

The Cat

Susan Hishland

Chorus:

But - the cat came back the very next day
The cat came back, they thought he was a gone-a
But the cat came back, he just wouldn't stay away

- 1) Old Mr Johnson had troubles of his own
He had a yellow cat that wouldn't leave his home
He tried and he tried to get the cat away
He gave it to a man who was going far away -
- 2) He gave it to a man who was going way out west
He told him for to take it to the one that he loved best
First the train hit a curve, then it jumped the rails
And not a soul was left behind to tell the gruesome tale
- 3) He gave it to a little boy with a dollar note
He told him for to take it up the river in a boat
~~First the train hit~~
He tied a rope around its neck, it must have weighed a lb.
Now they're dragging of the river for a little boy that's drowned
- 4) The man around the corner swore he'd shoot the cat on sight
He loaded up his gun with nails and dynamite
He waited and he waited for the cat to come around
But 97 pieces of the man was all they found -

5) The atom bomb fell just the other day
The H-bomb fell in the very same way
First England went, then Russia went and then the US
The human race was ended, without a chance to pray

It ain't gonna rain no more

It ain't gonna rain no more no more

It ain't gonna rain no more

How in the heck can a fellow wash his neck

If it ain't gonna rain no more

The elephant is a graceful bird

It flits from branch to branch

It perches on the whorled tree

and whistles like a cow.

The boy stood on the railway track

The engine gave a squeal

The driver took his penknife out

and scraped him off the wheel

she peanut on the railway track

~~The train was coming fast~~

His heart was all a-flutter

she train came whistling down the track

thoo - - oo - - o peanut putter

King Solomon had ten thousand wives
And that's the reason why
He always missed his business train
Kissing them all goodbye

Wood

Woods are the best thing you
can have in your garden

It's not like you buy a tree
down off a factory track
that's the use of sheets of cotton
studs that's the use of sheets of cotton

These affairs are the stuff of nature!
Better far is wood!

Wood's the stuff to show men

Wood to scare you & foe, men

Boil it to a brilliant hue

And rub it on your back and your abdomen

Ancient Britons never bit on

Anything as good as wood to spit on

Wick or knees or where you sit on

factors you be blowed

Romans came across the channel

Ill decked out in tin and flannel

Half a pint of wood per man'll

Does us more than there

Saxons you can waste your stitches

Building beds for bugs in breeches

We have wood to clothe us

Which is not a nest for fleas

Romans keep your admirer

Saxons your pyjamas

Hairy coats were meant for goats
 gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs & llamas
 walk up Snowden with you wool or
 never mind if you rained or blowed on,
 never need a button sewed on
 go it, Ancient B's!

The Oxford Macmillan Song

Come all you loyal citizens
 I'm sorry I'm ill
 About a noble hero
 He's a lad you all know well
 He's the darling of the nation
 That has pretty reputation
 Is the crux of the backbone of the world

Chorus: Brave a hero (naive a hero)

Wise a hero (never fear)

For the safety of the nation when he's here
 He's a man of action who's
 known for his bright ideas to save
 the world from there's a hero

John Gilbert

Thomas John Gilbert is the boat 7 repeat
Daddy-o (daddy-o)
Riding in the linninate trade

well she runs in men & cotton
Daddy-o, daddy-o

Can't you see the boat a-coming
A-coming round the bend

Can't you hear the boat a-coming
her are running low.
she's loaded up with cotton
And riding it for no'

Pedi mesi dixi domine

They

I had four brothers over the sea

Pedi mesi dixi domine

They each sent a present unto me

Pedi etc

Pectum patrum pedi dixi tempore

Pedi etc

The first sent a cherry that had ^{no} stone

Pedi etc

The second sent a chicken that had no bone

Pedi etc

~~When the chicken's in the egg it has no bone~~

Our Mac been dead for a while that it could
can have Mark's money
and he was just for life
But when the country called out "Jack him"
Our Mark forget to back him
And was busy moving into No 10.

Our Mark been a gentleman
He makes the money play
He'd have done the old the same
But he was not for no one
So he went to all the papers
And was a really a really
And buying Frank's second hand

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He makes the money play
He'd have done the old the same
But he was not for no one
So he went to all the papers
And was a really a really
And buying Frank's second hand

And the sheikhs of Arabia
All regard him as their chieftain
And they love him just as much as Standard Oil

He is not an anti-German
And he rather likes de Gaulle
And as for the dictators
He really likes them all
There'll be widespread lamentations
From the democratic nations
And the world will never be the same again

Now he's been re-elected
And the world will go to pot
The law lost his office
And Khrushchev had his lot
There'll be widespread lamentations
From the democratic nations
And the world will never be the same again

When duty calls on him
As never one to shirk
He loathes the working classes
That he hates to see them work
He said "My blood is boiling
At the sight of so much toiling
So he put 200000 on the table

Reviews The Merry Men

They're riding in (mistle)

They're slaving in Spain

There's flooding in Florida

And Texas needs rain

The whole world is festering

Like unhappy people

They're all there in Germany

And the whole world is festering

Like unhappy people

They're all there in Germany

And the whole world is festering

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Like unhappy people

Rickety-tickety-tin

Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing a song
 Rickety-tickety-tin
~~Who didn't have her family~~
 About a maid I'll sing a song
 Who didn't have her family long
 Not only did she do them wrong
 She did wear one of them on x 2

Her mother she could never stand x 2
 And to a cyanide soup she planned
 Her mother died with the spoon in her hand
 And her face in a hideous grin x 2

One morning in a fit of pique x 2
 She pushed her father in the creek
 The water tasted bad for a week.
 And they had to make do with gin x 2

She set her sister's hair on fire x 2
 And as the flame grew higher and higher
 She danced around the funeral pyre
 Playing the victim x 2

He weighted her brother down with stones. x 2
And sent him off to Davy Jones
And all they ever found were some bones
And occasional pieces of skin x 2

One day when she had nothing to do x 2
She cut her baby bottle in two
And served him up as an infant
And invited the neighbours in x 2

And when at last the police came by x 2
Her little pranks she did not deny
For to do so she would have had to lie
And lying she knew was a sin x 2

The Huntsman

- 1) A huntsman blew loud on his horn
Blew loud on his horn
And all that he blew it was lost and gone
It was lost and gone
I see - a - ho - sa - sa Tira - la - la
And all that he blew etc.
- 2) Shall all my blowing be thus forlorn
For better were I no huntsman born
- 3) He lost his net the kish about
A nut-brown damsel sprang quickly out
- 4) "O nut-brown damsel escape me not
For my great big hounds they will fetch thee out"
- 5) "My great big hounds they will fetch me not
For my high and mighty leaping they doubt not"
- 6) "My high and mighty leaping they know
full well
And they know that today they thee must fell"
- 7) "O bury me deep 'neath the roses red
And lay three tiles on my last bed"

8) And on her grave 3 lilies ~~grew~~ stood
A squire rode by and pluck them would.

9) "O squire forbear, let the lilies stand
For they are for 'the ~~fresh~~ ^{young} huntsman's hand."

