



FOREST SCHOOL CAMPS SONG BOOK

Here, at long last, is the new song book. As well as many new songs it still contains most of your old favourites, this time without any printing errors (we hope!).

The words given here are not necessarily the "correct" ones, but just one version that was known to somebody. Your Gleeman may know a better version and you should sing along with him and not in opposition; after all he is supposed to be leading the campfire. Better still, don't use this song book at more than the first one or two campfires; after that you should know all the words!

The song book is now arranged in sections so similar types of songs come together. We hope you will like this new arrangement and find it easier to use. At the end of each section is a list of "More Songs" which we didn't have room to print but thought you might sing if we reminded you they existed. Those with stars by them are printed in another section of the song book. Please name this book so you don't lose your copy.

The Glee Committee
May, 1974

CONTENTS

	Page No.
Abdul el Bulbul Amir	2/3
All my Trials	59
All Things shall perish	88
Alouette	89
Animal Fair	94
Arise Song (a)	96
Arise Song (b)	96
Aunt Rhody	91
Away with Rum (see Song of the Salvation Army)...	11
 Ballad of Lou Marsh	 64
Banks of the Ohio	67
Big Rock Candy Mountain	38
Black Girl	82
Black Velvet Band	50
Blood Red Roses	43
Blowing in the wind	63
Blue Tail Fly	1
Bog down in the Valley	89
Botany Bay	44
 Camp Fire's Burning	 87
Capital Ship	52-53
Chevalier de la table ronde... ..	4
Children go where I send you	92
Come follow	87
Crow on the cradle	58
Cosher Bailey	35
Cutty Wren	37
Careless Love	75
 Dark as a dungeon	 51
Deportees	60
Deep Blue Sea	42
Devil's Nine Questions	86
Dido Bendigo	25
Dirty Old Town	80
Donkey Riding	95
Donna Donna	59

CONTENTS continued

Down in the Valley	Page
Don't think twice	77
Drill you tarriers drill	78
Dun Cow	55
				22
Eddystone Light	45
Five Hundred Miles	65
Foggy Dew	79
Follow the Drinking Gourd	21
Fox (The)	9
Geordie's Pinker	35
Go down you Blood Red Roses	43
Gimme Crack Corn	1
Goodnight Song	96
Grandfather's Clock	17
Great American Railway	93
Green grow the rushes-o	90
Halleluia I'm a bum	13
Hammer Song	66
Haul away Joe	45
Heaven (I gotta robe)	11
Herring Song	46
Henry my son	32
Hippopotamus	14
Holy Ground	47
Home, boys, home	48
Home on the range	30
Hot Time	98
Huntsman (The)	28
Hush little baby	12
I hear thunder	94
In a cottage	94
I never will marry	82
Irene	71
Island in the sun	25

CONTENTS continued

				page
Jamaica farewell	39
Johnny Todd	70
Jug of Punch	21
Keeper (The)	85
Kookaburra	87
Kilgary mountain	23
Landlord fill the flowing bowl	15
Leaving of Liverpool	80
Lesson too late for learning	77
Life is butter	88
Logger Lover	26
Lord of the Dance	19
Love is pleasing	75
Maggie May	53
Maids when you're young	29
Mairi's Wedding	36
Manchester Rambler	10
Mary don't you weep	34
Martin said to his man	16
Mary Hamilton	27
Michael row the boat	16
My girl's a corker	12
Mingulay boat song	54
My goose	87
Oh Jonny	97
Old Abra'm Brown	87
Old Smokey	83
One man shall mow my meadow	90
Pace Egging Song	33
Poor Boy	8
Poor old man	92
Prickeli Bush	18

CONTENTS continued

				Page
Quare bungle rye	6
Queenie	91
Red Men	95
Red River Valley	74
Reuben James	41
Riddle Song	67
Riding down from Bangor	20
Rock Candy Mountains	38
Rose, Rose	87
San Francisco bay blues	84
Sailor's Lament	76
Sante Anno	56
Shoefly	97
Shoals of Herrings	49
Shenandoah	57
Sinner Man	7
Sixteen Tons	42
Skye Boat song	56
Sloop John B	51
Song of the Salvation Army	11
South Australia	54
Steamboat	97
Strangest Dream	60
Streets of London	62
				36
Tavern in the town	65
There but for fortune	61
The Sun is in the sky	68
The Water is wide	96
Time for man to go home	5
Waltzing Matilda	89
When I first came to this land	8
Whistling gypsy rover	87
White Sands	63
Where have all the flowers gone	13
Widdecombe Fair	31
Wild Colonial Boy	73
Wild Goose	72
Wild Mountain Thyme	24
Wild Rover	43
Work of the Weavers	39
Woodling and Elf	7
Worried Man	69
Yellow Roses	

GIMME CRACK CORN

When I was young I used to wait
On the master, and carry the plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the bluetail fly.

C HORUS:

*Gimme crack corn, and I don't care
Gimme crack corn, and I don't care
Gimme crack corn and I don't care —
my master's gone away.*

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
The pony being apt to shy
When bitten by a bluetail fly.

One day he rode around the farm
The flies so thick they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The devil take the bluetail fly.

The pony run, he buck, he pitched,
He threw my master in the ditch
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the bluetail fly.

They buried him under a cinnamon tree
His epitaph is there to see
'Beneath this tree is forced to lie
A victim of the bluetail fly'.

ABDUL EL BULBUL AMIR

The sons of the prophet were brave men and bold
 And quite unaccustomed to fear
 But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
 Was Abdul el Bulbul Amir.
 If you wanted a man to encourage the van
 Or to harass the foe in the rear
 Storm fort or redoubt you had only to shout
 For Abdul el Bulbul Amir.

There were heroes in plenty and well known to fame
 In the troops that were led by the Czar
 But none of more fame than a man by the name
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar
 He could sing like Caruso, both tenor and bass
 And perform on the Spanish Guitar
 In fact quite the cream of the Muscovite team
 Was Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
 And put on his most arrogant sneer
 Down town he did go where he trod on the toe
 Of Abdul el Bulbul Amir.

"Young man" quoth Abdul, "Has your life grown so dull
 That you're anxious to end your career?
 Vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe
 Of Abdul el Bulbul Amir.

"So take your last look at both sunshine and brook
 And send your regrets to the Czar
 By which I imply you are going to die
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar".
 Said Ivan "My friend, your remarks in the end
 Will avail you but little I fear;
 You will never survive to repeat them alive
 Mr. Abdul el Bulbul Amir".

Then that bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk
 And shouted out "Allah Akbar!"
 With murderous intent he ferociously went
 For Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.
 They fought all the night 'neath the pale yellow moon
 And the din it was heard from afar;
 Vast multitudes came for so great was the fame
 Of Abdul and Ivan Skivar.

.....continued.....

Abdul el Bulbul Amir ...continued...

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
 (In fact he was shouting "Huzzah!")
 He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck
 Count Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.
 The sultan approached in his red crested coach
 Expecting the victor to cheer
 He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
 With Abdul el Bulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch too, in his spectacles blue
 Drove past in his new painted car
 But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.
 A splash in the Black Sea one dark moonless night
 Caused ripples to spread wide and far;
 It was made by a sack fitting close to the back
 Of Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.

A Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
 By the light of the cold Northern Star
 And the name that she murmurs so oft as she weeps
 Is Ivan Skavinsky Skivar.
 A tomb rises up where the Euphrates flows
 And engraved there in characters clear
 Are "Strangers, when passing, please pray for the soul
 Of Abdul el Bulbul Amir."

CHEVALIER DE LA TABLE RONDE

Chevalier de la table ronde)
Goutons voir si le vin est bon) x 2)

Goutons voir oui oui oui,)
Goutons voir non non non,) (x 2)
Goutons voir si le vin est bon)

S'il est bon s'il est agreable,)
J'en boirai jusqu'a mon plaisir) (x 2)

J'en boirai oui etc.

J'en boirai cinq ou six bouteilles,
Et une femme sur mes genoux

Toc toc toc. Qui frappe a la porte?
Je crois bien, ca c'est son mari

Si je meurs, je veux qu'on m'enterre
Dans une cave ou il y a du bon vin.

Les deux pieds contre la muraille,
Et la tete sous le robinet.

Sur ma tombe je veux qu'on ecrive
Ice Git le roi des buveurs.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong...
Under the shade of a coolabar tree
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
'You'll come a waltzing Matilda with me'.

*CHORUS: Waltzing Matilda! Waltzing Matilda!
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.*

Up came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong...
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he stuffed that jumbuck in his tucker-bag
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me'.

Up rode a squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred
Up came the troopers ... one, two, three.
'Where's that jolly jumbuck, you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong
'You'll never catch me alive!' said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!'

QUARE BUNGLE RYE

Now Jack was a sailor as roamed round the town
 And he met with a damsel as skips up and down
 Says the damsel to Jack now as she passed him by
 Would you care for to purchase some quare bungle rye raddy rye.
 Fal - da - diddle - ai raddy rye raddy rye.

Says Jack to himself now and what can this be
 Why the finest old whiskey from far Germany
 Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly
 And the name that it goes by is quare bungle rye

Jack give her a pound and he thought nothing strange
 She said hold me old basket while I run for your change.
 Jack peeped in the basket and a child he did spy
 Oh damn it, says Jack, this is quare bungle rye

Now to get the child christened was Jack's first intent,
 And to get the child christened to the parson he went
 Says the parson to Jack, now what shall he go by,
 Oh damn it, says Jack, call him quare bungle rye.....

Says the parson to Jack 'tis a very queer name
 Well damn it, says Jack, 'tis a queer way he came
 Smuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly
 And the name that he'll go by is quare bungle rye.....

So come all you young sailors as roams round the town
 Beware of them damsels as skips up and down
 Beware of those ladies as you pass them by
 Or else they might sell you some quare bungle rye.....

SINNER MAN

CHORUS:

'Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to' (x 3)
All on that day.

Run to the moon, 'Moon, won't you hide me' (x 3)
 All on that day
 Lord said 'Sinner man, moon'll be a-bleeding' (x 3)
 All on that day.

Run to the sea, 'Sea won't you hide me' (x 3)
 All on that day
 Lord said 'Sinner man, sea'll be a-boiling' (x 3)
 All on that day.

Run to the sun, 'Sun, won't you hide me' (x 3)
 All on that day
 Lord said 'Sinner man, sun'll be a-freezing' (x 3)
 All on that day.

Run to the Lord, 'Lord, won't you hide me' (x 3)
 All on that day
 Lord said 'Sinner man, you shoulda been a'prayin'' (x 3)
 All on that day.

Run to the Devil, 'Devil won't you hide me' (x 3)
 All on that day.
 Devil said 'Sinner man, step right in'. (x 3)
 All on that day.

