teacups:

<https://youtu.be/5wyeIXWVW4U>

Bold Sir Rylas

[Roud 29 ; Child 18 ; trad.]

Now bold Sir Rylas a-hunting went,
All along and down alee.
And bold Sir Rylas a-hunting went,
Down by the riverside.
Bold Sir Rylas a-hunting went,
To catch some game was his intent,
Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

Well, he spied a wild woman sitting in a
tree,
All along and down alee.
“Good lord, what brings you here?” said
she,
Down by the riverside.
“Oh, there is a wild boar in this wood;
He'll eat your flesh and drink your blood.”
Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

Well, he put his horn unto his mouth,
All along and down alee.
And he blew it east, north, west and
south.
Down by the riverside.
And the wild boar came out of his den,
Bringing his children nine or ten.
Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

Then bold Sir Rylas the wild boar fell on,
All along and down alee.
And bold Sir Rylas the wild boar fell on.
Down by the riverside.
Then he fought him three hours all the
day
Until the boar would have run away.

Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

“Oh, now you have killed my spotted pig,
All along and down alee.
Oh, now you have killed my spotted pig,
Down by the riverside.
Oh, there are three things I'd have of
thee,
Your horse and your hound and your fair
lady.”
Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

“Oh, now I've killed your spotted pig,
All along and down alee.
Oh, now I've killed your spotted pig,
Down by the riverside.
Oh, there's not one thing you'll have of
me,
Nor my horse nor my hound nor my fair
lady.”
Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

Then bold Sir Rylas the wild woman fell
on,
All along and down alee.
And bold Sir Rylas the wild woman fell on,
Down by the riverside.
And he split her head down to her chin,
You should have seen her kick and grin.
Down in the grove where the wild
flowers grow
And the green leaves fall all around.

Spiers & Boden:

<https://youtu.be/N9hNvl4NCM0>

A Bone Through Her Nose

~ Richard Thompson

Oh the drones on the corner don't look
her in the eye when she comes out to
play
And three times now at the Club Chi-Chi
they've turned her away
Last week she was the belle of the ball
but another week passes
It's time to cast off crutches, scars and
pebble glasses

She's got everything a girl might need
She's a tribal animal, yes indeed
But she hasn't got a bone through her
nose, through her nose
Hasn't got a bone through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose,
through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose
Hasn't got a bone through her nose,
through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose

Oh she gets her suits from a personal
friend, Coco the clown
She got dustman's jacket, inside out, it's a
party gown
If it's bouffons, she's got bouffons, if it's
tat she got tat
She got hoochie coochie Gucci and a
pom-pom hat

She's got everything a girl might need
She's a tribal animal, yes indeed
But she hasn't got a bone through her
nose, through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose,
through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose,
through her nose

She hasn't got a bone through her nose
No!

Well, her ma writes cook books, she
wrote one once, and it sold one or two
Her pa's in the city, he's so witty, he calls
it the zoo
Her boyfriend plays in Scritti Politti, Aunt
Sally's brown bread
In a few more years she can marry some
fool and knock it on the head

She's got everything a girl might need
She's a tribal animal, yes indeed
But she hasn't got a bone through her
nose, through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose,
through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose,
through her nose
She hasn't got a bone through her nose
She hasn't got a, Oh she hasn't got a, Oh

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/9z2V_IBs7hA

Borrowed Time

~ Richard Thompson

There's riders in this county
They're taking heads for bounty
Wake up Corinne, they come to ride us
down
Sweetness we have tasted
The time to move is wasted
They're riding like a hurricane through this
town

We've been too many nights sleeping in a
feather bed
You can't close both your eyes with a
price on your head
You got to stand and fight for what you
believe
You got to face death with your heart on
your sleeve
Life is a card-game, you've soon got to
leave

Living on borrowed, living on borrowed,
living on borrowed time

If you say that you want your freedom
They'll hear you in every kingdom
They'll travel ten thousand miles just to
shoot you down
Well the judge he was deluded
And the sheriff he soon colluded
And they swore they'd hang me six feet
off the ground

They'll hunt you down 'cos you dare to tell
the truth
A man ain't safe these days under his
own roof
But you can't live your life under no man's
thumb
They'll all pay double for what they've
done
Our day's coming but their day's come

Living on borrowed, living on borrowed,
living on borrowed time

You can't live your life under no man's
thumb
They'll all pay double for what they've
done
Our day's coming but their day's come

Living on borrowed, living on borrowed,
living on borrowed time

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/8NAnaUfj9l8>

Both Sides the Tweed

~ Dick Gaughan

What's the spring-breathing jasmine and
rose?

What's the summer with all its gay train
Or the splendour of autumn to those
Who've bartered their freedom for gain?

Let the love of our land's sacred rights
To the love of our people succeed
Let friendship and honour unite
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer
Which corruption and bribery bind
No brightness that gloom can e'er clear
For honour's the sum of the mind

Let the love of our land's sacred rights
To the love of our people succeed
Let friendship and honour unite
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

Let virtue distinguish the brave
Place riches in lowest degree
Think them poorest who can be a slave
Them richest who dare to be free

Let the love of our land's sacred rights
To the love of our people succeed
Let friendship and honour unite
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

Dick Gaughan:

https://youtu.be/f0E0UDbY_Vo

The Bows of London

[Roud 8 ; Child 10 ; trad.]

There were two little sisters a-walking
alone

Hey the gay and the grinding
Two little sisters a-walking alone
By the bonny bonny bows of London

And the eldest pushed her sister in
Pushed her sister into the stream

Oh she pushed her in and she watched
her drown
Watched her body floating down

Oh she floated up and she floated down
Floats till she come to the miller's dam

And out and come the miller's son
"Father dear here swims a swan"

Oh they laid her out on the bank to die
Fool with a fiddle come a-riding by

And he took some strands of her long
yellow hair
Took some strands of her long yellow hair

And he made some strings from this
yellow hair
Made some strings from this yellow hair

And he made fiddle pegs from her long
fingerbone
Made fiddle pegs from her long
fingerbone

And he made a fiddle out of her
breastbone
Sound would pierce the heart of a stone

But the only tune that the fiddle would
play

Was oh the bows of London
The only tune the fiddle would play
Was the bonny bonny bows of London

So the fool's gone away to the king's high
hall
There was music dancing and all

And he laid this fiddle all down on a stone
Played so loud it played all alone

It sang, "Yonder sits my father the king
Yonder sits my father the king

"And yonder sits my mother the queen
How she'll grieve at my burying

"And yonder she sits my sister Anne
She who drowned me in the stream"

Martin & Eliza Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/5DAO8dsIHLA>

See also: [Cruel Sister](#)

The Brand New Tennessee Waltz

~ Jesse Winchester

Oh my, but you have a pretty face
You favor I girl that I knew
I imagine that she's back in Tennessee
And by God, I should be there too
I've a sadness too sad to be true

But I left Tennessee in a hurry dear
In same way that I'm leaving you
Because love is mainly just memories
And everyone's got him a few
So when I'm gone I'll be glad to love you

At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz
You're literally waltzing on air
At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz
There's no telling who will be there

When I leave it will be like I found you
love
Descending Victorian stairs
And I'm feeling like one of your
photographs, girl
Trapped while I'm putting on airs
Getting even by saying Who cares

At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz
You're literally waltzing on air
At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz
There's no telling who will be there

So have all your passionate violins
Play a tune for a Tennessee kid
Who's feeling like leaving another town
But with no place to go if he did
Cause they'll catch you wherever you're
hid

At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz
You're literally waltzing on air

At the Brand New Tennessee Waltz
There's no telling who will be there

Jesse Winchester:

<https://youtu.be/APirVxOpZFk>

Brave Wolfe

[Roud 624 ; Mudcat 5110 ; trad.]

The Watsonsons sing Brave Wolfe

On Monday morning as we set sail
The wind did blow a pleasant gale,
To fight the French, it was our intent
Through smoke and fire, through smoke
and fire
And it was a dark and a gloomy night.

The French were landed on mountains
high,
While we poor souls in the valley lie,
"Cheer up, me lads," General Wolfe did
say,
"Brave lads of honour, brave lads of
honour,
Old England, she shall win the day."

The very first broadside we gave to them
We wounded a hundred and fifty men,
"Well done, me lads," General Wolfe did
say,
"Brave lads of honour, brave lads of
honour,
Old England, she shall win the day."

But the very first broadside they gave to
us
They've wounded our general in his right
breast,
And from his breast precious blood did
flow,
Like any fountain, like any fountain
And all his men were filled with woe.

"Here's a hundred guineas, all in bright
gold,
Take it, part it, for my love's quite cold,
And use your men as you did before,
Your soldiers go on, your soldiers go on,
And they will fight forevermore."

"And when to England you do return,
Tell all my friends that I'm dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear
That I am dead, oh, that I am dead, oh,
And never shall see her no more."

Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/o4AHocYo2oc>

Jon Boden:

<http://www.afolksongaday.com/?p=2653>

Sound Tradition:

https://youtu.be/_AC_HYs7nuw

Bright Shining Morning

[Roud 21097]

l: The bright shining morning smiles over
the hills
With blushes adorning the meadows and
rills. :l

l: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries
come, come away, :l
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the
new day. :l

l: The horses all saddled, they dance on
the ground,
And they lift up their heads at the bay of
the hound. :l

l: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries
come, come away, :l
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the
new day. :l

l: And over the hilltops the huntman's
hollo,
Comes echoing down to the valley below.
:l

l: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries
come, come away, :l
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the
new day. :l

l: The fox runs before us, he seems for to
fly
And he pants to the chorus of the hounds
in full cry. :l

l: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries
come, come away, :l
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the
new day. :l

l: When our day's work is ended, we
home do retire
And we pull off our boots by the light of
the fire. :l

l: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries
come, come away, :l
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the
new day. :l

l: Come, fill up your glasses, let the toast
go around,
We'll drink to all hunters where e'er
they're found. :l

l: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries
come, come away, :l
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the
new day. :l

The Bromleys:

<https://youtu.be/CgynWW0p7VQ>

Verses 3 & 4 from the Revels song
session, not commonly sung

A Bright String of Pearls

~ John Kirkpatrick

Your Majesty, I present to you a gift that's
rare and fine
In all the Tower of London no brighter
jewel could shine
A string of pearls laid out for you, it's
fitting for a Queen
And threaded along a railway line, and
polished in the steam

Oh a Bright String of Pearls laid out
across the country
From the capital down to Cornwall, from
the city to the shore
The finest towns are newly crowned with
even greater glory
For the Great Western Railway joins them
up for evermore.

From Paddington down to Bristol it's as
smooth as a bowling green
With bridges and tunnels and viaducts,
the sweetest ever seen
Through Slough and Reading and Didcot,
rolling on to Swindon Town
That's where we built our railway works,
the jewel in our crown

Oh a Bright String of Pearls laid out
across the country ...

We've branches go up to Oxford and to
Gloucester and to Wales
And right across to Fishguard where the
Irish ferry sails
Down through Frome and on to Yeovil,
and to Weymouth, and to Chard
How all these places prosper now they
have a railway yard!

Oh a Bright String of Pearls laid out
across the country ...

Chippenham next, and onwards, there's a
test for an engineer!

With arches and embankments, riding
high for two miles clear
And Box the largest tunnel for trains, it's
nearly two miles long
And to enter Bath in the finest style, we
moved the canal along

Oh a Bright String of Pearls laid out
across the country ...

There's eleven short miles to run from
Bath to Bristol Temple Meads
Two viaducts, seven tunnels, and five
bridges is all it needs!
From there we'll fly to Taunton, down to
Exeter and the sea
And along the coast to Dawlish, and in
Plymouth then we'll be

Oh a Bright String of Pearls laid out
across the country ...

You rattle across the Royal Albert Bridge
and Cornwall comes in view
Through Truro down to old Penzance,
and so our journey's through
So there we are, Your Majesty, you
darlingest of girls
Laid out across the counties is your bright
string of pearls

Oh a Bright String of Pearls laid out
across the country ...

Alex Cumming:

https://youtu.be/YiC8UjM_x8o

Bring The New Year In

~ Pete Coe

In comes Old King Christmas, all dressed
in green and gold
And may he never be forgot, his story left
untold
For it's once a year he brings good cheer,
our spirits to engage
The like was never seen before on any
common stage:

For we are not of the ragged sort, but
some of royal trim
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in.

In then comes Saint George, that noble
champion bold
Who fought the fiery dragon, made the
tyrant's blood run cold
And through this world he wanders to
fulfill his destiny
Well, they must die who dare to try and
challenge liberty:

For we are not of the ragged sort, but
some of royal trim
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in.

In comes a valiant soldier, Prince
Paradine by name
With sword and shield he will not yield,
and hopes to win more fame
So it's of these noble champions, both
born of high renown
And they have made a solemn vow to pull
the other down:

For we are not of the ragged sort, but
some of royal trim
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in.

In then comes a working man, they call
him Common Jack
He puts food inside our bellies, and
clothes upon our back
Hard labor is his destiny, from the
moment of his birth
And the rich take all the money, for the
poor will take the earth:

For we are not of the ragged sort, but
some of royal trim
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in.

And in then comes a doctor, as plainly
doth appear
With bitter pills to cure all ills, he travels
far and near
With his lotions and his potions, to ease
us of our pain
And by his art he'll play his part, make
heroes rise again:

For we are not of the ragged sort, but
some of royal trim
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in.

In then comes Beelzebub, a name forever
cursed
He's before you, he's behind you, he's the
last that would be first
Put hands into your pockets, your money
he do crave
To see this play you must pay, or join him
in the grave:

For we are not of the ragged sort, but
some of royal trim
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in
We'll sweep away the old year and bring
the new year in.

Nowell Sing We Clear:

<https://youtu.be/wx6872iVzZs>

Brisk Lad

[Roud 1667 ; VWML HAM/2/9/1 ,
HAM/4/25/13 ; trad.]

I am a brisk lad but my fortune is bad,
And I am most wonderful poor.
So indeed I intend my life for to mend,
And to build a house down on the moor,
 my brave boys,
And to build a house down on the moor.

My father he does keep fat oxen and
 sheep
And a neat little nag on the downs.
In the middle of the night when the moon
 shines bright
There's a number of work to be done, my
 brave boys,
There's a number of work to be done.

Then I'll ride all around in another man's
 land,
And I'll claim a fat sheep for my own.
Oh I'll end off his life with the aid of my
 knife
And then I will carry him home, my brave
 boys,
And then I will carry him home

My children they will pull the skin from the
 ewe,
And I'll be in a place where there's none.
When the constable comes I'll stand with
 my gun
And I'll swear all I have is my own, my
 brave boys,
I'll swear all I have is my own.

I am a brisk lad but my fortune is bad,
And I am most wonderful poor.
So indeed I intend my life for to mend,
And to build a house down on the moor,
 my brave boys,
And to build a house down on the moor.

Faustus: <https://youtu.be/zvFTNa9iYTY>

Bellowhead:

<https://youtu.be/wGJLmCS7NIIs> (Paul
Sartin tribute)

Bully in the Alley

[Roud 8287 ; Ballad Index Hug522 ;
trad.]

Finest Kind version:

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down the shinbone al

I'll leave my gal and I'll go sailing
Way hey, bully in the alley
Leave my Sally and I'll go a-whaling
Bully down the shinbone al

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down the shinbone al

Sally is the gal that I love dearly
Way hey, bully in the alley
Sally is the gal that I spliced nearly
Bully down the shinbone al

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down the shinbone al

I shipped on board of the Robert E. Lee,
boys
Way hey, bully in the alley
Made a lot of money, spent it fast and free
Bully down the shinbone al

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down the shinbone al

We've got British ammunition and French
champaign

Way hey, bully in the alley
When I get to Charlestown gonna feel no
pain
I'll be bully down the shinbone al

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down the shinbone al

I shipped on board of a Charlestown liner
Way hey, bully in the alley
Carolina's fine but St. George is finer
Bully down the shinbone al

Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Way hey, bully in the alley
Help me, Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down the shinbone al

Ian Robb, et al:

<https://youtu.be/n6czn2-yPkk>

Bully in the Alley (ii)

[Roud 8287 ; Ballad Index Hug522 ;
trad.]

Kimber's Men version:

Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Help me Bob, I'm bully in the alley
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Now Sally is a girl in Shinbone Alley
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Sally is the girl that I spliced nearly
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

I found myself out under three-oh
Wey hey, bully in the alley
I found myself with time so free-oh
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

I waltzed up to the angel little
Wey hey, bully in the alley
And kicked down the door, and walked
right in oh
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

I walked up to the barroom counter
Wey hey, bully in the alley
There I met with Greasy Artie
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

Greasy Ann, it's slimy horror
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Henry shell back knock in her daughter
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

I bought her rum and I bought her gin, oh
Wey hey, bully in the alley
And bought her wine, of white and red, oh
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

And when I've spent a folly total
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Off to bed, we end up cripol
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me Bob...

We're open, tope a low light lark, oh
Wey hey, bully in the alley
Dawn and rain, can the cock did call, oh
Bully down in Shinbone AI

Help me, Bob...

Kimber's Men:

<https://youtu.be/uS5xR7jBxDw>

The Bunch of Thyme

[Roud 3]

Thyme it is a precious thing,
Thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its labours along with all its
joys,
Thyme brings all things to an end.

Once I had a bunch of thyme,
I thought it never would decay,
Until a handsome sailor he happened to
pass by,
And stole my bunch of thyme away.

Thyme it is a precious thing,
Thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its labours along with all its
joys,
Thyme brings all things to an end.

I thought my love was like the sun,
In the pleasant month of June,
Now I am like the star that wanders up
and down,
But you, my love, are like the moon.

Thyme it is a precious thing,
Thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its labours along with all its
joys,
Thyme brings all things to an end.

In June there's a red and rosy bloom,
The sharpest thorns are wrapped up tart?
(taut?),
Never put your hand in to pick those
pretty flowers,
Or else you'll surely feel the smart.

Thyme it is a precious thing,
Thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its labours along with all its
joys,

Thyme brings all things to an end.

When I wore my apron low,
He'd follow me through frost and snow,
Now that I wear my apron to my chin,
He sails on by and says nothing.

Thyme it is a precious thing,
Thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its labours along with all its
joys,
Thyme brings all things to an end.

There is an alehouse in our town,
Where my true lover sits him down,
You can see him take those flash girls
and sit them on his knee,
And never ever mentions me.

Love, oh love, oh careless love.
Love, oh love, oh careless love.
You can see him take those flash girls
and sit them on his knee,
Can't you see what love has done to me.

Thyme it is a precious thing,
Thyme brings all things to my mind,
Thyme with all its labours along with all its
joys,
Thyme brings all things to an end.

Norma Waterson:

<https://youtu.be/Jrd4kmkF0qQ>

Butter and Cheese and All

[Roud 510 ; trad.]

Oh now you've called on me to sing, I'll
see what I can do,
And when that I have finished it I'll call
upon one of you,
And now you've called on me to sing I'll
see what I can do,
And when that I have finished it,
I: I'll call upon one of you. :||

Now, the first time I went a-courting, I'll
tell you the reason why,
It was to a jolly old cook who my wants
she did supply,
She fed me off the best roast beef and
plenty of mince pies,
And when that I was hungry
I: She would my wants supply. :||

One night I went to see her, she invited
me to tea,
She said: "The missus and master's out,
we'll have a jolly spree."
I went into the parlour my own true love to
please,
And into one pocket she rammed some
butter
I: And into the other some cheese. :||

Now after supper was over and I could
eat no more,
Oh Lord! at my surprise when a rap came
at the door;
And then for a hiding place, my boys, for
that I did not know,
As black as any old crow,
I: As black as any old crow. :||

Now the fire it being rather warm, it began
to scorch my knees,
And then to melt my butter, Likewise to
toast my cheese;

For every drop dropped in the fire, a
mighty blaze was there,
The master swore in his old heart,
I: The devil himself was there. :||

Now up the top the master went to drive
Old Harry out,
He began to pour cold water down which
put me to a rout;
And down the chimney I did come and
into the streets did crawl,
I was obliged to ramble as fast as I could
I: With my butter and cheese and all. :||

Now some they said it was Old Nick, for
him you very well know,
And some they said 'twas the devil
himself, for I was as black as a crow;
The dogs did bark, the children
screamed, tut flew the old women and
all,
Spoken: You know what they are, don't
ya?
And then they began to blubber it out:
I: "He've got butter and cheese and all!" :||

Spiers & Boden:

<https://youtu.be/wWvm0t3DN9A>

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/mUMgU1xkdcw>

Byker Hill

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

If I had another penny
I would buy another gill
I would make the piper play
The Bonny Lass of Byker Hill

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

When I first went to the dirt
I had no trousers and no pit shirt
Now I've gettin' two or three
Walker Pit's done well by me.

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

Geordie Charlton had a pig
He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
All the way to Walker Shore
To the tune of Elsie Marley

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

The poor coal carter gets two shillings
The deputy gets half a crown
The overman gets five and six
Just for riding up and down

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

The pitman and the keelman trim
They drink bumble made of gin
Then to dance they all begin
To the tune of Elsie Marley

Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more

Cam Ye O'er Frae France

[Roud 5814 ; trad.; from Hogg's Jacobite
Relics of Scotland]

Cam ye o'er frae France? Cam ye down
by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps and his bonny
woman?
Were ye at the place ca'd the Kittle
Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace riding on a
goosie?

Geordie, he's a man there is little doubt
o't;
He's done a' he can, wha can do without
it?
Down there came a blade linkin' like my
lordie;
He wad drive a trade at the loom o'
Geordie.

Though the claith were bad, blythly may
we niffer;
Gin we get a wab, it makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid, bonnet, belt and
swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid—but we hae a
Geordie!

Jocky's gane to France and
Montgomery's lady;
There they'll learn to dance: Madam, are
ye ready?
They'll be back belyve, belted, brisk and
lordly;
Brawly may they thrive to dance a jig wi'
Geordie!

Hey for Sandy Don! Hey for Cockolorum!
Hey for Bobbing John and his Highland
Quorum!
Mony a sword and lance swings at
Highland hurdie;

How they'll skip and dance o'er the bum
o' Geordie!

Cam ye o'er frae France? Cam ye down
by Lunnon?
Saw ye Geordie Whelps and his bonny
woman?
Were ye at the place ca'd the Kittle
Housie?
Saw ye Geordie's grace riding on a
goosie?

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/xLBGqJAdY8k>

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/GwGTG7rVI7w>

Campbell the Drover

[Roud 881]

The first day of April I'll never forget
Three English lassies together they met
They mounted their horses and swore
solemnly
That they would play a trick on the first
man they see

Oh, Campbell, the drover, went riding one
day
And soon he encountered those ladies so
gay
They reined in their horses and he did the
same
And in close conversation together they
came

And sing fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Sing fol the rol day

They asked him to show them the way to
the inn
And would he drink whiskey or would he
drink gin?
Then Campbell made answer and said
with a smile
"Sure, I long for to taste the strong ale of
Carlisle"

They called in the servants and started a
dance
They ordered the landlord to spare no
expense
They danced the next morning 'til 'twixt
eight and nine
And they called for their breakfast and
afterwards wine

And sing fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy

Fol the rol daddy
Sing fol the rol day

They mounted their horses, alas and
alack
It dawned on the landlord they weren't
coming back
He said, "My dear Irishman, I am afraid
That those three English jokers a trick on
you played"

"Never mind," says old Campbell, "If
they've gone astray
I've plenty of money, the reckoning to pay
Just sit down beside me, and before that I
go
I'll teach you a trick that perhaps you don't
know

And sing fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Sing fol the rol day

"I'll teach you a trick that's contrary to law
Two kinds of whiskey from one cask to
draw"
The landlord being eager to learn of the
plan
Straightway to the cellar with Campbell,
he ran

He soon bore a hole in a very short space
And he bade the landlord stick his thumb
on then place
He then bored another, "Place your other
thumb here
While I for a tumbler must run up the
stairs"

And sing fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Sing fol the rol day

When Campbell was mounted and well
out of sight
The hostler came in in a terrible fright
He hunted the house, high up and low
down
Half dead in the cellar, his master he
found

"Go and find that bold Irishman," loudly
he cried
"I fear he has vanished," the hostler
replied
He said, "My dear landlord, I am afraid
That Campbell the drover, a trick on you
played."

And sing fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Fol the rol daddy
Sing fol the rol day

Ian Robb: <https://youtu.be/9IhytQ8eaDI>

Collected by Helen Creighton from
Angelo Dornan of New Brunswick

Can't Win

~ Richard Thompson

I started to cry, they put gin in my cup
I started to crawl, and they swaddled me
up

I got up and run, they said Easy, son,
Play up, play the game

They told me to think and forget what I'd
heard

They told me to lie and they questioned
my word

They told me to fail, better sink than sail,
Just play the game

Oh, towers will tumble and locusts will
visit the land

Oh, a curse on your house and your
children and the fruit of your hand

They said You can't win. You can't win.

You sweat blood. You give in.

You can't win. You can't win.

Turn the cheek. Take it on the chin.

Don't you dare do this. Don't you dare do
that

We shoot down dreams, we stiletto in the
back

Oh the nerve of some people, the nerve
of some people,

The nerve of some people

I don't know who you think you are, who
you think you are

Oh what kind of mother would hamstring
her sons?

Throw sand in their eyes and put ice on
their tongues

Ah better to leave than stay here and
grieve

And play the game

Don't waken the dead as you sleepwalk
around

If you have a dream, brother, hush, not a
sound

Just stand there and rust, die if you must
But play the game

Oh, if we can't have it, why should a
wretch like you?

Oh, it was drilled in our heads, now we
drill it into your head too.

They said You can't win. You can't win.

You sweat blood. You give in.

You can't win. You can't win.

Turn the cheek. Take it on the chin.

Don't you dare do this. Don't you dare do
that

We shoot down dreams, we stiletto in the
back

Oh, the nerve of some people, the nerve
of some people,

The nerve of some people

I don't know who you think you are

The nerve of some people, the nerve of
some people

The nerve of some people, the nerve of
some people

The nerve of some people, the nerve of
some people

The nerve of some people, the nerve of
some people

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/mCGvCnMZ8gs>

Cardboard Boxes

~ Loudon Wainwright III

I'm gonna go to the supermarket
I'm gonna go to the liquor store
I'm gonna get me some cardboard boxes
You know what them boxes are for
I'm gonna rent me a U-Haul trailer
Hook it on the back of my old car
Call up some of my stronger buddies
That's what your strong buddies are for

We're gonna move
We're gonna move, yeah, move

Give it to the Salvation Army or the
Goodwill
We've got so much junk it's a joke
Wrap a knickknack in some old
newspaper
I know it was a present, but the damn
thing broke
Your old shoes and my old T-shirts
My strong buddies crave ice cold beers
Don't throw that away; it's a family
heirloom
I've had that ashtray for 15 years

We're gonna move
We're gonna move, yeah, move

We're gonna empty out our old place
Move into a brand new better space,
baby, move

We got the books and the records and the
tapes and the pictures
And the pots and the pans and all the
breakable glass
The living room couch and the dining
room table
The washer and the dryer; what a pain in
the ass

We've got the TV and the home
entertainment center
The box spring and the queen-size bed
We got the Christmas decorations and
the bureau and the playpen
If we had a piano, I think I'd drop dead

We're gonna move
We're gonna move, yeah, move

At the end day, the old place is empty
And the new place houses all of our stuff
Unpack all the crap in the cardboard
boxes
It wasn't that bad; no, it wasn't so rough
My strong buddies look a little bit grumpy
I don't why I broke my butt
Tomorrow we'll call up the telephone
company
And get another set of house keys cut

We're gonna move
We're gonna move, yeah, move

I can tell by the look on your face
You just love our brand new better space,
baby, move

We're gonna move, we're gonna move
We're gonna move, we're gonna move
Yeah, move

Loudon Wainwright III:
<https://youtu.be/w2MdePAU8Is>

Chariots

~ John Kirkpatrick (1995)

O Shepherd O shepherd come leave off
your piping
Come listen come learn come hear what I
say
For now is the time that has long been
forespoken
For now is the time there'll be new tunes
to play
For soon there comes one who brings a
new music
Of sweetness and clarity none can
compare
So open your heart for heavenly harmony
Here on this hill will be filling the air

With chariots of cherubim chanting
And seraphim singing hosanna
And a choir of archangels a-caroling
come
Hallelujah Hallelu
All the angels a-trumpeting glory
In praise of the Prince of Peace

See on yon stable the starlight is
shimmering
And glimmering and glistening and
glowing with glee
In Bethlehem blest this baby of bliss will
be
Born here before you as bold as can be
And you'll be the first to hear the new
symphony
Songs full of gladness and glory and light
So learn your tunes well and play your
pipes proudly
For the Prince of Paradise plays here
tonight

With chariots of cherubim chanting
And seraphim singing hosanna

And a choir of archangels a-caroling
come
Hallelujah Hallelu
All the angels a-trumpeting glory
In praise of the Prince of Peace

Bring your sheep bleating to this happy
meeting
To hear how the lamb with the lion shall
lie
It's mooing and braying you'll hear the
song saying
The humble and lowly will be the most
high
Let the horn of the herdsman be heard up
in heaven
For the gates are flung open for all who
come near
And the simplest of souls shall sing to
infinity
Lift up and listen and you shall hear

With chariots of cherubim chanting
And seraphim singing hosanna
And a choir of archangels a-caroling
come
Hallelujah Hallelu
All the angels a-trumpeting glory
In praise of the Prince of Peace

The warmonger's charger will thunder for
freedom
The gun-maker's furnace will dwindle and
die
And muskets and sabers and swords
shall be sundered
Surrendered to the sound that is
sweeping the sky
And the shoes of the mighty shall dance
to new measures
And the jackboots of generals shall jangle
no more
As sister and brother and father and
mother

Agree with each other the end to all war

With chariots of cherubim chanting
And seraphim singing hosanna
And a choir of archangels a-caroling
 come
Hallelujah Hallelu
All the angels a-trumpeting glory
In praise of the Prince of Peace

As a candle can conquer the demons of
 darkness
As a flame can keep frost from the
 deepest of cold
So a song can give hope in the depths of
 all danger
And a line of pure melody soar in your
 soul
So sing your songs well and sing your
 songs sweetly
And swear that your singing it never shall
 cease
So the clatter of battle and drums of
 disaster
Be drowned in the sound of the pipes of
 peace

With chariots of cherubim chanting
And seraphim singing hosanna
And a choir of archangels a-caroling
 come
Hallelujah Hallelu
All the angels a-trumpeting glory
In praise of the Prince of Peace

Melrose Quartet:

<https://youtu.be/mqHskyQiool>

The Chemical Worker's Song

~ Ron Angel (c1964)

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

Well a process man am I
And I'm tellin' you no lie
I work and breathe among the fumes
That trail across the sky
There's thunder all around me
And there's 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

Well I've worked among the spitters
And I breathe the oily smoke
I've shoveled up the gypsum
And it nigh on makes you choke
I've stood knee-deep in cyanide
Got sick with a caustic burn
Been working rough
I've seen enough
To make your stomach turn

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

There's overtime and bonus opportunities
galore
The young men like their money

And they all come back for more
But soon you're knocking on
And you look older than you should
For every bob
Made on the job
You pay with flesh and blood

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

Well a process man am I
And I'm telling you no lie
I work and breathe among the fumes
That trail across the sky
There's thunder all around me
And there's 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

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

The Young'uns:

https://youtu.be/kq1TYnQI_eY

Great Big Sea:

<https://youtu.be/GzcGOgxDoEk>

Chickens In The Garden

~ James Allan Bland (1879) [Roud 2552]

When first I came down Yorkshire,
Not many years ago.
I met with a little Yorkshire lass,
And I'd have you know,
That she was so blithe, so buxom,
So beautiful and gay,
Now listen while I tell you,
What her Daddy used to say,

Oh treat me daughter decent,
Don't do her any harm.
And when I die I'll leave you both,
Me tiny little farm.
Me cow, me pigs, me sheep, me goats,
Me stock, me field and barn.
And all the little chickens in the garden.

Well first I came to court the girl,
She was awful shy.
She never said a blooming word,
When other folks was by.
But as soon as we were on our own,
She bade me to name the day,
Now listen while I tell you,
What her Daddy used to say,

Well at last I wed this Yorkshire lass,
So pleasing to me mind,
And I did prove true to her,
So she's proved true in kind.
We have three bairns, they're grown up
now.
There's a grandbairn on the way.
And when I look into their eyes,
I can hear their granddaddy say,

The Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/eNM4nWMQFXY>

Chicken on a Raft

~ Cyril Tawney

Skipper's in the wardroom drinking gin
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
'Jimmy's' laughing like a drain
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
Been looking at m' Comic Cuts' again
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,
Oh what a terrible sight to see,
'Dabtoes' for'd and the Dustmen aft,
Sitting there picking at a 'chicken on a
raft'.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

They gave me the Middle and the
Forenoon too
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
And now I'm pulling in the whaler's crew
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
Seagulls wheeling overhead
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
I ought to be 'flogging' in a feather bed
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,
Oh what a terrible sight to see,
'Dabtoes' for'd and the Dustmen aft,
Sitting there picking at a 'chicken on a
raft'.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

I had a little girl in 'Donny B',
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft

And oh, she made a fool of me,
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
Her heart was like a Pusser's shower,
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,
Oh what a terrible sight to see,
'Dabtoes' for'd and the Dustmen aft,
Sitting there picking at a 'chicken on a
raft'.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

An Amazon girl lives in Dumfries,
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
She only has kids in twos and threes,
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
Her sister lives in Maryhill
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
She says she won't but I think she will
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,
Oh what a terrible sight to see,
'Dabtoes' for'd and the Dustmen aft,
Sitting there picking at a 'chicken on a
raft'.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,
Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
She didn't cry, she didn't fuss
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
Am I the man that she loves best?
Hey -oh, chicken on a raft
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's
nest?

Hey -oh, chicken on a raft

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,
Oh what a terrible sight to see,
'Dabtoes' for'd and the Dustmen aft,
Sitting there picking at a 'chicken on a
raft'.

Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,

Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

Hey -oh, chicken on a raft,

Oy -oh, chicken on a raft.

The Young Tradition:

<https://youtu.be/Gv9TwAOCMQ0>

City of New Orleans

~ Steve Goodman (c1971)

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks
of mail
All along the southbound odyssey the
train pulls out of Kankakee
And rolls along past houses farms and
fields
Passing trains that have no name and
freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted
automobiles

Good morning, America. How are you?
Say, don't you know me? I'm your native
son
I'm the train they call the City of New
Orleans
And I'll be gone five hundred miles when
the day is done

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club
car
Penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
And feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the
floor
And the sons of Pullman porters and the
sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of
steel
Mothers with their babes asleep rockin' to
the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Good morning, America. How are you?
Say, don't you know me? I'm your native
son
I'm the train they call the City of New
Orleans

And I'll be gone five hundred miles when
the day is done

Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
Halfway home we'll be there by morning
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling
down to the sea
And all the towns and people seem to
fade into a bad dream
And the steel rails still ain't heard the
news
The conductor sings his songs again the
passengers will please refrain
This train has got the disappearing
railroad blues

Good night, America. How are you?
Say, don't you know me? I'm your native
son
I'm the train they call the City of New
Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the
day is done

Arlo Guthrie:

<https://youtu.be/qSeqrkRT1t0>

Steve Goodman:

<https://youtu.be/2SfPyg-mGhU>

Civilisation

~ Richard Thompson

They're not human, they're with the
Woolwich
They eat food I wouldn't give to my dog
They're hygienic, medicated
They wouldn't live next door to no wog
They're not human, where do they come
from?
I don't know what they're living here for
They don't belong here, on this planet
What are they doing in the house next
door?

Wife's tranquilized, milk's pasteurized
Kid's hypnotized by the t.v.
Dad'll beat you, dog'll eat you
They'll treat you like family

All across the nation
It's civilisation

They're not human, they've got a new car
They're going to polish it all the day long
Got a brand new rubber woman
They're going to blow her up all the night
long
They're not human, it's a double cross
They sold out for a handful of beads
They sold everything for nothing, just a
Headful of dreams and a handful of greed

Keep 'em happy, keep 'em drinking
Keep 'em laughing, no thinking
No dying, no weeping
Keep 'em hypnotized, keep 'em sleeping

All across the nation
It's civilisation

Pack you off to school, get working
Get a steady job, no shirking
Get to sixty-five, get a handshake

You're a vegetable with a heartache

All across the nation
It's civilisation

Richard & Linda Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/xjA-8mNQY4>

Cold Coast of Iceland

~ Mike Waterson

Me name is Jim Parkinson, Hull's where
I'm from

Some call me a hero, some call me a
bum

But I'll sing you a song the way songs
should be sung

Of them heroes that fished off of Iceland

Talk of your soldiers, your sailors so fine
Your men in the steel work, your lads
down the mine

But there's many's the hero that's wasted
his prime

Catching cod off the cold coast of Iceland

I've three fingers missing, now ain't that a
shame

And me left leg is gammy that means that
I'm lame

It's a small price to pay to be part of the
game

Catching cod off the cold coast of Iceland

It's bye-bye St Andrews as we head for
the ground

Where the cod and the haddock and
them redfish are found

Then it's out with the gear and we work
the clock round

Catching cod off the cold coast of Iceland

Now your wage is a gamble so you earn
all you can

There's rules to be broken so you break
every one

And you stand and you freeze and kid on
you're a man

Catching cod off the cold coast of Iceland

And when the trip's over and Sinbad's
ashore

You drink a few pints and then have a few
more

And then it's home to the missus or else
visit some whore

To forget about fishing off Iceland

Then came the cod wars and we lost
every round

And the fishing was over for we'd lost the
best ground

And the cloud of despondency fell on the
town

No more fishing for cod off of Iceland

But now on the dock where the trawlers
were seen

In cold glass and concrete a brand new
museum

It's called Trawling Deep Water GB PLC
And all of me heroes are mem'ries

Mike Waterson:

<https://youtu.be/DNA8kBlyais>

Cold Haily Windy Night

[Roud 135]

Oh, my hat, it is frozen to my head
Feet, they are like a lump of lead
Oh, my shoes, they are frozen to my feet
With standing at your window
"Let me in", the soldier cried
"Cold, haily, windy night, oh"
"Let me in", the soldier cried
"For I'll not go back again, no"

My father watches down on the street
Mother, the chamber keys do keep
Oh the doors and windows, they do creak
I dare not let you in, no
"Let me in", the soldier cried
"Cold, haily, windy night, oh"
"Let me in", the soldier cried
"For I'll not go back again, no"

Oh, and she's rose up and she's let him in
She's kissed her true love cheek and chin
And she's drawn him between the sheets
again
She's opened and she's let him in, oh
Then she has blessed the rainy night
Cold, haily, windy night, oh
Oh, then she has blessed the rainy night
That she's opened and she let him in, oh

"Soldier, soldier, stay with me
Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me oh?"
"No, no, no it never can be
So fare thee well forever"
And then she has wept for the rainy night
Cold, haily, windy night, oh
Then she has wept for the rainy night
That she's opened and she's let him in,
oh

Oh and he's jumped up all out of the bed
He's put his hat all on his head
Oh but she had lost her maidenhead

Her mother, she heard the din, oh
And then she has cursed the rainy night
Cold haily, windy night, oh
Then she has cursed the rainy night
That she opened and she let him in, oh

And then she has cursed the rainy night
Cold haily, windy night, oh
Then she has cursed the rainy night
That she's opened and she let him in, oh

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/uKI3Q8kjfb8>

Come A Long Way

~ Anna McGarrigle

Kate and Anna McGarrigle:

https://youtu.be/_9lBrbgvrOI

We've come a long way since we last
shook hands
Still got a long way to go
We couldn't see the flowers since we last
shook hands
Couldn't see the flowers on account of the
snow

What did you do with your burden and
your cross
Did you carry it yourself or did you crack
You and I know that a burden and a cross
Can only be carried on one man's back

All my life I wanted to roam
To go to the ends of the earth
But the earth really ends where you
started to roam
You and I know what a circle is worth

Let's drink a cup to what went down
There's not much left to reveal
I think I changed my mind after what went
down
As to who in the end got the better deal

Give me your hand for the parting touch
Fare thee well and thanks a lot
I know that we promised we would keep
in touch
But you and I know that we both forgot

We've come a long way since we last
shook hands
Still got a long way to go
Couldn't see the flowers when we last
shook hands
Couldn't see the flowers on account of the
snow

Come, See the Boys Go Round

~ Paul Davenport (c2012)

Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music flows
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose (x2)

When Christmastide is gone and past
When fields lie stark and bare
Then let us brave the winter's blast
Without a fear or care
Without a fear or care my boys
Let each with one accord
Now dance the round on frozen ground
With ribbons, drum and sword

Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music flows
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose

Now first of all comes Besom Bess
A-sweeping with her broom
To drive out winter's cold distress
To clear and make the room
To clear and make the room my boys
That we may sport and play
With swords that clash and brightly flash
Upon this holiday

Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music flows
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose

Let Lord and Lady start the game
Let Tom Fool sing the song
That wakes those heroes of great fame
Who roll the year along
Who roll the year along my boys
For only they know how
The plough becomes the shining sword
The sword becomes the plough

Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music flows
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose

Now enter in those heroes bold,
Those heroes of great fame
Their forefathers in days of old
Each bore a glorious name
Each bore a glorious name my boys
Likewise a shining blade
They leap and spin, the swords go in
And thus the Rose is made!

Come, see the boys go round
How sweet the music flows
Bring forth the plough to break the ground
Raise up the shining Rose (x2)

Melrose Quartet:

<https://youtu.be/zPbSEhYheys>

Composed in August

~ Robert Burns (1783); set to a tune
called "I had a horse, I had nae mair"

Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings
Among the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove
at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
The soaring hern the fountains:
Through lofty groves the cushat* roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine,
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Swift flies the skimming swallow,
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
'Til the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,

Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

Piers Cawley:

<https://youtu.be/PW5GvDFFkC0>

Cooksferry Queen

~Richard Thompson

Well there's a house in an alley
In the squats and low-rise
Of a town with no future
But that's where my future lies

It's a secret, but no secret
It's a rule, but no rule
Where you find the darkest avenue
There you'll find the brightest jewel

Now my name it is Mulvaney
And I'm known quite famously
People speak my name in whispers
What higher praise can there be

But I'd trade my fine mohair
For tied-dyes and faded jeans
If she wanted me some other way
She's my Cooksferry Queen

She gave me one pill to get bigger
She gave me one pill to get small
I saw snakes dancing all around her feet
And dead men coming through the wall

Well I'm the prince of this parish
I've been ruthless and I've been mean
But she blew my mind as she opened my
eyes
She's my Cooksferry Queen

Yeaaaaah

Well she's got every rare perfection
All her looks beyond compare
She's got dresses that seem to float in the
wind
Pre-Raphaelite curls in her hair

She could get the lame to walking
She could get the blind to see

She could make wine out of Thames river
water
She could make a believer out of me

Yes I'd trade it all tomorrow
All the wicked things I've been
She's my bright jewel of the alley
She's my Cooksferry Queen

Yes I'd trade it all tomorrow
All the wicked things I've been
She's my bright jewel of the alley
She's my Cooksferry Queen

Ooooooh

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/fGKkhUkxvc4>

Country Life

[Roud 1752 , 6297]

I like to rise when the sun she rises,
early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds
singing,
Merrily upon their laylum [layland]
And hurrah for the life of a country boy,
And to ramble in the new mown hay.

In spring we sow at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they
go
but of all the times choose I may
I'd be rambling through the new mowed
hay

* In summer when the days are hot
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a
lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new mown hay

* In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In winter when the sky's gray
we hedge and ditch our times away,
but in summer when the sun shines gay,
We go ramblin' through the new mowed
hay.

* non-traditional verses

Morris verses:

I like to hear the Morris dancers
Clash their sticks and drink fine ale
I like to hear those bells a-ringing
As we ramble in the new mown hay

I hate big birds, I hate small birds
I hate birds of every size
And when they sing their little birdie
songs,
I poke 'em in their little birdie eyes.

Crawl Back (Under My Stone)

~ Richard Thompson

This time you hurt me
You really did it this time you did
Did you count your fingers after shaking
my hand
God forbid
Riff raff crawling from the slums
Right there in front of all your chums
I swear by the pricking of my thumbs
I'll make your day and melt away

I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to me
You won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about, talk about,
care about, me
I'll crawl back

I've got a nerve just showing my face
don't you think
Scruffy little likes ought to know their
place don't you think
Old boy, sorry to intrude
Damn shame pretty bloody rude
I should be horsewhipped and sued
Then I'll go quietly my tail between my
knees

I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to me
You won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about, talk about,
care about, me
I'll crawl back

I want to be middle class
Floors and ceilings made of glass
I just want to be, I just want to be free

You had me in a second you had it all
reckoned, you did
You guessed my game and my name,
rank and number, you did
Somehow I gave myself away
Some code, some word I didn't say
I missed one line in the play
And the trap shut tight and you did me all
right

I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
I'll crawl back under my stone
But you won't have to stand next to me
You won't have to introduce me
You won't have to think about, talk about,
care about
You won't have to ask about, fuss about,
discuss about
You won't have to mind about, swear
about, forget about, me

Crawl back
I'll crawl back
I'll crawl back
Crawl back

I'll crawl back
Crawl back
Crawl back
I'll crawl back

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/UZvA_CoSqEc

Crazy Man Michael

~ Dave Swarbrick / Richard Thompson

Within the fire and out upon the sea
Crazy man Michael was walking
He met with a raven with eyes black as
coals

And shortly they were a-talking
Your future, your future I would tell to you
Your future you often have asked me
Your true love will die by your own right
hand
And crazy man Michael will curs'd be

Michael he ranted and Michael he raved
And beat up the four winds with his fists o
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and
he swore
For his mad mind had trapped him with a
kiss o
You speak with an evil, you speak with a
hate
You speak for the devil that haunts me
For is she not the fairest in all the broad
land
Your sorcerer's words are to taunt me

He took out his dagger of fire and of steel
And struck down the raven through the
heart o
The bird fluttered long and the sky it did
spin
And the cold earth did wonder and startle
O where is the raven that I struck down
dead
And here did lie on the ground o
I see that my true love with a wound so
red
Where her lover's heart it did pound o

Crazy man Michael he wanders and calls
And talks to the night and the day o
But his eyes they are sane and his
speech it is plain

And he longs to be far away o
Michael he whistles the simplest of tunes
And asks of the wild wolves their pardon
For his true love is flown into every flower
grown
And he must be keeper of the garden

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/qGWiDwKYKwI>

Creeping Jane

[Roud 1012]

I'll sing you a song and a very pretty one
Concerning Creeping Jane o
Why she never saw a mare nor a gelding
in her life
That she valued at the worth of half a pin
Lal dee day dee o the diddle lol the day o
She never saw a mare or a gelding in her
life
That she valued at the worth of half a pin,
lal the day

When Creeping Jane to the racecourse
came
The gentlemen viewed her round o
And all they had to say concerning little
Jane
She's not able for to gallop o'er the
ground
Lal dee day dee o the diddle lol the day o
And all they had to say concerning little
Jane
She's not able for to gallop o'er the
ground, lal the day

Now when they came to the first milepost
Creeping Janey was far behind o
But the rider flung his whip into the bonny
little maid
And he says, My little lassie never mind
Lal dee day dee o the diddle lol the day o
Then the rider flung his whip into the
bonny little maid
And he says, My little lassie never mind,
lal the day

Now when that they came to the third
milepost
Creeping Janey looked blithe and smart o
And then she lifted up her little lily-white
hoof
And she fleered past them all like a dart

Lal dee day dee o the diddle lol the day o
And then she lifted up her little lily-white
hoof

And she fleered past them all like a dart,
lal the day

Now Creeping Jane the race has won
And scarcely sweat one drop o
She's able for to gallop the ground all
again
While the others is not able for to trot
Lal dee day dee o the diddle lol the day o
She's able for to gallop the ground all
again
While the others is not able for to trot, lal
the day

Now Creeping Jane is dead and gone
And her body lies on the cold ground o
I'll go down to her master one favor for to
beg
Just to keep her little body from the
hounds
Lal dee day dee o the diddle lol the day o
I'll go down to her master one favor for to
beg
Just to keep her little body from the
hounds, lal the day

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/cvZnGJWPJ9Q>

Cruel Sister

[Roud 8 ; Child 10 ; trad.]

There lived a lady by the North Sea shore
Lay the bent to the bonnie broom
Two daughters were the babes she bore
Fa, la-la-la, la, la-la, la, la-la

As one grew bright as is the sun
So coal black grew the elder one

A knight came riding to the lady's door
He'd travelled far to be their wooer

He courted one with gloves and rings
But he loved the other above all things

"Oh sister, will you go with me"
"To watch the ships sail on the sea?"

She took her sister by the hand
And led her down to the North Sea strand

And as they stood on the windy shore
The dark girl threw her sister o'er

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she
swam
Crying, "Sister, reach to me your hand!"

"Oh sister, sister, let me live"
"And all that's mine I'll surely give"

"Your own true love that I'll have and
more"
"But thou shalt never come ashore"

And there she floated like a swan
The salt sea bore her body on

Two minstrels walked along the strand
And saw the maiden float to land

They've made a harp of her breastbone

Whose sound would melt a heart of stone

They took three locks of her yellow hair
And with them strung the harp so rare

They went into her father's hall
To play the harp before them all

But as they laid it on a stone
The harp began to play alone

The first string sang a doleful sound
"The bride her younger sister drowned"

The second string as that they tried
"In terror sits the black-haired bride"

The third string sang beneath their bow
"And surely now her tears will flow"

Pentangle:

<https://youtu.be/rtRUXEGhGH0>

See also: [The Bows of London](#)

Cry Me A River

~ Arthur Hamilton

Now you say you're lonely
You cry the long night through
Well, you can cry me a river
Cry me a river
I cried a river over you

Now you say you're sorry
For being so untrue
Well, you can cry me a river
Cry me a river
I cried a river over you

You drove me, nearly drove me, out of my
head
While you never shed a tear
Remember, I remember, all that you said?
You told me love was too plebeian
Told me you were through with me and

Now you say you love me
Well, just to prove that you do
Come on and cry me a river
Cry me a river
I cried a river over you
I cried a river over you
I cried a river...over you...

Richard Thompson & Judith Owens:

<https://youtu.be/ToiHWeGla88>

Cuckoo's Nest

[Roud 1506 , 5407]

As I was a-walking one morning in May
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did
say:
"For love I am inclined and I'll tell you my
mind
That my inclination lies in your cuckoo's
nest."

"My darling," said she, "I am innocent and
young,
And I scarcely can believe your false
deluding tongue.
Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with
surprise
That your inclination lies in my cuckoo's
nest."

Chorus:
Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,
And some like a girl who is slender in the
waist.
But give me a girl that will wriggle and will
twist:
At the bottom of the belly lies the
cuckoo's nest.

"Then my darling," says he, "if you see it
in my eyes,
Then think of it as fondness and do not
be surprised.
For I love you, my dear, and I'll marry you,
I swear,
If you let me clap my hand on your
cuckoo's nest."

"My darling," said she, "I can do no such
thing,
For my mother often told me it was
committing sin
My maidenhead to lose and my sense to
be abused.

So have no more to do with my cuckoo's
nest."

(Chorus)

"My darling," says he, "it is not committing
sin.
But common sense should tell you it is a
pleasing thing,
For you were brought into this world to
increase and do your best
And to help a man to heaven in your
cuckoo's nest."

"Then my darling," says she, "I cannot
you deny,
For you've surely won my heart by the
roving of your eye.
Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage
is surprised,
So gently lift your hand in my cuckoo's
nest."

(Chorus)

So this couple they got married and soon
they went to bed
And now this pretty fair maid has lost her
maidenhead.
In a small country cottage they increase
and do their best
And he often claps his hand on her
cuckoo's nest.

Morris On: <https://youtu.be/LBJ5ulH69Xo>

Daddy Take A Nap

~ Loudon Wainwright III

Eleven o'clock am
Something's wrong with daddy, what's the
matter with him?
He stands up, puts the newspaper down
Furrowed forehead, face in a frown
Goin' upstairs to hit the sack
Yeah, daddy gets grumpy - got to take a
nap

Well, daddy take a nap, take a nap, take
a nap
Daddy take nap
Whoa, whoa daddy - daddy got to go and
take a nap

Now all of us kids 'round our house
We got to keep quiet, quiet as a mouse
When daddy gets grumpy like a grizzly
bear
Leave him hibernating in his lair
'Cause daddy's kind of dangerous - that's
fact
Daddy gets grumpy, he got to take nap

Yeah, daddy take a nap, take a nap, take
a nap
Daddy take nap
Whoa, whoa daddy - daddy got to go and
take a nap
All right daddy - take a nap

It's seems like daddy's sleeping all of the
time
He's grumpy it's a doggone crime
He likes to watch the news on the TV set
But halfway through he gets upset
Well mommy says it's money and his bad
back
Daddy gets grumpy, he got to take a nap

Daddy take a nap, take a nap, take a nap

Daddy take nap

Whoa, daddy - daddy got to go and take
a nap

Now sometimes mommy and daddy fight
Us kids hear them late at night
Mom tells daddy, "Go get a job!"
Then she calls him a lazy slob
But in the morning they make up - that's a
fact
And then mommy goes with daddy and
they both take a nap

Yeah, daddy take a nap, take a nap, take
a nap
Daddy take nap
Whoa, whoa daddy - daddy and mommy
take a nap
All right, it's nap time!

Loudon Wainwright III:

https://youtu.be/_yCaX5lk3gA

Dance To Your Daddy

~ William Watson [Roud 2439]

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

Thou shalt have a fish and thou shalt
have a fin
Thou shalt have a codlin when the boat
comes in
Thou shalt have haddock baked in a pan
Dance to your Daddy, my little man

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

When thou art a young boy, you must
sing and play
Go along the shore and cast your shells
away
Build yourself a castle, watch the tide roll
in
Dance to your Daddy, my little man.

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

When thou art a young man, go unto the
trades
Find yourself a skill, and wages you'll be
paid
Then with all your wages, buy yourself
some land
Dance to your Daddy, my little man

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

When thou art a man and go to take a
wife
Find yourself a lass and love her all your
life
She shall be your lassie, thou shalt be her
man

Dance to your Daddy, my little man

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

When thou art an old man, father to a son
Sing to him the old songs, sing of all
you've done
Pass along the old ways, let his song
begin
Dance to your Daddy, my little man

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

Thou shalt have a fish and thou shalt
have a fin
Thou shalt have a codlin when the boat
comes in
Thou shalt have haddock baked in a pan
Dance to your Daddy, my little man

Dance to your Daddy, my little laddie
Dance to your Daddy, my little man (x2)

Sweeney's Men:

<https://youtu.be/mU3PSsnHzJs>

Sweeney's Men only sing the first and last
verse, with the "wife" verse in the
middle.

Dancing at Whitsun

~ Austin John Marshall / trad. "The Week
Before Easter"

Tim Hart & Maddy Prior:

<https://youtu.be/JUoXAVJkvCo>

It's fifty long springtimes since she was a
bride,
But still you may see her at each
Whitsuntide
In a dress of white linen and ribbons of
green,
As green as her memories of loving.

The feet that were nimble tread carefully
now,
As gentle a measure as age do allow,
Through groves of white blossoms, by
fields of young corn,
Where once she was pledged to her true
love.

The fields they stand empty, the hedges
grow free,
No young men to tend them, or pastures
go see.
They've gone like the forests of oak trees
before
Gone to be wasted in battle.

Down from their green farmlands and
from their loved ones
Marched husbands and brothers and
fathers and sons.
There's a fine roll of honour where the
Maypole once stood,
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.

There's a straight row of houses in these
latter days
All covering the Downs where the sheep
used to graze.
There's a field of red poppies, a wreath
from the Queen.
But the ladies remember at Whitsun,
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.

Dead Egyptian Blues

~ Michael Smith

Oh Mister Tut what good's it do
They love your chair but nobody cares for
you
Egyptian nights were never colder
And all your friends are thousands of
years older
Whatever happened to that gang down by
the Sphinx
Seems they're only forty winks away
Those girls from Cairo with their belly
button jewels
Made you play the fool yesterday
yesterday
Now you keep in shape with Elmer's glue
Man you're all wrapped up in them dead
Egyptian blues

Oh Mister Tut they love the mask
But do they love you honey sweetheart
don't ask
Where's those baby browns and that
pearly smile
That smile that drove 'em wild by the
early Nile
You make one terrific hieroglyphic don't
you Be right out'
Centuries of standing sideways turned
you to a pro
Those girls from Cairo who filled your
heart with lust
They've all turned to dust yesterday
yesterday
And those bandages didn't do that much
for you
Man you're all wrapped up in them dead
Egyptian blues

Oh Mister Tut they dig the tomb
All that gold leaf brightens up a room
But what's the diff when you're stiff what
riff they're playing

When your ears have spent five thousand
years decaying
What does it matter what possessions
you may boast
When you're just a ghost it's only jive clive
Your sarcophagus is glowing but your
esophagus is showing
Who cares how rich you are love
When you look like Boris Karloff
And they even named this dog food after
you
Man you're all wrapped up in them dead
Egyptian blues

Oh Mister Tut you wait and see
Another few thousand years they're
gonna dig up me
And I'll have all my little treasures near at
hand
A CD of Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts
Club Band
A little dried out Maui wowee crumbled in
a bong
A letter from my honey saying Love you
kid so long
Some peanut butter sandwiches that
have long returned to sand
Not much gold or silver but Tut I think
you'll understand
That in my way I'll be just like you
All wrapped up in them dead Egyptian
blues

All wrapped up
All wrapped up
All wrapped up in them dead Egyptian
blues

Michael Smith:

<https://youtu.be/ZXY4aSMEKqw>

Trout Fishing In America:

<https://youtu.be/LDICSicKIS4>

Dead Knight Behind the Hedge

~ Jon Heslop; tune: False Knight on the Road

Oh where are you going
Said the dead knight behind the hedge
We're going for our lunch
Said the two crows as still they stood

How did you know I was here
Said the dead knight behind the hedge
Well we just had a hunch
Said the two crows as still they stood

Oh where is my horse & hound
Said the dead knight behind the hedge
They're nowhere to be found
Said the two crows as still they stood

Where is my Lady fair
Said the dead knight behind the hedge
She's buggered off somewhere
Said the two crows as still they stood

And what bit will you eat first
Said the dead knight behind the hedge
We're gonna eat your tongue
Said the two crows as still they stood

Uuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhh
Said the dead knight behind the hedge
Well that was jolly fun
Said the two crows and flew away

Ruth Cooke:

<https://ruthcooke.bandcamp.com/track/dead-knight-behind-the-hedge>

Dead Skunk

~ Loudon Wainwright III

Crossin' the highway late last night
He shoulda looked left and he shoulda
looked right
He didn't see the station wagon car
The skunk got squashed and there you
are!