The Ballad of Bettina Green (Paddy Roberts)

1) O I'll tell a tale of a jealous male
And a maid of sweet sixteen
She was blond and dumb and she lived with
her mum

On the fringe of Bettina Green
She worked all week for a mil. Red Green
For her dad was on the dale
And her one delight on a Friday night
Was to have a little rock and well.

to my it-fal-lal, to my itty-fal-lal } x2
to my itty-bitty-fal-lal-lay.

2) One morning fine day in the month of May
She found her big romance
He was dark and sleek with a scar on his cheek
And a pair of down pipe pants
She said "with you, I could be so true
For all the years to come"

8

For she loved the gay abandoned way
He chewed his chewing gum

3) And all went well because he fell
For all her girlish charms
But he had his doubt when he found her out
In someone else's arms
He ~~said~~ "Look here ~~my dear~~
He said "look here
You know my dear
This is really going too far"
And he went quite white
And flushed her right
In the middle of the cha-cha-cha

4) He went before the man of the law
Who said "This will not do
I've had enough of the sort of stuff
I get from the likes of you"
And was he pleased when he received
A longest term in blink
In a fit of pique she married the Greek
And now she's dressed in mink.

Dankie Sunday School

Old folks young folks everybody come
Join the Dankie Sunday School & leave a bit of fun
Using your sticks of chewing gum
And spit upon the floor
And I'll tell you Bible stories
That you never hear before

→ ~~Same~~ Adam was the first man and he lived all alone
Till Eve was manufactured from Adam's collar bone
They didn't know how but they were found a way
And that is the reason why we're singing here today

Samson was a strong man, he had a head of curls,
He fought against the Philistines and flouted with the girls
He flouted once too often and Delilah laid him low
So he pulled down the pillars of the whole damn show

Shadrach Meshach and Abednego
Annoyed the king of Babylon and so they had to go
Into the fiery furnace but not one of them was hurt
Because the Lord provided his children with an asbestos
shirts.



The page contains approximately 25 horizontal lines, each consisting of a solid top line, a dashed midline, and a solid bottom line. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is a small, dark ink smudge or mark located near the center of the page, between the 10th and 12th lines from the top.

The Grand Canyon line

On the Grand Canyon line I was riding along

On the Grand Canyon line I was singing no song

On the Grand Canyon line I was riding along

couldn't go back to Texas 'cause I know I'd done wrong

1) I passed the state bank and no money I had
It wasn't that I really had meant to be bad
But I robbed the state bank with a trembling hand
With my pistol and the money through the big
doors I ran

2) Sitting alone in a box cars four walls
Because of a breaking the rich man's laws
I thought of my sweetheart and began to cry
When I am caught by the week I will die

3) The box car door opened and the posse walked in.
The sheriff said "Grab 'im boys I think that's him"
They took me to the jailhouse and now I must die
Five hours to live, boys, how the time does fly.

Jene James

Man home

1 Jene James was a lad that killed many a man
 Robbed that Danville train
 And with his brother Frank held up that
 Gallegon bank.
 "It's those outlaws Frank & Jene James"

For J. J. had a wife to mourn
 all her life
 Three children they were brave
 But that dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard
 has laid poor Jene in his grave

2 It was on a Wed night
 Not moon was shining bright
 They robbed that Glendale train -
 And the people they did say from many miles away
 or was them outlaws Frank & Jene James

Chorus.

It was on one Saturday night
 That Jene was at home
 talking to his family brave
 Robert Ford came along like a thief & thought
 And laid poor Jene in his grave

af. death
Yes the people held their breath when they heard
Chondered how he came to die
It was one of the gang called little little Forrestal
Shot poor Lene on the sky

Lene went to rest with his hand on his breast
Devil will weep on his knee
He was born one day in the county of Clay
Came from a solitary name.

The Boll Weevil

Have you heard the latest
latest of your song
Bout dem little boll weevil
Peeched up all feet & gone
looking for a home poor boy x 4

Boll weevil is a little black bug
From Mexico dey say
Come to city dis Texas oil
And he thought he'd better stay

First time I saw that boll weevil
On that Western plain
Next time I see that boll weevil
He had a' hopped that Memphis train

11
James take out de boll weevil
Put him in Paris green
Boll weevil said to the farmer, lord
It the best I've ever seen
It is my home x 4

James asks the boll weevil
What makes yo' head so red
Bin travelling dis wild world over, lord
It is a wonder I ain't dead

But you got bags of cotton
Bags of cotton to nest
Did leave the poor old farmer's wife
With one old cotton dress
And it is full of holes

If any body ask you
Who compose this song
Tell him was a dark skinned farmer lord
With the pale blue duckies on

Originally English, imported by USA

My Roving Tar

Manhwa

Now ships may come and ships may go
As long as the sea does roam
Each sailor lad likewise his deed
He loves that flowing bowl

As the more he does adone
One that is plump and round
When your money is gone it's the same old song
"Get up Jack I'm sit down
Land along come along, ^{my jolly, brave tars} there's lots of grog i the jar
We'll plough the briny ocean with them jolly roving tars

Now when Jack is ashore he beats his way
To some boardin' house
He's well comed i with rum and gin
likewise with pork and wine
He'll spend and spend till and he'll never fend
Till he lies drunk on the ground

Now when Jack is old and weak heart
Too old for the knockabout
In some grog-shop they'll let him stopp
Till 8 bells he's turned out
Then he'll sigh and sigh right up to the sky
"O land I'm homeward bound"

Grey Goose

last Monday morning land level level x 2
 My daddy went a-hunting land level level
 He was a-hunting for de grey goose " "
 And he went to de big wood " "
 And dat hound-dog he went too " "
 Well along come de grey goose " "
 He was a hell of a grey goose " "

for up to his shoulder " "
 And dat shot gun went " bloom " "
 And down come de grey goose " "
 He was a mighty big grey goose " "
 took an ox team to haul him " x 2
 took " " " " " " " " " " " "

Then yo' wife & my wife " "
 Dey give a feather-picking " "
 Took 6 weeks to pick him " "
 took 6 weeks to pick him " "

Den dey put him on de parboil " " x 2
 It took 10 days to parboil " " x 2
 Den dey put him on de table " " x 2
 And de fork wouldn't sticle him " "
 And de knife couldn't picele him
 so dey threw him in de hog-pen
 And he broke the old sow's jaw-bone

And dey tole him to de sawmill
And he hust dat sawb teett out

Well de last time dh saw him
He was flying across de swan
He had a long string of goslings x 2
And dey all went a-quake quack x 2
He was a hell of a grey goose lound lound lound x 2

Now bye-bye greysore lound lound lound x 2
Yes bye-bye greygoose

Man homas git along little dogies

As I walked out one morning for pleasure
I met a cow puncher come a walking along
His head was thrown back
And his eyes was twinkling
As he approached I said to me
Singing little dogies

Chorus
Woopie ty-i-o git along little dogies
It's your misfortune and none of our own
Woopie ty i-i-o git along little dogies
For you know Wyoming will be your
misfortune

It's early in the springtime we round up our dogs
Make 'em brand 'em with their tails
Round up the horses load up the chuck wagon
And throw them little dogs out on the trail.