WORRIED MAN

C HORUS:

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song (x 3)
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.

I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep (x 3)
 When I awoke, there were shackles on my feet.

Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain (x 3)
 And every one initialled with my name.

I asked the judge "What's gonna be my fine?" (x 3)
 "Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain Line".

The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long (x 3)
 I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

The gipsy rover came over the hill,
Down through the valley so shady,
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

CHORUS:

*Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day,
Ah de doo, ah de day-o
And he whistled and he sang till the green woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.*

She left her father's castle great,
Left her own fond lover,
Left her servants and her state,
To follow the gipsy rover.

Her father saddled his fastest steed
And searched his valleys all over,
Seeking his daughter at great speed,
And the whistling gipsy rover.

At last he came to the castle gate,
Along the river shady,
And there was music and there was wine
For the gipsy and his lady.

He is no gipsy, my father, she said,
But Lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay till my dying day,
With my Whistling Gipsy Rover.

THE FOX

The fox went out on a chilly night
He prayed for the moon to give him light
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o.

Well he ran till he came to a great big bin
The ducks and the geese were kept therein
"A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o"

Well he grabbed the grey goose by the neck
And slung a duck right over his back
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack
Or the legs all dangling down-o

Well old mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed
And out of the window she cocked her head
Crying "John, John! The grey goose is gone
And the fox is on the town-o"

Then John he went up to the top of the hill
And blew his horn both loud and shrill
The fox he said "I'd better flee with my kill
For they'll soon be on my trail-o"

He ran till he came to his cozy den
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten
They said "Daddy, Daddy go back again
'Cos it must be a mighty fine town-o"

Then the fox and his wife without any strife
Cut up the goose with a fork and a knife
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o

THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept up on Crowdon,
 I've camped by the Wain Stones as well,
 I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder,
 And many more things I can tell.
 My rucksack has oft been me pillow,
 The heather has oft been my bed,
 And sooner than part from the mountains
 I think I would rather be dead.

CHORUS:

*I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way,
 I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way,
 I may be a wage slave on Monday,
 But I am a free man on Sunday.*

The day was just ending as I was descending
 By Grimesbrook just by Upper Tor
 When a voice cried "Hey you!" in the way keepers do,
 He's the worst face that ever I saw.
 The things that he said were unpleasant.
 In the teeth of his fury I said,
 Sooner than part from the mountains
 I think I would rather be dead.

I once loved a maid, a spot-welder by trade,
 She was fair as the rowan in bloom
 And the blue of her eye matched the June moorland sky.
 And I wooed her from April till June.
 On the day that we should have been married
 I went for a ramble instead,
 For sooner than part from the mountains
 I think I would rather be dead.

So I walk where I will, over mountain and hill,
 And I'll lie where the bracken is deep,
 I belong to the mountains, the clear-running fountains
 Where the grey rocks rise rugged and steep.
 I've seen the white hare in the gully
 And the curlew fly high overhead,
 And sooner than part from the mountains
 I think I would rather be dead.

SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band
To drive all the fruit cake from this wicked land.
We're going to ban fruit cake, it's chock full of rum
Just one single bite puts a man on the bum

CHORUS:

*Away, away with rum, by gum,
With rum, by gum, with rum, by gum,
Away, away with rum, by gum,
That's the song of the Salvation Army*

A man who eats fruit cake is a terrible disgrace,
He rolls in the gutter with crumbs on his face,
Can you imagine a more horrible sight
Than a man who eats fruit cake until he is tight?

A man who eats fruit cake leads a terrible life,
He's cruel to his children and beats up his wife.
A man who eats fruit cake dies a horrible death
With the odour of raisins and rum on his breath.

HEAVEN (I gotta robe...)

I gotta robe, you gotta robe, all God's children gotta robe
When I get to heaven gonna put on my robe
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven, heaven, heaven.
Everybody talking 'bout heaven and goin' there, heaven, heaven
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven.

Shoes Dance

Song Sing

Harp Play

Wings Fly

MY GIRL'S A CORKER

My girl's a corker, she's a New Yorker,
 I'd give her anything to keep her in style.
 She's got a pair of feet, just like two plates of meat,
 Yes sir, that's where my money goes, Ta, ra, ra,
 Umpah, umpah, umpah-pah
 Stick it up your Jumpah-pah.

She's got a pair of legs, just like two Whisky kegs,
 ditto hips ditto battleships
 ditto arms ditto waving palms
 ditto eyes ditto custard pies
 ditto lips ditto greasy chips
 She's got a mop of hair, just like a grizzly bear.

HUSH LITTLE BABY

Hush little baby, don't say a word
 Mama's going to buy you a mocking-bird
 If that mocking-bird don't sing
 Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring
 If that diamond ring is brass
 Mama's going to buy you a looking-glass
 If that looking-glass gets broke
 Mama's going to buy you a billy-goat
 If that billy-goat don't pull
 Mama's going to buy you a Cossack bull
 If that Cossack bull turn over
 Mama's going to buy you a dog named Rover
 If that dog named Rover don't bark
 Mama's going to buy you a horse and cart
 If that horse and cart break down——
 You'll still be the sweetest little baby in the town

HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

CHORUS:

*Halleluia, I'm a bum, Alleluia bum again,
Halleluia give us a hand up to revive us again.*

Oh the winter is gone and the springtime has come
So I'll pick up my bundle and go on the bum.

Oh I went to a house, I asked for some bread
And the lady said, "Bum, Bum, the baker is dead".

Oh why don't you work as other men do
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do.

Oh why don't you pray for your daily bread
Well, if that's all I did, I would damn soon be dead.

Oh I went to a house and I knocked at the door,
The lady said, "Bum, Bum, you've been here before".

WIDDECOMBE FAIR

Tam Pierce, Tam Pierce, lend me your grey mare
All along, down along, out along lea
Us wants for to go to Widdecombe Fair

CHORUS:

*With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawks,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all (x 2)*

When shall I see my grey mare again? All along.....
By Friday noon or Saturday noon

Then Friday came and Saturday noon.....
And Tam Pierce's grey mare she had not trotted home

So Tam he went up to the top of the hill
And see'd his old grey mare a-making her will

Now Tam Pierce's old grey mare she took sick and died
And Tam Pierce he sat down on a stone and he cried

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
Tam Pierce's grey mare doth appear ghastly white

And all the night long there are skirling and groans
From Tam Pierce's grey mare and her rattling of bones.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
 On the banks of the cool Shalimar
 He gazed at the bottom as he peacefully lay
 By the light of the evening star.
 Away on a hilltop sat combing her hair
 His fair hippopotami maid
 The hippopotamus was no ignoramous
 And sang her this sweet serenade.

CHORUS:

*Mud, mud glorious mud
 Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood
 So follow me follow, down to the hollow
 And there let us wallow in glorious mud.*

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice
 From her seat on the hilltop above
 As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
 Came tiptoeing down to her love
 Like thunder the forest re-echoed the sound
 Of the song that they sang as they met
 His inamorata adjusted her garter
 And lifted her voice in duet:

Now more hippopotami began to convene
 On the banks of that river so wide
 I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
 That ensued by the Shalimar side.
 They dived all at once with an ear-splitting splosh
 Then rose to the surface again
 A regular army of hippopotami
 All singing this haunting refrain.

The amorous hippopotamus whose love song we know
 Is now married and father of ten
 He murmurs, "God rot'em" as he watches them grow
 And he longs to be single again.
 He'll gambol no more on the banks of the Nile
 Which Nasser is flooding next spring
 With hippopotamas in silken pyjamas
 No more will he teach them to sing.

COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

(One, two and) Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,
 Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
 And they decided (x 3)
 To have another flagon.

CHORUS:

*Come Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over,
 Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over.
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be (x 3)
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.*

Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober (x 2)
 Falls as the leaves do fall (x 3)
 He'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to bed quite
mellow (x 2)

Lives as he ought to live (x 3)
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother
(x 2)

She's a foolish, foolish thing (x 3)
 She'll never get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back for another
(x 2)

She's a boon to all mankind (x 3)
 She'll very soon be a mother.

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

Martin said to his man, Fie, man, fie
 Martin said to his man, Who's the fool now
 Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the

CHORUS:

*Thou hast well drunken man,
 Who's the fool now.*

I saw the man in the moon, Fie, man, fie, etc.
 Sliding down St. Peter's shune.

I saw the mouse chase the cat
 And saw the cheese eat the rat.

I saw the maid milk the bull
 Every stroke a bucketful.

I saw the hare chase the hounds
 Forty miles above the ground.

I saw the flea heave a tree
 Forty leagues across the sea.

MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT

Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia
 Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia

River Jordan is deep and wide, Alleluia
 Milk and honey on the other side, Alleluia

River Jordan is chilly and cold, Alleluia
 Chills the body, but not the soul, Alleluia.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf, so it stood
ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself, though it weighed
not a pennyweight more,
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born, and was
always his pleasure and pride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

CHORUS: (NOTtí-ick tock)

*Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock,
His life's seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock,
It stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.*

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro, many hours had he
 spent as a boy.
 And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know, and
 to share in his grief and his joy.
 For it struck twenty four as he entered in the door with his
 blushing and beautiful bride,
 But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

My Grandfather said that of those he could hire, not a servant more
true could be found.
For it wasted no time and had but one desire, at the end of each
week to be wound,
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face, and its hands
never hung by its side.
But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

It struck an alarm in the dead of the night, an alarm that for
years had been dumb.
And we knew that his spirit was poised for its flight, that the hour
of departure had come.
Still the clock kept strict time with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side,
But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

PRICKELI-BUSH

CHORUS:

*O the prickeli-bush, that breaks my heart so sore
If I ever get out of this prickeli bush
I'll never get in it any more.*

Hangman stay your hand, o stay it for a while,
For I think I see my father coming over yonder stile.

Father have you brought me gold, or silver to see me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?

No, I have not brought you gold, or silver to see you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree.

(repeat with mother and brother)

Hangman stay your hand, o stay it for a while
For I think I see my true love coming over yonder stile.

True love, have you brought me gold, or silver to set me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?

Yes, I have brought you gold and silver to set you free
To save your body from the cold, cold ground
And your neck from the gallows tree.

O the prickeli bush, that broke my heart so sore
Now I am out of that prickeli bush
I'll never get in it any more.

LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
 I danced to the moon and the stars and the sun,
 I came down from heaven and I danced on earth,
 At Bethlehem I had my birth.

CHORUS:

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be,
 I am the Lord of the Dance said he,
 And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
 And I'll lead you all in the dance, said he.*

I danced to the Scribes and the Pharisees
 They would not listen and they would not follow me;
 So I danced for the fishermen James and John
 They came with me and the dance went on.

