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I feel a song  
comin' on...



## **Welcome to I Feel A Song Comin' On!**

The FSC songbook is a record of the songs that get sung on camp and a way of learning new songs: brand new campers will need the lyrics even to popular songs at their first lodge fires, and Pathfinders can get the book out to learn complex songs around group fires.

For the 2026 edition of the songbook we will follow time-honoured FSC tradition and lose some songs and introduce some new ones. This booklet aims to showcase some of those new songs. We collected over 100 suggestions from various sources: the recent lodge survey of around 200 people, Conscious Songbook collective song shares and glee events from 2020-2023, suggestions from the songbook working group of around 50 volunteers, and recommendations from the recent call-out for more diversity.

This booklet prints around 40 of those suggestions, focusing on songs we think already get sung on camps and those which bring more diverse perspectives. Some of these have been super popular for ages; some are newer but catching on fast. We want you to try them out, and tell us which ones should go in to the next songbook.

### **Acknowledgements**

Produced with the help of members of the songbook revamp team and the conscious songbook collective.

Contributors include, but are not limited to:

Alice Husband, Adam Price, Clem Marshall, Emily Kerr, Evie Malin, Hannah Kessler, Jon Boden, Roary Skaista, Sophie Meekings

## What should go in the songbook?

There is space for about 30 songs in the new songbook, so we need your help to pick what goes in.

Below are the criteria we propose considering when choosing songs to go into our next songbook:

- It's popular on camp with both campers and staff
- It's easy to learn/sing round a fire (audio recordings help!)
- It's not written by a man or from a male perspective (as this makes up most of our existing songbook - we want to rebalance it a bit)
- It has a theme people have told us they want to see more of in the songbook. For example, songs about:
  - Nature
  - A variety of cultures and languages
  - Different social backgrounds and occupations
  - LGBTQ+ issues
  - Disability and neurodivergence
  - Struggles for equal rights and social justice

As you sing songs from this booklet, we'd like you to use these prompts to think about which ones are your top candidates to go in the new songbook, and let us know - either by marking up the contents page and sending a picture after camp to [songbook@fsc.org.uk](mailto:songbook@fsc.org.uk), or by filling in the online survey (QR code and URL link at the back of the book).

If you REALLY like a song in this book then make sure you teach it to lots of people and get them to fill in the survey if they like it too! The further a song spreads, the more chance it will end up in a songbook- if not the next one, then the one after...

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[songbook@fsc.org.uk](mailto:songbook@fsc.org.uk)  
 Or fill in the online survey linked  
 on the back cover.

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YOUR GROUP:

CAMP:

## Why is Rattling Bog in here-- doesn't everyone know it already?!

Not everyone finds it easy to learn songs orally - that's what the songbook is there for! We want to print songs people sing, no matter how well known they are, or how simple-- after all, new campers won't know the words to Princess Pat, and deaf campers or those with auditory processing issues might need to read the chorus to the Humpty Dumpty rap to understand it.

This gives everyone the chance to try out and judge these songs equally, so you can tell us which ones are the best. We are taking the same approach to the main songbook as well - Glee should be accessible for everyone.



### Campaign For Total Bog

A note on Rattling Bog specifically - although we sing this action song on nearly every camp, the last time it was printed in the songbook was 1974. That's right, the official FSC songbook has been bogless for half a century! Presumably someone didn't like it very much and thought that by taking it out they'd stop it being sung. How wrong they were...

We'd like to invite you to join our campaign to redress this historic injustice. Bring back the Bog!

## 9-5

Tumble outta bed and stumble to the kitchen  
 Pour myself a cup of ambition  
 Yawnin' and stretchin' and try to come to life  
 Jump in the shower and the blood starts pumpin'  
 Out on the streets, the traffic starts jumpin'  
 With folks like me on the job from 9 to 5

Working 9 to 5, what a way to make a living  
 Barely gettin' by, it's all taking and no giving  
 They just use your mind and they never give you credit  
 It's enough to drive you crazy if you let it  
 9 to 5, for service and devotion  
 You would think that I would deserve a fair promotion  
 Want to move ahead but the boss won't seem to let me  
 I swear sometimes that man is out to get me Mmmmm...

They let you dream just to watch them shatter  
 You're just a step on the boss man's ladder  
 But you got dreams he'll never take away  
 In the same boat with a lot of your friends  
 Waiting for the day your ship will come in  
 And the tide's gonna turn an' it's all gonna roll you away

*Dolly Parton, 1980*



Written for the 1980s film "9-5" which depicted gender inequality in the workplace.

## A Börtön Ablakában (Hungary)

A börtön ablakába soha nem süt be a nap  
 Az évek tovaszállnak, mint egy múltó pillanatot  
 Ragyogón süt a nap és szikrázik a fény  
 csak a szívem szomorú, ha rád gondolok én

Szeretlek én daram daram dam daram daram dam daram daram dam  
 Szeretlek én daram daram dam daram daram dam daram daram dam

Egy késő üzenet, egy megkésett levél  
 amelyben üzenem, hogy nem vagy már enyémm  
 Ragyogón süt a nap és szikrázik a fény  
 csak a szívem szomorú, ha rád gondolok én

A börtönben az évek oly lassan múlnak el  
 Egy csavargó dalától vidámabb leszel  
 Ragyogón süt a nap és szikrázik a fééény  
 csak a szívem szomorú, ha rád gondolok én

### English translation

The sun never shines in the prison window  
 The years fly by like a fleeting moment  
 The sun shines brightly and the light sparkles  
 but my heart is sad when I think of you

I love you (daram daram dam)

A late message, a belated letter telling me that you are no longer mine  
 The sun shines brightly and the light sparkles  
 but my heart is sad when I think of you

In prison, the years pass so slowly  
 A tramp's song will make you more cheerful  
 The sun is shining and the lights are sparkling  
 but my heart is sad when I think of you

A popular campfire song in Hungary, where most Hungarians will know the tune and the words. The author and exact date are unknown, but this song was sung by many artists who were a key part of the 'polbeat' movement of politically motivated lyrics during the 1960s and 1970s. Introduced by Pete Ormosi, Hungarian/ British staff.