Your mother was raised way down in Texas
Where the gypsum weed & the spear grass grow
We'll feed you up on prickly pear in Missouri
And put you on that trail to Idaho

It's you 'll ^{be} beef for Uncle Sam's engines
"It's beef" beef beef I hear them cry
Git along git along little dogies
You'd gwanna be kepters by a big

It's a-whooping & a yelling & damming dem,
To our perdition & none of their own
Whoop-ee - ti yi o-go git along little dogies
It's you misfortune & none of our own
Whoop-ee - ti - io git along little dogies
For you etc.

Locher Bailey's Engine

Ewan Macdonald

Locher Bailey had an engine
It was always wanting mending
And according to a power
She could do 4 mile hour

Did you ever see & 3 such a funny thing
before

And the night-steamer from Gower
She went 20 mile an hour
As she whistled through the station
Man she frightened half a nation

Locher bought her second hand
And he painted ^{er} up to ground
When the driver went to oil her
Man, she nearly put a bala

Locher Bailey's sister he na
He was living up in Haenor
She could knit a dam he sticking
But he cooking it was shocking

Locher Bailey went to Oxford
To to pass matriculation
But he saw a pretty barmaid
And he never left the station

O the night it was heartrending
 Coshe drove his little engine
 And he got stuck in the tunnel
 And went up the blooming funeral

Yes Coshe Bailey did die
 And they put ^{him} in a coffin
 But alas they ~~had~~ ^{heard} some knockin'
 Coshe Bailey only jokin'

Well the devil wouldn't have him
 But he gave him steaks & patches
 In to set up on his own
~~In~~ to on the top of Badda dachsis

The Eddystone Light.

1) My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light and he slept with a marauder one fine night.

Out of this ~~light~~ ^{light} there came three, ~~my mother and father~~ ^{two young fishes} and the other was me.

Answer: Yoko no and the wind blows free
Oh for a life on the robbing sea

2) One night when I was a trimmer of the glem
And singing a verse of the evening hymn
When what should I hear but a sort of a pop
And there was my mother a sitting on a rock

3) "And what has become of my children?"
My mother she did ask of me
"One was taken as a talking fish
And the other was served up on a charbroil"

4) The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair
I looked again - my mother wasn't there
A voice came echoing through the night
"to tell with the keeper of the Eddystone light,

The Family of Man

- 1) I belong to a family, the biggest on earth
A thousand every day are coming to birth
Our name isn't Dallas or Hated or Jones
It's a name every man should be proud to own

It's the family of man keeps growing
The family of man keeps sowing
The seeds of a new life every day

- 2) I've got a sister in Melbourne, a brother in Pader
The whole wide world is brother sister to me
Whenever you turn you'll find my kin
Whatever the creed or the colour of his skin

- 3) The mine in Rhonda, the cotton in Peking
Men across the world who reap and plough and spin
They've all got a life and others to share it
Let's bridge the oceans and let's declare it.

- 4) From the North Pole ice to the snow of the Arctics
There isn't a man whom I wouldn't call brother
But I haven't much time, I've had my fill
Of the men of war who want to kill

5) Some people say the world is a horrible place
But it's just good or bad as the human race
Dint and misery or health and joy
Man can build or man can destroy.

Wark of the weaves

Ewan McColl
lyricist

1) We're a' met tēgither here to sit & to crack
We've ~~our~~ glances in our hands
And our wark upon our back
And there's no trade among them can either
mend or mak' If it wasna for the wark o' the weavers.
Thous If it wasna for the weaves
If it wat would we do
We would na ha' clath neither or woo'
We would na have ^{a coat} ~~had~~ neither black ne blue
If it wasna for the wark of the weavers

^{men}
2) The highland chiefs they mock us
And crack aye aboots
They say we are thin-faced
And bleached like cloots
And yet fo' a' thin mockery
They canna dae wi'oot's
Nay, they canna want the wark o' the
weavers!

3. There's oor wrights and oor slaters
 And glaziers and a'
 Oor doctors e oor ministers
 And them that live by law
 And oor friends in South America
 Though them we never saw
 But we ken they wear the wark o' the weavers
4. Oor sailors e oor sodgers
 We ken they're a' bo'd
 But if they hadna claes
 They couldna fight for co'd
 The high e low, the rich e poor
 A' body young e auld
 They wina want the wark o' the weavers
5. There's folk that's independent
 O'ither tradesman's wark
 The women need nae workers e the dykers need nae chesks
 But none o' them can doe wi'oot
 A coat or a sark
 Nay they canna want the wark o' the weavers
6. The weaving is a trade, that never can fail
 As lang's we need ayebrook to keep anither hale
 So let us aye be merry
 O war a ticker o' guid ale
 And drink lang the health o' the weavers

The Tailor and the Devil

1) A Tailor went out walking
A very fine summer's day
And met the Devil stalling
Among the Queen's highway

Chorus: "Oh ho! You Tailor fellow
Come quickly down to hell
For all my sins they need new clothes
Sing hallelujah hallelujah ho"

2) The Tailor looked him in his eye
And said: "I'll not refuse
If you will here and now agree
I may sew as I do choose"

3) And when they came where hell is
He took his measuring rod
And smote on their clothes
(They thought it more than odd)

"Oh ho you Tailor fellow!
Get quickly out of hell
We don't want no more Tailors here"
Sing hallelujah hallelujah ho

3) And then he took his needle out
And threaded it bold and fine
He sewed their ears and nostrils up
And smothered them all in a linc

4) And when he'd made an end of that
He turned away from Hell
He bowed to old Nick and raised his hat
And bade them a last farewell.

French Resistance Song

Rosalind Delmar.

I When they called across the border
I was ordered to surrender
This I could not do

II I took my gun and vanished
There were five of us this morning
Am the only one this evening
tomorrow, you who know
oh you must keep my secret-

III I have changed my name to Ofter
And I've lost my wife & children
still I carry on
The frontier is my prison

iv Then a woman gave us shelter
gave us food & gave us water
then the German came
He died without a whisper

v Now the wind is blowing
through the fields the wind is blowing
freedom soon will come
And we'll come from the shadows
Rep. v. I

Avanti popolo

I Avanti popolo
Avanti popolo rivoluzioni, rivoluzioni
Avanti popolo, avanti popolo
Rivoluzioni trionfava

II
III
IV bandiera rossa
e comunismo
e Mussolini

Do Come Back Again

Once I loved a girl and I loved her as my life
- Really would I have given her my hand &
To make her my wife [my heart]

But she took me by the hand & she led me to the
And the answer that she gave me was
"Don't come here no more
Oh ..."

So I stayed away six weeks which came
And she wrote me a letter for [her to complete]
saying "Please come back again"
Oh ...

Well I wrote her another, but it was to let her
that a young man often mentions [know]
where he ought not to go
Oh ...

For the leaves they will wither & the roots
And the beauty of a fair young maid [they will die]
till soon fade away
Oh ...

Po hazar's.