I danced on the Sabbath and cured the lame
 The holy people, they thought it was a shame
 They whipped me, they stripped me they hung me high
 And left me there on a cross to die.

I danced on the Friday when the sky turned black
 It's hard to dance with the devil on your back;
 So they buried my body and they thought me gone
 But I am the dance and I still live on.

They cut me down but I leapt up high
 For I am the dance that will never ever die
 If I live in you, you must live in me
 I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR

Riding down from Bangor, on an eastern train
 After weeks of hunting in the woods of Maine
 Quite extensive whiskers, beard, moustache as well
 Sat a student fellow, tall and slim and swell.

Empty seat behind him, no one at his side
 Into quiet village, eastern train did glide.
 Enter aged couple, take the hindmost seat,
 Enter village maiden, beautiful, petite.

Blushingly she faltered "Is this seat engaged?"
 Sees the aged couple properly enraged;
 Student's quite ecstatic, sees her ticket through,
 Thinks of the long tunnel, thinks what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted, how the cinders fly!
 Till the student fellow gets one in his eye.
 Maiden, sympathetic, turns herself about
 "May I, if you please, Sir, try to get it out?"

Then the student fellow feels a gentle touch
 Hears a gentle murmur "Does it hurt you much?"
 Whiz! slap! bang! into tunnel quite
 Into glorious darkness, black as Egypt's night.

Out into the daylight glides that eastern train
 Student's hair is ruffled just the merest grain,
 Maiden seen all blushes when then and there appeared
 A tiny little earring in that horrid student's beard.

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

CHORUS:

*Follow the drinking gourd (x 2)
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to Freedom,
Follow the drinking gourd.*

Now when the nighttime comes, and the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd,
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to Freedom.

Now the river bank would make a mighty good road,
The dead trees will show you the way,
Left foot, peg foot, travelling on,
Follow the drinking gourd.

The river ends between two hills,
Follow the drinking gourd,
There's another river on the other side,
Follow the drinking gourd.

JUG OF PUNCH

As I was sitting with jug and spoon one fine morn in the
month of June
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch, and the song he sang was a
jug of punch.

CHORUS:

*Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo,
toora loora, loo*

*A birdie sat on an ivy bunch, And the song he sung
was a jug of punch.*

What more diversion can a man desire, than to court a girl
by an ale house fire,
With kerry pippin to crack & crunch, Aye, and on the
table a jug of punch.

The learned doctors with all their art, cannot cure
depression that's on the heart,
Even the cripple forgets his hunch, when he's safe
outside of a jug of punch

And when I'm dead and in my grave, no costly tombstone will
I crave,
Just lay me down in my native peat, With a jug of punch at
my head and feet.

THE OLD DUN COW

(with hics and belches)

Some pals and I in a Public House,
Were playing dominoes last night,
When all of a sudden in the potman rushed
With a face just like a kite.

"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen your Aunt?
Have you seen your Aunt Maria?"

"Aunt Maria be blowed", says he,
"The bloomin' pub's on fire".

"What's that?" says Brown, "What a bit of luck,
Come along with me" shouts he,

"Down in the cellar with a fire on top,
We'll have a good ol' spree".

So we all went down with gool ol' Brown
And beer we couldn't miss,
And we hadn't been ten minutes there
Before we were like this.....

C HORUS:

*Oh, there was Brown, upside down
Knocking back the whiskey on the floor.
"Booze! booze! the firemen cried,
As they came a-knocking at the door.
"Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up,"
Someone shouted "MacIntyre",
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.*

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub,
And gave it just a few hard knocks.
He started taking off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
"Hold on!" says Snoops, "If you wanna wash yer feet,
There's a tub of four ale here.
Don't dip your trotters in the port wine tub,
When we've still got some old stale beer".
Just then there came such an awful crash,
Half the bloomin' roof gave way
We was run with the firemen's hose
But still we were all gay.
We got some sacks and some old tin tacks
And bunged ourselves inside,
And we all got drinking good old scotch
Till we was bleary eyes.

KILGARY MOUNTAIN

As I was a going over Kilgary Mountain
 I met Captain Farrell and his money he was counting
 I drew forth my pistol and I rattled out my sabre
 Saying 'Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver'.

CHORUS:

Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar, Whack fol di daddy-o.

Whack fol di daddy-o, there's whiskey in the jar.

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
 So I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Jenny
 She promised in her heart that she never would deceive me
 But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

I went to Jenny's chamber for to take a little slumber
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
 But Jenny drew my charges and she filled them up with water
 Then she fetched Captain Farrell just as fast as she could totter.

'Twas early in the morning I was wakened from my napping
 I beheld a band of footmen and the wily, handsome captain
 I reached for my pistols for to begin the slaughter
 But I could not discharge them for I couldn't fire the water.

I reached for my sabre but I found I hadn't any
 Then I knew it had been taken by my darling sporting Jenny
 And thus I did surrender, and a prisoner I was taken
 And by a gay deceiver then I was all forsaken.

If anyone can help me its my brother in the army
 But I know not where he's stationed, be it Cork or in Killarney
 If only I could find him we'd go roving in Kilkenny
 And I know he'd treat me better than my darling sporting Jenny.

WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover this many a year
 And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer
 And now I'm returning with gold in great store
 And I never will play the wild rover no more.

CHORUS:

*And it's No nay never
 No nay Never no more
 Will I play the wild rover
 No never no more*

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
 And I told the landlady my money was spent
 I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
 Such a custom as yours I can get any day".
 I drew out from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
 She said "I have whisky, and wines of the best
 And the words that I spoke then were only in jest".
 I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,
 And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
 And if they will do so, as oft times before
 Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

ISLAND IN THE SUN

CHORUS:

*Oh, island in the sun,
Willed to me by my father's hand
All my days I will sing in praise
Of your forest, waters, your shining sands.*

As morning breaks, the heaven on high
I lift my heavy load up to the sky
The sun comes out with a burning glow
Mingles my sweat with the earth below.

I see woman on bended knee
Cutting cane for the family,
I see man by the waterside
Casting his nets into the surging tide.

This is my island in the sun,
Where my people have toiled since time begun
And though I've sailed through many a sea,
It's shores will always be home to me.

DIDO BENDIGO

As I was a-walking one morning last autumn,
I overheard some noble fox-hunting.
Between some noble men and the Duke of Wellington
So early before the day was dawning.

CHORUS:

*There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry, he was there-o
Traveller, he never looked behind him,
There was Countess, Rover, Bonny Lass and Jover,
These are the hounds that would find him.*

Well, the first fox being young and his trials just beginning
He made straight away for the cover,
He's run up yon highest hill, and run down yon lowest ghyll,
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there for ever.

Now, the next fox being old, and his trials past a-dawning
He's made straight away for the river
The fox he has jumped in, and an 'ound jumped after him
It was Traveller, a-striding in for ever.

Well, they've run across the plain, but they'll soon return again,
The fox nor the hounds never failing.
It's been just one month today since I heard the Squire say
Oh, forward then me brave hounds for ever.

THE LOGGER LOVER

'Twas as I sat down one morning, 'twas in a small cafe,
 A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:
 I see that you are a Logger and not just a common bum
 For nobody but a Logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.
 My Lover was a Logger, there's none like him today,
 If you poured whisky on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.
 He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide,
 He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off ^{inside}.
 My Lover came to see me, 'twas on one freezing day,
 He held me in a fond embrace, which broke three vertebrae.
 He kissed me when we parted, so hard it broke my jaw
 I could not speak to tell him, he forgot his mackinaw.
 I watched my Lover leaving, as homeward he did go,
 Sauntering gaily onwards at forty eight below.
 The weather tried to freeze him, it tried it's level best,
 At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.
 It froze right through to China, it froze to the stars above,
 At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my Logger Love.
 And so I lost my lover, and if you believe it, Sir,
 They made him into axe-blades, to chop the Douglas Fir.
 And now it's every morning that to this cafe I come
 Until I meet with someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.

THE HUNTSMAN

1. The Huntsman blew loud on his horn
Blew loud on his horn
And all that he blew it was lost and gone
Was lost and gone.

CHORUS:

Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, tira-la-la
(add last line of each verse)

2. Shall all my blowings be just forlorn
Far better were I no huntsman born.
3. He cast his net the bush about
A nut brown damsel sprung quickly out.
4. Oh nut brown damsel escape me not
I have great big hounds that will fetch thee hot.
5. Thy great big hounds they will fetch me not
My high mighty leapings they know them not.
6. The high mighty leapings they know full well
They know that today death thee must fell.
7. Well if I die then, I'll be dead
O bury me deep 'neath the roses red.
8. And under the lilies and roses red
I'll sleep for ever, in my last bed
9. And on her grave three lilies grew
A squire rode by and would pluck the few.
10. O - Squire forbear, let the lilies stand
They are for a fresh young huntsman's hand.

MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

An old man came courting me, Hey ding dorum da,
 An old man came courting me, me being young,
 An old man came courting me, fain would he marry me,
 Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

CHORUS:

*'Cos he's lost his fallorum fal diddle di-orum
 He's lost his fallorum fal diddle di-ay
 He's lost his fallorum he's got no ding dorum
 Oh maids when you're young never wed an old man.*

When we went to church, Hey ding dorum da,
 When we went to church, me being young,
 When we went to church, he left me in the lurch,
 Maids when.....

Then we went to bed..... he lay like he was dead.....

I threw me leg over him.....damn near did smother him....

When he went to sleep.....out of bed I did leap
 Into the arms of a handsome young man.

CHORUS: (last verse only)

*And he's got me fallorum fal diddle di-orum
 He's got me fallorum fal diddle di-ay
 He's got me fallorum I found his ding dorum
 Oh maids when you're young never wed an old man.*

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS:

*Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

Oh give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Oh air is so pure, the zephyrs so free
The breezes so balmy and bright
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood here amazed, and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

WILD COLONIAL BOY

There was a wild colonial boy Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland in a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love their wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen years he left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shore he was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich he helped the poor and shot James McAvoy,
A terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

One morning on the prairie as Jack he rode along,
A listening to the mocking bird a singing a cheerful song,
Out stepped a band of troopers, Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy,
They all set out to capture him the wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Duggan, for you see we're three to one,
Surrender in the Queen's high name for you're a plundering son'
Jack drew three pistols from his belt and proudly held them high
"I'll fight but not surrender" said the wild colonial boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground
And turning round to Davis he received a fatal wound.
A bullet pierced his proud young heart from the pistol of Fitzroy
And that was how they captured him, The Wild Colonial Boy.