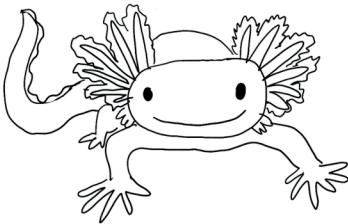
**Ask an Axolotl**

There's an axolotl on the pink stairs  
Is an axolotl s'posed to be there?  
If you ask an axolotl  
If they'll be back tomorrow  
A penguin waddles in and then the axolotl's gone

There's an axolotl on the lawn chair  
Is an axolotl s'posed to be there?  
If you ask an axolotl  
If they'll be back tomorrow  
A penguin waddles in and then the axolotl's gone

There's an axolotl at the front door  
Is that what the welcome sign is there for?  
If you ask an axolotl  
If they'll be back tomorrow  
A penguin waddles in and then they both sing you a song:

Ribble robble, axolotl  
Bibble bobble, penguin waddle  
We'll see you tomorrow



*Ryan Walter*

Axolotls are small amphibians that have been studied extensively by scientists owing to their amazing ability to regenerate entire limbs, gills and parts of their eyes and brains.



## The Bay of Biscay

My Willy sails on board the tender  
 And where he is I do not know  
 For seven long years I've been constantly waiting  
 Since he crossed the Bay of Biscay-o

One night as Mary lay a-sleeping  
 A knock came to her bedroom door  
 Crying arise, arise, my dearest Mary  
 For to catch one glance of your Willy-o

Young Mary rose, put on her clothing  
 And to her bedroom door did go  
 And there she found her Willy standing  
 His two pale cheeks as white as snow

Oh Willy dear, where are those blushes  
 Those blushes I knew long years ago?  
 Oh Mary dear, the cold clay has them  
 I am only the ghost of your Willy-o

Oh Mary dear, the dawn is coming  
 Don't you think it's time for me to go?  
 I am leaving you quite broken-hearted  
 For to cross the Bay of Biscay-o

If I had all the gold and silver  
 And all the money in Mexico  
 I would grant it all to the King of Heaven  
 If he'd bring me back my Willy-o



*Trad. British, c1860*

This song is an example of a 'night visiting' song, a common theme in British folk songs, in which a drowned lover returns in the form of a ghost to announce his death to the woman he has left behind. The Bay of Biscay between France and Spain is renowned for its tempestuous storms and massive 'rogue waves', which caused the sinking of many a British sailing ship. Willy in this case is short for William.

## Beeswing

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

Brown hair zig-zagged round her face and a look of half-surprise  
 Like a fox caught in the headlights, there was animal in her eyes  
 And she said to me "oh can't you see that I'm not the factory kind  
 If you don't take me out of here I'll lose my mind"

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, she was running wild  
 She said "So 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, fruit picking down in Kent  
 We could tinker pots and pans and knives wherever we went  
 We were camping down the Gower one time and the work was pretty good  
 She wouldn't wait for the harvest, I thought maybe we should

I said to her, "we'll settle down, we'll get a few acres dug  
 A fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug"  
 And she said, "Oh love, you foolish thing, that surely sounds like hell  
 You might be lord of half the world, you'll not own me as well"

We were drinking more in those days and our tempers reached a pitch  
 Like a fool I let her go and she took the rambling itch  
 The last I heard she's living rough back on the Derby beat  
 A bottle of White Horse in her pocket, a wolfhound at her feet

And they say her rose is faded now  
Rough weather and hard booze  
Well maybe that's the price you pay  
For the chains that you refuse

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  
I wouldn't want her any other way

*Richard Thompson, 1994. As sung by Grace Petrie.,*



This song was inspired by legendary musicians Annie Briggs and Vashti Bunyan, whose influence on the folk scene persists to this day. The lyrics sung by Grace Petrie make the song's perspective gender neutral - so we can all imagine ourselves in love with a freespirited folk legend.

## Bella Ciao (Italy)

U-na mat-ti-na mi son svegliato, o bella ciao, bella ciao, bella ciao ciao ciao, u-na mat-  
 ti - na mi son sve- gli-a-to, e ho tro - va - to l'in - va - sor.

### Italian

Una mattina mi sono alzato  
 o bella ciao, bella ciao...  
 Una mattina mi sono alzato  
 e ho trovato l'invasor

O partigiano portami via  
 o bella ciao, bella ciao...  
 o partigiano portami via  
 che mi sento di morir

E se io muoio da partigiano  
 o bella ciao, bella ciao...  
 e se io muoio da partigiano  
 tu mi devi seppellir

E seppellire lassù in montagna  
 o bella ciao, bella ciao...  
 e seppellire lassù in montagna  
 sotto l'ombra di un bel fior

E le genti che passeranno  
 o bella ciao, bella ciao...  
 e le genti che passeranno  
 mi diranno «che bel fior»

Questo è il fiore del partigiano  
 o bella ciao, bella ciao...  
 questo è il fiore del partigiano  
 morto per la libertà

### English

One morning I awakened  
 Bella ciao (Goodbye beautiful)  
 One morning I awakened  
 And I found the invader

Oh partisan carry me away  
 oh bella ciao...  
 oh partisan carry me away  
 Because I feel death approaching

And if I die as a partisan  
 oh bella ciao...  
 and if I die as a partisan  
 then you must bury me

Bury me up in the mountain  
 oh bella ciao...  
 bury me up in the mountain  
 under the shade of a beautiful flower

And all those who shall pass  
 oh bella ciao...  
 and all those who shall pass  
 will tell me "what a beautiful flower"

This is the flower of the partisan  
 oh bella ciao...  
 this is the flower of the partisan  
 who died for freedom

This famous Italian resistance song is about the "Partisans" who resisted Nazi occupation during the second world war - it's a song sung by a partisan facing death after fighting for freedom. It is now sung around the world by people resisting fascism. It originated in a women's work song sung while weeding the rice fields of northern Italy in the 1800s, back-breaking and poorly paid work.

## Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise  
And put up a parking lot  
With a pink hotel, a boutique  
And a swinging hot spot

Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what you've got  
Till it's gone  
They paved paradise  
And put up a parking lot

They took all the trees  
Put 'em in a tree museum  
And they charged the people  
A dollar and a half just to see 'em

Hey farmer farmer  
Put away that DDT now  
Give me spots on my apples  
But leave me the birds and the bees  
Please!