The Merrill - he told de deputy hazar
He says ~~the deputy~~ go out & bring me ~~the~~
the thing him dead or 'live
Oh lordy bring him dead or 'live

Well the deputy began to wonder
He said where in de world can a find
well I don know
well my lordy lord, Ah jus doan know

well dey found Po hazar
Way out between two mountains
that dey brought him down
Oh my lordy lord, dey put him down

Po hazar called his sister
won't you bring me one cold drink & water
Oh just before Ah die
Oh my lordy lord, befo' Ah die

Po hazar's his mothe
She couldn't come to de funer'l
Didn't have no shoes
Oh lordy, didn't have no shoes

19
Now captain did ye hear 'bout
How all yo' men goan a leave you
Nex' pay day
Oh lordie, lordie nex pay day

Old Shes e heppings

Old man come constraine me one day
That I won't have him
He come the same a walkin on a cane
With his deamed old head a waggin

Mamma told me to open the door
No I won't have him
Open the door an he fell on the floor
With his deamed old head a waggin

Mamma told me to take his tail
Oh I won't have him
If he has got a show it at the cat
And his deamed old head a waggin

Mamma told me to give him some cake
No I won't have him
Give him some cake and he ate like a snake
With his deamed old head a waggin

Mama told me to put him to bed
No I ain't gonna have him
I put him to bed & he slept like he's dead
x2 With his damned old head a waggin

Mama told me to kiss him goodnight
Oh I won't have him ~~goodnight~~
Kiss him goodnight & I thought I'd die
With his damned old head a waggin

Now you to get me a nice young man
You I'm gonna have him
I'll be happy to see him when he can
x3 With no damn head a waggin



Lee Roo

Early one morning I went out to plough

Lee Roo

With 16 old oxen & a dunned old cow

Lee Roo

Up stepped the devit says How do you do

Lee Roo

There's one in your family I must have

Lee Roo

Now please don't take my eldest son

Lee Roo

Men's work on this place that got to be done

Lee Roo

No all I want is that old wife of yours

Lee Roo

Well you can have her with all my heart
and promise me she'll never depart

Lee Roo

So he took her up all on his back

Lee Roo

He looked like an eagle scared off with
a rack.

Lee Roo

He got he dern by the Old Devils Down
Tee roo

there stood a little devil with a ball & chain
she raised her foot and she kicked out
Tee roo his brains

then a little devils went climbing the wall

said look at pappy she'll murder us
Tee roo all

Early next morning, well he peeped through
Tee roo the crack

And he spied that old devil come away in
Tee roo back

What says the old man, well you back so
Tee roo soon

Yes I sleep out till o' I burst up the broom
Tee roo

Now that goes to show you what a
Tee roo woman can do
she can whip out the devil & her husband
Tee roo To o

champion at keepin' them 21
rolling
experience a day

I am an old time o
I travel the road
I sit on the wagen & bumpers me load
The horse is the juggle the coffee me absorb
And this well-known to Blondie & Mary

The liquor is diesel oil laced with strong tea
And the old highway, Cole was me first ABC
And I cut me eye teeth on old AEC
And I'm champion at keepin' em rolling

I've sat in the cabin & to
And brouled in the sun
The snowed up on Shap on the Panchester
I've waded through the fog with me 22 ton
With fuel that was stinking like blazes

From London to Glasgow to the Newcastle quay
From Liverpool, Exeter & Bristol City
The policemen in the road give the Heurns sign ^{take}
But I'm champion at keepin' em rolling

Yo

You may sing of your soldiers & sailors of old
But there's many & many a hero untold
Who sits at the wheel in the heat & the cold
Day after day without sleeping

So wald out for caps
And sters down at the bends
Check all your gauges & wateh you by ^{ends}
And zig with your lights
Then you pass or old friends
You'll be champion at keepi em rolling

The Guesford Disaster

You've heard of the Guesford Disaster
And the terrible price that was paid
242 cables were lost
And 3 men of the Rescue Brigade

It occurred in the month of September
At 2 in the morning that pit
Was wrecked by a violent explosion
In the dunnies where gas lay so thick

The gas in Dennis's deep section
was packed there like snow in a drift
And many a man had to leave the coal face
Before he had worked out his shift

A fortnight before the explosion
I to the shot fire & Tomlinson ^{cried}
If you find that shot we'll be all blown to hell
And nobody can say that he lied

The fireman reports they are mining
The mounds of 42 days
The mine manager had then destroyed
to cover his criminal ways

Down there in the dark they are lying
They died for 91 - a day
They wanted out their shift and it's now they
In the darkness until Judgment Day

The Lord says of border's collecting
to help all the children & wives
The owners have put some white lies
to pay for the poor miners' lives

Farewell to dear wives & our children
Farewell to dear comrades as well
Don't send your sons in the dark dreary mine
They'll be damned like the sinners in hell

Drill ye Tarniers Drill

Chorus

And drill ye Tarniers drill
for it's work all day for the sugar in yer Tair
Down behind the railway
And drill ye Tarniers drill.
And blast.
And fire.

Every morning at 7 o'clock
there were 20 Tarniers awonting at the rock
The boss come along
And he says keep still
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill

Our new foreman's name Jimmy McCran
By God he was a driving man
Last week a premature blast took off
A mile in the air went big Jim Gough

When next pay day came around
Jim Gough a dollar short was found
When he asked for why came this reply
You was stopped for that you was up in the sky

Our bus was a good man down to the ground
 He married a lady 6 feet around
 She baked good bread & she baked it well
 But she baked it hard as the holes in shell

The House of the Rising Sun. Shuna

American
 probably white origin but negro
 influence.

1. There is a House in New Orleans
 They call the Rising Sun
 It's been the ruin of many a poor
 girl
 And me Oh Lord were one.

2. My mother she's a tailor
 She sews those new blue jeans
 My father & he's a gambling man
 Way down in New Orleans.

3. My husband he's a rambler
 In New Orleans town
 The only time he's satisfied
 When he drinks that liquor down.

If I had 've listened to what my mother
said
I'd have been at home today
But I was young and foolish, Oh word.
And rambling lead ~~me~~ astray.

Go tell my baby sister
Don't do as I have done.

~~But I was young and foolish of~~
~~word.~~

And to shun that house in New
Orleans
They call ~~the~~ Rising Sun.

I'm going back to New Orleans
My trade is almost run
I'm going back to spend my days
Beneath the Rising Sun.

Send my love yellow roses

Ray on my back with the sun in my eyes
 soon I shall know what no living men know
 All of my life's been a fight against lies
 Death brings the truth, and it's my turn to know

Chorus.

Send my mother a lock of my hair
 Send my father the watch that he gave me
 Tell my brother to follow me if he dare
 Tell them I'm lost not e no one can save me
 Remember, remember
 Send my love little yellow roses

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


I met my love in a garden of roses
 She ~~prided~~ prided her fingers how sharp the
 thorn grows
 We made a vow that till death did part us
 We'd never look on that wild yellow rose

Weaver.


Woody Guthrie

Reuben James.

Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James
Named by hard fighting men both of honour & fame?
She flies the stars and stripes of the land of the free
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea

Thomson. Tell me what were their names? (X2) 
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for the U-boats & waited for the fight
Then the fire, & the rock, and the great explosion sound
They laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright
In the farms & the cities they're telling of the fight
And now our mighty battleships will steam the
 bounding main
And remember the name of the good Reuben 
James

Well many years have passed since those brave men
 were gone
And those cold icy waters now are still & are
 calm

Many years have passed but still I wonder why
The worst of men must fight & the best of men must die

(James Reeves
East coast USA
version

Foggy Dew

Ann Plumme)

I am a young bachelor
I follow the weaving trade
And all the harm that ever I done
Was to court a pretty fair maid

I courted her all the summer time
And in the winter too
And all the harm that ever I done
Was to think on the foggy dew

One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep
Oh come into my arms, my pretty young
miss

Get out of the foggy dew

She lay in my arms till broad daylight
The sun began to shine
I turned my back on my own true love
Goodbye my love I'm gone

All in the first part of the year
The green pulls in the fair
And in the second part of the year
The green lays around the wharf

And in the third part of the year
she bore to me a son
And now you see as well as I
What the foggy dew has done

I loved that girl with all my heart
I loved her with my life
So in the fourth part of the year
I made her my lawful wife

I never held it up to her
Nor did I take it due
But every time the baby cries
I think of the foggy dew.

Bring a little water Sylvia Peggy Seeger

Well it was long, hot summer day and there was a man working out in the fields. He got so hot and he got so thirsty, he'd just raise back his head & he'd sing: —

Bring a little water Sylvia

Bring a little water now

Bring a little water Sylvia

Every little one in a while (x 2)

Now he waited a while & nothing happened, so he sang out at her again, a little louder this time
"Can't you hear me calling?"

But Sylvia was already on her way, running across those fields with a cool glass of water in her hand, and she sang out at him: "Can't you see me coming?" No, I can't see you coming with all that tall corn in the way.

"Can't you see me coming?"

Finally Sylvia got there; she had that cool glass of water in her hand. He drank it down at one gulp and wanted more. "What do you think I do all day? Just get time to get you cool glasses of water?" "I've got my work too, you know - house and kids, starts when the sun goes down like yours does. But he just laughed & said

Bring it in a bucket & twice

Soon he found he was humming it
Whenever he went (hum)
And whistling it as he walked along
during the day & night.
And late at night he'd ring it as
a lullaby to his kids, quiet & soft.
Bring a little water & twice.

(Lalypoo lullaby)
Come little baby, don't say a word
Mummy's gonna buy you a mockin' bird
If that mockin' bird don't sing
Mamma's gonna buy you a diamond ring
If that diamond ring is brass
Mamma's gonna buy you a looking glass
If that looking glass gets broke
Mamma's gonna buy you a billy goat
If that billy goat won't pull
Mamma's gonna buy you a lorseck bull
And if that lorseck bull turn over
Mamma's gonna buy you a dog named Rover
If that dog named Rover don't bark
Mamma's gonna buy you a horse & cat
If that horse & cat breaks down
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in the
Town

Devil's Mary

27

They say that I'm too old.

I once dressed up and went to Town
to court a fair young lady
I enquired about her name,
Her name was Devil's Mary

chorus. Follow him come a-lin come a-lin } x2
Follow him come a loiry

He and Mary began to speak
And she got in a hurry
we fixed it up that very night
we'd marry the very next Thursday

We hadn't been married but about two weeks
when she got mean as the Devil
And every time I said a word
she hit me with a shovel

She washed my clothes in old soap suds
She filled my bath with switches
She let me know right at the start
she was going to wear my britches

one day I said to Mary
I think we'd best be parted
just as I said the words
out of the door she started

Now if I ever marry again
It'll be for love not riches
~~It'll be for love n~~
Mamy a little gal 'bout two feet tall
So she can't wear my breeches.

Rio Grande.

Oh say were you ever in Rio Grande (Oh Rio)
It's there that the river flows down golden sand
Ch. And we're bound for the Rio Grande etc.

And good-bye, fare you well, all you ladies of Town (n)
We've left you enough fur to buy a silk gown

So it's pack up your donkey & get underway
The girls we are leaving can take our half pay

Now you Bowery ladies, we'd have you to know
We've bound to the southwest, so do let us go

Thorus. Men away, love, away
Way down Rio
So fare you well my pretty young gal
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Weeping & Wailing

Ann Plumme

One evening in summer as twilight was fading
Down by the river I chanced to roam
And there a young man sat a-weeping &
a-wailing
A' rocking the cradle that was not his own

Chorus

Sing idle-o boy
Sweet baby lie easy
your own daddy will never be known
with a-weeping & a-wailing & rocking the
cradle
of somebody's baby that is not your own

It was first when I married you
I thought like a fool I was blessed with a wife
his now to my sorrow & sad lamentation
such turned out the plague & the curse of my
life

So every night to some ball or
dance-hall
while I am left with the baby alone
An innocent laddie who calls me his daddy
though little he knows that I am not his own

Come all you young fellows who someday
take my advice & leave women alone
for by the Lord Harry if ever you marry
she'll give you a baby & she'll do
you own.

Zum gati gati.

For every pioneer there is labour
labour for each honest pioneer.

(zum gati gati)

Every pioneer has a sweetheart
Every sweetheart has a pioneer.

Every nation must have peace
And for peace each nation must strive.

Alphonse Spegoni

hist to me while I tell you
of the Spaniard who blighted my life
hist to me while I tell you
of the man who stole my future wife
tra la la

It was at the bull-fight that I met him
(met him)

we were watching his daring display (display)
and while I went out for some nuts & a programme
the dirty dog stole her away (oh yes, she was)

Chorus: And I've sworn I shall have my revenge
for when I catch Alphonse Speg. the tone adds
tra la la

With one mighty swipe I shall dislocate his
muddy jaw tra-la-la

I'll fight that bullfight, I will
When I catch the blighter I've sworn I shall kill
He shall die he shall die etc.

I'll raise a banner on his Spanish mia
if I catch him bending tonight etc

Yes if I catch Spegoni
He'll wish that he'd never been born
And for this special reason
my stiletto I've fetched out of pawn

It cost me five shillings to get it (get it)
the expense it did cause me much pain (mp.)
But the pawn-brokers promised when
I asked them to take it I pawn once again (oh yes etc)
And tonight there will be dirty work
done.

fruit-cake.

