

F S C



SONG BOOK

# FOREST SCHOOL CAMPS

## SONGBOOK

This latest version of the songbook includes some new songs and some old favourites that have once again become popular. In addition some onetime favourites are now unfashionable and have been dropped.

If you have strong feelings about the contents, let us know.

We will be producing a supplement later on this year. Suggestions will be very welcome.

The Glee Committee  
June 1985

THIS COPY BELONGS TO

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## 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.

## 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.

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. (twice)

Stop complaining said the farmer,  
 Who asked you our calf to be  
 Why don't you have 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.

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.



## THE HUNTSMAN

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.

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

Shall all my blowings be just forlorn  
 Far better were I no huntsman born.

He cast his net the bush about  
 A nut brown damsel sprung quickly out.

Oh nut brown damsel escape me not  
 I have great big hounds that will fetch thee hot.

Thy great big hounds they will fetch me not  
 My high mighty leapings they know them not.

The high mighty leapings they know full well  
 They know that today death thee must fell.

Well if I die then I'll be dead  
 O bury me deep 'neath the roses red.

And under the lilies and roses red  
 I'll sleep for ever, in my last bed.

And on her grave three lilies grew  
 A squire rode by and would pluck the few.

O-Squire forbear, let the lilies stand  
 They are for a fresh young huntsman's hand.

## SOLDIER AND THE SAILOR

A soldier and a sailor were walking one day  
Said the soldier to the sailor let's

kneel down and and pray

And if we have one prayer may we also have ten  
May we have a ruddy litany said the sailor amen.

And the first thing we'll pray for we'll pray for  
some cash. Glory Halleluia to go a bash.....

.....  
May we have the Bank of England  
said the sailor amen.

And the next thing... a wench.. may she be french  
.....May we have a ruddy harem.....

Wives... bane of our lives...  
...may theyall live in Tipperary  
Beer.... give us good cheer... ruddy brewery  
Queen... long may she reign....a ruddy regiment.  
King.... right rotten person to us he has been -  
.one dose..... ruddy hospital

And the last thing we'll pray for  
we'll pray for ourselves.

G.H. and long may we dwell.

And if we have one year may we also have ten.  
May we live to be a thousand  
Said the sailor amen.

## BLACKLEG MINER

It's in the evening, after dark.  
The blackleg miner gangs ta wark  
In his moleskin pants and dirty shirt  
There goes the blackleg miner.

He takes his pick and down he goes  
To Hew the coal that lies below  
There's not a woman in this town row  
Would look at a blackleg miner.

For Deleva is a terrible place  
They rub wet clay in a blacklegs face  
Around the pits they run a foot race  
To catch the blackleg miner.

And don't go near the Segal mine.  
Across the top they've stretched a line  
To catch the throat and break the spine  
Of the dirty blackleg miner.

So join the union while you may  
And don't wait till your dying day  
For that may not be far away.  
You dirty blackleg miner.

## DEPORTEES

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

Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Rosanita,  
Adios mes Amigos, Jesu et 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 lighting 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.

## RED MAN

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

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.

## 'TIS A GIFT TO BE SIMPLE

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free  
'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be  
And when we are in the place just right  
We will be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained  
To bow and to bent we will not be ashamed  
To turn, to turn 'twill be our delight  
Till by turning, turning we come out right.

## 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 though 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.

## 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 Bethleham.

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 go 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.

## THE OLD CHARIOT

Roll the old chariot along (x3)  
And we'll all hang on behind.

A plate of hot scouse wouldn't do us any harm (x2)  
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along  
And we'll all hang on behind.

Some fresh seapie wouldn't do us any harm (x2)  
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along  
And we'll all hang on behind.

A new plum duff wouldn't do us any harm (x2)  
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along  
And we'll all hang on behind.

A glass of whiskey hot wouldn't do us any harm (x2)  
It would roll, roll, roll the old chariot along  
And we'll all hang on behind.

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



## HAL AND TOW

Take the scorn to wear a horn,  
     it was the crisp when you was born.  
 Your father's father wore it,  
     and your father wore it too.

Hal and Tow (D), jolly rumbelow (D),  
 We were up (D), Long before the day-oh (D)  
 To welcome in the summer,  
 To welcome in the May-oh,  
 For summer is a coming in  
 And Winter's gone away-oh.