You got yer
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
You got yer dead skunk in the middle of
the road
Stinkin' to high Heaven!

Take a whiff on me, that ain't no rose!
Roll up yer window and hold yer nose
You don't have to look and you don't have
to see
'Cause you can feel it in your olfactory

You got yer
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
You got yer dead skunk in the middle of
the road
Stinkin' to high Heaven!

Yeah you got yer dead cat and you got
yer dead dog
On a moonlight night you got yer dead
toad frog
Got yer dead rabbit and yer dead raccoon
The blood and the guts they're gonna
make you swoon!

You got yer
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
You got yer dead skunk in the middle of
the road
Stinkin' to high Heaven!

C'mon stink!

You got it!

It's dead, it's in the middle

Dead skunk in the middle!
Dead skunk in the middle of the road
Stinkin' to high heaven!
All over the road, technicolor man!
Oh, you got pollution
It's dead, it's in the middle
And it's stinkin' to high, high Heaven

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/nssSIKOrSNk>

The Deadly Sands

~ Ruth Tongue / Saul Rose

The tide goes up and the tide goes down,
It's forty feet at Minehead town.
The tide it ebbs and the tide it flows,
And the deadly sand it lies below.
The deadly sand pulls all around,
And many a tall ship's cast aground.
And many a craft in sight of land,
That's swallowed up by the deadly sand.

Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.
Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.

We lit a fire on a cliff so high,
And a merchantman came a-sailing by.
She turned our way and before our eyes,
Oh the deadly sand it swallowed our
prize.
There were no barrels nor packs of lace,
Of costly silk we saw no trace.
Kegs of spice and chests of tea,
She dragged them down in the Severn
Sea.

Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.
Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.

A navy ship gave us a hail,
All for to bring us to Bristol jail.
She turned swift to cross our way,
And the deadly sand beneath her lay.
The pilot cried farewell dear wife,
There is no man can save his life.
And some did pray and some did roar,
But none of the crew did come ashore.

Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.

Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.

Oh we do row when the moon is low,
We follow the tides and the sand below.
We land our prizes at Watchet Bay,
And the packhorse train is away away.
We shall be hanged on the Severn shore,
And with our chains we will wreck no
more.
Now every ship come a-sailing by,
Sails over our heads when the tide is
high.

Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them down.
Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them
Down down, down down,
The deadly sand will drag them ... down.

Faustus: https://youtu.be/k_pe2VS095U

Death of Nelson

[Roud 18837]

On the 21st of October before the rising
sun

We formed the line for action me boys at
twelve o'clock begun

Brave Nelson to his men did say "The
Lord will prosper us this day,

Give then the broadside, fire away"

On board a man of war

So broadside to broadside our cannon
balls did fly

Like hail stones their small shot around
our decks did lie

Our mast and rigging were shot away,
besides some thousands in that fray

Were killed and wounded on that day

On board a man of war

But then our brave commander in grief he
shook his head

"There is no reprieve, there is no relief,
great Nelson he is dead,

It was a fatal musket ball that caused our
Hero for to fall

But he died in peace, God bless you all"

On board a man of war

And the merchants of Yarmouth when
they did hear it so

They said "Come, brother sailors, to
church now let us go,

There we will build a noble pile, all for the
hero of the Nile,

Who gave his life for England's Isle:

On board a man of war

Now our soldiers and sailors many noble
deeds have done

While fighting in foreign, many battles
they have won

If the Nile it could witness there or the
Cape of Trafalgar declare

There is none with Nelson could compare

On board a man of war

Melrose Quartet:

<https://youtu.be/xfJbSyKcDaY>

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/TBkrsWfJh1Y>

The Death of the Hart Royal

[Roud - ; probably Ruth Tongue]

The Hart Royal sped where the old oak
stood,
Dark were his flanks, his lips ran blood.
King John has sent after me companies
three,
But none of them shall bring death to me.

They hunted me high, they hunted me
low,
With horse and hound and fine crossbow.
All through the land up to Nottingham
town,
But never a one could drag me down.

Hart Royal am I, Hart Royal am I,
And the Lord of the Greenwood shall
watch me die.

They followed me far but the hounds ran
true,
From dawning to dusk they harried me
through.
The horses went lame, their hearts did
crack,
But still the hounds are on my back.

Hart Royal am I, Hart Royal am I,
And the Lord of the Greenwood shall
watch me die.

Call Robin Hood with his long bow,
To him alone does the Hart Royal bow.
He never will die at the hands of men,
Call Lord of the Oak once again.

Hart Royal am I, Hart Royal am I,
And the Lord of the Greenwood shall
watch me die.

There Robin stood on a far-off hill,
Let fly his shot, the Hart lay still.

Farewell good Hart bold Robin he said,
The Hart sighed and lay dead.

Hart Royal am I, Hart Royal am I,
And the Lord of the Greenwood shall
watch me die.
Hart Royal am I, Hart Royal am I,
And the Lord of the Greenwood watched
me die.

Faustus: <https://youtu.be/QblqSZkAHQY>

Devonside

~ Richard Thompson

By Devonside she was a-marching
It was a gang of no great size
And surrender was the banner that she
 carried
And hungry was the shiver in her eyes

She met a boy, his health was failing
She dropped the banner and took her
 prize
And the only food she had was bread and
 morphine
Ah, but he fed on the shiver in her eyes

By Devonside his love was drifting
He looked for comfort otherwise
And there never was a rope or chain
 about him
Ah, she held him with the shiver in her
 eyes

Ah, she said, my John, I'll be your pillow
I'll be your lover, mother, whore and wife
And he knew that he had loved and never
 seen her
When the light fell from the shiver in her
 eyes

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/mzjWB-VJUWo>

Did She Jump Or Was She Pushed?

~ Richard & Linda Thompson

She was there one minute and then she
was gone the next
Lying in a pool of herself with a twisted
neck

Oh she fell from the roof to the ground
There was glass lying all around
She was broken in a hundred pieces
When her body was found

She used to live life, she used to live life
with a vengeance
And the chosen would dance, the chosen
would dance in attendance

She crossed a lot of people
Some she called friends
She thought she'd live forever
But forever always ends

Did she jump or was she pushed
Did she jump or was she pushed
Did she jump or was she pushed

Oh she used to have style, she used to
have style and she used it
And they say it turned bad when the truth
came `round and she refused it

They found some fingerprints
Right around her throat
They didn't find no killer
And they didn't find no note

Did she jump or was she pushed
Did she jump or was she pushed
Did she jump or was she pushed

Oh did she jump or was she pushed

Did she jump or was she pushed
Did she jump or was she pushed

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/KTsPJsZqkBM>

Dimming Of The Day

~ Richard Thompson

This old house is falling down around my
ears

I'm drowning in the river of my tears
When all my will is gone you hold me
sway

I need you at the dimming of the day

You pulled me like the moon pulls on the
tide

You know just where I keep my better
side

What days have come to keep us far
apart

A broken promise or a broken heart
Now all the bonny birds have wheeled
away

I need you at the dimming of the day

Come the night you're only what I want
Come the night you could be my
confidant

I see you on the street in company
Why don't you come and ease your mind
with me

I'm living for the night we steal away
I need you at the dimming of the day
I need you at the dimming of the day

Richard & Linda Thompson:

https://youtu.be/62GF_YwdzS0

Dogs and Ferrets

[Roud 363]

I keep my dogs and I keep my ferrets,
I have them in my keeping
To catch those hares that run by night
While the gamekeepers lie sleeping.

My dogs and I went out on a cold night
For to view the habitation.
Up jumped a hare and away she did run
Straight into a plantation.

I keep my dogs and I keep my ferrets,
I have them in my keeping
To catch those hares that run by night
While the gamekeepers lie sleeping.

She had not gone a long way in
When something caught her running.
So loudly then I heard her cry
For she knew the dogs were coming.

I keep my dogs and I keep my ferrets,
I have them in my keeping
To catch those hares that run by night
While the gamekeepers lie sleeping.

I took my knife all in my hand,
So quickly for to paunch her.
She was one of the female kind
How glad I was I'd caught her.

I keep my dogs and I keep my ferrets,
I have them in my keeping
To catch those hares that run by night
While the gamekeepers lie sleeping.

Then I'll go down to some alehouse near
And I'll drink that hare quite mellow.
I'll spend a crown and a merry crown too
And say, "I'm a right good fellow."

I keep my dogs and I keep my ferrets,

I have them in my keeping.

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/8kcWPoHbER0>

The Dominion of the Sword

~ Martin Carthy / James Fagan [Roud
V3219]

Lay by your pleading, law lies a-bleeding
Burn all your studies down, and throw
away your reading
Small power the word has, and can afford
us
Not half so much privilege as the sword
does

It'll the foster the master, plaster disaster
This'll make a servant quickly greater
than the master
Ventures, enters, seeks and it centres
Ever the upper hand, never a dissenter

Kruger, Krugerrand-a, whither do you
wander?
Gone to the suborning of Hastings Banda
Kruger, Krugerrand-a, tear you all
asunder
Beira to Luanda, Gabarone to Nyanga

Talks of small things, it sets up all things
This'll master money, though money
masters all things
It is not season to talk of reason
Never call it loyal when the sword says
treason

Balm for the worrier, the whaler, the furrier
This'll get the measure of a Rainbow
Warrior
Incognito, come and sink a Rainbow
President will never know, I should bloody
ko-ko

* Build a drone, fly it, governments will
buy it
Devils in the desert sand give us a
chance to try it

Don't need their ident, propaganda
strident
Blow them up remotely with a Hellfire or a
Trident.

Subtle deceiver turns calm to fever
See the pilgrim flay the unbeliever
It'll make a lay man preach and to pray
man
It'll make a Lord of him that was but a
drayman

Conquers the crown too, grave and the
gown too
Set you up a province, but it'll pull it down
too
No gospel can guide it, no law decide it
In church or state, till the sword sanctified
it

Take books, rent 'em, who can invent
'em?
When that the sword says there'll be no
argumentum
Blood that is spilt, sir, has gained all the
guilt, sir
Thus have you seen me run my sword up
to the hilt, sir

Martin Carthy:
<https://youtu.be/Na0SyJScrQo>

Melrose Quartet:
<https://youtu.be/pmuc24sfbG0>

New words by Martin Carthy
* verse by James Fagan

Don't Renege On Our Love

~ Richard Thompson

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/8NPeXfGytSM>

Remember when we were hand in hand
Remember we sealed it with a golden
band
Now your eyes don't meet mine, you've
got a pulse like fever
Do I take you for a lover or just a
deceiver?
Simple is simple and plain is plain
If you leave me now you won't come back
again
When the game is up, ah don't renege on
our love
No, don't renege on our love
Ah no, don't renege on our love, don't
renege on our love

Well give me just an ounce of sympathy
Give me my chains of liberty
There's a rope that binds us and I don't
want to break it
If love is a healing why should we forsake
it
Well hunger is hunger and need is need
Am I just another mouth to feed
When the game is up, well don't renege
on our love
No, don't renege on our love
No, don't renege on our love, don't
renege on our love

When my heart breaks it breaks like the
weather
If you leave me now it'll thunder forever
Oh, don't give it up. Well, well, don't
renege on our love
Ah no, don't renege on our love
No, don't renege on our love, don't
renege on our love
Don't renege on our love

Don't Want To Know

~ John Martyn

And I don't want to know about evil
Only want to know about love
I don't want to know about evil
Only want to know about love.

Sometimes it gets so hard to listen
Hard for me to use my eyes
And all around the cold is glistening
Making sure it keeps me down to size.

And I don't want to know about evil
Only want to know about love
I don't want to know one thing about evil
Only want to know about love.

I'm waiting for the planes to tumble
Waiting for the towns to fall
I'm waiting for the cities to crumble
Waiting till I see you crawl.

Yes it's getting hard to listen
Hard for us to use our eyes
Cause all around that gold is glistening
Making sure it keeps us hypnotized.

And I don't want to know about evil
I only want to know about love
I don't want to know about evil
Only want to know about love.

I don't want to know anything about evil
Only want to know about love
I don't want to know about evil
Only want to know about love.

John Martyn:

<https://youtu.be/q-uo92Y5EE4>

Down Where The Drunkards Roll

~ Richard Thompson

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 were 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

You can be a gambler
Who never drew a hand
You can be a sailor
Who never left dry land
You can be Lord Jesus
All the world will understand
Down where the drunkards roll
Down where the drunkards roll

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/RBzRz-Hcj18>

Drive Dull Care Away

[Roud 16927]

Oh, why should we our lot complain
Or grieve at our distress?
Some think if they could riches gain
T'would be true happiness
But alas how vain is all their strife
Life's cares it will not allay
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away

Away, away, away, away
We will drive dull care away
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away.

Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
When we will all in a few short years
In equal friendship join
They're both to blame, they're all the
same
We are all made of one clay,
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away

Away, away, away, away
We will drive dull care away
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away.

The only circumstance in life
Which I could ever find
To conquer care or temper strife
Was a contented mind
With this in store we have much more
Than all things else can convey
So while we're here with our friends so
dear

We'll drive dull care away

Away, away, away, away
We will drive dull care away
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away.

So let us make the best of life
Not rendering it a curse
But take it as you would a wife
For better or for worse
Life at its best is but a jest
Like a dreary winter's day
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away

Away, away, away, away
We will drive dull care away
So while we're here with our friends so
dear
We'll drive dull care away.

John Roberts & Debra Cowen:

<https://youtu.be/LElqdYyWwu4>

Dump The Dog

~ Loudon Wainwright III

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/BsQ3r4dPQfA>

Dump the dog and feed the garbage
Mow the floor and sweep the lawn
Salt and pepper on my porridge
Some day I'll be dead and gone

Oh, my good girl loves me madly
And my bad girl is a flirt
I'll take the good with the bad gladly
And I'll treat them both like dirt

Bread and butter for my breakfast
Peanut butter for my lunch
Apple butter for my dinner
Marjorie for Sunday brunch

Baseball's fine football's rougher
Basketballers are all tall
But I like hockey, hockey's tougher
You must play without a ball

It's too much bother and too much trouble
I have stood all I can stand
I'm a son and I'm a father
I am just a middle man

When I wake up in the morning
I hop up right out of bed
Unless of course I am hung over
Then I pretend that I am dead

Dump the dog and feed the garbage
Mow the floor and sweep the lawn
Salt and pepper on my porridge
Some day I'll be dead and gone

Oh, my good girl loves me madly
And my bad girl is a flirt
I'll take the good with the bad gladly
And I'll treat them both like dirt

The Dutchman

~ Michael Smith

The Dutchman's not the kind of man
To keep his thumb jammed in the dam
That holds his dreams in
But that's a secret only Margaret knows
When Amsterdam is golden in the
 morning
Margaret brings him breakfast
She believes him
He thinks the tulips bloom beneath the
 snow
He's mad as he can be but Margaret only
 sees that sometimes
Sometimes she sees her unborn children
 in his eyes

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuider
 Zee
Long ago I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for
 me

The Dutchman still wears wooden shoes
His cap and coat are patched with love
That Margaret sewed in
Sometimes he thinks he's still in
 Rotterdam
He watches tugboats down canals
And calls out to them when he thinks he
 knows the captain
'Til Margaret comes to take him home
 again
Through unforgiving streets that trip him
Though she holds his arm
Sometimes he thinks that he's alone and
 calls her name

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuider
 Zee
Long ago I used to be a young man

And dear Margaret remembers that for
 me

The windmills whirl the winter in
She winds his muffler tighter
They sit in the kitchen
Some tea with whiskey keeps away the
 dew
He sees her for a moment calls her name
She makes the bed up humming some
 old love song
She learned it when the tune was very
 new
He hums a line or two
They hum together in the night
The Dutchman falls asleep and Margaret
 blows the candle out

Let us go to the banks of the ocean
Where the walls rise above the Zuider
 Zee
Long ago I used to be a young man
And dear Margaret remembers that for
 me

Steve Goodman:

<https://youtu.be/BPAM5uEOuGE>

Easy There, Steady Now

~ Richard Thompson

Jack-knife with a precious load spills its
guts all over the road
Excuse me, I had to smile, lost my grip,
too, for a while
It's easy there, steady now, easy there,
steady now

She didn't have the decency to sweep
away what's left of me
I don't have the presence of mind to walk
along on a straight line
Easy there, steady now, easy there,
steady now

I call your name, I call it loud
I see your face in every crowd

Nosebleed down the bathroom wall
leaves a pool down in the stall
I wonder where you are tonight, red
dress, skin so white
Easy there, steady now, easy there,
steady now

3 am an empty town, Doctor Marten's
echo down
Old man heartbreak follows you,
corruption's shadow swallows you
I said easy there, steady now, easy there,
steady now

I call your name, I call it loud
I see your face in every crowd

Jack-knife with a precious load spills its
guts all over the road
Excuse me, I had to smile, lost my grip,
too, for a while
Easy there, steady now, easy there,
steady now

Easy there, steady now, easy there,
steady now

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/HJighfXaISl>

Einstein the Genius

~ Henry Jankiewicz

Einstein was a genius, unlike you or me.
He wrote equations every day. On
Mondays he wrote three.
Mondays, he wrote three.

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.
Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down!

I had a frame of reference. I left it on the
fence.
Along come relativity. Ain't seen the darn
thing since.
Ain't seen the darn thing since!

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.
Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down!

A man got in a space ship. He flew a
million miles.
Busted through the speed of light. He
came back a child.
He came back a child!

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.
Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down!

A man looked through a telescope 'til his
eye was red.
He looked through outer space and saw
the back of his own head,
Back of his own head!

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.

Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down!

A wave and a particle were walkin' side
by side.
One said to the other, "Which one of us
am I?
Which one of us am I?"

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.
Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down!

Newton had an apple. It hit him on the
head
Doc McCoy came up to him, said "Jim, I
think he's dead.
Jim, I think he's dead!"

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.
Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down!

Einstein played the violin. He liked to
dance and sing.
If that ain't genius, that ain't anything!
That ain't anything!

Albert, dance around. Albert, be
profound.
Albert, let your hair stick out and your
socks hang down! 2X

Robert Ruud:
<https://youtu.be/fVpT0V-dQOo>

The End of the Rainbow

~ Richard Thompson

I feel for you, you little horror
Safe at your mother's breast
No lucky break for you around the corner
'Cos your father is a bully
And he thinks that you're a pest
And your sister, she's no better than a
whore

Life seems so rosy in the cradle
But I'll be a friend, I'll tell you what's in
store
There's nothing at the end of the rainbow
There's nothing to grow up for anymore

Tycoons and barrow boys will rob you
And throw you on the side
And all because they love themselves
sincerely
And the man holds a bread-knife
Up to your throat, is four feet wide
And he's anxious just to show you what
it's for

Your mother works so hard to make you
happy
But take a look outside the nursery door
There's nothing at the end of the rainbow
There's nothing to grow up for anymore

All the sad and empty faces
That pass you on the street
All running in their sleep, all in a dream
Every loving handshake
Is just another man to beat
How your heart aches just to cut him to
the core

Life seems so rosy in the cradle
But I'll be a friend, I'll tell you what's in
store
There's nothing at the end of the rainbow

There's nothing to grow up for anymore

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/9xq8USB3NIk>

The Erie Canal

~ Thomas S. Allen (1912 & 1913)

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

Low bridge, ev'rybody down,
Low bridge, we must be getting near a
town
You can always tell your neighbor,
You can always tell your pal
If he's ever navigated on the Erie Canal

We'd better look 'round for a job old gal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
You bet your life I wouldn't part with Sal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
Giddap there gal we've passed that lock,
We'll make Rome 'fore six o'clock
So one more trip and then we'll go,
Right straight back to Buffalo

Low bridge, ev'rybody down,
Low bridge, I've got the finest mule in
town
Once a man named Mike McGinty tried to
put it over Sal
Now he's way down at the bottom of the
Erie Canal

Oh, where would I be if I lost my pal?,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
Oh, I'd like to see a mule as good as Sal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
A friend of mine once got her sore,
Now, he's got a broken jaw
'Cause she let fly with her iron toe,

And kicked him into Buffalo

Low bridge, ev'rybody down,
Low bridge, I've got the finest mule in
town
If you're looking 'round for trouble, better
stay away from Sal
She's the only fighting donkey on the Erie
Canal

I don't have to call when I want my Sal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
She trots from her stall like a good old
gal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
I eat my meals with Sal each day,
I eat beef and she eats hay
She ain't so slow if you want to know,
She put the "Buff" in Buffalo

Low bridge, ev'rybody down,
Low bridge, I've got the finest mule in
town
Eats a bale of hay for dinner, and on top
of that, my Sal
Tries to drink up all the water in the Erie
Canal

You'll soon hear them sing all about my
gal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
It's a darned fool ditty 'bout my darned
fool Sal,
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
Oh, every band will play it soon,
Darned fool words and darned fool tune
You'll hear it sung everywhere you go,
From Mexico to Buffalo

Low bridge, ev'rybody down, Low bridge,
I've got the finest mule in town
She's a perfect, perfect lady, and she
blushes like a gal

If she hears you sing about her and the
Erie Canal.

<https://daveruch.com/erie-canal-song/>

The song first appeared in print as “Low
Bridge! – Everybody Down” (subtitled
“Fifteen Years on the Erie Canal”) and
was credited to composer Thomas S.
Allen (1876-1919) of Natick,
Massachusetts. Allen is said to have
originally written it sometime between
1905-1912. Allen’s song was
copyrighted by F.B. Haviland
Publishing Company in manuscript
form in November of 1912, appearing
in sheet music form early the following
year.

After the song appeared in Sigmund
Spaeth’s 1926 folk song collection
“Read ’em and Weep, The Songs You
Forgot to Remember” as a public
domain song (and with the refrain
“Fifteen miles – rather than years – on
the Erie Canal),” Thomas Allen’s
publishing company sued Spaeth’s
publishing house (Doubleday, Page
and Company) for copyright
infringement.

Family Car

~ Lou and Peter Berryman (c1988)

Seems like nothing had paid off,
unexpectedly laid off
We'd just been evicted, our hearts were
so heavy
And yet we were thankful; we had half a
tankful
And we were all able to squeeze in the
Chevy

Because when you're down and out, as
low as a man can get
Remember the family car's America's
safety net
There is a place for you no matter who
you are
No one denies your right to live in your
car

My mother said, crying, "Are you really
trying?
You live in a Chevy. Now son, I been
thinkin'
If you'd only bother to work hard like your
father
By the time he was your age he lived in a
Lincoln"

Because when you're down and out, as
low as a man can get
Remember the family car's America's
safety net
There is a place for you no matter who
you are
No one denies your right to live in your
car

Now the privileged have feelings against
three-foot-five ceilings
And prefer the proportions of a three story
condo

But I bet you that someday they'll be out
in the driveway
Tryin' to jam their Jacuzzi in their Alpha
Romeo

Because when you're down and out, as
low as a man can get
Remember the family car's America's
safety net
There is a place for you no matter who
you are
No one denies your right to live in your
car

With a couch on the roof rack and a dog
in the wayback
Three wishes I wish for to make my life
sweeter
Some steam from your thermos on my
cold epidermis
Some change for the better and some
change for the meter

Because when you're down and out, as
low as a man can get
Remember the family car's America's
safety net
There is a place for you no matter who
you are
No one denies your right to live in your
car

Lou and Peter Berryman:

<https://youtu.be/n1VbkTG3BcE>

Farewell, Farewell

~ Richard Thompson

Farewell, farewell to you who'd hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north wind will blow again
The winding road does call

And will you never return to see
Your bruised and beaten sons
Oh I would, I would if welcome I were
For they loathe me every one

And will you never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be
And can you never swear a year
To anyone but we

No I will never cut the cloth
Or drink the light to be
But I'll swear a year to one who lies
Asleep along side of me

Farewell, farewell to you who would hear
You lonely travelers all
The cold north wind will blow again
The winding road does call

Fairport Convention:

<https://youtu.be/fPq5ijmY6wQ>

Farewell to the Gold

~ Paul Metsers

Shotover River, your gold it is waning;
It's weeks since the colour I've seen.
But it's no use just sitting and Lady Luck
 blaming,
So I'll pack up and make the break clean.

Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere
 abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you
 gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground

Well, it's nearly two years since I left my
 old mother
For adventure and gold by the pound,
With Jimmy the prospector—he was
 another
For the hills of Otago was bound.

Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere
 abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you
 gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground

We worked the Cardrona's dry valley all
 over,
Old Jimmy Williams and me.
But they were panning good dirt on the
 winding Shotover
So we headed down there just to see.

Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere
 abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you
 gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground

We sluiced and we cradled for day after
 day,
Making hardly enough to get by;
Until a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy
 away
During six stormy days in July.

Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere
 abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you
 gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground

Shotover River, your gold it is waning;
It's weeks since the colour I've seen.
But it's no use just sitting and Lady Luck
 blaming,
So I'll pack up and make the break clean.

Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere
 abound;
For it's only when dreaming that I see you
 gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground

Paul Metsers:

<https://youtu.be/lswLTVtqzW8>

Ellie Gowers & Ben Robertson:

<https://youtu.be/tF6PWbEQ5Tw>

Nic Jones: https://youtu.be/nAjp_BVApUU

The Farmer's Boy

[Roud 408]

The sun had set behind yon hill
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame a boy there came
Up to the farmer's door.
Can you tell me where e're there be
One who will me employ
To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy?

My father is dead and my mother's left,
And with her five children small;
And worse to bear for my mother dear,
I'm the eldest of them all.
Though little I be no work I fear
If you will me employ,
To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

And if you can not me employ,
One favor I do ask:
Please shelter me til the break of day
From this cold winter's blast!
At break of day I'll trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife said, Try the lad;
Let him no longer seek!
Yes, father, do, the daughter cried,
As the tears rolled down her cheek,
For those that would work, it's hard to
want
And wander for employ.
Don't let him go, but let him stay
And be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's boy grew up a man
And the good old couple died.
They left the lad the farm they had
And their daughter for his bride.
Now the lad which was and the farm now
has
Oft thinks and smiles with joy
To bless the day he came that way
To be a farmer's boy,
To be a farmer's boy.

John Kirkpatrick:

<https://youtu.be/oksSAcihQbU>

Farmer's Toast

[Roud 1603]

Come each jolly fellow who seeks to be
mellow
Attend unto me and sit easy
For a pint when it's quiet, my lads, let us
try it
For thinking will drive a man crazy

I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruit, I
have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
So my jolly boys now here's good luck to
the plough
Long life and success to the farmer

Draw near to my table, my lads, if you're
able
Let me hear not one word of complaining
For the tinkling of glasses all music
surpasses
And I love to see bottles a-draining

I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruit, I
have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
So my jolly boys now here's good luck to
the plough
Long life and success to the farmer

For here I am king, I will dance, drink and
sing
Let no man appear as a stranger
And show me the ass who refuses a
glass
And I'll treat him to hay in a manger

I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruit, I
have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
So my jolly boys now here's good luck to
the plough
Long life and success to the farmer

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendour
and state,
I envy them not, I declare it
For I eat my own ham, my own chicken
and lamb
I shear my own fleece and I wear it

I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruit, I
have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
So my jolly boys now here's good luck to
the plough
Long life and success to the farmer

By ploughing and sowing, by reaping and
mowing
King nature affords me aplenty
I've a cellar well stored and a plentiful
board
And a garden affords every dainty

I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fruit, I
have flowers
And the lark is my morning alarmer
So my jolly boys now here's good luck to
the plough
Long life and success to the farmer

Jon Boden:

<http://www.afolksongaday.com/?p=68>

Field Behind The Plow

~ Stan Rogers

Watch the field behind the plow turn to
straight, dark rows
Feel the trickle in your clothes, blow the
dust cake from your nose
Hear the tractor's steady roar, Oh you
can't stop now
There's a quarter section more or less to
go

And it figures that the rain keeps its own
sweet time
You can watch it come for miles, but you
guess you've got a while
So ease the throttle out a hair, every rod's
a gain
And there's victory in every quarter mile

Poor old Kuzyk down the road
The heartache, hail and hoppers brought
him down
He gave it up and went to town

And Emmett Pierce the other day
Took a heart attack and died at forty two
You could see it coming on 'cause he
worked as hard as you

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet
clear through
The air is cooler now, pull your hat brim
further down
And watch the field behind the plow turn
to straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the
ground

And if the harvest's any good
The money just might cover all the loans
You've mortgaged all you own

Buy the kids a winter coat

Take the wife back east for Christmas if
you can
All summer she hangs on when you're so
tied to the land

For the good times come and go, but at
least there's rain
So this won't be barren ground when
September rolls around
So watch the field behind the plow turn to
straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the
ground

Watch the field behind the plow turn to
straight dark rows
Put another season's promise in the
ground

Stan Rogers:

<https://youtu.be/m7y4FEhIJDk>

The Fitter's Song

~ Ewan MacColl / trad (1963)

I am a roving rambler, a fitter to me trade
I can fix you anything, a camshaft to a
spade
I can fix a dodgy gearbox or mend a
broken tread
Decoke a Leyland engine while I'm
standing on me head

So shift, boys, shift, do the job and draw
your pay
When this road is finished I'll be moving
on me way
I'll clean me tools and wrap 'em in a pair
of oily jeans
You'll always find me working where you
find the big machines

I've worked in far off places since I left the
coaly Tyne
I work among the heavies and I wear a
roving sign
I keep the tractors on the job, a-turning up
the soil
And I've followed me nose around the
world by the smell of diesel oil

So shift, boys, shift, do the job and draw
your pay
When this road is finished I'll be moving
on me way
I'll clean me tools and wrap 'em in a pair
of oily jeans
You'll always find me working where you
find the big machines

So shift, boys, shift, do the job and draw
your pay
When this road is finished I'll be moving
on me way
You'll find me where the tractors are, on
roads or hydro schemes

Playing the lousy nursemaid to a pack of
big machines

Eliza Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/ouSD-yjdgwc>

Tune - trad Australian - ("Along the
Castlereagh")

Follow Me Up To Carlow

[Roud 36327 ; Patrick Joseph McCall
(1861-1919)]

Lift MacCahir Óg your face brooding o'er
the old disgrace
That black Fitzwilliam stormed your place,
drove you to the Fern
Grey said victory was sure soon the
firebrand he'd secure;
Until he met at Glenmalure with Fiach
Mac Hugh O'Byrne.

Chorus (after each verse):
Curse and swear Lord Kildare
Fiach will do what Fiach will dare
Now Fitzwilliam, have a care
Fallen is your star, low
Up with halbert out with sword
On we'll go for by the Lord
Fiach MacHugh has given the word,
Follow me up to Carlow.

See the swords of Glen Imaile, flashing
o'er the English Pale
See all the children of the Gael, beneath
O'Byrne's banners
Rooster of a fighting stock, would you let
a Saxon cock
Crow out upon an Irish rock, fly up and
teach him manners.

From Saggart to Clonmore, there flows a
stream of Saxon gore
O, great is Rory Óg O'More, sending the
loons to Hades.
White is sick and Lane is fled, now for
black Fitzwilliam's head
We'll send it over dripping red, to Queen
Liza and the ladies.

Planxty: <https://youtu.be/OjGD1IHx8v4>

For Shame Of Doing Wrong

~ Richard Thompson

It seems like a lifetime since I saw you
Lover lover I've been away too long
When I see lovers holding hands and
sighing
I hang my head for shame of doing wrong

Bus wheels spinning, song birds singing
break my heart
Take me back to old remembered days
Remind me of the times we spent
together
Times before we went our separate ways

I wish I was a fool for you again
I wish I was a fool for you again
I wish I was a fool for you again

I'm sorry for the things I've said, the
things I've done
I'm sorry for the restless thief I've been
Please don't make me pay for my
deceiving heart
Just turn up your lamp and let me in

I wish I was a fool for you again
I wish I was a fool for you again
I wish I was a fool for you again

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2-V2T8u1B6U>

Four Nights Drunk

[Roud 114 ; Child 274 ; GlosTrad Roud
114 ; Mudcat 50227 ; trad.]

Now as I come home so drunk I couldn't
see, oh
There I saw a horse, no horse should be
there
I says unto me wife, tell this to me, oh
How come the horse there, no horse
should be there
You old fool, you silly fool, can't you
plainly see, oh
Nothing but a milk cow me mother sent to
me, oh
Miles I have travelled a thousand miles
and more, oh
Saddle on a milk cow I've never seen
before

And as I come home so drunk I couldn't
see, oh
There I saw boots, no boots should be
there
I says unto me wife, tell this to me, oh
How come the boots there, no boots
should be there
You old fool, you silly fool, can't you
plainly see, oh
Nothing but a flower pot me mother sent
to me, oh
Miles I have travelled a thousand miles
and more, oh
Laces on a flower pot I've never seen
before

And as I come home so drunk I couldn't
see, oh
There I saw a hat, no hat should be there
I says unto me wife, tell this to me, oh
How come the hat there, no hat should be
there
You old fool, you silly fool, can't you
plainly see, oh

Nothing but a chamber pot me mother
sent to me, oh
Miles I have travelled a thousand miles
and more, oh
Sweat-band on a chamber pot I've never
seen before

And as I come home so drunk I couldn't
see, oh
There I saw a man, no man should be
there
I says unto me wife, tell this to me, oh
How come the man there, no man should
be there
You old fool, you silly fool, can't you
plainly see, oh
Nothing but a baby me mother sent to
me, oh
Miles I have travelled a thousand miles
and more, oh
Whiskers on a baby I've never seen
before

Steeleye Span:

https://youtu.be/M_O0UKXGWs0

Four Wet Pigs

Here's a little song about four wet pigs,
Here's a little song about four wet pigs,
Two of them little, and two of them big,
They danced all night at the Pigtown jig.

The two that were little were just half
grown,
The two that were big were big as a barn,
Big as a barn and tall as a tree,
Take 'em on down to the factory.

Cut 'em into bacon, slice 'em into ham,
Chop 'em into hot dogs, squeeze 'em into
spam.
Throw their little eyes out in the rain,
Pickle their feet and scramble their brains.

Here's a little song about two wet pigs,
Leaning on the lamp post smoking their
cigs,
Wishing to god they'd never get big,
They danced all night at the Pigtown jig.

The Fortress

~ Richard Thompson

One day, the ceiling falls in on you
Your more than perfect world
Has suddenly come unglued
There you are

One day, your fortress is so much dust
The friends you thought you knew
Have all betrayed your trust
There you are

Head over heels, nothing to cling to
Struck down dumb, no muses to sing to
Four winds blow you, lift you, fling you
Into the sky....

You're no John Wayne, you're no gun
slinger
You thought you had the whole world
Wrapped around your finger
You always said: "It was the song and not
the singer"
After all.....

You set your own wake
You thought that that was clever
You staked your bets on living forever
Forever, forever, forever, forever
But after all....
You were bound to fall
You were bound to fall

One day, trouble will seek you out
You can run and you can hide
But your life is up the spout
And there you are

One day, nothing makes sense at all
Your career's slow suicide
Your brain has hit the wall
There you are

Spinning around on a carousel of voices
Talking in tongues a hundred James
Joyces

Screaming in your head as if you need
choices
After all....

You're no John Wayne, you're no gun
slinger
You thought you had the whole world
Wrapped around your finger
You always said: "It was the song and not
the singer"
After all.....

You set your own wake
You thought that that was clever
You staked your bets on living forever
Forever, forever, forever, forever
But after all....
You were bound to fall
You were bound to fall

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/97H7qhQi26k>

From a Lullaby Kiss

~ Peter Knight / Julie Felix

This day, this day is mine
It's mine to keep until tomorrow
If my heart is full of joy or sorrow
Whether I pay my way
Or I beg, steal and borrow
One thing I know is
This day, this day is mine.

This day, this day is mine
It's mine to live without rules to bind me
I can close every door so that no one will
 find me
Or I can open my heart and say,
"Love, come and blind me"
But one thing I know is
This day, this day is mine.

As I live out my life there's some lessons
 I've learned
If you jump in the fire you're bound to get
 burned
I can say I was pushed in but I was to
 blame,
I was drawn to the light and the dance of
 the flame

I was easily led, both my heart and my
 head,
And believed every word that those
 dream pushers said
Because nobody told me the truth about
 lies
That they hide in the words but they live
 in the eyes.

This life, this life is mine
From a lullaby kiss and my first awaking
It's a life I will miss when it's time for the
 taking
Which is why every day
Must be mine for the making

One thing I know is, one thing I know is
This life, this life is mine.

Peter Knight: <https://youtu.be/euxfillfoFTk>

From Galway To Graceland

~ Richard Thompson

Oh she dressed in the dark and she
whispered amen
She was pretty in pink like a young girl
again
Twenty years married and she never
thought twice
She sneaked out the door and walked
into the night
And silver wings carried her over the sea
From the west coast of Ireland to West
Tennessee
To be with her sweetheart, oh she left
everything
From Galway to Graceland to be with the
king

She was humming Suspicion, that's the
song she liked best
She had Elvis I Love You tattooed on her
breast
When they landed in Memphis, well her
heart beat so fast
She'd dreamed for so long, now she'd see
him at last
She was down by his graveside day after
day
Come closing time they would pull her
away
Ah to be with her sweetheart, oh she'd left
everything
From Galway to Graceland to be with the
king

Ah, they came in their thousands from the
whole human race
To pay their respects at his last resting
place
But blindly she knelt there and she told
him her dreams
And she thought that he answered or
that's how it seems

Then they dragged her away it was
handcuffs this time
She said my good man are you out of
your mind.
Don't you know that we're married? See,
I'm wearing his ring.
From Galway to Graceland to be with the
king.
I come From Galway to Graceland to be
with the king.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2eyH6WIZQmY>

The Gardener

[Roud 339 ; Child 219 ; Mudcat 5691 ,
8022 ; trad.]

Proud Margret stood at her father's
doorway
As straight as willow wand
And by there came a gardener bold
With red rose in his hand, his hand,
With red rose in his hand.

“O you shall have my rose, fair maiden,
If you give your flower to me.
Among the flowers in your father's garden
I'll make a gown for thee, for thee,
I'll make a gown for thee.

“Your gown shall be sweet smelling
thyme,
Your apron celandine,
Your petticoat of the chamomile.
Come kiss sweetheart and join, and join,
Come kiss sweetheart and join.

“Your glove shall be of the clover flower,
Your shoes of the rue so fine,
I'll line them with the cornflower blue.
So join your love with mine, with mine,
So join your love with mine.”

“Since you have made a gown for me
Among the summer flowers,
So I will make a suit for thee
Among the winter showers, the showers,
Among the winter showers.

“The milk-white snow will be your shirt
That lies your body next,
And the night-black rain will be your coat
With the wind gale at your breast, your
breast,
With the wind gale at your breast.

“The horse that you shall ride upon,

Will be of the wintry grey,
And every time that you pass by,
I'll wish you were away, away,
I'll wish you were away.”

Tim Hart & Maddy Prior:

<https://youtu.be/WgP8hw8UZmQ>

Garnet's Home-Made Beer

~ Ian Robb

Oh the year was nineteen seventy-eight,
(How I wish I'd never tried it now)
When a score of men were turned quite
 green
By the scummiest ale you've ever seen

God damn them all,
I was told this beer was worth its weight in
 gold
We'd feel no pain, shed no tears,
But it's a foolish man who shows no fear
At a glass of Garnet's homemade beer.

Old Garnet Rogers cried the town
(How I wish I'd never tried it now)
For twenty brave men all masochists who
Would taste for him his homemade brew.

God damn them all...

This motley crew was a sickening sight
(How I wish I'd never tried it now)
There was caveman Dave with his eyes
 in bags
He'd a hard-boiled liver and the staggers
 and jags.

God damn them all...

We hadn't been there but an hour or two
(How I wish I'd never tried it now)
When a voice said "Give me some
 homemade brew"
And steel-eyed Stan hove into view.

God damn them all...

Now steel-eyed Stan was a frightening
 man
(How I wish I'd never tried it now)
He was eight foot tall and four foot wide

Said, "pass that jug or I'll tan your hide."

God damn them all...

Stan took one sip and pitched on his side
(How I wish I'd never tried it now)
Ol' Garnet was smashed with a gut full of
 dregs
And his breath set fire to both me legs.

God damn them all...

So here I lie with me twenty-third beer
(how I wish I'd never tried it now)
It's been ten years since I felt this way
On the night before me wedding day.

God damn them all,
I was told this beer was worth its weight in
 gold
We'd feel no pain, shed no tears,
But it's a foolish man who shows no fear
At a glass of Garnet's homemade beer.

Ian Robb: <https://youtu.be/Gl8P5Fhc5yU>

Genesis Hall

~ Richard Thompson

My father he rides with your sheriffs
And I know he would never mean harm
But to see both sides of a quarrel
Is to judge without hate or love

Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go

You take away homes from the homeless
And leave them to die in the cold
The gypsy who begs for your presents
He will laugh in your face when you're old

Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go

Well one man he drinks up his whiskey
Another he drinks up his wine
And they'll drink 'till their eyes are red with
hate
For those of a different kind

Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go

When the rivers run thicker than trouble
I'll be there at your side in the flood
T'was all I could do to keep myself
From taking revenge on your blood

Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go
Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/3NBtgMoovBE>

George's Son

~ John Kirkpatrick

John Kirkpatrick sings George's Son

Oh there was George and there was
George's Son
Two finer dogs, oh they never did run
And they worked the sheep, and they
worked them well
Oh but George's Son, he could run like
hell

For one dark night when all were safe
asleep
To George's Son, oh, some devil did
creep
Saying, "Show your master, come show
him true,
What George's Son with those sheep can
do."

Oh how they scrambled and how they flew
And how they thundered that parish
through
And how high the cliff he drove them
along
Oh and in his ears ran that devil's song

Their clattering bells roused that
shepherd bold
And at that sound, oh his blood ran cold
And he prayed for mercy with all his might
Saying, "Some demon rides with my
sheep this night"

And quickly, quickly he ran the ground
And quickly, quickly that cliff he found
And quickly, quickly he raised his gun
And the devil smiled on young George's
Son

A flock was lost, and a fortune too
And a brisk young farmer could ruin knew

To some labouring job he was forced to
come
But his saddest loss was young George's
Son

Oh there was George and there was
George's Son
Two finer dogs, oh they never did run
And they worked the sheep, and they
worked them well
Oh but George's Son, he could run like
hell

Brass Monkey:

<https://youtu.be/0HkpCm9uKXw>

Gethsemane

~ Richard Thompson

Among the headstones you played as
boys
Crypts and tombs like a roomful of toys
Just up the river from the smoke and the
noise
Gethsemane
And there's war-whoops and secret signs
in the trees
Estuary smells coming up on the breeze
O perfect endless days like these
O Gethsemane

Sailboat on the Cadie, pushbike on the
quay
In your eyes there's fire, in your hand
destiny
'O be something, be something fine!'

Just down the river, into the noise and the
smoke
Being daring with the staring, uncaring
folk
Who laugh with you, laugh at you, you'll
never get the joke
Gethsemane
And they broke your spirit there in the
marines
Flushed your head down in the latrines
Frozen in your sacrament, derailed in
your teens
Never saw the enemy

And those bosses betrayed, soon let you
go
The fire in your eyes, how could they
know
'O be something, be something fine!'

Now you've got your own boys, hell bent
for leather

Dead before they're 18, or bitter old men
forever
They never saw the halo moon rise over
the river
Of Gethsemane
Now there's a pain in your head puts lead
in your shoes
Better get it seen to, it's going to be bad
news
How did the perfect world get so confused
O Gethsemane

Who sucked out the freedom, days
without end
Under the weight of it all you must bend
'O be something, be something fine!'

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/ZQQFGwi9IzY>

Getting In The Cows

~ Charlie Maguire

I start my day in the sun-up dark
I'm going down the lane to bring my
milk-cows up
Got some Holsteins, some Jerserys and a
one-eyed steer
And old brown cow who jumps fences like
a deer
Dew is on the ground, and my feet are
wet
Got a light in my hand, hat on my head
Down to the pasture to get my herd
Just chewing their cud, and looking at the
birds

Getting in the cows, shoo them in the
barn
Put them in the stantion, turn the radio on
Milk them all dry, send them out again
Wait a month on the Dairy, for the check
to come in
A month on the dairy, for the check to
come in

"Well, get up you cows!" and I get them
on the move
Their udders are swinging like water in
balloons
I go up to the barn and they know their
place
With the lead-cow first then I close the
gate
Bring the cart around, give them all some
feed
They lick their nose, flap their ears at me
I put on the machine, and it feels so good
To let down their milk like a good cow
should

Getting in the cows, shoo them in the
barn
Put them in the stantion, turn the radio on

Milk them all dry, send them out again
Wait a month on the Dairy, for the check
to come in

A month on the dairy, for the check to
come in

The folks says a cow's face looks so fine
But I see their back-end most of the time
Sweat all summer to put hay in the mow
Then work all winter, to feed it to the cow
The milking is all done, I've got the
weather report

I have my day all planned for my job of
work

Back to the pasture goes part of my life
Now I'm going in the house to hug my
wife

Getting in the cows, shoo them in the
barn
Put them in the stantion, turn the radio on
Milk them all dry, send them out again
Wait a month on the Dairy, for the check
to come in
A month on the dairy, for the check to
come in

Charlie Maguire:

<https://youtu.be/2EdqAHVNZ00>

The Ghost Of You Walks

~ Richard Thompson

If that was our goodbye kiss
Seems a habit too good to miss
Once more for the memory
Hit the heights too well that time
To leave it there would be a crime
Seems more like beginning to me
At least we tried, took the biggest bite
Least we did it right
With all our souls and all our might

Blue murder on the dance floor, French
 kisses in the rain
Blood wedding in the water till I see you
 again
Dutch courage is the game and the ghost
 of you walks
The ghost of you walks, the ghost of you
 walks

The ghost of you walks right through my
 head
Sleepwalks at the foot of my bed
Sends old shivers over my skin
Love like that, won't let go
It's got some kind of a mind of its own
I can't break out and I can't break in
At least we lived, took it all at a rush
At least we loved too much
Felt too much, cared too much

Blue murder on the dance floor, French
 kisses in the rain
Blood wedding in the water till I see you
 again
Dutch courage is the game and the ghost
 of you walks
The ghost of you walks, the ghost of you
 walks

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/eNPI5bl4wq0>

Gimme Sympathy

~ Emily Haines / James Shaw (Metric)

Get hot
Get too close to the flame
Wild open space
Talk like an open book

Sign me up
Got no time to take a picture
I'll remember someday
All the chances we took

We're so close
To something better left unknown
We're so close
To something better left unknown
I can feel it in my bones

Gimme sympathy
After all this is gone
Who'd you rather be?
The Beatles or The Rolling Stones?
Oh seriously
You're gonna make mistakes you're
young
Come on baby play me something like
"Here Comes The Sun"
Come on baby play me something like
"Here Comes The Sun"

Don't go
Stay with the all unknown
Stay away from the hooks
All the chances we took

We're so close
To something better left unknown
We're so close
To something better left unknown
I can feel it in my bones

Gimme sympathy
After all this is gone

Who'd you rather be?
The Beatles or The Rolling Stones?
Oh seriously
You're gonna make mistakes you're
young
Come on baby play me something like
"Here Comes The Sun"

Gimme Sympathy
After all this is gone
Who'd you rather be?
The Beatles or The Rolling Stones?
Oh seriously
You're gonna make mistakes you're
young
Come on baby play me something like
"Here Comes The Sun"
Come on baby play me something like
"Here Comes The Sun"
Come on baby play me something like
"Here Comes The Sun"

Metric: <https://youtu.be/LqldwoDXHKg>
(official)

Metric: <https://youtu.be/jHt5caARmh0>
(making of video)

Metric: <https://youtu.be/EZEU41xdgDU>
(acoustic)

Girl from the North Country

~ Bob Dylan (1963)

Well, if you're travelin' in the north country
fair

Where the winds hit heavy on the
borderline

Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

Well, if you go when the snowflakes storm
When the rivers freeze and summer ends
Please see if she's wearing a coat so
warm

To keep her from the howlin' winds

Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
If it rolls and flows all down her breast.
Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
That's the way I remember her best.

I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at
all

Many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night
In the brightness of my day

So if you're travelin' in the north country
fair

Where the winds hit heavy on the
borderline

Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

Bob Dylan: <https://youtu.be/JncbFS5ek74>

Go Cubs Go

~ Steve Goodman (1984)

Baseball season's underway
Well you better get ready for a brand new
day
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

They're singing
Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today
Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

They got the power, they got the speed
To be the best in the National League
Well this is the year and the Cubs are real
So come on down to Wrigley Field

We're singing now
Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today
Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today.

Baseball time is here again
You can catch it all on WGN
So stamp your feet and clap your hands
Chicago Cubs got the greatest fans

Hear 'em singing now
Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago, what do you say
The Cubs are gonna win today

Go, Cubs, go
Go, Cubs, go
Hey, Chicago

Steve Goodman:

<https://youtu.be/UxZVuBzFVyl>

God and the Orange Clown

~ Ian Robb (c2018)

Arrowsmith:Robb:

https://youtu.be/0hMLG42_YZs

When your forests turn to ash,
When your fields all turn to dust,
When your islands are awash,
How will you choose; who will you trust?
And when the mudslides hurtle down,
Who will you turn to for recourse?
When your greens all fade to brown,
Who will you blame; who will you curse?

And will you go to church to pray,
Leaving your children to atone?
This world you've left in disarray
Is not God's work; it is your own.

When tornadoes wreck your town,
When the tempest scours your coast,
Will you still heed the Orange Clown,
Will you still cheer his every boast?
And when it's time to make your choice,
Whose truth, whose lies will you believe?
Will you ignore the braying voice?
Will you refuse to be deceived?

Or will you go to church to pray,
Leaving your children to atone?
This world you've left in disarray
Is not God's work; it is your own.

So good Christians all awake,
Fight the tide or surely drown.
For your blessed children's sake
Drive away the Orange Clown.
For when at last the seas run dry
And when rocks melt in the sun
And when you can no more deny,
Then you'll see what you have done.

And will you go to church to pray,
Leaving your children to atone?
This world you've left in disarray
Is not God's work; it is your own.

God Loves A Drunk

~ Richard Thompson

Will there be any bartenders up there in
heaven?
Will the pubs never close? Will the glass
never drain?
No more DTs and no shakes and no
horrors
The very next morning, you feel right as
rain

'Cause God loves a drunk, lowest of men
Like the dogs in the street and the pigs in
the pen
But a drunk's only trying to get free of his
body
And soar like an eagle high up there in
heaven
His shouts and his curses they are just
hymns and praises
To kick-start his mind now and then
O God loves a drunk, come raise up your
glasses, amen

Does God really care for your life in the
suburbs?
Your dull little life full of dull little things
And bring up the babies to be just like
daddy
And maybe I'll be there when he gives out
the wings

But God loves a drunk, although he's a
fool
Oh he wets in his pants and he falls off
his stool
And he can't hear the insults, and
whispers go by him
As he leans in the doorway and he sings
sally racket
He can't feel the cold rain beat down on
his body
And soak through his clothes to the skin

O God loves a drunk, come raise up your
glasses, amen

Will there be any pen-pushers up there in
heaven?
Does crawling and wage-slaving win you
God's love?
I pity you worms with your semis and
pensions
If you think that'll get you to the kingdom
above

Oh God loves a drunk, although he's a
clown
Oh you can't help but laugh as he gags
and falls down
But he don't give a curse for what people
think of him
He screams at his demons alone in the
darkness
He's staying alive for just one more pint
bottle
Won't you throw him a few pennies,
friend?
Ah God loves a drunk, for ever and ever,
amen

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/VOnFaYMyZu0>

Norma Waterson:

https://youtu.be/8a_ZNyGFonc

Going Back to Weldon

I'm going back to Weldon... Weldon...
Weldon...

I'm going back to Weldon...
To get a job in the Weldon yard

Oh captain if you fire me... fire me... fire
me...

Oh captain if you fire me...
You've got to fire my buddy, too

The captain's got a luger... luger... luger...
The captain's got a luger...
And the mate's got an owl's head

I don't want no woman... woman...
woman...
I don't want no woman...
Who's got a hair like a horse's mane

The house is on fire... fire... fire...
The house is on fire...
And it's almost burning down

I'm going back to Weldon... Weldon...
Weldon...
I'm going back to Weldon
To get a job in the Weldon yard

Clyde Witham from TfMM sings this.

Craig Edwards and the Northern Neck
Chantey Singers:
https://youtu.be/QRfgN4BD_F0

Going Down on Old Bum Knee

Going down on old bum knee again, me
boys

Going down on old bum knee
We're homeward bound, ace bandage
bound

Going down on old bum knee

It's a damn hard life, full of toil and strife
we Morris men undergo
We don't give a damn when the ale is
done, how hard the ground below
for we're homeward bound to the piper's
sound, and a caper taught for three
And we don't give a damn when we drink
our ale

Going down on old bum knee

Once more we're found sitting on the
ground with ice upon the sprain
Our mainspring sprung, our flailing done,
we soon will feel the pain
Even now the big black welts rise up
where our kneecaps used to be
If I ever get cured, I'll praise the Lord,
Going down on old bum knee

Good Ale Thou Art My Darling

[Roud 203 ; Mudcat 66419 ; trad.]

It is of good ale to you I'll sing,
And to good ale I'll always cling.
I like my mug filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you'd like to bring.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

It is you that helps me with my work,
And from a task I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew;
And better than one pint, I like two.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

I love you in the early morn,
I love you in daylight, dark, or dawn.
And when I'm weary, worn, or spent
I'll turn the tap and ease the vent.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

It is you that makes my friends my foes,
It is you that makes me wear old clothes.
But since you come so near my nose
It's up you comes and down you goes.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

And if all my friends from Adam's race
Was to meet me here all in this place,
I could part from all without one fear
Before I'd part from my good beer.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

And if my wife should me despise,

How soon I'd give her two black eyes.
But if she loved me as I love thee,
What a happy couple we should be.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

You have caused me debts and I've often
swore

I never would drink strong ale anymore.
But you, for all that, I'll forgive
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live.

Oh Good Ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy both night and morning.

The Remnant Kings:

<https://youtu.be/D12-RKe1EgU>

Two additional verses:

The landlord he looks very big,
In his high cocked hat and powdered wig.
I think he looks both fair and fat,
But he may thank you and me for that.

The brewer brew'd you in his pan,
The tapster draws you in his can.
Now I wish you would play your part
And lodge you next unto my heart.

The Good Old Way

[Roud 23864]

Lift up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends
Let nothing cause you to delay
But hasten in the good old way

For I have a sweet hope of glory in my
soul
(For I have a sweet hope of glory)
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
(I have a sweet hope of glory)
For I know I have, and I feel I have
A sweet hope of glory in my soul

Our conflicts here, though great they be
Shall not prevent our victory
If we but strive and watch and pray
Like soldiers in the good old way

For I have a sweet hope of glory in my
soul
(For I have a sweet hope of glory)
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
(I have a sweet hope of glory)
For I know I have, and I feel I have
A sweet hope of glory in my soul

Though Satan may his powers employ
Our happiness for to destroy
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day
By marching in the good old way

For I have a sweet hope of glory in my
soul
(For I have a sweet hope of glory)
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
(I have a sweet hope of glory)
For I know I have, and I feel I have
A sweet hope of glory in my soul

Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend
Remember glory is at the end

Our God will wipe our tears away
When we have run the good old way

For I have a sweet hope of glory in my
soul
(For I have a sweet hope of glory)
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
(I have a sweet hope of glory)
For I know I have, and I feel I have
A sweet hope of glory in my soul

And far beyond this mortal shore
We'll meet with those who have gone
before
And shout to think we have gained the
day
By marching in the good old way

For I have a sweet hope of glory in my
soul
(For I have a sweet hope of glory)
I have a sweet hope of glory in my soul
(I have a sweet hope of glory)
For I know I have, and I feel I have
A sweet hope of glory in my soul

Eliza Carthy & The Ratcatchers:

<https://youtu.be/Xkt4xhsdZZw>

The Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/Z7WqwxwXpp4>

"Tráth Bha Rugadheat Críost" or "Tra Va
Ruggit Creest" is a Manx tune that was
used for the Manx Primitive Methodist
hymn, "The Good Old Way".