Ann Plumme

We're coming we're coming
 Our erude little band
 To take all the fruit-cake from this wicked land

chorus

Away, away [with rum, by gum] x 3
 That's the song of the salvation army

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

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

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

A man who eats fruit-cake
 Leads a terrible life
 He's cruel to his children & beats up his wife

A man who eats fruit-cake
 Dies a terrible death
 With the odor of rum on his breath

I was born in East Virginia weaver

I was born in East Virginia
With a longing I did go
then I met the fairest maiden
Her name & age I did not know

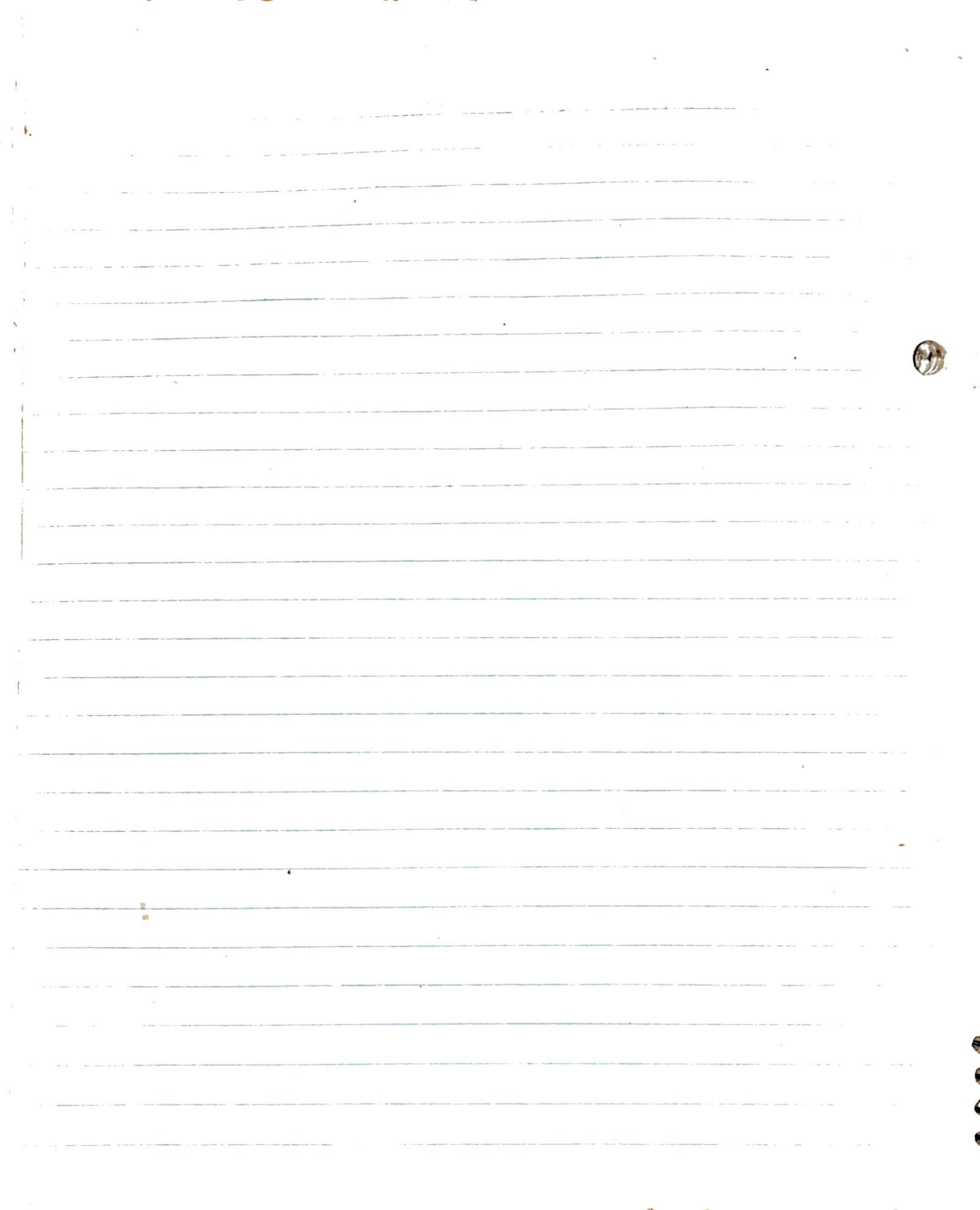
Her hair it was a light brown colour
cheeks they were a ruby red
On her breast there were white lilies
where I long to lay my head

Repeat 1

longing doves don't know my sorrow
longing doves don't know my shame
Once they've courted one another
They never fly that way again

Repeat 1

West Virginia now.



Little Old Woman & her pig

Beneath the Gallows Tree

Weaves.

~~Paper & Pins (Beneath the Gallows Tree)~~

Farewell ye dungeons dark & strong
Farewell farewell to thee
A cursing song will not be long
Upon the gallows tree

Say nun to me say wantonly
Say daunt'ly played he
He played a tune and he dauned aroon
Below the gallows tree

"For little did my mother know
When first she cradled me
That I would become a roving boy
And die on the gallows tree

Untie these bands from both my hands
And give to me my bow
I'm not to leave my brave Scotland
For a time before I go

There's none come here to see me hang
And none to steal my fiddle
But before that I do part with he
I'll break her through the middle

He took the fiddle into both his hands
 He broke it o'er his knee
 Said "When I am gone no other hands
 Shall ever play on thee"

After cl. He played a tune & he danced around'
 And they hanged him to the tree

I wanna travel on.

x2 { Done laid around & stayed around in this de town too long
 (i) Summers almost gone, summers almost gone
 (ii) And I feel like I wanna travel on

x2 { Well there's a lonesome freight at 6.05 coming thro' the town
 (i) I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound
 (ii) And I feel like I wanna travel on

{ The chilly wind will soon begin, I'll be on my way
 On a lonesome day going home to stay
 And I feel etc.

{ I've waited here for 'most a year waiting for
 the sun
 (waiting for the sun to shine hoping you would
 change your mind
 Now I feel like I wanna travel on.

Dirty Old Town

I found my love by the gasworks cove
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town

The clouds are drifting across the moon
Lets are prancing on their beat
Spring a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I heard a siren from the dock
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelt the spring on the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town

I'm going to take a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
Chop you down like an old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town

