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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](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>

## Archimedes (The Lever)

~ trad. / Nat Case

Archimedes was a fine old man  
Of that I'm a believer.  
He invented hair oil and the frying pan,  
And he taught us 'bout the lever.

The lever, boys, the lever,  
Oh, the lever, boys, the lever  
Not the pulley nor the screw  
Nor the inclined plane  
It's time to use the lever!

Oh the inclined plane, it launched our  
ship  
And the screw, it may well sink her  
And the pulleys we pull in the rigging all  
day  
But what about the lever?

The lever, boys, the lever,  
Oh, the lever, boys, the lever  
Not the pulley nor the screw  
Nor the inclined plane  
It's time to use the lever!

When the grog it is brought up on deck,  
Our thirst, it's a reliever  
When the bung won't leave the bunghole,  
then  
It's time to use the lever!

The lever, boys, the lever,  
Oh, the lever, boys, the lever  
Not the pulley nor the screw  
Nor the inclined plane  
It's time to use the lever!

Archimedes, he is dead and gone  
May God be his receiver  
Then we'll dig his grave with a silver  
spade  
Which, in fact, is just a lever!

The lever, boys, the lever,  
Oh, the lever, boys, the lever  
Not the pulley nor the screw  
Nor the inclined plane  
It's time to use the lever!

Nat Case:

<https://youtu.be/GygZmpZ0SHA>



## 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](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.

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!

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!

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!

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

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!

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!

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!

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

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!

Nick Robertshaw:

<https://youtu.be/zUTcMOYqlIA>

## 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 Band Theory

~ Mark Graham 1979

Many billion years before in what we call  
the days of yore  
The view was so uncluttered an@  
pristine.  
The Universe was void, nary one stray  
asteroid.  
Creation, friends, had yet to make the  
scene.  
Then with a rude and primal hiss, some  
fundamental orifice  
Blasted forth effluvia and gas.  
So call it what you may, but for now just  
let us say  
That the cosmos in its glory came to  
pass.

It was on that fateful day the earth was  
sent upon its way  
A pleasure cruise upon the cosmic sea.  
With Jupiter and Mars and a cast of  
well-known stars  
To keep their little buddy company.  
The director of the cruise kept them  
thoroughly amused  
And delighted were they with the bill of  
fare.  
They were certainly surprised when they  
finally realized  
That they'd booked a one-way trip to God  
knows where.

Being molten for a term, old Terra Firma  
became firm  
And oceans filled the holes eventually.  
The celestial planning board soon came  
to full accord  
And zoned the planet residentially.  
When the great time-sharing plan on  
Condo Earth began  
Real estate was for the wealthy few.

Now even low class bugs and germs  
could afford the easy terms  
On a luxury apartment with a view.

It wasn't long before gigantic dinosaurs  
Were strolling up and down throughout  
the land  
But their tiny cerebellums weren't smart  
enough to tell 'em  
That their terrible demise was close at  
hand.  
Those tremendous herbivores ate their  
herbal hos d'oevres  
Gambolling about without a care.  
And now they can be found far  
underneath the ground  
In some forgotten geologic layer.

The time went age by age and other  
creatures took the stage  
Gorillas, rats and dogs were in the cast.  
And a naked biped beast who may not  
have been the least  
But was among those folks who took their  
places last.  
This two-legged prima donna told all the  
other fauna  
That the starring role was his and his  
alone.  
When the others asked him why, he just  
pointed to the sky  
And said that God had told him on the  
phone.

With his new opposing thumb and his  
king-sized cranium  
Man sallied forth with grace and savoir  
faire.  
With Promethian desire he soon  
discovered fire,  
And arson but a single step from there.  
The wheel and gasoline, to the full-sized  
limousine  
Music, art and law are but a few,

But name what can compare to the  
    artistry so rare  
Of the sparerib that has met the  
    barbecue.

Now, I would like to say that we've come  
    a long, long way  
From that big primeval blast a-way back  
    when.  
And before we say farewell I'd like to  
    know just where the hell  
This roller coaster ride is going to end.  
Will we all be blown away on some  
    atomic judgment day  
Or travel off through space in high  
    renown?  
But where'er we finally go, one thing I  
    truly know  
Is we'll find a way to go there sitting  
    down.

Bryan Bowers:

<https://youtu.be/V8ADyL1wIlo>



## 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  
(Ladies 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  
(Ladies 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  
(Ladies 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](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](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](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](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](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: And the merry, merry, merry horn cries  
come, come away, :||  
l: Awake from your slumbers and hail the  
new day. :||

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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](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 Cat

~ Tom Keays [ Rowl 1667 ; trad. ]

Faustus (Brisk Lad):

<https://youtu.be/zvFTNa9iYTY>

I am a brisk cat but I am somewhat fat,  
And I am most wonderful bored.  
So indeed I intend some mice for to rend,  
So I'll wait for them down on the floor, my  
    brave boys,  
So I'll wait for them down on the floor.

My humans they do keep fat oxen and  
    sheep  
In neat little cans by the stairs.  
In the middle of the night when the moon  
    shines bright  
There's a number of mice in their lairs, my  
    brave boys,  
There's a number of mice in their lairs.