Goodnight Loving Trail

~ Bruce Phillips

Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing,
You beat the triangle and you curse
everything.
If dirt was a kingdom, they you'd be the
king.

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving
Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like the low
bawling calf.
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your
skin.
Get in there and blow out the light.

With your snake oil and herbs and your
liniments, too,
You can do anything that a doctor can do,
Except find a cure for your own god
damned stew

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving
Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like the low
bawling calf.
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your
skin.
Get in there and blow out the light.

The campfire's gone out and the coffee's
all gone,
The boys are all up and they're raising the
dawn.
You're still sitting there, lost in a song.

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving
Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like the low
bawling calf.

It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your
skin.
Get in there and blow out the light.

I know that some day I'll be just the same,
Wearing an apron instead of a name.
There's nothing can change it, there's no
one to blame

For the desert's a book writ in lizards and
sage,
Easy to look like an old torn out page,
Faded and cracked with the colors of age.

On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving
Trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like the low
bawling calf.
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your
skin.
Get in there and blow out the light.

Coope, Boyes & Simpson with Finest
Kind: https://youtu.be/3_6FRy_st10

The Great Valerio

~ Richard Thompson

High up above the crowd
The great Valerio is walking
The rope seems hung from cloud to cloud
And time stands still while he is walking
His eye is steady on the target
His foot is sure upon the rope
Alone and peaceful as a mountain
And certain as the mountain slope

We falter at the sight
We stumble in the mire
Fools who think they see the light
Prepare to balance on the wire
But we learn to watch together,
And feed on what we see above
'Till our hearts turn like the seasons
And we are acrobats of love

How we wonder, how we wonder
Watching far below
We would all be that great hero
The great Valerio

Come all you upstart jugglers
Are you really ready yet?
Who will help the tightrope walker
When he tumbles to the net
So come with me to see Valerio
As he dances through the air
I'm your friend until you use me
And then be sure I won't be there

How we wonder, how we wonder
Watching far below
We would all be that great hero
The great Valerio

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/nbAq1gCILBs>

Green Gravel

[Roud 1368]

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is
so green,
Such beautiful flowers as ever were seen.

Oh Annie, oh Annie, your sweetheart has
fled,
He's sent you a letter to turn round your
head.

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is
so green,
The fairest young damsel that ever was
seen.

She's neither within, she's neither without,
She's up in the garret a-walking about.

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is
so green,
The pretty young maidens are plain to be
seen.

Oh Annie, oh Annie, your sweetheart is
dead!
They sent you a letter to drop down your
head.

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is
so green,
The dismalest damsel that ever was
seen.

Oh Mother, oh Mother, do you think it is
true?
Oh yes, dear! Oh yes, dear! Then what
shall I do?

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is
so green,
The pretty young maidens are not to be
seen.

We washed her, we dried her, we rolled
her in silk,

And we wrote down her names with a
gold pen and ink.

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is
so green,
The flowers are all faded, there's none to
be seen.

Around the green gravel the grass is so
green,
The flowers are all faded, there's none to
be seen.

Fay Hield: https://youtu.be/RM6z-g_kfBI

Green Grow the Rushes-O

[Roud 133]

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.

then cumulative to:

I'll sing you Twelve, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
What is your Twelve, O?
Twelve for the Twelve Apostles
Eleven for the Eleven that went to
Heaven
Ten for the Ten Commandments
Nine for the Nine Bright Shiners
Eight for the April Rainers
Seven for the Seven Stars in the Sky
Six for the Six Proud Walkers
Five for the Symbols at your Door
Four for the Gospel Makers
Three, Three, the Rivals
Two, Two, the Lily-White Boys, covered
all in green-o
One is One and all alone, and ever more
shall be so.

Nowell Sing We Clear:

<https://youtu.be/nf0XJ7vxc-s>

Grey Funnel Line

~Cyril Tawney

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea,
The weary night never worries me.
But the hardest time in sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel
Line.

The finest ship that sailed the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me.
But give me wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel
Line.

There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea.
But now the spar is washed ashore,
It comes to rest at my real love's door.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel
Line.

Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for old Peter's shoes.
I'd walk right down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel
Line.

Oh Lord, if dreams were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel.
And with all my heart I'd turn her round
And tell the boys that we're homeward
bound.
It's one more day on the Grey Funnel
Line.

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green.
Then I'll dance on down that walk ashore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

Maddy Prior & June Tabor:

https://youtu.be/G2q_VXShg4Y

Note: they omit verses 3 & 4

Griselda

~ Ira Kaplan, Dave Schramm, Georgia Hubley

Come, won't you walk with me, Griselda
Wearin' your dress that moonlight shines
through?
I am a sad and lonely boy
Since your mother said I couldn't see you

Slippin' through the woods in the dark of
the night
Callin' to the moon out yonder
Old Lady Moon, won't you shine your
silver light
And lead me to my Griselda!

Do you recall last night, Griselda
Learnin' the lessons nature taught us?
Watchin' the fish jump in the lake
It was lovely till your mother caught us

Slippin' through the woods in the dark of
the night
Callin' to the moon out yonder
Old Lady Moon, won't you shine your
silver light
And lead me to my Griselda!

Moonflower Vine upon your window
Gives me a foothold for my climbin'
I got a rowboat on the lake;
Moon is out and all the stars are shinin'

Slippin' through the woods in the dark of
the night
Callin' to the moon out yonder
Old Lady Moon, won't you shine your
silver light
And lead me to my Griselda!

I got a jug of wine, Griselda!
Why should you waste your time in
sorrow?

Hold out your hand and have no fear;
If we're caught I'll marry ya tomorrow!

Slippin' through the woods in the dark of
the night
Callin' to the moon out yonder
Old Lady Moon, won't you shine your
silver light
And lead me to my Griselda!

Yo La Tengo:

<https://youtu.be/qt5GrQfVlbU>

Guns Are The Tongues

~ Richard Thompson

Carrie ran a murderous crew
Dedicated through and through
And the chance to prove
They never squandered
And they liked to kill so clean
Save the innocent, kill the mean
But from time to time,
A bullet wandered

Carrie kept her souvenirs
Kept her scrapbook down the years
Of her brave boys,
How she cried to read it
And a few fell by the way
Or lost the stomach for the fray
So young blood
Was always needed

Carrie noticed him right away
The way his whole body would sway
Like a trawler boy
Finding his legs ashore
They said he was just nineteen
A head case but his record was clean
Just the kind
They were looking for

Carrie watched him through the crack
As they teased him behind his back
They called him Little Joe
'Cos he scraped the ceiling
And when he was the worse for wear
She took him up the stair
And soon he fell
For her brand of healing

She said, I'll lie like a rose on your pillow
Let me twine the laurel in your hair
I want to smell my love on your fingers

If you want to be mine, Little Joe

You must harden your mind, Little Joe
We've got to fight for what is ours
Bring peace to the grave of my brother
Bring peace to the grave of my father
Dry the old eyes of my mother
Little Joe

There's a roadblock down the way
Thick with soldiers night and day
They'll hear the noise
All the way to Glengarry
If you show you've got the stuff
That you're sworn and brave enough
Then you'll stand tall
In the eyes of your Carrie

And I will lie like a rose on your pillow
And I'll twine the laurel in your hair
I want to smell revenge on your fingers

Guns are the Tongues, Little Joe
The only words we know
The only sound that'll reach their ears
Bring peace to the grave of my brother
Bring peace to the grave of my father
Dry the old eyes of my mother
Little Joe

Now Little Joe would've jumped clear
But for the awful fear
Of scraping his knees
Down there on the gravel
The car was a rolling bomb
Blew all to Kingdom Come
They marvelled how far
His boots had travelled

Another hero snatched from my pillow
I used to twine the laurel in his hair
I want to smell sacrifice on my fingers

Guns are the Tongues, Little Joe
The only words we know
The only sound that'll reach their ears

Bring peace to the grave of my brother
Bring peace to the grave of my father
Dry the old eyes of my mother
Little Joe

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2fXBPCIt0tA>

Hail! Hail! The First of May

~ Dave Webber

Winter time has gone and past-o,
Summer time has come at last-o.
We shall sing and dance the day
And follow the 'obby 'orse that brings the
May.

Hail! Hail! The First of May-o!
For it is the first summer's day-o!
Cast you cares and fears away,
Drink to the old horse on the First of May!

Blue bells they have started to ring-o,
And true love, it is the thing-o.
Love on any other day
Is never quite the same as on the First of
May!

Hail! Hail! The First of May-o!
For it is the first summer's day-o!
Cast you cares and fears away,
Drink to the old horse on the First of May!

Never let it come to pass-o
We should fail to raise a glass-o!
Unto those now gone away
And left us the 'obby 'orse that brings the
May!

Hail! Hail! The First of May-o!
For it is the first summer's day-o!
Cast you cares and fears away,
Drink to the old horse on the First of May!

Winter time has gone and past-o,
Summer time has come at last-o.
We shall sing and dance the day
And follow the 'obby 'orse that brings the
May.

Hail! Hail! The First of May-o!
For it is the first summer's day-o!

Cast you cares and fears away,
Drink to the old horse on the First of May!

Jon Boden:

<http://www.afolksongaday.com/?p=2817>

Jackie Oates:

<https://youtu.be/VQbv4lxoHr8>

Magpie Lane:

<https://youtu.be/pcdV-vAiMnc>

Hallelujah, I'm a Bum

cho: Hallelujah! I'm a bum, Hallelujah
bum again,
Hallelujah! give us a handout and revive
us again.

Well, springtime has come and I'm just
out of jail,
Without any money, without any bail

Oh why don't you work like other men do?
How in hell can I work when there's no
work to do?

Oh, why don't I work like other men do?
How the hell can I work when the skies
are so blue?

Oh why don't you save all the money you
earn?
Well if I didn't eat, I'd have money to burn.

Oh, I like my boss, he's a good friend of
mine,
And that's why I'm standing out in the
headline.

Oh, I don't like work and work don't me,
And that is the reason I'm so hungry.

I can't buy a job 'cause I ain't got the
dough
So I ride in a boxcar 'cause I'm a hobo.

I went to a house, and I asked for some
bread;
A lady came out, says, "The baker is
dead."

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

I went to a bar and I asked for a drink,
They gave me a glass and they showed
me the sink.

Oh why don't you work like other folks
do?

How can I get a job when you're holding
down two?

Whenever I get all the money I earn,
The boss will be broke and to work he
must turn.

When springtime does come, oh won't we
have fun,
We'll throw up our jobs and we'll go on
the bum.

Halsway Carol

~ Nigel Eaton & Iain Frisk

Lo for the tiding of the Long Night Moon
Let the sunrise call about the morning
soon
Short is the biding of the fading light
Sing for the coming of the longest night

North wind tell us what we need to know
When the stars are shining on the
midnight snow
All of the branches will be turned to white
Sing for the coming of the longest night

A winter day, the summer grass turned
hay
Frost in the field 'til the dawn of May
A summer's light never shone as great or
as bright
So dance in the shadows of a winter's
night

Lo for the tiding of the Long Night Moon
May the harvest last until the springtime
bloom
Home is our comfort at the winter's height
Sing for the coming of the longest night

All of the colours of the sunrise sky
Shine a light upon us, as the day goes by
Sunsetting shadows fading out of sight
Sing for the coming of the longest night

A winter day, the summer grass turned
hay
Frost in the field 'til the dawn of May
A summer's light never shone as great or
as bright
So dance in the shadows of a winter's
night

Jackie Oates:

<https://youtu.be/i5XQA23npDU>

Hand Me Down

~ Nancy Kerr

Hand me down some changing rhyme
Some embraces never bind
Oh hand me down your dancing line
Then I'll know I'm home
Then I'll know I'm home

When I arrived in this old town
Hand me down oh hand me down
When I arrived in this old town
Some forty voices they gathered round
And I was coming home
I was coming home

Hand me down some changing rhyme
Some embraces never bind
Oh hand me down your dancing line
Then I'll know I'm home
Then I'll know I'm home

Some go ahead, some stay behind
Hand me down oh hand me down
Some go ahead, some stay behind
We navigate by the souls we find
And I am coming home
I am coming home

Hand me down some changing rhyme
Some embraces never bind
Oh hand me down your dancing line
Then I'll know I'm home
Then I'll know I'm home

I'm navigating by one more star
Hand me down oh hand me down
I'm navigating by one more star
It's shining bright to show I've come this
far
And I am coming home
I am coming home

Hand me down some changing rhyme

Some embraces never bind
Oh hand me down your dancing line
Then I'll know I'm home
Then I'll know I'm home

Melrose Quartet:

<https://youtu.be/DtR-MeH1Odo>

The Hand Of Kindness

~ Richard Thompson

Well I wove the rope and I picked the spot
Well I struck out my neck and I tightened
the knot
O stranger, stranger, I'm near out of time
You stretch out your hand, I stretched out
mine

O maybe just the hand of kindness
Maybe just the hand of kindness
Maybe just a hand, stranger will you
reach me in time
In time

Well I scuppered the ship and I bent the
rail
Well, I cut the brakes and I ripped the sail
And they called me a Jonah, it's a sin I
survived
Well, you stretched out your hand, I
stretched out mine

Maybe just the hand of kindness
Well, maybe just the hand of kindness
O maybe just a hand, stranger will you
reach me in time
In time

O shoot that old horse and break in the
new
O the hung are many and the living are
few
I see your intention, here's my neck on
the line
You stretch out your hand I stretched out
mine

Well, maybe just the hand of kindness
O maybe just the hand of kindness
Well, maybe just a hand, stranger will you
reach me in time
In time

O maybe just the hand of kindness
Well, maybe just the hand of kindness
Well, maybe just a hand, stranger will you
reach me in time
In time

Richard Thompson:
https://youtu.be/OAfw8ztS_co

The Happy Man

~ William Walton, Adderbury

How happy's that man that's free from all
care
That loves to make merry, that loves to
make merry
O'er a drop of good beer

With his pipe and his friends puffing hours
away
Singing song after song 'till he hails the
new day
He can laugh, dance and sing and smoke
without fear,
Be as happy as a king 'till he hails a new
year.

How happy's the man that's free from all
strife
He envies no other, he envies no other
But travels through life

Our seaman of old, they fear not their
foes
They throw away discord, they throw
away discord
And to mirth they're inclined

Ashley Hutchings:

<https://youtu.be/Dsx2bWYC1bM>

Adderbury Village Morris:

<https://youtu.be/GaB-NHVMoOw>

One of the song-dances from the
Adderbury, North Oxfordshire, tradition.
Noted by Janet Blunt from William
Walton, the last of the old dancers, in
1917. Miss Blunt says it was “especially
sung by old Solomon Lines... he was a
noted singer and his neighbours called
him ‘The Happy Man’ because of this
song.”

Hard Cheese Of Old England

~ Les Barker / trad

There's Cheddar and Cheshire and
Lancashire too,
Leicester's bright orange and Stilton is
blue.

It waxes so lyrical, what can you do
But sing, Oh the hard cheese of old
England,
In old England very hard cheese.

Derby got green bits because of the sage,
And when it gets older its kept in a cage.
What does it hum when it reaches this
age
But, Oh the hard cheese of old England,
In old England very hard cheese.

They say double Gloucester is twicest as
nice,
They say double Gloucester, there, I've
said it twice,
It's nice in potatoes but nicest in mice.
Oh the hard cheese of old England,
In old England very hard cheese.

Those damn foreigners aren't worth a
mention,
Old Gorgonzolas is renowned for its
stench,
His brother Emil wrote novels in French
and
Sing, Oh the hard cheese of old England,
In old England very hard cheese.

There's Swaledale and Wendslydale,
Rutland to add,
Shropshire and Cornish you may not
have had,
It's not bad on salads this ballad's not sad
And sing, Oh the hard cheese of old
England,
In old England very hard cheese.

My young love said to me my mother
won't mind,
And my father once liked you for your lack
of rind,
No cheese greater love for his food than
mankind.
Oh the hard cheese of old England,
In old England very hard cheese.

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/BEhDbUS5zYQ>

See also: [Hard Times of Old England](#)

Hard Luck Stories

~ Richard Thompson

They say running into you is like running
into trouble
You bend my ear and I see double
You're everybody's idea of a waste of
time
You still come around 'cos I used to listen
But I run a steamship I don' run a mission
Don't be mistaken in thinking you're a
friend of mine

Those hard luck stories
It's all I ever get from you
Hard luck stories
You're going to drive me out of my mind
Hard luck stories
It's all I ever get from you
Hard luck stories
You're going to drive me out of my mind

Well the boss won't give you change of a
penny
Everybody's got money but you haven't
any
If I cared about you I'd say it was a crying
shame
Your wife ran away, she left you on
Sunday
She cried when she left you, she was
laughing on Monday
She should have known better and never
gone and changed her name

Those hard luck stories
It's all I ever get from you
Hard luck stories
You're going to drive me out of my mind
Hard luck stories
It's all I ever get from you
Hard luck stories
You're going to drive me out of my mind

Why don't you grow up, why don't you
settle down
Why don't you get a job, why don't you
leave town
Even a chicken has to do what it has to
do.
You don't like one thing, you don't like
another
You don't like anything that looks like
bother
Everyone don't like something, and we all
don't like you

Those hard luck stories
It's all I ever get from you
Hard luck stories
You're going to drive me out of my mind
Hard luck stories
It's all I ever get from you
Hard luck stories
You're going to drive me out of my mind

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/39-wM-hmn5g>

Hard On Me

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2LYEZeUcpY>

Hard on me, hard on me
Why do you grind me small
Hard on me, hard on me
At every fence I fall

I bite my rage
I stop my breath
I shake my cage
I swim with emptiness

Hard on me, hard on me
Like they were hard on you
Hard on me, hard on me
So I can stumble too

My circuits seize
My senses jam
I don't know who to please
Trapped inside the Wicker Man

You're so hard on me
You're so hard on me
You're so hard on me

Hard on me, hard on me
Why do you grind me small
Hard on me, hard on me
At every fence I fall

Unzip my heart
Unbraid my veins
Unstitch my wantonness
And loosen up my reins
Before I dare
Go on that hill
In dumb despair
Unfreeze my will

You're so hard on me
You're so hard on me
You're so hard on me

Hard Times Come Again No More

~ Stephen Foster

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count
its 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.

'Tis 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.

While we seek mirth and beauty and
music light and gay.
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their
pleading looks will say.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

'Tis 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 pale drooping maiden who toils
her life away
With a worn heart, whose better days are
o'er.
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis
sighing all the day,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

'Tis 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.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the
troubled wave
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the
lowly grave
Oh, hard times come again no more

'Tis 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.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

Kate & Anna McGarrigle:

<https://youtu.be/4YrfLnIrquo>

The Longest Johns:

<https://youtu.be/5Fddr0CTfIQ>

Hard Times of Old England

[Roud 1206 ; VWML COL/6/25 ; Bodleian
Roud 1206 ; trad.]

Now all of you tradesmen who travel
alone
I'm asking you now where the work has
all gone
Long time I've been travelling and I
cannot find none

Sing, Oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

Provisions you find in the shops, it is true
But if you've got no money, there's none
there for you
So what are poor folk and their families to
do

Sing, Oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

You go to the shop and you ask for a job
They answer you back with a shake and
nod
Ain't that enough to make poor folks turn
out and rob

Sing, Oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

Our soldiers and sailors have just come
from war
They're fighting for Queen and for country
once more
Home to be starved, better stayed where
they were

Sing, Oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

And you can see our poor tradesmen out
walking the street

From morning till night for employment to
seek
And scarcely have they any shoes to their
feet

Sing, Oh the hard times of old England
In old England very hard times

And now to conclude and to finish my
song
Is hoping these hard times will not be
here long
And soon I'll have occasion to alter my
song

Sing, Oh the good times of old England
In old England very good times

The Band of Hope:
<https://youtu.be/7R9kWdERx7s>

See also: [Hard Cheese of Old England](#)

Have A Nice Day

~ Mark Graham (c1985)

Come all you good Americans, the loyal,
brave and true
Let's wrap ourselves completely in the old
red, white and blue
For Jesus and free enterprise we must
prepare the way,
And anyone who does not heed must be
prepared to pay.

Have a nice day, have a nice day.
Don't heed those words of wickedness
that might lead you astray
See, hear and speak no evil, just work
real hard and pray
God loves you and he hopes you have a
nice day.

We can't abide with welfare or believe in
poverty
Because this nation is the land of
opportunity.
If you're lazy, weak or stupid then you
might not make the grade.
But why should we support you with the
money we have made?

Have a nice day, have a nice day.
Don't heed those words of wickedness
that might lead you astray
See, hear and speak no evil, just work
real hard and pray
God loves you and he hopes you have a
nice day.

We believe in conservation and will do all
that we can
To manage our resources for the benefit
of man.
And we believe that Judgment Day is
coming with all haste

And anything that we don't use will then
have gone to waste.

Have a nice day, have a nice day.
Don't heed those words of wickedness
that might lead you astray
See, hear and speak no evil, just work
real hard and pray
God loves you and he hopes you have a
nice day.

We believe in the creation, evolution is a
sham,
And for you awful humanists we do not
give a damn,
'Cause we believe in science when the
word of God agrees,
And we believe in science that destroys
our enemies.

Have a nice day, have a nice day.
Don't heed those words of wickedness
that might lead you astray
See, hear and speak no evil, just work
real hard and pray
God loves you and he hopes you have a
nice day.

Heavy Horses

~ Ian Anderson

Iron-clad feather-feet pounding the dust
An October's day, towards evening
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to
 the plough
Salt on a deep chest seasoning
Last of the line at an honest day's toil
Turning the deep sod under
Flint at the fetlock, chasing the bone
Flies at the nostrils plunder.

The Suffolk, the Clydesdale, the
 Percheron vie
with the Shire on his feathers floating
Hauling soft timber into the dusk
to bed on a warm straw coating.

Heavy Horses, move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding --- slipping and
 sliding free
Now you're down to the few
And there's no work to do
The tractor's on its way.

Let me find you a filly for your proud
 stallion seed
to keep the old line going.
And we'll stand you abreast at the back of
 the wood
behind the young trees growing
To hide you from eyes that mock at your
 girth,
and your eighteen hands at the shoulder
And one day when the oil barons have all
 dripped dry
and the nights are seen to draw colder

They'll beg for your strength, your gentle
 power
your noble grace and your bearing
And you'll strain once again to the sound
 of the gulls

in the wake of the deep plough, sharing.

Heavy Horses, move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding --- slipping and
 sliding free
Now you're down to the few
And there's no work to do
The tractor's on its way.

Standing like tanks on the brow of the hill
Up into the cold wind facing
In stiff battle harness, chained to the
 world
Against the low sun racing

Bring me a wheel of oaken wood
A rein of polished leather
A Heavy Horse and a tumbling sky
Brewing heavy weather.

Bring a song for the evening
Clean brass to flash the dawn
across these acres glistening
like dew on a carpet lawn
In these dark towns folk lie sleeping
as the heavy horses thunder by
to wake the dying city
with the living horseman's cry

At once the old hands quicken ---
bring pick and wisp and curry comb ---
thrill to the sound of all
the heavy horses coming home.

Iron-clad feather-feet pounding the dust
An October's day, towards evening
Sweat embossed veins standing proud to
 the plough
Salt on a deep chest seasoning

Bring me a wheel of oaken wood
A rein of polished leather
A Heavy Horse and a tumbling sky
Brewing heavy weather.

Heavy Horses, move the land under me
Behind the plough gliding --- slipping and
sliding free
Now you're down to the few
And there's no work to do
The tractor's on its way.

Jethro Tull:

https://youtu.be/yC0sYZLqu_o

Jethro Tull:

<https://youtu.be/CDtTQSj7OSA>

Here's a Health to the Company

[Roud 1801 ; Ballad Index CrSe222 ;
Mudcat 161869 , 157681 ; trad.]

Kind friends and companions, come join
me in rhyme
Come lift up your voices in
chorus with mine;
Come lift up your voices all grief to refrain
For we may or might never all meet here
again

Here's a health to the company and one to
my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one
glass;
Let us drink and be merry all grief to
refrain
For we may or might never all meet here
again

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love
so well
For her style and her beauty, sure none
can excel
There's a smile on her countenance as
she sits on my knee
There's no man in this wide world as
happy as me

Here's a health to the company and one
to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one
glass;
Let us drink and be merry all grief to
refrain
For we may or might never all meet here
again

Oh, my ship lies in harbour, she's ready to
sail,
God grant her safe voyage without any
gale;

And if we should meet again, be it land or
on sea,
I will always remember your kindness to
me.

Here's a health to the company and one
to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one
glass;
Let us drink and be merry all grief to
refrain
For we may or might never all meet here
again

Here's a health to the friendships that we
hold so dear,
A health to the sweethearts we once held
so near
A health to such true loves as fortune
bestowes;
May the future make friends of all of our
foes

Here's a health to the company and one
to my lass
Let us drink and be merry all out of one
glass;
Let us drink and be merry all grief to
refrain
For we may or might never all meet here
again

The Longest Johns:

https://youtu.be/c_tCnxAjEWA

Chieftains: <https://youtu.be/ksi3UgNbRY>

Here's Health to the Morris

~ John Mayberry and Jamie Beaton
[sung to the tune "The Old Rose
and Crown," by Ian Robb]

Good friends gather round and I'll sadly
relate
The misfortunes that Morris has suffered
of late.
These gimmicks and dances in styles
newly grown
Have diminished a dance that once stood
on its own.

Oh, what has become of the simple
half-rounds?
The foot-up, the whole-hey that old Cecil
wrote down?
For bells, sticks and hankies and a pint of
good beer
Were once reckoned enough to bring
pleasure and cheer.

O where are the dances we all used to
know?
When a team would do Trunkles to start
off a show?
Then the Rose, and crown it with Idbury
Hill
Not the Ox Dance, Mr. Softie and
Jamaica Farewell.

There'll soon come a day when they'll
dance to the tune
Of Jumping Jack Flash played on bones
and bassoon,
Six cowboys on tricycles roaring around,
Numbers two, four and six being whirled
upside down.

But the worst of it all's what they've done
to the Ales
Where the flash made up show dance is
the rule that prevails

And the drinking and singing, carousing
all night
Give way to concern that the baby's all
right.

So all you good people, come raise up
your glass.
Let us hope that these bold innovations
pass.
Here's health to the Morris, of all dances
the best.
Those who find it too hard can sink to
Northwest.

[http://mianusrivermorris.x10host.com/old
morrisongs.shtml](http://mianusrivermorris.x10host.com/oldmorrisongs.shtml)
[https://web.archive.org/web/20180814223
647/http://mianusrivermorris.x10host.c
om/oldmorrisongs.shtml](https://web.archive.org/web/20180814223647/http://mianusrivermorris.x10host.com/oldmorrisongs.shtml)

A Heart Needs A Home

~ Richard Thompson

I know the way
That I feel about you
I'm never going to run away
I'm never going to run away
Never knew the way
When I lived without you
I'm never going to run away
I'm never going to run away

I came to you when
No one could hear me
I'm sick and weary
Of being alone
Empty streets and
Hungry faces
The world's no place when
You're on your own
A heart needs a home

Some people say
That I should forget you
I'm never going to be a fool
I'm never going to be a fool
A better life, they say
If I'd never met you
I'm never going to be a fool
I'm never going to be a fool

Tongues talk fire and
Eyes cry rivers
Indian givers
Hearts of stone
Paper ships and
Painted faces
The world's no place when
You're on your own
A heart needs a home

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/vgK3Z1Qq2r4>

Heavenly Aeroplane

~ Bob Nolan [Roud 7384]

Oh, one of these days around twelve
o'clock
The whole wide world will reel and rock
The sinner will tremble and cry for pain
And the Lord will come in his aeroplane

Oh, you thirsty of every tribe
Get your ticket for an aeroplane ride
Jesus our Saviour is coming to reign
And take you to glory in his aeroplane

Oh, talk of rides in automobiles
Talk of fast times in motor wheels
We'll break all records as we upwards fly
For an aeroplane joy ride in the sky

Oh, you thirsty of every tribe
Get your ticket for an aeroplane ride
Jesus our Saviour is coming to reign
And take you to glory in his aeroplane

You must get ready if you take this ride
Leave all your sins and humble your pride
Furnish a lamp both bright and clean
And a vessel of oil to run the machine

Oh, you thirsty of every tribe
Get your ticket for an aeroplane ride
Jesus our Saviour is coming to reign
And take you to glory in his aeroplane

When our journey's over and we all sit
down
At the marriage supper with a robe and
crown
We'll blend our voices with a heavenly
throng
And praise our Saviour as the years roll
on

Oh, you thirsty of every tribe

Get your ticket for an aeroplane ride
Jesus our Saviour is coming to reign
And take you to glory in his aeroplane

The Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/ZIB9i8bU1No>

Early Sons Of The Pioneers (1937):

<https://youtu.be/roTvgPsoatQ>

- features Leonard Slye aka Roy Rogers

Herring Song

[Roud 128 ; Ballad Index VWL086 ;
GlosTrad Roud 128 ; Mudcat 7177 ,
22857 ; trad.]

There once was a man who came from
Kinsale
Sing aber o vane, sing aber o linn
And he had a herring, a herring for sale
Sing aber o vane, sing aber o linn
Sing man of Kinsale, sing herring for sale
Sing aber o vane, sing aber o linn
And indeed I have more of my herring to
sing
Sing aber o vane, sing aber o linn

So what do you think they made of his
head?
The finest oven that ever baked bread
Sing herring, sing head, sing oven, sing
bread
And indeed I have more of my herring to
sing

So what do you think they made of his
back?
A nice little man and his name it was Jack
Sing herring, sing back, sing man, sing
Jack
And indeed I have more of my herring to
sing

So what do you think they made of his
eyes?
The finest dishes that ever held pies
Sing herring, sing eyes, sing dishes, sing
pies
And indeed I have more of my herring to
sing

So what do you think they made of his
scales?
The finest ships that ever set sail

Sing herring, sing scales, sing ships, sing
sails
And indeed I have more of my herring to
sing

So what do you think they made of his
fins?
The finest cases for needles and pins
Sing herring, sing fins, sing needles and
pins
And indeed I have more of my herring to
sing

So what do you think they made of his
hair?
The finest rope for the seat of a chair
Sing herring, sing hair, sing rope, sing
chair
And indeed I've no more of my herring to
sing

Eliza Carthy: https://youtu.be/f6rxUof49_k
Eliza Carthy & Saul Rose:
<https://youtu.be/ZgzWpGDLV6c>

High Wide & Handsome

~ Loudon Wainwright III

High wide and handsome - that's how I
like livin'
High wide and handsome - that's how life
should be
Low skinny and ugly - that's for other
people
High wide and handsome suits me to a
tee

Song, wine, and women - they're my
three favorites
Beer, gin, and whiskey - that's five, six,
and four
Saturday night I like eatin' and dancin'
And I sleep all day Sunday so's I'm ready
for more

High wide and handsome - you can't take
it with you
High wide and handsome - that's one way
to go
Let's live it up - might as well, we're all
dying
High wide and handsome - let's put on a
show

Can't quit what will kill me, so why even
bother'
I love this hard livin', so why even try'
I'll be high wide and handsome when I
kick the bucket
I'll be high wide and handsome on the
day that I die

High wide and handsome - you can call it
my motto
High wide and handsome - call it my
creed
Money's just paper, liquor's thicker than
water

High wide and handsome in thought,
word, and deed

Have high wide and handsome carved on
my head stone
With the date I was born plus the date
that I died
Then take one from the other - all that's
left is a number
Just remember I laughed twice as hard as
I cried

High wide and handsome - that's how I
like livin'
High wide and handsome - that's how life
should be
Low skinny and ugly - that's for other
people
High wide and handsome suits me to a
tee

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/GqHrbGiXIMs>

The Hills of Greenmore

[Roud 2883 ; Henry H12 ; Ballad Index
MorU042 ; Mudcat 53016 ; Owen
McMahon]

Steeleye Span sing The Hills of
Greenmore

One fine winter's morn my horn I did blow
To the green fields of Keady for hours we
did go
We gathered our dogs and we circled
around
For none loves the sport better than the
boys in the dell.

And when we arrived they were all
standing there
We set off for the fields, boys, in search of
a hare
We didn't get far till someone gave the
cheer
Over high hills and valleys the sweet puss
did steer

As we flew o'er the hills, 'twas a beautiful
sight
There was dogs black and yellow, there
was dogs black and white
As she took the black bank for to try them
once more
Oh it was her last look o'er the hills of
Greenmore.

In a field of wheat stubble this pussy did
lie
And Rory and Charmer they did pass her
by
And there where we stood at the top of
the brae
We heard the last words that this sweet
puss did say:

"No more o'er the green fields of Keady I'll
roam
Nor trip through the fields, boys, in sport
and in fun
Or hear the long horn that your toner
does play
I'll go home to my den by the clear light of
day."

You may blame ol' MacMahon for killing
the hare
For he's at his ol' capers this many's a
year
On Saturday and Sunday he never gives
o'er
With a pack of strange dogs round the
hills of Greenmore.

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/d67Xk5QF6BA>

Dervish sing The Hills of Greenmore

On a fine summer's morning our horns,
they did blow
To the green fields 'round Tassu where
the huntsmen did go
For to meet the bold sportsman from
around Cady town
And none loved that sport better than the
boys from May-down

Oh and when we arrived, they were all
standing there
So we took to the green fields in search of
the hare
We did not go far when someone gave
cheer
Over hills and high meadows the prey did
appear

When she got to the heather, she tried
them to shun
But our dogs never missed one inch
where she'd run
They kept well-packed when going over
the hill
For the hounds had set out this sweet
hare for to kill

With our dogs all abreast and the big
mountain hare
And the sweet charming music, it rang
through the air
Straight for the black bank for to try them
once more
But it was her last sight 'round the Hills of
Greenmore

Oh and as we trailed on to where the
hare, she did lie
She sprang to her feet for to bid them
good-bye
Their music, it ceased, and a cry we could
hear

Saying, "Bad luck to the ones brought ye
May-down dogs here

Last night as I lay quite content in the
glen
It was little I thought of the dogs or the
men
But when going home at the clear break
of day
I could hear the loud horn young Toner
did play

Now that I'm dying and me sport, it is
done
No more through the green fields of Cady
I'll run
Nor feed in the glen on a cold winter's
night
Or go home to my den when it's breaking
daylight

I blame old McMahon for bringing Coyle
here
He's been at the same caper for many's
the year
Every Saturday and Sunday, he'd never
give o'er
With a pack of strange dogs 'round the
Hills of Greenmore"

Dervish: <https://youtu.be/4u9InH7ltyE>

Hog-Eye Man

[Roud 331 ; Ballad Index RL401 ; trad.]

Oh, hand me down my riding cane,
I'm off to meet my darlin' Jane.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, the hog-eye man is the man for me,
Sailin' down from o'er the sea.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, he came to the shack where Sally did
dwell,
He knocked on the door, he rung a bell.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, who's been here since I been gone,
Railroad navvy with his sea-boots on.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

If I catch him here with Sally once more,
I'll sling me hook, go to sea once more.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, Sally's in the garden sifting sand,
Her hog-eye man sittin' hand in hand.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, Sally's in the garden, punchin' dough,
The cheeks of her arse go chuff, chuff,
chuff!

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, I won't wear a hog-eye, damned if I
do,
Got jiggers in his feet and he can't wear
shoes.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, the hog-eye man is the man for me,
He is blind and he cannot see.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Oh, a hog-eye ship and a hog-eye crew,
A hog-eye mate and a skipper too.

And a hog-eye!
Railroad navvy with his hog-eye,
Steady on a jig with a hog-eye, oh,
She wants the hog-eye man!

Waterson:Carthy:

https://youtu.be/gfMhy-Er-_Y

Hokey Pokey (The Ice Cream Song)

~ Richard Thompson

Little boy running and the little girl too
Got the money tucked up in their hands
Over the wall and down into the street
Give your money to the hollering man
Give your money to the hollering man

Everybody runs for Hokey Pokey
Hear the ringing on the ice-cream bell
He's got the stuff that'll cool you right
down
It's the best that they ever did sell
It's the best that they ever did sell

Girl on the corner with the tight dress on
You know she don't know nothing so fine
Feels so good when you put it in your
mouth
Sends a shiver all down your spine
Sends a shiver all down your spine

Cat got your tongue, says Frankie to
Annie, girl
You haven't said a word all night
Well, Annie she smiled and she took
another bite
Hokey Pokey made her feel all right, all
right
Hokey Pokey made her feel all right

Well, some like it round, and some like it
flat
And some like a poke or two
But everybody runs for Hokey Pokey
It's the natural thing to do
It's the natural thing to do

Down in prison number 999
Working like a bee in a hive
He's still dreaming of Hokey Pokey

Helps to keep that boy alive
Helps to keep that boy alive

Boss man he says to the choir-boy Rocky
Don't you sing to the boys in blue
Or you won't get no more Hokey Pokey
By the time we're through with you
By the time we're through with you

Fellas in the alley all look like girls
With the lipstick and the high-heeled
shoes
Feel so pretty and the boys all say
That they know just what to do
That they know just what to do

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/HtUdr8YVFnk>

The Holmfirth Anthem (Abroad for Pleasure)

[Roud 1046 ; trad.]

|: Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking
On one summer summer's evening clear
:|

There I beheld a most beautiful damsel
|: Lamenting for her shepherd swain :|

|: The fairest evening that e'er I beheld
thee
Evermore with the lad I adore :|
Wilt thou go fight the French and the
Spaniards
|: Wilt thou leave me thus my dear? :|

|: No more to yon green banks will I take
thee
With pleasure for to rest meself and view
the lambs :|
But I will take you to yon green garden
Where the pratty flowers grow
Where the pratty pratty flowers grow

The Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/HXDJx9nnuDA>

The Royal in Dungworth:

<https://youtu.be/ytlME4lrqP4>

The Holy Ground

~ Gerry O'Beirne

I was born on the holy ground
A running child in fields of clover
Living in the grandeur
Of my father's land

By the side of the swirling sea
I spent the days of childish wonder
And the rocks I held in my young hands
I never felt them slip away

The sun shone bright upon the waves
And the wind blew high as I was leaving
And I sailed so far away
Looking for adventure

But I would not stay where the city streets
Proclaimed so loudly man's endeavours
Though music is a pretty thing
In fine company

And the wilderness took my breath away
Under the sun that never falters
A man has to find his way
Where no-one ever goes

It was in the south that my new home lay
A dark eyed girl and wild horses
With hummingbirds and roses there
In old Mexico

But the winds of change they blew so far
Of liberty and revolution
And it seemed that each man heard in his
breast
The drumming of a nation

On the field where the guns did play
I fell there with many another
Where the sagebrush grows and desert
wind
Is blowing free

I was born on the holy ground
A running child in fields of clover
Living in the grandeur
Of my father's land

Patrick Street:

<https://youtu.be/PPr7zxVMz3M>

Home (When Shadows Fall)

~ Harry Clarkson, Geoffrey Clarkson,
Peter van Steeden (1931)

Evening brings the close of day,
Skies of blue begin to grey,
Crimson hues are fading in the west.
Evening ever brings to me
Dreams of days that used to be,
Memories of those I love the best.

When shadows fall
And trees whisper, "Day is ending",
My thoughts are ever wending home.
When crickets call,
My heart is forever yearning
Once more to be returning home.

When the hills conceal the setting sun,
Stars begin a-peeping, one by one.
Night covers all,
And though fortune may forsake me,
Sweet dreams will ever take me home.

Robert Crumb & the Cheap Suit

Serenaders:

<https://youtu.be/9iquF8NM3C8>

Homeless Wassail

~ Ian Robb

Wassail, wassail all over the town,
Our cup is white and our ale is brown;
But huddled on this iron grate
We poor and hungry curse our fate.

No Wassail bowl for such as these,
No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese;
This Christmas Eve our heart's desire
Is a bottle of gin and a trash can fire.

Good Christian mind as home you go,
With dreams of holly and mistletoe,
That the holly bears a dreadful thorn
For those who wake to a frozen dawn

No Wassail bowl for such as these,
No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese;
This Christmas Eve our heart's desire
Is a bottle of gin and a trash can fire.

Oh, where is he that holy child
Once born of Mary, meek and mild?
And wither peace, good will to men
Now and forevermore, amen?

No Wassail bowl for such as these,
No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese;
This Christmas Eve our heart's desire
Is a bottle of gin and a trash can fire.

All ye who dine with face aglow
In reginensi atrio
Pray, pause awhile at pleasure's door
And sup some sorrow with the poor.

No Wassail bowl for such as these,
No turkey scraps, no ale, no cheese;
This Christmas Eve our heart's desire
Is a bottle of gin and a trash can fire.

[Last time, no chorus]

Wassail, wassail all over the town
Our cup is white and our ale is brown;
This cold and hunger pain and care,
Sweet Jesus Christ, it's hard to bear!

Finest Kind: <https://youtu.be/yFI1x3vc264>

The Hop Pickers

~ E. L. Blanchard (circa 1878) / Lynn
Feingold (2020)

Voices are merry, as swiftly the berry
Flies from the poles brought in dozens
 along,
Light is the labor when talk to a neighbour
Cheerily blends with the hum of a song.
Bright skies above us - around those who
 love us,
Weaving a garland as gaily we sing;
Off comes a cluster of hops, with a lustre,
Shaming the gold it will afterwards bring.

Creeping and curling, and twisting and
 twirling,
Still working on 'til it reaches the top,
Never despairing and finally bearing,
A lesson of Life may be learn'd from the
 Hop.

Glimpses of scenery caught thro' the
 green'ry,
Such as no art ever framed for us yet;
Soft winds caressing, with health as their
 blessing,
Peers could not purchase what freely we
 get.
Brim the broad basket, if any should ask it
Where lies the secret the berry imparts,
No answer fitter than "work is the bitter,
Keeping all holidays fresh in our hearts."

Creeping and curling, and twisting and
 twirling,
Still working on 'til it reaches the top,
Never despairing and finally bearing,
A lesson of Life may be learn'd from the
 Hop.

Lynn Feingold:

<https://youtu.be/t5PeLM9ABKM>

Horsham Tipteerers' Song

Sussex Mummers Carol

When righteous Joseph wedded was
Unto a virgin maid
A glorious angel from Heaven came
Unto that virgin maid.
Unto that virgin maid.

As joyful shepherds brought their gifts
To Christ, the savior dear
And so we come upon this night
With blessings and good cheer.
With blessings and good cheer.

God bless the mistress of this house
With gold all round her breast;
Where e'er her body sleeps or wakes,
Lord, send her soul to rest.
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless the master of this house
With happiness beside;
Where e'er his body rides or walks
Lord Jesus be his guide.
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless your house, your children too,
Your cattle and your store;
The Lord increase you day by day,
And send you more and more.
And send you more and more.

Revels Chorus:

<https://youtu.be/F6-3hvONfNg>

Hot Meat

~ Nick Robertshaw (c1998)

Hot meat, hot meat, it's the only thing to
eat,
The meal to satisfy you from your head
down to your feet.
The carrot and the cucumber they simply
can't compete
With nature's finest pleasure, Hot Meat,
Hot Meat.

Miss Wilkie had an appetite that could not
be denied,
For vegetables and fruits had left her
quite unsatisfied,
A yearning empty space that needed
filling up inside
With something warm and firm and thick,
so this is what she tried:

Hot meat, hot meat, it's the only thing to
eat,
The meal to satisfy you from your head
down to your feet.
The carrot and the cucumber they simply
can't compete
With nature's finest pleasure, Hot Meat,
Hot Meat.

So she went to see the Butcher, a man of
great renown.
His meat was recommended by the
hungriest girls in town.
It was so plump and juicy it was famous
through the land,
So she thrilled with great excitement
when he put it in her hand.

Hot meat, hot meat, it's the only thing to
eat,
The meal to satisfy you from your head
down to your feet.

The carrot and the cucumber they simply
can't compete
With nature's finest pleasure, Hot Meat,
Hot Meat.

He said, "For very best results, don't boil
it in a pot,
But lard it very carefully and handle it a
lot,
And you must preheat your oven, and
when it's good and hot,
Just pop it in and baste it well with all the
juice you've got."

Hot meat, hot meat, it's the only thing to
eat,
The meal to satisfy you from your head
down to your feet.
The carrot and the cucumber they simply
can't compete
With nature's finest pleasure, Hot Meat,
Hot Meat.

Well, she followed all the recipe and
cooked it half the night,
And the meal so satisfied her that she
cried out in delight,
But when she took it from her oven, she
observed with great surprise
That she must have overdone it for it had
shrunk to half its size.

Hot meat, hot meat, it's the only thing to
eat,
The meal to satisfy you from your head
down to your feet.
The carrot and the cucumber they simply
can't compete
With nature's finest pleasure, Hot Meat,
Hot Meat.

So to every girl and woman, spinster,
widow, bride, and wife,

If you want the finest pleasures from this
fleeting earthly life,
A lovely snoozly feeling, a smug and
happy grin,
A misty light within your eyes and gravy
on your chin!

Hot meat, hot meat, it's the only thing to
eat,
The meal to satisfy you from your head
down to your feet.
The carrot and the cucumber they simply
can't compete
With nature's finest pleasure, Hot Meat,
Hot Meat.

Nick Robertshaw:

<https://youtu.be/AbahVkz0h0Y>

The Hots For The Smarts

~ Richard Thompson

I like a girl in satin
Who talks dirty in Latin
A girl who's flirty
When she quotes Krishnamurti
If she likes to be goosed
While reciting from Proust
I'll know she's my kind of creature
Among her delectables
Her intellectables
Must be her sexiest feature

CHORUS

I've got The Hots For The Smarts
The Hots For The Smarts
IQ off the charts
Give me brains over hearts
I've got The Hots For The Smarts

I like a girl from Mensa
With a furrowed brow
When the tenses get denser
She gets it - and how!
I need a polymath
Called Cindy or Cath
Who likes her Plato not too platonic
An autodidact
Who can add and subtract
While sipping her Tolstoy and tonic

I need a girl with a feel
For Faraday's wheel
A girl who'll drool
For Fleming's Left Hand Rule
Now you may like pin-ups
Of girls who do chin-ups
Like Xena the Warrior Princess
But I'll take to dinner
My Nobel Prize winner
With plutonium stains down her dress

I like a girl who knows loadsa

Kierkegaard and Spinoza
Who likes to play chess
Humming Porgy and Bess
She must be able
From her logarithmic table
To find all those decimal places
And what do I care
That she's nothing to wear
And her teeth are imprisoned in braces

I want a girl with a brain
The size of Siberia
With a haughty disdain
Of all things inferior
I don't want a learner
With a Bunsen burner
She must be the finished article
Who sees our attraction
As chemical reaction
And charm as merely a particle

I want a PHD
Who reads Linear B
Who applies her lotion
With a Brownian motion
Now some men may favour
A girl who's a raver
A tease or a saucy young minx
But I'll get undressed with
The girl I'm impressed with
Who's tunnelling under the Sphinx

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/b-DV15r1Q9Q>

Housewife's Lament

Come and listen and I'll tell you of my
darling Andy
He's tall and fair and slightly bandy
At drinking porter he is quite handy
And he loves me like a devil on Sunday

O roy-o and a diddle-lum dandy
I want a man who will tickle my fancy
Bring me flowers and cherry brandy
And loves me night and morning

Monday night his head is achin'
It's down to the pub for a cure he's makin'
Doesn't he know that my heart is breakin'
We never make love on a Monday

O roy-o and a diddle-lum dandy
I want a man who will tickle my fancy
Bring me flowers and cherry brandy
And loves me night and morning

Tuesday night and he gets no bolder
There's pains in his back and his neck
and his shoulder
The weather's wet and it's getting colder
What an awful day is Tuesday

O roy-o and a diddle-lum dandy
I want a man who will tickle my fancy
Bring me flowers and cherry brandy
And loves me night and morning

Wednesday passes, it is quite dreary
Thursday night and he's feelin' weary
Friday night though I am quite cheery
Two more days till Sunday!

O roy-o and a diddle-lum dandy
I want a man who will tickle my fancy
Bring me flowers and cherry brandy
And loves me night and morning

Saturday night and he's struts and
prances

It's down to the pub like a madman
dances

12 o'clock and I've lost my chances
He's sleepin' in the parlor

O roy-o and a diddle-lum dandy
I want a man who will tickle my fancy
Bring me flowers and cherry brandy
And loves me night and morning

Sunday night and I'm feeling rosy
A man and his wife by the fireside cozy
That's the lot, though, you're far too nosy!
What a wonderful night is Sunday!

O roy-o and a diddle-lum dandy
I want a man who will tickle my fancy
Bring me flowers and cherry brandy
And loves me night and morning

Sung to the Irish air Óró Sé do Bheatha
Abhaile (Óró Welcome Home). From the
singing of Debbie McClatchy, although I
actually learned it from Wilma Lawrence,
when she was still on Thornden.

How I Wanted To

~ Richard Thompson

When we parted just like friends
We never tied loose ends
I could never say the words that would
 make amends

Oh how I wanted to
Oh how I wanted to
To say I loved you
To say I loved you
Oh how I wanted to

From my blue room did you creep
A love too rare to keep
Well I heard your step and I turned my
 head to weep

Oh how I wanted to
Oh how I wanted to
Say I loved you
Say I loved you
Oh how I wanted to

Oh how I wanted to
Oh how I wanted to
Say I loved you
Just say I loved you
Oh how I wanted to

Now hearts do what hearts will
And my nights are sleepless still
Well I never was the one to speak my fill

Oh how I wanted to
Oh how I wanted to
Just say I loved you
Ah just say I loved you
Oh how I wanted to

Oh how I wanted to
Oh how I wanted to
Say I loved you

Just say I loved you
Oh how I wanted to

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/B_VagxHaE7c

How Will I Ever Be Simple Again

~ Richard Thompson

Oh she danced in the street with the guns
all around her
All torn like a rag doll, barefoot in the rain
And she sang like a child, toora-day
toora-daddy
Oh how will I ever be simple again

She sat by the banks of the dirty grey
river
And tried for a fish with a worm on a pin
There was nothing but fever and ghosts
in the water
Oh how will I ever be simple again

War was my love and my friend and
companion
And what did I care for the pretty and
plain
But her smile was so clear and my heart
was so troubled
Oh how will I ever be simple again

In her poor burned-out house I sat at her
table
The smell of her hair was like cornfields in
May
And I wanted to weep and my eyes ached
from trying
Oh how will I ever be simple again

So graceful she moved through the dust
and the ruin
And happy she was in her dances and
games
Oh teach me to see with your innocent
eyes, love
Oh how will I ever be simple again
Oh how will I ever be simple again

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/KFIZj525bo8>

The Hungry Child

[trad., Judith Piepe]

The Young Tradition:

<https://youtu.be/6PFc8vw3xv8>

A young child to its mother ran
And then it started crying,
“Mother, I'm hungry, mother dear,
Give me bread or I'll be dying.”
“Wait my child, wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be ploughing.”

Now when the field it had been ploughed
The young child started crying,
“Mother, I'm hungry, mother dear,
Give me bread or I'll be dying.”
“Wait my child, wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be sowing.”

Now when the field it had been reaped
The young child started crying,
“Mother, I'm hungry, mother dear,
Give me bread or I'll be dying.”
“Wait my child, wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be threshing.”

Now when the wheat it had been
 threshed
The young child started crying,
“Mother, I'm hungry, mother dear,
Give me bread or I'll be dying.”
“Wait my child, wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be grinding.”

Now when the wheat it had been ground
The young child started crying,
“Mother, I'm hungry, mother dear,
Give me bread or I'll be dying.”
“Wait my child, wait my child,
We'll be baking.”
Now when the bread was warm in the
 oven
The child lay in his coffin.

I Am Christmas

~ Bill Meek, John Conolly

I will sew a braid of gold
On gray December's ragged sleeve,
Teach the crabbed and jaded soul
How to give, how to receive;
For rooms are thick with magic now,
The tree its soft light throwing;
The mistletoe, the holly bough
My age-old spell bestowing.

I am warmth and I am light
And I am kith and kin,
A candle in your longest night.
I am Christmas. Let me in.
I am Christmas. Let me in.

I bring stories by the hearth,
Delight in half-forgotten names,
Apple logs on fragrant fires
With flick'ring faces in the flames.
As the year draws in its days
And tired leaves are falling,
I will brighten darkened ways
Where dusk is early calling.

I am warmth and I am light
And I am kith and kin,
A candle in your longest night.
I am Christmas. Let me in.
I am Christmas. Let me in.

I can take the weary miles
And weave a carpet to your door,
Guide the dusty wand'ers home
Safely to your side once more.
I can cheer the bitter days
With tunes to set you singing.
My standard in your heart I'll raise,
Joy and comfort bringing.

I am warmth and I am light
And I am kith and kin,

A candle in your longest night.
I am Christmas. Let me in.
I am Christmas. Let me in.

I bring churches all aglow
And carols on the midnight air,
Colored windows streaked with snow
That gild the congregations there;
For young and old shall join and sing
To mark the longest turning.
From one glad candle that I bring,
Ten thousand more are burning.

I am warmth and I am light
And I am kith and kin,
A candle in your longest night.
I am Christmas. Let me in.
I am Christmas. Let me in.

Kate Rusby:

<https://youtu.be/3fVXLtESgBU>

I Can Hew

~ David Dodds

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out;
I can hew the coal, I can dance and
shout.
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and
fine;
I'm a collier lad workin' down the mine.

On St. Monday's day it's well I do admire
To be sittin' at home by me own coal fire.
Then it's down to the pub for a glass or
two,
For to work on a Monday, that would
never do.

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out;
I can hew the coal, I can dance and
shout.
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and
fine;
I'm a collier lad workin' down the mine.

Well, I likes my whiskey and I likes my
beer;
I'll drink fourteen pints and I'll not feel
queer.
I can hold my liquor good as any man,
And I'll dance and sing as long as I can.

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out;
I can hew the coal, I can dance and
shout.
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and
fine;
I'm a collier lad workin' down the mine.

Well, my boy's he's fourteen, he's a
strappin' lad,
And he'll go to the pit soon, just like his
dad.
And when Friday comes, we'll pick up our
pay,

And we'll drink together, to round out the
day.

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out;
I can hew the coal, I can dance and
shout.
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and
fine;
I'm a collier lad workin' down the mine.

And it's when I'm dead, oh, I know full
well,
I'll not go to Heaven, I am bound for Hell
And my pick and shovel old Nick, he will
admire
And he'll set me to hewin' coal for his old
hell fire.

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out;
I can hew the coal, I can dance and
shout.
I can hew, boys, coal that's black and
fine;
I'm a collier lad workin' down the mine.

Daniel Kelly:

<https://youtu.be/zauCjs5qmLA>

Parody verses:

Ike and Hugh, boys, they're a couple
guys.
Ike and Hugh, boys, they wear floral ties.
Ike and Hugh, boys, they both sell used
cars,
And they drink lite beer, at the singles
bars.

I am Hugh, boys, I am not the Borg.
I am Hugh, boys, and I like LeForge.

I Can't Wake Up To Save My Life

~ Richard Thompson

In my nightmare everything's wrong
I'm waiting for love, but you come along
You smile, you wave, you kiss me, Ciao
But you seem too happy to see me
somehow

Then the sky falls in on my head
Your nails grow long, your eyes turn red
You say "Forever, dear, and a day"
You swear that you're never going to go
away
And my feet won't move to run the other
way

And I can't wake up to save my life
Oh I can't wake up to save my life

In my nightmare you forgive me
The cruellest gift you could ever give me
You say that you understand me now
But your eyes say "Brother, I'll get you
somehow"
And then the lightning streaks across the
room
You smell like something fresh from the
tomb
You squeeze too hard, you insist on
kissing
When it seems like half your face is
missing
And you hair's turned into reptiles hissing

And I can't wake up to save my life
Oh I can't wake up to save my life

Things I done make my dreams go bad
Like Borstal boys coming home to dad
What you reap so shall you sow
Now feets don't fail me, go man go

'Cause I can't wake up to save my life
Oh I can't wake up to save my life

No I can't wake up
No I can't wake up
Oh I can't

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/CP5tXtpdQXY>

I Hate The White Man
~ Roy Harper

Far across the ocean in the land of look
and see
There once was a time for you and me
Where the winds blow sweetly and the
easy seas flow still
And where the barefoot dream of life can
laugh and cry its fill
Where slot machine confusion and the
plastic universe
Are objects of amusement in the fiction of
their curse
And where the crazy white man and his
tear-gas happiness
Lies dead and long since buried by his
own fantastic mess
For I hate the white man and his plastic
excuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned him loose

And the reins of coloured thunder of the
stallion of the dawn
Ride the coal fire morning on the beach
where all is borne
Where the emperor of meaning is burning
up his fort
And sits to warm his toes around a fire
made up of useless thought
And when the children tempt him with the
riddles of their trance
He flings the flames of solstice casting
laughs into their dance
And where the crazy white man in the
desert of his bones
Lies as bleached as the paradise he likes
to think he owns
And I hate the white man in his evergreen
excuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned him loose

And far across the reaches of the drifting
yellow sands
The living carpet wilderness forever joins
its hands
With Heaven's Hell's attainment in a
surging crest of fire
Where more than all is thrown upon the
everlasting pyre
And through the countless canticles of
Jason's charcoal fleece
Are sung the songs of nothing in the
timeless masterpiece
And there stood in the middle – guess
who? – it's the everlasting bust
Built by God's very own white man as he
tries to rule the dust
And I hate the white man in his doctrinaire
refuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned you all loose

And the bowels of his city have been
locked into a safe
Where the spew-stains on the sidewalks
are defenders of his faith
While back inside his kitchen the
bowler-hatted, long-haired saint
Cleans with soap and water but it's really
just white paint
While his gorgon-headed scandal sheet
presents its daily bite
To give the righteous news-believers
drugs to keep them white
While outside in the whitewash where the
guns are always, always right
The shooting star has summoned death's
dark angel from his night
And I hate the white man in his evergreen
excuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned you all loose
And the man who turned him loose
And the man who turned me loose

Roy Harper:

https://youtu.be/_K6aWEsfv2s

I Courted a Wee Girl

[Roud 154 ; Ballad Index K152 ; VWML ;
Bodleian Roud 154 ; GlosTrad Roud
154 ; Mudcat 18103 ; trad.]