Late last night  
I heard the screen door slam  
And a big yellow taxi  
Took away my old man

*Joni Mitchell, USA, c. 1967*

DDT is a pesticide that was responsible for a major decline in the populations of fish-eating birds, such as the bald eagle, brown pelican, peregrine falcon, and osprey. At the time Joni Mitchell wrote this song, there was a public outcry about its environmental impacts. DDT is now banned for agricultural use worldwide. Big yellow taxis remain legal (as long as they're properly licensed)

## Black Tie



Well, it's a jungle out there  
 The year 2018, I didn't think  
 We'd still be sorting babies into blue and pink  
 And all our progress, well, I wonder what it means  
 That the only girls' clothes that work for me  
 Turn out to be boyfriend jeans

Well, that's fine. 'Cause I decline  
 A narrow set of rules that just don't work  
 'Cause these red lines, well, they're not mine  
 And if you need me, you can find me ironing my shirt

'Cause I'm in black tie tonight  
 Get a postcard to my year 11 self in a year 11 hell  
 Saying everything's gonna be alright  
 No, you won't grow out of it, you will find the clothes that fit

And the images that gotcha were a patriarchal structure  
 And you never will surrender to a narrow view of gender

And I swear there'll come a day when you won't worry what they say  
 On the labels, on the doors, you will figure out what's yours

And it's a bloody nightmare  
 Tryna fight the spread of bigotry and fear  
 That's uniting Piers Morgan and Germaine Greer  
 And all our progress. Yeah, I wonder who it's for  
 When I dared to utter that trans lives matter,  
 And all I got was a TERF war

*Grace Petrie, 2018*

TERF stands for Trans Exclusionary Radical Feminist, meaning someone who advocates for women's rights but excludes transgender women from their activism. The feminist movement has traditionally called for the abolition of all social structures which reproduce patriarchy and gender inequality. Our organisation firmly upholds the rights of all women to not experience misogyny and the rights of trans people to not be subject to transphobic hate. The issue of trans rights has been weaponised in recent years by the far right to divide progressive forces and distract people from the co-ordinated pillaging of public resources.

## Blessed Motion

I believed in solid ground  
 Until I saw the earth in motion  
 In the winds of steady change  
 And in the ever-rolling ocean

All moves on in perfect, perfect motion  
 All is change and ever-rolling ocean

All is moving, all is change  
 Though I once believed that there  
 Might somehow be something firm beneath my feet, but  
 All is motion, and all is well for solid ground is just a myth  
 For those who never swim in it  
 All is moving in blessed change, o the world we know  
 Will come and go and everything will rearrange, so  
 Be the ground beneath that sky  
 Tumbling round the by and by  
 All is change, so am I. Lye lye lye, lye lye lye

*Annie Zylstra, USA, c. 2020*



This song is partially inspired by a quote from Martin Prechtel after surviving the Guatemala earthquake of 1976, during which he witnessed the ground beneath him rising up and swallowing people and villages whole: “solid ground is a myth believed by people who live on the earth rather than in it.”

## Bonny at Morn

The sheep's in the meadow and the kye's in the corn  
 Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn  
 The sheep's in the meadow and the kye's in the corn  
 Thou's ower lang in thy bed, bonny at morn

Canny at night, bonny at morn,  
 Thou's ower long in thy bed, bonny at morn

The bird's in the nest and the trout is in the burn,  
 Thou hinders thy mother at many a turn

We're all laid idle wi' keeping the bairn  
 The lad winnot work and the lass winnot learn

*Trad. English, c. 1800*



'Thou's ower lang in thy bed' means 'You're staying in bed too long!' This traditional Northumbrian folk song contains several other North-Eastern English words: 'kye', meaning 'cow'; 'canny', meaning 'pleasant'; and 'bairn', meaning 'baby'.



## Bright Morning Star

Bright morning star a-rising  
 Bright morning star a-rising  
 Bright morning star a-rising  
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear sisters?  
 Oh where are our dear sisters?  
 They have gone to heaven a-shouting  
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear brothers?  
 Oh where are our dear brothers?  
 They are down in the valley a-praying  
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear mothers?  
 Oh where are our dear mothers?  
 They have gone to heaven a-shouting  
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Oh where are our dear fathers?  
 Oh where are our dear fathers?  
 They are down in the valley a-praying  
 Day is a-breaking in my soul

Bright morning star a-rising x 3  
 Day is a-breaking in my soul



*Trad. American*

## Broadside to Broadside

Keep your land you gentry of England, France and Spain  
 For there's nothing like dominion of the water  
 From the rocky coast of Kerry to the bloody Spanish Main  
 It's the best thing you can ever teach your daughter

Broadside to broadside, two captains collide  
 Queen of the spheres and queen of the tide  
 Regalia and rebellion go sailing side by side  
 Haul away, sister, haul away

Plunder men for treasure, and never heed their blows  
 For there's nothing given freely to a woman  
 Be generous to friendship and lavish to your foes  
 Then pirate queens may share the seas in common

For blows will make you weary and marriage make a slave  
 You'd be better on the sea like brave O'Malley  
 And when that gallant vessel goes a rolling on the wave  
 Be sure you're on the deck not in the galley



*Nancy Kerr, UK, 2014*

Inspired by the 1593 meeting of Irish noblewoman Gráinne Ní Mháille (Grace O'Malley) and Queen Elizabeth I. The Ní Mháille clan of West Ireland became wealthy extorting 'black rents' from fishermen and other ships passing by the Irish Coast, which has led to Gráinne being remembered as a "pirate queen". Gráinne Ní Mháille spent much of her life leading armies and fleets in resisting the expanding power of the English in Ireland. She eventually travelled to the court of Elizabeth to surrender and plead for the life of several members of her family.

## Byker Hill

If I had another penny  
 I would have 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

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

When first I went down to the dirt  
 I had no cowl nor no pitshirt  
 Now I've gotten two or three  
 Oh, Walker Pit's done well by me

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*

All them lads from Walker Shore  
 Drink half a pint then eighteen more  
 All along they rant and roar  
 To the tune of *Elsie Marley*

*Trad. English, c.1810*

Elsie Marley is the name of a well known country dance from Tyneside in the North of England where this miner's song originates. A pitman worked in a mine digging coal, and a keelman worked on the barges that transported the coal along rivers and canals.

## Crazy Moose

There was a crazy moose (there was a crazy moose)  
 Who liked to drink a lot of juice (who liked to drink a lot of juice)  
 There was a crazy moose (there was a crazy moose)  
 Who liked to drink a lot of juice (who liked to drink a lot of juice)

Singing way-o, way-o (singing way-o, way-o)

Way-o, way-o, way-o way-o (way-o, way-o, way-o, way-o)

Way-o, way-o (way-o, way-o)

Way-o, way-o, way-o, way-o (way-o, way-o, way-o, way-o)

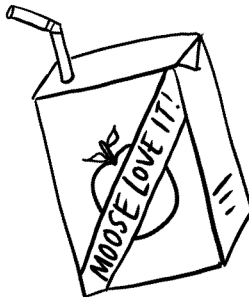
The moose's name was Fred.  
 He liked to drink his juice in bed.