HENRY MY SON

Where have you been all day, Henry my son?
 Where have you been all day, my beloved one?
 In the churchyard, in the churchyard

CHORUS:

*Oh make my bed, I've a pain in my head
 And I want to lie down and die*

What have you been eating, Henry my son
 Poison berries

Who gave you those berries
 My sister

What colour were those berries
 Red and yellow

What will you leave your father
 Watch and chain

What will you leave your mother
 Keys to heaven

What will you leave your sister, Henry my son
 Knives to stab her, chains to bind her.

PACE EGGING SONG

CHORUS:

Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
 We are come a pace egging and I hope you'll prove kind,
 And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs & strong beer,
 For we'll come no more nigh you until the next year.

And the first to come in is Lord Nelson you'll see
 With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round by his knee
 And a star on his breast that like silver doth shine
 And I hope he remembers it's pace egging time.

And the next to come in, it is Lord Collingwood,
 And he fought with Lord Nelson 'till he shed his blood.
 And he's come from the sea, Old England to view,
 And he's come a pace-egging with all of his crew.

And the last to come in is old Toss Pot you'll see
 He's a valiant old man and in every degree
 He's a valiant old man and he wears a pig tail
 And his only delight is a-drinking mulled ale.

Come ladies and gentlemen, sit by the fire,
 Put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire,
 Put your hands in your pockets and treat us all right
 If you give nowt we'll take nowt, farewell & goodnight.

MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

If I could, I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Pharoah's army got drowned.
O Mary don't you weep.

CHORUS:

*O Mary don't you weep, don't you moan,
O Mary don't you weep, don't you moan,
Pharoah's army got drowned,
O Mary don't you weep.*

Mary wore three links of chain
And on each link was Jesus' name.
Pharoah's army got drowned
O Mary don't you weep.

One of these nights, about twelve o'clock
This old world's going to reel and rock,....

God gave Noah the rainbow sign;
No more water but fire next time....

The Lord told Moses what to do
To lead those Hebrew children through....

GEORDIE'S PINKER

Geordie's lost 'is pinker *(three times)*
 Doon the double ra'
 It rolled right doon the cundie *(three times)*
 Doon the double ra'
 Geordie cou'na fetch it *(three times)*
 etc.
 He's gan tar get a claithes prop.
 He's rammed it up the cundie.
 Still he cou'na fetch it.
 He's gan ter get a terrier.
 He's pushed him up the cundie.
 Still he cou'na fetch it.
 He's gan and got gunpowder.
 He's rammed it up the cundie
 And he's blown down double ra'.
 Still he cou'na fetch it
 And he's blown down double ra'
 'Ywas in his bleddy pocket
 And he's blown down double ra'.

COSHER BAILEY

Cosher Bailey had an engine
 That was always needing mending
 And according to the power
 It would do four miles an hour

CHORUS: Was you ever saw (x 3)
Such a funny thing before

There's a little pub in Wales
 Where they sell the best of ales
 If you want a drink on Sunday
 You will have to wait till Monday.

Further verses ad. lib.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
 And there my true love sits him down, sits him down
 And he drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
 And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me.

CHORUS:

*Fare thee well for I must leave you
 Do not let this parting grieve you
 But remember that the best of friends must part, must part
 Adieu, Adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu
 I can no longer stay with you, stay with you
 I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree
 And may the world go well with thee, well with thee.*

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark
 Each Friday night we used to spark, used to spark
 And now my love once true to me
 Takes that dark damsel on his knee, on his knee.

Oh dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep
 Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet
 And on my breast carve a turtle-dove
 To signify I died of love, died of love.

MAIRI'S WEDDING

CHORUS:

*Step we gaily, On we go,
 Heel for heel, and toe for toe,
 Arm in arm and on we go,
 All for Mairi's wedding.*

1. Over hill ways up and down
 Myrtle green and bracken brown
 Past the sheiling through the town,
 All for sake of Mairi.
2. Plenty herring, plenty meal
 Plenty peat to fill her creel
 Plenty bonny bairns as weel
 That's the toast for Mairi.
3. Cheeks as bright as rowans are
 Brighter far than any star
 Fairest of them all by far
 Is my darling Mairi.

THE CUTTY WREN

O Where are you going, says Milder to Malder,
 O I cannot tell you, says Festel to Fose,
 We're going to the green woods, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O what will you do there, says Milder to Malder
 O I cannot tell you, says Festel to Fose,
 We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O how will you shoot her, says Milder to Malder
 O I cannot tell you, says Festel to Fose,
 With bows and with arrows says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
 O what will you do then, says Festel to Fose,
 With guns and with cannons, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O how will you bring her home, says Milder to Malder
 O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,
 On four strong men's shoulders, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
 O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
 With carts and with waggons, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

With what will you cut her up, says Milder to Malder
 O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,
 With knives and with forks, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
 O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
 With hatchets and cleavers, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O how will you boil her, says Milder to Malder
 O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,
 In pots and in kettles, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
 O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
 In a bloody great brass cauldron, says John the Red Nose
(x 2)

O who'll have the spare ribs, says Milder to Malder
 O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,
 We'll give them to the poor, says John the Red Nose (x 2)

ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

On a summer's day, In the month of May
 A burly bum came hiking,
 Down a shady lane with a sugar cane
 He was looking for his liking.
 As he strolled along
 He sang a song Of the land of milk and honey
 Where a bum can stay for many a day
 And he don't need any money.

CHORUS:

*Oh - The buzzin' of the bees in the
 Cigarette trees
 The soda-water fountains
 Where the lemonade springs
 And the blue bird sings
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.*

In the big Rock Candy Mountains
 The cops have wooden legs
 The bulldogs all have rubber teeth
 And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs
 The farmers' trees are full of fruit
 The barns are full of hay
 I want to go where there ain't no snow
 Where the rain don't fall and the wind don't blow
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
 You never wash your socks
 And little streams of alcohol
 Come trickling down the rocks
 There's a lake of stew and whisky too
 And you paddle around in a big canoe
 Where they hung the Turk
 Who invented work
 In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

When I was a Woodling and you were an Elf,
And you were too young to look after yourself,
I undertook to see you through,
I did all you asked and a little more too.

Each morning at breakfast 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 firelighting, while I did my knots.

We preached high morals, free love and the rest,
To stick to our scruples, we did our best.
Each night as our fair little heads touched the pillow,
We stripped, we stripped, we stripped ... the Willow.

Oh dearest, o darling, I try to forget,
The tears of sorrow, the long year of regret.
It was like losing my complementary half,
When you ran off with a member of Staff.

— — — — —
JAMAICAN FAREWELL

Down the way where the nights are gay,
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
And when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop.

CHORUS:

*But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.*

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to and fro,
I must declare that my heart is there,
Though I've been from Maine down into Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out as on their heads they bear
Husky rice and salt fish are nice,
And the rum is fine any time of year.

MORE SONGS

Grand Canyon line
Little Boxes
Midnight Special
Frankie & Johnnie
Fiddler's Green
Johnnie, I hardly know you.
Soldier & Sailor
Ilkley Moor
Pick a bale of cotton
John Brown's Body
Shortning bread
Swing low sweet chariot
Camptown races
Rise and Shine
There's a hole in my bucket
My bonnie
Here's to good old Whiskey
Clementine
Ancient Britons (Woad)
Greensleeves
He's got the whole world in his hand
Streets of Lavedo
Ol' Texas
Darkie Sunday School
Copper Kettle

REUBEN JAMES

Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James,
Manned by hard fighting men both of honour & of fame,
She flew the Stars & Stripes of the land of the free,
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS:

Tell me what were their names,)
Tell me what were their names,) X 2
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-boat and waited for the fight,
Came a whine and a rock, and the great explosion roar,
And they laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

One hundred men went down to that dark watery grave,
When the good ship went down only forty-four were saved,
It was the last day of October that they saved the forty-four,
In the cold icy waters by the cold ocean shore.

Now tonight there are lights in our country, so bright,
In the farms and in the cities, they are telling of that 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 these cold icy waters are now still and are calm,
Many years have passed, but I still wonder why
The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die.

SIXTEEN TONS

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine,
Picked up me shovel and I walked to the mine,
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal,
And the storeboss said - "God bless my soul".

CHORUS:

*You load sixteen tons and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me, 'cos I can't go,
I owe my soul to the company store.*

Now some people say a man is made out of mud,
But a poor man's made out of muscle and blood,
Muscle and blood, and skin and bone,
A mind that's weak and a back that's strong.

I was born one morning in the drizzling rain,
Fighting and trouble are my middle name.
I was raised in the cane brake by an old mother line
Can't get a high toned woman make me walk the line.

Now if you see me coming better step aside,
A lotta' men didn't and a lot of men died.
One fist of iron and the other of steel,
If the right one don't get you then the left one will.

DEEP BLUE SEA

CHORUS:

*Deep Blue sea, Willie deep blue sea (x 3)
It was Willie, what got drowned in the deep blue sea.*

Dig his grave with a silver spade (x 3)
It was Willie what got drowned in the
deep blue sea.

Lower him down on a golden chain (x 3)
It was Willie what got drowned in the
deep blue sea.

THE WORK OF THE WEAVERS

We're all met together here to sit and to crack
 With our glasses in our hands and our work upon our back
 There's nay a trade among them that can mend or can mack
 If it was not for the work of the weavers.

CHORUS:

*If it was not for the weavers what would we do?
 You would not have a cloth that's made of wool
 You would not have a coat of the black or the blue
 If it was not for the work of the weavers.*

There's soldiers, and there's sailors and glaziers and all,
 There's doctors and there's ministers, and them that live by law,
 And our friends in South America, though them we never saw,
 But we know they wear the work of the weavers.

The weaving is a trade that never can fail,
 As long as we need clothes for to keep another hale,
 So let us all be merry o'er a pitcher of good ale
 And we'll drink to the health of the weavers.

- - - - -

GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Gather round all you sailors and listen to me
 Go down you blood red roses, go down!
 Ne'er take a Liverpool girl on your knee,
 Go down you blood red roses, go down!
 Oh you pinks and posies
 Go down you blood red roses, go down!

Them Liverpool Girls ain't got no comb,
 They comb their hair with a kipper-back bone.

The wind blows cold around Cape Horn
 And there ain't no girls to keep you warm.

When I was a young man in my prime
 I took them little girls nine at a time.

- - - - -

BOTANY BAY

Farewell to Old England for ever,
 Farewell to me old pals as well,
 Farewell to the well known Old Bailey,
 Where I once used to look such a swell.

CHORUS:

Singing tooral-li, ooral-li, additty
 Singing tooral-li, ooral-li, ay
 Singing tooral-li, ooral-ay additty
 For we're bound for the Botany Bay.

There's the captain as is our commander,
 There's the bo'sun and all the ship's crew
 There's the first and the second class passengers
 Knows what we poor convicts go through.