Then I'll run all around on my human's  
    rug,  
And I'll claim a fat mouse for my own.  
Oh I'll end off his life with one bloody  
    swipe  
And then I will carry him home, my brave  
    boys,  
And then I will carry him home.

My kittens they will pull the skin from the  
    mouse,  
And they'll nibble its feet and its head.  
When my humans come to know I will  
    stand by my bowl  
And I'll swear that I haven't been fed, my  
    brave boys,  
I'll swear that I haven't been fed.

I am a brisk cat but I am somewhat fat,  
And I am most wonderful bored.  
So indeed I intend some mice for to rend,  
So I'll wait for them down on the floor, my  
    brave boys,  
So I'll wait for them down on the floor.

## 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/wGJLmCS7NIs> (Paul  
Sartin tribute)

## Broomfield Hill

[ Roud 34 ; Mudcat 17084 , 113640 ;  
trad.]

"A wager, a wager,  
Five hundred pound and ten  
That you'll not go to the Broomfield Hill  
And a maid return again."

And oh she cried and oh she sighed  
And oh she made her moan,  
Saying, "Shall I go to the Broomfield Hill  
Or shall I stay at home?"

"For if I go to the Broomfield Hill  
My maidenhead is gone,  
But if I chance to stay at home  
Why then I am forsworn."

There's thirteen months all in one year  
I've heard people say,  
But the finest month in all the year  
Is the very merry month of May.

And up there spoke an old witch woman  
As she sits all alone,  
Saying, "You shall go to the Broomfield  
Hill  
And a maid you shall return.

"For when you get to the Broomfield Hill  
You will find your love asleep,  
With his silken gown all under his head  
And a broom-cow at his feet.

"You take the blossom from off of the  
broom,  
The blossom that smells so sweet,  
And you lay it down all under his head  
And more at the soles of his feet."

There's thirteen months all in one year  
I've heard people say,  
But the finest month in all the year

Is the very merry month of May.

And when she got to the Broomfield Hill  
She found her love asleep,  
With his hawk and his hound and his silk  
satin gown  
And his ribbons all down to his feet.

She's taken the blossom from off of the  
broom,  
The blossom that smells so sweet,  
And the more she lay it round about  
The sounder he did sleep.

She's taken the ring from off of her finger  
And laid it at his right hand  
For to let him know when he awoke  
That she'd been there at his command.

There's thirteen months all in one year  
I've heard people say,  
But the finest month in all the year  
Is the very merry month of May.

"Oh where were you, my good grey steed  
That I have loved so dear?  
Why did you not stamp and waken me  
When there was a maiden here?"

"Oh I stamped with my feet, master,  
And all my bells I rang,  
But there was nothing could waken you  
Till she had been and gone."

"Oh haste, haste, my good grey steed  
For to come where she may be,  
Or all the birds of the Broomfield Hill  
Will eat their fill of thee."

"Oh you need not break your good grey  
steed  
By racing to her home;  
There's no bird flies faster through the  
wood

Than she flew through the broom.”

There's thirteen months all in one year  
I've heard people say,  
But the finest month in all the year  
Is the very merry month of May.

Jon Boden: [https://youtu.be/GllpHMgYI\\_M](https://youtu.be/GllpHMgYI_M)

Bellowhead: <https://youtu.be/xLj1VvsrKZE>

## 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>

## By the Green Grove

[ Roud 356 ; trad.]

One May morning early I chanced for to  
    roam  
And strolled through the field by the side  
    of the grove.  
It was there I did hear the harmless birds  
    sing,  
And you never heard so sweet, and you  
    never heard so sweet,  
You never heard so sweet as the birds in  
    the spring.

At the end of the grove I sat myself down  
And the song of the nightingale echoed  
    all round,  
Their song was so charming their notes  
    were so clear  
No music no songster, no music no  
    songster,  
No music no songster can with them  
    compare.

All you that come here the small birds to  
    hear,  
I'll have you pay attention so pray all draw  
    near.  
And when you're growing old you will  
    have this to say,  
That you never heard so sweet, you  
    never heard so sweet,  
You never heard so sweet as the birds on  
    the spray!

Copper Family:

<https://youtu.be/hcV1N4i4PEk?t=372>

Finest Kind:

[https://ianrobb1.bandcamp.com/track/  
by-the-green-groves](https://ianrobb1.bandcamp.com/track/by-the-green-groves)

Hugh Miller:

<https://youtu.be/x7HzME6Aq7o>

## Byker Hill

[ [Roud 3488](#) ; Mudcat [3265](#) ; trad.]

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

Martin Carthy & Dave Swarbrick:  
<https://youtu.be/M3dJHy7mDck>

## 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](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](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](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](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.



## Davy Lowston

[ Mudcat 12710 ; trad.]

Martin Carthy sings Davy Lowston

Oh my name is Davy Lowston, I did seal,  
I did seal,

Oh my name is Davy Lowston, I did seal.  
Though my men and I were lost,  
Though our very lives it cost,  
We did seal, we did seal, we did seal.

We were set down in Open Bay, were set  
down, were set down,

We were set down in Open Bay, we were  
set down.

We were left, we gallant men,  
Nevermore to sail again,  
Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore.

Our captain John McGraw, he set sail, he  
set sail,

Oh yes, for old Port Stanley he set sail.

"I'll return, men, without fail!"