He drank his juice with ease,  
 Until he spilled some on his knees.

He drank his juice with care,  
 Until he spilled some on his hair.

He drank his juice with class,  
 Until he spilled some on his ass.

*Origin unknown*



## Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea  
(When I put out to sea, when I put out to sea)  
(And may there be no moaning of the bar)  
(When I put out to sea)

But such a tide as moving seems asleep  
Too full for sound and foam  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell  
And after that the dark  
And may there be no sadness or farewell  
When I embark

For though from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1889; Rani Arbo, 1990s*

## Doffing Mistress

Oh do you know her or do you not  
 This new doffing mistress we have got?  
 Elsie Thompson it is her name  
 And she helps her doffers at every frame

Fol de ri fol ra  
 Fol de ri fol ray

On Monday morning when she comes in  
 She hangs her coat on the highest pin.  
 Turns around just to greet her friends,  
 Crying, "Hi, doffers, tie up your ends!"

Some times the boss he looks in the door  
 "Tie your ends up, doffers," he will roar  
 Tie our ends up we surely do  
 For Elsie Thompson but not for you

Yes tie our ends up we surely do  
 For Elsie Thompson but not for you  
 We'll tie our ends up and we'll leave our frames  
 And we'll wait for Elsie to return again

*Trad, Northern Ireland, 1800s*

This song comes from the textile mills of Northern Ireland. Mills were mostly worked by women and girls, some as young as nine. A doffing mistress would supervise the mill's doffers, workers whose work involved darting in and out of operating machinery. This was dangerous work, both because of the risk of being crushed and the high chance of lung disease from the small bits of lint that filled the air. Doffers spent most of the day in a hunched position, and because of this many doffers struggled to stand up straight - the doffing mistress hanging her coat on the highest peg is an act of kindness.

This song was re-popularised by Annie Briggs, whose name you may recognise from the note on Beeswing! Other songs in our songbook she recorded include Lowlands & Rosemary Lane.

## Everything Possible

We have cleared off the table, the leftovers saved,  
 Washed the dishes and put them away  
 I have told you a story and tucked you in tight  
 At the end of your knockabout day  
 As the moon sets its sails to carry you to sleep  
 Over the midnight sea  
 I will sing you a song no one sang to me  
 May it keep you good company

You can be anybody you want to be,  
 You can love whomever you will  
 You can travel any country where your heart leads  
 And know I will love you still  
 You can live by yourself, you can gather friends around,  
 You can choose one special one  
 And the only measure of your words and your deeds  
 Will be the love you leave behind when you're done

Some children grow up strong and bold  
 While some are quiet and kind  
 Some race on ahead, some take it slow  
 Some go in their own way and time  
 Some women love women, some men love men  
 Some leave every label behind  
 You can dream all the day never reaching the end  
 Of everything possible you'll find.  
 Don't be rattled by names, by taunts, by games  
 But seek out spirits true  
 If you give your friends the best part of yourself  
 They will give the same back to you

## Few Days

Well I pitched my tent on this campground  
 (Few days, few days)  
 And I give old Satan another round  
 (And I am going home)

I can't stay in these diggings  
 Few days, few days  
 Lord I can't stay in these diggings  
 And I am going home

Although I like the diggings here  
 I won't stay here another year

For years I've labored in cold ground  
 And now, at last, I'm homeward bound

I'm going home to stay a while  
 Before I go I'll plant a smile

These banking thieves I will not trust  
 But with me take my little dust

My mother she has gone before  
 I'll meet her there at glory's door

So I pitched my tent on this campground  
 And I give old Satan another round

*Trad. American, c. 1854*

There are many versions of this song, including a sacred harp version and one about American liquor laws! This one is written from the perspective of a miner in the 1849 California Gold Rush.



## Fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall  
 I heard a young girl calling  
 "Michael, they have taken you away  
 For you stole Trevelyan's corn  
 So our young might see the morn  
 Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay"

Low lie the fields of Athenry  
 Where once we watched the small free birds fly  
 Our love was on the wing we had dreams and songs to sing  
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

By a lonely prison wall  
 I heard a young man calling  
 "Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free  
 Against the famine and the crown  
 I rebelled, they cut me down  
 Now you must raise our child with dignity"

By a lonely harbour wall  
 She watched the last star falling  
 As that prison ship sailed out against the sky  
 For she lived to hope and pray  
 For her love in Botany Bay  
 It's so lonely 'round the fields of Athenry

*Pete St. John, 1979*

This popular Irish song tells of the punishment inflicted on those who resisted the British government during the Great Famine in 1845-52. Over the preceding centuries, Irish Catholics had been forcibly displaced from good farmland by English and Scottish settlers. One of the few crops that could be grown on the scraps of land left to the Irish was potatoes. When blight disease destroyed the potato crops in 1845, people starved, but Ireland's wealthy protestant landowners continued to export large amounts of food. Charles Trevelyan was a civil servant partially responsible for Britain's failure to provide any effective famine relief. Ireland's population still has not recovered to its pre-famine levels. Ireland has been described by historians as a "testing ground" in which the British Empire practiced the methods of colonisation, exploitation, and repression which it would later inflict on the rest of the world.

## Fish and Chips and Vinegar

Fish and Chips and Vinegar, Vinegar, Vinegar  
 Fish and Chips and Vinegar, Salt and Pepper on the lot

One bottle of beer, two bottle of beer,  
 three bottle of beer, four bottle of beer,  
 Five bottle of beer, six bottle of beer, seven bottle of beer, eight

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

*Origin Unknown*

## Frogs Go Tralalalala

“Mm-mm” went the little green frog one day  
 “Mm-mm” went the little green frog  
 “Mm-mm” went the little green frog one day  
 And the frog went “Mm-mm ah”

But we know frogs go, “Tralalalala, tralalalala, tralalalala”  
 We know frogs go, “Tralalalala”  
 They don't go, “Mm-mm ah”



*Origin Unknown*

## Greenland Whale Fisheries

They took us jolly sailor lads  
A-fishing for a whale  
On the fourth day of August in 1864  
Bound for Greenland we set sail

The lookout stood on the crosstrees high  
The spyglass in his hand  
There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale-fish he cried  
And she blows at every span

The captain stood on the quarter deck  
And a sod of a man was he  
Overhaul, overhaul, let our davit tackles fall  
And we'll launch them boats to sea

We strapped that whale and the line played out  
But she gave a flurry with her tail  
And the boat capsized, we lost seven of our men  
And we never caught that whale

Well the losing of seven fine seamen  
Well it grieved our captain sore  
But the losing of a bloody sperm whale  
Oh it grieved him ten times more

Oh, Greenland is a horrid place  
Where our fisher lads have to go  
Where the rose and the lily never bloom in spring  
And there's only ice and snow

Whaling was a hard and bitter job, working in cruel weather amid a deluge of blood. It wasn't very nice for the whales either. This song was first published in 1725, but there have been many versions sung before and since.