'Taint the leaving Old England we cares about,
 'Taint because we mispells wot we knows,
 But because all we light finger'd gentry,
 Hops around with a log on our toes.

Oh! had I the wings of a turtle dove,
 I'd soar on my pinions so high;
 Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
 And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young dookies and duchesses,
 Take warning from what I've to say,
 Mind all is your own as you touchesses,
 Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light,
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night,
And of that union there came three,
A porky and a porpoise and the other was me.

CHORUS:

*Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for a life on the rolling sea.*

One night when I was a trimmin of the glim,
And singing a verse of the evening hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted 'Ahoy',
And there was my mother, sitting on a buoy.

'Oh what has become of my children three',
My mother then she asked of me,
'Oh, one was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served on a chafing dish'.

The phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there,
A voice came echoing out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light".

HAUL AWAY JOE

When I was a little lad or so my mother told me
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe
That if I didn't kiss the girls my lips would all grow mouldy
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

*CHORUS: Way haul away we'll haul away together
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe
Way haul away we'll haul for better weather
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe.*

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution.....
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution.
The cook is in the galley making duff so handy.....
The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy.....

THE HERRING SONG

There was a queer thing that flowed in with the tide,
It was forty feet long, boys, and forty feet wide.
And we called it the Herring that came in with the tide.
Take him away and don't delay
One your leg, two your leg, throw your leg over me,
Johnny, said she.

And what do you think we made out of his head
Why the finest old oven, boys, as ever baked bread.
With me herring's head, oven bake bread.
Take him away

What do you think we made out of his eyes
A beautiful pair of blue butterflies
With me herring's head, oven bake bread,
Heads and eyes and blue butterflies.
Take him away

What do you think we made out of his back
A grand big sailor and we called him Jack

What do you think we made out of his belly
A lovely looking girl and we christened her Nelly.....

What do you think we made out of his fins
A grand big packet of needles and pins

What do you think we made out of his tail
The grandest old ship, boys, as ever set sail

HOLY GROUND

Fare thee well to you my Dinah
 A thousand times adieu
 For we're going away from the Holy Ground
 And the girls we love so true.
 We will sail the salt seas over
 And then return to shore
 To see again the girls we love
 And the Holy Ground once more.

CHORUS:

*Fine girl you are!
 You're the girl I do adore;
 And still I live in hope to see
 The Holy Ground once more.*

And now the storm is raging
 And we are far from shore
 And the good old ship is tossing about
 And the rigging is all torn.
 And the secret of my mind, my love —
 You're the girl I do adore
 And still we live in hope to see
 The Holy Ground once more.

And now the storm is over
 And we are safe and well
 We will go into a public house
 And we'll sit and drink our fill;
 We'll drink strong ale and porter
 And make the rafters roar
 And when our money is all spent
 We'll go to sea once more.

HOME BOYS HOME

Oh who wouldn't be a sailor boy a-sailing on the main
To gain the good will of his captain is to blame.
For he went ashore now one evening for to be
And that was the beginning of the whole calamity.

CHORUS:

*And it's Home, Boys, Home
Home I'd like to be
Home for a while in me own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-blooming freely in the north country.*

Now I asked her for a handkerchief to tie around me head
And likewise for a candle for to light me up to bed
She tended to me needs just like a young maid ought to do
So then I says to her why don't you leap in with me too.

Oh she jumped into bed now taking no alarm
Thinking a young sailor lad to her could do no harm
I hugged her, I kissed her the whole night long
Till she wished the short night had been seven years long.

Oh well early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron poured a pocket full of gold
Saying "Take this my dear for the mischief I have done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son".

Now if it be a girl child well send her out to nurse
With silver in her pocket and gold in her purse
And if it be a boy child give him the jacket blue,
And send him up the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Come listen all you fair maids take this advice from me
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee
For I trusted one and he beguiled me
And he left me with a pair of twins to dandle on me knee.

SHOALS OF HERRINGS

Oh, it was a fine and a pleasant day:
Out of Yarmouth Harbour I was faring.
As a cabin boy on a sailing lugger
For to go and hunt the shoals of herring.

Oh the work was hard, and the hours were long
And the treatment, sure it took some bearing.
There was little kindness, and the kicks were many
As we hunted for the shoals of herring.

Oh, we've fished the Sward and the Broken Bank,
I was cook and I'd a quarter sharing
And I used to sleep standing on me feet
And I'd dream about the shoals of herring.

Oh we left the home grounds in the month of June
And for Canny Shields we soon was faring.
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring.

Now you're up on deck, you're a fisherman
You can swear, and show a manly bearing,
Take your turn on watch with the other fellows
While you're searching for the shoals of herring.

In the stormy seas and the living gales
Just to earn your daily bread you're daring
From the Dover Straits to the Faroe Islands
While you're following the shoals of herring.

Oh, I earned my keep and I paid my way
And I earned the gear that I was wearing,
Sailed a million miles, caught ten million fishes
We were sailing after shoals of herring.

BLACK VELVET BAND

In a neat little town they called Belfast,
 Apprenticed to trade I was bound
 And many an hour's sweet happiness
 Have I spent in that neat little town.
 A bad misfortune came over me
 Which caused me to stray from the land
 Far away from me friends and relations
 Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band.

CHORUS:

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds
 I thought her the queen of the land
 And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
 Tied up with a black velvet band.*

I took a stroll down Broadway
 Meaning not long for to stay
 When who should I see but a pretty fair maid
 Come tripping along the pathway.
 I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
 And a gentleman passing us by
 I knew she meant a doing for him
 By the look in her roguish black eye.
 His watch she took from his pocket
 And placed it right into me hand
 And the very next thing that I said was
 "Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band".

Before the Judge and Jury
 Next morning I had to appear
 The Judge he said to me, "Young man,
 Your case it is proved clear.
 I'll give you seven years penal servitude
 To be spent right away from the land
 Far away from your friends and relations
 Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band".

So come all you jolly young fellers
 I'll have you take warning by me
 When you go out in the liquor me boys
 Beware of your pretty colleens
 They'll treat you to strong drink, me boys
 Till you are not able to stand
 And before you have time for to leave 'em,
 They'll land you in Van Diemen's land.

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It will form as a habit and seep in your soul
Till the streams of your blood run as black as the coal.

CHORUS:

*For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It's as dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.*

There's many a man I have known in my day
Who has lived just to labour his whole life away
Like the fiend for his dope or the drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll
That my body will blacken, and turn into coal
As I look from the door of my heavenly home
I'll pity the miner a slave to my bones.

SLOOP JOHN "B"

We come on the sloop John B. my grandfather and me,
'Round Nassau town we did roam, Drinkin' all night,
Got into a fight; I feel so break up, I want to go home.

CHORUS:

*So hoist up the John B sails, See how the main sail set,
Send for the Captain a-shore, Let me go home; I want to go home,
Please let me alone
I feel so break up, I want to go home.*

The first mate, oh, he got drunk, He broke up the people's
trunk;
Constable had to come and take him away, Sheriff Johnstone,
Please let me alone; I feel so break up, I want to go home.

A CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip
 Was the Whalloping Window Blind
 No storm that blew dismayed the crew
 Or troubled the captain's mind
 The man at the wheel was made to feel
 Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow
 And it often appeared when the gale had cleared
 That he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS:

*So blow ye winds hi ho, a-roving I will go
 I'll stay no more on England's shore
 So let the music play-ay-ay
 I'm off by the morning train
 I'll cross the raging main
 I'm off to my love with a boxing glove
 Ten thousand miles away.*

The bosun's mate was very sedate
 Yet fond of amusement too
 He played hop scotch with the starboard
 While the captain he tickled the crew.
 And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
 For he sat on the after rail
 And fired salutes with the captain's boots
 In the teeth of a blooming gale.

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
 And dined in a royal way
 Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
 And gunnery bread each day,
 And the cook was Dutch and behaved as
 For the diet he served the crew-ew-ew
 Was a number of tons of hot cross buns
 Served up with sugar and glue.

All nautical pride we laid aside,
 As we ran the vessel ashore
 On the Gulliby Isles where the Poopoo
 And the rubbly ugbugs roar
 And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
 And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee
 And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof
 As they dipped in the shining sea.

A CAPITAL SHIP (continued)

On Rugbug bark from morn till dark
 We dined till we had grown
 Uncommonly shrunk, when a Chinese junk
 Came up from the Terribly Zone
 She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care
 So we cheerily put to sea-ea-ea
 And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
 On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

— — — — —

MAGGIE MAY

Come gather round you sailor boys and listen to my song
 And when you've heard it through you'll pity me,
 For I was a goddam fool in the port of Liverpool
 The first time that I came home from sea.
 I was paid off at the Hove for a trip from Sydney Cove,
 And two pound ten a month was all me pay,
 But I started drinking gin and was neatly taken in
 By a little girl they all called Maggie May.

CHORUS:

*Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away
 And she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.
 For the judge he guilty found 'er for robbing a homeward bounder
 The first time that I came home from sea.*

The first time I saw Maggie she took me breath away
 She was cruising up and down Old Canning Place
 She had a figure fine as a warship of the line
 And me being a sailor, I gave chase.
 In the morning I awoke, stiff and sore and stoney broke,
 No trousers, coat or weskit could I find;
 The landlady said "Sir, I can tell you where they are
 They'll be down at the pawnshop, Number Nine".

To the bobby on the beat at the corner of the street
 To him I went, to him I told me tale
 And he asked, as if in doubt "Does your mother know you're out?"
 But agreed the lady ought to be in jail.
 To the pawnshop I applied but no trousers could I find,
 The bobbies came and took the girl away.
 The judge he guilty found 'er for robbing a homeward bounder,
 And paid her passage out to Botany Bay.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

1. In South Australia I was born, Heave away, haul away,
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn,
We're bound for South Australia.

CHORUS:

*Haul away, your rolling King,
Heave away, haul away,
Haul away, oh hear me sing,
We're bound for South Australia.*

2. As I walked out one morning fair, Heave away, haul away,
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair,
We're bound for South Australia.
3. I shook her up, I shook her down
I shook her round and round the town,
4. There ain't but one thing grieves my mind,
To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind,
5. And as we wallop around Cape Horn
You'll wish to God you'd never been born,

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

What care we though white the Minch is
What care we for wind or weather
Let her go, boys! every inch is
Weaving home, home to Mingulay

CHORUS:

*Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, now all together
Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Sailing home, home to Mingulay*

Wives are waiting on the bank, or
Looking seaward from the heather;
Pull her round, boys! And we'll anchor
Ere the sun set at Mingulay.

DRILL YE TARRIERS, DRILL

Every morning at seven o'clock,
There are twenty tarriers drilling at the rock,
And the boss come along and he said "Keep still,
And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill".