What happened to the Spaniards  
     that made so great a boast-oh,  
 Why they shall eat the feathered goose  
     and we shall eat the road-oh,

Robin Hood and Little John have all come to the  
 fair-oh  
 And we will to the merry greenwood to hunt the  
 buck and hare-oh

God bless St. Mary, Moses and all the poor and  
 mite-oh  
 And send us peace to England,  
     send peace by day and night-oh.

D = drumbeat

## SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
 Coming for carry me home (twice)

I looked over Jordan and what did I see  
 Coming for to carry me home  
 A band of angels coming after me  
 Coming for to carry me home.

## BLOWING IN THE WIND

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

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?

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

## BANKS OF THE OHIO

I asked my love to take a walk, to take a walk,  
just a little walk.  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
down by the banks of the Ohio.

And only say that you'll be mine,  
And in no other's arms entwine.  
Down beside where the waters flow,  
Down by the banks of the Ohio.

I held a knife against her breast,  
as close into my arms she pressed.  
She cried "Oh Willie, don't you murder me,  
I'm not prepared for eternity".

I took her by the lily white hand,  
and led her down by the water's strand.  
I picked her up and pitched her in,  
and watched her body floating by.

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".

## MARY HAMILTON

Word is to the kitchen gone  
And word is to the hall  
And word is up to Madame, the Queen,  
And that's the worst of all,  
That Mary Hamilton's born a babe  
To the highest Stuart of all.

Oh rise, arise, Mary Hamilton,  
Arise and tell to me  
What thou hast done with thy wee babe  
I saw and heard weep by thee.

I put him in a tiny boat  
And cast him out to sea  
That he might sink or he might swim,  
But he'll never come back to me.

Oh rise, arise Mary Hamilton,  
Arise and come with me,  
There is a wedding in Glasgow Town  
This night we'll go and see.

She put not on her robe of black  
Nor yet her robe of brown,  
But she put on her robe of white  
To ride into Glasgow Town.

As she rode into Glasgow Town,  
The city for to see,  
The Bailiff's wife and Provost's wife  
Cried "Oh and alas for thee!"

"You need not weep for me" she cried  
"You need not weep for me,  
For had I not slain my own wee babe,  
This death I would not die".

"How little did my mother think,  
When first she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in  
And the death I was to die."

"Last night I washed the Queen's feet,  
Put the gold in her hair  
And the only reward I find for this:  
The gallows to be my share."

"Cast off, cast off, my gown," she cried,  
"But let my petticoat be,  
And tie a napkin round my face:  
The gallows I would not see."

Then by and come the king himself  
Looked up with a pitiful eye,  
"Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,  
Tonight you dine with me."

"Oh hold your tongue, my Sovereign Liege  
And let your folly be,  
For if you had a mind to save my life,  
You would never have shamed me."

Last night there were four Mary's  
Tonight there'll be but three,  
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton  
And Mary Carmichael and Me.

THE HELSTON FURRY, FLURRY, FLORA OR FADDY DANCE

John said to me one day,  
Can you dance the Flora?  
Yes, I can, with a nice young man,  
Round the streets of Trawra.

John the bone was marching on  
When he met with Sally Dover.  
He kissed her once and he kissed her twice,  
And he kissed her three times over.

## 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.

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.

NB SING NEXT 4 LINES TO THE 2ND HALF OF THE TUNE

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.

#### SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
 Remember me to one who lives there.  
 She once was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt.  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
 Without no seam or needlework,  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land.  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
 Between the salt water and the sea strand,  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to plough it with one ram's horn.  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
 And sow it all over with one peppercorn,  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather.  
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
 And gather it all in a bunch of heather,  
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

## 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 Swarth 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 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.

## 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.

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.

## BIG 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

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.

## 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.

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 be beguiled me  
 And he left me with a pair of twins to dandle on me knee.

## 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.

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 the 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.

## 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 brought 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.

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 & 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 it kept perfect time, with a soft & muffled chime,  
 as we silently stood by his side,  
 But it stopped, short, never to go again,  
 when the old man died.

## FIDDLER'S GREEN

As I roved by the docks one evening so rare  
 To view the still water and take the salt air  
 I heard an old fisherman singing a song  
 Oh take me away boys - me time it's not long.

Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper  
 No more on the docks I'll be seen  
 Just tell me old shipmates  
 I'M taking a trip, mates  
 And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's Green.