## Harbour

When you've crossed the stormy waters  
Come, walk a-shore  
Bring your sons and bring your daughters  
Wander no more

And our door is always open  
And our hearth is always warm  
When you need a place to shelter  
We're a harbour in the storm

There'll be time for rest and sleeping  
Come, walk a-shore  
There'll be space for peace and healing  
Wander no more

For in days of lesser fortune  
Come, walk a-shore  
We may need a door to open  
Wander no more

*Anna Tabbush, 2020*

Written in response to the Syrian refugee crisis. Anna has said: "With the appalling response by the British press and government to the tragedies that were happening at sea, I felt mine was a lonely voice in wanting a more welcoming and compassionate country to live in. I wrote the song so that others with similar opinions to me could sing together and know that they were not alone and that together we could change our society for the better."

## Hares on the Mountain

If all you young men were hares on the mountain (x2)  
How many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes (x2)  
How many young girls would go beating the bushes?

If all you young men were ducks in the water (x2)  
How many young girls would dive in and swim after?

If all you young men were rushes a-growing (x2)  
How many young girls would take scythes and go mowing?

But the young men are given to frisking and fooling  
Oh, the young men are given to frisking and fooling  
So I'll leave them alone and attend to my schooling

*Trad. English, c. 1837*



Please return all scythes to the stores tent after use.

## Home to the Motherland

Home I'm going home  
 I need a land to heal my soul  
 Take me home, take me home  
 Over the green green hills and far away

Home to the motherland  
 Home to the motherland  
 Over the green green hills and far away

*Helen Yeomans*

## Humpty Dumpty Rap

Hump-ty dump, hump hump de dump-ty dump-ty  
 Hump-ty dump, hump hump de dump-ty dump-ty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
 All the king's horses and all the king's men said  
 OOH AIN'T THAT FUNKY NOW

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
 Eating his pudding and pie  
 He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum and said:  
 OOH AIN'T THAT FUNKY NOW

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet  
 Eating her curds and whey  
 Along came a spider, who sat down beside her and said:  
 OOH AIN'T THAT FUNKY NOW

*Jack Hartmann, 2015*

## I Feel A Sin Coming On

I feel a sin comin' on  
I feel a right that's about to go wrong  
I got a shiver down to the bone  
I feel a sin comin' on

And you can see it, all over my face  
Sweet temptation, all over the place  
Give me tall, dark and handsome  
Mix it up with something strong  
I feel a sin (I feel a sin) comin' on

I got a buzz in my brain  
Drunk on a love goin' down like champagne  
I got a feelin' it's gonna leave a lipstick stain  
And I'll be the only one to blame

Please, Jesus, don't hold me back  
I know it ain't mine, but I want it so bad  
The smoke and the whiskey's  
Got me feeling easy  
And the lights are all fadin' to black



*Angaleena Presley, Ashley Monroe & Miranda Lambert, 2012*

## If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere  
 Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be sittin' right there  
 I'll be sittin' right there, I'll be sittin' right there  
 Come on up to the front of the bus  
 I'll be sittin' right there

If you miss me at the Mississippi River, and you can't find me nowhere  
 Come on over to the swimmin' pool, I'll be swimmin' over there.  
 I'll be swimmin' over there...

If you miss me at the picket lines, and you can't find me nowhere  
 Come on down, to the jailhouse, I'll be roomin' over there.  
 I'll be roomin' over there....

If you miss me at the cotton fields, and you can't find me nowhere  
 Come on down to the court house, I'll be votin' right there  
 I'll be votin' right there...

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere  
 Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be sittin' up there  
 I'll be sittin' up there...

*Charles Neblett, Pete Seeger 1963*

During the period of segregation in the Southern United States, people's access to public facilities was limited based on their race. While the system supposedly created a system that was "separate but equal", in reality Black Americans were simply deprived of access to good cinemas, restaurants, hospitals, and schools. This song was written about attempts to 'desegregate' a public swimming pool after a young African-American drowned in the Mississippi river due to being banned from the pool. Buses were also segregated, with only white people being allowed to sit at the front.



## I Like the Flowers

I like the flowers,  
 I like the daffodils  
 I like the mountains,  
 I like the rolling hills  
 And I like the fireside  
 When the lights are low  
 (Singing a-boom-di-ay a-boom-di-ay  
 a-boom-di-ay, a-boom-di-ay)



## I Like the Potholes

I like the potholes,  
 I like the grippy rocks,  
 I like the stalactites,  
 And I don't mind the soggy socks  
 And I like to crawl around  
 When we're underground  
 (Singing and echoing and echoing  
 and echoing and echoing)



*Bess Spencer-Vellacott, Rowan Kinchin, Molly Hopkinshaw & friends, 2003.*

Written by a group of Pathfinders & Trackers while exploring Bull Pot of the Witches on an FSC caving camp, over the last 20 years this song has been sung underground and in caving huts from Devon to South Wales

## In A Cottage In A Wood

In a cottage in a wood  
 Little old man at the window stood  
 Saw a rabbit running by,  
 Knocking at the door.  
 "Help me! Help me!" the rabbit said  
 "Before the hunter shoots me dead!"  
 "Come in rabbit, come inside,  
 Pretty little rabbit".



## Little Rabbit Foo Foo

Little rabbit Foo-Foo, hopping through the forest, scooping up  
 the field mice and bopping them on the head

Down came a good fairy, and she said

"Little rabbit Foo-Foo, I don't like your attitude, scooping up the  
 field mice and bopping them on the head

I'll give you threeee chances to reeeee-form, and then I'll turn  
 you into a blurbwruwbl"

[Repeat with decreasing number of chances, then:]

"I gave you threeee chances and you didn't reeeee-form, so  
 now I'm turning you into a blurbwruwbl!"

Little rabbit blurbwruwbl, hopping through the forest....