I courted a wee girl for manys the long
day
And I slighted all others that came in my
way
And it's well she rewarded me too the last
day
For she's gone to be wed to another

The bride and bride's party to church they
did go
The bride she rode foremost she put the
best show
And I followed after with a heart full of
woe
To see my love wed to another

The bride and bride's party in church they
did stand
Gold rings on their fingers, a love by the
hand
And the man that she's wed to has
houses and land
He may have her since I couldn't gain her

The next time I saw her she was seated
down neat
I sat down beside her not a bite could I
eat
For I thought my love's company far
better than meat
Since love was the cause of my ruin

The last time I saw her she was all
dressed in white
And the more I gazed on her she dazzled
my sight
I lifted my hat and I bade her good night
Here's adieu to all false-hearted lovers

I courted that wee girl for manys the long
day
And I slighted all others that came in my
way
And now she's rewarded me too the last
day
She is gone to be wed to another

So dig me a grave and dig it down deep
And strew it all over with primrose so
sweet
And lay me down easy no more for to
weep
Since love was the cause of my ruin.

Dervish: https://youtu.be/F_6ShGUVQt8

"The first song we heard from the singing
of the late Mrs. Sarah Makem from
Keady, County Armagh."

I Hate The White Man

~ Roy Harper

Far across the ocean in the land of look
and see
There once was a time for you and me
Where the winds blow sweetly and the
easy seas flow still
And where the barefoot dream of life can
laugh and cry its fill
Where slot machine confusion and the
plastic universe
Are objects of amusement in the fiction of
their curse
And where the crazy white man and his
tear-gas happiness
Lies dead and long since buried by his
own fantastic mess
For I hate the white man and his plastic
excuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned him loose

And the reins of coloured thunder of the
stallion of the dawn
Ride the coal fire morning on the beach
where all is borne
Where the emperor of meaning is burning
up his fort
And sits to warm his toes around a fire
made up of useless thought
And when the children tempt him with the
riddles of their trance
He flings the flames of solstice casting
laughs into their dance
And where the crazy white man in the
desert of his bones
Lies as bleached as the paradise he likes
to think he owns
And I hate the white man in his evergreen
excuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned him loose

And far across the reaches of the drifting
yellow sands
The living carpet wilderness forever joins
its hands
With Heaven's Hell's attainment in a
surging crest of fire
Where more than all is thrown upon the
everlasting pyre
And through the countless canticles of
Jason's charcoal fleece
Are sung the songs of nothing in the
timeless masterpiece
And there stood in the middle – guess
who? – it's the everlasting bust
Built by God's very own white man as he
tries to rule the dust
And I hate the white man in his doctrinaire
refuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned you all loose

And the bowels of his city have been
locked into a safe
Where the spew-stains on the sidewalks
are defenders of his faith
While back inside his kitchen the
bowler-hatted, long-haired saint
Cleans with soap and water but it's really
just white paint
While his gorgon-headed scandal sheet
presents its daily bite
To give the righteous news-believers
drugs to keep them white
While outside in the whitewash where the
guns are always, always right
The shooting star has summoned death's
dark angel from his night
And I hate the white man in his evergreen
excuse
Oh I hate the white man and the man who
turned you all loose
And the man who turned him loose
And the man who turned me loose

Roy Harper:

https://youtu.be/_K6aWEsfv2s

I Live In Trafalgar Square

~ C.W. Murphy

Today I've been busy removing
And I'm all of a fidgety-fidge
My last digs were on the Embankment
The third seat from Waterloo Bridge
But the cooking and, oh! The attendance
Didn't happen to suit me so well
So I ordered my man to pack up, and
Look out for another hotel
He did, and the new place is 'extra', I vow
Just wait till I tell you where I'm staying
now

I live in Trafalgar Square
With four lions to guard me
Fountains and statues all over the place
And the 'Metropole' staring me right in the
face
I'll admit it's a trifle draughty
But I look at it this way you see
If it's good enough for Nelson
It's quite good enough for me

The beds ain't so soft as they might be
Still the temperature's never too high
And it's nice to see swells who are
passing
Look on you with envious eye
And when you wake in the morning
Just fancy how nice it must be
To have a good walk for your breakfast
And the same for your dinner and tea
There's many a swell up in Park Lane
tonight
Who'd be glad if he only had my appetite

I live in Trafalgar Square
With four lions to guard me
Fountains and statues all over the place
And the 'Metropole' staring me right in the
face
I'll admit it's a trifle draughty

But I look at it this way you see
If it's good enough for Nelson
It's quite good enough for me

When I think of those unlucky bounders
The Morgans and Clarence de Clares
Who are forced to put up at the 'Cecil'
My tenderest sympathy's theirs
And to show I'm not selfish or greedy
I just tell each aristocrat
That I don't mind exchanging apartments
Now, I can't say fairer than that
But the softheaded sillies won't hear what
I say
They still go on suffering, while I'm all
O.K.

I live in Trafalgar Square
With four lions to guard me
Fountains and statues all over the place
And the 'Metropole' staring me right in the
face
I'll admit it's a trifle draughty
But I look at it this way you see
If it's good enough for Nelson
It's quite good enough for me

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/ZZpjPrYiHUK>

I Live Not Where I Love

[Roud 593]

Come all ye maids that live at a distance
Many miles from off your swain
Come and assist me this very moment
For to pass away some time
Singing sweetly and completely
Songs of pleasure and of love
For my heart is with him all together
Though I live not where I love

When I sleep I dream about you
When I wake I find no rest
For every moment thinking of you
My heart e'er fixed in your breast
Although far distance may be assistance
From my mind his love to remove
Yet my heart is with him all together
Though I live not where I love

All the world shall be one religion
Living things shall cease to die
Before that I prove false to my jewel
Or any way my love deny
The world shall change and be most
 strange
If ever I my mind remove
For my heart is with him all together
Though I live not where I love

So farewell lads and farewell lasses
Now I think I've got my choice
I will away to yonder mountain
Where I think I hear his voice
And if he calls then I will follow
Through the world though it is so wide
For my heart is with him all together
Though I live not where I love

Come all ye maids that live at a distance
Many miles from off your swain
Come and assist me this very moment
For to pass away some time

Singing sweetly and completely
Songs of pleasure and of love
For my heart is with him all together
Though I live not where I love

Maddy Prior & Tim Hart:

<https://youtu.be/1qV6Ov4N1vc>

Lord Franklin

[Roud 487 ; VWML CJS2/9/647 ; Mudcat
129573 , 170957 ; trad.]

It was homeward bound one night on the
 deep
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With one hundred seamen he sailed
 away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
To seek a passage around the pole
Where we poor seamen do sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they mainly
 strove
Their ship on mountains of ice was drove
Only the Eskimo with his skin canoe
Was the only one that ever came through

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Lord Franklin along with his sailors do
 dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain
For my long lost Franklin I'd cross the
 main
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give
To say on earth that my Franklin do live

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/6GPQaj0BPOA>

Pentangle:

<https://youtu.be/RmKZVSWW2r4>

I Love My Shirt

~ Donovan Leitch

Do you have a shirt that you really love,
One that you feel so groovy in?
You don't even mind if it starts to fade,
That only makes it nicer still.
I love my shirt, I love my shirt,
My shirt is so comfortably lovely.
I love my shirt, I love my shirt,
My shirt is so comfortably lovely.

Do you have some jeans that you really
love,
Ones that you feel so groovy in?
You don't even mind if they start to fray
That only makes them nicer still.
I love my jeans, I love my jeans,
My jeans are so comfortably lovely.
I love my jeans, I love my jeans,
My jeans are so comfortably lovely.

When they are taken to the cleaners,
I can't wait to get them home again.
Yes, I take 'em to the cleaners
And there they wash them in a stream,
Scrub a rub dub dub
And there they wash them in a stream -
Know what I mean.

Do you have some shoes that you really
love,
Ones that you feel so flash in?
You don't even mind if they start to get
some holes in
That only makes them nicer still.
I love my shoes, I love my shoes,
My shoes are so comfortably lovely.
I love my jeans, I love my jeans,
My jeans are so comfortably lovely.

I love my shirt, I love my shirt,
In fact I love my wardrobe.

I love my shirt, I love my shirt,
My shirt is so comfortably lovely...

Donovan: <https://youtu.be/miAVhZ6rKFo>

I Misunderstood

~ Richard Thompson

She said "Darling I'm in love with your
mind.
The way you care for me, it's so kind.
Love to see you again, I wish I had more
time".

She was laughing as she brushed my
cheek
"Why don't you call me, angel, maybe
next week
Promise now, cross your heart and hope
to die".

But I misunderstood, but I misunderstood,
but I misunderstood
I thought she was saying good luck, she
was saying good bye
But I misunderstood, but I misunderstood,
but I misunderstood
I thought she was saying good luck, she
was saying good bye

Things I tried to put shine in her eyes
Wire wheels and shimmering things
Wild nights when the whole world seemed
to fly

She said "The thing that's so unique
When we're together we don't have to
speak.
We'll always be such good friends, you
and I"

Oh but I misunderstood, but I
misunderstood, but I misunderstood
I thought she was saying good luck, she
was saying good bye
But I misunderstood, but I misunderstood,
but I misunderstood
I thought she was saying good luck, she
was saying good

I thought she was saying good luck, she
was saying good
I thought she was saying good luck, she
was saying goodbye

Oh, she was saying goodbye, oh, she
was saying goodbye
Oh, she was saying, saying, saying,
saying

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/S9mOpJjV-3Q>

I Ride In Your Slipstream

~ Richard Thompson

I ride in your slipstream. I wear your
reflection
I echo your heartbeat in the wind

You might say that we're lovers. You
might say that we're strangers
You think you don't know me, but you're
wearing my ring

Good dream. Bad dream. Just don't mean
a thing
Good road. Bad road. Just don't mean a
thing
But down in the whine of the wheels you'll
hear me sing

I'm like a TV eye in the sky, but I'm right
behind you
I'm like your signed confession, but I'm
right behind you
I'm like the child you never were, but I'm
right behind you
Let's ride

I ride in your slipstream. Don't try to touch
me
Just trust me to love you. I love you

I ride in your slipstream.
I ride in your slipstream.
I ride in your slipstream.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/IBNlcS4ii68>

I Still Dream

~ Richard Thompson

It was cruel of you to stand at my door
and take my hand
Like a drowning man I clung to my
defenses
And ten years is a time but your looks,
love, it's a crime
And I lost my tongue in the tangle of my
senses
And I never was to know that I'd come to
miss you so
But time winds down and I turned my
back long ago

But I still dream, oh darling I still dream
Oh I still dream, oh Lord knows I still
dream

On the killing floor I stand with a stun gun
in my hand
Like a cowboy shooting badmen on the
range
And nothing satisfies and the soul inside
me dies
As I duck each punch and never risk the
change
And now you look at me with that same
old used-to-be
Oh but time winds down and I turned my
back long ago

But I still dream, oh darling I still dream

Ah but now you look at me with that same
old used-to-be
But time winds down and I turned my
back long ago

But I still dream, oh darling, darling I still
dream
I still dream, oh Lord knows, Lord knows I
still dream

Oh I still dream, oh darling, darling,
darling I still dream

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/BDriWMwNzuY>

I Think It Was the Wine

~ Jim Schwall

I drank so much wine last night
My tonsils were starting to float;
I think somebody musta held my nose
And poured it down my throat.
Or maybe it's the lack of sleep
That makes me feel like I'm dyin'
Or maybe it was the greasy pizza,
But I think it was the wine.

I've always been a pacifist
Been known to run from a fight.
I didn't never hit nobody with no 2 X 4
'til last night.
Maybe my ascendant wasn't properly
In my rising sign;
Or maybe there was a full moon
But I think it was the wine.

I've always been careful
Where I bedded down.
Last night I thought I scored an angel
And I woke up with a circus clown.
It might have been love sweet love
That made me be so blind
Or it might have been plain old lust
But I think it was the wine.

My Daddy said a couple of beers are OK
But that wine is just no good.
It'll make you do things you shouldn't
And forget the things you should.
Last night I lost my coat, my car, my keys
And I didn't make it home on time.
My baby thinks it's another woman
But I think it was the wine.

Siegel-Schwall Band:

https://youtu.be/qcn9z_J6zQs

https://youtu.be/_kAwum6NuTI

I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight

~ Richard Thompson

I'm so tired of working every day,
Now the weekend's come I'm gonna
 throw my troubles away
If you've got the cab fare, mister you'll do
 all right
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Meet me at the station don't be late
I need to spend some money and it just
 won't wait
Take me to the dance and hold me tight
I want to see the bright lights tonight

There's crazy people running all over
 town
There's a silver band just marching up
 and down
And the big boys are all spoiling for a fight
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Meet me at the station don't be late
I need to spend some money and it just
 won't wait
Take me to the dance and hold me tight
I want to see the bright lights tonight

A couple of drunken nights rolling on the
 floor
Is just the kind of mess I'm looking for
I'm gonna dream 'till Monday comes in
 sight
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Meet me at the station don't be late
I need to spend some money and it just
 won't wait
Take me to the dance and hold me tight
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Take me to the dance and hold me tight
I want to see the bright lights tonight

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/8NoVJo0dIZ0>

If I Could Live My Life Again

~ Richard Thompson

Well, you know, I can't do nothing for you
And you know, I say my piece and then
I pound the pavement always wishing
Whether I would live my life again

Will I raise some Cain and sink some
 whiskey
Or ramble like I'm anything
There's arms I've held and hearts I've
 broken
Oh if I could live my life again

Oh I hate the four walls of this prison
Those cowards let me take the blame
Next time I'll run with better company
Oh if I could live my life again

And you know, true love slipped through
 my fingers
Somehow, I never could explain
Next time, I'll say just what I'm thinking
Oh if I could live my life again

I wish my sins could be forgiven
And that's why I sing this sad refrain
Just one more chance is all I'm asking
Oh if I could live my life again
Oh if I could live my life again

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/3dmiUILO5Ps>

If I Had a Boat

~ Lyle Lovett

If I had a boat
I'd go out on the ocean
And if I had a pony
I'd ride him on my boat
And we could all together
Go out on the ocean
Me upon my pony on my boat

If I were Roy Rogers
I'd sure enough be single
I couldn't bring myself to marrying old
Dale
It'd just be me and Trigger
We'd go riding through them movies
Then we'd buy a boat and on the sea
we'd sail

And if I had a boat
I'd go out on the ocean
And if I had a pony
I'd ride him on my boat
And we could all together
Go out on the ocean
Me upon my pony on my boat

The mystery masked man was smart
He got himself a Tonto
'Cause Tonto did the dirty work for free
But Tonto he was smarter
And one day said, "Kemo Sabe
Kiss my ass, I bought a boat, I'm going
out to sea"

And if I had a boat
I'd go out on the ocean
And if I had a pony
I'd ride him on my boat
And we could all together
Go out on the ocean
Me upon my pony on my boat

And if I were like lightning
I wouldn't need no sneakers
I'd come and go wherever I would please
And I'd scare 'em by the shade tree
And I'd scare 'em by the light pole
But I would not scare my pony on my boat
out on the sea

And if I had a boat
I'd go out on the ocean
And if I had a pony
I'd ride him on my boat
And we could all together
Go out on the ocean
Me upon my pony on my boat

Lyle Lovett:

<https://youtu.be/hpM8FjO4Vko>

If Love Whispers Your Name

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/a5x_kj0KtZY

Next time I promise
I will be ready
Ready to move when the clouds roll apart
Next time I promise
I'll do it better
When the sun shines on me and pierces
my heart

If Love Whispers Your Name
Breathes in your ear
Sighs in the rain
Love is worth every fall
Even to beg
Even to crawl

I won't act so cool
Won't be a fool
Next time
I won't quote the law
Won't be so sure
Next time

I once had it all and
I once lost it all and
I won't miss again
If the chance should come my way again
If love should look my way again

If Love Whispers Your Name
Breathes in your ear
Sighs in the rain
Love is worth every fall
Even to beg
Even to crawl

Love is worth every wound
Each lonely day,
Each sleepless night
Love is worth every wound
The price that you pay
To live in the light

I'll Keep It With Mine

~ Bob Dylan

You may search at any cost
But how long can you search for what's
not lost?
Everybody will help you
Some people are very kind
But if I can save you any time

Come on, give it to me
I'll keep it with mine

I can't help it, if you might think I'm odd
If I say I'm loving you, not for what you
are, but for what you're not
Everybody will help you
Discover what you set out to find
But if I can save you any time

Come on, give it to me
I'll keep it with mine

The train leaves at half past ten
But I'll be back tomorrow at the same time
again
The conductor, he's weary
He's still stuck on the line
But if I can save you any time

Come on, give it to me
I'll keep it with mine

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/6Q6Y-R-p7J4>

I'll Never Give It Up

~ Richard Thompson

I can't eat, I can't sleep
Knowing that you're on
your midnight creep
I can't jump. I can't jive
Knowing that you want me
dead or alive
There's no half way with you
You see red, white and blue
What holds your head on
could use another screw

Come on, do your worst, boy
That's the way, that's the way
Hit me where it hurts, boy,
That's the way, that's the way
Puff until you burst, boy
That's the way, that's the way
But I'll never give it up
I'll never give it up

I'll put you in my loser file
I don't need your reptile smile
You look better out of range
Stare at somebody else for a change
When the sky fell in, you cried
And blackness welled inside
And how your little brain
got twisted and fried

Come on, do your worst, boy
That's the way, that's the way
Hit me where it hurts, boy,
That's the way, that's the way
Puff until you burst, boy
That's the way, that's the way
But I'll never give it up
I'll never give it up

You're someone I can't help betray
You know you built me up that way

I don't run, I don't care
Some day we're going to
meet somewhere
You and me will rock and roll
When you crawl out of
your dank little hole
So give me what you got
Put your money in the pot
Let's see what you are and
what you're not

Come on, do your worst, boy
That's the way, that's the way
Hit me where it hurts, boy,
That's the way, that's the way
Puff until you burst, boy
That's the way, that's the way
But I'll never give it up
I'll never give it up

But I'll never give it up
I'll never give it up

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/1cYZb_Lyqzs

I'll Regret It All In The Morning

~ Richard Thompson

Whisky helps to clear my head
Bring it with you into bed
If I beat you nearly dead
I'll regret it all in the morning

I'm so drunk I couldn't care
If that's a wig or your own hair
Here's my ticket, take me there
I'll regret it all in the morning

I'll regret it all in the morning
When I see your smiling face
I'd rather be in any place but here

The years have left their mark
Your skin feels smooth as bark
As we shiver in the dark
I'll regret it in the morning

As you gaze around in fright
With your knuckles turning white
You're a lonely, lonely sight
To wake up to in the morning

This is no way to exist
With some girl who keeps a list
Naming all the boys she's missed
And she's longed for in the morning

I'll regret it all in the morning
When I see your smiling face
I'd rather be in any place but here

Now the room is spinning fast
And it fades away at last
When this empty night is passed
I'll regret it all in the morning

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/aJRprDFWKyQ>

I'm Alright

~ Loudon Wainwright III

I woke up this morning, I didn't feel that
bad
Last night was definitely not one of the
worst I've ever had
Ate a nice dinner, drank a few drinks
I didn't miss you baby no matter what you
think
Went back to my hotelroom I went
straight to bed
Didn't moan and didn't cry and I did not
wish I was dead

I'm alright, I'm alright
Yeah, I'm alright baby
Yes, I'm alright without you

I woke up this morning, I didn't have the
blues
So I pull on my tubesocks, I laced up my
running shoes
Went down to the reservoir to jog a mile
or two
I didn't take about our love and I wasn't
missing you
Went back to my hotelroom I took a few
phone calls
Clean sheets on a made up bed and
artwork on the walls

I'm fine, thank you very much
Yes, I'm alright baby
Yes, I'm alright without you

I woke up this afternoon and I sat up in
the bed
There was a gnawin' in my gut and a
poundin' in my head
So I went into the bathroom, to the
medicine-chest
There was razorblades and sleepin' pills
and all the rest

But I was in control baby I was so relaxed
I found myself my dental floss, my
favourite kind - unwaxed

Hey, I'm all right, I got the floss, baby
Yes, I'm alright baby
Yes, I'm alright without you

Loudon Wainwright III:
<https://youtu.be/CYRyr8I5zzE>

In Praise of Alcohol

~ Robert Service

Of vintage wine I am a lover;
To drink deep would be my delight;
If 'twere not for the bleak hangover
I'd get me loaded every night;
I's whoop it up with song and laughter
If 'twere not for the morning after

For though to soberness I'm given
It is a thought I've often thunk:
The nearest that is Earth to Heaven
Is to get sublimely drunk;
Is to achieve divine elation
By means of generous libation.

Alas, the wine-ups claim their payment
And as the price if often pain,
if we could sense what morning grey
 meant
We never would get soused again;
Rather than buy a hob-nailed liver
I'm sure that we'd abstain for ever.

Yet how I love the glow of liquor,
As joyfully I drink it up!
hoping that unto life's last flicker
With praise I'll raise the ruby cup;
And let me like a jolly monk
Proceed to get sublimely drunk.

David Parry:

<https://youtu.be/RTpsOc0gMpM>

It Suits Me Well

~ Sandy Denny

My name is Jan the gypsy
I travel the land.
There are no chains about me
I am me own man.
I can tell a fair old story
Which I'm sure ain't no surprise
Of the places I have been, oh,
And they ain't no lies.

I've never had a proper home,
Not one like yours is.
I've nearly always had a caravan
With horses.
And I know you won't believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh,
But it suits me well.

I am I traveler of the seas,
I am a sailor.
The ocean has been good to me,
She ain't no jailer.
I can tell a fair old story
Which I'm sure ain't no surprise
Of the places I have sailed, oh,
And they ain't no lies.

I've never had a garden,
Or a place with windows.
I stand upon the salty deck,
And feel the wind blow.
And I know you won't believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh,
But it suits me well.

My mother was a fire-eater,
'Fore she desert us.
So when I was only seven years old
I joined the circus.
And I can tell a fair old story

Which I'm sure ain't no surprise
Of the places we have played, oh,
And it ain't no lies.

I've never had no money,
And no hope to get none.
I can always get a penny,
When there is good reason.
And I know you won't believe me
Though it is the truth to tell
That the living it is hard, oh,
But it suits me well.

Sandy Denny:

<https://youtu.be/thiYAEUYzws>

It's Not Yet Day

(Joke and Push About the Pitcher)

The silver moon that shines so bright
I swear with reason as my teacher,
And, if my midnight glass runs right,
There's time to drink another pitcher.

Chorus:

It's not yet day. It's not yet day.
Why should we forsake good liquor?
Until the sunbeams round us play
Let's joke and push about the pitcher.

I dearly love a hearty man —
No sniggering milk-sop Jimmy Twitcher —
That loves a lass, and loves a glass,
And loudly calls for another pitcher.

They say that we must work all day,
And sleep at night to wake much richer;
But what is all the world does say
Compared to mirth, my friend, and
pitcher.

Though one may boast a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unvexed I'll lead a cheerful life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher

It's Okay

~ Elizabeth Powell

It's okay, I don't even cry
All I think about is a memory
And the dream when you kissed my arm
As I look away, don't hear what I say

That maybe when I die
I get to be a car
Driving in the night
Lighting up the dark.
Something in your voice
Sparks a little hope
I'll wait up for that noise
Your voice become my home

One way road, don't care what I find
A little thunder's good, I thought maybe
you would
But it's okay, we all feel left out
Sometimes growing up, it can get you
down.

I give you something that no one's going
to give you
My sleepin' skin and my heart deep down
in you
I'll never tell you, but you're my little scar
Goodbyes are hard and they're hard and
they're hard

Maybe when I die
I get to be a car
Driving in the night
Lighting up the dark
Something in your voice,
Sparks a little hope
I'll wait up for that noise
Your voice become my home

Land of Talk:

- <https://youtu.be/m53--yTPQNk>
- <https://youtu.be/OmRnqsvyuJ8>

Jack O'Diamonds

~ Bob Dylan / Ben Carruthers

Jack O'Diamonds, on the move
Jack O'Diamonds, one-eyed knave
On the move, hits the street
Bumps his head, on the ground
Well, he's a scout, you're born to lose
Shouldn't stay
Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card to play

Jack O'Diamonds, yeah Jack O'Diamonds
This one-eyed prince, wears a single
glove
Oh sure, he's not that lovely
Jack O'Diamonds broke my hand
Left me here to stand
Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card to land

Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card
Jack O'Diamonds is a high card
Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card
But it ain't hard enough
Jack O'Diamonds can open for riches
Jack O'Diamonds but then it switches
Colour by picture but it's only a ten

Jack O'Diamonds, yeah Jack O'Diamonds
Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card to play
Jack O'Diamonds, yeah Jack O'Diamonds
This one-eyed prince, wears a single
glove
Oh sure, he's not that lovely
Jack O'Diamonds broke my hand
Left me here to stand
Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card to play

Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card
Jack O'Diamonds is a high card
Jack O'Diamonds is a hard card
But it ain't hard enough
Jack O'Diamonds can open for riches
Jack O'Diamonds but then it switches
Colour by picture but it's only a ten

Jack O'Diamonds

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/F9hFAtjMU1k>

Jamaica Farewell

~ Lord Burgess (Irving Burgie) (1956)

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 swaying to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico

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

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

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

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

Harry Belafonte:

<https://youtu.be/aaJSxr8nghE>

January Man

~ Dave Goulder

Oh, the January man, he walks the road
in woollen coat and boots of leather.
The February man still shakes the snow
from off his hair and blows his hands.
Oh, the man of March he sees the Spring
and wonders what the year will bring
And hopes for better weather.

Through April rain the man goes down to
watch the birds come in to share the
summer.
The man of May stands very still watching
the children dance away the day.
In June the man inside the man is young
and wants to lend a hand
And grins at each newcomer.

And in July the man in cotton shirt, he sits
and thinks on being idle.
The August man in thousands takes the
road to watch the sea and find the
sun.
September man is standing near to
saddle up and lead the year
And Autumn is his bridle.

And the man of new October takes the
reins and early frost is on his
shoulder.
The poor November man sees fire and
rain and snow and mist and Winter
gale.
December man looks through the snow to
let eleven brothers know
They're all a little older.

And the January man comes round again
in woollen coat and boots of leather
To take another turn and walk along the
icy road he knows so well.

The January man is here for starting each
and every year
Along the road for ever.

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/hbDZQsEH3n8>

Jerusalem On The Jukebox

~ Richard Thompson

Jerusalem on the jukebox they talk in
tongues on Coronation Street
Heaven help the pharisee whose halo
has slipped down to his feet
A thousand satellite comedians have died
for your sins
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels
beat your wings

At poolside picnics they chant for Ferraris
and furs
Their muscle tone sharpens but their hold
on reality blurs
You can have your cake and eat it and
never have to puke up a thing
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels
beat your wings

In the bathroom mirror they try the Joan
of Arc look again
Two parts Ingrid Bergman to one part
Shirley MacLaine
And the wounds of time kill you but the
surgeon's knife only stings
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels
beat your wings

In video suburbia the blue light flickers
and flames
Ecstasy and holy blackmail are the
favourite games
And God has the sharpest suits and the
cleanest chin
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels
beat your wings

Ah the bride checks her hair and makeup,
and here comes the groom
What one-eyed monster comes slouching
into your front room

Rudolph Valentino or the curse of all
two-legged things
Jerusalem on the jukebox, little angels
beat you wings
Little angels beat your wings

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/0CUI1kQC2Fc>

Jet Plane In A Rocking Chair

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/QprpaMvOuyQ>

Jet plane in a rocking chair
Roller coaster roll nowhere
Deaf and dumb old dancing bear
I'll change this heart of mine
This time, this time

Sea cruise in a diving bell
Run a mile in a wishing well
Soft soap and nothing to sell
I'll change this heart of mine
This time, this time

Here comes the real thing
I've been waiting, for so long
For so long
I've been looking for a love like you.

Crossed-line on the telephone
Crossed eyes and a canny moan
Cross fingers and head for home
I'll change this heart of mine
This time, this time

Play sick in a feather bed
Act cool when you're stony dead
I'm a fool with a size one head
I'll change this heart of mine
This time, this time

Here comes the real thing
I've been waiting, for so long
For so long
I've been looking for a love like you

Jet plane in a rocking chair
Roller coaster roll nowhere
Deaf and dumb old dancing bear
I'll change this heart of mine
This time, this time
This time, this time
This time, this time

Johnny Jump Up

~ Tadgh Jordan

I'll tell you a story that happened to me
One day as I went out to Youghal by the
Sea.

The sun it was bright, and the day it was
warm.

Says I, "An auld pint wouldn't do me no
harm."

I went in and I called for a bottle of stout.
Says the barman, "I'm sorry the beer is
sold out.

Try whiskey or Paddy, ten years in the
wood."

Says I "I'll try cider I've heard that it's
good."

Oh never, oh never, oh never again,
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and
ten,
For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get
up,
After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up!

After lowering the third, I headed straight
for the yard,
Where I bumped into Brophy, the big civic
guard.

"Come here to me boy, don't you know
I'm the law?"

Well I up with my fist and I shattered his
jaw!

He fell to the ground with his knees
doubled up,

But it wasn't I hit him, t'was the Johnny
Jump Up.

The next thing I met down in Youghal by
the Sea,

Was a cripple on crutches, and says he to
me:

"I'm afraid of me life, I'll be hit by a car.

Would you help me across to the
Railwayman's Bar?"

And after three pints of the cider so
sweet,

He threw down his crutches, and he
danced on his feet.

Oh never, oh never, oh never again,
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and
ten,

For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get
up,
After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up!

Now I went up the Lee Road, a friend for
to see

They call it the Madhouse in Cork by the
Lee.

But when I got up there, the truth I do to
tell;

They had the poor bugger locked up in
his cell!

Says the guard testing him, say these
words if you can:

"Around the rugged rocks the ragged
rascal ran."

"Tell them I'm not crazy, tell them I'm not
mad;

T'was only six pints of that cider I had!"

Oh never, oh never, oh never again,
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and
ten,

For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get
up,
After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up!

Now a man died in the Union by the name
of McNabb.

They washed him and placed him outside
on a slab.

And after the coroner his measurements
did take,
His wife took him home to a bloody fine
wake!
'Twas about twelve o'clock and the beer it
was high,
The corpse he sat up, and he says with a
sigh:
"I can't get to heaven, they won't let me
up,
'Til I bring them a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up!"

Oh never, oh never, oh never again,
If I live to a hundred or a hundred and
ten,
For I fell to the ground and I couldn't get
up,
After drinking a pint of the Johnny Jump
Up!

Version compiled from Christy Moore and
Gaelic Storm

Gaelic Storm:

<https://youtu.be/2JeBsLrdBzs>

Christy Moore:

<https://youtu.be/TqYh4N-WruU>

Johnny's Far Away

~ Richard Thompson

Johnny's joined a ceilidh band,
They're known quite well throughout the
land, The Drones
The Drones are signed up on a cruise
While Tracey's laying in the booze back
home
She's got herself another man, a
smoothie
While the kids are in the front room
watching movies
She's got him in a head lock, in an side
lock, in a jam
She says, I can't express myself with my
old man

While Johnny's Far away on the Rolling,
Rolling
Johnny's Far Away On The Rolling Sea

Johnny's cruising out to sea
And he believes in chastity - for some
The wealthy widows bill and coo
He fends off one or two, and then
succumbs
As they're turning hard-a-port in the
Bahamas
He's turning her right out of her pyjamas
He's turned her every which way to the
rhythm of the sea
He says, I can't express myself with my
old lady

While Johnny's Far away on the Rolling,
Rolling
Johnny's Far Away On The Rolling Sea

Johnny's home, he opens up his door
While someone's sneaking out the back
And Tracey says, you look so poorly
Sores and all, you ought to see the quack

She wipes the snot from off the kiddies'
noses
He charms her with eleven battered roses
And by and by they get down to the job of
man and wife
Back to the old comforts of the missionary
life

While Johnny's Far away on the Rolling,
Rolling
Johnny's Far Away On The Rolling Sea

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/efbjJ4wxHOA>

The Jolly Beggar

[Roud 118 ; Child 279 ; Mudcat 118078 ; trad.]

It's of a jolly beggarman came tripping
o'er the plain
He came unto a farmer's door a lodging
for to gain
The farmer's daughter she came down
and viewed him cheek and chin
She says, He is a handsome man. I pray
you take him in

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the
night
We'll go no more a roving, let the moon
shine so bright
We'll go no more a roving

He would not lie within the barn nor yet
within the byre
But he would in the corner lie down by the
kitchen fire
O then the beggar's bed was made of
good clean sheets and hay
And down beside the kitchen fire the jolly
beggar lay

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the
night
We'll go no more a roving, let the moon
shine so bright
We'll go no more a roving

The farmer's daughter she got up to bolt
the kitchen door
And there she saw the beggar standing
naked on the floor
He took the daughter in his arms and to
the bed he ran
Kind sir, she says, be easy now, you'll
waken our goodman

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the
night
We'll go no more a roving, let the moon
shine so bright
We'll go no more a roving

Now you are no beggar, you are some
gentleman
For you have stole my maidenhead and I
am quite undone
I am the lord, I am the squire, of beggars I
be one
And beggars they be robbers all, so you
re quite undone

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the
night
We'll go no more a roving, let the moon
shine so bright
We'll go no more a roving

She took the bed in both her hands and
threw it at the wall
Says, Go you with the beggarman, my
maidenhead and all

We'll go no more a roving, a roving in the
night
We'll go no more a roving, let the moon
shine so bright
We'll go no more a roving

Planxty: <https://youtu.be/Z915wxDzLsU>

Planxty: <https://youtu.be/aJ0vRnwUfGQ>

Journey's End

~ J. B. Goodenough

The fire is out; the moon is down;
The parting glass is dry and done,
And I must go and leave this town
Before the rising of the sun.
And long's the road and many's the mile
Before I rest my soul again,
With girls that weep and girls that smile
And all the words and ways of men.

For some there are who may not bide,
But wander to the journey's end,
Nor take a girl to be a bride,
Nor keep a man to be a friend.
And when I'm done with wandering,
I'll sit beside the road and weep
For all the songs I did not sing,
And promises I did not keep.

Teacups: <https://youtu.be/916josDHtRg>

Teacups: https://youtu.be/lA_zjWiu9po

Juniper, Gentle and Rosemary

[Roud 161 ; Child 1 ; Ballad Index C001 ;
Bodleian Roud 161 ; trad.]

Pete Coe sings Juniper, Gentle and
Rosemary

There were three sisters fair and bright,
Juniper, gentle and rosemary,
And they three loved one valiant knight,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.

And the eldest sister let him in,
And she barred the door with a silver pin.

And the middle sister made the bed,
And laid soft pillows beneath his head.

But the youngest sister that same night
She resolved to wed with that valiant
knight.

“Oh it's you must answer my questions
three,
And then, fair maid, we can married be.

“Oh, what is louder than the horn?
And what is sharper than any thorn?”

“Oh, rumour is louder than the horn,
And hunger is sharper than any thorn.”

“And what is greener than the grass?
And what is smoother than the glass?”

“Oh, envy is greener than the grass,
And flatter is smoother than the glass.”

“And what is keener than the axe?
And what is softer than melting wax?”

“Oh, revenge is keener than the axe,
And love is softer than melting wax.”

“Now you have answered my questions
three,
And now, fair maid, we can married be.”

Jon Boden:

https://youtu.be/9mUXWRK1Z_Q

Just The Motion

~ Richard Thompson

When you're rocked on the ocean, rocked
up and down, don't worry
When you're spinning and turning round
and around, don't worry
You're just feeling sea-sick, you're just
feeling weak
Your mind is confused and you can't
seem to speak
It's just the motion, it's just the motion

When the landlord is knocking and your
job is losing, don't worry
And the baby needs rocking and your
friends are confusing, don't worry
You're just feeling sea-sick, you're just
feeling weak
Your mind is confused and you can't
seem to speak
Oh, it's just the motion, it's just the motion

Blown by a hundred winds, knocked
down a hundred times
Rescued and carried along. Beaten and
half-dead and gone
And it's only the pain that's keeping you
sane
And gives you a mind to travel on

Oh the motion won't leave you, won't let
you remain, don't worry
It's a restless wind and a sleepless rain,
don't worry
'Cause under the ocean at the bottom of
the sea
You can't hear the storm, it's as peaceful
as can be
It's just the motion, it's just the motion

Blown by a hundred winds, knocked
down a hundred times

Rescued and carried along. Beaten and
half-dead and gone
And it's only the pain that's keeping you
sane
And gives you a mind to travel on

Oh the motion won't leave you, won't let
you remain, don't worry
It's a restless wind and a sleepless rain,
don't worry
'Cause under the ocean at the bottom of
the sea
You can't hear the storm, it's as peaceful
as can be
It's just the motion, it's just the motion
It's just the motion, it's just the motion

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/p0JI73rKKPI>

Justice

~ Alan Price

We all want justice but you got to have
the money to buy it
You'd have to be a fool to close your eyes
and deny it
There's a lot of poor people who are
walking the streets of my town
Too blind to see that justice is used to do
them right down

All life from beginning to end
You pay your monthly installments
Next to health is wealth
And only wealth will buy you justice

There'll always be a fool who insists on
taking his chances
And that is the man who believes in true
love romances
He will trust and rely on the goodness of
human nature
Now a judge will tell you that's a pathetic
creature

All life from beginning to end
You pay your monthly installments
Next to health is wealth
And only wealth will buy you justice

Money, justice
Money and justice
Money, justice

Alan Price:

<https://youtu.be/QTkt8M9Tg6o>

Justice In the Streets

~ Richard Thompson

There's sickness in this land
Hearts have turned to sand
Crushed with an iron hand
There's justice in the streets

They fooled you for so long
You can't tell right from wrong
They are weak and you are strong
There's justice in the streets

Sometimes it seems a man can't hold his
head up
To be just what he is he feels ashamed
They take away his dignity and freedom
But they can never take away the flame

Tired of living in shame
Tired of a ball and chain
Run them down like a train
There's justice in the streets

They've got you chained to a wheel
'Til you don't know how to feel
'Til you can't tell what's real
There's justice in the streets

How can you fight a man without a
shadow
How can you fight a face you've never
seen
A drop of rain will run into a river
O see the river wash the valley clean

Katie Catch

[Roud 12967]

Down in yonder meadow where the green
grass grows,
Little Katie Catch goes a-washing of her
clothes,
She sang, and she sang, and she sang
so sweet,
Come over, Johnny Walker, come over
the street.

Katie Catch come draw the latch
And sit by the fire and sing,
Take up a cup and fill it up
And let the neighbours in.

Little Katie Catch she made a pudding
nice and sweet,
Young Johnny Walker took a spoon for to
eat.
Taste love, taste love, don't say no,
Tomorrow we'll be married, to the church
we will go.

Katie Catch come draw the latch
And sit by the fire and sing,
Take up a cup and fill it up
And let the neighbours in.

Bedding sheets and pillow slips and
blankets and all,
A little baby on your knee and that's the
best of all.
A guinea, a guinea, a guinea gold ring,
Come take me to the church and hear the
little choir boys sing.

Katie Catch come draw the latch
And sit by the fire and sing,
Take up a cup and fill it up
And let the neighbours in.

A guinea gold ring and a peacock hat,

A penny for the church and a feather for
his cap.

She paints her cheek and he curls his
hair,

She kisses Johnny Walker at the foot of
the stair.

Katie Catch come draw the latch
And sit by the fire and sing,
Take up a cup and fill it up
And let the neighbours in.

Fay Hield: <https://youtu.be/nLqyg5TQ9zo>

Keep Your Distance

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/hlKNMBfYle8>

If I cross your path again, who knows
where, who knows when
On some morning without number, on
some highway without end
Don't grasp my hand and say "Fate has
brought you here today"
Oh fate is only fooling with us, friend

Keep your distance, oh keep your
distance
When I feel you close to me what can I do
but fall
Keep your distance, keep your distance
Ah with us it must be all or none at all

It's a desperate game we play, throw our
souls, our lives, away
Wounds that can't be mended and debts
that can't be paid
O I played and I got stung now I'm biting
back my tongue
I'm sweeping out the footprints where I
strayed

Keep your distance, keep your distance
When I feel you close to me what can I do
but fall
Keep your distance, oh keep your
distance
With us it must be all or none at all

Keep your distance, oh keep your
distance
When I feel you close to me what can I do
but fall
Keep your distance, oh keep your
distance
With us it must be all or none at all
With us it must be all or none at all
With us it must be all or none at all

Killerman Gold Posse

~ Richard Thompson

I ride with the Killerman Gold Posse
And we rob from the rich and we give to
the poor
And the poor are we, and the poor are we
And we are so poor, and we want some
more
And it's just another, just another, just
another, just another,
Just another, just another, just another,
just another day

We steal your watches and we steal your
rings
And we steal your money and we steal
your gold
And we ride on a train like old Jesse
James
In the days of old, in the days of old
And it's just another, just another, just
another, just another,
Just another, just another, just another,
just another day

We are children, please don't take our
freedom away
We are children, please don't take our
freedom away
We are children, please don't take our
freedom away
And it's just another, just another, just
another

I ride with the Killerman Gold Posse
And we rob from the rich and we give to
the poor
And I got a knife and he's got a knife
And it's trouble and strife and it's run for
your life
And it's just another, just another, just
another, just another,

Just another, just another, just another,
just another,
Just another, just another, just another,
just another,
Just another, just another, just another,
just another day

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/bVBSEfWeej4>

Kitchen Door Blues

~ Tennessee Williams / Geoff Muldaur

An old lady died of a common cold.
She smoked cigars and was ninety years
old.
She was thin as paper with the ribs of a
kite,
And she flew out the kitchen door one
night.

Well, I'm not much younger than the old
lady was,
When she lost gravitation, and I smoke
cigars.
Well, I look kinda peaked, an' I feel kinda
poor,
So for God's sake, lock that kitchen door!

Geoff Muldaur:

https://youtu.be/6SP_3f6Gcfl

The Lads In Their Hundreds

~ A E Housman (1896) / John Mayberry
(2021)

<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/5720/5720-h/5720-h.htm>

XXIII

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow
 come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge
 and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the
 liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that
 will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field
 and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and
 many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the
 handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their
 truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there
 were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can
 never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly
 and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that
 they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and
 there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at
 and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the
 mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and
 never be old.

From A Shropshire Lad (1896), "XXIII"

The Last Trip Home

~ Davey Steele / John McCusker

I have worked on farms and from the the
start the muckle horses won my heart,
With big broad backs they proudly stand,
the uncrowned kings of all the land,
And yet for all their power and strength,
they're as gentle as a summer's wind.

So steady, boys; walk on; our work is
nearly done,
No more we'll till or plough the fields; the
horses' day is gone,
And this will be our last trip home, so
steady, boys; walk on.

Now you'll hear men sing their songs of
praise, of Arab stallions in a race,
Or hunters that fly with the hounds, to
chase the fox and run them down,
But none of them compare I vow, to a
workin' pair that pulls a plough.

So steady, boys; walk on; our work is
nearly done,
No more we'll till or plough the fields; the
horses' day is gone,
And this will be our last trip home, so
steady, boys; walk on.

And all the years I've plied my trade, and
all the fields we've ploughed and laid,
I never thought I'd see the time when a
Clydesdale's work would ever end,
But progress runs its driven course and
tractors have replaced the horse.

So steady, boys; walk on; our work is
nearly done,
No more we'll till or plough the fields; the
horses' day is gone,
And this will be our last trip home, so
steady, boys; walk on.

As we head back our friends have lined
the road to be there one last time,
For none of them would want to miss, the
chance to see us pass like this,
They'll say they saw in years to come, the
muckle horses' last trip home.

So steady, boys; walk on; our work is
nearly done,
No more we'll till or plough the fields; the
horses' day is gone,
And this will be our last trip home, so
steady, boys; walk on.

* muckle = heavy / big

Battlefield Band:

https://youtu.be/bV_9kSUfd_U

Laundroloverette

~ John Kirkpatrick

Round go the clothes in the
washing-machine
The water all bubbles, the air filled with
steam
I've come here today to get my clothes
clean
But my heart is as black as the coal

Just one week ago a girl came in here
The loveliest creature, her beauty shone
clear
I was lost in a moment, oh I loved her so
dear
As she emptied her big plastic bag

Blue were her Levi's and brown was her
hair
And red was the blush as she noticed my
stare
And white was the hanky that flew
through the air
As she flung all her stuff in the tub

I boldly stepped up to her and this I did
say
Do you have you got any change for I've
got none today
The gas-meter's taken all my ten p's away
And I've only got fifties and fives

So she gave me some silver, said she'd
plenty to spare
And the touch of her hand it was too
much to bear
And my reason went from me, flew up in
the air
And out through the roof with the steam

D'you fancy a drink, love, there's a pub
down the road

It's a bit more exciting than watching your
load
And she smiled so sweetly I thought I'd
explode
And we both trundled off down the pub

The washing was finished by the time we
came in
We both shared one dryer, we got
everything in
And to see our clothes mingle, oh, it
made my heart spin
I thought I had found me a bride

So I said, My fair maiden, shall I see you
again
I live just round the corner, it's the house
on the bend
And I'm always here Thursdays around
about ten
And I held up her big plastic bag

Oh no, she replied, I'm afraid that can't be
I'm just off to the college, there's a lad
there for me
I'll be with him tomorrow, and so happy
we'll be
Thanks for the drink, I must go

Never again will I see one so fair
Ten minutes or longer I only could spare
On the floor a white hanky to show she'd
been there
My love had all tumbled dry

Round go the clothes in the
washing-machine
The water all bubbles, the air filled with
steam
I've come here today to get my clothes
clean
But my heart is as black as the coal

John Kirkpatrick :

https://youtu.be/oj3_YJaAg-s

Lemady / Arise and Pick a Posy

[Roud 193 , 2445 ; Mudcat 11800 ,
13441 ; trad.]

The Albion Band sing Lemady

Hark, says the fair maid, the nightingale is
singing,
The larks they are ringing their notes up
in the air.
Small birds and turtledoves on every
bough are building,
The sun is just a-glimmering; arise my
dear.

Rise up, my fair one, and pick your love a
posy,
It is the finest flower that ever my eyes did
see.
It's I will bring you posies, both lily-white
pinks and roses;
There's none so fair a flower as the lad I
adore.

Lemady, Lemady, you are a lovely
creature,
You are the fairest flower that ever my
eyes did see.
I'll play you a tune all on the pipes of ivory
So early in the morning before break of
day.

Arise and pick a posy, sweet lily-pink and
rosy
It is the finest flower that ever I did see
Small birds and turtledoves on every
bough are building
The sun is just a-glimmering; arise my
dear.

Albion Band: <https://youtu.be/6eaXSIfFCjk>

Let the Bulgine Run

[Roud 810]

Oh The smartest packet you can find
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
Is the old Wildcat of the Swallowtail Line
So clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Liza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

Now the old Wildcat of the Swallowtail
Line
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
She's never a day behind her time.
So clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Liza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

We're outward bound for New York Town
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
Them Bowery gals we'll waltz around.
So clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Liza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

And when we dock at the South Street
Pier
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
We'll all go ashore and have some beer.

So clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Liza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

When we get back to Liverpool town
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
I'll stand you whiskies all around.
So clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Liza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

When I get home across the sea
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
Eliza will you marry me?
So clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Liza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the
bulgine run.

John Roberts:

https://youtu.be/y6ia_ob-OSM

Let Union Be in All Our Hearts

[Roud 1238 , 17141 ; Mudcat 88774 ;
trad.]

Come my lads, let us be jolly
Drive away dull melancholy,
For to grieve it is a folly
When we're met together.

Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Whack-folla-rolle-rye, too-ra-lie-doe (3x)
When we're met together.

Solomon in all his glory
Told each wife a different story,
In our cups we'll sing him glory
When we're met together.

Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Whack-folla-rolle-rye, too-ra-lie-doe (3x)
When we're met together.

Eating and drinking are quite charming,
Smoking and piping there's no harm in.
All these things we'll delight in
When we're met together.

Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Whack-folla-rolle-rye, too-ra-lie-doe (3x)
When we're met together.

Grab the bottle as it passes,
Do not fail to fill your glasses.
Water drinkers are dull asses
When we're met together.

Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Whack-folla-rolle-rye, too-ra-lie-doe (3x)
When we're met together.

Cease your quarreling and fighting,
Evil-speaking and backbiting.
All these things take no delight in
When we're met together.

Let union be in all our hearts,
Let all our hearts be joined as one.
We'll end the day as we began,
We'll end it all in pleasure.
Whack-folla-rolle-rye, too-ra-lie-doe (3x)
When we're met together.

Jon Boden: <https://youtu.be/vU89yr9yEbo>
Folly Bridge:
<https://youtu.be/cpTEGdmv0Jk>

The Lincolnshire Shepherd

[Roud 1469 ; words Jesse Baggageley,
music Maurice Ogg]

Everyman's Book of English Country
Songs (The Watsons sing a slightly
altered version, omitting verse 6.)

Chorus:

Yan, tan, tethera, tethera, pethera, pimp.
Yon owd ewe's far-weltd, and this ewe's
got a limp
Sethera, methera, hovera, and covera up
to dik,
Aye, we can deal wi' 'em all, and wheer's
me crook and stick?

I count 'em up to figgits, and figgits have
a notch,
There's more to being a shepherd than
being on watch;
There's swedes to chop and lambing time
and snow upon the rick,
Sethera, methera, hovera, and covera up
to dik.

* Mike Waterson sings last line as "Yan,
tan, tethera, and covera up to dik."

From Caistor down to Spilsby from
Sleaford up to Brigg,
There's Lincoln sheep all on the chalk, all
hung wi' wool and big.
And I, here in Langton wi' this same old
flock,
Just as me grandad did afore they
meddled with the clock.

We've bred our tups and gimmers for the
wool and length and girth,
And sheep have lambed, have gone
away all o'er all the earth.
They're bred in foreign flocks to give the
wool its length and crimp,
Yan, tan, tethera, pethera, pimp.

They're like a lot of bairns, they are, like
children of me own,
They fondle round about owd Shep afore
they're strong and grown;
But they gets independent-like, before
you know, they've gone,
But yet again, next lambing time we'll 'a'
more to carry on.

Yan, tan, tethera, tethera, pethera, pimp,
Fifteen notches up to now and one ewe
with a limp.
You reckons I should go away, you know
I'll never go,
For lambing time's on top of us and it'll
surely snow.

Well, one day I'll leave me ewes, I'll leave
me ewes for good,
And then you'll know what breeding is in
flocks and human blood;
For our Tom's come out o' t' army, his
face as red as brick,
Sethera, methera, hovera, and covera up
to dik.

Now lambing time come reg'lar-like, just
as it's always been,
And shepherds have to winter 'em and
tent 'em till they're weaned
My fambly had it 'fore I came, they'll have
it when I sleep,
So we can count our lambing times as I
am countin' sheep.

Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/37RpmLEIkQ>

yan, tan, tethera, pethera, pimp, sethera,
methera, hovera, covera, dik, yan a dik,
tan a dik, tethera dik, pethera dik, bumfits,
yan a bumfits, tan a bumfits, tethera
bumfits, pethera bumfits, figgits.

The Little Beggar Girl

~ Richard Thompson

I'm just a little beggar girl and Sally is my
name

You can call me a skiver and I'll call you
the same

You can show me you're sorry if you think
it's a shame

That I'm only a poor little beggar girl
Yes I'm only a poor little beggar girl
You can show me you're sorry if you think
it's a shame

That I'm only a poor little beggar girl

I'll dance with my peg leg a-wiggling at
the knee

I'll play on the accordion my father gave
to me

For it's well worth it all to please a gent
such as thee

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl
Yes I'm only a poor little beggar girl
And it's well worth it all to please a gent
such as thee

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl

I've been down to London, I've been up to
Crewe

I travel far and wide to do the work that I
do

'Cause I love taking money off a snob like
you

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl
Yes I'm only a poor little beggar girl
And I love taking money off a snob like
you

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl

Oh the poor they will be rich, and the rich
they will be poor

That's according to Saul when he wrote
down the law

And I'd much rather be rich after than
before

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl
Yes I'm only a poor little beggar girl
And I'd much rather be rich, after than
before

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl

If the words of my song do your
conscience alarm

Just remember generosity is like a lucky
charm

If you give me your money it'll do you no
harm

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl
Yes I'm only a poor little beggar girl
If you give me your money it'll do you no
harm

For I'm only a poor little beggar girl

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/jDXoPsu9hsg>

Little Blue Number

~ Richard Thompson

My oh my, but you do look the killer
Never mind the duds just look at that hat
All that green chartreuse on the waistcoat
How do you come by something like that?

Where did you get that little blue number?
How do you make those rhinestones
shine?
Do you go on the prowl while other folks
slumber?
Did you steal those things right off of the
line?
Hold your horses, that's something of
mine
That little blue number, little blue number
Little blue number, little blue number

Ice blue jacket, vent down the middle
Shark-skin trimmings and all that jazz
Real rabbit's foot on a two-tone tie pin
Lots of good luck and razzamatazz

Where did you get that little blue number?
How do you squeeze into something like
that?
Is that the same one I was wearing last
summer?
I wish I was glad for you, but I'm sorry
Did the whole thing fall off the back of a
lorry?
That little blue number, little blue number
Little blue number, little blue number

Tartan shirt with the button-down collar
Velvet hat-band, crocodile shoes
Diamond bracelets, houndstooth pockets
Everybody saying "Here comes good
news"

Where did you get that little blue number?
Rings a bell in the back of my mind

You better come clean if you don't want to
lumber

I told you three times, you don't seem to
get it

That's my idea, you're taking the credit
That little blue number, little blue number
Little blue number, little blue number

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/8bABb1EQcfc>

The Lofty Tall Ship

[Roud 104]

Waterson:Carthy:

https://youtu.be/Uc4wbZyQQ_U

As we were gone sailing five cold frosty
nights,
Five cold frosty nights and four days,
Before we did spy there a lofty tall ship,
She come bearing down on us, brave
boys.

“Oh where are you going, you lofty tall
ship?
What makes you to venture so nigh?
For I have turned robbing all on the salt
sea
To maintain my two brothers and I.”

“Then heave on your courses and let go
your main sheets
And bring yourself under my lee.
And I will take from you your rich
merchant's goods, merchant's goods,
And I'll point your bow guns to the sea.”

“No, not heave up my courses nor let go
my main sheets
Nor let her come under your lee.
Nor you will take from me my rich
merchant's goods, merchant's goods,
Nor you'll point my bow guns to the sea.”

Now broadside and broadside these
vessels they went,
They were fighting four hours or more.
Till Henry Martin gave to her a broadside
And she sank and she never rose more.

Sad news, Henry Martin, sad news I've to
tell,
Sad news it is going around.
Of a lofty tall ship and she's cast away
And the whole of her merry men drowned.

Lonely Hearts

~ Richard Thompson

We may never meet in the light of day
If we passed on the street, would we look
the other way
So I search for you where we can't be
seen
And I know we'll meet on the page of this
magazine

Two lonely hearts in an ocean of
loneliness
Two lonely hearts in a shipwreck of pain
We call to each other as we drown in the
city
O why
Do we have to remain
The outcasts in love and the losers in
gain?

It's a mean old town, can't show your
heart
If you stand up and say what you mean
they tear you apart
And they call it love, sell it by the pound
But the lovers are gone or they're living
down underground

Two lonely hearts in an ocean of
loneliness
Two lonely hearts in a shipwreck of pain
Call to each other as we drown in the city
O why
Do we have to remain
The outcasts in love and the losers in
gain?

No-one needs a friend, no-one cares no
more
They'll look hard at you but they won't
take the chain off the door
O they work and slave, keep their
conscience clean

They come home at night and they talk to
an empty screen

Two lonely hearts in an ocean of
loneliness
Two lonely hearts in a shipwreck of pain
Call to each other as we drown in the city
O why
Do we have to remain
The outcasts in love and the losers in
gain?

Two lonely hearts, two lonely hearts
Two lonely hearts, two lonely hearts
Call to each other as we drown in the city
O why
Do we have to remain
The outcasts in love and the losers in
gain?
The outcasts in love and the losers in
gain?

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/86t2jXehdHk>

Long Lankin

[Roud 6 ; Master title: Lamkin]

Says mylord to mylady as he mounted his
horse,
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the
moss."

Says mylord to mylady as he went on his
way,
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the
hay."

"See the doors are all bolted, see the
windows all pinned,
And leave not a crack for a mouse to
creep in."

Oh, the doors were all bolted, oh, the
windows were pinned,
But at a small peep in the window Long
Lankin crept in.

"Where's the lord of this household?"
cries Long Lankin.
"He's away up to London," says the false
nurse to him.