But she foundered in the gale  
And went down, and went down, and  
went down.

So come all you lads who venture far  
from home, far from home,  
Come all you lads who venture far from  
home,

Where the icebergs tower high,  
That's a pitiful place to die,  
Never seal, never seal, never seal.

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/KNLNYnOqzz8>

## 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

Uuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhh  
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](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](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/L1INVvG5ZiU>

New words by Martin Carthy  
\* verse by James Fagan

## Don't Bother Me

~ George Harrison

Since she's been gone I want no one to  
talk to me.  
It's not the same but I'm to blame, it's  
plain to see.  
So go away, leave me alone, don't bother  
me.

I can't believe that she would leave me on  
my own.  
It's just not right when every night I'm all  
alone.  
I've got no time for you right now, don't  
bother me.

I know I'll never be the same if I don't get  
her back again.  
Because I know she'll always be the only  
girl for me.

But 'till she's here please don't come  
near, just stay away.  
I'll let you know when she's come home.  
Until that day,  
Don't come around, leave me alone, don't  
bother me.

[I've got no time for you right now, don't  
bother me.]

I know I'll never be the same if I don't get  
her back again.  
Because I know she'll always be the only  
girl for me.

But 'till she's here please don't come  
near, just stay away.  
I'll let you know when she's come home.  
Until that day,  
Don't come around, leave me alone, don't  
bother me.

Don't bother me.  
Don't bother me.

Kami Thompson:

[https://youtu.be/13W\\_fQ0VVKI](https://youtu.be/13W_fQ0VVKI)

The Beatles:

<https://youtu.be/k03lQbaTcxc>

## 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>

## Eight Miles High

~ David Crosby / Gene Clark / Roger  
McGuinn

Eight miles high and when you touch  
down  
You'll find that it's stranger than known  
Signs in the street that say where you're  
going  
Are somewhere just being their own

Nowhere is there warmth to be found  
Among those afraid of losing their ground  
Rain gray town known for its sound  
In places small faces unbound

Round the squares huddled in storms  
Some laughing, some just shapeless  
forms  
Sidewalk scenes and black limousines  
Some living, some standing alone

The Byrds: <https://youtu.be/ltDaCjJgEKc>  
Leo Kottke: <https://youtu.be/Zkh7A6djTC4>

## 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/9xq8USB3Nlk>

## 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>

Jon Boden: <https://youtu.be/-11acMv5hZg>

James Fagan & Nancy Kerr:

<https://youtu.be/kzXWeVgQmhl>

Ellie Gowers & Ben Robertson:

<https://youtu.be/tF6PWbEQ5Tw>

Nic Jones: [https://youtu.be/nAjp\\_BVApUU](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>

## Farthest Field

~ David Dodson (1993)

There is a land (there is a land) high on a  
hill (high on a hill)  
Where I am going, there is a voice that  
calls to me  
The air is sweet (the air is sweet) the  
grasses wave (the grasses wave)  
The wind is blowing away up in the  
farthest field

Walk with me and we will see the mystery  
revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to  
the farthest field

The sun will rise, the sun will set  
Across the mountains and we will live with  
beauty there  
The fragrant flowers, the days and hours  
Will not be counted, and peaceful songs  
will fill the air

Walk with me and we will see the mystery  
revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to  
the farthest field

I know one day I'll leave my home  
Here in the valley and climb up to that  
field so fair  
And when I'm called and counted in  
That final tally, I know that I will see you  
there

Walk with me and we will see the mystery  
revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to  
the farthest field

Oh my dear friends, I truly love  
To hear your voices lifted up in radiant  
song  
Though through the years we all have  
made  
Our separate choices, we've ended here  
where we belong

Walk with me and we will see the mystery  
revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to  
the farthest field

Walk with me and we will see the mystery  
revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to  
the farthest field

Cindy Kallet, Ellen Epstein and Michael  
Cicone:

<https://youtu.be/VpJdKCYwmTk>

David Dodson:

<https://youtu.be/y8nuRPwSgUg>

## 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")

## Five Foot Flirt

~ Cyril Tawney

Now don't say Jim Johnson weren't  
    withee last night  
I heard it as plain as could be  
I was crossin' the mound when I heard a  
    strange sound  
Down by the sycamore tree  
I thought p'r'aps a cow had got stuck in  
    the mud  
And pulled out her foot with a moo  
But I'm satisfied now that that noise  
    weren't a cow  
It was Jim kissin' you!

You my five-foot flirt in the robes of an  
    angel  
You better 'ad leave I alone  
Why, the way you're actin', it nearly  
    unnerves I  
The thing that preserves I is my joviality  
Though I've got troubles as thick as the  
    stubble  
'Tis you that's the worst of 'em all  
Keep out of me track, and if you want to  
    come back  
You can crawl, crawl, crawl

Remember what happened last Saturday  
    night?  
The air was so peaceful and still  
Like a bolt from the blue came a  
    hullabaloo  
A growlin' and a cacklin' so shrill  
It came to me head as I crawled from me  
    bed  
"There's a fox at me chickens, that's true"  
I crept out in me socks and bumped into  
    the fox  
It was Jim kissin' you!