## Let Them Stay

We brought children into our homes and into our lives,  
You said we're doing right for those who've survived.  
You said give them family, you said give them love,  
Give them hope for a future not strewn by blood

Yet the day they come of age, you say we can't let them stay

We gave them a home, we gave them our care  
We grew to love them, to ease their despair  
You said we were family, to see them as so  
But now you say it's not so when they grow

For the day they come of age, you say we can't let them stay

They've suffered so much from all they have seen  
Torture, death and destruction, often obscene.  
They lost their home and country, all that they knew  
From soldiers who cared not the family they slew

But the day they come of age, you say we can't let them stay

We sent them to school in a language unknown.  
They coped with the system, survived and have grown  
They want the same as their peers, are doing their best,  
Just let them have the same rights. Give it a rest!

So the day they come of age, you let them stay  
So the day they come of age, they say **WE CAN STAY!**

*Alice Husband, 2020*

Alice wrote this song after seeing a petition by foster carers and hearing them speak out on behalf of children they had taken in as refugees. The government had said that as the children became adults they could be deported; the song reflects the response of their foster families.

## Liverpool Street Station

There's a girl that I love who has gi - ven me the  
 She says poor men are fools ov - er rich men she  
 I can - not sleep life goes on and on, I've start - ed tak - ing  
 Where does she go? Where does she live? Her place of work to me she did - n't

shove, she says I am too low for her sta tion  
 drools so it's rob a bank or take up the pools  
 Mog - a - don and love's a sick - ness doc - tors can't treat  
 ev - er give and now I'm wri - ting lett - ers that I know I ne - ver can de - li - ver!

There's a girl that I - love who has given me the - shove  
 She says I am too - low for her - - - station  
 She says poor men are - fools, over rich men she - drools  
 So it's rob a bank or - take up the - pools - - -  
 I can't sleep, life goes on and on, I've started taking Mogadon  
 But love's a sickness doctors can't - - treat - -  
 Where does she go, where does she live?  
 Her place of work to me she didn't give  
 And now I'm writing letters that I know I never can deliver - - - -

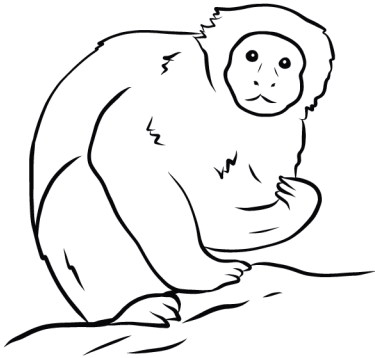
## Monkey Dance

On Monday morning I woke up late  
 I saw a little monkey outside my gate  
 I went outside to investigate  
 The monkey was doing the latest dance craze

When I [disco], monkey discos too,  
 I don't know what to say the monkey won't do (x2)

On Tuesday morning...

*Derrick Harriott, 1965*



This fun nonsense song is originally a Jamaican mento tune, with several different versions recorded by artists including Lord Flea and Harry Belafonte. We sing Derrick Harriott's "Monkey Ska" version. but Harry Belafonte's has the monkey coming to a stickier end:

Well my patience run out and I'm telling you sure  
 Tomorrow I'm gonna show that monkey the door  
 And if he don't leave I'm inviting you  
 To my house for dumplings and monkey stew

The Jamaican monkey is thought to have become extinct in the 1700s due to human activity.

## Oak and Ash and Thorn

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England 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 ancientry, of 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!

Elm she hates mankind, and waits, 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!

Oh, do not tell the Priest our plight, or he would call it a sin;  
But—we've 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!

*Rudyard Kipling (1906), Peter Bellamy (1970)*

## Oak of Old

Oak, Oak, Oak of old  
 King of trees in your crown of gold  
 You are the door to worlds unseen  
 In winter bare and in summer green



From gold to green and green once more  
 Your leaves will turn before they fall  
 When twice you've worn your golden crown  
 Each season's harvest comes tumbling down

And when you wear your Autumn crown  
 Blue-feathered Jay from your branches sounds  
 From cradles high your acorns fall  
 So young may grow or to nourish all

Five hundred years to grow and thrive  
 Five hundred more to remain alive  
 Shelter for all throughout your reign  
 And many thousand lives sustain

When dark clouds roll across the sky  
 When thunder roars and storm winds cry  
 All must beware you mighty Oak  
 For you may court the lightning stroke

Your roots grow deep your heart so strong  
 Power of the sun to you belongs  
 Generous to all as King you stand  
 In strength and peace you guard this land

*Anna Richardson, River Jones and Oran Ash*

## Oh You'll Never Get to Heaven

Oh you'll never get to heaven  
 In a baked bean tin  
 Cos a baked bean tin's  
 Got baked beans in

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a baked bean tin  
 Cos a baked bean tin's got baked beans in  
 I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more

I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord  
 (I ain't gonna grieve, I ain't gonna worry)  
 I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord  
 (I ain't gonna leave this world in a hurry)  
 I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a jumbo jet  
 Cos the Lord ain't built no runways yet

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a biscuit tin  
 Cos the Lord don't let no crumby ones in

Oh you'll never get to heaven in a Trailie lat  
 Cos a Trailie lat wasn't made for that





## Princess Pat

Oh, the Princess Pat... Lived in a tree...  
 She sailed across... The seven seas...  
 She sailed across... The channel too...  
 And she took with her... A Ricky Bamboo...

A Ricky Bamboo... Now what is that?..  
 It's something made... By the Princess Pat...  
 It's red and gold... And purple too...  
 That's why it's called... A Ricky Bamboo...

Now Captain Jack... Had a mighty fine crew...  
 He sailed across... The Channel too...  
 But his ship sank... And yours will too...  
 If you don't take... A Ricky Bamboo...

Oh, the Princess Pat... Saved Captain Jack...  
 She dived right in... And pulled him back...  
 She saved his life... And his crew too...  
 All because she took... A Ricky Bamboo...

### *The Canadian Girl Scouts*

This song parodies a marching song sung by Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, whose regimental flag is crimson silk with gold trim. The flag is called the 'Ric-a-Dam-Doo', said to be a corruption of the Gaelic for 'cloth of your mother' in recognition of the fact that Princess Patricia (a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment) made the original herself.

## Penguin Jamboree

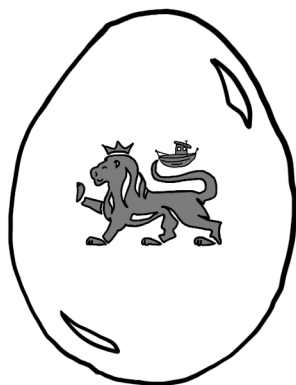
Have you ever seen a penguin jamboree?  
 If you look at me a penguin you will see  
 Penguins, attention! Penguins, salute!  
 Right arm...