"Where's the lady of the household?"
cries Long Lankin.
"She's asleep in her chamber," says the
false nurse to him.

"Where's the heir of the household?" cries
Long Lankin.
"He's asleep in his cradle," says the false
nurse to him.

"We'll pinch him and we'll prick him all
over with a pin.
And that'll make mylady to come down to
him."

So they pinched him and they pricked him
all over with a pin.
And the false nurse held the basin for the
blood to drip in.

"Oh nurse how you slumber, oh nurse
how you sleep,
You leave my little son to cry and to
weep."

"Oh nurse how you slumber, oh nurse
how you snore,
You leave me little baby to cry and to
roar."

"Oh, I tried him with the milk and I've tried
him with the pap.
Come down, my pretty lady, and rock him
in your lap."

"Oh, I've tried him with the rattle and I've
tried him with the bell.
Come down, my pretty lady, and rock him
yourself."

"How dare I come down in the dead of the
night
When there's no candles burning nor no
fires alight?"

"You have three silver gowns all bright as
the sun.
Come down, my pretty lady, all by the
light of one."

Oh, the lady came downstairs, she was
thinking no harm.
Long Lankin he stood ready for to catch
her in his arm.

There's blood in the kitchen, there's blood
in the hall,
There's blood in the parlour where mylady
did fall.

Her handmaid stood out at the window so
high
And she saw her lord and master come
a-riding close by.

“Oh master, oh master, don't lay no blame
on me.
'Twas the false nurse and Lankin that
killed your lady.”

“Oh master, oh master, don't lay no blame
on me.
It was the false nurse and Lankin that
killed your baby.”

Long Lankin shall be hanged on the
gallows so high.
And the false nurse shall be burned in the
fire close by.

Martin Carthy:
<https://youtu.be/MTSXR4wsVAk>

Lord Franklin

[Roud 487]

It was homeward bound one night on the
deep,
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep.
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

With a hundred seamen he sailed away
To the frozen ocean in the month of May
To seek that passage around the Pole
Where we poor sailors do sometimes go.

Through cruel hardships these men did
go
His ship on mountains of ice was drove,
Where the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one who ever come
through.

In Baffin Bay where the whale fish blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know.
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell,
Lord Franklin along with his sailors do
dwell.

And now my burden it gives me pain,
For my long lost Franklin I'd cross the
main.
Ten thousand pounds would I freely give
To know on earth that my Franklin do live.

Martin Carthy:

https://youtu.be/cBi-C_kFmpg

A Love You Can't Survive

~ Richard Thompson

Now I remember the promise I gave you
The night I shipped out as a peace
volunteer
As we sat holding hands in the Lamb and
Flag tavern
I swore I'd be back for you same time
next year

But I killed a man in a Brazzaville street
fight
I tried to hold back, but he taunted me so
5 years till they freed me from that
Brazzaville prison
Out of boredom or pity, I never will know

Now I bear the stain
The scar on my name
I never can go back again

There's a love you can't survive
And it burns you up inside

I sailed my boat into New Orleans
harbour
Tied up at the jetty, as bold as you please
With a half-ton of charlie built in to the
bulkhead
Right under the noses of all them police

Now here I sit in my house on the
mountain
King of the clouds and all I survey
There's women who are willing, and the
law can't touch me
Yours is the one face that won't go away

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/ub4FfejiN-s>

Lovely Joan

[Roud 592]

A fine young man it was indeed,
Mounted on his milk-white steed.
He rode, he rode, and he rode all alone
Until he came to lovely Joan.

"Good morning to you, my pretty maid."
And "Twice good morning, sir," she said.
He tipped her the wink, and she rolled her
dark eye.
Says he to himself, "I'll be there by and
by."

"Oh, don't you think these pooks of hay
A pretty place for us to play?
So come with me, me sweet young thing,
And I'll give you my golden ring."

So he took off his ring of gold,
Says, "Me pretty fair miss, do this behold.
Freely I'll give it for your maidenhead."
And her cheeks they blushed like the
roses red.

"Come give that ring into my hand
And I will neither stay nor stand.
For your ring is worth much more to me
Than twenty maidenheads," said she.

And as he made for the pooks of hay,
She leapt on his horse and tore away.
He called, he called, but he called in vain,
For Joan she ne'er looked back again.

Nor did she she think herself quite safe
Until she came to her true love's gate.
She'd robbed him of his horse and ring
And she left him to rage in the meadows
green.

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/MLGbAq5cNDk>

Lovely on the Water

[Roud 1539]

As I walked out one morning
In the springtime of the year
I overheard a sailor boy
Likewise a lady fair

They sang a song together
Made the valleys for to ring
While the birds on the spray in the
 meadows gay
Proclaimed the lovely spring

Said Willy unto Nancy
Oh we soon must sail away
For its lovely on the water
To hear the music play

For our Queen she do want seamen
So I will not stay on shore
I will brave the wars for my country
Where the blund'ring cannons roar

Poor Nancy fell and fainted
But soon he brought her to
For it's there they kissed and there
 embraced
And took a fond adieu

Come change your ring with me my love
For we may meet once more
But there's one above that will guard you
 love
Where the blund'ring cannons roar

For pounds it is our bounty
And that must do for thee
But to help the aged parents
While I am on the sea

For Tower Hill is crowded
With mother's weeping sore
For their sons are gone to face the war

Where the blundering cannons roar

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/n01T7ejqKWk>

Lovers and Friends

~ Seán Mone (Keady, Armagh)

Battles and wars leave deep wounds and
scars.

Deep wounds are long in the mending.
While reflecting upon all that has gone,
Life rushes on to its ending.

Though sorrow and pain in our memories
remain,

And by memories lifetimes are measured,
Still the times that we spend among
lovers and friends

Are times we'll remember with pleasure.

So fill up your glass that future and past
In harmony be determined,
For there's more friendship poured out in
one bottle of stout
Than you'll find in statute or sermon.

I've heard all the old songs, all the rights,
all the wrongs,
Heard prophets of doom and destruction,
Street corner messiahs and moral
pariahs,
Dealers in bribes and corruption.
From the holy and wise, denials and lies,
When innocent youth was forsaken,
Yet I've watched the night end among
lovers and friends,
And been sorry to see the dawn breaking.

So fill up your glass that future and past
In harmony be determined, ...

And there are those who are certain that
drinking and courtin'
Are the sure way to hell and damnation,
But if that is to be, it would seem clear to
me
That their god has no sense of occasion.

To help his great plan, both woman and
man

Bring forth each new generation,
And a wee drop of stout and the odd bit of
a holt * (sex)

Can greatly assist procreation.

So fill up your glass, throw your arm
round your lass.

In harmony be determined,
For there's more friendship poured out in
one bottle of stout
Than you'll find in statute or sermon.

To the brashest and proudest and those
who shout loudest,
It would seem that power has been given
To berate us, deride us, separate and
divide us

In the hope of their version of heaven;
But mountains and rivers will by far
outlive us,

And when our bones into dust they have
withered,

There'll be lovers and friends who will still
comprehend

The true reason we're all here together.

So fill up your glass that future and past
In harmony be determined, ...

I first heard at a pub sing at The
Gardeners Rest in Sheffield on 23
July 2018 sung by Pete Smith.

Seán Mone (2014):

<https://youtu.be/SLrEUzDsXEc>

Battlefield Band:

<https://youtu.be/lbA36aqBi9c>

Lydia the Tattooed Lady

~ Harold Arlen & Yip Harburg (c1939)

Lydia, oh Lydia, say, have you met Lydia?
Lydia the tattooed lady
She has eyes that men adore so
And a torso even more so
Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclopedia
Lydia, the queen of tattoo
On her back is the Battle of Waterloo
Beside it the Wreck of the Hesperus, too
And proudly above waves the red, white
and blue
You can learn a lot from Lydia

(la la la la la la)
(la la la la la la)

When her robe is unfurled, she will show
you the world
If you step up and tell her where
For a dime you can see Kankakee or
Paree
Or Washington crossing the Delaware

(la la la la la la)
(la la la la la la)

Lydia, oh Lydia, say, have you met Lydia?
Lydia the tattooed lady
When her muscles start relaxin'
Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson
Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclopedia
Lydia, the queen of tattoo
For two bits she will do a mazurka in jazz
With a view of Niagara that nobody has
And on a clear day, you can see Alcatraz
You can learn a lot from Lydia

(la la la la la la)
(la la la la la la)

Come along and see Buffalo Bill with his
lasso

Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso
Here's Captain Spaulding exploring the
Amazon

Here's Godiva but with her pajamas on

(la la la la la la)
(la la la la la la)

Here is Grover Whalen unveilin' the
Trylon
Over on the West Coast we have
Treasure Island
Here's Najinsky a-doin' the rhumba
Here's her social security numba

(la la la la la la)
(la la la la la la)

Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclopedia
Lydia, the queen of them all
She once swept an admiral clear off his
feet
The ships on her hips made his heart skip
a beat
And now the old boy's in command of the
fleet
For he went and married Lydia

I said Lydia
He said Lydia
I said Lydia
He said Lydia
Ole!

Marx Brothers "At the Circus":
https://youtu.be/n4zRe_wvJw8

A Man In Need

~ Richard Thompson

I packed my rags, went down the hill
Left my dependents a-lying still
Just as the dawn was rising up
I was making good speed
I left a letter lying on the bed
From a man in need, it read

You know it's so hard, It's so hard to find
Well, well, well. Who's going to cure the
heart of a man in need?

All of my friends don't comprehend me
Their kind of style it just offends me
I want to take 'em, I want to shake 'em
'Till they pay me some heed
Oh, you've got to ride in one direction
Until you find the right connection

You know it's so hard, so, so, so, so
Well, well. Who's going to cure the heart
of a man in need?

Who's going to give you real happiness?
Who's going to give you contentedness?
Who's going to lead you? Who's going to
feed you?
And cut you free?
Well I've sailed every ship in the sea
But I travelled this world in misery

You know it's so hard, so hard, so hard
Well, well. Who's going to cure the heart
of a man in need?

Well who's going to shoe your feet?
Ah who's going to pay your rent?
And who's going to stand by you?
Well, well, well, well
Who's going to cure the heart of a man in
need?
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Of a man in need

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/hl7ChoZdNd4>

Man in the Moon

[Roud 21397]

When a bumper is filled, it is vexing, no
doubt,
To find when you rise that the wine has
run out;
And sure it's an equally unpleasant thing
To be asked for a song when you've
naught left to sing.
I could sing something old, if an old one
would do,
But the world it is craving to have
something new.
But what to select for the words or the
tune?
I, in fact, know no more than the Man in
the Moon.

The Man in the Moon a new light on us
throws,
He's a man we all talk of but nobody
knows.
And though a high subject, I'm getting in
tune,
I'll just sing a song for the Man in the
Moon.

'Tis said that some people are
moonstruck, we find,
But the Man in the Moon must be out of
his mind.
But it can't be for love for he's quite on his
own,
No ladies to meet him by moonlight alone.
It can't be ambition, for rivals he's none,
At least he is only eclipsed by the sun,
But when drinking, I say, he is seldom
surpassed,
For he always looks best when he's seen
through a glass.

The Man in the Moon a new light on us
throws,

He's a man we all talk of but nobody
knows.
And though a high subject, I'm getting in
tune,
I'll just sing a song for the Man in the
Moon.

The Man in the Moon he must lead a
queer life,
With no one around him, not even a wife,
No friends to console him, no children to
kiss,
No chance of his joining a party like this.
But he's used to high life, for each all
circles agree,
That none move in such a high circle as
he,
And though nobles go up in their royal
balloon,
They're not introduced to the Man in the
Moon.

The Man in the Moon a new light on us
throws,
He's a man we all talk of but nobody
knows.
And though a high subject, I'm getting in
tune,
I'll just sing a song for the Man in the
Moon.

The Full English:

<https://youtu.be/nfGzzhZfVs0>

Man Piaba

~ Harry Belafonte & Jack Rollins (1954)

This song is dedicated to all the parents
whose children have reached the age
of curiosity.

When I was a lad of three-foot-three
Certain questions occurred to me
So I asked me father quite seriously
To tell me the story 'bout the bird and bee
He stammered and he stuttered
pathetically
And this is what he said to me

He said, "The woman piaba and the man
piaba
And the Ton Ton call baka lemon grass
The lily root, gully root, belly root uhmm
And the famous grandy scratch scratch

It was clear as mud but it covered the
ground
And the confusion made the brain go
'round
I went and ask a good friend of mine
Known to the world as Albert Einstein
He said "Son, from the beginning of time
and creativity
There existed the force of relativity
Pi r square and a minus ten means a
routine only when
The solar system in one light year
Make the Hayden planetarium disappear
So if Mt Everest doesn't move
I am positive that it will prove

That the woman piaba and the man piaba
And the Ton Ton call baka lemon grass
The lily root, gully root, belly root uhmm
And the famous grandy scratch scratch

It was clear as mud but it covered the
ground

And the confusion made the brain go
'round
I grabbed a boat and went abroad
In Baden Baden asked Sigmund Freud
He said "Son, from your sad face remove
the grouch
Put the body down up on the couch
I can see from your frustration a neurotic
sublimation
Hey love and hate is psychosomatic
Your Rorschach shows that you're a
peripathetic
It all started with a broken sibling
In the words of the famous Rudyard
Kipling

That the woman piaba and the man piaba
And the Ton Ton call baka lemon grass
The lily root, gully root, belly root uhmm
And the famous grandy scratch scratch

Well I traveled far and I traveled wide
And I don't even have me self a bride
All the great men upon this earth
Have confused me since my birth
I've been over land and been over sea
Trying to find answer 'bout the bird and
bee
But now that I am ninety three
I don't give a darn you see

If the woman piaba and the man piaba
And the Ton Ton call baka lemon grass
The lily root, gully root, belly root uhmm
And the famous grandy scratch scratch

Harry Belafonte:

<https://youtu.be/mGBYLbVR2UA>

The Man that Waters the Workers' Beer

~ Paddy Ryan (c1938)

I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
And what do I care if it makes them ill
If it makes them terribly queer
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane,
And I waters the workers' beer.

Now when I waters the workers' beer
I puts in strychnine
Some methylated spirits
And a can of kerosene
Ah, but such a brew so terribly strong
It would make them terribly queer
So I reaches my hand for the
 watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer:

I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
And what do I care if it makes them ill
If it makes them terribly queer
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane,
And I waters the workers' beer.

Now a drop of good beer is good for a
 man
When he's tired, thirsty and hot
And I sometimes have a drop myself
From a very special pot
For a strong and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear
So I reaches my hand for the
 watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer:

I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
And what do I care if it makes them ill
If it makes them terribly queer
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane,
And I waters the workers' beer.

Now ladies fair, beyond compare
Be you maiden or wife
Spare a thought for such a man
Who leads such a lonely life
For the water rates are frightfully high,
And the meths is terribly dear
And there ain't the profit there used to be
In watering the workers' beer:

I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
I am the man, the very fat man
That waters the workers' beer
And what do I care if it makes them ill
If it makes them terribly queer
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane,
And I waters the workers' beer.

The Man That Waters the Workers' Beer
is from the pen of "Paddy Ryan" (Dr. R. E.
W. Fisher) written in 1938 when he was a
medical student. He recorded the song a
year later, with The International, as the
first releast of the nascent Topic Records.

Paddy Ryan (1939):
<https://youtu.be/SybZrbeBQ3I>

John Roberts & Tony Barrand:
<https://youtu.be/x2nkID15zGA>

Marching Inland

~ Tom Lewis

Lord Nelson knew the perfect way to cure
your 'mal-de-mer',
So if you pay attention, his secret I will
share,
To any sea-sick sailor he'd give this
advice for free:
"If you're feeling sea-sick, sit underneath
a tree!"

I'm marching inland from the shore, over
m' shoulder I'm carrying an oar,
When someone asks me: "What - is that
funny thing you've got?"
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more,
no more,
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!

Columbus he set-sail to find out if the
world was round,
He kept on sailing to the West until he ran
aground,
He thought he'd found The Indies but he'd
found the U.S.A.,
I know some navigators who can still do
that today.

I'm marching inland from the shore, over
m' shoulder I'm carrying an oar,
When someone asks me: "What - is that
funny thing you've got?"
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more,
no more,
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!

Drake he's in his hammock and a
thousand miles away,
Grenville's REVENGE is at the bottom of
the bay,
Many's the famous sailor never came
home from the sea,

Just take my advice, Jack, come and
follow me.

I'm marching inland from the shore, over
m' shoulder I'm carrying an oar,
When someone asks me: "What - is that
funny thing you've got?"
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more,
no more,
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!

Sailors take a warning from these men of
high renown,
When you leave the ocean and it's time to
settle down,
Never cast your anchor less than ninety
miles from shore,
There'd always be temptation to be off to
sea once more.

I'm marching inland from the shore, over
m' shoulder I'm carrying an oar,
When someone asks me: "What - is that
funny thing you've got?"
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more,
no more,
Then I know I'll never go to sea no more!

Tom Lewis: <https://youtu.be/2klfR0R42eQ>

Mary And Joseph

~ Richard Thompson

Mary and Joseph were watching the
border

Lovers with a different pose
Like the worm that loves the rose
Mary is in stitches
She's tied down on the bed
While Joseph plays the ukelele
Standing on his head

Sad is the hour that saw them divided
People with a common blood
Parted in the name of good
The father and the mother
Of the royal king on earth
He'll only come when hearts are joined
And peace rings in his birth.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/bBTbfBRgSmg>

Mascara Tears

~ Richard Thompson

When I said those things I was out of my
mind
I was trying to be mean and cruel and
unkind
Don't take it to heart
There's another man inside me wants to
break us apart

You were chic, off the peg, bang up to the
minute
I had to put my big foot in it
Don't shout it all about
There's another man inside me and he
wants to get out

Oh mascara tears, bitter and black
Spent bullet drilled a hole in my back
Salt for the memory, black for the years
Black is forever, mascara tears

There's hell and hoodoo in your kitchen
You've got to scratch the place you're
itching
How long will it take
There's another girl inside you and she
never got a break

Oh mascara tears, bitter and black
A spent bullet drilled a hole in my back
Salt for the memory, black for the years
Black is forever, mascara tears

You just moan and weep and moan and
weep
And moan and weep and moan and weep
Dirty rivers running down your face
Tears all down your party lace

Oh mascara tears, bitter and black
Spent bullet drilled a hole in my back
Salt for the memory, black for the years

Black is forever, mascara tears

Oh mascara tears

Salt for the memory, black for the years
Black is forever, mascara tears

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/hK9ng1xoXKs>

The May Day Psalter

~ Richard Thompson

Give me simple for my pleasure
Charity for my success
Give me wisdom and misfortune
Heart's ease for my distress

When men boast or make me tremble
When men mock or make me weak
Give me veils to cover over
Secrets that my heart may keep

Sharpen up my axe to shatter
King, tyrant, fool, or fake
Let me love to overflowing
Flooding 'till my banks do break

Wash me like a rock in a river
Cover up my tracks with rain
Move me like a wave on the ocean
Risen once never rise again

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/Axdo3nydPSc>

May You Never

~ John Martyn

And may you never lay your head down
Without a hand to hold
May you never make your bed out in the
cold

You're just like a great strong brother of
mine
You know that I love you true
And you never talk dirty behind my back
And I know that there's those that do

Oh please won't you, please won't you
Bear it in mind
Love is a lesson to learn in our time
Now please won't you, please won't you
Bear it in mind for me

And may you never lay your head down
Without a hand to hold
May you never make your bed out in the
cold

Well you're just like a good close sister to
me
You know that I love you true
And you hold no blade to stab me in the
back
And I know that there's some that do

Oh please won't you, please won't you
Bear it in mind
Love is a lesson to learn in our time
And please won't you, please won't you
Bear it in mind for me

May you never lay your head down
Without a hand to hold
May you never make your bed out in the
cold

You're just like a great strong brother of
mine

And you know that I love you true
And you never talk dirty behind my back
And I know that there's those that do

Oh please won't you, please won't you
Bear it in mind
Love is a lesson to learn in our time
And please won't you, please won't you
Bear it in mind for me

May you never lose your temper
If you get in a bar room fight
May you never lose your woman
overnight

May you never lay your head down
Without a hand to hold
May you never make your bed out in the
cold

May you never lose your temper
If you get in a bar room fight
May you never lose your woman over
night
May you never lose your woman over
night
May you never lose your woman over
night

John Martyn:

https://youtu.be/8UGSckr_vho

Meet On The Ledge

~ Richard Thompson

Fairport Convention:

<https://youtu.be/K3uBISnp-TI>

We used to say "There'd come the day
we'd all be making songs
Or finding better words" These ideas
never lasted long

The way is up along the road, the air is
growing thin
Too many friends who tried, blown off this
mountain with the wind

Meet on the ledge, we're going to meet
on the ledge
When my time is up, I'm going to see all
my friends
Meet on the ledge, we're going to meet
on the ledge
If you really mean it, it all comes around
again

Yet now I see, I'm all alone, but that's the
only way to be
You'll have your chance again, then you
can do the work for me

Meet on the ledge, we're going to meet
on the ledge
When my time is up, I'm going to see all
my friends
Meet on the ledge, we're going to meet
on the ledge
If you really mean it, it all comes around
again

Meet on the ledge, we're going to meet
on the ledge
When my time is up, I'm going to see all
my friends
Meet on the ledge, we're going to meet
on the ledge
If you really mean it, it all comes around
again

Meeting Point

~ Louis MacNeice (1940) / Emily Portman
& Rob Harbron

Time was away and somewhere else,
There were two glasses and two chairs
And two people with the one pulse
(Somebody stopped the moving stairs)
Time was away and somewhere else.

And they were neither up nor down;
The stream's music did not stop
Flowing through heather, limpid brown,
Although they sat in a coffee shop
And they were neither up nor down.

The bell was silent in the air
Holding its inverted poise –
Between the clang and clang a flower,
A brazen calyx of no noise:
The bell was silent in the air.

The camels crossed the miles of sand
That stretched around the cups and
plates;
The desert was their own, they planned
To portion out the stars and dates:
The camels crossed the miles of sand.

Time was away and somewhere else.
The waiter did not come, the clock
Forgot them and the radio waltz
Came out like water from a rock:
Time was away and somewhere else.

Her fingers flicked away the ash
That bloomed again in tropic trees:
Not caring if the markets crash
When they had forests such as these,
Her fingers flicked away the ash.

God or whatever means the Good
Be praised that time can stop like this,
That what the heart has understood

Can verify in the body's peace
God or whatever means the Good.

Time was away and she was here
And life no longer what it was,
The bell was silent in the air
And all the room one glow because
Time was away and she was here.

Emily Portman & Rob Harbron:
https://youtu.be/wZC6sP5_D9E

Men

~ Loudon Wainwright III

When a ship is sinking and they lower the
lifeboats

And hand out the lifejackets, the men
keep on their coats

The women and the children are the ones
who must go first

And the men who try to save their skins
are cowards and are cursed

Every man's a captain, men know how to
drown

Man the lifeboats if there's room,
otherwise go down

And it's the same when there's a war on;
it's the men who go to fight

Women and children are civilians, when
they're killed it's not right

Men kill men in uniform; it's the way war
goes

When they run they're cowards, when
they stay they are heroes

Every man's a general, men go off to war
The battlefield's a man's world; cannon
fodder's what they're for

It's the men who have the power; it's the
men who have the might

And the world's a place of horror;
because each man think he's right

A man's home is his castle, so the family
let him in

But what's important in that kingdom, is
the women and children

A husband and a father, every man's a
king

But he's really just a drone, gathers no
honey has no sting

Have pity on the general, the king and the
captain

They know they're expendable, after all
they're men

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/Yg6Zu1L6gSA>

MGB-GT

~ Richard Thompson

Oh I've got a little car and she might go
far

She's the mistress of my heart now
She's a '65 with an overdrive
And I fixed her in every part now
Two in the front and two in the back
110 on the old Hog's Back

My MGB-GT, she's a runner now
MGB-GT
Oh my MGB-GT, she's a runner now

Oh I welded the sills and the old floor pan
Cut the rust with the torch and the
hacksaw
Took the Rostyles off, put the spoked
wheels on
Got a brand new Salisbury axle
When I come to town the girls all smile
They say "Here's the man with the retro
style"

My MGB-GT, she's a runner now
MGB-GT
Oh my MGB-GT, she's a runner now

Lockheed discs and twin SUs
Original chrome on the grille now
She looks like a dream in her racing
green
Competition's standing still now
I sprayed up her body, I strengthened the
frame
I stripped her right down and I built her up
again

My MGB-GT, she's a runner now
MGB-GT
Oh my MGB-GT, she's a runner now

Now an Alpine's fine if you've got the time

And a Healey'll set you back some
And a TR4 costs a little bit more
But it don't have the same attraction
Hard top handy, in case of the weather
I don't care if it rains forever

In my MGB-GT, she's a runner now
MGB-GT

In my MGB-GT, she's a runner now
MGB-GT

In my MGB-GT, she's a runner now

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/H7Tqbd5sjWI>

Mingulay Boat Song

~ Hugh S. Robertson

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we though white the Minch is
What care we, boys, for windy weather
When we know that every inch is
Closer homeward to Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting at the pierhead
Gazing seaward from the heather
Heave her head round and we'll anchor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Longer, longer shall I tarry
Where our hearts are both blithe and
merry,
Turn her 'round boys, and she'll carry
Hearts to hearth, home, and Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

When the wind is wild with shouting
And the waves mount ever higher
Anxious eyes turn ever seaward
See us home, boys, to Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
They'll return, though, when the sun sets
They'll return, boys, to Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Lights are shining on the harbor
Lights are shining to guide us home
Heel her home, boys, and we'll anchor
Safe and sound in Mingulay

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys
Heave her head round into the weather
Heel ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Additional verses

* verse 3: Lew Toulmin (c2003)

* verses 4-5: Derek Byrne (?)

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/U_5H0xMCPsM

Mingus Eyes

~ Richard Thompson

What a fool I was. What a thin disguise.
Brando mumble, Mingus eyes

Was a time she fell, but then she got wise
Brando mumble, Mingus eyes

I never had the squint of James Dean, or
the Stanislavsky tears
Or the rebel hunch that kills, or the smile
that slowly disappears

What a fool I was. What a thin disguise.
Brando mumble, Mingus eyes
Brando mumble, Mingus eyes

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/M9fmhKfyTs0>

Mr. Sellack

~ Terre Roche

O Mr Sellack
Can I have my job back?
I've run out of money again.
Last time I saw ya
I was singing Hallelujah
I'm so glad to be leavin' this restaurant.

Now the only thing I want
Is to have my old job back again.
I'll clean the tables;
I'll do the creams;
I'll get down on my knees and scrub
behind the steam table.

O Mr. Sellack
I didn't think I'd be back.
I worked here last year
Remember?
I came when Annie
Was going on vacation
And I stayed on almost till December.

Now the only thing I want
Is to have my old job back again.
I won't be nasty to customers no more.
When they send their burger back I'll tell
them that
I'm sorry.

Waiting tables ain't that bad.
Since I've seen you last, I've waited
for some things that you would not
believe
To come true.

Give me a broom and I'll sweep my way
to heaven.
Give me a job;
You name it.
Let the other forty-million three-hundred
and seven

People who want to get famous.

Now the only thing I want
Is to have that old job back again.
I'll clean the tables;
I'll do the creams;
I'll get down on my knees and scrub
behind the steam table.

The Roches:

<https://youtu.be/mQMwU3TrVE0>

Mrs. Rita

~ Richard Thompson

Sincere Mrs. Rita

God keep and preserve you, we'll love
you always

Oh kind Mrs. Rita I never will tell
The way that you keep us poor girls here
in hell
And I never will sneak to the News of the
World

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
A friend to a stranger, a ma to a girl

With the chalking and cutting and
stitching and such
We earn what we earn and it isn't too
much
Enough to keep half a step higher than
trash

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
So loose with the purse strings, so free
with the cash

Some guardian angel take pity and
sweep me away
Seems I work every hour God sends in a
day
To line the pockets of Rita O'Connor
To line the pockets of Rita O'Connor

Oh you can't call it stealing, more helping
yourself
If the odd pair of nylons should fall off the
shelf
And fall into somebody's handbag let's
say

Oh kind Mrs. Rita
Sincere Mrs. Rita
It sort of makes up for the pitiful pay

Oh kind Mrs. Rita

The Morrisman's Alphabet

~ Craig Brandon (Jack in the Green)

A's for the ale we drink with good cheer
B's for the bells and the baldricks and
 beer
C's for the capers that Cecil wrote down
D's for dancing all over the town

Merrily, merrily, merry dance we
There's no dance on earth like the morris
 for me
Weave a hey, stick away, dance all day
 long
Give a morrisman ale and there's nothing
 goes wrong

E is for England that pleasant green jewel
F for our foreman, our feet and our fool
G for the Green Man in dark forest deep,
 and
H for the hankies we wave as we leap

I's for the tablets of ibuprophen
J's for the Jokers and Jack in the Green
K is for knees that ache into the night
L is for lines that are never quite right
M is for morris, musicians and May
N's for the (k)nickers we wear every day
O is for Oxford and the Ol' 'Obby 'Orse
P is for practiced perfection of course

Q is for Queen's Delight, quite a fine
 dance
R is for ringing and ribbons and rants
S for our squire, our shoes and our sticks
T is for trunks and fool's nasty tricks

U's for the unicorn we made to wake
V's for the virgins that pass out the cake
W's for Winster and whacking about
X marks the spot where the squire
 passed out

Y is the question, why do we dance?
Z is the zipper that holds up our pants.
This is my song about bold morris men --
Now give me an ale, or I'll sing it again!

The Mother's Lament

A mother was washing her baby one
night;
The youngest of ten and a delicate mite.
The mother was poor and the baby was
thin;
'Twas naught but a skeleton covered with
skin.

The mother turned 'round for a soap off
the rack.
She was only a moment but when she got
back
Her baby had gone, and in anguish she
cried,
"Oh, where has my baby gone?" The
angels replied

Oh, your baby has gone down the plug
hole.
Oh, your baby has gone down the plug.
The poor little thing was so skinny and
thin,
He should have been washed in a jug, in
a jug.

Your baby is perfectly happy;
He won't need a bath anymore.
He's a-muckin' about with the angels
above,
Not lost but gone before.

Cream: <https://youtu.be/zCrPZEJUlus>

Moths

~ Ian Anderson

The leaded window opened
to move the dancing candle flame
And the first Moths of summer
suicidal came.

And a new breeze chattered
in its May-bud tenderness ---
Sending water-lillies sailing
as she turned to get undressed.

And the long night awakened
and we soared on powdered wings ---
Circling our tomorrows
in the wary month of Spring.

Chasing shadows slipping
in a magic lantern slide ---
Creatures of the candle
on a night-light-ride.

Dipping and weaving --- flutter
through the golden needle's eye
in our haystack madness.

Butterfly-stroking
on a Spring-tide high.

Life's too long (as the Lemming said)
as the candle burned and the Moths were
wed.

And we'll all burn together as the wick
grows higher ---
before the candle's dead.

The leaded window opened
to move the dancing candle flame.
And the first moths of summer
suicidal came

To join in the worship
of the light that never dies
in a moment's reflection

of two moths spinning in her eyes.

Jethro Tull:

<https://youtu.be/igXqMW0Dqsw>

Jethro Tull:

<https://youtu.be/N9Vp1SvqfWg>

My Husband's Got No Courage In Him

[Roud 870]

As I went out one May morning
To view the fields and leaves a-springing
I saw two maidens standing by
And one of them her hands was wringing

Oh dear-o ! oh dear-o !
My husband's got no courage in him.
Oh dear-o !

Me husband's admired wherever he goes
And everyone looks well upon him
With his handsome features and
 well-shaped leg
But still he's got no courage in him

Me husband can dance and caper and
 sing
And do anything that's fitting for him
But he cannot do the thing I want
Because he's got no courage in him

All sorts of vittles I did provide
A sorts of meats that's fitting for him
With oyster pie and rhubarb too
But still he's got no courage in him

Every night when I goes to bed
I lie and throw me leg right o'er him
And me hand I clamp between his thighs
But I can't put any courage in him

Seven long years I've made his bed
And every night I've lain beside him
But this morning I rose with me
 maidenhead
For still he's got no courage in him

I wish me husband he was dead
And in his grave I'd quickly lay him

And then I'd find another one
That had a little courage in him

So all ye maids come listen to me
Don't marry a man before you've tried him
Or else you'll sing this song like me
Me husband's got no courage in him

June Tabor and Maddy Prior:

<https://youtu.be/WgEp2MGx30M>

My Husband's Got No Porridge In Him

~ Les Barker

As I walked out one May morning
To view the fields and the leaves
a-springing
I saw three bears come sailing in
And mother bear her hands was wringing;

Oh dear oh.
Oh dear oh.
My husband's got no porridge in him.
Oh dear oh.

His Quaker Oats I did supply;
I put three plates upon the table
But someone else was in the house
And ate as much as they was able.
Oh dear oh....

One plate hot and one plate cold
And one plate somewhere in between
'em.
Someone had the bloomin' lot;
I didn't even have to clean 'em.
Oh dear oh...

Three empty plates, and never think
To save a little for the needy;
No; the hot stuff has gone down the sink;
The cold has blocked the soddin' bidet.
Oh dear oh...

My husband sits in his armchair
And gazes out at the infinite-,
But when he came back home today
Someone had been sitting in it.
Oh dear oh;...

There was no tea left in the pot;
Someone had been in and drank it;
Then I went into his room

And found a blonde beneath the blanket.
Oh dear oh;...

I went and I confronted him;
He played the innocent; what's more, he
Said she must have broken in;
Well, what a bloody fairy story.
Oh dear oh;...

I'm going home to mother's house
And as for him, I'll not be fretting;
He'll get his own tea now, the louse;
That's all the oats that he'll be getting.
Oh dear oh;...

Norma Waterson:

<https://youtu.be/adv0timzjbY>

My Images Come

~ Don Cooper (c1983)

My images come
From the people that do the work
From the people that sing the song
From the people that live the life
And the people what get along
And a bottle of rum
From the demon that always lurk
From the demon that do me wrong
From the fury that is me wife
And the struggle what is me song

Oh, it get me down sometime
It get me down but only
A little look around and I find
That I am not so lonely
We in the same boat brother
We in the same boat brother.

My images come
From the pleasure I had before
From the pleasure I am to know
From the pleasure my dreams provide
And the pleasure I can bestow
And a bottle of rum
From the trouble that's at my door
From the trouble where'ere I go
From the misfortune I abide
And the courage I am trying to show

Oh, it get me down sometime
It get me down but only
A little look around and I find
That I am not so lonely
We in the same boat brother
We in the same boat brother.

My images come
From the woman that's on my knee
From the woman that's in my head
From the woman out in the sun
And the woman what shares my bed

And a bottle of rum
From a broken heart's misery
From a love that has grown so dead
From a love spent so foolishly
And illusions that I've been fed

Oh, it get me down sometime
It get me down but only
A little look around and I find
That I am not so lonely
We in the same boat brother
We in the same boat brother.

And my images come
From the world in which I live
From the world I love so well
From the world of change and light
And the Lord of which I tell
And a bottle of rum
From the feelings I cannot give
From the feelings my fears impel
From the screams of a fraught-filled night
And the time what is spent in hell

Oh, it get me down sometime
It get me down but only
A little look around and I find
That I am not so lonely
We in the same boat brother
We in the same boat brother
We in the same boat brother
We in the same boat brother
And my images come.

Bok, Muir, & Trickett:

<https://youtu.be/IQQyS-Afpro>

My Mother's Savage Daughter

~ Karen L U Kahan / Wyndreth
Berginsdottir (1990)

I am my mother's savage daughter,
the one who runs barefoot cursing sharp
stones.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my
voice.

My mother's child is a savage,
She looks for her omens in the colors of
stones,
In the faces of cats, in the fall of feathers,
In the dancing of fire and the curve of old
bones.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
the one who runs barefoot cursing sharp
stones.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my
voice.

My mother's child dances in darkness,
And sings heathen songs by the light of
the moon,
And watches the stars and renames the
planets,
And dreams she can reach them with a
song and a broom.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
the one who runs barefoot cursing sharp
stones.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my
voice.

My mother's child curses too loud and too
often,
My mother's child laughs too hard and too
long,

And howls at the moon and sleeps in
ditches,
And clumsily raises her voice in this song.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
the one who runs barefoot cursing sharp
stones.

I am my mother's savage daughter,
I will not cut my hair, I will not lower my
voice.

Now we all are brought forth out of
darkness and water,
Brought into this world through blood and
through pain,
And deep in our bones, the old songs are
wakened,
So sing them with voices of thunder and
rain.

(Repeat as new chorus three times,
below)

We are our mother's savage daughters,
The ones who run barefoot cursing sharp
stones.

We are our mother's savage daughters,
We will not cut our hair, We will not lower
our... (x2) voice (last time).

Wyndreth Berginsdottir:

<https://youtu.be/PAuC6gX36tc>

Sarah Hester Ross:

https://youtu.be/4_1HJqaOwOM

Navigator

~ Phil Gaston

The canals and the bridges, the
embankments and cuts,
They blasted and dug with their sweat
and their guts
They never drank water but whiskey by
pints
And the shanty towns rang with their
songs and their fights.

Navigator, Navigator rise up and be
strong
The morning is here and there's work to
be done.
Take your pick and your shovel and the
bold dynamite
For to shift a few tons of this earthly
delight
Yes to shift a few tons of this earthly
delight.

They died in their hundreds with no sign
to mark where
Save the brass in the pocket of the
entrepreneur.
By landslide and rockblast they got buried
so deep
That in death if not life they'll have peace
while they sleep.

Navigator, Navigator rise up and be
strong
The morning is here and there's work to
be done.
Take your pick and your shovel and the
bold dynamite
For to shift a few tons of this earthly
delight
Yes to shift a few tons of this earthly
delight.

Their mark on this land is still seen and
still laid

The way for a commerce where vast
fortunes were made
The supply of an Empire where the sun
never set
Which is now deep in darkness, but the
railway's there yet.

Navigator, Navigator rise up and be
strong
The morning is here and there's work to
be done.
Take your pick and your shovel and the
bold dynamite
For to shift a few tons of this earthly
delight
Yes to shift a few tons of this earthly
delight.

The Pogues:

https://youtu.be/Fh0F41AvO_Q

Nearly In Love

~ Richard Thompson

Love makes people so blind
That's why I can't make up my mind
If you stop me dead in my tracks
Or you just paper over the cracks

You're the one I've wanted so long
But then again I might be wrong
Now you look just right in the pale
moonlight
But let me turn the headlights on

'Cause I'm nearly in love
I'm nearly in love
I'm almost aware of walking on air
Yes, I'm nearly in love

I'm nearly in love
I'm nearly in love
I wish I was really, I'd love to dearly
But I'm nearly in love

I don't want to cause you doubt
But I'm really checking you out
You're the closest to my heart bar none
Except for my wallet and my gun

I never felt like this before
That's why I want to make quite sure
That it's not just a dose of the 'flu
That gives me the chills for you

I'm nearly in love
I'm nearly in love
I'm almost aware of walking on air
Yes I'm nearly in love

I'm nearly in love
I'm nearly in love
I wish I was really, I'd love to dearly
But I'm nearly in love

I reserve the right to love you
After all I'm the first in line
I'm not one for shout and screaming
Mine, all mine, all mine, all mine, all mine

I'm nearly in love
I'm nearly in love
I'm almost aware of walking on air
Yes I'm nearly in love

I'm nearly in love
I'm nearly in love
I wish I was really, I'd love to dearly
But I'm nearly in love

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/m8PaeLQneCI>

Never Again

~ Richard Thompson

O who will remember, O who will be sure
And still feel the silence as close as
before
And was there a season without any rain,
And never, O never, O never again?

The time for dividing and no-one will
speak
Of the sadness of hiding, and the
softness of sleep
O will there be nothing of peace 'till the
end,
Or never, O never, O never again?

Old man how you tarry, old man how you
weep
The trinkets you carry and the garlands
you keep
For the salt tears of lovers and the
whispers of friends
Come never, O never, O never again

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/FrZzBhPRC80>

Never Ever Lay Them Down

~ Nancy Kerr

Cast down in stony gardens,
Sweet visitor we heard you say,
There grows no grass,
And none shall pass,
'Til some great day of judgement.

Oh, are we bound for glory,
Born on a little fortune's way,
Or are we bound,
For some dark town,
And some great northern story?

And it's cold, cold, the winter's hold,
She shall not think of stalling,
She's proud, proud,
Of every cloud,
And will never ever lay them down.

Love, Love, the winds above,
Do blow towards your calling,
Behold in dreams,
Your true love's schemes,
And never ever lay them down.

Oh, once I played the lover,
To follow on a swallow's tail,
And what I'd give
For to relive,
My days of being a rover.

But wrapped in love's embraces,
Like summer in a silken gown,
How could I pawn,
What we have sworn,
Lay down your gold and silver.

And it's cold, cold, the winter's hold,
She shall not think of stalling,
She's proud, proud,
Of every cloud,
And will never ever lay them down.

Love, Love, the winds above,
Do blow towards your calling,
Behold in dreams,
Your true love's schemes,
And never ever lay them down.

Do you see black peaks a-gleaming,
Did you ever see a magpie's wing,
My love did rob,
Those greedy gods,
To fill our hearts with singing.

Cast down by steel cathedrals,
My lover is a fallen star,
Whose spark shall stoke,
This heart that broke,
Held in his hand a-beating.

And it's cold, cold, the winter's hold,
She shall not think of stalling,
She's proud, proud,
Of every cloud,
And will never ever lay them down.

Love, Love, the winds above,
Do blow towards your calling,
Behold in dreams,
Your true love's schemes,
And never ever lay them down.

Kind eyes in trepidation,
Whatever do you here behold,
Bold labour's done,
And nothing won,
Grey stone around your children.

But freedom's eyes are golden,
And glitter like a silver crown,
And none shall fear,
While love is here,
Cast down in stony gardens.

And it's cold, cold, the winter's hold,

She shall not think of stalling,
She's proud, proud,
Of every cloud,
And will never ever lay them down.

Love, Love, the winds above,
Do blow towards your calling,
Behold in dreams,
Your true love's schemes,
And never ever lay them down.

Nancy Kerr & James Fagan:
https://youtu.be/H3cLv_gQ7XM

The New Mistress

~ A. E. Housman (1896) / Ian Robb
(2015?)

I will go where I am wanted, to a lady
born and bred
Who will dress me free for nothing in a
uniform of red;
She will not be sick to see me if I only
keep it clean:
I will go where I am wanted for a soldier
of the Queen.

Oh, sick I am to see you, will you never
let me be?
You may be good for something, but you
are not good for me.
Oh, go where you are wanted, for you are
not wanted here.
And that was all the fond farewell when I
parted from my dear.

I will go where I am wanted, to a lady
born and bred
Who will dress me free for nothing in a
uniform of red;
She will not be sick to see me if I only
keep it clean:
I will go where I am wanted for a soldier
of the Queen.

I will go where I am wanted, for the
sergeant does not mind;
He may be sick to see me but he treats
me very kind:
He gives me beer and breakfast and a
ribbon for my cap,
And I never knew a sweetheart spend her
money on a chap.

I will go where I am wanted, to a lady
born and bred
Who will dress me free for nothing in a
uniform of red;

She will not be sick to see me if I only
keep it clean:
I will go where I am wanted for a soldier
of the Queen.

I will go where I am wanted, where there's
room for one or two,
And the men are none too many for the
work there is to do;
Where the standing line wears thinner
and the dropping dead lie thick;
And the enemies of England they shall
see me and be sick.

I will go where I am wanted, to a lady
born and bred
Who will dress me free for nothing in a
uniform of red;
She will not be sick to see me if I only
keep it clean:
I will go where I am wanted for a soldier
of the Queen.

New Paint

~ Loudon Wainwright III (1972)

At the station you can meet her
With that smile, you couldn't cheat her
A woman that kind is hard to find

It's good to take a girl
In the not so very good world
And walk in the park until it gets dark

Sometimes I feel ugly and old
Excuse me baby if I'm acting bold
My head gets hot but my feet aren't cold
Excuse me if you will

Take a breather on a bench
Helps to build up the suspense
Then the two of you go to a movie show

If she's woman, there's a chance
That she maybe likes to dance
So you go to the hall and you out-step
'em all

Don't make a hullabaloo I'm not the
hoipaloi
I'm try any trick and I'll pull any ploy
I'm a used up twentieth century boy
Excuse me if you will

She takes you home to meet the folks
Laughing at the father's jokes
Shall we watch TV, it's all right with me

Time to go, you're going to miss her
In the doorway, try to kiss her
Oh, it tastes so good, like you hoped it
would

If I was 16 again, I'd give my eyetooth
I'm tired and I'm hungry and I'm looking
for my youth
I'm a little uncool and I'm a little uncouth

Oh, excuse me, yes excuse me if you will

At the station you can meet her
With that smile, you couldn't cheat her
A woman that kind is hard to find

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/lzeSjGBkfVk>

Loudon Wainwright III & Joe Henry:

https://youtu.be/P7w_Z1VQjts

The New St. George

~ Richard Thompson

The time has come for action
Leave your satisfaction
Can't you hear St. George's tune
St. George's tune is calling on you
Freedom was your mother
Fight for one another
Leave the factory, leave the forge
Dance to the new St. George

Don't believe pretenders
Who say they would defend us
While they flash their teeth and wave
The other hand is being paid
They choke the air and bleed us
These noble men who lead us
Leave the factory, leave the forge
Dance to the new St. George

The fish and fowl are ailing
The farmer's life is failing
Where are all the backroom boys
The backroom boys can't save us now
We're poisoned by the greedy
Who plunder on the needy
Leave the factory, leave the forge
Dance to the new St. George

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/PD5DTQnuxjc>

Night Comes In

~ Richard Thompson

Night comes in
Like some cool river
How can there be
Be another day
Take my hand
O real companion
And we'll dance
We'll dance 'till we fade away

O the songs
Pour down like silver
They can only
Only break my heart
Drink the wine
The wine of lovers
Lovers tired of being apart

Dancing 'till my feet don't touch the
ground
I lose my mind and dance forever
Lose my mind and dance forever
Turn my world around
Turn my world around

O this night
Is like no other
And this room
Is ringing in my ears
And these friends
Will never leave me
And these tears
Are like no other tears

Dancing 'till my feet don't touch the
ground
I lose my mind and dance forever
Lose my mind and dance forever
Turn my world around
Turn my world around

Well I may find

That street tomorrow
Leave the shadow
Of my lonely room
See my one
My one and only
Heart and soul
I'm coming soon

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/KCUZTOloaMY>

No More Fish, No Fisherman

~ I. Sheldon Posen

Out along the harbour reach
Boats stand dried up on the beach
Ghost-like in the early dawn
Empty, now the fish are gone.

What will become of people now?
Try to build a life somehow
Hard, hard times are back again
No more fish, no fishermen.

No more shoppers in the stores
Since the fish plant closed its doors
Men who walked a trawler's decks
Now line up for welfare cheques.

There's big "For Sale" signs everywhere
Pockets empty, cupboards bare
See it on the news at ten
No more fish, no fishermen.

Once from Ship Cove to Cape Race
Port aux Basques to Harbour Grace
Newfoundlanders fished for cod
Owing merchants, trusting God.

They filled their dories twice a day
They fished their poor sweet lives away
They could not imagine then
No more fish, no fishermen.

Back before the Second War
We could catch our fish inshore
Boats were small and gear was rough
We caught fish, but left enough.

And now there's no more fish because
The trawler fleets took all there was
We could see it coming then
No more fish, no fishermen.

Farewell now to stage and flake

Get out for the children's sake
Leave all friends and kin behind
Take whatever job you find.

There's some that say things aren't so
black
They say the fish will all come back
Who'll be here to catch them then?
No more fish, no fishermen.

The melody is by John Goss, Victorian composer. The melody is best known as a common setting for "See Amid the Winter Snow", but has also been used for the great Australian union song "Bring Out the Banners" by John Warner and for Kay Suttle's "Coal not Dole", which inspired Shelley to write these words.

Finest Kind:

<https://youtu.be/NX6dJgmof0E>

David Coffin:

<https://youtu.be/UKh9AjGSiVg>

Nobody's Wedding

~ Richard Thompson

Everybody came to nobody's wedding
Everybody knew it was bound to be a
hoot
What can you do when nothing else is
cooking
Make your own amusement, bring a pile
of loot

There was Alice the butcher, Tidy and
Gunn
Who couldn't see where they were
heading
It was sixteen days and sixteen nights,
And it weren't even nobody's wedding

What a great reception, all the people
cried
Who stole the groom and who stole the
bride
How did the countess slide underneath
the door
Why is the wild boy chopping up the
floor?

There was Alice the butcher, Tidy and
Gunn
Who couldn't see where they were
heading
It was sixteen days and sixteen nights,
And it weren't even nobody's wedding

I didn't hear the sound of the tin cans
rattle
I didn't hear a teardrop, I didn't hear a
prattle
Didn't hear the words of the bible being
read
When it's nobody's wedding, nobody's
wed

There was Alice the butcher, Tidy and
Gunn
Who couldn't see where they were
heading
It was sixteen days and sixteen nights,
And it weren't even nobody's wedding

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/LimB1Ei-QF0>

Northwest Passage

~ Stan Rogers

Ah, for just one time I would take the
Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for
the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so
wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the
sea

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there
'twas said to lie
The sea route to the Orient for which so
many died
Seeking gold and glory, leaving
weathered, broken bones
And a long-forgotten lonely cairn of
stones

Ah, for just one time I would take the
Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for
the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so
wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the
sea

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage
overland
In the footsteps of brave Kelso, where his
"sea of flowers" began
Watching cities rise before me, then
behind me sink again
This tardiest explorer, driving hard across
the plain

Ah, for just one time I would take the
Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for
the Beaufort Sea

Tracing one warm line through a land so
wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the
sea

And through the night, behind the wheel,
the mileage clicking west
I think upon Mackenzie, David Thompson
and the rest
Who cracked the mountain ramparts and
did show a path for me
To race the roaring Fraser to the sea

Ah, for just one time I would take the
Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for
the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so
wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the
sea

How then am I so different from the first
men through this way?
Like them, I left a settled life, I threw it all
away
To seek a Northwest Passage at the call
of many men
To find there but the road back home
again

Ah, for just one time I would take the
Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for
the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one warm line through a land so
wild and savage
And make a Northwest Passage to the
sea

Stan Rogers:

<https://youtu.be/xMRpYtAhGAo>

Nothing But a Plain Old Soldier

~ Stephen Foster (1863)

I'm nothing but a plain old soldier
An old revolutionary soldier
But I've handled a gun
Where noble deeds were done
For the name of my commander was
George Washington

My home and my country to me were
dear
And I fought for both when the foe came
near
But now I will meet with a slight or sneer
For I'm nothing but a plain old soldier

I'm nothing but a plain old soldier
An old revolutionary soldier
But I've handled a gun
Where noble deeds were done
For the name of my commander was
George Washington

The friends I loved the best have
departed
The days of my early joys have gone
And the voices once dear
And familiar to my ear
Have faded from the scenes of the earth
one by one

The tomb and the battle have laid them
low
And they roam no more where the bright
streams flow
I'm longing to join them and soon must go
For I'm nothing but a plain old soldier

I'm nothing but a plain old soldier
An old revolutionary soldier
But I've handled a gun
Where noble deeds were done

For the name of my commander was
George Washington

Again the battle song is resounding
And who'll bring the trouble to an end?
The Union will pout
And Secession ever shout
But none can tell us now which will yield
or bend

You've had many generals from over the
land
You've tried one by one and you're still at
a stand
But when I took the field we had one in
command
Yet I'm nothing but a plain old soldier

I'm nothing but a plain old soldier
An old revolutionary soldier
But I've handled a gun
Where noble deeds were done
For the name of my commander was
George Washington

Jan DeGaetani:

https://youtu.be/k03cp4BX_mo

Szabo Music:

<https://youtu.be/MDAYhWnIZiA>

Now Be Thankful

~ Dave Swarbrick / Richard Thompson

When the stone is grown too cold to kneel
In crystal waters I'll be bound
Cold as stone, weary to the sounds upon
the wheel

Now be thankful for good things below
Now be thankful to your maker
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to
know

When the fire is grown too fierce to
breathe
In burning irons I'll be bound
Fierce as fire, weary to the sounds upon
the wheel

Now be thankful for good things below
Now be thankful to your maker
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to
know

When the stone is grown too cold to kneel
In crystal waters I'll be bound
Cold as stone, weary to the sounds upon
the wheel

Now be thankful for good things below
Now be thankful to your maker
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to
know

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/aNntosG4olA>

Now Is the Cool of the Day

~ Jean Ritchie

My Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my garden so fair
You may live in this garden, if you keep
the grasses green
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
Oh this earth it is a garden, the garden of
my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

And my Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my pastures so green
You may live in this garden if you will feed
my lambs
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
Oh this earth it is a garden, the garden of
my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

And my Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my garden so pure
You may live in this garden, if you keep
the waters clean
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
Oh this earth it is a garden, the garden of
my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day

And my Lord, He said unto me
Do you like my garden so free

You may live in this garden if you keep
the people free
And I'll return in the cool of the day

Now is the cool of the day
Now is the cool of the day
Oh, this earth is a garden, the garden of
my Lord
And he walks in his garden
In the cool of the day
Yes he walks in His garden
In the cool of the day

Jean Ritchie:

<https://youtu.be/vv46mxx0OS0>

Nutting Girl

[Roud 509 ; Mudcat 160465 ; trad.]

John Kirkpatrick sings The Nutting Girl

Now come all you jovial fellows, come
listen to me song.
It is a little ditty and it won't contain you
long.
It's of a fair young damsel, oh she lived
down in Kent,
Arose one summer's morning and she
a-nutting went.

With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal
Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had
She threw them all away.

Now it's of a brisk young farmer, was
a-ploughing of his land,
He called unto his horses to bid them
gently stand.
As he sat down upon his plough all for a
song to sing,
His voice was so melodious, it made the
valleys ring.

With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal
Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had
She threw them all away.

Now it's of this brisk young damsel, was
nutting in the wood,
His voice was so melodious, it charmed
her as she stood.
She could no longer stay and what few
nuts she had, poor girl,
She threw them all away.

With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal
Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had

She threw them all away.

Well she then came to young Johnny as
he sat on his plough,
Said she, "Young man I really feel I
cannot tell you how."
So he took her to some shady broom and
there he laid her down,
Said she, "Young man, I think I feel the
world go round and round."

With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal
Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had
She threw them all away.

So come all you young women, this
warning by me take,
Oh, if you should a-nutting go, don't stay
out too late.
For if you should stay too late for to hear
that ploughboy sing,
You might have a young farmer to nurse
up in the spring.

With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal
Whack-fol-the-dear-ol-day
And what few nuts that poor girl had
She threw them all away.

Morris On:

<https://youtu.be/8pwMXmLomjo>

Oak, Ash and Thorn (A Tree Song)

~ Rudyard Kipling (1906) / Peter Bellamy
(1970)

Of all the trees that grow so fair,
Old Engerland to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the Sun,
Than Oak and Ash and Thorn.
Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing,
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oak of the Clay lived many a day,
Or ever Aeneas began;
Ash of the Loam was a lady at home,
When Brut was an outlaw man;
Thorn of the Down saw New Troy Town
(From which was London born);
Witness hereby the ancients
Of Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing,
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Yew that is old in churchyard mould,
He breedeth a mighty bow;
Alder for shoes do wise men choose,
And beech for cups also.
But when ye have killed, and your bowl is
spilled,
Your shoes are clean outworn,
Back ye must speed for all that ye need,
To Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing,
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him
That anyway trusts her shade:
But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He'll take no wrong when he lieth along
'Neath Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing,
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight,
Or he would call it a sin;
But—we have been out in the woods all
night,
A-conjuring Summer in!
And we bring you news by word of
mouth—
Good news for cattle and corn—
Now is the Sun come up from the South,
With Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
Surely we sing of no little thing,
In Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Sing Oak and Ash and Thorn, good Sirs
(All of a Midsummer's morn)!
England shall bide till Judgement Tide,
By Oak and Ash and Thorn!

Fay Hield: <https://youtu.be/UgluNuQIZJ4>

The Old Changing Way

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/fRCzvMNIZqg>

I'm Darby the tinker, and my brother is
Tam
We go where the work is, me boys, and
we work where we can
With the mending and fixing, it's together
we stay
Intending our fortunes to try on the Old
Changing Way

We come to your cities and we call on
your wives
We'll fix up your kettles, please dear
missus, we'll sharpen your knives
And we always agreed that together we'd
stay
Intending our fortunes to try on the Old
Changing Way

Now times they grow scanty and the
money grew thin
We worked for a song but the money it
didn't come in
Now brothers are kindred but hard times
betray
And so we stumbled apart on the Old
Changing Way

We never agreed to divide our tin
And when you're out of love with your
brother your hard times begin
For the spikes and the brothels, they are
shameful to see
But don't you travel alone, boys, this
warning you take from me

You must share with your nearest 'till the
end of your days
Or else it's forever you'll roam the Old
Changing Way.

The Old Churchyard

[Roud 3386]

Come, come with me out to the old
churchyard,
I so well know those paths 'neath the soft
green sward.
Friends slumber in there that we want to
regard;
We will trace out their names in the old
churchyard.

Mourn not for them, their trials are o'er,
And why weep for those who will weep no
more?
For sweet is their sleep, though cold and
hard
Their pillows may be in the old
churchyard.