You my five-foot flirt in the robes of an  
    angel

You better 'ad leave I alone  
Why, the way you're actin', it nearly  
    unnerves I  
The thing that preserves I is my joviality  
Though I've got troubles as thick as the  
    stubble  
'Tis you that's the worst of 'em all  
Keep out of me track, and if you want to  
    come back  
You can crawl, crawl, crawl

Now what's your excuse for last Sunday  
    in church?  
It fair turned the poor vicar grey  
While the organist was rendering "Lead,  
    Kindly Light"  
Jim Johnson kept pumpin' away  
Then all of a sudden, the organ stopped  
    short  
The vicar got into a stew  
When he went round behind, tell me,  
    what did he find?  
He found Jim kissin' you!

You my five-foot flirt in the robes of an  
    angel  
You better 'ad leave I alone  
Why, the way you're actin', it nearly  
    unnerves I  
The thing that preserves I is my joviality  
Though I've got troubles as thick as the  
    stubble  
'Tis you that's the worst of 'em all  
Keep out of me track, and if you want to  
    come back  
You can crawl, crawl, crawl

Nick Robertshaw:

<http://rememberbignick.pbworks.com/f/07+Five+Foot+Flirt.mp3>

Cyril Tawney:

<https://youtu.be/YHwCNfbrmkU>

## 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](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](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](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](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](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](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](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](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](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](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](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](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>

Nick Robertshaw:

<http://rememberbignick.pbworks.com/f/05+Hot+Meat.mp3>

## 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](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](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](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  
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Lies dead and long since buried by his  
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And the reins of coloured thunder of the  
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Ride the coal fire morning on the beach  
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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  
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With Heaven's Hell's attainment in a  
surging crest of fire  
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And through the countless canticles of  
Jason's charcoal fleece  
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timeless masterpiece  
And there stood in the middle – guess  
who? – it's the everlasting bust  
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tries to rule the dust  
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To give the righteous news-believers  
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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](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 ; VWML HAM/2/9/22 , Mudcat  
65094 ; trad.]

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>

Linda Thompson:

<https://youtu.be/myOXFO1QLRA>

Steeleye Span:

<https://youtu.be/wlrOe0CTCXE>

## 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/qcn9z_J6zQs)

[https://youtu.be/\\_kAwum6NuTI](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](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](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/CYRyr8l5zzE>

## 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;  
It'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 it 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>

## Jolly Old Hawk

[ Roud 1048 ; Mudcat 126026 ; trad.]

The Watersons sing Jolly Old Hawk

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey;  
Now let us sing.  
Who's going to win the girl but me?  
Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey  
Sent to my love on the twelfth-most day.

Twelve old bears and they was a-roaring,  
Eleven old mares and they was  
a-brawling,  
Ten old cocks crawl out in the morning,  
Nine old boars and they was  
a-quarrelling.

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey  
Sent to my love on the twelfth most day.

Eight old bulls and they was a-blaring  
Seven old calves and they ran before 'em  
Six old cows and they was a-bellowing,  
Five for fif and a fairy.

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey  
Sent to my love on the twelfth most day.

A four-footed pig and a three-fistle cock,  
And two little birds and a jolly old hawk.

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey;  
Now let us sing.  
Who's going to win the girl but me?

Watersons:

[https://youtu.be/7hXSdM\\_Eqqk](https://youtu.be/7hXSdM_Eqqk)

Waterson:Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/yabp8hMInbl>

## 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](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](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](https://youtu.be/6SP_3f6Gcfl)

## The Lads In Their Hundreds

~ A E Housman 1896 / John Mayberry  
2021

From A Shropshire Lad (1896), "XXIII"

<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.

## The Land

~ Rudyard Kipling 1917 / Peter Bellamy

When Julius Fabricius, Sub-Prefect of the  
Weald,  
In the days of Diocletian owned our Lower  
River-field,  
He called to him Hobdenius — a Briton of  
the Clay,  
Saying: "What about that River-piece for  
layin' in to hay?"

And the aged Hobden answered: "I  
remember as a lad  
My father told your father that she wanted  
dreenin' bad.  
An' the more that you neeglect her the  
less you'll get her clean.  
Have it jest as you've a mind to, but, if I  
was you, I'd dreem."

So they drained it long and crossways in  
the lavish Roman style.  
Still we find among the river-drift their  
flakes of ancient tile,  
And in drouthy middle August, when the  
bones of meadows show,  
We can trace the lines they followed  
sixteen hundred years ago.

Then Julius Fabricius died as even  
Prefects do,  
And after certain centuries, Imperial  
Rome died too.  
Then did robbers enter Britain from  
across the Northern main  
And our Lower River-field was won by  
Ogier the Dane.

Well could Ogier work his war-boat —  
well could Ogier wield his brand —  
Much he knew of foaming waters — not  
so much of farming land.

So he called to him a Hobden of the old  
unaltered blood.  
Saying: "What about that River-piece, she  
doesn't look no good?"

And that aged Hobden answered: "Tain't  
for me to interfere,  
But I've known that bit o' meadow now for  
five and fifty year.  
Have it jest as you've a mind to, but I've  
proved it time on time,  
If you want to change her nature you  
have got to give her lime!"

Ogier sent his wains to Lewes, twenty  
hours' solemn walk,  
And drew back great abundance of the  
cool, grey, healing chalk.  
And old Hobden spread it broadcast,  
never heeding what was in't;  
Which is why in cleaning ditches, now  
and then we find a flint.