## Rattling Bog

Oh, aye, a rattling bog, bog down in the valley-O  
 A rare bog, a rattling bog, a bog down in the valley-O

And in that bog there was a tree,  
 A rare tree, a rattling tree  
 And the tree in the bog, and the bog down in the valley-O

And on that tree there was a limb...  
 And on that limb there was a branch...  
 And on that branch there was a twig...  
 And on that twig there was a leaf...  
 And on that leaf there was a nest...  
 And in that nest there was an egg...  
 And on that egg there was a lion...  
 And on that lion there was a mane...  
 And on that mane there was a ship...  
 And on that ship there was a deck...  
 And on that deck there was a cabin...  
 And in that cabin there was a table...  
 And on that table there was a map...  
 And on that map there was a BOG



*Trad, Irish, c.1826*

This cumulative song, sometimes known as 'The Everlasting Circle' has variants found all over the world. However, the verses from 'On that egg there was a lion' appear to be unique to FSC. British eggs have a 'Lion Mark' stamped on them to show they are from hens vaccinated against salmonella. Lions have manes, and 'main' is an old-fashioned word for the open ocean. The word "rattlin'" means splendid in this context.

## Små Grodorna (Swedish)

### Phonetic version (verse 1)

The image shows four staves of musical notation in treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, consisting of eighth and quarter notes. Below each staff is a line of phonetic lyrics corresponding to the notes above.

Smoor groor doh na Smoor groor doh na Air lu - sti - gar at say Smoor groor doh na Smoor  
 groor doh na Air lu - sti - gar at say Eh err ron Eh err ron Eh svan - sar har va day Eh  
 err ron Eh err ron Eh svan - sar har va day Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo  
 ack ack ack ack aw Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack Koo ack ack ack ack aw

### Verse 1 (Swedish language)

Små grodorna, små grodorna är lustiga att se (x2)

Ej öron, ej öron, ej svansar hava de (x2)

Ko ack ack ack, ko ack ack ack, ko ack ack ack ack ack. (x2)

The little frogs, the little frogs are funny to observe

No ears, no ears, no tails do they possess

<Swedish frog noises>

### Verse 2 (Swedish language)

Små grisarna, små grisarna är lustiga att se (x2)

Båd ören, båda ören, och svansar hava de (x2)

Å nöff, nöff, nöff, å nöff, nöff, nöff, å nöff, nöff, nöff, nöff, nöff (x2)

The little pigs, the little pigs are funny to observe (x2)

Both ears, both ears and tails do they possess (x2)

<Swedish pig noises>

This Swedish Midsummer classic has actions and involves pretending to be frogs whilst hopping in a circle. Almost everyone in Sweden knows it and will be dancing it at Midsummer, which is as big as Christmas. It originated in a French military song which was mocked by the English and then taken on by the Swedes (the frogs in the song are French soldiers). Swedes are delighted if foreigners get involved in giving this song a go and we don't mind if you mangle the words. Just hop enthusiastically. Introduced by British/Swedish staff Emily Kerr.

## Si Si Banaha (Kiluba)

Sisi, sisi, dolada  
 Yaku sine ladu banaha  
 Sisi, sisi, dolada  
 Yaku sine ladu banaha

Banaha, banaha  
 Yaku sine ladu banaha  
 Banaha, banaha  
 Yaku sine ladu banaha

Ha, banaha  
 Yaku sine ladu banaha  
 Ha, banaha  
 Yaku sine ladu banaha

*Traditional Kiluba*

### English translation

At the foot of the pineapple tree  
 Yaku ladles a banana into his aunt's red hat (x2)

Banana, banana,  
 Yaku ladles a banana into his aunt's red hat (x2)

This song is from the historic Katanga Province in southern Congo. The song is sung in the Kiluba language, mostly spoken by the Luba people. Nowadays, it's sung all over the world after a Belgian priest named Father Guido Haazen tried to disseminate music from the Congo abroad with a choir he formed called Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin. They toured Europe for six months in 1958. The lyrics have been interpreted as a form of nonsense poetry - pineapples are not native to the Congo and in fact grow straight out of the ground!

**Sosban Fach (Welsh)**

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi brifo  
 A Dafydd y gwas ddim yn iach  
 Mae'r baban yn y crud yn crio  
 A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach

Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân  
 Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr  
 A'r gath wedi sgrapo Joni bach

Dai bach y sowldiwr  
 Dai bach y sowldiwr  
 Dai bach y sowldiwr  
 A gwt ei grysg e mas

Mae bys Meri-Ann wedi gwella  
 A Dafydd y gwas yn ei fedd  
 Mae'r baban yn y crud wedi tyfu  
 A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd

Sosban fach yn berwi ar y tân  
 Sosban fawr yn berwi ar y llawr  
 A'r gath wedi huno mewn hedd

**Sosban Fach (English)**

Mary-Ann has hurt her finger  
 And David the servant is not well  
 The baby in the cradle is crying  
 And the cat has scratched Johnny

A little saucepan boils on the fire  
 A big saucepan boils on the floor  
 And the cat scratched Johnny

Little Dai the soldier  
 Little Dai the soldier  
 Little Dai the soldier  
 And his shirt tail is hanging out

Mary-Ann's finger has got better  
 David the servant is in his grave  
 The baby in the cradle has grown up  
 And the cat is 'asleep in peace'

A little saucepan is boiling on the fire  
 A big saucepan is boiling on the floor  
 And the cat is 'asleep in peace'

*Welsh traditional, 1873*



This is one of the best-known and most frequently sung songs in the Welsh language. It catalogues the problems of a harassed housewife.

## Talkin' Bout A Revolution

Don't you know they're talking about a revolution? (It sounds like a whisper) (x2)

While they're standing in the welfare lines  
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation  
Wasting time in the unemployment lines  
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know they're talking about a revolution? (It sounds like a whisper)

Poor people gonna rise up, and get their share  
Poor people gonna rise up, and take what's theirs

Don't you know you better run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,  
run, run, run, run (x2)

'Cause finally the tables are starting to turn, talkin' 'bout a revolution (x2)

I've been standing in the welfare lines  
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation  
Wasting time in the unemployment lines  
Sitting around waiting for a promotion

Don't you know talking about a revolution? (It sounds like a whisper)

'Cause finally the tables are starting to turn, talkin' 'bout a revolution (x2)

## Teapot Big Enough For Two



I've got a teapot big enough for two  
 Big enough for two, my darling, big enough for two  
 I've got a teapot big enough for two  
 Under the shade of the leaves of the old bamboo

I'll be T H I N E thine if you'll be M I N E mine  
 And I will L O V E love you all the T I M E time  
 When we are married, happy we shall be  
 Under the shade of the leaves of the bamboo tree

## Three Little Birds

"Don't worry about a thing  
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright"  
 Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

Rise up this morning, smiled with the rising sun  
 Three little birds pitch by my doorstep  
 Singing sweet songs of melodies pure and true  
 Saying, "This is my message to you-ou-ou"

Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright"  
 Singing, "Don't worry about a thing  
 'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright!"