I know that it's vain when our friends
depart
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
And I know that the joy of life is marred
When we follow lost friends to the old
churchyard.

But were I at rest 'neath yonder tree,
Oh, why would you weep, my friends, for
me?
I'm so weary, so wayworn, why would you
retard
The peace I seek in the old churchyard?

Why weep for me, for I'm anxious to go
To that haven of rest where no tears ever
flow;
And I fear not to enter that dark lonely
tomb
Where our saviour has lain and
conquered the gloom.

I rest in the hope that one bright day

Sunshine will burst to these chambers* of
clay,
And old Gabriel's trumpet and voice of the
Lord
Will wake up the dead in the old
churchyard.

* originally: "prisons"

Almeda Riddle from Heber Springs,
Arkansas, sang The Old Churchyard
in 1972 on her Rounder album
Ballads and Hymns from the Ozarks.

Waterson:Carthy sang The Old
Churchyard in 2002 on their fourth
album, A Dark Light.

Olivia Chaney sang The Old Churchyard
in 2017 on Offa Rex's CD The Queen
of Hearts.

Offa Rex: <https://youtu.be/XLodKmSoTU0>

Old Johnny Buckle

[Roud 19111 ; trad.]

Now old Johnny Buckle went out riding
one day,
His horse got broke and his cart run
away.
If old Johnny Buckle hadn't come to a
stop
He'd have fell from the bottom of the hill
to the top.

Now old Mrs Buckle went out fishing one
day,
She caught her left leg in the clay.
The toads and frogs all wobbled about,
She ran to get a shovel do dig herself out.

So old Mr Buckle went to Doctor Hook
And he dotted it down in a little black
book.
Says, "Mr Buckle you must begin
To rub your wife's left leg with gin."

Now old Johnny Buckle thought it a great
sin
To rub gis wife's left leg with gin.
He poured the gin down his old groggie
And rubbed his wife's leg with the bottle.

God made man, man made money,
God made the bees and the bees made
honey.
God made Satan and Satan made sin,
Along came Satan and took Johnny in.

I do believe, I do believe,
Old Johnny Buckle was a gay old buckle
And old Mrs Buckle too.

Shirley Collins:

<https://youtu.be/U9JBin1tODI>

The Old Red Duster

~ John Archbold

Now it's many's the day since I first sailed
away
With my new cap and jacket so clean
No bacon and eggs 'til I got my sea legs
'Twas my first trip, O Lord I was green.

Oh that Old Red Duster on a tramp or a
liner
There'll be no 'Pusser Navy' for me
You can keep your salutes and your spit
polished boots,
It's the Old Red Duster for me.

Now in many's the ship I've made many's
the trip
'Cross oceans and seas calm and wild
And in ports near and far I've been flung
from the bar
And it's many's the young girl beguiled.

I was pulled from the pool, I was nobody's
fool
'Twas the jaunt to Murmansk for me.
But The Union said, No, as a fourth he
can't go'
It's The Union forever for me.

Oh that Old Red Duster on a tramp or a
liner
There'll be no 'Pusser Navy' for me
You can keep your salutes and your spit
polished boots,
It's the Old Red Duster for me.

Now you know this old tramp's got a
foc'sle that's damp
Her plates are half sprung and they leak
The food's always bad and the skipper's
gone mad
And those bastards the owners are
cheap.

Well I've sweated and slaved at that
engine I've raved
Nursing this cripple along
Her glands they're a-weeping and her
pumps they're a creakin'
And at six knots she's racing along.

Oh that Old Red Duster on a tramp or a
liner
There'll be no 'Pusser Navy' for me
You can keep your salutes and your spit
polished boots,
It's the Old Red Duster for me.

I've been down in the hole in the dust and
the coal
All day and all night as well.
And when my end's near I'll go without
fear
For I know it's been hotter than Hell!

So now you all know why the true sailors
go
Merchant seamen to be
And if you want any more like what's
come before
You can bloody well sing it to me.

Oh that Old Red Duster on a tramp or a
liner
There'll be no 'Pusser Navy' for me
You can keep your salutes and your spit
polished boots,
It's the Old Red Duster for me.

Bob Walser:

https://youtu.be/fl_72Fwm4OQ

The Old Rose & Crown

~ Ian Robb

Good friends, gather round and I'll tell you
a tale.
It's a story well known to all lovers of ale.
The old English pub, once a man's
second home
Has been decked out by brewers in
plastic and foam.

What have they done to the old Rose and
Crown?
The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World
Upside Down.
For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of
the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the
west.

And the old oaken bar where the pumps
filled your glass
Gives way to Formica and tanks full of
gas.
And the landlord behind, once a man of
good cheer
Just mumbles the price as he hands you
your beer.

What have they done to the old Rose and
Crown?
The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World
Upside Down.
For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of
the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the
west.

And where are the friends who would
meet for a jar,
Or a good game of darts in the old public
bar?
The dartboard is gone, in its place is a
thing

Where you pull on the handle and lose all
your tin.

What have they done to the old Rose and
Crown?
The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World
Upside Down.
For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of
the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the
west.

But the worst of it all's what they've done
to the beer.
For their shandies and lagers that will
make you feel queer.
For an arm and a leg, they will fill up your
glass
With a half and half mixture of ullage and
gas.

What have they done to the old Rose and
Crown?
The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World
Upside Down.
For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of
the best
Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the
west.

So come all you good people who like to
sup ale
Here's hope to a happier end to my tale
For there's nothing can fill a man's heart
with more cheer
Than to sit in a pub with a pint of good
beer.

What have they done to the old Rose and
Crown?
The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World
Upside Down.
For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of
the best

Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the
west.

Ian Robb: <https://youtu.be/7KsM5nQv--4>

The Old Tradition

~ Pete Smith

He was born to sing in harmony
And sang of oceans blue.
Of storms and whales and sailor's tales
And Foundlands old and new.
Of roving blades and busty maids
Who in Yarmouth Town roamed free
But the capstan stopped when the anchor
dropped
Far away from his home and sea

And still he sings in harmony
As he did when on the land
For the old tradition still lives on
In the songs of everyman

He always sang in harmony
As he crept on through the night
Like old daddy fox on a hunting trip
Listening out for the farmer's wife
But the fox is sly and cunning
And wise to the hunter's game
But like an innocent hare in the poachers
snare
He was trapped by his early fame

And still he sings in harmony
As he did when on the land
For the old tradition still lives on
In the songs of everyman

He wrote and sang the harmony
For kippling's khaki lads
Of Tommy's and Jim's and Ghunga Dins
And nights in the Kyber Pass
But the soldier fights for money
When his Queen and generals call
But the jewel in the crown will quickly
Fade when the empire starts to fall

And still he sings in harmony
As he did when on the land

For the old tradition still lives on
In the songs of everyman

He even sang in harmony
On his way to Van Diemen's land
Of cabin boys and sailor's joys
And the tales of the old deck hand
Of shackles and chains and poachers
names
And those in Newgate Gaol
Though he found his way into Botany Bay
He'd searched for the Holy Grail

And still he sings in harmony
As he did when on the land
For the old tradition still lives on
In the songs of everyman

And still he sings in harmony
As he did when in his teens
Amongst the whores and poaching boys
Beneath the barley' oats and beans
And still they sing with gusto
As they did when on the land
For the old tradition still lives on,
In the songs of everyman

And still he sings in harmony
As he did when on the land
For the old tradition still lives on
In the songs of everyman

And he always sang in harmony
And sang about us all
Of poachers, sailors, little tailors,
Soldiers on the brawl
And still he sings with gusto
As he did when on the land
For the old tradition still lives on,
In the songs of everyman

Pete Smith:

<https://petesmith1.bandcamp.com/tracks/the-old-tradition>

One Door Opens

~ Richard Thompson

One door opens, another shuts behind
One sun sets and another sun she rises
Love comes to you in old familiar ways
Love comes to you in shadows and
disguises

She may quit you, she may forsake you
Drift away like a phantom in a fever
Who walks in to your heart of solitude
Who walks into the lair of the deceiver

They say it was my turn
They say I had it coming
They say that's what you earn
For living through a lie
If I could have my way
I'd leave it all tomorrow
There's sorrow if I stay
I've other fish to fry

When love breaks like a precious string of
pearls
A thousand memories, they roll away and
scatter
Make believe that there's ice runs through
my veins
Shrug my shoulders, as if it doesn't
matter

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/Axhek6qwU38>

One Meatball

~ Josh White

A little man walked up and down,
He found an eating place in town,
He read the menu through and through,
To see what fifteen cents could do.

One meat ball, one meat ball,
He could afford but one meat ball.

He told the waiter near at hand,
The simple dinner he had planned.
The guests were startled, one and all,
To hear that waiter loudly call,

“One meat ball, one meat ball?
Hey, this here gent wants one meat ball.”

The little man felt ill at ease,
Said, “Some bread, sir, if you please.”
The waiter hollered down the hall,
“You gets no bread with one meat ball.

“One meat ball, one meat ball,
Well, you gets no bread with one meat
ball.”

The little man felt very bad,
One meat ball was all he had,
And in his dreams he hears that call,
“You gets no bread with one meat ball.

“One meat ball, one meat ball,
Well, you gets no bread with one meat
ball.”

Soundie: <https://youtu.be/li0qPwn4U8Y>

Josh White:

<https://youtu.be/po5rUasUWlg>

Oops! I Did It Again

(Marry, Ageyn Hic Hev Donne Yt)
~ Karl Sandberg-Rami Yacoub

I think I did it again
I made you believe we're more than just
 friends
It might seem like a crush
But it doesn't mean that I'm serious
'Cause to lose all my senses
That is just so typically me
Oh baby, baby

Oops!...I did it again
I played with your heart, got lost in the
 game
Oh baby, baby
Oops!...You think I'm in love
That I'm sent from above
I'm not that innocent

You see my problem is this
I'm dreaming away
Wishing that heroes, they truly exist
I cry, watching the days
You see I'm a fool in so many ways
But to lose all my senses
That is just so typically me
Oh baby, baby

Oops!...I did it again
I played with your heart, got lost in the
 game
Oh baby, baby
Oops!...You think I'm in love
That I'm sent from above
I'm not that innocent

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/3L6j2Z8dK10>

Only Remembered

~ Horatius Bonar (1870); Ira Sankey
(1891); John Tams (1990)

Fading away like the stars in the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun,
Thus would we pass from this earth and
its toiling,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done;
Thus would we pass from this earth and
its toiling,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that in life we have sown,
These will pass onward when we are
forgotten,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done;
These will pass onward when we are
forgotten,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Who'll sing the anthem and who'll tell the
story,
Will the line hold, will it shatter and run,
Shall we at last be united in glory,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered for what we have done;
Shall we at last be united in glory,
Only remembered for what we have done.

Coope Boyes Simpson:
<https://youtu.be/eDC2KkQkfsE>

Will Quale's notes

[http://www.towncommonsongs.org/notes/
onlyrememberednotes.pdf](http://www.towncommonsongs.org/notes/onlyrememberednotes.pdf)

Horatius Bonar, an Edinburgh pastor
(1808-89), wrote a ten-stanza poem
"The Everlasting Memorial" which was
published in his Hymns of Faith and
Hope (1860). Ira Sankey, the
American religious singer
(1840-1908), adapted three stanzas
of Bonar's poem, wrote one new
stanza, and wrote the music (with its
familiar chorus) for the hymn he titled
"Only Remembered" in 1891.

In 1986, English folk band Swan Arcade
recorded the first three stanzas of
Sankey's arrangement.

John Tams ... was asked to write music
for 1990's The Ship, a play produced
in a Glasgow shipyard and set during
its final working days (1960s) before
the industry's collapse ... Tams found
Sankey's "Only Remembered" and
adapted it -- taking only Sankey's first
stanza and chorus, and to that writing
a new second stanza.

Soaring from earth like a fly in molasses
Taken aloft like a slug on the wing;
Seen only dimly through mists as time
passes
Where are the words I am trying to sing?

Vaguely remembered, almost
remembered
Vaguely remembered from what I have
sung;
La la la la la la la la la-la-la
Vaguely remembered from what I have
sung

Outside of the Inside

~ Richard Thompson

God never listened to Charlie Parker
Charlie Parker lived in vain
Blasphemer, womaniser,
Let a needle numb his brain
Wash away his monkey music
Damn his demons, Damn his pain

And what's the point of Albert Einstein
What do we need Physics for?
Heresy's his inspiration
Corrupt and rotten to the core
Curse his devious mathematics
Curse his deadly atom war

There's a message on the wind
Calling me to glory somewhere
There are signs too deep for the dumb
Like perfume in the air
And when I get to Heaven
I won't realise I'm there

Shakespeare, Isaac Newton
Small ideas for little boys
Adding to the senseless chatter
Adding to the background noise
Hard to hear my oratory
Hard to hear my inner voice

Van gogh, Botticelli
Scraping paint onto a board
Colour is the fuel of madness
That's no way to praise the Lord
Grey's the colour of the pious
Knelt upon the misericord

There's a message on the wind
Calling me to glory somewhere
There are signs too deep for the dumb
Like perfume in the air
And when I get to Heaven
I won't realise I'm there

I'm familiar with the cover
I don't need to read the book
I police the world of action
Inside's where I never look
Got no time to help the worthless
Lotus-eaters, Mandarins, crooks

There's a message on the wind
Calling me to glory somewhere
There are signs too deep for the dumb
Like perfume in the air
And when I get to Heaven
I won't realise I'm there

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/a_dW25rned4

The Outside Track

~ Henry Lawson (1896) / Gerry Hallom
(c1982)

There were ten of us there on the moonlit
quay,
And one on the forward hatch.
No straighter man to his mates than he
Had ever said: "Lend us a match!"
"Twill be long, old man, till our glasses
clink,
'Twill be long ere we grip your hand!"—
And we dragged him ashore for a final
drink
Till the whole wide world seemed grand.

The port-lights glowed in the morning mist
That rose from the waters green;
And over the railing we grasped his fist
Till the dark tide came between.
We cheered the captain, we cheered the
crew,
And our mate, times out of mind;
We cheered the land he was going to
And the land he had left behind.

For they marry and go as the world rolls
back,
They marry and vanish and die;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside
Track
As long as the years roll by.

We roared Lang Syne as a last farewell,
But my heart, it seemed out of joint.
I well remember the hush that fell
As the steamer passed the point.
We drifted home through the public bars,
We were ten times less by one
Who had sailed out under the morning
stars,
And under the rising sun.

For they marry and go as the world rolls
back,
They marry and vanish and die;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside
Track
As long as the years roll by.

And one by one, and two by two,
They have sailed from the wharf since
then.
I have said goodbye to the last I knew,
The last of the careless men.
And I can't but think that the times we had
Were the best times after all,
As I turn aside with a lonely glass
And drink to the bar-room wall.

For they marry and go as the world rolls
back,
They marry and vanish and die;
But their spirit shall live on the Outside
Track
As long as the years roll by.

But I'll try my luck for a cheque Out Back,
Then a last good-bye to the bush;
For my heart's away on the Outside
Track,
On the track of the steerage push.

James Fagen & Nancy Kerr:
<https://youtu.be/SNrlz-u8YMw>

Gerry Hallom:
<https://youtu.be/j7RhQyWqJc>

Archie Fisher and Garnet Rogers:
<https://garnetrogersmusic.bandcamp.com/track/the-outside-track-3>

Overseas Call

~ Loudon Wainwright III

I'm in the old world
You're in the new
Gonna pick up the phone
Try to get through
Seven hours and an ocean
Between me and you
Gonna make me an overseas call

A foreign language
In a distant place
A different time zone
With a slower pace
I remember your body
But I forgot your face
Got to make me an overseas call

A few days ago, I called you up
I'm afraid that I woke you up too
The connection was clear
But we didn't connect
I hung up, feeling hung up and blue

This is expensive
I probably should write
But letters take so long
And postcards are just trite
And it's dark over here
But back there there's still light
Gonna make me an overseas call

I hope you're at home
I don't want your machine
I hope you're awake
Not asleep and a dream
And I hope that you love me
Whatever that means

A few days ago, I called you up
I'm afraid that I woke you up too
The connection was clear
But we didn't connect

I hung up, feeling hung up and blue

The fish in the ocean
Will gather around
That telephone cable
They will fathom the sound
Of a lost human voice
Finally found
Gonna make me an overseas call

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/XLIXcOAorn8>

Painted Ladies

~ Richard Thompson

It's a grey, grey morning, and the rain it
do fall
I'm feeling hungry and low
My bed's so empty, I wish I could call
On the painted ladies I know
When you've got no credit, don't hold no
sway
With the painted ladies I know
It's thank you for nothing, we'll see you
someday
The painted ladies I know

Leave at home, what you value enough
And laugh all your senses away
When you want to love everyone, how
can you love
The painted ladies all say
Those film stars and beauties will please
you tonight
If you go to bed with a book
But they can't hold a candle to something
that trembles
If you need to do more than look

They come from rich fathers and twinkle
their eyes
And you're begging them, please, not to
go
When you're starved for some loving,
they can make you feel special
The painted ladies I know
If you're seeking fortune, if you're seeking
fame
And you're looking yourself in the eye
And God help the children playing their
game,
The end of the game is goodbye

They pass through your vision like
thoughts in a dream
Your good times are slipping way

It's time to move on or go down with the
ship,
The painted ladies all say.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/1AJDwBoDMCg>

Papa's On The House Top

~ Leroy Carr (1932)

Mama made Papa be quiet as a mouse
So Papa climbed on top of the house
Made a lot of whoopee, made a lot of
noise
Stood up and cheered with the rest of the
boys

Baby's in the cradle, brother's gone to
town
Sister's in the parlor, trying on a gown
Mama's in the kitchen messing all around
Papa's on the house top, won't come
down

The Blues they've come, the Blues
they've come
Nobody knows where the Blues come
from
The Blues they've gone, the Blues they've
gone
And everybody's happy when the old
Blues gone

Baby's in the cradle, brother's gone to
town
Sister's in the parlor, trying on a gown
Mama's in the kitchen messing all around
Papa's on the house top, won't come
down

Papa saw a chicken out in the yard
Picked up a rock and hit him hard
Hit him hard, killed him dead
Now the chicken's in the gravy and the
gravy's on the bread

Baby's in the cradle, brother's gone to
town
Sister's in the parlor, trying on a gown
Mama's in the kitchen messing all around

Papa's on the house top, won't come
down

Hush-a-little baby, don't you cry
Blues gonna leave you by and by
Papa came in, sure was cold
Put the baby in the cradle and the Blues
outdoor

Baby's in the cradle, brother's gone to
town
Sister's in the parlor, trying on a gown
Mama's in the kitchen messing all around
Papa's on the house top, won't come
down

Jim Kweskin:

<https://youtu.be/Hlhrmh3z8D0>

Leroy Carr: <https://youtu.be/MICjZziJSR0>

Pavanne

~ Richard & Linda Thompson

How do you love a woman
With eyes cold as the barrel of her gun
Who's never missed her mark on anyone
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

Casino doors swing open, the rich men
raise their eyes
They say who is this beauty as elegant as
ice
And later there's an accident, another
charge d'affair
Is lying in a pool of blood, no witness
anywhere
And they say she was a hundred miles
away
The hotel porter saw her climb the stairs
And the maid with trembling hands knows
what to say
When the judge says "Are your sure," "I'm
sure" she swears

Pavanne, cold steel woman Pavanne
How do you love a woman
With eyes cold as the barrel of her gun
Who's never missed her mark on anyone
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

At the presidential palace a thousand
people saw
His excellency leave his car and never
make the door
The blood flows from his fingers as he
clutches at the stain
He staggers like a drunken man, lies
twisted in the rain
And they say she grew up well provided
for
Her mother used to keep her boys for
sure
And father's close attentions led to talk

She learned to stab her food with a silver
fork

Pavanne, cold steel woman Pavanne

And they say she didn't do it for the
money
And they say she didn't do it for a man
They say that she did it for the pleasure
The pleasure of the moment

Pavanne, cold steel woman Pavanne
How do you stop this woman
When everyone is moving in a trance
Like prisoners of some slow, courtly
dance
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

Richard & Linda Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/L030-SO6KQE>

Penny for the Ploughboys

~ Colin Cater

At the end of the year all the fields were
brown in the days when I was young
With corn in the barns, frost in the ground,
and never a green shoot sprung
Then the ploughmen came with their
hobnailed boots and the Molly Dance
rich and slow
And with magical plays and songs of the
land they bade the corn to grow

Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To keep us in good cheer, multiply the
grain
Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To speed the plough until the year turns
round again

Well, the wind did blow and the sun did
shine and the rain from heaven did fall
Then little Sir John sprung up his head
and he soon grew amazing tall
When the corn was ripe, the harvesters
came and the barns and the
breweries rang
And when all was safely gathered in they
raised their voice and sang.

Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To keep us in good cheer, multiply the
grain
Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To speed the plough until the year turns
round again

Ah, now the seasons are all changed
around, a slave to the great machines

The fields are ploughed in the high
summer time, by the turn of the year
they're green

Gone are the trades, the horses, the
travellers that followed the seasons
along
And the old pubs close because they
can't resound to the fiddle or the
country song

Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To keep us in good cheer, multiply the
grain
Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To speed the plough until the year turns
round again

Ah, but there's strength in the plays, the
dances and songs that have lasted a
thousand years

There's strength in the hops and barley
malt brewed into a country beer
It puts a spring in the step of an old straw
bear, makes the dancer leap for the
sky
When the Molly gangs come to speed the
plough they raise their glass and cry

Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To keep us in good cheer, multiply the
grain
Only once a year, Penny for the
Ploughboys
To speed the plough until the year turns
round again

At the end of the year all the fields were
brown in the days when I was young
With corn in the barns, frost in the ground,
and never a green shoot sprung

Then the ploughmen came with their
hobnailed boots and the Molly Dance
rich and slow
And with magical plays and songs of the
land they bade the corn to grow

Nowell Sing We Clear:

<https://youtu.be/Jqg459OonGA>

Pete Coe: <https://youtu.be/nHQ0km0JVbk>

Colin Cater:

https://youtu.be/LD_IBL7zKOc

Persuasion

~ Richard Thompson / Tim Finn

You and I, tempted by the promise of a
different life
Time has fled, there's a constant battle
running through my head
I don't know what to do...'cos I still believe
After all the foolish things you put me
through
I could always make a start on something
new
And I've always been a man who's open to
Persuasion

Blind romance, there'll be no half
measures given half a chance
But we never learn, trusting in the fire
while the cruel flame burns
And we need to rebuild what was never
there
What got left behind
After all the foolish things that we've been
through
I could always make a start on something
new
And I'll always be a man who's open to
Persuasion

And it's written in my heart so that
everybody can see it
And it's written in my soul, after all I still
believe it
I still believe it
I still believe it
I still believe it
I still believe it

I don't know what to do...'cos I still believe
After all the foolish things you put me
through
I could always make a start on something
new
And I'll always be a man who's open to

Persuasion - Persuasion

Richard & Teddy Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/mMEoBzIT3eY>

Pharaoh

~ Richard Thompson

Pharaoh he sits in his tower of steel
The dogs of money all at his heel
Magicians cry "Oh truth! Oh real!"
We're all working for the Pharaoh

A thousand eyes, a thousand ears
He feeds us all, he feeds our fears
Don't stir in your sleep tonight, my dears
We're all working for the Pharaoh

It's Egypt land, Egypt land
We're all living in Egypt land
Tell me, brother, don't you understand
We're all working for the Pharaoh

Hidden from the eye of chance
The men of shadow dance a dance
We're all struck into a trance
We're all working for the Pharaoh

The idols rise into the sky
Pyramids soar, Sphinxes lie
Head of dog, Osiris eye
We're all working for the Pharaoh

And it's Egypt land, Egypt land
We're all living in Egypt land
Tell me, brother, don't you understand
We're all working for the Pharaoh

I dig a ditch, I shape a stone
Another battlement for his throne
Another day on earth is flown
We're all working for the Pharaoh

Call it England, you call it Spain
Egypt rules with a whip and chain
Moses free my people again
We're all working for the Pharaoh

And it's Egypt land, Egypt land

We're all living in Egypt land
Tell me, brother, don't you understand
We're all working for the Pharaoh

Pharaoh he sits in his tower of steel
Around his feet the princes kneel
Far beneath we shoulder the wheel
We're all working for the Pharaoh

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/4LycS4Av5K8>

The Philosophers Song

~ Monty Python

Immanuel Kant was a real piss-ant who
was very rarely stable,
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy
beggar who could drink you under the
table,
David Hume could out-consume Wilhelm
Friedrich Hegel,
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine who
was twice as sloshed as Schlegel.

There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach
yer 'bout the raising of the wrist,
Socrates himself was permanently
pissed.

John Stewart Mill, of his own free will, on
half a pint of shandy was particularly
ill,
Plato, they say, could stick it away, half a
crate of whisky every day,
Aristotle, Aristotle was a bugger for the
bottle, Hobbes was fond of his dram,
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart:
"I drink, therefore I am."

Yes, Socrates himself is particularly
missed -
A lovely little thinker, but a bugger when
he's pissed.

Monty Python:

<https://youtu.be/l9SqQNgDrgg>

The Pick and the Malt Shovel

~ Roger Watson

Now the Collier's the lad who puts warm
in our homes
With coal for our fires in bad weather
And the Brewers the lad who puts warmth
in our hearts
And keeps us all merry together

With a Pick and a Malt shovel hand in
hand
And a harvest of coal and of barley
Here's a health to the collier the brewer
as well
As they rise in the morning so early

O what would the brewer do without a fire
To kindle his brew in the morning
So he praises the collier so hard at his
work
For supplying the coal for the burning

With a Pick and a Malt shovel hand in
hand
And a harvest of coal and of barley
Here's a health to the collier the brewer
as well
As they rise in the morning so early

The collier is weary at the end of his day
When his shift underground it is over
But he pays to the brewer and drinks
down his ale
And so soon the evening is over

With a Pick and a Malt shovel hand in
hand
And a harvest of coal and of barley
Here's a health to the collier the brewer
as well
As they rise in the morning so early

Now the clergy drink claret and burgundy
wine

While the rich they drink brandy and
sherry
But the collier's delight is the juice of the
hops
Which keeps him so healthy and merry

With a Pick and a Malt shovel hand in
hand
And a harvest of coal and of barley
Here's a health to the collier the brewer
as well
As they rise in the morning so early

So good luck to the collier, good luck to
his coal
Which keeps us so warm in the winter
And good luck to the brewer, good luck to
good ale
In a pint pot so fine the year round so

With a Pick and a Malt shovel hand in
hand
And a harvest of coal and of barley
Here's a health to the collier the brewer
as well
As they rise in the morning so early

Sound Tradition:

<https://youtu.be/5QT1aIPPHnE>

A Pilgrim's Way

~ Rudyard Kipling / Peter Bellamy

I will not look for holy saints to guide me
on my way
Or male and female devilkins to lead my
feet astray.
If these be added I rejoice - if not, I shall
not mind
As long as I have leave and choice to
meet my fellow-kind.
For as we come and as we go (and
deadly soon go we!)
The people, lord, Thy people, are good
enough for me.

Thus I will honour pious men whose virtue
shines so bright
(Though none are more amazed than I
when I by chance do right)
And I will pity foolish men for woe their
sins have bred
(Though ninety-nine percent of mine I
brought on my own head)
And Amorite or Eremite or General
Averagee
The people, Lord, Thy people are good
enough for me.

And if the bore me overmuch, I will not
shake mine ears
Recalling many thousand such whom I
have bored to tears
And if they labour to impress I will not
doubt nor scoff
Since I myself have done no less and
sometimes pulled it off
Yes as we are and we are not and we
pretend to be
The people, lord, Thy people, are good
enough for me.

And when they work me random wrong
as oftentimes hath been

I will not cherish hate too long (my hands
are none too clean)
And if they do me random good I will not
feign surprise
No more than those whom I have cheered
with wayside courtesies
Yes as we give and as we take - whate'er
our takings be)
The people, lord, Thy people, are good
enough for me.

Deliver me from every pride - the Middle,
High and Low
That keeps me from a brother's side,
whatever pride he show
And purge me from all heresies of thought
and speech and pen
That bid me judge him otherwise than I
am judged. Amen
For as we live and as we die - if utter
Death there be
The people, lord, Thy people, are good
enough for me.

That I might sing for Crowd or King or
road-borne company
That I may labour in my day, vocation and
degree
To prove the same by deed and name,
and hold unshakenly
(Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whoe'er
my neighbour be)
This single faith in Life and Death and to
Eternity
"The people, lord, Thy people, are good
enough for me."

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/CoZ2AH1yuyY>

John Roberts & Tony Barrand:

https://youtu.be/mKZ_MKhcM_0

Piney Mountains

~ Craig Johnson

Sit down buddy and we'll drink and smoke
Woman don't you weep for me
My hands can't fiddle and my heart's
 been broke
You damned old piney mountain
Lost my fingers in the Galax mill
Buddy sing a sad old song
And my heart got broke in the yew pine
 hills
Lord and my time ain't long

I started out to loggin' when I was in my
 prime
Woman don't you weep for me
Hitchin' up the spruce to the big drag lines
You damned old piney mountain
Where the skidders start a-buckin' as the
 years come down
Buddy sing a sad old song
Makin' God's own thunder on the new-cut
 ground
Lord and my time ain't long

We was fightin' over nothin' and drinkin'
 too hard
Woman don't you weep for me
Ridin' up to camp on the flat-wheel car
You damned old piney mountain
Thirty years a-hangin' on the old chain
 brake
Buddy sing a sad old song
Laid off and paid off in '58
Lord and my time ain't long

And the skidders got sold to a scrap iron
 yard
Woman don't you weep for me
I moved down Virginia when the times got
 hard
You damned old piney mountain
Lost my fingers to a steel band saw

Buddy sing a sad old song
Now my fiddle just hangs untuned on the
 wall
Lord and my time ain't long

And the trees have grown up on the
 logging road
Woman don't you weep for me
And the wildflowers bloom where the big
 shays blow
You damned old piney mountain
There's nothin' left for me but to drink and
 smoke
Buddy sing a sad old song
My hands can't fiddle and my heart's
 been broke
Lord and my time ain't long

Bruce Molsky & Craig Johnson (2012):
<https://youtu.be/VJXN8CkP1j4>

A Poisoned Heart And A Twisted Memory

~ Richard Thompson

O you took my word and you took my key
You took my pride and you took my
dignity
How can I still pretend
To be what a man should be

Well, whatever I say is in a book
Whatever I do there's someone there to
look
You just can't shake a man
The way that I've been shook

Now is this the way it's supposed to be
Is this the way it's supposed to be
A poisoned heart and a twisted memory
O is this the way it's supposed to be
Is this the way it's supposed to be
A poisoned heart and a twisted memory

O see that lifer doing his time
If I could have his place and he'd have
mine
We'd be no better off
On either side of the line

Well, you took my job and you put me to
sleep
You feed me money, you treat me like a
creep
Wish I could get away
But I must be in it too deep

Tell me is this the way it's supposed to be
Is this the way it's supposed to be
A poisoned heart and a twisted memory
O is this the way it's supposed to be
Is this the way it's supposed to be
A poisoned heart and a twisted memory

Well, you tell me you're going to get in
touch

You send me a letter that reads like
double-Dutch

You say, you're bound to lose,
You're a little such-and-such

You got my number, you got my rank
You drained my head, you drained my
petrol tank

And when I die of shame
I won't even know who to thank

Now, now, is this the way it's supposed to
be

Is this the way it's supposed to be
A poisoned heart and a twisted memory
O is this the way it's supposed to be
Is this the way it's supposed to be
A poisoned heart and a twisted memory

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/_j7UJf2YoO4

The Poor Ditching Boy

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/FtSNIINCKh0>

Was there ever a winter so cold and so
sad
The river too weary to flood
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

I was looking for trouble to tangle my line
But trouble came looking for me
I knew I was standing on treacherous
ground
I was sinking too fast to run free

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

I would not be asking, I would not be
seen
A-beggin' on mountain or hill
But I'm ready and blind with my hands
tied behind
I've neither a mind nor a will

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

It's bitter the need of the poor ditching boy
He'll always believe what they say
They tell him it's hard to be honest and
true
Does he mind if he doesn't get paid?

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

Poor Old Horse

[Roud 3724]

They say, old man, your horse will die
(And they say so, and we hope so)
They say, old man, your horse will die
(Oh poor old man)

And if he dies then we'll tan his hide
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Aye and if he dies then we'll tan his hide
(Oh poor old man)

And if he lives then we'll ride again
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Aye and if he lives then we'll ride again
(Oh poor old man)

And it's after years of much abuse
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Then we'll salt him down for the sailors'
use
(Oh poor old man)

He's as dead as a nail in the lamp room
floor
(And they say so, and we hope so)
He's as dead as a nail in the lamp room
floor
(Oh poor old man)

Aye and he won't bother us no more
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Aye and he won't bother us no more
(Oh poor old man)

And it's Sally's in the garden and she's
picking the peas
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Aye and her long black hair's hangin'
down to her knees
(Oh poor old man)

And it's Sally's in the kitchen and she's
baking the duff
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Aye and the cheeks of her a ___ are going
chuff chuff chuff
(Oh poor old man)

And it's down the long and the winding
road
(And they say so, and we hope so)
And it's down the long and the winding
road
(Oh poor old man)

It's mahogany beef and the weevily bread
(And they say so, and we hope so)
It's mahogany beef and the weevily bread
(Oh poor old man)

And I thought I heard the old man say
(And they say so, and we hope so)
Just one more pull and then belay
(Oh poor old man)

Just one more pull and that will do
(And they say so, and they hope so)
For we're the lads to kick her through
(Oh poor old man)

Albion Band:

<https://youtu.be/mczC8pWpj4w>

Poor Will And The Jolly Hangman

~ Richard Thompson / Dave Swarbrick

Won't you rise for the hangman
His pleasure is that you should rise
He's the judge and the jury
At the jesters assize

Poor Will on the gallows tree
Never a cruel word did say
Oh that a young man
Should be treated this way

Run to me mother of anyone's child
And tell me the revelry planned
Judges and barristers, clerks at the law
His show is the best in the land
Here's a toast to the Jolly Hangman
He'll hang you the best that he can
Here's a toast to the Jolly

No purse for a champion
No true love come over the stile
The debt of a poor man
He'll pay in awhile

Poor ladies, poor gentleman
Born of a sorry degree
Will you laugh for the hangman
When he comes for his fee?

Run to me mother of anyone's child
And tell me the revelry planned
Judges and barristers, clerks at the law
His show is the best in the land
Here's a toast to the Jolly Hangman
He'll hang you the best that he can
Here's a toast to the Jolly

Rise for the hangman
His pleasure is that you should rise
He's the judge and the jury

At the jester's assize

Fairport Convention:

<https://youtu.be/VFuWrbNUGtU>

Proper Pint of Porter

~ John Foreman / Tom Keays

John Barleycorn
Is a hero bold
And that is an ancient story
They rode him 'round
And harrowed him in
And that is an allegory
Of renewal and rebirth
And the greening of the earth
But what I really want to know
Is what a pint of ale is worth

All I want is a proper pint of porter
Poured in a proper pewter porter pot
I may be off my dot,
But I want a pint of porter in a proper
pewter pot
Iron porter pots and tin porter pots,
Oh, they're no use to me,
If I can't have a proper pint of porter in a
proper pewter porter pot
I'll have an ESB!

Now some regale
The India Pale Ale
A good bet for a long haul sailor
But made these days
With wheat and haze
It's become a colossal failure
Its IBU and ABV
Are astronomical
IPA it comes across
A trifle medicinal

All I want is a proper pint of porter
Poured in a proper pewter porter pot
I may be off my dot,
But I want a pint of porter in a proper
pewter pot
Iron porter pots and tin porter pots,
Oh, they're no use to me,

If I can't have a proper pint of porter in a
proper pewter porter pot
I'll have an ESB!

Now Kolsch and sours
Are the flavors of the hour
But I can't tell what they are thinking
When they call it beer
It seems quite queer
And I doubt they know what they're
drinking
Now Belgian beers you savor
And the shandy's summer glow
But can someone tell me what
The hell does pickle juice bestow

All I want is a proper pint of porter
Poured in a proper pewter porter pot
I may be off my dot,
But I want a pint of porter in a proper
pewter pot
Iron porter pots and tin porter pots,
Oh, they're no use to me,
If I can't have a proper pint of porter in a
proper pewter porter pot
I'll have an ESB!

Tune derived from Herdman, Hills, and
Mangsen's version of "Proper Cup of
Coffee"

<https://youtu.be/EtKeWGASqzk>

Poverty Knock

[Roud 3491]

Up ev'ry morning at five,
A wonder that we keep alive.
Tired and yawning
In the cold morning
And back to the dreary old drive.

Oh dear, we're going to be late,
Gaffer is stood at the gate;
We're out of pocket
Our wages he'll dock it,
We'll have to buy grub on the slate.

Poverty, poverty knock,
My loom it is saying all day.
Poverty poverty knock,
Gaffer's too skinny to pay.
Poverty, poverty knock,
Keeping one eye on the clock.
And I know I can guttle
When I hear my shuttle
Go poverty, poverty knock

Oh dear, my poor head it sings,
I should have woven three strings.
The threads they keep breaking,
My poor heart is aching,
Oh God, how I wish I had wings.

Sometimes a shuttle flies out
It gives some poor woman a clout.
And there she lies bleeding
Nobody's heeding,
Who's going to carry her out?

Poverty, poverty knock,
My loom it is saying all day.
Poverty poverty knock,
Gaffer's too skinny to pay.
Poverty, poverty knock,
Keeping one eye on the clock.
And I know I can guttle

When I hear my shuttle
Go poverty, poverty knock

The tuner should tackle my loom,
alt: The tackler should fettle my loom
He'd rather sit on his bum,
For he's far too busy
A-courting our Lizzie
I just can't up get him to come.

Lizzie, she's so easily led,
I reckon he takes her to bed.
She always was skinny,
Now look at her pinny,
It's just about time they was wed.

Poverty, poverty knock,
My loom it is saying all day.
Poverty poverty knock,
Gaffer's too skinny to pay.
Poverty, poverty knock,
Keeping one eye on the clock.
And I know I can guttle
When I hear my shuttle
Go poverty, poverty knock

Jon Boden:

<https://youtu.be/WdsNwcyHSeM>

Roy Bailey:

<https://youtu.be/fXMtpnZOwE>

Prairie Lullaby

~ Billy Hill & Jimmie Rodgers

Shadows slowly creeping down the prairie
trail

Everything is sleeping - ah, but the
nightingale

Moon will soon be climbing in the purple
sky

Night winds all a-humming this tender
lullaby.

Cares of the day have fled
My little sleepyhead
Stars are in the sky
Time that the prayers were said
My little sleepyhead
To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony
The sandman's here
To guide you down the trail of dreams
Tumble in bed my tired
My little sleepyhead,
To a prairie lullaby

Cares of the day have fled
My little sleepyhead
Stars are in the sky
Time that the prayers were said
My little sleepyhead
To a prairie lullaby

Saddle up your pony
The sandman's here
To guide you down the trail of dreams
Tumble in bed my tired
My little sleepyhead
To a prairie lullaby

Geoff Muldaur:

<https://youtu.be/26Dzvqg-Y5c>

Pretty Good

~ John Prine (c1971)

I got a friend in Fremont
He sells used cars, ya know
Well, he calls me up twice a year
Just to ask me how'd it go

"Pretty good, not bad, I can't complain
But actually everything is just about the
same"

I met a girl from Venus,
Her insides were lined in gold
Well, she did what she did, said "How
was it, kid?"
She was politely told

"Pretty good, not bad, I can't complain
But actually everything is just about the
same"

Moonlight makes me dizzy
Sunlight makes me clean
Your light is the sweetest thing
That this boy has ever seen

Molly went to Arkansas,
She got raped by Dobbin's dog
Well, she was doing good 'til she went in
the woods
And got pinned up against a log

Pretty good, not bad, she can't complain
'Cause actually all them dogs are just
about the same

Moonlight makes me dizzy
Sunlight makes me clean
Your light is the sweetest thing
That this boy has ever seen

I heard Allah and Buddha
Were singing at the Savior's feast

And up in the sky an Arabian rabbi
Fed Quaker Oats to a Jesuit priest

Pretty good, not bad, they can't complain
'Cause actually all them gods are just
about the same

Pretty good, not bad, I can't complain
'Cause actually everything is just about
the same

John Prine: <https://youtu.be/UHuBlhjiGCs>
Siegel Schwall:
https://youtu.be/M914_rQARrY

The story is that Molly was a Labrador retriever that ran off into the woods with a dog owned by a man named Dobbin. Puppies ensued. This is said to have happened while John Prine was at Jack's White River Resort near Mountain View, Arkansas and that he wrote at least part of the song there. The story goes on to say that at least one of his concerts was picketed by a women's rights group who didn't have all the information. This may all be apocryphal.

Put It There Pal

~ Richard Thompson

Old friend, it's been so long, and it's been
so real

And if I helped you once it was no big
deal

Too bad I can't be there when they call
your name

They're going to write you down in the
hall of fame

You really got what you wanted, I'm
thrilled as pie

It really couldn't happen to a nicer guy

Put it there pal, put it there
Now and then just throw me a crumb
Put it there pal, put it there
Thanks for the help when I needed it,
chum

You saw me drowning, you said I was a
fake and laughed
Then you jumped right in and used me for
a raft

You shot me down with friendly fire
You were all dressed up to play Gun For
Hire

The rope you threw me was made of
barbed wire

But put it there pal, put it there, pal
Put it there

I know you mean well, call me a
sentimental fool

I know sometimes you've got to be kind to
be cruel

When you pat me on the back, that was
quite some slap

That kind of compliment, it could kill a
chap

So I'll drink your health, all this emotion's
given me a thirst

But maybe I'll have my food-taster drink it
first

Put it there pal, put it there
You deserve everything you got coming
Put it there pal, put it there
Call me up if you want to come slumming

Some say you're a rattlesnake in the
grass
But I say the sun shines out of your arse

So it's no hard feelings, live and let live
With a gift like yours, you're bound to give
You're so full of love it leaks out like a
sieve

So put it there pal, put it there pal
Put it there
Put it there
Put it there
Put it there, pal
Put it there, pal
Put it there, pal

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/bFBtwS8_Pqg

Queen of Waters

~ Nancy Kerr

Well away my love away,
For we're sailing home today
On a boat called memory
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

Oh she's like some Persian queen,
With her opal robes serene
In the lamplight shimmering
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

On a blue jay morning
Feathering thorny memories
Hail home, hearts have been too long
away
On a well-worn byway travelling
Magpie gathering
Farewell queen of waters

Well it's hard to roll in mirth,
When your feet don't touch the earth
And the wolf comes hungering
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

Folly never foots the bill
And we all shall pay in full
For a life in melody
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

On a blue jay morning
Feathering thorny memories
Hail home, hearts have been too long
away
On a well-worn byway travelling
Magpie gathering
Farewell queen of waters

Well I should have sowed my corn,
But I danced until the dawn
Like an ant grasshoppering
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

Oh there must be better ways
For to keep the debts at bay
And the whiskey trickling
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

On a blue jay morning
Feathering thorny memories
Hail home, hearts have been too long
away
On a well-worn byway travelling
Magpie gathering
Farewell queen of waters

So we'll bid our ship adieu
There's a mooring in the blue
Where the gulls are gathering
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

Oh she's like some Persian queen,
And her like shall ne'er be seen
Only in our reverie
Hail home, hearts that long for the land

On a blue jay morning
Feathering thorny memories
Hail home, hearts have been too long
away
On a well-worn byway travelling
Magpie gathering
Farewell queen of waters

On a blue jay morning
Feathering thorny memories
Hail home, hearts have been too long
away
On a well-worn byway travelling
Magpie gathering
Farewell queen of waters

Nancy Kerr & James Fagen:
<https://youtu.be/BYyJvvUsjDA>

Ragged Heroes

~ John Tams

Songs of hope and tunes of glory
Half remembered Albion hymns
Rise up Saint George and tell the story
This is where your song begins

Leave the drunkard to his bottle
And leave the prophet to his doom
Let the critics sneer and prattle
Give Saint George some fighting room

Come, come, throw a penny on the drum
A penny for the passing of the days
Run, run, and see the setting of the sun
Come and see the changing of the ways

Where are all the ragged heroes?
Buried in their suits of iron
Withered rose lies on the headstone
Will it bloom a second time?

Come come and throw a penny on the
drum
A penny for the passing of the hour
Run, run, and see the rising of the sun
Come and see the blooming of the flower

Throw a penny piece, a penny on the
drum
And the withered rose will rise up like the
sun

Albion Band:

<https://youtu.be/4MwRdAbbKgg>

Rainbow Over The Hill

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/WXPm2NYoJoQ>

Rainbow over the hill
Rainbow over the hill
Rain clouds lifting
Just when you think they never will

And I'll be on my way
Up and down in a swamp all day
And just when it broke my will
There's a rainbow over the hill

Don't you worry your weary head
About the fools and problems in your way
If you could see beyond tomorrow
You never would shed a tear today

Rainbow over the hill
Rainbow over the hill
New day breaking
No time to be standing still

And further on down the road
I'll reap what I have sown
And just when I've had my fill
There's a rainbow over the hill

Don't you worry your weary head
About the fools and problems in your way
If you could see beyond tomorrow
You never would shed a tear today

Rainbow over the hill
Rainbow over the hill
Rain clouds lifting
Just when you think they never will

And I'll be on my way
Up and down in the swamp all day
And just when I've had my fill
There's a rainbow over the hill
Rainbow over the hill
Rainbow over the hill

Razor Dance

~ Richard Thompson

After the death of a thousand kisses
Comes the catacomb of tongues
Who can spit the meanest venom
From the poison of their lungs

Cruellest dance is the razor dance
Circle in and circle around
He said, she said, she said, he said
Thrill to put the other one down
The razor dance, the razor dance

This time, gone too far
This time, can't heal the scar
I want to break out of this spin
But gravity's pulling me in
The razor dance, the razor dance

What flies straighter than an arrow
What cuts deeper than a lance
Your wit may shine on the withering line
Cruellest dance is the razor dance
The razor dance, the razor dance

Blood boils, tears burn
Some people never learn
If time could crawl back in its shell
And mischievous tongues could untell
But that's not the meaning of Hell

Take your partners for the razor dance
Take your partners for the razor dance
Take your partners for the razor dance
The razor dance
The razor dance, the razor dance

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2HhBkXykKkU>

Reckless Kind

~ Richard Thompson

Here we stand in sheets of rain
Parting ways, loved in vain
Never knew you'd be the reckless kind

I reached out to catch your fall
Said you needed a place to crawl
Never knew you'd be the reckless kind

The reckless kind, the reckless kind
The reckless kind, the reckless kind
You're his not mine

They say you run with a breakneck crowd
Live your love scenes right out loud
Break hearts all around, you're the
reckless kind

You said you were well satisfied
Proud to see me by your side
Pride's a worthless thing to the reckless
kind

The reckless kind, the reckless kind
The reckless kind, the reckless kind
You're his not mine

Love lies shattered on the ground
Jagged pieces all around
Say you'll come back but I know you're
the reckless kind

Oh the reckless kind, the reckless kind
The reckless kind, the reckless kind
You're his not mine
His not mine
You're the reckless kind
The reckless kind
The reckless kind

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/st7GAPAygn4>

Red Guitar

~ Loudon Wainwright III

Used to have a red guitar until I smashed
it one drunk night
Smashed it in the classic form as Peter
Townsend might
I threw it in the fireplace, I left it there
awhile
Kate, she started crying when she saw
my sorry smile

Red guitar was made of wood, could not
take the heat
Red guitar, it caught on fire and the
damage was complete
It burned until all that was left was six
pegs and six strings
Kate, she said "You are a fool, you've
done a foolish thing"

I put the remains in the case and I put the
case away
Went to New York City for a new guitar
the next day
I bought myself a blond guitar, I had it for
three days
Some junky stole my blond guitar. God
works in wondrous ways

Loudon Wainwright III:

https://youtu.be/Dmplxq_CB74

Remember, O Thou Man

~ Thomas Ravenscroft

Remember, O thou man,
O thou man, O thou man,
Remember O thou man,
Thy time is spent.
Remember, O thou man,
How thou cam'st to me then,
And I did what I can,
Therefore repent.

Remember Adam's fall,
O thou man, O thou man!
Remember Adam's fall
From heaven to hell!
Remember Adam's fall,
How we were condemned all
To hell perpetual,
There for to dwell.

Remember God's goodness,
O thou man, O thou man!
Remember God's goodness,
And promise made!
Remember God's goodness,
How His only Son He sent
Our sins for to redress,
Be not afraid.

The angels all did sing,
O thou man, O thou man!
The angels all did sing,
On Sion hill
The angels all did sing,
Praises to our glorious King,
And peace to man living,
With a good will!"

The Shepherds amazed was,
O thou man, O thou man!
The Shepherds amazed was,
To hear the angels sing,
The Shepherds amazed was

How it should come to pass
That Christ our Messias
Should be our King!

To Bethlehem did they go,
O thou man, O thou man!
The shepherds three;
O thou man, O thou man!
To Bethlehem did they go,
To see whether it were so,
Whether Christ were borne or no
To set man free.

As the Angels before did say,
O thou man, O thou man!
As the Angels before did say,
So it came to pass;
As the Angels before did say,
They found him wrapt in hay
In a manger, where he lay
So poor he was.

In Bethlehem he was born,
O thou man, O thou man!
In Bethlehem he was born,
For mankind's sake;
In Bethlehem he was born,
For us that were forlorn,
And therefore took no scorn
Our sins to bear.

In a manger laid he was,
O thou Man, O thou Man,
In a manger laid he was
At this time present.
In a manger laid he was,
Between an ox and an ass,
And all for our trespass,
Therefore repent.

Give thanks to God always,
O thou man, O thou man!
Give thanks to God always,
With heart most joyfully

Give thanks to God always,
Upon this blessed day,
Let all men sing and say:
'Holy, holy!'

From the Melismata (1611) - this carol
reprinted from Chappell's Popular
Music of Olden Time. It may have
been merely collected, or updated, by
Ravenscroft.

Richard's lyrics are actually a bit different.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/zFx9Llkb3qg>

The Riley Boys

~ Carol Denney

It was lovely in the spring
All the flowers were in bloom
And we met beside the shore for a
 moment
There were birds and there were planes
Flying patterns all around
And we shared a single sound for a
 moment

If the Riley boys were here
They would tell us all was well
Not to cry and not to worry for tomorrow
If the Riley boys were here
This would be a joyous tear
Instead of one for mercy and for sorrow

If it's quiet in the streets
It is not for want of feet
That would march if they could only find
 the way
If the halo round the light
In this quiet street tonight
Were the hearts that wander by it would
 be crying

If the Riley boys were here
They would surely take our hands
And remind us that on earth our days are
 fleeting
If the Riley boys were here
And their gentle voices near
They'd remind us all that someday we'll
 be meeting

It's so hard to read the news
And so beautiful outside
And the world that seemed so wide now
 seems so broken
All the things we love and keep
In our dreams and in our sleep

Startled birds that we have suddenly
 awoken

If the Riley boys were here
They would tell us not to cry
Dry your eyes they'd say
There's work to do tomorrow
If the Riley boys were here
We'd hold fast another year
And be thankful for what mercy
We could borrow

Carol Denney:

<https://youtu.be/F1A3ul-3JMQ>

Roll Over Vaughn Williams

~ Richard Thompson

Gentle ladies, gentleman
Waiting 'till the dance begins
Carefully we come to speak
A word for all to hear
If you listen, if you should
We won't be misunderstood
But don't expect the words to ring
Too sweetly on the ear

Live in fear, live in fear
Live in fear

In the gutter, in the street
Off his head or off his feet
Listen to the scratchy voices
Eating at your nerves
Pencils ready, paper dry
Shoot the girls and make 'em cry
Run for cover, things are bad
But now they're getting worse

Live in fear, live in fear
Live in fear, live in fear

Is it painful, is it right?
Does it keep you warm at night?
Fool your friends and fool yourself
The choice is crystal clear
If you break it on your knee
Better men might disagree
Do you laugh or do you stick
Your finger in your ear?

Live in fear, live in fear
Live in fear, live in fear

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/cNCBgqojjVA>

Roll The Woodpile Down

[Roud 4443 ; Ballad Index Hugi160 ; trad.]

Away down South where the cocks do
crow,
Way down in Florida
Them gals all dance to the old banjo.
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

When I was a young man in my prime,
Way down in Florida
I danced with the brown gals two at a
time.
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

We'll roll him high and we'll roll him low,
Way down in Florida
We'll hoist him up anyway we'll go.
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Oh - roust and bust her is the cry,
Way down in Florida
A sailor's wage is never high.
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

My dear old mother wrote to me:
Way down in Florida
"Tom, my son, come home from sea."
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

She sent me money she sent me clothes,
Way down in Florida
I drank the money and I pawned the
clothes.
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

One more pull and that'll do,
Way down in Florida
For we're the boys to kick her through.
And we'll roll the woodpile down

Rollin! Rollin! Rollin the whole world
round,
That brown gal of mine's on the Georgia
line!
And we'll roll the woodpile down!

Bellowhead:
<https://youtu.be/y4rGR90UC9E>

Source: Stan Hugill's Shanties from the
Seven Seas, pp. 160-161.

Rolling Down to Old Maui

[Roud 2005 ; trad.]

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife,
we whalermen undergo
And we don't give a damn when the gale
is done, how hard the winds did blow
'Cause we're homeward bound from the
Arctic ground with a good ship, taut
and free
And we won't give a damn when we drink
our rum with the girls of Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
Ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with the northerly gale
through the ice and wind and rain
Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands,
we soon shall see again
Six hellish months we've passed away on
the cold Kamchatka sea
But now we're bound from the Arctic
Ground, rolling down to Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
Ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Once more we sail with the northerly gale,
towards our island home
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
and we ain't got far to roam
Our stu'n's'l bones is carried away, what
care we for that sound?
A living gale is after us, thank God we're
homeward bound

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys

Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
Ground

Rolling down to Old Maui

How soft the breeze through the island
trees, now the ice is far astern
Them native maids, them tropical glades,
is awaiting our return
Even now their big brown eyes look out,
hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales,
rolling down to Old Maui

Rolling down to Old Maui, me boys
Rolling down to Old Maui
We're homeward bound from the Arctic
Ground
Rolling down to Old Maui

Stan Rogers:

<https://youtu.be/P7GC9KsvkDI>

Rolling Home

~ John Tams

Round goes the wheel of fortune
Don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey
Waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty
You'll never need to roam
When we go rolling home, when we go
rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go
rolling home

The gentry in their fine array
Do prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go
To plough and sow their corn
The rich may steal the power
But the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go
rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go
rolling home

The frost is on the hedgerow
The icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers
Strive through the driving snow
Our dreams fly up to glory
Up where the lark has flown
When we go rolling home, when we go
rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go
rolling home

The summer of resentment
The winter of despair

The journey to contentment
Is set with trap and snare
Stand to and stand together
Your labour's yours alone
When we go rolling home, when we go
rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go
rolling home

So pass the bottle round
And let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer
Wherever they may be
Fair wages now and ever
Let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home, when we go
rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling, when we go
rolling home

Meridian: <https://youtu.be/Va7HlmaeJ5Y>

The Rolling of the Stones

[Roud 38]

Tim Radford sings The Rolling of the
Stones

"Will you go to the rolling of the stones
Or the dancing of the ball?
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
And dance among them all?"

"I will not go to the rolling of the stones
Or the tossing of the ball,
But I will go and see pretty Susie
And dance among them all."

"Will you drink of the blood,
The white wine and the red?
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
When that I am dead?"

They hadn't danced but a single dance
More than twice around
Before the sword at her true love's side
Gave him his fatal wound.

They picked him up and carried him
away,
For he was sore distressed.
They buried him all in the greenwoods
Where he was wont to rest.

Pretty Susie she came a-wandering by
With a tablet under her arm,
Until she came to her true love's grave
And she began to charm.

She charmed the fish out of the sea
And the birds out of their nests,
She charmed her true love out of his
grave
So he could no longer rest.

"Will you go to the rolling of the stones

Or the dancing of the ball?
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
And dance among them all?"

"I will not go to the rolling of the stones
Or the tossing of the ball
But I will go and see pretty Susie
And dance among them all.."

Joe Hickerson:

<https://youtu.be/S0rXEsh-QbE>

Rover

~ Ian Anderson

Jethro Tull: <https://youtu.be/in8NFjvRaSM>

I chase your every footstep
and I follow every whim.
When you call the tune I'm ready
to strike up the battle hymn.
My lady of the meadows ---
My comber of the beach ---
You've thrown the stick for your dog's trick
but it's floating out of reach.

The long road is a rainbow and the pot of
gold lies there.
So slip the chain and I'm off again ---
You'll find me everywhere. I'm a Rover.

As the robin craves the summer
to hide his smock of red,
I need the pillow of your hair
in which to hide my head.
I'm simple in my sadness,
resourceful in remorse.
Then I'm down straining at the lead ---
holding on a windward course.

The long road is a rainbow and the pot of
gold lies there.
So slip the chain and I'm off again ---
You'll find me everywhere. I'm a Rover.

Strip me from the bundle
of balloons at every fair:
colourful and carefree ---
Designed to make you stare.
But I'm lost and I'm losing
the thread that holds me down.
And I'm up hot and rising
in the lights of every town.