Ogier died. His sons grew English.  
Anglo-Saxon was their name,  
Until out of blossomed Normandy another  
pirate came;  
For Duke William conquered England and  
divided with his men,  
And our Lower River-field he gave to  
William of Warenne.

But the Brook (you know her habit) rose  
one rainy Autumn night  
And tore down sodden flitches of the  
bank to left and right.  
So, said William to his Bailiff as they rode  
their dripping rounds:  
"Hob, what about that River-bit — the  
Brook's got up no bounds?"



And that aged Hobden answered: "Tain't  
my business to advise,  
But ye might ha' known 'twould happen  
from the way the valley lies.  
When ye can't hold back the water you  
must try and save the sile.  
Hev it jest as you've a mind to, but, if I  
was you, I'd spile!"

So they spiled along the water-course  
with trunks of willow-trees  
And planks of elms behind 'em and  
immortal oaken knees.  
And when the spates of Autumn whirl the  
gravel-beds away  
You can see their faithful fragments  
iron-hard in iron clay.

Georgii Quinti Anno Sexto, I, who own the  
River-field,  
Am fortified with title-deeds, attested,  
signed and sealed,  
Guaranteeing me, my assigns, my  
executors and heirs  
All sorts of powers and profits which —  
are neither mine nor theirs.

I have rights of chase and warren, as my  
dignity requires.  
I can fish — but Hobden tickles. I can  
shoot — but Hobden wires.  
I repair, but he reopens, certain gaps  
which, men allege,  
Have been used by every Hobden since a  
Hobden swapped a hedge.

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the  
track-betraying dew?  
Demand his dinner-basket into which my  
pheasant flew?  
Confiscate his evening faggot into which  
my conies ran,  
And summons him to judgment? I would  
sooner summons Pan.

For his dead are in the churchyard —  
thirty generations laid.  
Their names were old in history when  
Domesday Book was made.  
And the passion and the piety and  
prowess of his line  
Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land  
the Law calls mine.

Not for any beast that burrows, not for  
any bird that flies,  
Would I lose his large sound council, miss  
his keen amending eyes.  
He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright,  
field-surveyor, engineer,  
And if flagrantly a poacher — 'tain't for me  
to interfere.

"Hob, what about that River-bit?" I turn to  
him again  
With Fabricius and Ogier and William of  
Warrenne.  
"Hev it jest as you've a mind to, but" —  
and here he takes command.  
For whoever pays the taxes old Mus'  
Hobden owns the land.

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/MoXHeN9xtHE>

Jon Boden: <https://youtu.be/jZJ4ZEU84>

## 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](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](https://youtu.be/oj3_YJaAg-s)

## Lemady / Arise and Pick a Posy

[ Roud 193 , 2445 ; Mudcat 11800 ,  
13441 ; trad.]

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/6eaXSIfCjk>

## Lemeney

As I was a-walking one fine summer's  
morning,  
The fields and the meadows they looked  
so green and gay;  
And the birds they were singing so  
pleasantly adorning,  
So early in the morning at the break of the  
day.

Oh hark, oh hark, how the nightingale is  
singing,  
The lark she is taking her flight all in the  
air.  
On yonder green bower the turtle doves  
are building,  
The sun is just a-glimmering. Arise my  
dear.

Arise, oh, arise and get your humble  
posies,  
For they are the finest flowers that grow in  
yonder grove.  
And I will pluck them all sweet lily, pink  
and roses,  
All for Sweet Lemeney, the girl that I love.

Oh, Lemeney, oh, Lemeney, you are the  
fairest creature,  
You are the fairest creature that ever my  
eyes did see.  
And then she played it over all on the  
pipes of ivory,  
So early in the morning at the break of the  
day.

Oh, how could my true-love, how could  
she vanish from me,  
Oh, how could she go and I never shall  
see her more.  
But it was her cruel parents that looked so  
slightly on me,

All for the white robe that I once used to  
wear.

Hannah Martin:

[https://youtu.be/eMTbxYU4E\\_k](https://youtu.be/eMTbxYU4E_k)

Burd Ellen:

<https://youtu.be/PSRB5Vsvx2A>

## 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](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-rolla-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-rolla-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-rolla-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-rolla-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-rolla-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](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.

## The Log Driver's Waltz

~ Wade Hemsworth

If you ask any girl from the parish around  
What pleases her most from her head to  
her toes  
She'll say I'm not sure that it's business of  
yours  
But I do like to waltz with a log driver

For he goes birling down and down white  
water  
That's where the log driver learns to step  
lightly  
Yes, birling down and down white water  
The log driver's waltz pleases girls  
completely

When the drive's nearly over I like to go  
down  
And watch all the lads as they work on  
the river  
I know that come evening they'll be in the  
town  
And we all like to waltz with the log driver

For he goes birling down and down white  
water  
That's where the log driver learns to step  
lightly  
Yes, birling down and down white water  
The log driver's waltz pleases girls  
completely

To please both my parents, I've had to  
give way  
And dance with the doctors and  
merchants and lawyers  
Their manners are fine, but their feet are  
of clay  
For there's none with the style of my log  
driver

For he goes birling down and down white  
water  
That's where the log driver learns to step  
lightly  
Yes, birling down and down white water  
The log driver's waltz pleases girls  
completely

Now I've had my chances with all sorts of  
men  
But none as so fine as my lad on the river  
So when the drive's over, if he asks me  
again  
I think I will marry my log driver

For he goes birling down and down white  
water  
That's where the log driver learns to step  
lightly  
Yes, birling down and down white water  
The log driver's waltz pleases girls  
completely  
Birling down and down white water  
The log driver's waltz pleases girls  
completely

Kate & Anna McGarrigal:

<https://youtu.be/vmngbGNyOK4>

## 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 ; 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>

## 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 ]

Martin Carthy:

<https://youtu.be/MLGbAq5cNDk>

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.