CHORUS:

*And drill, ye tarriers, drill (2)
For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay,
Down behind the railway,
And drill ye tarriers, drill
And blast — and fire.*

Our new foreman is Jimmy Mc Cann
By God, he is a blame mean man.
One day a premature blast went off
And 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 what for, came this reply:
"You were stopped for the time you were
up in the sky"

Our boss is a good man, down to the ground
And he married a lady six feet round,
She bakes good bread and she bakes it well,
But she bakes it hard as the holes in Hell.

SKYE BOAT SONG

CHORUS:

*Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye*

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves **roar**
Thunder claps rend the air
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall he **sleep**
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

SANTE ANNO

1. From Boston Town we're bound away
Heave away Sante Anno,
Around Cape Horn to Frisco Bay
We're bound for Californio.

CHORUS:

*So heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away Sante Anno,
Heave her up and away we'll go
We're bound for Californio.*

2. She's a fast clipper ship and a bully
A down knees Yankee for her skipper
3. Back in the days of '49
Those were the days of the good old
4. When I leave ship, I'll settle down,
I'll marry a girl named Sally Brown.
5. There's plenty of gold, so I've been
Way down in Californio.

CHORUS:

*Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye*

**Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar
Thunder claps rend the air
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore
Follow they will not dare.**

**Though the waves leap, soft shall he sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.**

SANTE ANNO

1. From Boston Town we're bound away,
Heave away Sante Anno,
Around Cape Horn to Frisco Bay
We're bound for Californio.

CHORUS:

*So heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away Sante Anno,
Heave her up and away we'll go
We're bound for Californio.*

2. She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew
A down knees Yankee for her skipper too.
3. Back in the days of '49
Those were the days of the good old wine.
4. When I leave ship, I'll settle down,
I'll marry a girl named Sally Brown.
5. There's plenty of gold, so I've been told
Way down in Californio.

SHENANDOAH

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
 Away you rolling river,
 Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
 Away we're bound to go,
 'Cross the wide Missouri.

The white man loved the Indian maiden..
 With notions his canoe was laden ...

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter ...
 I'll take her 'cross the rolling water ...

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion ...
 To sail across the stormy ocean ...

'Tis seven long years since last I saw her ...
 'Tis seven years long the love I've borne her ...

He sold the chief the fire water ...
 And 'cross the river stole his daughter ...

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you ...
 Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you ...

She went away and took another ...
 She went away, forsook her lover ...

MORE SONGS

Drunken sailor
 Take this hammer
 The mermaid
 Banana boat song
 Blow the man down
 Rio Grande
 Hullabaloo Belay
 John Henry
 Keep that wheel a-turning
 Donkey riding *
 Pick a bale o' cotton.

CROW ON THE CRADLE

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!
Now is the time for a child to be born.
He'll cry for the moon and laugh at the sun!
If he's a boy he'll carry a gun,
Sang the crow on the cradle.

If it should be that our baby's a girl,
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
And a bomber above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Rockabye, baby, the dark and the light
Somebody's baby is born for a fight.
Rockabye baby the white and the black
Somebody's baby is not coming back.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Your mammy and pappy they'll scrape and **they'll**
Build you a coffin, and dig you a grave
Hushabye, little one, why do you weep?
We've got a toy that will put you to sleep.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Oh bring me a gun and I'll shoot that crow **dead**
That's what your mammy and pappy once **said**
The crow's on my cradle, oh what shall I do?
That is a thing that I leave to you
Sang the crow on the cradle.

DONNA DONNA

On a wagon bound for market, there's a calf with a mournful eye,
High above him there's a swallow, winging swiftly through the sky.

CHORUS:

*Now the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might
Laugh, and laugh the whole day through, and half the summer's night.
Donna, donna, donna, donna; donna, donna, donna, do (x 2)*

Stop complaining, said the farmer, who asked you our calf to be
Why don't you take wings to fly with, like the swallow so
proud and free?

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered,
never knowing the reason why,
But whoever treasures freedom.
like the swallow, must learn to fly.

ALL MY TRIALS

Hush little baby don't you cry, you know that your Mamma
was born to die.

CHORUS:

*All my trials, Lord, soon be over
The River Jordan is muddy and cold,
Well it chills the body but not the soul.*

I've got a little book with pages three,
And every page spells liberty.

Too late, my brothers, too late, but never mind
If living was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live, and the poor would die.

There Grows a tree in Paradise,
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life.

DEPORTEES

The crops are all in, and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.
They're flying them back to the Mexican Border,
To spend all their money to wade back again.

CHORUS:

*Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Rosanita,
Adios mes Amigos, Jesus and Maria.
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be deportees.*

My father's own father he waded that river,
Spent all the money he'd made in his life.
My brothers and sisters are working your fruit trees,
And they rode the truck till they laid down and died.

The airplane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon,
A fireball of lightning that shook all our hills,
Who are these friends who are scattered like dry leaves?
Radio says they are "just deportees".

Is this the best way we can farm our great orchards?
Is this the best way we can pick our fresh fruit?
Employing cheap labour from over the border,
Labour the radio calls deportees.

- - - - -

STRANGEST DREAM

Last night I had the strangest dream I ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed to put an end to war.

I dreamed I saw a mighty room. The room was filled with m
And the treaty they were signing said - They'd never fight again
And when the treaty was all signed, And a million copies made
They all joined hands and bowed their heads, and grateful
prayers were prayed.

And the people in the streets below Were dancing round & round
And guns and swords and uniforms - Lay scattered on the ground

- - - - -

THE SUN

The sun is burning in the sky,
Strands of cloud go slowly drifting by,
In the park the dreamy bees are droning in the
flowers among the trees,
And the Sun is in the sky.

Now the Sun is in the West,
Little kids lie down to take their rest,
And the couples in the park are holding hands
and waiting for the dark,
And the Sun is in the West.

Now the Sun is sinking low,
Children playing know it's time to go
High above, a spot appears, a little blossom blooms
and then draws near
And the Sun is sinking low.

Now the Sun has come to earth,
Shrouded in a mushroom cloud of death,
Death comes in a blinding flash of hellish heat
and leaves a smear of ash,
And the Sun has come to earth.

Now the Sun has disappeared,
All is darkness, anger, pain and fear,
Twisted sightless wrecks of men go groping on their
 knees and cry in pain
For the Sun has disappeared.



STREETS OF LONDON

CHORUS:

*So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you the sun don't shine
Let me take you by the hand
And lead you through the Streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your*

Have you seen the old man
Inside the closed down market
Kicking up the paper with his worn out shoes
In his eyes you see no pride
Arms hold loosely by his side
Yesterday's papers telling yesterday's news.

Have you seen the old girl
Who walks the Streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags
She's no time for talking
Just keeps on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

In the all night cafe
At a quarter past eleven
Same old man sitting there on his own
Looking at the world over the rim of his tea cup
Each tea lasts an hour
Then he wanders home alone.

Have you seen the old man
Outside the Seamans' Mission
Memory fading with the medals that he wears
In this winter city
The rain shows little pity
One more forgotten hero in a world that doesn't care.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many miles must one man walk before people call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned?

CHORUS:

*The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.*

How many years can a mountain exist before it is washed to the sea?
How many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?
How many times can a man turn his head and pretend that he just
doesn't see?

How many times can a man look up before he can see the sky?
How many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry?
How many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people
have died?

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago
Where have all the flowers gone — young girls pick them every one
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone.....
Gone to young men every one

Where have all the young men gone
Gone to soldiers every one

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards every one.....

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers every one



THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

In the streets of New York City
 When the hour was getting late,
 There were young men armed with knives and
 Young men with armed with hate.
 And Lou Marsh stepped between them
 And died there in his tracks,
 For one man is no army, when a city turns it

CHORUS:

*And now the streets are empty
 And now the streets are dark,
 So keep an eye on shadows,
 And never pass the park.
 For the city is a jungle
 When the law is out of sight,
 And death lurks in El-Bareo
 With the orphans of the night.*

There were two gangs approaching
 In Spanish Harlem town,
 The smell of blood was in the air
 The challenge was laid down.
 He felt their blinding hatred
 As he tried to save their lives,
 But they broke his peaceful body
 With their fists and staves and knives.

Shall Lou Marsh lie forgotten
 In a cold and silent grave?
 Or will his memory linger on
 In those he tried to save.
 And those of us who knew him
 Will now and then recall,
 And shed a tear on poverty
 The tombstone of us all.

— — — — —

THE HAMMER SONG

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this land,
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning
I'd hammer out the love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning, etc.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning, etc.

Now I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell
And I've got a Song to sing all over this land
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom
It's the song of the love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

— — — — —

MORE SONGS

Kumbaya

Peat Bog Soldiers

Lesson too late for learning *

We shall overcome

Down by the riverside

Fiddler's Green.

CHORUS:

*Down beside where the waters flow, Down by the banks
of the Ohio.*

I wandered home t'wixt twelve and one, I cried "My God,
what have I done?
I've killed the only woman I loved, because she would not
be my bride".

A cherry when its blooming, it has no stone
A chicken when its peeping it has no bone
The story that I love you, it has no end,
A baby when its sleeping has no crying.

THE WATER IS WIDE

The Water is wide, I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that will carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.

Oh, down in the meadows, the other day
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay
A-gathering flowers both red and blue
I little thought what love can do.

I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger right to the bone
And left the sweetest flower alone.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree
But first he bended and then he broke
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I can sink or swim.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine
And love's a jewel while it is new
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew.

YELLOW ROSES

I lay on my back with the sun in my eyes
 Soon I shall know what no living man knows
 All 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 now, and no-one can save me
 Remember, remember, send my love little yellow roses.*

My father taught me that all men are equal
 Whatever colour, religion or land
 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 pricked her finger - how sharp the thorn grows
 We made a promise that till Death did part us
 We'd never look on that wild yellow rose.

JOHNNY TODD

Johnny Todd, he took a notion, For to sail the ocean wide
But he left his true love behind him, Weeping by the
Liverpool tide.

For a while she wept full sorely, Tore her hair and wrung her
hands,
Till she met up with another sailor, Walking on the
Liverpool sands.

'Why fair maiden, are you weeping, For your Johnny gone to Sea?
If you will wed with me tomorrow, I will kind and constant be'.

'I will buy you sheets and blankets, I will buy you a wedding ring,
And I'll give to you a gilded cradle for to rock your Baby in'.

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

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

IRENE

CHORUS:

*Irene good-night Irene, Irene goodnight,
Goodnight Irene, Goodnight Irene, I'll kiss you
in my dreams.*

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I have a great notion to jump into the river and drown.

I asked your mother for you, She told me you were too young,
I wish to the Lord I never seen your face, I'm sorry you ever was
born.