My Johnny was a Shoemaker

My Johnny was a shoemaker

And dearly he loved me

My Johnny was a shoemaker

And now he's gone to sea

To reef the top sails he has gone

And sail upon the bright blue sea

His jacket was a deep sky blue

And curling was his hair

His jacket

It was I do declare

With dirty dirt to soil his hands

And sail upon the bright blue sea

A captain he will be one day
with a brave and a valiant crew

A captain

With a sword and a spy glass too

And when he gets a vessel of his own

Then he'll come back and marry me

And when I am a captain's wife

I'll sing the whole day long

And when

Then this shall be my song

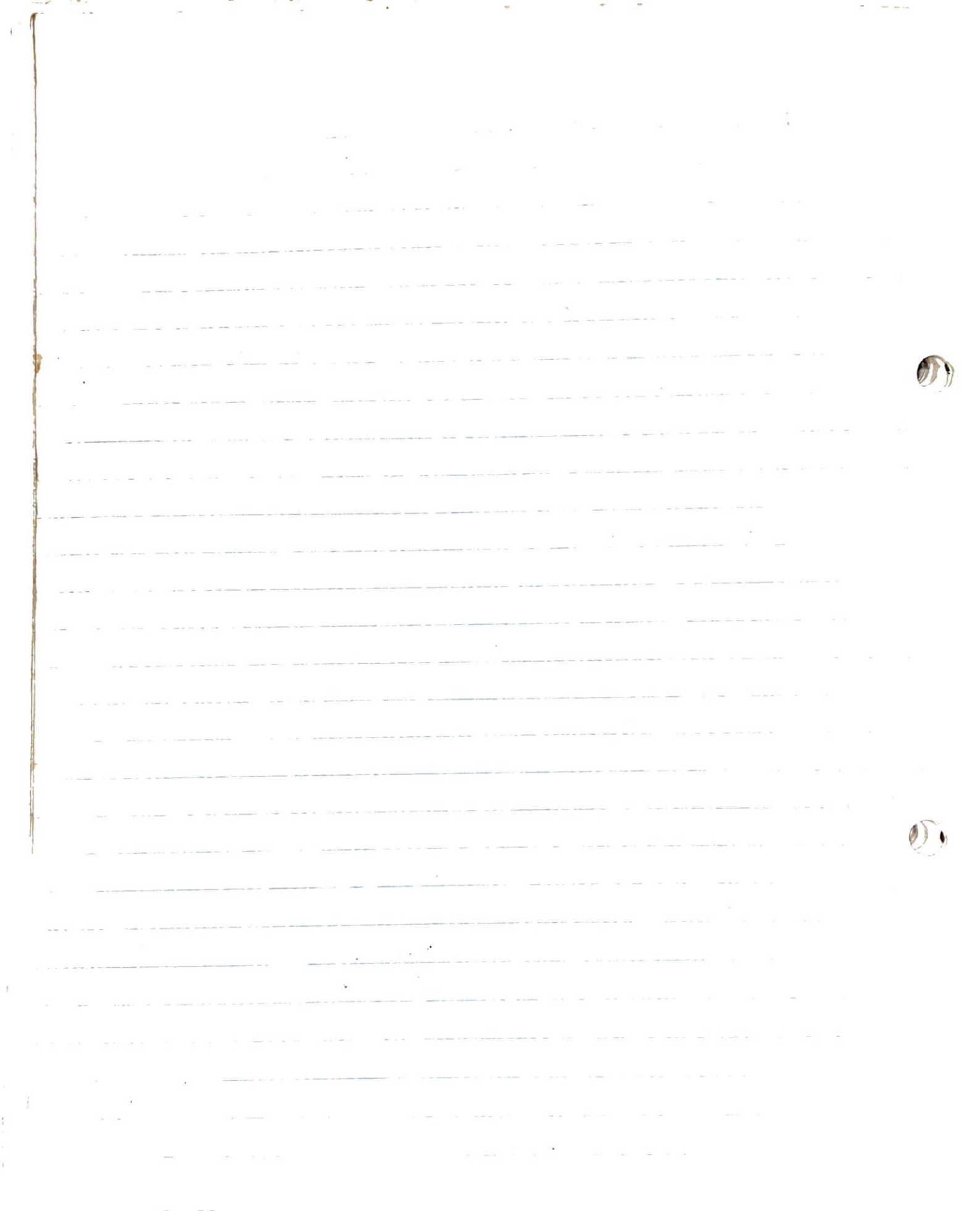
May peace and plenty bless our days

And a little one upon our knee

Lonesome Travelling weavers.

- 1 I am a lonely & a lonesome traveller (x 3)
I been a-travelling on
- 2 I travelled here & then I travelled yonder x 3
I been a-travelling on
- 3 I travelled cold & then I travelled hungry x 3
I went a-travelling on
- 4 I travelled in the mountain travelled down
in the valley x 3
well I been a-travelling on
- 5 I travelled with the poor travelled with
the poor x 3
I been a-travelling on
- 6 One of these days I'll gonna stop all
my travelling x 3
Stop all this travelling
- 7 I'll keep ^{right} on travelling this lonesome trail x 3
Keep on travelling on

How old were



Deeds of Gwystion

I will ask you questions nine - sing ninety nine & ninety,
 To see if you're God's child ~~or~~ or one of mine,
 and you are the weaver's bonny,

Q What is whiter than the milk song 99 + 90
 And what is softer than the silk,
 And you are the weaver's bonny. ?

A Snow is whiter than the milk song 99 + 90
 & down is softer than the silk.
 And I am the weaver's bonny.

Q What is louder than a horn - sing 99 + 90
 and what is sharper than a thorn
 And you are the weaver's bonny?

A ~~Strong~~ Thunder is louder than a horn sing 99 + 90
 And death is sharper than a thorn
 And I am the weaver's bonny.

(taller)

Q What is higher than a tree sing 99 + 90
 And what is deeper than the sea
 And you are the weaver's bonny?

(Faller)
A Heaven is higher than a tree sing 999 90
And hell is deeper than the sea
And I am the weaver's bonny.

Q Whats more innocent than a lamb sing 999 90
And what is meaner than woman kind
And you are the weaver's bonny?

A Babe's more innocent than a lamb
sing 999 90
And a le devils meaner than woman kind
And I am the weaver's bonny.

You have answered my questions nine sing 999 90
And you are God's child not one of mine
And you are the weaver's bonny.

Woodling & Alf

Asc

When I was a woodling & you were an elf
 And you were too young to look after yourself
 I undertook to see you through
 I did all you asked & a little more too

Each morning you had open lips
 While I ate your bacon, you ate my chips
 And after, we'd go to a nearby copse
 You did your fielding, I did my knots

listening to the ocean. lalypro.

There's a world of sun & sand
Full of sky & far from land
Where evening breezes caress the shore
Like a gentle comforting hand
Vagrant blossoms, honey bees
Careless laughter upon the breeze
And lovers fade into pools of purple
Madness among the trees

listen to the ocean
Behaves of a million seashells
Forever it's in motion
Moving to a ^{mysterious} unadmitted music
That's played eternally

The sound of the sea gulls distant cry
His wings like parentheses drawn in the sky
And two-eyed ^{birds} clinging like foam
To the crest of a wave rolling by
The silence of noon
The clamor of night
The heat of the day when the fish won't bite
There are the things that remind me of
The day you sailed out of sight

Ladder heavers.

The Virgin Mary Had a Baby Boy. (Weavers!)

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy (x 3)
And they say that his name was Jesus

Thomas He come from the glory (he come down) x2
He come from the glorious kingdom

oh yes, believe (x 2)

He come from the glory (he come down)

He come from the glorious kingdom,

~~the~~
The wise man saw where the baby was born & ?
And they say that his name was Jesus

The Angels sang when the baby was born.
And they say that his name was Jesus.