## 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](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](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](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](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

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

Sincere Mrs. Rita

God keep and preserve you, we'll love  
you always

## 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](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](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](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](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/PD5DTQnuxc>

## 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](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 groggle  
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](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>



## One Species Are We

~ Benedict Gagliardi

Of three domains of all life, eukaryotes  
are we  
Inside each cell within us, a nucleus there  
be  
Bacteria, Archaea, unfortunate are they  
There is no membrane bound around  
their strands of DNA

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

Come all you motile metazoans and listen  
to my song  
The kingdom Animalia is where we all  
belong  
The plants may have their chlorophyll to  
photosynthesize  
But animals are heterotrophs and so are  
the Fungi

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

Our backbone gives us structure, our  
backbone gives us strength  
So with the other chordates, we find our  
phylum rank  
But let our boney ego, never be unfurled  
For the spineless worms and insects, they  
truly rule the world

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

By the milk our mothers gave us, by the  
hair upon our skin  
It's clear that we are mammals, class  
Mammalia we're in  
Most have a placenta, but this class has  
strange extremes  
Like the milky-pouched marsupials and  
egg-laying monotremes

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

So let's put things in order, now that  
we've been to class  
With monkeys, apes, prosimians, we, the  
primates, do amass  
We all can be distinguished by our  
well-filled craniums  
And the envy of all other life: two fine  
opposable thumbs

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

Welcome to our family, all Great Apes are  
we  
Orangutan, gorilla and our cousin  
chimpanzee  
But if you believe bonobos just evolved  
into man  
It seems you treat your own brain just like  
a garbage can

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

Homo is the genus of the African bipeds  
Who stood erect, and picked up tools,  
and learned to use their heads  
Our cousins are extinct now, leaving only  
us  
But thanks to our bad habits, we may join  
them soon enough

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

So we are *Homo sapiens* but let us not  
forget  
The reason we were given our specific  
epithet  
We earned it for our wisdom, we earned it  
for our brain  
Let fear and hatred never trump our  
consciousness again

Linnaeus! Linnaeus! Here's to your  
hierarchy  
And let it not betray us! One species are  
we!

The Vox Hunters:

<https://youtu.be/xVG5ZFMUTxQ>

## 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](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 away

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](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>

## Pharmacy Calling-On

~ Nick Robertshaw / trad

Good people give ear to my story  
For we did not get here just by chance  
As I praise the pharmaceutical assistance  
And the drugs that allow us to dance  
For the pharmacy's our habitation  
With frequent prescriptions to fill  
And the source of our fine medication  
The tincture, suspension and pill

Now first I will tell of terfanidine  
Or Seldane as some know its name  
That most efficacious antihistamine  
The allergy beater of fame  
When the pollen count reaches five  
hundred  
Tis Seldane allows us to breathe  
When our sneezing would otherwise have  
thundered  
And caused all our audience to leave

And the next wonder drug I will tell of  
And I hope you'll forgive me this time  
For in parody its quite a problem  
Ibuprofen's a hard drug to rhyme  
When the wrenches and sprains they  
would fell us  
And the ligaments and muscles are torn  
Neither Connors nor Nameth need tell us  
Just Nupe it and you'll feel reborn

Now the last of my chemical heroes  
Are two ancient nostrums by birth  
And they each bear as good a character  
As any old medicine on earth  
For one wakes us all up in the morning  
And the other all liquids doth crown  
For it's caffeine and ethanol in concert  
That makes us go up and come down

So be thankful now all of you dancers  
And as you advance in your years  
If you want to keep youthfully capering  
You can choose between physick or tears  
So remember to thank all your chemicals  
When trunkles with vigor you've danced  
'Cause you probably couldn't stay vertical  
Unless you were chemically enhanced

To the tune of Earsdon Sword Dance  
Song

Watersons:

<https://youtu.be/ZDAbE6EO4Gs>

## 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](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](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](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](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](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](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  
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  
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  
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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>

## Sheepshearing

[ Roud 1379 , 310 ; trad.]

Our sheepshearing's over and summer is  
past,  
Here's health to our mistress all in a full  
glass.  
She is a good woman and she brings us  
good cheer;  
Here's a health to our mistress, so drink  
up your beer.

Here's a health unto the master, the  
founder of the feast;  
I hope to God with all my heart, his soul in  
heaven do rest.  
Here's hoping that he prospers, whatever  
he takes in hand,  
For we are all his servants, we are at his  
command.

So drink, boys, drink! And see that you do  
not spill,  
For if you do, you shall drink two, for that  
is our master's will.