You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan,
You caused me to leave my home.
The last word I ever heard you say "I want you to sing me a
son g".

Stop rambling and stop gambling, quit staying out late at night,
Go home to your wife and your family, Sit down by the fireside
bright.

I love Irene, God knows I do, I love her till the sea runs dry.
If Irene turns her back on me I'm gonna take morphine and die.

- - - - -

THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

The Summertime has come
 And the trees are sweetly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 Grows around the blooming heather.
 Will ye go, lassie, go ?

CHORUS:

*And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme,
 All around the blooming heather,
 Will ye go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
 By yon clear crystal fountain
 And on it I will plant
 All the flowers of the mountain,
 Will ye go, lassie, go?

And if my true love she won't come
 I will surely find another
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather,
 Will ye go, lassie, go?

WILD GOOSE

Last night I heard the wild goose cry
Winging north in the evening sky
I tried to sleep but it weren't no use
For I am the brother to the old wild goose.

CHORUS:

*My heart knows what the wild goose knows
And I must go where the wild goose goes
Wild goose, brother goose, which is best?
A wandering soul, or a heart at rest?*

The cabin is warm and the snow is deep
And I have a woman who lies asleep
When she wakes at tomorrow's dawn
She'll find, poor critter, that her man has gone.

My woman is kind and good to me
She thinks that she loves me, the more fool she
She must learn that it ain't no use
To love the brother to the old wild goose.

The Spring will come and the ice will break
And I can't linger for a woman's sake
She'll see a shadow pass overhead.
She'll find a goose-feather by her bed.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathways awhile.

CHORUS:

*Come and sit by my side if you love me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true.*

Do you think of the valley you're leaving,
Oh how lonely, how lonesome 'twill be.
Do you think of the fond hearts you're grieving
And the pain you are causing to me.

I've been thinking a long time, my darling
Of the sweet words you never would say,
Now alas for my fond heart is breaking
For they say you are going away.

They will bury me where you have wandered,
On the hills where the daffodils grow,
When you're gone from the Red River Valley
For I can't live without you, I know.

CARELESS LOVE

1. Love, oh love, oh careless love (x 3)
Can't you see what careless love can do.
2. Sorrow, sorrow to my heart (x 3)
That my true love and I must part.
3. When my apron strings did bow (x 3)
You followed me through sleet and snow.
4. Now my apron strings won't pin (x 3)
You pass my door and won't come in.
5. Cried last night and the night before (x 3)
Gonna cry tonight and never no more.
6. Love my mamma and my poppa too (x 3)
But I'd leave them both to go with you.
7. How I wish that train would come (x 3)
And take me back where I come from.

LOVE IS PLEASING

CHORUS:

*Ah but love is pleasing and love is teasing
Love is a treasure when first it's new
Ah but as love grows older so love grows colder
And fades away like the morning dew.*

Oh how I wish, how I wish but it's all in vain
I wish that I were a lad again
Ah but a lad again I shall never be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.

How I wish, how I wish that my babe was born
And sitting on his mother's knee
And I wish that I were dead and gone
The deep green grass growing over me.

THE SAILOR'S LAMENT

Long years ago when I was young,
The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sung
A sailor and his fair young bride,
Were weeping by the water's side.

Fa-la-la-la, la-la-la-la, Fa-la-la, la-la-la-la.
A sailor -----water's side.

Tis but six months since we were wed,
But oh how fast the time has sped
For we must part at the dawning of the day
When the good ship bears my love away

Long years have passed he comes no more
To greet his bride by the ocean shore
His ship went down in the howling of the storm
And the waves engulfed his lifeless form.....

Oh that I were with him too
Beneath the waves of the ocean blue
My soul to my God and my body to the sea
And the deep blue waves a rolling over me

A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

77.

It's a lesson too late for the learning,
Made of sand, made of sand,
In the wink of an eye my heart is turning
In your hand, in your hand.

CHORUS:

*Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind,
You know that was the last thing on my mind.*

As I lie in my bed in the morning,
Without you, without you,
Every song in my heart lies a-borning
Without you, without you.

You have reasons a-plenty for going,
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steaily growing,
Please don't go, please don't go.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

1. Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow.
Hear the wind blow love, hear the wind blow,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
2. Roses love sunshine, violets love dew
Angels in heaven, know I love you.
Know I love you, love,
3. If you don't love me, love who you please
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease.....
4. Write me a letter, send it by mail
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail
5. Build me a castle forty feet high
Where I can see her as she rides by

(repeat 1)

DON'T THINK TWICE

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why babe
If you don't know by now,
Well, it ain't no use to sit and wonder why
It doesn't matter anyhow.
When the rooster crows at the break of dawn,
Look out your window, and I'll be gone.
You're the reason I'm a-travelling on.
But don't think twice it's all right.

And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe
The light I never knowed.
And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe
I'm on the dark side of the road.
But I wish there was something you would do or say
To try to make me change my mind and stay.
We never did too much talking anyway,
So don't think twice, it's all right.

So it ain't no use in calling out my name gal,
Like you've never done before,
And it ain't no use in calling out my name gal
I can't hear it any more.
I'm thinking and I'm wondering all the way down t
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told,
I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul,
But don't think twice, it's all right.

I'm walking down this long lonesome road babe
Where I'm bound I can't tell
Goodbye's too good a word, babe,
So I just say fare thee well.
I ain't saying that you treated me unkind
You could have done better, but I don't mind,
You just kind of wasted my previous time,
But don't think twice, it's all right.

FOGGY DEW

1. I am a bachelor, I live by myself
And I work at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time
And in the winter too
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew.
2. One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep
She laid her head upon my bed
And she began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damn near died
She said "What shall I do?"
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.
3. Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son
And we work at the weaver's trade.
And every, every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid
He reminds me of the summer time
And of the winter too
And of the many, many times that I held her
in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

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

I heard the siren from the docks,
Saw a train set the night on fire,
Smelt the Spring on the smoky air
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

The clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

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

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell to you my own true love, I'm going far away
I am bound for California, but I know that I'll return some day.

CHORUS:

*So fare thee well my own true love,
And when I return united we will be,
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
But my darling when I think of thee.*

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship, Davy Crockett
is her name,
And Burgess, is the Captain of her, and they say she's a
floating shame.

Oh the sun is on the harbour love and I wish I could remain,
For I know it will be some long time before I see you again.

POOR BOY

As I went down to the river, poor boy
To see the ships go by
My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
And she waved to me good-bye.

CHORUS:

*Bow down your head and cry, poor boy
Bow down your head and cry
Stop thinking about that woman you love
Bow down your head and cry.*

I followed her for months and months
She offered me her hand
We were just about to get married, when
She ran off with a gambling man.

He came at me with a big jack knife
I went for him with lead,
When the fight was over, poor boy
He lay down beside me, dead.

They took me to the big jail house
The months, the months rolled by
The jury found me guilty, poor boy
And the Judge said you must die.

And yet they call this justice, poor boy
Then justice let it be
I only killed a man that was
Just a-fixing to kill me.

BLACK GIRL

Black girl, black girl, don't you lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night?
In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines,
And shivered the whole night through.

Tell me where did you get those pretty little shoes
And the dress that you wear so fine?
I got my shoes from a railroad man
My dress from a driver in the mine.

I wish to the Lord that I'd never been born,
Or died when I was young.
I never would have kissed your sweet face
Or heard your rattling tongue.

True love, true love, tell me where will you go?
Going to go where the wild winds blow,
Going to weep, going to cry, going to sleep, going to sigh,
Going to dance in my good-time shoes.

— — — — —

I NEVER WILL MARRY

As I went out walking down by the sea shore
The wind it did whistle, and the waves they did roar.
I heard a fair maiden make a pitiful cry
It sounded so lonesome in the waters nearby.

CHORUS:

*I never will marry, I'll be no man's wife,
I'd rather stay single for the rest of my life.*

My love's gone and left me, the one I adore
He's gone, and I never will see him no more.

The shells in the ocean shall be my death bed,
And fish in deep water swim over my head.

CHORUS:

She threw her fair body in the water so deep
She closed her pretty blue eyes in one long last sleep.

The shells in the ocean and the fish in the sea,
They all have their places, but there's no place for me.

— — — — —

OLD SMOKY

CHORUS:

*On top of old Smoky, all covered in snow
I lost my true lover, through courting too slow.*

1. Now courting's a pleasure and parting's a grief
But a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
2. A thief he will rob you and take what you have,
But a false hearted lover will send you to the grave.
3. The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
There's not one man in a million a poor girl can trust.
4. He'll tell you he loves you and tell you more lies
Than the crossties on the railroad or the stars in the skies.
5. He'll tell you he loves you to give your heart ease
But the moment your back's turned he'll court whom he
please.
6. Come all you young maidens and listen to me,
Don't hang your affections on a green willow tree.
7. For the leaves they will wither and the roots they will die
And you'll be forsaken and never know why.
8. Bury me on Old Smoky, Old Smoky so high,
Where the wild birds in heaven can hear my sad cry.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

Got the blues, when my baby left me by the San Francisco
 Ocean liner, she's gone so far away,
 Didn't mean to treat her so bad
 She was the best girl that I ever had
 Said goodbye, made me cry
 Want to lay down and die.
 Ain't got a nickel, I ain't got a lousy dime
 If she don't come back I think I'm going to lose my mind
 If she ever come back to stay, it'll be another brand new day
 Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

Sitting down looking through my back door
 Wond'ring which way to go
 Girl that I'm so crazy 'bout
 She don't want me no more
 Think I'll take a Freight train 'cause I'm feeling blue
 Ride all the way to the end of the line thinking only of you
 Meanwhile in another city, just about to go insane,
 Thought I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name
 If she ever come back to stay, it'll be another brand new day
 Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

MORE LOVE SONGS

Shenandoah *

The Nightingale

Scarborough Fair

I know my love

Devil woman

THE KEEPER

The Keeper did a-shooting go,
And under his cloak he carried a bow.
All for to shoot at a merry little doe,
Among the leaves so green-o.

CHORUS:

*Jackie-boy - master
Sing ye well - Very well
Hey down - Ho down
Derry, derry down
Among the leaves so green-o.
To my hey down down - to my ho down down
Hey down - ho down
Derry, derry down, among the leaves so green-o.*

The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second doe he trimmed, he kissed,
The third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green-o.

The fourth doe she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again -
Where she is now she may remain,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The fifth doe she did cross the brook,
The keeper fetched her back with his crook,
Where she is now you may go and look,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The sixth doe she ran over the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her again
It is there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
Among the leaves so green-o.