The long road is a rainbow and the pot of
gold lies there.
So slip the chain and I'm off again ---
You'll find me everywhere. I'm a Rover.

Row On

~ trad. / Tim Laycock[Roud 2084]

Clouds are upon the summer sky
There's thunder in the wind
Pull on, pull on and homeward hie
Nor give one look behind

Row on, row on, another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night

Bear where thou goest the words of love
Say all that words can say
Changeless affection, strength to prove
But speed upon the way

Row on, row on, another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night

Like yonder river would I glide
To where my heart would be
My barque should soon outsail the tide
That hurries to the sea

Row on, row on, another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night

But yet a star shines constant still
Through yonder cloudy sky
And hope as bright my bosom fills
From faith that cannot die

Row on, row on, another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night

Row on, row on, God speed the way

Thou canst not linger here
Storms hang about the closing day
Tomorrow may be clear

Row on, row on, another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night

Clouds are upon the summer sky
There's thunder in the wind
Pull on, pull on and homeward hie
Nor give one look behind.

Row on, row on, another day
May shine with brighter light
Ply, ply the oars and pull away
There's dawn beyond the night

John Roberts & Tony Barrand:
<https://youtu.be/VGpvgQvGriQ>

Words from ship's log, Three Brothers
1846, tune Tim Laycock

The Rusty, Cold Farmer

~ Kipper Family

I'm a rusty, cold farmer in a cottage well
thatched
My rusty, cold cupboard is full
In my rusty, cold garden there's chickens
and ducks
And a pig and a sheep and a bull

I brew home brewed bread and I brew
home brewed cheese
I brew home brewed beer and I drink it
My rusty, cold knowledge is second to
none
I don't say a lot but I think it

At four in the morning I rise from my bed
For that is the lot of the farmer
If you saw my missus then you'd
understand
I call her my morning alarmer
On Monday and Tuesday I take life quite
slow
On Wednesday and Thursday I slack
On Friday and Saturday I don't do a sight
And by Sunday I'm flat on my back

In Spring that's too wet for to go on the
land
In Summer that's always too dry
In Autumn that's cold and the crops get
the mold
And that's how we keep prices high

There's April, there's May, there's June
and July
There's August, September, October and
then
November, December, January, February
And March. Then we all start again

St. Stephen's Day Murders

~ Elvis Costello / Paddy Moloney

I knew of two sisters whose name it was
Christmas,
And one was named Dawn of course, the
other one was named Eve.
I wonder if they grew up hating the
season,
The good will that lasts til the Feast of St.
Stephen

For that is the time to eat, drink, and be
merry,
Til the beer is all spilled and the whiskey
has flowed.
And the whole family tree you neglected
to bury,
Are feeding their faces until they explode.

There'll be laughter and tears over Tia
Marias,
Mixed up with that drink made from
girders. *
Cause it's all we've got left as they draw
their last breath,
Ah, it's nice for the kids, as you finally get
rid of them,
In the St Stephen's Day Murders.

Uncle is garglin' a heart-breaking air,
While the babe in his arms pulls out all
that remains of his hair.
And we're not drunk enough yet to dare
criticize,
The great big kipper tie he's about to
baptize.

With his gin-flavored whiskers and kisses
of sherry,
His best Chrimbo shirt slung out over the
shop.
While the lights from the Christmas tree
blow up the telly,

His face closes in like an old cold pork
chop.

And the carcass of the beast left over
from the feast,
May still be found haunting the kitchen.
And there's life in it yet, we may live to
regret,
When the ones that we poisoned stop
twitchin'.

There'll be laughter and tears over Tia
Marias,
Mixed up with that drink made from
girders.
Cause it's all we've got left as they draw
their last breath,
Ah, it's nice for the kids, as you finally get
rid of them,
In the St Stephen's Day Murders.

The Chieftains & Elvis Costello:
<https://youtu.be/24dFKxSn-ml>

Salford Sunday

~ Richard Thompson

Salford Sunday, skies are weeping
Dawn is creeping through the blind
Salford Sunday and I'm aching
For the night I left behind.

Salford Sunday, morning after
Bass drum beating in my head
Sunday papers talking scandal
And a cold side of the bed.

For I left a weeping willow
She should be lying on my pillow
If I wasn't such a hard nose
Such a perfect waste of time.

Salford Sunday and I'm dreaming
And it's all in black and white
I do better, oh when I'm dreaming
Better than I did last night.

Salford Sunday and I'm walking
Though the rain is pelting down
There's a train goes back to London
I hate to leave this ugly town.

For I left a weeping willow
She should be lying on my pillow
If I wasn't such a hard nose
Such a perfect waste of time.

Salford Sunday, skies are weeping
Dawn is creeping through the blind
Salford Sunday and I'm aching
For the night I left behind
For the night I left behind.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/00rGmilnRIE>

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/4LFgeqKIsM0>

Sam Hall

[Roud 369]

Now my name it is Sam Hall,
Chimney sweep.
Oh my name it is Sam Hall,
Chimney sweep.
My name it is Sam Hall,
And I robbed both great and small,
And now I pays for all.
Well, damn your eyes.

Well, they say I killed a man,
So they said.
Oh, they say I killed a man,
So they said.
Well, I hit him on the head,
With a great big lump of lead,
And I left him there for dead.
Well, damn his eyes.

So, they put me in a quad,
In a quad.
Yes, they put me in a quad,
In a quad.
Oh, they put me in a quad
And they tied me to a log,
And they left me there, by God.
Well, damn their eyes.

And the preacher he did come,
He did come.
Yes, the preacher he did come,
He did come.
Well, the preacher he did come,
And he spoke to Kingdom Come,
Well, he can kiss my bloody bum.
Well, damn his eyes.

And the hangman he comes too,
He comes too.
And the hangman he comes too,
He comes too.
Well, the hangman he comes too,

And all his bloody crew,
Saying, Sam, there's work to do.
Well, damn his eyes.

So, it's up the rope I'll go,
Rope I'll go.
And it's up the rope I'll go,
Rope I'll go.
Well, it's up the rope I'll go,
And I see's you down below,
Saying, Sam, we told you so.
Well, damn your eyes.

And, I see's Molly in the crowd,
In the crowd.
I see's Molly in the crowd,
In the crowd.
I see's Molly in the crowd,
And I hollers right out loud,
Molly, ain't you bloody proud?
Well, damn your eyes.

So, this will be my knell,
Be my knell.
Yes, this will be my knell,
Be my knell.
This will be my funeral knell,
And I'll see you all in hell,
And I hope you frizzles well.
Well, damn your eyes.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/3JZPeXWDjxo>

Sam Jones

~ Richard Thompson

Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me
occupation

Chuck your old hocks out for my
consideration

Thirty years a bone man, up and down
the nation

Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've been among the shamrock and I've
been among the thistle

I like it all picked over, clean as a whistle

No sign of meat on, no sign of gristle

Sam Jones deliver them bones

I've seen battlefields white with human
ivory

Noble dukes and princes stripped of flesh
and finery

When the crows have done their job, they
say that's the time for me

Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I even dream of bones when I'm lying
very ill

Roomsfull of skeletons a-dancing the
quadrille

Rows and rows of skulls singing
Blueberry Hill

Sam Jones deliver them bones

And if you're unburied, the likes of me will
find you

You're no good to worms, but you might
become the finest glue

We'll grind you up and spread you out as
fertiliser, too

Sam Jones deliver them bones

And I've got a lorry, it's me own
boneshaker

Where's there old knuckle joints I'll be the
undertaker

I'll come calling 'round just like the
butcher and the baker

Sam Jones deliver them bones

Me name is Sam Jones and it's bones me
occupation

Chuck your old hocks out for my
consideration

Thirty years a bone man, up and down
the nation

Sam Jones deliver them bones

Oh, Sam Jones deliver them bones

Sam Jones deliver them bones

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2jbppqSClew>

Save Your Money While You're Young

[Roud 2325 ; trad.]

Come all you jolly good fellows, I'll sing to
you a song,
It's all about them shanty boys and it
won't take me long,
For it's now that I regret the day, while I'm
working out in the cold;
Save your money while you're young, me
boys, you'll need it when you're old.

For once I was a shanty boy, now wasn't I
a lad?
And the way I spent me money, oh,
wasn't it too bad?
But it's now that I regret the day, while I'm
working out in the cold;
Save your money while you're young, me
boys, you'll need it when you're old.

And if you are a married man, I'll tell you
what to do,
Be good to your wife and family, as you
have sworn to do.
Stay away from all grog shops where
liquor is bought and sold;
Save your money while you're young, me
boys, you'll need it when you're old.

Ah, but if you are a single man, I'll tell you
what to do,
Just find yourself a pretty young girl that
to you will prove true;
Just find yourself a likely lass, both
beautiful and bold;
That will stick to you through life and be a
comfort when you're old.

For once I was a shanty boy, now wasn't I
a lad?

And the way I spent me money, oh,
wasn't it too bad?
But it's now that I regret the day, while I'm
working out in the cold;
Save your money while you're young, me
boys, you'll need it when you're old.

Ian Robb: <https://youtu.be/9mtGBM8pLil>

Scarborough Fair

[Roud 12 ; trad.]

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Without no seam nor needlework,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Where water ne'er sprung nor a drop of
rain fell,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to hang it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
That never bore blossom since Adam was
born,
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Now he has asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
I hope that he'll answer as many for me,
And then he'll be a true lover of mine.

Tell him to find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea
strand,
And then he'll be a true love of mine.

Tell him to plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And to sow it all over with one
peppercorn,
And then he'll be a true love of mine.

Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,

And to thresh it all out with a bunch of
heather,
And then he'll be a true love of mine.

When he has done and finished his work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Well, tell him to come and tear up his
shirt,
And he'll be a true lover of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to one who lives there,
For once she was a true love of mine.

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/anruiZsXI1E>

My version combines Martin Carthy's
Scarborough Fair with Nancy Kerr's
Whittingham Fair to make it more closely
follow the pattern of the The Elfin Knight.

Screaming Issue

~ Loudon Wainwright III

You and Ludwig van Beethoven
And your Manhattan Grandfather
Born on the 16th of December
Ludwig, grandfather and you

In Poland tanks were rolling
On Hudson street it was snowing
Taxi ride to the hospital
Laboring by centimeters

Lucy when I hear you crying I don't know
what I can do
You're so miserable lying next to me I
can't help you

Who were you in your last life?
How come you came at Christmas?
If you had waited longer
You might have been Lady Di's baby

Lucy when I hear you crying I don't know
what I can do
You're so miserable lying next to me I
can't help you

It's New Year's Day your first one
What is your resolution?
It's raining, grey beginning
Here's to Ludwig, grandfather and

You and Ludwig van Beethoven
And your Manhattan Grandfather
Born on the 16th of December
Ludwig, grandfather and you

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/8gsvPaHklpk>

Send His Love to Me

~ PJ Harvey

Lover had to leave me
'Cross the desert plain
Turned to me his lady
Tell me "lover wait"

Calling Jesus, please
Send his love to me

Oh, wind and rain they haunt me
Look to the North and pray
Send me, please, his kisses
Send them home today

I'm begging, Jesus, please
Send his love to me

Left alone in desert
This house becomes a hell
This love becomes a tether
This room becomes a cell

Mummy, daddy, please
Send him back to me

How long must I suffer?
Dear God, I've served my time
This love becomes my torture
This love, my only crime
Oh lover please release me
My arms too weak to grip
My eyes too dry for weeping
My lips too dry to kiss

Calling, Jesus, please
Send his love to me
I'm begging, Jesus, please
Send his love to me

PJ Harvey: <https://youtu.be/rsUII7qVzYw>

Shake These Bones

~ Malcolm Dalglish (c1978)

I'll show you how I'm feeling Lord, any
day
I'll shake these bones and shout and sing
my life away
I'll shake these bones and I will shout and
sing my life away
For it won't be long before these bones
turn to clay

I'll tell you what I'm feeling Lord, any time
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams, you
won't mind
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams, I know
that you won't mind
There's something there that's out of
reach, I will find

I'll tell you what I'm seeing Lord,
everywhere
It may be only a small part of what is
there
It may be only a small part of what is
really there
But I'll stumble like the blind man Lord,
without fear

I'll tell you what I'm hearing Lord, all the
time
I'm hearing songs and melodies in my
mind
I'm hearing songs and melodies, but
when they're out of mind
We'll hear the sweetest peace of all, left
behind

I'll show you how I'm living Lord, every
day
I may not fall down on my knees and start
to pray
I may not fall down on my knees and and
worship you or pray

But there's reverence in my laughter Lord,
anyway

I'll show you who I'm loving Lord, in the
night
And when the door is open Lord, and
filled with light
And when the door is open Lord, and
filled with the morning light
We'll hear the child that calls for us, out of
sight

I'll show you who I'm loving Lord, in the
day
And to my fellow people Lord, these
words I'll say
And to my fellow people Lord, these
loving words I'll say
And I'll shake these bones and shout and
sing my life away

I'll show you how I'm feeling Lord, any
day
I'll shake these bones and shout and sing
my life away
I'll shake these bones and I will shout and
sing my life away
For it won't be long before these bones
turn to clay

Malcolm Dalglish, Grey Larsen & Claudia
Schmidt:

https://youtu.be/ZSogV3_VyQ

Cindy Kallet, Ellen Epstein & Michael

Cicone: <https://youtu.be/MWZ9tle2iBA>

Shaky Nancy

~ Richard Thompson

Here she comes and there she goes
Nothing on her fingers, nothing on her
toes
Why she comes nobody knows
Here comes shaky Nancy

Don't be believing, she melts in your hand
Runs with the tide and she shifts with the
sand
She'll send you a message and turn to
stone
She's a hard girl, Nancy

One cold morning, ice on the sea
Shaky Nancy won't you lean on me
Must mean something, how can you
lose?
There's nothing choosy or chancy

Oh here she comes and there she goes
Nothing on her fingers, nothing on her
toes
Why she comes nobody knows
Here comes shaky Nancy

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/PQhk2MUX5MA>

She May Call You Up Tonight

~ Steve Martin-Caro / Michael Brown

I've been telling lines
I never knew
all to keep that girl
away from you
but she may call you up tonight
then what could I say
that would sound right

Thoughts that raised my mind
just pushed aside
all the chances there
that we once had
but she may call you up tonight
then what could I say
that would sound right

And when I'm crying
yes I know my mind is flying
to a place where there's no trying
but she may call you up tonight

I've been telling lines
I never knew
all to keep that girl
away from you
but she may call you up tonight
then what could I say
that would sound right

but she may call you up tonight
then what could I say
that would sound right
then what could I say
that would sound right

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/dUixM1kTrxc>

She Said It Was Destiny

~ Richard Thompson

Is this the togetherness she meant - so
rosy
I thought we'd share a continent - so cosy
I thought love's passions really
Would be more touchy-feely

She said it was Destiny
She said it was written somewhere
But if it was destiny
Why am I over here and she's over there
She said it was in the stars
Something that just had to be
But Venus aligned with Mars
Always really takes it out of me

O I'm not proud of my deceit - you know
that
To come so near and then retreat - you
know that
One beat before I fell
Somewhere I heard a bell - ring, ring

She said it was Destiny
She said it was written somewhere
But if it was destiny
Why am I over here and she's over there

There's clouds across my crystal ball - too
misty
Was I too quick to give it all - when she
kissed me
She's thrown a net on me
Razor wire geometry

She said it was Destiny
She said it was written somewhere
But if it was destiny
Why am I over here and she's over there
She said it was in the stars
Something that just had to be
But Venus aligned with Mars

Always really takes it out of me

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/bHhFbijK-rw>

She Twists The Knife Again

~ Richard Thompson

I keep my nose clean, I keep my speech
plain

I keep my promises, she twists the knife
again

I shut my memory, I close my eyes and
then

She takes another bite, she twists the
knife again

She never leaves me my dignity
Makes a dunce of me in mixed company
No bygone can be a bygone
She throws the spanner in, she puts the
screws on

In the middle of a kiss, she twists the
knife again
When I get up off my knees, she twists
the knife again
When I think I'm off the hook she gets me
She twists the knife again, she twists the
knife again

I make my moves well, I let her tell me
when
I walk a fine line, she twists the knife
again
Just when the scar heals, just when the
grip unbends
Just when her mind reels, she twists the
knife again

She can give it out, she can't take it
She smells something bad, she has to
rake it
I bring home my packet, my white-collar
money
I'm in a fist fight, she thinks she's Gene
Tunney

In the middle of a kiss, she twists the
knife again

When I get up off my knees, she twists
the knife again

When I think I'm off the hook she gets me
She twists the knife again, she twists the
knife again

She never leaves me my dignity
Makes a dunce of me in mixed company
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She throws the spanner in, she puts the
screws on

In the middle of a kiss, she twists the
knife again
When I get up off my knees, she twists
the knife again
When I think I'm off the hook she gets me
She twists the knife again, she twists the
knife again
She twists the knife again

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/pxWO6Ru7nQ>

She's Not There

~ Rod Argent

Well no one told me about her, the way
she lied

Well no one told me about her, how many
people cried

But it's too late to say you're sorry
How would I know, why should I care
Please don't bother tryin' to find her
She's not there

Well let me tell you 'bout the way she
looked

The way she'd act and the color of her
hair

Her voice was soft and cool
Her eyes were clear and bright
But she's not there

Well no one told me about her, what could
I do

Well no one told me about her, though
they all knew

But it's too late to say you're sorry
How would I know, why should I care
Please don't bother tryin' to find her
She's not there

Well let me tell you 'bout the way she
looked

The way she'd act and the color of her
hair

Her voice was soft and cool
Her eyes were clear and bright
But she's not there

But it's too late to say you're sorry
How would I know, why should I care
Please don't bother tryin' to find her
She's not there

Well let me tell you 'bout the way she
looked

The way she'd act and the color of her
hair

Her voice was soft and cool
Her eyes were clear and bright
But she's not there

The Zombies:

<https://youtu.be/it68QbUWVPM>

Teddy Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/q5mqvviQ9GM>

Sheffield Wassail

~ Pete Smith

It is so many weeks
Since we've seen the evening sun
And solstice time has sung its rhyme
And wassail time is come

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

So here we come a wandering
Upon this wintry night
And here we come a-wassailing
To make the future bright

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

God bless the old and weary
Whose times is nearly run
And all the unsung carers
Who are paid a paltry sum

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

And God bless the young and hearty,
Whose futures are unclear
We wish them work and plenty
And a prosperous New Year

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

So think on those who have no home

Who sleep from door to door
And damn the rich and famous,
Who greed for more and more

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

God damn the politicians
Who lie and cheat each day
And damn the institutions
Who help them on their way

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

God bless the keepers of this [pub |
house]
And all who dwell within
So raise your glass and raise your voice
And sing the New Year in

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

The old year's gone forever,
God bless it and good cheer
I'll raise my glass and wish you all
A happy New Year

Here's to you and your families,
Young lovers and old friends,
We'll welcome in the New Year
Now we've seen the old one end.

Melrose Quartet:

<https://melrosequartet.bandcamp.com/track/sheffield-wassail>

Shenandoah

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, I must away
Across the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away, I must away
Across the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I took a notion
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, to cross the ocean
Away, I must away
Across the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away, you rolling river
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away, I must away
Across the wide Missouri

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/SzHN957j-K0>

Shepherd of the Downs

[Roud 1215]

A shepherd of the downs being weary of
his port
Retired to the hills where he used to
resort.
In want of refreshment he laid himself
down,
He wanted no riches, nor wealth from the
Crown,
He wanted no riches, nor wealth from the
Crown.

He drank of the cold brook, he ate of the
tree,
Himself he did enjoy from all sorrow was
tree,
He valued no girl be she ever so fair,
No pride nor ambition he valued no care,
No pride nor ambition he valued no care.

As he was a-walking one evening so clear
A heavenly sweet voice sounded soft in
his ear.
He stood like a post not one step could
he move,
He knew not what hailed him but thought
it was love,
He knew not what hailed him but thought
it was love.

He beheld a young damsel a fair modest
bride
She had something amiss and disguised
in her face.
Disguised in her face she unto him did
say,
How now, Master Shepherd, how came
you this way?
How now, Master Shepherd, how came
you this way?

The shepherd he replied and modestly
said,
I never was surprised before at a maid.
When first you beheld me from sorrow I
was free,
But now you have stolen my poor heart
from me,
But now you have stolen my poor heart
from me.

He took her by the hand and thus he did
say
We will get married pretty Betsy today.
So to church they did go and were
married we hear,
And now he'll enjoy pretty Betsy his dear,
And now he'll enjoy pretty Betsy his dear.

Bob & Ron Copper:

https://youtu.be/M2_wM_aIKIU

Shepherds Arise

[Roud 1207]

Shepherds arise, be not afraid, with hasty
steps prepare
To David's city, sin on earth,
With our blest Infant, with our blest Infant
there,
With our blest Infant there, with our blest
Infant there.
Sing, sing, all earth, sing, sing, all earth
eternal praises sing
To our Redeemer, to our Redeemer and
our heavenly King.

Laid in a manger viewed a Child, humility
Divine,
Sweet innocence sounds meek and mild.
Grace in his features-grace in his features
shine,
Grace in his features shine, grace in his
features shine.
Sing, sing, all earth, sing, sing, all earth
eternal praises sing
To our Redeemer, to our Redeemer and
our heavenly King.

For us the Saviour came on earth, for us
his life he gave,
To save us from eternal death
And to raise us from-and to raise us from
the grave
To raise us from the grave and to raise us
from the grave
Sing, sing, all earth, sing, sing, all earth
eternal praises sing
To our Redeemer, to our Redeemer and
our heavenly King.

Andy Turner:

<https://youtu.be/9qqJ4BMtF3g>

Shove Around the Jug

[trad / John Mayberry]

Shove around the jug, me boys,
Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

* Well, I courted a girl in Albany,
One in Montreal,
One in Philadelphia,
But the best's in Lewiston Falls.

Shove around the jug, me boys,
Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

* When you get to Albany
Give the girls a call.
There's not a tart to be compared,
With the ones from Lewiston Falls.

Shove around the jug, me boys,
Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

When I came on from Ireland
I was just a lad.
But working these canal boats
Is the only life I've had.

Shove around the jug, me boys,
Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

* A dollar in a tavern
Is very easy spent.
If I had it in Ireland,
I'd have to pay down rent.

Shove around the jug, me boys,

Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

Amsterdam or Liverpool,
Rome or Syracuse,
If you've ever been to Lewiston Falls,
It's the only place you'd choose.

Shove around the jug, me boys,
Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

A drunkard in the tavern,
A fish is in the sea!
The cork is in the bottle,
But the whiskey is in me!

Shove around the jug, me boys,
Chorus around the room,
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home!

* The three original verses are "I courted
a girl in Albany", "A dollar in a tavern",
and "When you get to Albany". I
believe that all of the other verses
were written by John Mayberry.

Sibella

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/vp7bDVIHY7Q>

Oh some girls hold the ace, the deuce,
the trey
X-ray the deck to see what's coming
Mary Antoinette she smiled that way
Easy to smile when the luck is running

Like a myth you rode in from the west
From the go you had my button pressed
Did the tea-time of your soul
Make you long for wilder days?
Did you never let Jack Kerouac
Wash over you in waves?

Sibella, we don't make sense together
But my heart's with you
Sibella, I found myself
Strange but true, strange but true

Some say you can learn a lot from books
Thrill right to second-hand living
Life is just as deadly as it looks
But fiction is more forgiving

You took chances well within your means
Salon hair and creases in your jeans
All those lonely winters long
Did you really think it through
Did you really ache for me like I really
ached for you

Sibella, we don't make sense together
But my heart's with you
Sibella, I found myself
Strange but true, strange but true

Sibella, we don't make sense together
But my heart's with you
Sibella, I found myself
Strange but true, strange but true
Strange but true, strange but true
Strange but true

Sights And Sounds Of London Town

~ Richard Thompson

Oh Gillian she's a Doncaster lass
Trains it down on the quarter past
Friday night leaves the kids at home
And struts her stuff on the Euston Road
Saying "Do you want some company
darling?"

Do you want some company now?
My place, your place or no place
I could use the extra cash anyhow"
That's the sights and sounds of London
Town

The sights and sounds of London Town
The sights and sounds of London Town

Oh Jean-Paul he came over from
Toulouse
They told him that London was the golden
goose

He never got his hands on enough to eat
He never did get his arse up off the street
Wanted to be a rap DJ

They took his pulse then they turned him
away

Under the radar of your fellow man
With all that charisma it ain't worth a
damn

Saying "Lend me your shoes till Monday
Oh brother can you lend me a comb
I can wash dishes all night long
I just need my fare back home"
That's the sights and sounds of London
Town

The sights and sounds of London Town
The sights and sounds of London Town

Well Jackie she tried just about
everything

She tried to dance, she tried to sing
Too many doors slammed in your face

It leaves a nasty aftertaste
You scramble around for a little bit of cash
Ease the pain with Mister Flash
Saint Annes Court is the rendezvous
For those who share your point of view
Saying "This is the last time you will see
me

Never again no way
One more time I'll never ask you again
I've just got to get through today"
That's the sights and sounds of London
Town

The sights and sounds of London Town
The sights and sounds of London Town

Oh Mickey he sleeps every two or three
days

Runs through Soho like a rat through a
maze

A little blackmail here a sting on the side
Enough to get started on the next
enterprise

Dresses expensive but that's just a crutch
Like his word or his handshake it doesn't
mean much

Depends on his kickback from the middle
man

And whatever he can beat out of Sally
Ann

Saying "Lucky I'm the one you ran into
Oh lucky I've taken a shine
Lucky I'm needing a partner
50/50 right down the line"

Oh that's the sights and sounds of
London Town

The sights and sounds of London Town
The sight and sounds of London Town

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/Vq8f7VP19o0>

Singer's Farewell

~ Ian Robb / William Walker

Farewell, old friend, it's time to go,
You must be on your way.
Do not let this parting grieve you so,
Though dreary seems the day.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
When we arrive at home.

No saint you were, while on this earth
You trod your path so wide,
For saints do seldom venture forth,
For fear they stray aside.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
When we arrive at home.

If God there be, some Pharisee
Of unforgiving ways,
Then look for Him, for you must seek
To brighten up His days.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
When we arrive at home.

And when at Peter's gate you stand,
With sins of flesh and wine,
One song the bribe, he'll take your hand
And lead you in to dine.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
When we arrive at home.

Though friends may join and friends may
part,
Though friends be born and die,
Each song remains within the heart,
Each spirit ever nigh.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And you'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah
When we arrive at home.

Ian Robb: <https://youtu.be/f26fopIXP6E>

Tune is Hallelujah #146 by William
Walker, with alto part by S.M. Denson,
from the Original Sacred Harp by
Owel W. Denson (1911).

Sisters

~ Richard Thompson

Remember the time when we two kin
were reared
There was never a morsel but that it was
shared
If the one babe was stung, t'was the other
would cry
There scarce was a crossed word and
never a lie

Our people were drab and defeated like
slaves
The light of their fathers went into the
graves
I took to the highway to find some relief
I never meant parting to put you to grief

Sisters
We were sisters
'Til love came between us and pulled us
apart
We were sisters
We were sisters
Don't call me your sister and put a knife
through my heart

Now you smile when you greet me, you
put on a show
But it's slander you're talking as soon as
you go
If your eye and my eye don't meet
anymore
Hold fast to your tongue when I've walked
out the door

Sisters
We were sisters
'Til love came between us and pulled us
apart
We were sisters
We were sisters

Don't call me your sister and put a knife
through my heart

You say that I'm different, don't hold me to
blame
It's not to my grandeur, it's not to your
shame
It's nothing of mine that I lay at your door
So take it or leave it, it's to heal not to
sore

Sisters
We were sisters
'Til love came between us and pulled us
apart
We were sisters
We were sisters
Don't call me your sister and put a knife
through my heart

Richard & Linda Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/hP2h9xeMdtk>

Six Hours Ahead Of The Sun

~ Steve Goodman

One more night in a transatlantic city
And the clocks all run on someone else's
time
And the streets run so close to the
houses,
But none of them run into mine.
And the people are all in a hurry
And the whiskey's as cheap as the beer.
And that skyline looks just like that
postcard I sent you,
And darling, I wish that you were here.

Some folks travel for pleasure
And other folks just born to roam.
Some folks can't stand the pressure
And some of them never come home.
And I only go where I have to go
And I only come home when I'm done.
And if everything's right, then I'll be home
Friday night,
Six hours ahead of the sun.

One more night in a transatlantic city
And you buy one round for everyone in
sight
And you order up the same old glass of
trouble
But trouble just don't taste the same
tonight.
And the local bartender tells you all the
stories
And the local lovelies dance before your
eyes.
And they call that dance old "Younger's
Tartan"
And I can't get all this mud out of my
eyes.

Some folks drink when they're happy,
Other folks drink when they're dry.

Some folks drink so they won't have to
think
And some other drink until they die.
But drinking just gives me amnesia
But the devil has a list of those who run.
But win, place, and show, and nowhere to
go,
And six hours ahead of the sun.

But win, place, and show, and nowhere to
go,
And six hours ahead of the sun.

Steve Goodman:

<https://youtu.be/wj0hdubuaDM>

Skewball

[Roud 456]

You gallant sportsmen all, come listen to
my story
It's of the bold Skewball, that noble racing
pony
Arthur Marvel was the man that brought
bold Skewball over
He's the diamond of the land and he rolls
about in clover

The horses were bought out with saddle,
whip and bridle
And the gentlemen did shout when they
saw the noble riders
And some did shout hooray, the air was
thick with curses
And on the grey Griselda the sportsmen
laid their purses

The trumpet it did sound, they shot off like
an arrow,
They scarcely touched the ground for the
going it was narrow.
Then Griselda passed him by and the
gentlemen did holler,
"The grey will win the day and Skewball
he will follow."

Then halfway round the course up spoke
the noble rider
"I fear we must fall back for she's going
like a tiger.
Up spoke the noble horse, "Ride on, my
noble master,
For we're half way round the course and
now we'll see who's faster."

And when they did discourse, bold
Skewball flew like lightning
They chased around the course and the
grey mare she was taken

"Ride on my noble lord, for the good two
hundred guineas.
The saddle shall be of gold when we pick
up our winnings."

Past the winning post, bold Skewball
proved quite handy
And horse and rider both ordered sherry
wine and brandy
And then they drank a health unto Miss
Griselda
And all that lost their money on the
sporting plains of Kildare

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/rnZFSKDfHCl>

Skip Rope Song

~ Jesse Winchester

I used to know a pretty girl
Who cut off all her hair
The scissors flew among the curls
And curls went everywhere

I gathered up her fallen locks
And carried them away
And put them in silver box
And keep them to this day

Song, sing, birdy with the wing
Perfect circle sun
The grown ups get to make the rules
And we have all the fun
Yes, we have all the fun

But now I am in love with you
And I hope that you will stay
And to prove that my love is true
I'll throw the curls away

Song, sing, birdy with the wing
Perfect circle sun
The grown ups get to make the rules
And we have all the fun
Yes, we have all the fun

Jesse Winchester:

<https://youtu.be/TbRscGw3buE>

Slaves

~ William Villiers Sankey / Benji
Kirkpatrick

Men of England, you are slaves,
Though you quell the roaring waves.
Though you boast by land and sea,
That Britons everywhere are free.

Men of England, you are slaves,
Bought by tyrants, sold by knaves.
Yours the toil, the sweat and pain,
Theirs the profit, the ease and gain.

Men of England, you are slaves,
Beaten by the policeman's staves.
If their force you dare repel,
Yours shall be the prison cell.

Men of England, you are slaves,
Even the House of Commons craves,
From the crown on bended knee.
That it's motions may be free.

Men of England, you are slaves,
Hark the stormy tempest raves.
Tis the nation's voice I hear,
Shouting, "Liberty is near!"

Europe's people one and all,
Rise up at your brethren's call.
Shouting loud from sea to sea,
"Ours shall be the Victory!"

Faustus: <https://youtu.be/XS1r3hPGDAI>

Sleep On Beloved

[Roud 15632]

Waterson:Carthy sing Sleep On Beloved

Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy
rest,
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's
breast.
We love thee well but Jesus loves thee
best,
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

Until our shadows from this earth are
cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom is over past:
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

Until made beautiful by love divine
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt
shine,
And He will bring that golden crown of
thine,
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

Until we meet again before the throne
Clothed in the spotless robes He gives
His own,
Until we know as we have known:
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

Waterson:Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/RYwbpCm2apA>

Small Town Romance

~ Richard Thompson

Small town romance
Back seat for a bed
Nothings must be whispered
Rumours must be fed

Small town romance
Everyone knows your mind
They peep from faded curtains
They read your valentines

O you got to get away
O you got to get away
O you got to get away
O they can't stand love in a small town

They knew you when you were weaning
They knew you when you were grown
They think they know all about you
They'll never leave you alone

Small town romance
There's too many jealousies
Old maids with long gone lovers
Old flames with bad memories

O you better get away
O you better get away
O you better get away
O they can't stand love in a small town

Midnight packing and leaving
Note pinned upon the sheets
Tail lights off in the distance
A ride through the painted streets

O small town romance
They'd still break you if they could
They'd always say I told you so
She never was no good

See she never loved him anyway

See she never loved him anyway
See she never loved him anyway
O you can't have love in a small town

See she never loved him anyway
See she never loved him anyway
See she never loved him anyway
O you can't have love in a small town

A Smuggler's Song

~ Rudyard Kipling / Peter Bellamy

If you wake at midnight, and hear a
horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or
looking in the street,
Them that asks no questions they isn't
told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the
Gentlemen go by!

Five-and-twenty ponies, trotting through
the dark—
With brandy for the Parson and 'baccy for
the Clerk.
Laces for a lady and letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the
Gentlemen go by!

Running round the woodlump if you
chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of
brandy-wine;
Don't you shout to come and look, nor
use 'em for your play;
Put the brushwood back again,—and
they'll be gone next day!

If you see the stable-door setting open
wide;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut about
and tore;
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you
ask no more!

If you meet King George's men, dressed
in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful
what is said.
If they call you "pretty maid", and chuck
you 'neath the chin,

Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet
where no one's been!

Knocks and footsteps round the
house—whistles after dark—
You've no call for running out until the
house-dogs bark.
Trusty's here, and Pincher's here, and
see how dumb they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the
Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you've been told, likely
there's a chance
You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way
from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet
hood—
A present from the Gentlemen, along o'
being good!

Five-and-twenty ponies, trotting through
the dark—
Brandy for the Parson, 'baccy for the
Clerk.
Them that asks no questions isn't told a
lie—
So watch the wall, my darling, while the
Gentlemen go by!

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/A-ESYZXTJAg>

John Roberts & Tony Barrand:

<https://youtu.be/KWAITdrOvR4>

Snow Falls

~ John Tams

Cruel winter cuts through like the reaper
The old year lies withered and slain
Like Barleycorn who arose from the grave
The new year will rise up again

And the snow falls
And the wind calls
The year turns round again

And I'll wager a hat full of guineas
Against all the songs you can sing
Someday you'll love and the next day
 you'll lose
And winter will turn into spring

And the snow falls
And the wind calls
The year turns round again

There will come a time of great plenty
A time of good harvest and song
'Til then put your trust in tomorrow my
 friend
For yesterday's over and done

And the snow falls
And the wind calls
The year turns round again

Home Service:

<https://youtu.be/LoTYCw0IVqE>

John Tams And Barry Coope:

https://youtu.be/_s2Wxok-8OM

Snow Falls (The Year Turns Round Again)

~ John Tams

Cruel winter cuts through like the reaper
The old year lies withered and slain
And like Barleycorn who arose from the
grave
The new year will rise up again

And the snow falls, the wind calls
The year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

I'll wager a hat full of guineas
Against all the songs you can sing
That someday you'll love and the next
day you'll lose
And winter will turn into spring

And the snow falls, the wind calls
The year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

Then I'll garland a bonnet of daisies
I'll crown you the queen of the May
And all shall behold the seasons unfold
As surely as night follows day

And the snow falls, the wind calls
The year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

And there will come a time of great plenty
A time of good harvest and sun
'Til then put your trust in tomorrow, my
friend
For yesterday's over and done

Plough, sow, reap and mow
The year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

And the snow falls, the wind calls
The year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

Cruel winter cuts through like the reaper
The old year lies withered and slain
And like Barleycorn who arose from the
grave
The new year will rise up again

And the snow falls, the wind calls
The year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

Phoebe arise, a gleam in her eyes
And the year turns round again
And like Barleycorn who rose from the
grave
A new year will rise up again

Bob Fox:

<https://youtu.be/VbBmZRUmL4Q>

Tim van Eyken:

<https://youtu.be/i4FLKxIYs3U>

Saul Rose: <https://youtu.be/a-e-kr3soqs>

The Snow It Melts the Soonest

[Roud 3154 ; trad.]

Oh the snow it melts the soonest when
the winds begin to sing
And the corn it ripens fastest when the
frosts are setting in
And when a young man tells me that my
face he'll soon forget
Before we part, I'd bet a crown, he'd be
fain to follow it yet

Oh the snow it melts the soonest when
the winds begin to sing
And the swallow skims without a thought
as long as it is spring
But when spring blows and winter goes
my lad then you'd be fain
With all your pride for to follow me, were it
'cross the stormy main

Oh the snow it melts the soonest when
the winds begin to sing
And the bee that flew when summer
shone in winter he won't sing
And all the flowers in all the land so
brightly there they be
And the snow it melts the soonest when
my true love's for me

So never say me farewell here, no
farewell I'll receive
You can meet me at the stile, you'll kiss
and take your leave
And I'll wait it till the woodcock crows or
the martin takes its leave
Since the snow it melts the soonest when
the winds begin to sing

Anne Briggs:

<https://youtu.be/-ag07gaPrLE>

The Snows They Melt the Soonest

[Roud 3154 ; trad.]

The snows they melts the soonest when
the wind begins to sing
The corn it ripens fastest when the frosts
are settling in
And when a woman tells me that my face
she'll soon forget
Before we part, I'll wage a crown, she's
fain to follow it yet

The snows they melt the soonest when
the winds begin to sing
The swallow flies without a thought as
long as it is spring
But when spring goes and winter blows
my love then you'll be fain
For all your pride to follow me across the
raging main

The snows they melt the soonest when
the winds begin to sing
And the bee that flew when summer
shone in winter cannot sting
And I've seen a woman's anger melt
between the night and the morn
So it's surely not a harder thing to melt a
woman's scorn

So don't you bid me farewell here, no
farewell I'll receive
For you will lie with me, my lass, then you
kiss and take your leave
And I'll wait here till the moorcock calls
and the martin takes the wing
For the snows they melt the soonest
when the winds begin to sing

Dick Gaughan:

<https://youtu.be/a2INKPLGcYI>

So Ben Mi Ch'a Bon Tempo

~ Orazio Vecchi (1550-1605)

So ben mi c'ha bon tempo
Il so ma basta mo

So ben che favorito
Ahime! No'l posso dir

O s'io pottessi dire
Chi va chi sta chi vien

La ti dara martello
Per farti disperar

Saluti e baciamani
Son tutto indarno a fe

Richard Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/jV3mLU3awB0>

John Horton translates it as:

I know a lucky fellow
I know but I won't tell

I know that he's in favour
I'm sorry I can't say

I wish that I could tell you
Who goes, who stays, who comes

I'm sure you would be jealous
And maybe you'd despair

Solid Air

~ John Martyn

You've been taking your time
And you've been living on solid air
You've been walking the line
And you've been living on solid air
Don't know what's going 'round inside
And I can tell you that it's hard to hide
When you're living on solid air

And you've been painting the blues
And you've been looking through solid air
You've been seeing it through
And you've been looking through solid air
Don't know what's going 'round in your
mind
And I can tell you don't like what you find
When you're moving through solid air,
solid air

I know you, I love you
And I can be your friend
I can follow you anywhere
Even through solid air

You've been stoning it cold
You've been living on solid air
You've been finding it cold
You've been living on solid air
I don't know what's going on inside
I can tell you that it's hard to hide
When you're living on solid air, solid air

You've been getting too deep
You've been living on solid air
You've been missing your sleep
you've been moving through solid air
I don't know what's going on in your mind
But I know you don't like what you find
When you're moving through solid air,
solid air

I know you, I love you

I will be your friend
I will follow you anywhere
Even through solid air

You've been walking your line
You've been walking on solid air
You've been taking your time
'Cause you've been walking on solid air
Don't know what's going on inside
But I can tell you that it's hard to hide
When you're living on solid air, solid air

You've been painting the blues
You've been living on solid air
And you've been seeing it through
And you've been looking through solid air
I don't know what's going in your mind
But I can tell you don't like what you find
When you're living through solid air, solid
air

I know you, I love you
And I can be your friend
I can follow you anywhere
Even through solid air

Icy blue solid air
Blue solid air

John Martyn:

<https://youtu.be/PCCWqYfZVi0>

Song for the New Year

~ Ian Robb

One evening so silent as I was out
walking
I spied an old woman sat down by a tree
And as I drew nigh her, I could hear her
soft talking
These wishes she made for the child on
her knee:

For the child on her knee,
For the child on her knee,
These wishes she made for the child on
her knee.

First, I'll wish that in peace you may
always be living
Oh, never to kill at a sergeant's
command;
For King and for country's no reason for
giving
Your life and your blood in some far away
land:

Some far away land,
Some far away land,
Your life and your blood in some far away
land.

May you be your own master; let no man
control you
Whether tyrant of government, factory or
farm
No matter the wages they'll pay to
console you
To slavery's orders ne'er lift a strong arm:

Ne'er lift a strong arm,
Ne'er lift a strong arm,
To slavery's orders ne'er lift a strong arm.

Good health be your fortune, no gift can
excel it

But guard it from those who would take it
away
In mills, mines, and factories they'll force
you to sell it
For industry's profit most dearly you'll pay:

Most dearly you'll pay,
Most dearly you'll pay,
For industry's profit most dearly you'll pay.

And the last of my hopes is for friendship
and kindred
For the love of companions is our
greatest need
And though you may live to the age of a
hundred
It's young you'll remain while friendships
succeed:

While friendships succeed,
While friendships succeed,
It's young you'll remain while friendships
succeed.

So now, lads and lasses, come fill up your
glasses
And drink a good health to our children so
dear
To live free from classes while history
passes *
To friends and to loved ones, a Happy
New Year:

A Happy New Year,
A Happy New Year,
To friends and to loved ones, a Happy
New Year.

Ian Robb: <https://youtu.be/6qrkwVVF2k>

* Barrand and Roberts sing:
Hail and farewell to the old year that
passes

Souling Song

[Roud 304 ; trad.]

A soul, a soul, a soul cake,
Please, good missus, a soul cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him that made us all.

Go down into your cellar and see what
you can find
If your barrel is not empty we'll hope you
will prove kind
We'll hope you will prove kind with your
apples and strong beer
We'll come no more a-souling until this
time next year.

A soul, a soul, a soul cake,
Please, good missus, a soul cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him that made us all.

God bless the master of this house and
the mistress also
And all the little children that around your
table grow,
Likewise your men and maidens, your
cattle and your store
And all that dwells within your gates,
We wish you ten times more.

A soul, a soul, a soul cake,
Please, good missus, a soul cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him that made us all.

The lanes are very dirty and my shoes
are very thin,

I've got a little pocket I can put a penny in.
If you haven't got a penny, a ha' penny
will do,
If you haven't got a ha' penny, then God
bless you.

A soul, a soul, a soul cake,
Please, good missus, a soul cake,
An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Him that made us all.

The Watsonsons:

<https://youtu.be/yXfRLgROFKs>

Spencer the Rover

[Roud 1115 ; Mudcat 58075 ; trad.]

These words were composed by Spencer
the Rover
Who had travelled Great Britain and most
parts of Wales.
He had been so reduced which caused
great confusion
And that was the reason he went on the
roam.

In Yorkshire near Rotherham he had been
on his rambles,
Being weary of travelling he sat down to
rest.
At the foot of yonder mountain there runs
a clear fountain;
With bread and cold water he himself did
refresh.

It tasted more sweeter than the gold he
had wasted,
More sweeter than honey and gave more
content.
But the thoughts of his babies lamenting
their father
Brought tears to his eyes and caused him
to lament.

The night fast approaching to the woods
he resorted,
With woodbine and ivy his bed for to
make.
There he dreamt about sighing lamenting
and crying,
To home to your family and rambling
forsake.

On the fifth of November I've a reason to
remember,
When first he arrived home to his family
and wife.

They stood so surprised when first he
arrived
To see such a stranger once more in their
sight.

His children came around him with their
prittle-prattling stories,
With their prittle-prattling stories to drive
care away.
Now they are united like birds of one
feather,
Like bees in one hive contented they'll
stay.

So now he is a-living in his cottage
contented,
With woodbine and roses growing all
around the door.
He's as happy as those that's got
thousands of riches;
Contented he'll stay and go rambling no
more.

Copper Family:

<https://youtu.be/npVrcjGq2Hg>

Staines Morris

[Roud V18894]

Morris On:

<https://youtu.be/gMlrYeHwyOU>

Come ye young men, come along,
With your music and your song.
Bring your lasses in your hands
For 'tis that which love commands.

Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday (x2)

'Tis the choice time of the year
For the violets now appear.
Now the rose receives its birth
And the pretty primrose decks the earth.

Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday (x2)

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again and more,
It will never make them poor.

Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday (x2)

When you thus have spent your time
Till the day be past its prime
To your beds repair at night
And dream there of your day's delight.

Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday (x2)

Come ye young men, come along,
With your music and your song.
Bring your lasses in your hands
For 'tis that which love commands.

Then to the maypole haste away
For 'tis now our holiday (x2)

Strange Affair

~ Richard Thompson

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/UBnYg0ty-Q4>

This is a strange affair
The time has come to travel but the road
is filled with fear
This is a strange affair
My youth has all been wasted and I'm
bent and grey with years
And all my companions are taken away
And who will provide for me against my
dying day
I took my own provision, but it fooled me
and wasted away

Oh where are my companions?
My mother, father, lover, friend, and
enemy
Where are my companions?
They're prisoners of death now, and taken
far from me
And where are the dreams I dreamed in
the days of my youth
They took me to illusion when they
promised me the truth
And what do sleepers need to make them
listen,
Why do they need more proof?
This is a strange, this is a strange affair

Won't you give me an answer?
Why is your heart so hard towards the
one who loves you best?
When the man with the answer
Has wakened you, and warned you, and
called you to the test
Wake up from your sleep that builds like
clouds upon your eyes
And win back the life you had that's now a
dream of lies
Turn your back on yourself and if you
follow,
You'll win the lover's prize
This is a strange, this is a strange affair

Streets Of Paradise

~ Richard Thompson

The tears fall down like whisky
The tears fall down like wine
On an island made of cocaine
In a sea of turpentine
We all need some assistance
But won't that day be fine
When we're walking down the streets of
Paradise

Tar brush on the corner
I've never seen him before
He drank ten fingers of what they had
Now his feet don't touch the floor
He can't see me or this dirty old town
He's got nothing to look for
He's walking down the streets of Paradise

Walking down the streets of Paradise
Walking down the streets of Paradise

I'd trade my silver mansion
With a guard on every door
I'd trade my wealth and treasure
And the sash my father wore
I'd trade my little sister
And my brother who went before
To be walking down the streets of
Paradise

Walking down the streets of Paradise
Walking down the streets of Paradise

I asked you for a racehorse
Now don't hand me no mule
I asked you for a fast car
Don't you take me for a fool
Just hand me down my telescope
And a bullet I can chew
I'll be walking down the streets of
Paradise

Walking down the streets of Paradise
Walking down the streets of Paradise

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/gfURslucl0g>

Substitute

~ Pete Townshend

You think we look pretty good together
You think my shoes are made of leather
I'm a substitute for another guy
I look pretty tall but my heels are high
The simple things you see are all
 complicated
I look pretty young, but I'm just
 back-dated yeah

Substitute (Me for him)
Substitute (My coke for gin)
Substitute (You for my mum)
Substitute (At least I'll get my washin'
 done)

I was born with a plastic spoon in my
 mouth
The north side of my town faced east
And the east was facing south
And now you dare to look me in the eye
Those crocodile tears are what you cry
It's a genuine problem, you won't try
To work it out at all, just pass it by, pass it
 by

Substitute (Your lies for fact)
Substitute (I see right through your plastic
 Mac)
Substitute (I look all white but my dad was
 black)
Substitute (My fine-looking suit's really
 made out of sack)

I'm a substitute for another guy
I look pretty tall but my heels are high
The simple things you see are all
 complicated
I look pretty young, but I'm just
 back-dated, yeah

Substitute (Me for him)

Substitute (My coke for gin)
Substitute (You for my mum)
Substitute (At least I'll get my washin'
 done)

Substitute (Your lies for fact)
Substitute (I see right through your plastic
 Mac)
Substitute (I look all white but my dad was
 black)
Substitute (My fine-looking suit's really
 made out of sack)

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/4MeB_rP-Xgg

The Who: <https://youtu.be/eswQI-hcvU0>

For The Who's American single, released in April 1966, the line in the chorus "I look all white but my dad was black" was changed to "I try walking forward but my feet walk back."

Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation

[Roud 5516 ; trad., from Hogg's Jacobite
Relics of Scotland]

Farewell to all our Scottish fame
Farewell our ancient glory
Farewell even to our Scottish name
Sae fam'd in martial story
Now Sark runs over the Solway sands
And Tweed runs to the ocean
To mark where England's province
stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
Through many warlike ages
Is wrought now by a coward few
For hireling traitor's wages
The English steel we could disdain
Secure in valour's station
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

I would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us
My auld grey head had lain in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I'll make this declaration
We were bought and sold for English
gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Steeleye Span:

https://youtu.be/tTrn_wRfG0w

Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger:

<https://youtu.be/0fttxo1lhQM>

Suddenly It's Christmas

~ Loudon Wainwright III

Suddenly it's Christmas,
Right after Halloween.
Forget about Thanksgiving;
It's just a buffet in between.
There's lights and tinsel in the windows;
They're stocking up the shelves;
Santa's slaving at the North Pole
In his sweatshop full of elves.

There's got to be a build-up
To the day that Christ was born:
The halls are decked with pumpkins
And the ears of Indian corn.
Dragging through the falling leaves
In a one-horse open sleigh,
Suddenly it's Christmas,
Seven weeks before the day.

CHORUS:

Suddenly it's Christmas,
The longest holiday.
When they say "Season's Greetings"
They mean just what they say:
It's a season, it's a marathon,
Retail eternity.
It's not over till it's over
And you throw away the tree.

Outside it's positively balmy,
In the air nary a nip;
Suddenly it's Christmas,
Unbuttoned and unzipped.
Yes, they're working overtime,
Santa's little runts;
Christmas comes but once a year
And goes on for two months.

Christmas carols in December
And November, too;
It's no wonder we're depressed
When the whole thing is through.

Finally it's January;
Let's sing "Auld Lang Syne";
But here comes another heartache,
Shaped like a Valentine.

Suddenly it's Christmas,
The longest holiday.
The season is upon us;
A pox, it won't go away.
It's a season, it's a marathon,
Retail eternity.
It's not over till it's over
And you throw away the tree.

No, it's not over till it's over
And you throw away the tree;
It's still not over till it's over
And you throw away the tree.

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/3PVPEMi6Y2o>

Sugar in the Hold

Well, I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
Screwing cotton all the day
But I'm stowing sugar in the hold below,
Below, below, below

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The J. M. White, she's a new design
Stern to stem she's mighty fine
She can beat any boat on the New
Orleans line
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

"Tell the mate we got bad news.
Can't get no steam from the fire in the
flue"
The engineer he did bellow
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The captain's on the quarter deck
Scratchin' away at his old neck
"Heave the larboard lead, and let her go"
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below
Hey, ho, below, below
Stowing sugar in the hold below

The Teacups:
<https://youtu.be/WUvYRr-rj34>

A steamboat work song, the origins of which are extensively debated online, but remain frustratingly unclear. According to the Illinois Museum, the J. M. White was an American vessel from Mississippi, launched in 1876. It seems to have been an unlucky one; although fast and powerful, it almost bankrupted the Captain, John W. Tobin, and was destroyed by fire in 1888.

Sumer is Icumen In

[trad]

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing, cuccu!
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wude nu.
Sing, cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu
Bulloc sterteth, bucke ferteth.
Murie sing, cuccu!
Cuccu, cuccu,
Wel singes thu, cuccu.
Ne swik thu naver nu!

Sing cuccu nu, sing cuccu!
Sing cuccu nu, sing cuccu!

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/cKikjYdf1DA>

The Sun Never Shines On The Poor

~ Richard Thompson

The urchins are writhing around in the
mud,
Like eels playing tag in a barrel
The old Sally Army sound mournful and
sweet
As they play an old Chrissmassy carol;
The world is as black as a dark night in
hell
What kind of a place can this be?
Old people like hermit crabs run into
doorways
All fearing to say, do you feel a
downtrodden as me?

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-Ling, the Devil he
leans on your bell,
The future looks black as before
And the sun never shines, the sun never
shines on the poor

The rich man he dreams of his gold and
his plate
And his house and his car and his
women,
The poor man he dreams of his
one-roomed estate
And his wage-packet short by one shilling
The last penny falls through a hole in your
jeans,
Now ain't that the way when you're
down?
Just walking in circles for the rest of your
life,
And feeling so low that your chin scrapes
along the ground

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-Ling, the Devil he
leans on your bell,
The future looks black as before

And the sun never shines, the sun never
shines on the poor

Now some of the people are poor in the
purse
They don't have the cash at the ready
And some of the people are crippled and
lame
They can never stand up true and steady
And some of the people are poor in the
head
Like the simpleton fools that you see
But most of the people are poor in the
heart
It's the worst kind of poor, it's the worst
kind of poor you can be

Ting-a-ling, Ting-a-Ling, the Devil he
leans on your bell,
The future looks black as before
And the sun never shines, oh the sun
never shines on the poor

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/uN4saRHqXO0>

Sunny Afternoon

~ Ray Davies (c1966)

The tax man's taken all my dough
And left me in my stately home
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
And I can't sail my yacht
He's taken everything I got
All I've got's this sunny afternoon

Save me, save me, save me from this
squeeze
I gotta big fat mama trying to break me
And I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime

My girlfriend's run off with my car
And gone back to her ma and pa
Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty
Now I'm sitting here
Sipping at my ice cold beer
Lazing on a sunny afternoon

Help me, help me, help me sail away
Well give me two good reasons why I
oughta stay
'Cause I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime

Ah, save me, save me, save me from this
squeeze
I gotta big fat mama trying to break me
And I love to live so pleasantly
Live this life of luxury
Lazing on a sunny afternoon
In the summertime

In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime
In the summertime

Eliza Carthy & The Wayward Band:
<https://youtu.be/0u4uFBLmVvo>

SunnyVista

~ Richard Thompson

In SunnyVista all your dreams are reality
It's the smart place to be
For all the family
O SunnyVista, where you always wanted
to stay
We'll dance the happy hours away

Now the work is very clean
You'll be helped by this machine
And the hours are very short
More time at home with the little dears
All the houses are the same
It's a standard we maintain
Any problems please report
And we will soon allay your fears

It's a smashing place for kids
You really are well rid
They'll be off your hands all day
In the camps they'll play and play
For kids of other ages
Yes, dad and granddad too
The leisure time facilities
Will keep them smiling through

In SunnyVista all your dreams are reality
It's the smart place to be
For all the family
O SunnyVista, where you always wanted
to stay
We'll dance the happy hours away

O the old folks will love it
Our staff are very kind
There's community singing
Helps to stimulate the mind
The cemetery is most discreet
All done without a fuss
For all life's little grievances
Just leave it all to us

O there's parks and there's bingo
There's contests and there's games
And everybody's friendly
'Cos we're all just the same
There's chances for promotion
For the right kind of chap
Who's smart and keen and go ahead
We'll put him on the map

In SunnyVista all your dreams are reality
It's the smart place to be
For all the family
O SunnyVista, where you always wanted
to stay
We'll dance the happy hours away
We'll dance the happy hours away

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/Da1AjQY6d3k>

Sunset Song

~ Richard Thompson

With you or without you, love,
I must be moving
Never meant to linger here so long
With you or without you,
though it breaks my heart
To hear the Sunset Song

Wasn't that a time we had,
and bless you for it
But I'm a stranger here, I don't belong
The band's down on the jetty,
if you cup your ear
You'll hear the Sunset Song

You said, if I hold my breath
Dive down deep enough
I might grow fins
Seems to me I've held my breath
Held my breath to please you
ever since

Early morning, that's the time
for fare-thee-wells
Slip out of the warm sheets and gone
But I want to hear it as I walk along
Hear the Sunset Song

In your waking, in your dreams,
I won't be martyred
On that cross where some say
I belong
Opinions are coffins, I'll just trust my feet
To find the Sunset Song

Every day I'll wear your memory
Like a favourite shirt upon my back
In the hallway, there's my suitcase
By the door, I never did unpack

With you or without you, love,
I must be moving

Never meant to linger here so long
With you or without you,
though it breaks my heart
To hear the Sunset Song

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/4j99i6UqQLY>

Sussex Drinking Song

~ Hilaire Belloc

On Sussex Downs, where I was bred,
In rains where autumn lanes are red,
Where Aran tumbles in his bed
And dusty gales go by.

Where branches, bare on vert and glen
And merry hills are whitening then;
I drink strong ale with gentle-men,
Which no one can deny, deny,
Which no one can deny, deny.