[Repeat verse and chorus again if you like]

## The Water

All that I have is a river  
The river is always my home  
Lord, take me away  
For I just cannot stay  
Or I'll sink in my skin and my bones

The water sustains me without even trying  
The water can't drown me, I'm done  
With my dying

Please help me build a small boat  
One that'll ride on the flow  
Where the river runs deep  
And the larger fish creep  
I'm glad of what keeps me afloat

Now deeper the water I sail  
And faster the current I'm in  
That each night brings the stars  
And the song in my heart  
Is a tune for the journeyman's tale

Now the land that I knew is a dream  
And the line on the distance grows faint  
So wide is my river, the horizon a sliver  
The artist has run out of paint  
Where the blue of the sea meets the sky  
And the big yellow sun leads me home  
I'm everywhere now, the way is a vow  
To the wind of each breath by and by



## Winter Calls a Clear Horizon

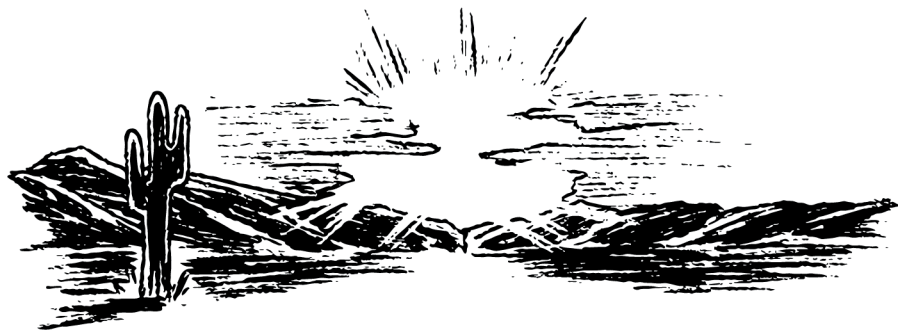
**1** Win - ter calls a clear ho - ri - z - on

**2** Like the sea calls to the shore

**3** Like the sun calls to the de - se - rt

**4** Like the love calls to the heart

*Jan Harmon, USA, 1985*



## Name game songs

Not everyone likes being picked on! We suggest either asking people to put their hand up/wave at you if they want to be next, or asking people who don't want to participate to stand outside the logs (if playing at rally)

### Hotter than Hot

My name is Cara and you know what I got

What have you got?

I've got a songbook that is hotter than hot

How hot is hot?

Batman and Superman

Can't take the heat

Can't take the heat like Celeste can

### Little White Pony

(use "their pony" for everyone to avoid making assumptions!)

Here comes Celeste on their pony,

Riding on their little white pony,

Here comes Celeste on their pony,

This is what they told me:

Front to front to front, my baby

Back to back to back, my baby

Side to side to side, my baby

This is what they told me

### Telephone song

Hey Alfie!

I think I hear my name

Hey Alfie!

I think I hear it again

You're wanted on the telephone

Well, if it isn't Marlowe then I'm not at home

With a click click clickety clack

## **10 'new' songs from the existing songbook**

Our lodge survey last year which 225 people responded to showed us which songs were popular and which songs people didn't know. The below 10 songs are those which very few (mostly less than 10%) of people said they knew, but when they did know them, people liked them and wanted to keep them.

Accordingly, before deciding whether or not we should archive them, we wanted to give people a chance by putting them into this songbook and highlighting the recordings we have on [glee.org.uk](http://glee.org.uk). Have a listen to them and see what you think, and if you already love them, sing them and definitely want to keep them, we will be re-surveying in autumn!

We are aware that this survey will not have reached the entirety of our FSC community, and that research always has its limitations.

## **10 songs in the existing songbook for you to rediscover!**

Page numbers are those in the purple 2017 songbook.

- All On The Shore p. 8
- As I Roved Out p. 12
- Before I Met You p. 20
- Calling On p. 32
- Come from the heart p. 41
- Death Come Knocking p. 48
- Let the Bulgine Run p. 110
- Mrs McGrath p. 127
- Up the Ladder p. 196
- When you were Born p. 203

## Suggestions for songbook activities on camp

Each group chooses a well-known (and non contentious) song that the whole group likes. They teach it to each other until everyone knows it well. Then they make a silent visual or tactile representation of this song somewhere on site - e.g. "oh you never go to heaven in a baked bean tin" as a mud sculpture.

Groups go round and try to identify each others' song-inspired artworks. Reveal the answers at the rally circle, reflect on how it might have been hard to agree on a shared response to the songs given that we have differing personal relationships with the music produced collectively.

A chance to approach the songs in a playful and critical way, so that they'll take on new meanings next time we sing them. In small groups or pairs including a staff member, everyone spends a bit of time comparing viewpoints:

Pick a song in your small group - what's your favourite line to sing - can you imagine it being sung outside of camp - how would you feel sharing it with someone outside of camp? - where do you think it was first sung, by whom - why do we enjoy singing it (or do we enjoy singing it?!?) - which words do you find especially interesting or confusing?

Everyone buddies up (randomly? At rally? Across age groups?) to introduce a song/rap/piece of music/morsel of language which they love and which is NOT usually heard on camp. Tell each other what you like about it. Consider whether or not it would work to introduce this on camp...

## Notes



## More info and where to find recordings of the songs



Our virtual campfire site has a link to a list of the IFASCO recordings - let us know if you can help add more!

[www.glee.org.uk](http://www.glee.org.uk)

There's also a Spotify playlist for those we can find - search IFASCO and IFASCO kids under user ejekerr



<https://www.fsc.org.uk/r/songbook-survey>

## Songbook Survey

**Open to all campers**

Tell us which of these songs should go in, and your thoughts on the songbook/Glee as whole!



[https://www.fsc.org.uk/r/glee\\_resources](https://www.fsc.org.uk/r/glee_resources)

## Folder with more info on new songbooks

FSC-registered staff email address required for access