DEVIL'S NINE QUESTIONS

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

Q: What is whiter than the milk?
Sing ninety-nine and ninety
And what is softer than the silk?
And you are the weaver's bonny;

A: *Snow is whiter than the milk
Sing ninety nine and ninety
And down is softer than the silk
And I am the weaver's bonny.*

Q: What is louder than the horn?
Sing ninety nine and nine
And what is sharper than the thorn?
And you are the weaver's bonny.

A: *Thunder is louder than a horn
Death is sharper than the thorn.*

Q: What is higher than a tree
And what is deeper than the sea.

A: *Heaven is higher than a tree
And Hell is deeper than the sea.*

Q: What's more innocent than a lamb?
And what is meaner than womankind?

A: *A babe's more innocent than a lamb
And a he-devil's meaner than womankind*

You have answered my questions nine
Sing ninety-nine and ninety
And you are God's child, and none of mine
And you are the weaver's bonny.

ROUNDSCOME FOLLOW

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.
 Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, whither shall I follow, follow thee
 To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood, to the Greenwood, Greenwood
 tree (x 2)

ROSE, ROSE

Rose, rose, rose, rose,
 Shall I ever see thee red
 Aye, marry, that thou wilt
 An thou'lt but stay.

CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

Camp Fire's burning, camp fire's burning
 Draw nearer, draw nearer,
 In the gloaming, in the gloaming
 Come, sing and be merry.

KOOKABURRA

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree
 Merry merry king of the bush is he
 Laugh, Kookaburra, laugh Kookaburra
 Gay your life must be.

WHITE SANDS

White sands and grey sands,
 Who'll buy my white sands
 Who'll buy my grey sands.

MY GOOSE

Why doesn't my goose
 Sing as well as thy goose
 When I paid for my goose
 Twice as much as thine.

OLD AB'RAM BROWN

Old Ab'ram Brown is dead and gone,
 You'll never see him more
 He used to wear a long brown coat
 That buttoned down before.

ROUNDSALL THINGS SHALL PERISH

All things shall perish from under the sky,
 Music alone shall live (x 3)
 Never to die.

LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter (x 2)
 Melancholy flower (x 2)
 Life is but a melon (x 2)
 Cauliflower (x 2)

MORE 'ROUNDS' SONGS

Donna nobis pacem
 Time for man *
 Turn again Whittington
 I hear thunder *

COUNTING SONGS

ALOUETTE (French Canadian)

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te pumerai:- la tete, le bec, le nez, le dos, les pattes, le cou,
les ails.

Et la tete

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

When I first came to this land,
I was not a wealthy man
So I built myself a shack
I did what I could.
And I called my shack break-my-back
Though the land was sweet and good
I did what I could.

Got myself a cow
Called my cow no milk now

Hen - now and then ETC. ad lib

BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Oh-aye, a rattling bog and a bog down in the valley-oh
A rare bog, a rattling bog and a bog down in the valley-oh.
And in this bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a-rattling tree
And the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-oh.
And on this tree there was a limb, a rare limb a rattling limb,
And the limb on the tree,
And the tree in the bog and the bog down in the valley-oh.

Branch
Twig
Leaf
Nest
Egg

etc.

COUNTING SONGS

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES – O

1. I'll sing you one – O
Green grow the rushes – O
What is your one – O
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so
2. Two, two, the lilly white boys clothed all in green—O
3. Three, three the rivals.
4. Four for the Gospel makers.
5. Five for symbols at your door.
6. Six for the six proud walkers.
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky.
8. Eight for the April rainers.
9. Nine for the nine bright shiners.
10. Ten for the ten commandments.
11. Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven
12. Twelve for the twelve apostles.

— — — — —

ONE MAN SHALL MOW

One man shall mow my meadow
Two men shall gather it together
Two men, one man and one more
Shall hear my rams, my eyes and lambs,
And gather my gold together.

Three men shall mow my meadow,
Four men shall gather it together
Four men, three men, two men, one man and one more
Shall shear my rams, my eyes and lambs,
And gather my gold together.

etc. ad lib.

YOUNG CHILDREN

QUEENIE

There's a low-down tavern where the boys all go,
To see Queenie, the beauty of the burlesque show,
But, the highlight of the evening
 is when on the stage she trips.
And the band plays the polka while she strips.

CHORUS: *Take 'em off, take 'em off!*
 Cry the boys at the back
 Take 'em off, take 'em off!
 Be your natural self,
 But Queenie is a lady and its only pantomime,
 So she stops..... but only just in time.

There's another side of Queenie that the boys don't see,
She dreams of a cottage surrounded by trees.
But, the payment of the mortgage takes
 an awful lot of chips,
So the band plays the polka while she strips.

Someday, Queenie will fall,
Queenie, pride of them all.
Someday, churchbells will chime.....
.....(pause)... But only just in time.

(No chorus)

AUNT RHODY

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody
Go tell Aunt Rhody that the old grey goose is dead.

The one she's been saving (3) to make a feather bed.
She died in a mill pond (3) standing on her head.
The goslings are crying (3) cause their mammy's dead.
The gander is weepin' (3) 'cause his wife is dead.
Go tell Aunt Rhody (3) that the old grey goose is dead.

COUNTING SONGS

CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE

Children go where I send thee, How shall I send thee?
Well I'm going to send thee one by one, One
For the iddy, biddy baby that's born, born, born, born,
Born in Bethlehem.

Two by two. Two for the Paul and Silas.

Three for the Hebrew children

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments.

- - - - -

POOR OLD MAN

A poor old man was crossing the road (x 3)
When along came a ...

Wheelbarrow

Fish and chip potato cart

Trolley-bus wire wiper

Corporation cart what sucks water up an

Oh, don't let the wheels of your

YourYour

Oh don't let the wheels of your

Run over the poor old man.

- - - - -

MORE 'COUNTING' SONGS

Herring Song *
Honey, you can't love one
Barley Mow

YOUNG CHILDREN

GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and eighty one
The American Railway was begun (x 2)
The Great American Railway.

CHORUS: *Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay* (x 3)
The Great American Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty two
I found myself with nothing to do — (x 2)
Just beside the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and eighty three
The overseer accepted me (x 2)
For work upon the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty four
My hands were tired and my feet were sore (x 2)
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty five
I found myself more dead than alive (x 2)
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty six
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks (x 2)
Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven
I found myself half way to heaven (x 2)
Just above the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty eight
I picked the lock of the Golden Gate (x 2)
With a crowbar from the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty nine
I found my wings and a harp divine (x 2)
Overlooking the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty ten
If you want any more you can sing it again (x 2)
All about the Railway

IN A COTTAGE

In a cottage in a wood
 A 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 huntsman shoots me dead
 Open the door and come inside,
 Pretty little rabbit.

ANIMAL FAIR

I went to the animal fair
 The birds and beasts were there
 The great baboon
 By the light of the moon
 Was combing his golden hair
 The monkey fell out of his bunk
 And slid down the elephant's trunk
 The Elephant sneezed
 And fell on his knees
 And what became of the monkey.

I HEAR THUNDER

I hear thunder, I hear thunder
 hark don't you, Hark don't you?

Pitter, patter, raindrops
 Pitter, patter, raindrops,
 I'm wet through - so are you.

RED MEN

We are the red-men, tall and quaint
In our feathers and warpaint

CHORUS: *Pow, wow, pow wow,
We're the men of the Old Dun Cow
All of us are red-men
Feathers in our head men
Down among the dead men
Pow wow, pow wow*

We can fight with sticks and stones
Bows and arrows, bricks and bones

We come home from fighting wars
Greeted by our long-nosed squaws.

We come home from fighting snakes
Mix their innards in our cakes.

DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on the deck?
Where there's a king with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:

*Hey, Ho, away we go
Donkey riding, donkey riding
Hey, Ho, away we go
Riding on a donkey*

Were you ever off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm
See the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey?

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay
Where the folks all shout "Hooray
Here comes Johnny with his three months' pay
Riding on a donkey".

ARISE SONG (a)

Awake, awake, the sun is on the hill
 The dew is on the grass and you are lying still
 Arise, arise, for every shadow flies
 The morn is in the forests and the dew-washed skies.
 With the sun awake now
 Stir yourself and shake now
 Songs in every brake now
 Call you back to life.
 Awake! Awake! The sun is on the hill
 The dew is on the grass and you are lying still.

ARISE SONG (b)

Rise, arise, arise,
 Wake thee arise, life is calling thee
 Wake thee arise, ever watchful be
 Mother Life God, she is calling thee.
 Mother Life God, she is greeting thee.
 Rise, arise, arise.

GOODNIGHT SONG

All is still,
 Night doth fill, dale and hill,
 Heath and rill, mead and mill,
 Peace is here, gone is fear
 God is near.

TIME FOR MAN

It's time for man to go home,
 It's time for man to go home,
 It's time for bird and it's time for beast,
 And it's time for man to go home.

DANCES

STEAMBOAT

Four jolly sailors, strolling on a steamboat
Taking the sea-breeze, sniffing at the air,
Full steam astern now, arm in arm together
Four jolly tars are back to where they were.

First couple lead down, second couple follow
First couple turn around, second make an arch
First couple under, chugging into Margate
And see how the seabreeze blows away the starch.

Hands to the capstan, hitch your wagon to a star
Spinning on the quarter deck and getting in a whirl.
Change to the other hand, round with her the
other way
Now you're back in port again and smiling at your
girl.

Hands to your partner, isn't this a jolly step?
One & two & three & hop and round the other two,
Spinning on your axis, one & two & three & hop
Cheerio to that old couple, welcome to the new.

- - - - -

OH JOHNNY

Now you all join hands and you circle the ring
Then you stop where you are, give your honey a
swing.

Swing the little girl behind you,
Swing your own if she can come and look and find
you,

Turn by the left with the corner girl,
Do - si - do your own,
Then you all promenade with that sweet corner
maid,

Singing Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh;
Oh Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh.

- - - - -

SHOO FLY

Shoo fly, don't bother me (x 3)
I belong to somebody
I do, I do, I do, and I ain't gonna tell you who.
I belong to somebody, yes indeed I do.

DANCESHOT TIME

Now it's allemande left to the corner you must go
 Grand right and left around the outside row
 Meet your honey and promenade her home
 There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

* First couple out to the right and circle four hands round
 Pick up two and circle six hands round
 Take two more and circle eight hands round
 There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Allemande left with the lady on the left
 Allemande right with the lady on the right
 Allemande left with the lady on the left
 And a grand old right and left around the ring.

Meet your honey with a do-sa-do
 Take her in your arms and around and around you go
 Promenade the sweetest girl you know
 There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

*Repeat from * for each couple in turn.*

MORE 'SPECIAL OCCASION' SONGS

The Huntsman
 Auld Lang 'Syne
 Jerusalem
 Donna nobis pacem