Johnny Tod (Tune: Z-car) Lyrics:

Johnny Tod he took a notion
 To sail the ocean wide
 And he left his love behind him
 Weeping by the Liverpool tide

For a while she kept full sorry
 For her hair & wringing her hands
 Till she met another sailor
 Walking on the Liverpool sands

" Why fair maiden are you weeping
 For your Johnny gone to sea
 If you'll wed with me tomorrow
 I will kind & constant be

I will buy you sheets & blankets
 I will buy for you a ring
 And I'll give you a gilded waddle
 To rock your baby in "

Johnny Tod came back from sailing
 Sailing o'er the ocean wide
 But he found his fair & false one
 Was another sailor's bride

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

Stewball

Well Stewball he was a grey-neck
Ol' Ringo he was a brown
Ol' Stewball he'd beat ol' Ringo
On the very last go round

You bet on Stewball boy & you might (win x3)
You bet on Stewball, an' you might win

Way out in California
Where ol' Stewball he was born
All the jockeys in the county
They said

It was a big day down in Dallas
Doan you wish you were there
And you would bet your bottom dollar
On that iron way there

well the value of his hammer
 It has never yet been told
 on his bridle there was silver
 on the saddle there was gold

Wild West. he never

Along the trail you'll find me
 Where the spares are all wide open
 In the land of the old AEC Yahoo
 Where scenery's attractive
 And the air is radio culture
 Oh the wild west is where I wanna be

And the sage brush & the cactus
 I'll watch the fellows practise
 Dropping bombs through the clean desert breeze
 I'll leave on my samburo (Yahoo)
 And o' course I'll wear o' levis
 over my lead PVDs

I'll will leave the city's bust
 leave the family & the pluck
 leave the man & leave the slush
 and the crowds
 I'll seek the deserts' lust
 where the scenery is best

How I long to see the mushroom clouds
A

Did the yada's & the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles
While the old FBI watches me (Yahoo)
Yes I'll soon make my appearance
Soon as I can get my clearance
Cos' the wild west is where I wanna be

fight fiercely Harvard

fight fiercely Harvard fight fight fight
Demonstrate to them our skill
Albeit they possess the might
Nonetheless we have the will
How we will celebrate our victory
We shall invite the whole team back to tea
And that spheroid down the field
And fight fight fight

fight fiercely Harvard fight fight
Impress them with our prowess, do
Oh fellows do not let the critics down
Be of stout heart & true
Some or chaps fight for Harvard's glorious name
Won't it be peachy if we win the game
* How jolly Oh goodie

lets try not to injure them
That fight fight fight
(lets not be rough though)
fight fight fight
(and do fight finely)
fight fight fight.

Back to Dixie

I wanna go back to Dixie
Take me back to dear ol' Dixie
That's the only lil place for lil ole me
Old times they are, not forgotte
boppin slaves & selling cotton
And waitin for the Robert Lee
(It was never there or time
I'll go back to the swanee
where polacca makes ye scream
And the honeysuckle chatters up the vine
I really am a- fixin'
to go home and stut a- mixin'
down below that Nawl-Dixie line

Oh pol-tax, how I love ye * 2
My dear ole pol-tax

would ye come with me to Alabama
back to the arms of my dear ole Nanny
Her cooking's lousier, her hands are
clannier

But what the hell it's home

Yes! for Paradise the birthland is my nominee
Just give me a ham-hock & a quill of
hermin

I wanna go back to Dixie

I wanna be in Dixie piece

And eat corn-pone till it's conion ^{on ta} _{my} _{ears}

I want to talk with Southern gent men

Put my my white sheet on again

I ain't seen one good lynchin' in years

The land of the boll-weevil

Where the laws are medieval

telling me to come & never more roan

I wanna go back to the Southland

That "you-all" and "shut na moult" land

Be it ever so decadent

There's no place like home

The Old Dun low

Thomas

There was Brown upside down
 Mopping up the whisky on the floor
 "Booze booze!" the fireman cried
 As they came knocking at the door
 "Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up"
 Someone shouted back inside
 And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
 When the Old Dun low caught fire.

I some pats and I in a public house playing
 dominoes last night
 When all in a flumy and in a dudge
 with a face just a Ritz
 "What's up" said Brown "have you seen
 you seen your Aunt Nancy?"
 "The Aunt Nancy he ~~blowed~~" said he
 Re blooming pub's on fire
 "On fire" said Brown "what a bit o' luck
 What a bit o' luck" said he
 Down in the cellar if the fire ain't there
 We'll have a rare old spree
 So we all went down w' good old Brown
 And beer we could not miss and we hadn't
 been five minutes there
 when we were all like this

Nor Johnson rushed to the port wine jug
gave it one or two hard knocks
started taking off his pantaloons likewise
his boots & socks

"Oh no" screeched Brooks "If you want to
wash your feet

there's jug of foul ale here
Don't wash trotters in a port wine jug
when

Plum

fashion programme - parade
3 lovely ladies from Banyan
A George & the Prager
clothes swapping
Mun Cow
Eddystere light
The Hobo's hullyday

Plum
Jill
Sue Nick
Dave Guy
Mike Mike

Andrew ad -
Ventriloquist ?

Pete
John
Philip

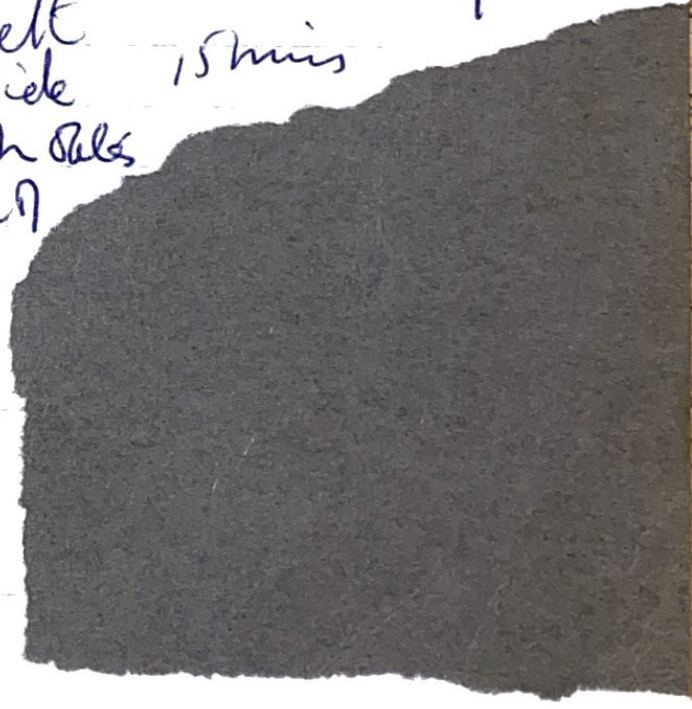
Naledm - Refugee play

Keelt
Nick
John Pals
John ?

15 mins

John - Jew Harp
Choirboys
Dr Faust
Staff sketch

Giles - Sugar plum soup



1.25 at imp
34 Centre
Newark

Lickner
27 South Park Hill Rd
S. Craydon
Surrey
CR0 3953

Vellaert
89 Throxted Rd
SE21

Gill Saunders
130 Hatchment Rd
Kingston Thames

Coli Gades
70 Henny Gdns
Edin. 10
MOR 1055

32^B ~~St~~ Pinner.
Lamballe Road
NW3.

SW1 5103

H. 10/16



David Neel Bryde
23 Clements Road
Thomondsey
SE 16
Ber 1488

17. Church Avenue
Ruislip
mdx
R.V.I. 4626

The Virgin Mary had a baby boy	38
Johnny Tbd	39
Stenball	39
The Wild West	40
Right nicely Howard	40
Back to Dixie	41

Return Address
Compass House

Box 23

B

I think this handwritten song book
 belonged to Fran Sealey and
 that her brother Pete brought
 to Peter's Helen (nee Marko) Weisreich's
 flat in Colney Hatch Lane - where FSX's
 first song book was put together Bill Welch