And since we've drunk the master's  
health, why should the missus go  
free?  
Why shouldn't she go to heaven, to  
heaven as well as he?  
She is a good provider, abroad as well as  
at home,  
So take your cup and sup it up, it is our  
harvest home.

So drink, boys, drink! And see that you do  
not spill,  
For if you do, you shall drink two, for that  
is our master's will.

Jon Boden: <https://youtu.be/GY62JitIRI0>

## 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](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](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 melt 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

## Soldier, Soldier

~ Rudyard Kipling 1890 / Peter Bellamy  
1976

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Why don't you march with my true love?"  
"We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's  
maybe give the slip,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
What did you see o' my true love?"  
"I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o'  
rifle-green,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! True love!  
Best go look for a new love,  
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd  
better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Did ye see no more o' my true love?"  
"I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots  
begun to fly—  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"  
"Well I couldn't see the fight, for the  
smoke it lay so white—  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! True love!  
Best go look for a new love,  
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd  
better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"O soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
I'll up an' tend to my true love!"  
"E's lying on the dead with a bullet  
through 'is 'ead,

An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Then I'll down an' die with my true love!"  
"The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty  
men beside 'im—  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! True love!  
Best go look for a new love,  
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd  
better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"  
"I brung a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to  
wear,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
O then I know it's true I've lost my true  
love!"  
"An' I tell you truth again—when you've  
lost the feel o' pain  
You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! New love!  
Best take me for your new love,  
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd  
better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best take me for your true love.

Peter Bellamy:

<https://youtu.be/6RcteNhYDbQ>

Witches of Elswick:

<https://youtu.be/OOv6-Eh0GX4>

## 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

## Songs Stay Sung

~ Zoe Mulford (2020)

Zoe Mulford & Windborne:

[https://youtu.be/b7p\\_z40Zii4](https://youtu.be/b7p_z40Zii4)

There is an end to everything –  
The breath we take and the songs we  
sing  
And the last note rings and dies away  
But the song stays sung 'til the end of  
days

And all we do may be undone  
But love stays loved and songs stay sung  
Love stays loved and songs stay sung

And astronomers could never chart  
The constellations of the heart  
For lovers part and lovers pine  
But the love stays loved 'til the end of  
time

And all we do may be undone  
But love stays loved and songs stay sung  
Love stays loved and songs stay sung

And every life is a brief, bright spark  
That dies and seems to leave no mark  
So we curse the dark and we mourn the  
flame  
But the things it showed us still remain

And all we do may be undone  
But love stays loved and songs stay sung  
Love stays loved and songs stay sung

And I've been told that we are made  
Of dust cast off when stars decayed  
And the bodies fade that once were ours  
But the dust goes on to make new stars

And all we do may be undone  
But love stays loved and songs stay sung  
Love stays loved and songs stay sung

## 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 Watersons:

<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](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](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>

## The Suffolk Miracle

[ Roud 246 ; Child 272 ; trad.]

It's of an old and wealthy man  
He had a daughter and her name was  
Ann  
She were handsome, fine and tall  
She had a loving face withal

Sing lady, lady, lady fair  
Many a suitor had she there  
A widow's son of low degree  
Among them all, she fancied he

Sing courting, courting, courting cane  
There's many a courtship all in vain  
For when her father came to know  
He sent her far, oh far from home

One night as she were lying down  
The quiet loosening of her gown  
She heard a low and deathly sound  
Says, "Loose my bounds, I'm earthly  
bound"

She looked out of her window clear  
She seen her love on her father's mare  
"Here's your mother's cloak, here's your  
father's roan  
They sent me here, love, to bring you  
home"

He's mounted up, she's on behind  
And they rode on with contented mind  
But all along, complaint he made  
"Oh love, oh love, my head do ache"

Her handkerchief from her neck around  
She bound it round his head around  
He set her down at her father's door  
Then her true love she saw no more

"Awake, awake, awake," said she  
"Is no one here for to welcome me?"

"You're welcome home, dear child," said  
he  
"But what trusty friend did come for  
thee?"

"Did you not send one I do adore  
That love so dear and must love no  
more?"  
Her father frowned and shook his head  
Says, "Your true love been one year  
dead"

He's summonsed clerk and clergy, too  
That grave was opened and him to view  
And though he had been a twelvemonth  
dead  
Her handkerchief was bound round his  
head

So a warning to you old folks still  
Don't hinder young ones from their will  
The first they love they'll never forget  
Though he be dead, she'll love him yet

Phil Tyler & Sarah Hill:

<https://philtylersarahhill.bandcamp.com/track/suffolk-miracle>

Peggy Seeger:

<https://youtu.be/UNWQks5r0fY>

Dol Small: <https://youtu.be/R9UtcR3xtB8>

## 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"

## The Sweet Nightingale

[ Roud 371 ; VWML SBG/1/1/90 ; Mudcat  
120955 ; trad.]