In cold November off I go,
And turn my face against the snow;
And watch the wind where ere it blow,
Because my heart is high.

'Till I settle me down in Steyning to sing
Of the girls I've met in my wandering;
And all I mean to do in Spring
Which no one can deny, deny,
Which no one can deny, deny.

'Tho times be hard and fortunes tough,
The ways be foul and the weather rough;
We are of stout south country stock
Who cannot have strong ale enough

From Crowborough Top to Ditchling
Down,
From Hustpierpont to Arundel town,
The girls are fine, the ale is brown;
Which no one can deny, deny,
Which no one can deny, deny.

Martyn Wyndham-Read:

<https://youtu.be/OSwydk1mzg8>

Martyn Wyndham-Read set the words to
the Irish rebel tune "The West's
Awake"

Sweet Thames Flow Softly

~ Ewan McColl (c1968, 1972)

I met my girl at Woolwich Pier beneath
the big crane standing
And all the love I felt for her it passed all
understanding
Took her sailing on the river, flow sweet
river flow
London town was mine to give her, sweet
Thames flow softly
Made the Thames into a crown, flow
sweet river flow
Made a brooch of Silvertown, sweet
Thames flow softly

At London Yard I held her hand, at
Blackwell Point I faced her
At the Isle of Dogs I kissed her mouth and
tenderly embraced her
Heard the bells of Greenwich ringing, flow
sweet river flow
All the time my heart was singing, sweet
Thames flow softly
Limehouse Reach I gave her there, flow
sweet river flow
As a ribbon for her hair, sweet Thames
flow softly

From Shadwell Dock to Nine Elms Reach
we cheek to cheek were dancing
A necklace made of London Bridge her
beauty was enhancing
Kissed her once again at Wapping, flow
sweet river flow
After that there was no stopping, sweet
Thames flow softly
Richmond Park it was a ring, flow sweet
river flow
I'd have given her anything, sweet
Thames flow softly

From Rotherhithe to Putney Bridge my
love I was declaring

And she from Kew to Isleworth her love
for me was swearing
Love it set my heart a-burning, flow sweet
river flow
Never saw the tide was turning, sweet
Thames flow softly
Gave her Hampton Court to twist, flow
sweet river flow
Into a bracelet for her wrist, sweet
Thames flow softly

But now, alas, the tide has changed, my
love she has gone from me
And winter's frost has touched my heart
and put a blight upon me
Creeping fog is on the river, flow sweet
river flow
Sun and moon and stars gone with her,
sweet Thames flow softly
Swift the Thames runs to the sea, flow
sweet river flow
Bearing ships and part of me, sweet
Thames flow softly

Planxty: <https://youtu.be/VgJwJa7Wk14>

The Swimming Song

~ Loudon Wainwright III

This summer I went swimming
This summer I might have drowned
But I held my breath and I kicked my feet
And I moved my arms around
Moved my arms around

This summer I swam in the ocean
And I swam in a swimming pool
Salt my wounds, chlorined my eyes
I'm a self-destructive fool
I'm a self-destructive fool

This summer I did the back stroke
And you know that that's not all
I did the breast stroke and the butterfly
And the old Australian crawl
The old Australian crawl

This summer I swam in a public place
And a reservoir to boot
At the latter I was informal
At the former I wore my suit
I wore my swimming suit, yeah

This summer I did swan dives
And jack-knives for you all
And once when you weren't looking
I did a cannon-ball
Did a cannon-ball

This summer I went swimming
This summer I might have drowned
But I held my breath and I kicked my feet
And moved my arms around
Moved my arms around

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/XOnqh7LpITs>

Kate & Anna McGarrigle:

<https://youtu.be/lZXfDxikwWA>

Take Care The Road You Choose

~ Richard Thompson

If I ever get out of these shoes
And I shrug off a skin or two
I'll come looking in the wasted places
Beat-up, last ditch rendezvous

If it had been some other place
Some other time to find me
If I had been in my right mind
Not looking for ghosts behind me

Then I'd hold you with my fingers burning
Kiss your little tears of yearning
But sometimes there's no turning
Take care the road you choose

If I ever get out of my mind
Guillotine myself to stop me dreaming
And let my heart go where it will
Without those other voices screaming

Some take the high, some take the low
Some take the straight and narrow
Some still standing at the crossroads
Some fly like an arrow

With my radar I'll find you, darling
No regrets to blind you, darling
And never look behind
Take care the road you choose

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/K387mNCjTw8>

Take Me Out to the Ballgame

~ Jack Norworth & Albert Von Tilzer
(c1908)

Katie Casey was baseball mad,
Had the fever and had it bad.
Just to root for the home town crew,
Ev'ry sou Katie blew.
On a Saturday her young beau
Called to see if she'd like to go
To see a show, but Miss Kate said "No,
I'll tell you what you can do:"

Take me out to the ballgame,
Take me out with the crowd;
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,
I don't care if I never get back.
Let me root, root, root for the home team,
If they don't win, it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,
At the old ball game.

Katie Casey saw all the games,
Knew the players by their first names.
Told the umpire he was wrong,
All along, Good and strong.
When the score was just two to two,
Katie Casey knew what to do,
Just to cheer up the boys she knew,
She made the gang sing this song:

Take me out to the ballgame,
Take me out with the crowd;
Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,
I don't care if I never get back.
Let me root, root, root for the home team,
If they don't win, it's a shame.
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,
At the old ball game.

Edward Meeker (1908):

<https://youtu.be/q4-gsdLSSQ0>

Frank Sinatra & Gene Kelly (1948):

<https://youtu.be/TrJp8OC7pZk>

Steve Goodman:

<https://youtu.be/Fu0SPk83Dhl>

Carly Simon:

<https://youtu.be/TUF6jzJQYfc>

Tale in Hard Time

~ Richard Thompson

Take the sun from my heart
Let me learn to despise
I'll show you another who cannot tell lies

The blind man can see
Put a match to his eyes
I'll show you another who sings as he
cries

I cannot be whole
As the beggar who sighs
But I'll show you another who knows as
he dies

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/wpDTEcTm9gM>

Fairport Convention:

<https://youtu.be/02yzDJCSKqg>

Talk to Me of Mendocino

~ Kate McGarrigle

I bid farewell to the state of old New York
My home away from home
In the state of New York I came of age
When first I started roaming

And the trees grow high in New York state
And they shine like gold in the autumn
Never had the blues from whence I came
But in New York state, I got 'em

Talk to me of Mendocino
Closing my eyes I hear the sea
Must I wait, must I follow
Won't you say come with me

And it's on to South Bend, Indiana
Flat out on the western plain
Rise up over the rockies and down on into
California
Out to where but the rocks again

And let the sun set on the ocean
I will watch it from the shore
Let the sun rise over the redwoods
I'll rise with it till I rise no more

Talk to me of Mendocino
Closing my eyes I hear the sea
Must I wait, must I follow
Won't you say come with me

Kate & Anna McGarrigle:

<https://youtu.be/g-Cudn4goNo>

Tear Stained Letter

~ Richard Thompson

It was three in the morning when she took
me apart
She wrecked the furniture, she wrecked
my heart
She danced on my head like Arthur
Murray
The scars ain't never going to mend in a
hurry

Just when I thought I could learn to forget
her
Right through the door come a
tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh love love
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh love love love
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter

Well my head was beating like a song by
the Clash
It was writing cheques that my body
couldn't cash
Got to my feet, I was reeling and dizzy
I went for the 'phone but the line was
busy

Just when I thought that things would get
better
Right through the door come a
tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh love love
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh love love love love
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter

Well I like coffee and I like tea
But I just don't like this fiddle-di-dee

It makes me nervous, it gives me the
hives
Waiting for a kiss from a bunch of fives

Just when I think I could learn to forget
her
Right through the door come a
tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh love love love
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh love love
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter
Oh, oh, oh
Cry, cry if it makes you feel better
Set it all down in a tear-stained letter

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/Vnk_R-1aWwI

Tempted

~ Glenn Tilbrook / Chris Difford

I bought a toothbrush, some toothpaste
A flannel for my face
Pyjamas, a hairbrush
New shoes and a case
I said to my reflection
Let's get out of this place

Past the church and the steeple
The laundry on the hill
Billboards and the buildings
Memories of it still
Keep calling and calling
But forget it all
I know I will

Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered
What's been going on
Now that you have gone
There's no other
Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered

I'm at the car park, the airport
The baggage carousel
The people keep on crowding
I'm wishing I was well
I said it's no occasion
It's no story I could tell

At my bedside empty pocket
A foot without a sock
Your body gets much closer
I fumble for the clock
Alarmed by the seduction
I wish that it would stop

Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered
What's been going on
Now that you have gone

There's no other
Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered

I bought a novel, some perfume
A fortune all for you
But it's not my conscience
That hates to be untrue
I asked of my reflection
Tell me what is there to do

Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered
What's been going on
Now that you have gone
There's no other
Tempted by the fruit of another
Tempted but the truth is discovered

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/ACnOVr5sZS8>

Thanksgiving Eve

~ Bob Franke

It's so easy to dream of the days gone by
So hard to think of the times to come
And the grace to accept every moment as
a gift
Is a gift that is given to some

What can you do with your days
But work and hope
Let your dreams bind your work to your
play
What can you do with each moment of
your life
But love 'till you've loved it away
Love 'till you've loved it away.

There are sorrows enough for the whole
world's end
There are no guarantees but the grave
But the lives we have lived and the times
we have spent
Are a treasure too precious to say

What can you do with your days
But work and hope
Let your dreams bind your work to your
play
What can you do with each moment of
your life
But love 'till you've loved it away
Love 'till you've loved it away.

Sally Rogers:

<https://youtu.be/oYSqFcWubD0>

Thousands or More

[Roud 1220 ; Mudcat 48157 ; trad.]

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

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

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

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

The Copper Family:

<https://youtu.be/4BY1zNVq5rU>

The Longest Johns:

<https://youtu.be/wCFXLY-BKsc>

Three Day Millionaire

~ Mike Waterson

Why, I left school Friday
And I started work on Saturday
To catch the early tide
And be a galley boy's me plan
On the fishin' grounds to roam
Eighteen hundred mile from home
I couldn't give a bugger, I'm a man

I shall get to deck a-learnin'
It's the bonus I'll be earnin'
And the money comes in handy
For the old ran-tan
Brylcreme in me hair
Three day millionaire
I couldn't give a bugger, I'm a man

I sh'll get meself a suit made
To show I'm in the fishin' trade
I'll put me brothel-creeper on
And swagger when I can
All me pots are pint-sized
Watch me gettin paralysed
To show the younger buggers who's a
man

And when I get to skipper
I'll get married, have a nipper
I'll take the lad to sea wi' me
And teach him all I can
I'll be a different sort of fella
Have a house out in Kirk Ella
And I'll show the bleedin' neighbours
who's a man

I'll be a different sort of fellow
Have a house out in Kirk Ella
And I'll show the bleedin' neighbours
who's a man

The Watersons:

https://youtu.be/N_2jr4pDVYM

- * ran-tan = riotous conduct; spree (from a banging or pounding noise)
- * brothel-creeper = suede shoes with crepe soles - Fifties swagger!
- * Kirk Ella = village on the western outskirts of Kingston upon Hull, situated in the East Riding of Yorkshire, north of the Humber.

Time After Time

~ Cyndi Lauper / Robert Hyman

Lying in my bed
I hear the clock tick and think of you
Caught up in circles
Confusion is nothing new
Flashback, warm nights
Almost left behind
Suitcase of memories
Time after

Sometimes you picture me
I'm walkin' too far ahead
You're callin' to me
I can't hear what you've said
Then you say, "go slow"
I fall behind
The second hand unwinds

If you're lost, you can look and you will
find me
Time after time
If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting
Time after time
If you're lost, you can look and you will
find me
Time after time
If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting
Time after time

After my picture fades
And darkness has turned to gray
Watching through windows
You're wondering if I'm okay
Secrets stolen
From deep inside
The drum beats out of time

If you're lost, you can look and you will
find me
Time after time
If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting
Time after time

If you're lost, you can look and you will
find me

Time after time
If you fall, I will catch you, I'll be waiting
Time after time

Time after time
Time after time
Time after time

Cyndi Lauper:

<https://youtu.be/qM4ivs-jYxE>

Cyndi Lauper:

<https://youtu.be/VdQY7BusJNU>

Time To Ring Some Changes

~ Richard Thompson

This old house is a-tumbling down
The walls are gone but the roof is sound
The landlord's deaf, he can never be
found
It's time to ring some changes

They'll arrest you son if you just stand still
They'll ask you to pose with your hand in
the till
They'll ask you to die when you've written
your will
It's time to ring some changes

Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes

O the politicians they look so smug
You say tell the truth and they give you a
shrug
You might find the truth swept under the
rug
It's time to ring some changes

You earn your money for your daily bread
But the bread's gone up so you need
more money
The money's gone down, better borrow
instead
It's time to ring some changes

Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes

O you fall in love with the girl you've seen
Diamond studded on a tv screen
But the change in your pocket won't buy
you a dream

It's time to ring some changes

So you steal a car and you go for a ride
You end up sleeping with some girl guide
And everything you do leaves you empty
inside
It's time to ring some change

Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes

Now listen here to the self-made man
He says why can't you if I can
Can't you push buttons, can't you make
plans
It's time to ring some changes

I'm going to tear this mansion down
Get my feet back on the ground
Penny for penny and pound for pound
It's time to ring some changes

Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes

Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes
Time to ring some changes

The Albion Band:

<https://youtu.be/cvgsNeWrXt8>

See:

<https://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=66214#1096835>

The Trees Are All Bare

The Copper Family Christmas Song
[Roud 1170]

The trees all are bare, not a leaf to be
seen
And the meadows their beauty have lost.
Now winter has come and 'tis cold for
man and beast,
And the streams they are,
And the streams they are all fast bound
down with frost.

'Twas down in the farmyard where the
oxen feed on straw,
They send forth their breath like the
steam.
Sweet Betsy the milkmaid now quickly
she must go,
For flakes of ice she finds,
For flakes of ice she finds a-floating on
her cream.

'Tis now all the small birds to the
barn-door fly for food
And gently they rest on the spray.
A-down the plantation the hares do
search for food,
And lift their footsteps sure,
Lift their footsteps sure for fear they do
betray.

Now Christmas is come and our song is
almost done
For we soon shall have the turn of the
year.
So fill up your glasses and let your health
go round,
For I wish you all,
For I wish you all a joyful New Year.

Coope, Boyes, Simpson:

<https://youtu.be/cKDIPa-6yy4>

Turn! Turn! Turn! (To Everything There Is a Season)

~ Pete Seeger (c1962)

The Byrds: <https://youtu.be/xVOJla2vYx8>

Pete Seeger & Judy Collins:

<https://youtu.be/qURAnrk30ng>

To everything - turn, turn, turn
There is a season - turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under
heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

To everything - turn, turn, turn
There is a season - turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under
heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

To everything - turn, turn, turn
There is a season - turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under
heaven

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing

To everything - turn, turn, turn
There is a season - turn, turn, turn
And a time to every purpose under
heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time for love, a time for hate
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late!

Turning Of The Tide

~ Richard Thompson

How many boys, one night stands,
How many lips, how many hands, have
 held you
Like I'm holding you tonight
Too many nights, staying up late,
Too much powder and too much paint
No you can't hide from the turning of the
 tide

Did they run their fingers up and down
 your shabby dress
Did they find some tender moment there
 in your caress

The boys all say "You look so fine"
They don't come back for a second time
Oh you can't hide from the turning of the
 tide

Poor little sailor boy, never set eyes on a
 woman before
Did he tell you that he'd love you, darling,
 for evermore?

Pretty little shoes, cheap perfume,
Creaking bed in a hotel room
Oh you can't hide from the turning of the
 tide

Did they run their fingers up and down
 your shabby dress
Did they find some tender moment there
 in your caress

The boys all say "You look so fine",
They don't come back for a second time
Oh you can't hide from the turning of the
 tide

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/oLv8wwTy26s>

The Twa Corbies

[Roud 5 ; Child 26 ; words trad., music
Robert Morris Blythman ca1956]

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies a makin mane;
The tane unto tae the tither did say o,
Whar sall we gang and dine the day o?
Whar sall we gang and dine the day?

In ahint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies but a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there o,
But his hawk and his hound and his lady
fair o,
But his hawk and his hound and his lady
fair.

His hound is tae the hunting gane,
His hawk tae fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's tain anither mate o,
So we may mak oor dinner swate o,
So we may mak oor dinner swate.

Ye'll sit on his white hause bane,
And I'll pike oot his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his golden hair o
We'll theek oor nest whan it grows bare o,
We'll theek oor nest whan it grows bare.

Many a man's for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken whar he is gane;
Oer his white banes, whan they are bare
o,
The wind sall blaw for evermair o,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/uhy3nllH78Q>

The Twa Corbies has for long been regarded as one of the most flawless as it is one of the grimmest of all our ballads; but it wasn't being sung. No tune appeared to survive in oral tradition and attempts at setting it remained literary, academic and dead. Then R.M. Blythman (the Scots poet "Thurso Berwick") set it [in ca 1956] to this marvellously sombre old Breton tune, *An Alarc'h, The Swan*, learned from the Breton folk-singer Zaig Montjarret.

The Twentieth Century Is Almost Over

~ Steve Goodman

Back in 1899,
When everybody sang "Auld Lang Syne"
A hundred years took a long, long time
For every boy and girl
Now there's only one thing that I'd like to
 know
Where did the twentieth century go?
I'd swear it was here just a minute ago
All over this world

And now the twentieth century is almost
 over
Almost over, almost over
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world
All over this world
All over this world
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world

Does anyone remember the Great
 Depression?
I read all about it in True Confession
The years go by and they make quite an
 impression
Or at least that is what I've been told *
Has anybody seen my linoleum floors
Petroleum jelly, and two World Wars?
They got stuck in the revolving doors
All over this world

And now the twentieth century is almost
 over
Almost over, almost over
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world
All over this world
All over this world
The twentieth century is almost over

All over this world

The winter's getting colder, summer's
 getting hotter
Wishin' well's wishin' for another drop of
 water
And Mother Earth's blushin' 'cause
 somebody caught her
Makin' love to the Man in the Moon
Tell me how you gonna keep 'em down on
 the farm
Now that outer space has lost it's charm?
Somebody set off a burglar alarm
And not a moment too soon
Because...

The twentieth century is almost over
Almost over, almost over
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world
All over this world
All over this world
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world

Old Father Time has got his toes a tappin'
Standing at the window, grumblin' and a
 rappin'
Everybody's waiting for something to
 happen
Tell me if it happens to you!
The Judgment Day is getting nearer
There it is in the rear view mirror
If you duck down I could see a little
 clearer
All over this world!

And now the twentieth century is almost
 over
Almost over, almost over
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world
All over this world
All over this world

The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world

Now the twentieth century is almost over
Almost over, almost over
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world
All over this world
All over this world
The twentieth century is almost over
All over this world

Steve Goodman:

<https://youtu.be/MNDaUPRgM6M>

* Original couplet was:

Sorry I was late for the recording
session,

Somebody put me on hold

I changed to this (keeping the original
rhyming scheme)

The years go by and they make quite
an impression

Or at least that is what I've been told

Two Song Set

~ Loudon Wainwright III

With a monkey in my closet
And a skeleton on my back
I stroll down to my local
To knock a few back

Bobby, that old bartender
Don't you know he's my friend
I'd drink me three drinks
And Bobby'd fill it up for free again

Bobby give me change for a dollar
I wanna buy some cigarettes
I wanna play some music on the juke box,
Bob
A quarter plays a two-song set

The waitress is polite to me
But it's just not the same thing now
A few years back, Bob
I was the cat's meow

You win some and you lose some
It's an adage I can't understand
I know what they're saying
They're saying I was a flash in the pan

Bobby give me change for a dollar
I wanna buy some cigarettes
I wanna play some music on the juke box,
Bob
A quarter plays a two-song set

I'm sittin' on this bar stool
I guess that's where my butt belongs
Dreamin' about the time
When a quarter could buy you three
songs

Bobby, you're a gamblin' man
How'd you like to place a little bet?
It won't be long before

Two bits'll buy a one-song set

Bobby give me change for a dollar
I wanna buy some cigarettes
I wanna play some music on the juke box,
Bob
A quarter plays a two-song set

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/mPtpgal0EyU>

Unhappy Anniversary

~ Loudon Wainwright III

Unhappy anniversary
It's one year since we split
I walk and talk and get around
Lie down, stand up and sit
I eat and drink and smoke and sleep and
Live a little bit
Unhappy anniversary
It's one year since we split

Unhappy anniversary
It's ten years since we met
There is no need to remind you
No way I could forget
We fell in love and we fell out
Both times there was no net
Unhappy anniversary
It's ten years since we met

Unhappy anniversary
I cannot count the days
And nights that I have thought of you
Since we went separate ways
I tell my mind to forget you
But my heart disobeys
Unhappy anniversary
I cannot count the days

Unhappy anniversary
It's one year since we split
I walk and talk and get around
Lie down, stand up and sit
I eat and drink and smoke and sleep and
Live a little bit
Unhappy anniversary
It's one year since we split

Loudon Wainwright III:

<https://youtu.be/W26TVNwaH84>

Uninhabited Man

~ Richard Thompson

Only a misdirected dart
At an unprotected heart
I'm sure it happens every day
Just a passing interlude
A fresh face to change the mood
I'll find my feet again you say

What rock I had you rolled
What rock I had you rolled away

But I live as best I can
Meet the uninhabited man
Please read the sign and walk away
What an old dry shell I am
The uninhabited man
I'll find my feet again you say

No doubt they'll pull me down
No doubt they'll pull me down someday

Who's been sleeping in my bed
Who's been sleeping in my bed

Who's been sitting in my chair
Who's been licking in my bowl
Who's been sleeping in my bed

A romantic ruin am I
Funny how I catch the eye
The vacuum slowly sucks you in
I'm left no skill, no art
To meet you heart to heart
You'll find no me beneath the skin
And if there's no me then there's no
And if there's no me then there's no sin

Who's been sleeping in my bed
Who's been sleeping in my bed

And who's been sitting in my chair
Who's been licking in my bowl

Who's been sleeping in my bed

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/5LZNXeL8vbl>

Unison in Harmony

~ Jim Boyes

Soaring skywards, leaping sideways
Do or die words cleave the air
Joy and laughter morning after
Raise the rafters we don't care
If the roof's beyond repair

Raise the rafters, raise the rafters,
Raise the rafters we don't care
If the roof's beyond repair.

Sisters brothers to all others
Let that be our guiding star
Hearts on fire but no Messiah
Hear the music from afar
What we sing is what we are

Hear the music, hear the music
Hear the music from afar
What we sing is what we are

Over hills and over valleys
Over mountains over seas
Nations shouting unto nations
Until nations cease to be
Unison in harmony

Until nations, until nations
Until nations cease to be
Unison in harmony

Until nations, until nations
Until nations cease to be
Unison in harmony

Red Guitar
~ Loudon Wainwright III

Used to have a red guitar until I smashed
it one drunk night
Smashed it in the classic form as Peter
Townsend might

I threw it in the fireplace, I left it there
awhile

Kate, she started crying when she saw
my sorry smile

Red guitar was made of wood, could not
take the heat

Red guitar, it caught on fire and the
damage was complete

It burned until all that was left was six
pegs and six strings

Kate, she said "You are a fool, you've
done a foolish thing"

I put the remains in the case and I put the
case away

Went to New York City for a new guitar
the next day

I bought myself a blond guitar, I had it for
three days

Some junky stole my blond guitar. God
works in wondrous ways

Coope Boyes Simpson:

<https://youtu.be/Ktn2MJcpC5I>

Valerie

~ Richard Thompson

Oh Valerie! You give me heart attack
Oh Valerie! You put me on the rack
Oh you say that I'm history, you say I'm
no good
Then you want to be two babes in the
wood
That's what I call playing to the gallery
Well I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Hey Valerie! She got a scar down here
Valerie! She got gold in her ear
A figure like this, lips like that
Red fingernails, teeth like a cat
She never gets home till five or four or
three
Well I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Well I'm soft in the head, I give her hard
cash
She spends all my money on junk and
trash
Nylon fur, plastic shoes
And fifty-seven things she's never going
to use
Never, never, never going to use
Oh Valerie! Oh Valerie! Oh Valerie!

Well Valerie! You're going to choke or
drown
Valerie! Why don't you put that down?
If you don't get over this eating jag
They're going to take you home in a body
bag
I can't stand to see one more calorie
Well I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Now every time I turn my back
She's 'round the corner, looking for a
crack
It's going to be the ruin of me
Well I'm running on nervous energy

Running on nervous energy

Oh Valerie! She want to move out of town
Valerie! She want the money down
She want leopard-skin this, tiger-skin that
Matching luggage, lipstick, hat
I can't afford her on my salary
Still I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie
I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie
Hmm I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Valerie! Oh Valerie! Well! Whooo!

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/YZjmFkuAyXc>

Valparaiso Round the Horn

~ George Millar & Wilcil Mcdowell

Was a cold and frosty morning in
December

When all of me money it was spent
Oh where it went to the log I can't
remember

So I down to the shipping office went

Sing Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take up yer' slack (Take up yer slack)
Take a turn around your capstan, haul
away! (Haul away!)

All ship stations boys be handy
For we're bound for Valaparaíso round
the horn!

That day there was a great demand for
sailors
For colonies, for Frisco and for France
So I signed aboard the limey barque the
Hotspur
And got paralytic drunk on me advance

Sing Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take up yer' slack (Take up yer slack)
Take a turn around your capstan, haul
away! (Haul away!)

All ship stations boys be handy
For we're bound for Valaparaíso round
the horn!

Well now I woke up in the morning stippin'
sore
And I knew that I was on me way again
Oh when I heard a voice kickin' in the
door
"Harry get up to yer bugger and answer to
yer name!"

Sing Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take up yer' slack (Take up yer slack)

Take a turn around your capstan, haul
away! (Haul away!)

All ship stations boys be handy
For we're bound for Valaparaíso round
the horn!

I wish that I was at the Jolly Sailor
Sing Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take up yer' slack (Take up yer slack)
Take a turn around your capstan, haul
away! (Haul away!)

All ship stations boys be handy
For we're bound for Valaparaíso round
the horn!

I wish that I was at the Jolly Sailor
Along with Irish Molly drinking beer
Then I thought, "What jolly lads were
sailors?"
Then with me flipper I wiped away a tear

Sing Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take up yer' slack (Take up yer slack)
Take a turn around your capstan, haul
away! (Haul away!)

All ship stations boys be handy
For we're bound for Valaparaíso round
the horn!

Sing Paddy lay back (Paddy lay back)
Take up yer' slack (Take up yer slack)
Take a turn around your capstan, haul
away! (Haul away!)

All ship stations boys be handy
For we're bound for Valaparaíso round
the horn!

Joe Stead: <https://youtu.be/spyrhxauoBc>

Walking On A Wire

~ Richard Thompson

I hand you my ball and chain
You just hand me that same old refrain
I'm walking on a wire, I'm walking on a
wire
And I'm falling

I wish I could please you tonight
But my medicine just won't come right
I'm walking on a wire, I'm walking on a
wire
And I'm falling

Too many steps to take
Too many spells to break
Too many nights awake
And no one else
This grindstone's wearing me
Your claws are tearing me
Don't use me endlessly
It's too long, too long to myself

Where's the justice and where's the
sense?
When all the pain is on my side of the
fence
I'm walking on a wire, I'm walking on a
wire
And I'm falling

Too many steps to take
Too many spells to break
Too many nights awake
And no one else
This grindstone's wearing me
Your claws are tearing me
Don't use me endlessly
It's too long, it's too long to myself

It scares you when you don't know
Whichever way the wind might blow

I'm walking on a wire, I'm walking on a
wire
And I'm falling
I'm walking on a wire, I'm walking on a
wire
And I'm falling
I'm walking on a wire, I'm walking on a
wire
And I'm falling

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/2PxNrwbURgU>

Walking The Long Miles Home

~ Richard Thompson

Oh the last bus has gone
Or maybe I'm wrong
It just doesn't exist
And the words that flew
Between me and you
I must be crossed off your list
So I'm walking the long miles home
I don't mind losing you
In fact I feel better each step of the way
In the dark I rehearse all the right things
to say
I'll be home, I'll be sober by break of day
Walking the long miles home

Not a soul is around
As I put more ground
Between me and you
And the whole town's asleep
Or maybe they're deep
In the old "voulez vous"
So I'm walking the long miles home
And I don't mind losing you
Got the moon there for company each
step of the way
And the rhythm in my shoes keep the
blues all away
When you ride Shank's Pony you don't
have to pay
Walking the long miles home

Oh the party was grand
But I hadn't quite planned
On staying so long
And while you accused me
The hours confused me
And my friends had all gone
So I'm walking the long miles home
And I don't mind losing you
Ah there's nobody out but the cop on the
beat
He's snoring so loud I don't hear my feet

I just laugh to myself and move off down
the street

Walking the long miles home
I'm walking the long miles home
Oh walking the long miles home

Richard Thompson:

https://youtu.be/2QyzLZ3i_QQ

Walking Through A Wasted Land

~ Richard Thompson

I'm walking through a wasted land
Of soft sell concrete and rust
What ever happened to this country?
Where is the hand you can trust?
Walk down, walk down, walk down

I remember when a farmer was ashamed
If he never put his hand to a plough
You can buy a lot of shame with your
 money
He's riding in a limousine now
Walk down, walk down, walk down, walk
 down!

Sweat is the name of this town
It's an ugly old, dirty old disgrace
And now that the steel's shut down
It's fear puts the sweat in a man's face
Walk down, walk down, walk down

Oh now I should have a break like you
But somebody stacked up the decks
Heads are going to roll some day
If we ever get this yoke off our necks
Walk down, walk down, walk down, oh

Well I'm walking through a wasted land
I'm walking through a wasted land
Where is the future we planned
I'm walking through a wasted land
Walk down, walk down, walk down, walk
 down!

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/Aj92yV3wLDs>

Wall Of Death

~ Richard Thompson

Let me ride on the Wall Of Death one
more time
Let me ride on the Wall Of Death one
more time
You can waste your time on the other
rides
This is the nearest to being alive
Oh let me take my chances on the Wall
Of Death

You can go with the crazy people in the
Crooked House
You can fly away on the Rocket or spin in
the Mouse
The Tunnel Of Love might amuse you
Noah's Ark might confuse you
But let me take my chances on the Wall
Of Death

On the Wall Of Death all the world is far
from me
On the Wall Of Death it's the nearest to
being free

Well you're going nowhere when you ride
on the carousel
And maybe you're strong but what's the
good of ringing a bell
The switchback will make you crazy.
Beware of the bearded lady
Oh let me take my chances on the Wall
Of Death

Let me ride on the Wall Of Death one
more time
Oh let me ride on the Wall Of Death one
more time
You can waste your time on the other
rides
This is the nearest to being alive

Oh let me take my chances on the Wall
Of Death
Let me take my chances on the Wall Of
Death
Oh let me take my chances on the Wall
Of Death

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/u9v9fD0NjQ0>

Waltzing's For Dreamers

~ Richard Thompson

Oh play me a blue song and fade down
the light
I'm sad as a proud man can be sad
tonight
Just let me dream on, oh just let me sway
While the sweet violins and the
saxophones play
And Miss, you don't know me, but can't
we pretend
That we care for each other, till the band
reach the end

One step for aching, and two steps for
breaking
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love
One step for sighing and two steps for
crying
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love

Now they say love's for gamblers, oh the
pendulum swings
I bet hard on love and I lost everything
So don't send me home now, put a shot in
my arm
And we'll drink out old memories and we'll
drink in the dawn
And Mr Bandleader won't you play one
more time
For I've good folding money in this pocket
of mine

Oh, one step for aching, two steps for
breaking
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love
One step for sighing, and two steps for
crying
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love

Oh Miss, you don't know me, but can't we
pretend

That we care for each other, till the band
reach the end

Oh, one step for aching, two steps for
breaking
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love
One step for sighing, two steps for crying
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love
Waltzing's for dreamers and losers in love

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/RGAVSCm8WfY>

Watercress-O

~ Roger Watson (c1965)

At five o'clock on a Sunday neet,
There's a man comes walkin' down our
street,
You may hear him out in front of the row,
Crying, "Tuppence a basket,
watercress-o!"
(chorus:) Watercress-o, watercress-o,
Crying, "tuppence a basket,
watercress-o!"

Oh, come on, mam, it's time for tea,
Go and get tuppence and give it to me
So I may go out in front of the row
And fetch a little basket of watercress-o,
Watercress-o, watercress-o,
And fetch a little basket of watercress-o.

Oh, kid, you don't know what you're
asking of me,
If I'd got tuppence, I'd be sure to give it
thee,
So thou could go out in front of the row,
And fetch a little basket of watercress-o,
Watercress-o, watercress-o,
And fetch a little basket of watercress-o.

Our dad's on strike, kid, can't you see?
He scarce brings home enough to feed us
wi',
And though it pains me to tell you "no",
You'll have to do without your
watercress-o,
Watercress-o, watercress-o,
You'll have to do without your
watercress-o.

We're all in the union down our street,
So maybe he won't come back another
week,
For till the strike is over, he might as well
know,

He'll not sell much of his watercress-o,
Watercress-o, watercress-o,
He'll not sell much of his watercress-o.

Folly Bridge: <https://youtu.be/fg761s5iyn0>

We Sing Hallelujah

~ Richard Thompson

A man, he's like a rusty wheel
On a rusty cart
He sings his song as he rattles along
And then he falls apart

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned
way
'Till the shining star appears

A man, he's like a briar
He covers himself with thorns
He laughs like a clown when his fortune's
down
And his clothes are ragged and torn

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned
way
'Till the shining star appears

A man, he's like a three string fiddle
Hanging upon the wall
He plays when somebody scrapes on the
bow
Or he can't play at all

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned
way
'Till the shining star appears

A man, he's like his father
Wishes he was never born
He longs for the time when the clock will
chime
And he's dead for evermore

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned
way
'Till the shining star appears

And we'll sing hallelujah
At the turning of the year
And we work all day in the old fashioned
way
'Till the shining star appears

Richard & Linda Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/ffHHxpPZk38>

Weathercock

~ Ian Anderson

Good morning weathercock, how did you
fare last night
Did the cold wind bite you, did you face
up to the fright?
When the leaves spin from October and
whip around your tail
Did you shake from the blast and did you
shiver through the gale?

And give us direction, the best of goodwill
Put us in touch with fair winds
Sing to us softly, hum evening's song
Tell us what the blacksmith has done for
you

Do you simply reflect changes in the
patterns of the sky
Or is it true to say the weather heeds the
twinkle in your eye?
Do you fight the rush of winter, do you
hold snowflakes at bay
Do you raise the dawn sun from the fields
and help him on his way?

Good morning weathercock, make this
day bright
Put us in touch with your fair winds
Sing to us softly, hum evening's song
Point the way to better days we can share
with you

Good morning weathercock, make this
day bright
Put us in touch with your fair winds
Sing to us softly, hum evening's song
Point the way to better days we can share
with you

Jethro Tull: <https://youtu.be/ffVNuAYEeEo>

Welcome Poor Paddy Home

Dervish: <https://youtu.be/qrTFymFo5qg>

I am a true born Irishman
I'll never deny what I am
I was born in sweet Tipperary town
Three thousand miles away

Hurray me boys hurray
No more do I wish for to roam
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
To welcome poor Paddy home

The girls thay are gay and frisky
They'd take you by the hand
Saying Jimmy mo chroi will you come
with me
To welcome poor Paddy home

Hurray me boys hurray
No more do I wish for to roam
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
To welcome poor Paddy home

In came the foreign nation
And scattered all over the land
The horse, the cow, the goat, sheep and
sow
Came into the stranger's hands

Hurray me boys hurray
No more do I wish for to roam
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
To welcome poor Paddy home

The Scotsman can boast of the thistle
And England can boast of the rose
But Paddy can boast of the Emerald Isle
Where the dear little shamrock grows.

Hurray me boys hurray
No more do I wish for to roam
For the sun it will shine in the harvest time
To welcome poor Paddy home

The Wellerman

[Roud - ; Mudcat 13706 ; anon.]

There was a ship that put to sea,
And the name of the ship was the Billy of
Tea
The winds blew up, her bow dipped
down,
O blow, my bully boys, blow.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on her a right whale bore.
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail came up and caught her.
All hands to the side, harpooned and
fought her
When she dived down below.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

No line was cut, no whale was freed;
The Captain's mind was not of greed,
But he belonged to the whaleman's
creed;
She took the ship in tow.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.

One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

For forty days, or even more,
The line went slack, then tight once more.
All boats were lost (there were only four)
But still the whale did go.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

As far as I've heard, the fight's still on;
The line's not cut and the whale's not
gone.
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the Captain, crew, and all.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguin' is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

Bok, Muir, Trickett:

https://youtu.be/6U-VKN_GTmc

The Longest Johns:

https://youtu.be/E_8tAyecj2g

The West Coast Of Clare

~ Andy Irvine

Sorrow and sadness, bitterness, grief
Memories I have of you, won't leave me
in peace
My mind is running back, to the west
coast of Clare
Thinking of you, the times we had there

I walked to Spanish Point, I knew I'd find
you there
I stood on the white strand, and you were
everywhere
Vivid memories faint, but the mood still
remains
I wish I could go back, and be with you
again

In Miltown there's a pub, its there that I
sat down
I see you everywhere, your face is all
around
The search for times past, contain such
sweet pain
I banish lonesome thoughts, but they
return again

I walk along the shore, the rain in my face
My mind is numb with grief, of you there
is no trace
I'll think of this again, when far off lands I
roam
Walking with you, by this cold Atlantic
foam

Sorrow and sadness, bitterness, grief
Memories I have of you, won't leave me
in peace
My mind is running back, to the west
coast of Clare
Thinking of you, the times we had there

Planxty: <https://youtu.be/en2JyKGsNTY>

Wheely Down

~ Richard Thompson

She womanly lay like the lay of the land
The land around Wheely Down
And every curve was a high, high hill
To hang above the town
From Holland they came to make the
maps
And they had made her well
For the rivers danced all across the green
And the pinewood sweet did smell

As far as ever a man can see
It yields him more and more
And every house he washes it white
And he covers it all with straw
Except for the fool, who makes his home
Upon the flooded ground,
And the still on the tide is a glass to the
eyes
That stare out of Wheely Down

All things must change within the earth
The moving and the lame.
For the worms will rot the miller's wheel
And the rats will eat the grain.
And the armies of deliverance
Are run into the ground,
And the kestrel turns in the empty skies
On high over Wheely Down.

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/iKkoZ2I-F8M>

When An Old Cricketer Leaves The Crease

~ Roy Harper

When the day is done and the ball has
 spun in the umpires pocket away
And all remains in the groundsman's
 pains for the rest of time and a day
There'll be one mad dog and his master,
 pushing for four with the spin
On a dusty pitch with two pounds six of
 willow wood in the sun.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease,
 you never know whether he's gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting
 glimpse of a twelfth man at silly
 Mid-on
And it could be Geoff and it could be John
 with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me and it could be thee
 and it could be the sting in the ale,
 sting in the ale.

When the moment comes and the
 gathering stands and the clock turns
 back to reflect
On the years of grace as those footsteps
 trace for the last time out of the act
Well this way of life's recollection, the
 hallowed strip in the haze
The fabled men and the noonday sun are
 much more than just yarns of their
 days.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease,
 well you never know whether he's
 gone
If sometimes you're catching a fleeting
 glimpse of a twelfth man at silly
 Mid-on
And it could be Geoff and it could be John
 with a new ball sting in his tail

And it could be me and it could be thee
 and it could be the sting in the ale, the
 sting in the ale.

When an old cricketer leaves the crease,
 well you never know whether he's
 gone

If sometimes you're catching a fleeting
 glimpse of a twelfth man at silly
 Mid-on

And it could be Geoff and it could be John
 with a new ball sting in his tail
And it could be me and it could be thee.

Roy Harper:

<https://youtu.be/GJCqECUmx44>

When I Get To The Border

~ Richard Thompson

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/AWDIkiPKgFs>

Dirty people take what's mine
I can leave them all behind
They can never cross that line
When I get to the border

Sawbones standing at the door
Waiting 'till I hit the floor
He won't find me anymore
When I get to the border

Monday morning, Monday morning,
closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away
To where nobody picks on me

If you see a box of pine
With a name that looks like mine
Just say I drowned in a barrel of wine
When I got to the border
When I got to the border

A one way ticket's in my hand
Heading for the chosen land
My troubles will all turn to sand
When I get to the border

Salty girl with the yellow hair
Waiting in that rocking chair
And if I'm weary I won't care
When I get to the border

Monday morning, Monday morning,
closing in on me
I'm packing up and I'm running away
To where nobody picks on me

The dusty road will smell so sweet
Paved with gold beneath my feet
And I'll be dancing down the street
When I get to the border
When I get to the border

When I Was on Horseback

[Roud 2]

When I was on horseback wasn't I pretty
When I was on horseback wasn't I gay
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City
And met with my downfall on the
fourteenth of May.

Six jolly soldiers to carry my coffin
Six jolly soldiers to march by my side
It's six jolly soldiers take a bunch of red
roses
Then for to smell them as we go along.

Beat the drum slowly and play the pipes
only
Play up the dead-march as we go along
And bring me to Tipperary and lay me
down easy
I am a young soldier that never done
wrong

When I was on horseback wasn't I pretty
When I was on horseback wasn't I gay
Wasn't I pretty when I entered Cork City
And met with my downfall on the
fourteenth of May.

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/MQDgA0S1I0o>

When Spring Comes In

[Roud 439]

When Spring comes on, the birds do sing,
The lambs do skip and the bells do ring,
While we enjoy their glorious charm,
So noble and so gay.

The primrose blooms and the cowslip,
too.

The violets in their sweet retire,
The roses shining through the briar,
And the daffa-down dillys which we
admire
Will die and fade away.

Young men and maidens will be seen
On mountains high and meadows green;
They will talk of love and sport and play
While these young lambs do skip away.
At night, they'll homeward wend their way
When evening stars appear.

The primrose blooms and the cowslip,
too.

The violets in their sweet retire,
The roses shining through the briar,
And the daffa-down dillys which we
admire
Will die and fade away.

The dairymaid to milking goes,
Her blooming cheeks as red as a rose.
She carries her pail all on her arm,
So cheerful and so gay.
She milks, she sings,
And the valleys ring.

The small birds on the branches there
Sit listening to this lovely fair;
She is her master's trust and care,
She is the ploughman's joy.

The primrose blooms and the cowslip,
too.

The violets in their sweet retire,
The roses shining through the briar,
And the daffa-down dillys which we
admire
Will die and fade away.

Bob & Ron Copper:

https://youtu.be/3kh_OtMbO-I

When The Spell Is Broken

~ Richard Thompson

When the spell is broken
When the spell is broken
How you ever gonna keep her now
You can't cry if you don't know how
When the spell is broken
When the spell is broken
All the joy is gone from her face
Welcome back to the human race
How long can the flame
Of love remain
When you curse and fight
And never see like
Or hear like spoken
When the spell is broken
(Can't cry if you don't know how)
(Can't cry if you don't know how)
When the spell is broken
(Can't cry if you don't know how)
Oh when the spell is broken
All your magic and your ways and
schemes
All your lies come and tear at your
dreams
When the spell is broken
(Can't cry if you don't know how)
When the spell is broken
Now you're handing her that same old
line
It's just straws in the wind this time
When love has died,
There's none starry-eyed
No kiss, no tears,
No farewell souvenirs
Not even a token, when the spell is
broken

Don't swear your heart
From the very start
Love letters you wrote
Are pushed back down you throat

And leave you choking, when the spell is
broken

(When the spell, When the spell, When
the spell is broken)

When the spell is broken

When the spell is broken

(When the spell, When the spell, When
the spell is broken)

When the spell is broken

When the spell is broken

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(You can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

(Can't cry if you don't know how)

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/4exilEoExXk>

Who Knows Where The Time Goes?

~ Sandy Denny

Across the evening sky, all the birds are
leaving
But how can they know it's time for them
to go?
Before the winter fire, I will still be
dreaming
I have no thought of time

For who knows where the time goes?
Who knows where the time goes?

Sad, deserted shore, your fickle friends
are leaving
Ah, but then you know it's time for them to
go
But I will still be here, I have no thought of
leaving
I do not count the time

For who knows where the time goes?
Who knows where the time goes?

And I am not alone while my love is near
me
I know it will be so until it's time to go
So come the storms of winter and then
the birds in spring again
I have no fear of time

For who knows how my love grows?
And who knows where the time goes

Fairport Convention:

<https://youtu.be/OkOB57UcYk8>

Why Do You Turn Your Back?

~ Richard Thompson

When you were helpless, before you
knew
He gave you shelter until you grew
He kept you secret, then he gave you a
name
You drank from a river, you slept in the
hay

You grew up running, into the wind
You grew up fighting a war you'd never
win
Against a foe you'd never seen
Pretending to be what you'd never been

Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?
Why do you turn your back on the one
who loves you?
Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?
The only one who ever really cared
The only one who ever really cared

When you were burning, the sky would
pour
When you were drowning, he threw you
ashore
He saved your life, o just to be
The one who turned back his enemy

And now you're like a bolted door
No-one can change the lock, your palace
is secure
You're the king and the prisoner
But don't you hear the knocking at the
door?

Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?
Why do you turn your back on the one
who loves you?

Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?

The only one who ever really cared
The only one who ever really cared

And now you falter, afraid to live
And now you hold back, afraid to be the
giver
And do you ever think
Of the friend who gave you gifts like a
river?

Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?

Why do you turn your back on the one
who loves you?

Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?

The only one who ever really cared
The only one who ever really cared
Why do you turn your back on your best
friend?

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/0H2PPVihVMY>

The Wife of the Soldier

~ Bertold Brecht / Patrick John O'Hara
Scott

What did the wife of the soldier get
From the ancient city of Prague?
From Prague she got the linen shirt
It matched her skirt did the linen shirt
That she got from the city of Prague

What did the wife of the soldier get
From Brussels the Belgian town?
From Brussels she got the delicate lace
Oh the charm and the grace of the
delicate lace
That she got from the Belgian town

What did the wife of the soldier get
From Paris the City of Light?
From Paris she got the silken dress
Oh to possess the silken dress
That she got from the City of Light

What did the wife of the soldier get
From Libya's desert sands?
From Libya, the little charm
Around her arm she wore the charm
That she got from the desert sands

What did the wife of the soldier get
From Russia's distant steppes?
From Russia she got the widow's veil
And the end of the tale is the widow's veil
That she got from the distant steppes

Martin Carthy:

https://youtu.be/t0J-Vf_kSw0

Wild Ox Moan

~ Vera Ward Hall / Ruby Pickens Tartt

Well, come here, pretty woman
Come sit on daddy's knee
I got something to tell you woman
Well, don't you howl at me

Well, I'm going up to Texas
Well, don't you want to go
Well, I'm going to Texas
Cause that's where I belong

Well, that is... where... I belong

Well, I'm going to Texas
Well, to hear that wild ox moan
If you don't want to see me woman
I'm going to drive my milk cow home

Don't your kitchen look lonesome
When your biscuit roller's goes
That's why I'm going down to Texas
Cause that is where I belong

Well, that is... where... I belong
Well, that is... where... I belong

Geoff Muldaur:

<https://youtu.be/ZvjWNBu-JPc>

Will The Turtle Be Unbroken

~ Les Barker

I have bought a small apartment
In a lonely part of town
There are 27 storeys
It's a long way to the ground

There I live with my friend Myrtle
My companion, my best friend
She ain't human; she's a turtle
And I'll love her to the end

She was standing at my window
On a cold and cloudy day
Till some wild and wilful wind blew
My poor Myrtle clean away

Will the turtle be unbroken
By and by Lord, by and by
Lord help my Myrtle as she hurtles
Through the sky Lord, through the sky

I ran downstairs, I was crying
I must find her, I must know
My poor Myrtle would be lying
Several hundred feet below

Will the turtle be unbroken
By and by Lord, by and by
Lord help my Myrtle as she hurtles
Through the sky Lord, through the sky

Was she sundered into sections
As her shell fell to the ground
Would I find two hundred plectrums
My friend Myrtle all around

Will the turtle be unbroken
By and by Lord, by and by
Lord help my Myrtle as she hurtles
Through the sky Lord, through the sky

Oh caretaker, poor caretaker

Why do you lie here stone cold dead
Poor man went to meet his maker
Something landed on his head

And the turtle was unbroken
By and by Lord, by and by
For you guided my friend Myrtle
Through the sky Lord, through the sky

Undertaker, undertaker
Lay that poor man in his grave
Good Lord took the old caretaker
But my best friend she was saved

Yes the turtle was unbroken
By and by Lord, by and by
For you guided my friend Myrtle
Through the sky Lord, through the sky

Les Barker:

<https://youtu.be/MRov5TUqkFQ>

Withered And Died

~ Richard Thompson

This cruel country has driven me down
Teased me and lied, teased me and lied
I've only sad stories to tell to this town
My dreams have withered and died

Once I was bending the tops of the trees
Kind words in my ear, kind faces to see

Then I struck up with a boy from the west
Played run and hide, played run and hide
Count one to ten and he's gone with the
rest
My dreams have withered and died

Silver moon sail up and silver moon shine
On the waters so wide, waters so wide
Steal from the bed of some good friend of
mine
My dreams are withered and died

If I was a butterfly, live for a day
I could be free, just blowing away

This cruel country has driven me down
Teased me and lied, teased me and lied
I've only sad stories to tell to this town
My dreams have withered and died

Richard & Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/kisbADMJLYk>

Would You Like to Play the Guitar?

~ Pat Donohue / Johnny Burke & Jimmy Van Heusen

Would you like to play the guitar?
Carry money home in a jar
From a coffeehouse or a bar
Or would you rather get a job?

A job is the thing that makes you get out
of bed
And work every day until you're dead.
Your back is achin' and your brain is
numb
And you just can't wait until the weekend
comes
But if you don't want to starve or beg or
rob
You're gonna have to get a job

Or would you like to play the guitar
Drive for miles and miles in your car
And pretend that you're a big star
Or would you rather book the gig?

An agent's the guy who takes his twenty
percent
What he says ain't always what he meant.
He'll clean you out in ways you never
thought
Because he's good at business and he
knows you're not.
And then he'll sue if you ever make it big
Cause he's the guy who booked the gig.

Or would you like to play the guitar
For a living--har-dee-har-har.
I'll admit it's kind of bizarre
Or would you rather be the wife?

The wife is the one who has to rescue our
butts

She's either a saint or else she's nuts.
She gets impatient and she gets annoyed
Cause she's the one who must remain
employed
And, by the way, if you want to wreck your
life
Become a guitar player's wife.

'Cause all the monkeys ain't in the zoo.
They can be trained to play guitar too.
Some do a whole lot better than you
But even if you don't go far
You could be worse off than you are
At least you're playing your guitar.

Jim Kweskin:

<https://youtu.be/6t1gc4v5RVU>

Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen

~ Richard Thompson

I must leave this tainted place
Of slow and hidden pain
By all and any means
All the past I shall erase
And never look again
On child's memories

If you'll have me, truly have me
Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen
I'm new-born to be your lover
Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen

Take my trophies from the rack.
The medals from my chest
The walls wash clean
All my life is on my back
And swiftness suits me best
I'm travelling lean

So I come to you a shell
Make of me what you must
And I shall bend
What you need I cannot tell
But I shall sweep the dust
And patch and mend

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/KBFxVIZrSiM>

The Wrong Heartbeat

~ Richard Thompson

Don't think my love is something that you
can play with
I'm not the one to spend the time of day
with
You learn to hide love, you lock it up or
find it gone
You think you need me, you think you
read me
From the beating of my heart

But you're listening to the wrong
heartbeat
O you're listening to the wrong heartbeat
You're listening to the wrong heartbeat
My love is strong

If you should see a tear, you won't see
many
If you should hear me sigh, it's not for any
If you should greet me as I am walking
along
You only want to see just the shell of me
You don't know the other part

Well, you're listening to the wrong
heartbeat
Ah, listening to the wrong heartbeat
I said, you're listening to the wrong
heartbeat
My love is strong

O you're listening to the wrong heartbeat
O listening to the wrong heartbeat
O listening to the wrong heartbeat
My love is strong

Don't throw your secrets where men will
steal them
You got to hide them, you got to seal
them

No matter what you try, you'll never take
my love from me
And if you might think that you can move
me
From the beating of my heart

O you're listening to the wrong heartbeat
Ah, listening to the wrong heartbeat
You're listening to the wrong heartbeat
My love is strong

O yes you're listening to the wrong
heartbeat
You're listening to the wrong heartbeat
You're listening to the wrong heartbeat
My love is strong

You're, you're, you're listening to the
wrong heartbeat
O listening to the wrong heartbeat
O you're listening to the wrong heartbeat
My love is strong

Richard & Linda Thompson:
<https://youtu.be/3D2mdeHnQS0>

Ye Mariners All

[Roud 1191 ; trad.]

Ye mariners all, as ye pass by,
Come in and drink when you are dry.
Come spend, my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Ye tipplers all, as ye pass by,
Come in and drink when you are dry.
Come spend, my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Ye mariners all, if ye've half a crown,
You're welcome all for to sit down.
Come in and sit, think not amiss,
To pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh now I'm old and can scarcely crawl,
I've a long grey beard and a head that's
bald.
Crown my desire, fulfill my bliss,
A pretty girl and a jug of this.

And when I'm in my grave and dead,
And all my sorrows are past and fled,
Transform me then into a fish,
And let me swim in a jug of this.

Martin Carthy:
<https://youtu.be/VGvI70xkMXM>

Waterson:Carthy:
<https://youtu.be/JVCvZIRrA3Y>

The Teacups:
<https://youtu.be/Sst-Os1TAYg>

Yodel It Over Again (What Will We Do?)

[Roud 16879 ; Mudcat 162053 , 163023
; trad.]

What will we do if we have no money?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only hawk through the town for a hungry
crown,
And we'll yodel it over again.

What will we do if we marry a tinker?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only sell a tin can and walk on with my
man,
And we'll yodel it over again.

What will we do if we marry a farmer?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only tend to the grain by sun and by rain,
And we'll yodel it over again.

What will we do if we marry a soldier?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only handle his gun and we'll fight for the
fun,
And we'll yodel it over again.

What will we do if we marry a sailor?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only go with my man, to a far away land,
alt: Only sail on his ship, and play with
his lip (?),
And we'll yodel it over again.

What will we do if we have a young
daughter?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only take her in hand and walk on with
my man,
alt: Bring it on on my back and walk on
for the crack,
And we'll yodel it over again.

What will we do if we have no money?
All true lovers, what will we do then?
Only walk through the town for a hungry
crown,
And we'll yodel it over again.

Peta Webb & Ken Hall:

https://youtu.be/K_ua7YjyuTQ

June Tabor and Maddy Prior:

https://youtu.be/8_AMF6AIQIM

You Don't Say

~ Richard Thompson

I saw your old flame
Walking down the street
She's back in town again
She's looking out for you
She says you used her
And you were indiscreet
It really wounded her
When you bid adieu

Do you mean she still cares
Do you mean she still cares
Do you mean she still cares
Oh you don't say

Do you mean she still cares (Do you
mean she still cares)
Do you mean she still cares (Do you
mean she still cares)
Do you mean she still cares
But you don't say (you don't say)

She keeps half a ring
She says you've kept the other
She says you broke your word
When you pursue another
She says "You're getting love
Mixed up with sympathy
Young man, do your duty
And come on back to me"

Do you mean she still cares (Do you
mean she still cares)
Do you mean she still cares (Do you
mean she still cares)
Do you mean she still cares
Oh you don't say (you don't say)

Oh do you mean she still cares
Do you mean she still cares
Do you mean she still cares
Oh you don't say

She says her heart aches
Like you had bought and sold her
She took all her hopes
And pinned them on your shoulder
She sends you rosemary
And by this gift you're given
Remember love heals
And old wrongs forgiven

Do you mean she still cares (Do you
mean she still cares)
Do you mean she still cares (Do you
mean she still cares)
Do you mean she still cares
Oh you don't say (you don't say)

Do you mean she still cares
Oh do you mean she still cares
Do you mean she still cares
Oh you don't say

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/nYLDL1sMJOU>

You're Going to Need Somebody

~ Richard Thompson

When you're lost in the dark and you can't
find a way

When the night is so long you don't
remember the day

When you're too far gone to hear
anybody call

When your last deal left you with nothing
at all

You're going to need somebody, you're
going to need somebody

You're going to need the one who was
standing and waiting for you

When nobody wants you, nobody needs
you

Nobody loves you, nobody feeds you
When your ship is sinking in the middle of
a sea

When they locked you in chains and
they've thrown away the key

You're going to need somebody, you're
going to need somebody

You're going to need the one who was
standing and waiting for you

When you don't live long unless you're
fast on your feet

When they're taking your furniture right
out into the street

When you can't sleep at night for counting
cracks on the wall

When your friends build you up just to
watch you fall

You're going to need somebody, you're
going to need somebody

You're going to need the one who was
standing and waiting for you

When you're lost in the dark and you can't
find a way

When the night is so long you don't
remember the day

When you're too far gone to hear
anybody call

When your last deal left you with nothing
at all

You're going to need somebody, you're
going to need somebody

You're going to need the one who was
standing and waiting for you

You're going to need the one who was
standing and waiting for you

Richard Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/rCuQVLhO-VQ>