Sweet Nightingale as printed in Canow  
Kernow

My sweetheart, come along, don't you  
hear the fond song,  
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?  
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet  
nightingale  
|| As she sings in the valley below. :||

Pretty Betty, don't fail, for I'll carry your  
pail  
Safe home to your cot as we go.  
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet  
nightingale  
|| As she sings in the valley below. :||

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my  
own;  
Along with you, sir, I'll not go.  
For to hear the fond tale of the sweet  
nightingale  
|| As she sings in the valley below. :||

Pray sit yourself down with me on the  
ground,  
On this bank where the primroses grow.  
You shall hear the fond tale of the sweet  
nightingale  
|| As she sings in the valley below. :||

This couple agreed to be married with  
speed  
And soon to the church they did go.  
Never more she's afraid for to walk in the  
shade  
|| Or to sit in these valleys below. :||

Jackie Oates:

<https://youtu.be/ANbOWvQcM1w>

Jackie Oates:

<https://youtu.be/CeJaZqthLzE>

Jon Boden:

<https://youtu.be/TmDAG0Bd4yU> &

<http://www.afolksongaday.com/?p=2893>

## 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](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>

## Their Brains Were Small and They Died

~ Mark Graham 1987

When I sit in contemplation of the human  
situation  
I often feel a certain sense of pride.  
For our achievements are many and  
mighty  
And the evidence cannot be denied.  
But my reverie is shaken 'cause my  
thoughts are always taken  
To a tragedy that happened long ago,  
When there moved throughout the land  
Beings awesome and grand  
The fabulous dinosaur.

They were creatures in a manner quite  
reptilian  
In their unique and stylish way,  
And their numbers could be reckoned in  
the millions;  
But there are zero of these heroes in the  
world today.  
They had music, art and fashion, there  
was dinosauric passion  
And I think they'd be enraged and  
mortified  
That when they're mentioned today it's  
only to say:  
Their brains were small and they died.

Perhaps some asteroid that mother earth  
could not avoid  
Became the agent of their premature  
demise.  
Well I understand that these things can  
happen,  
So who are we to criticize?  
When we'll spend most any price to have  
the ultimate device  
That insures the perfect global suicide.

Well, I would venture instead that the  
humanoid head  
Is where the tinier brain resides.

And when we're gone our works they'll  
start to crumble  
Until nothing can be found.  
In ten million years some other guys may  
stumble  
On our fossils then some asshole will  
begin to expound,  
In some scientific study to his cockroach  
science buddies  
How the evidence can never be denied---  
They were big dumb and slow, they  
couldn't go with the flow  
Their brains were small, and they died.

Mark Graham:

<https://youtu.be/KHMZ5qWBxr0>



## 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](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 Turning Year: A New Year's Toast

~ Jennifer Cutting / Mick Ryan

Oh, kind companions gathered here  
All at the turning of the year  
The hour grows late, our hearts grow fond  
In melody shall be our bond.

We live in hope, we pray for peace  
We meet with joy, the year's new lease;  
The falling snow, the icy moonlight  
shining clear  
So let us sing to welcome in the turning  
year.

Now Yule is past, the old year fades  
Time heals all wounds, or so they say.  
Though battle-scarred, we will prevail;  
We hold the pen that writes the tale.

Do not regret the flow of years  
For there is naught that disappears;  
Our every kindness written large, among  
the stars  
So let us sing to welcome in the turning  
year.

The tallest trees, the barest boughs  
The callow choir of earnest vows.  
Whatever boon we ask of life,  
We ask it here, we ask it now.

So let us toast to absent friends  
To those we've hurt, let's make amends;  
And those we love, let's set them free, yet  
hold them near.  
And let us sing to welcome in the turning  
year.

The minutes pass, the hour strikes  
The mighty flares light up the night.  
Now let us raise a festive glass

That all we hope may come to pass.

I wish you joy, I wish you peace  
I wish you health, but more than these,  
The power to know, just what to keep and  
what let go.  
So let us sing, to welcome in the turning  
year;  
Let us sing, to welcome in the turning  
year.

Jennifer Cutting's Ocean Orchestra &  
Windborne:

<https://youtu.be/Hde5bBgqGxw>



## 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>

## Under the Boardwalk

~ Arthur Resnick, Kenny Young

Oh when the sun beats down and burns  
the tar up on the roof  
And your shoes get so hot you wish your  
tired feet were fire proof  
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea,  
yeah  
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

(Under the boardwalk) out of the sun  
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be havin'  
some fun  
(Under the boardwalk) people walking  
above  
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be falling in  
love  
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk!

From the park you hear the happy sound  
of a carousel  
Mm-mm, you can almost taste the hot  
dogs and French fries they sell  
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea  
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

(Under the boardwalk) out of the sun  
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be havin'  
some fun  
(Under the boardwalk) people walking  
above  
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be making  
love  
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk!

Ooh, under the boardwalk, down by the  
sea, yeah  
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

(Under the boardwalk) out of the sun  
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be havin'  
some fun

(Under the boardwalk) people walking  
above  
(Under the boardwalk) we'll be falling in  
love  
Under the boardwalk, boardwalk!

The Drifters:

<https://youtu.be/EPEqRMVnZNU>

The Rolling Stones:

<https://youtu.be/hHPbBRaOjGo>

## 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](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](https://youtu.be/6U-VKN_GTmc)

The Longest Johns:

[https://youtu.be/E\\_8tAyecj2g](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](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](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](https://youtu.be/K_ua7YjyuTQ)

June Tabor and Maddy Prior:

[https://youtu.be/8\\_AMF6AIQIM](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  
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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>