Now Fiddler's Green is a place I've heard tell  
 Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell  
 Where the weather is fair and the dolphins  
 do play  
 And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far  
 away.

Now when we're in dock and the long trip is thru  
 There's pubs and there'e parks and there's  
 lasses there too  
 Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it  
 flows free  
 And there's bottles of rum growing from every  
 tree.

No, I don't need a harp nor a halo nor key  
 Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea  
 And I'll play me own squeezebox as we sail  
 along  
 With the wind in the rigging and sing me this  
 song.

## 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

Well he ran till he came to the farmers yard  
 The ducks and the geese were all a-feared  
 "A couple of you will grease my beard.  
 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 quacky quacky 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, John." The grey goose is gone  
 And the fox is away to his den-o.....

Then John he went up to the top of the hill  
 And blew his horn both loud and shrill  
 Play on says Reynard with your music shrill  
 For I am away to my den-o.....

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

The old daddy fox and his cubs and his wife  
 Cut up the goose without any strife  
 They never had such a supper in their life  
 And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.....



## THE NIGHTINGALE

As I was walking one morning in May  
 I heard a young couple so fondly did stray  
 And one was a fair maid as fair as can be  
 And the other was a soldier of the brave Grenadiers.

And they kissed so sweet and comforting  
 as they clung to each other  
 They went arming along the road  
     like sister and brother  
 They went arming along the road  
     till they came to a stream  
 And they both sat down together love  
     to hear the nightingale sing.

Then out from his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle  
 And he played her such merry tunes as you ever did hear  
 And he played her such merry tunes as the valley did ring  
 Oh la cried the fair maid how the Nightingales sing

I'm off to India for seven long years  
 Drinking wines and strong whiskies  
     instead of strong beers  
 And if ever I return again it'll be in the spring  
 And we'll both sit down together love  
     to hear the Nightingale sing.

Oh then says the fair maid won't you marry me  
 Oh no says the soldier, however could that be  
 For I've my son and wife at home in my own country  
 And she is the fairest little maid as you ever did see.

## STANLEY AND DORA

Stanley and Dora was lovers,  
They met down the Tot'nam Court Road,  
A whoopin' it up at the Palais,  
Where the ice cream fountains flowed,  
He was her man, a Lonny Donegan fan.

Now Dora worked at the Dominion,  
The best usherette in the flicks.  
She sold Stan a ticket for one and nine  
Wot did oughta cost four and six,  
He left his cosh in his mackintosh.

Well Dora was swiftly promoted,  
To the circle she rose in a dream,  
When who should she see but young Stanley  
Wiv the chick wot sold ice-cream,  
He'd chucked her up for a Walls' Ice Cup.

But justice came soon to poor Dora,  
For Stan and his Walls' ice cream,  
They both was killed in the rush for the exit  
When they played 'God Save the Queen'  
God save our Stan, tha only one wot can.

## FIVE HUNDRED MILES

If you miss the train I'm on, You will know that I am gone,  
 You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,  
 A hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles,  
 a hundred miles  
 You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three  
 Lord I'm four, Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home,  
 Five hundred miles (x4)  
 Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home

Not a shirt on my back,  
 Not a penny to my name,  
 Lord I can't go home this-a-way,  
 This-a-way (x4)  
 Lord I can't go home this-a-way.

## 'ENRY

Where have you been all the day, 'Enry?  
 Where have you been all the day, my son?  
 Where have you been all the day, my own current bun  
 In the woods muvver (x2)

O make my bed quick 'cos I'm feeling very sick  
 And I wanna lay down and die

What did you do in them woods 'Enry ...  
 Ett, muvver ...

What you eat in them woods 'Enry  
 Eels muvver

What colour was them eels 'Enry ...  
 Green, muvver

Thems wasn't eels, them's was snakes 'Enry  
 Yeucch, muvver.

## 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.

Gimme crack corn and I don't care (x3)  
 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 the bluetail fly.

One day he rode around the farm,  
 The flies so numerous 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".

## THE HERRING (GEORDIE VERSION)

What'll I do with my herrings head  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings head  
 I make it into loaves of bread

Herrings heads loaves of bread  
 and all manner of things  
 of all the fish that swim in the sea  
 The herring is the fish for me  
 Away the day Away the day  
 My Winnie oh

What'll I do with my herrings eyes  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings eyes  
 I make them into puddings and pies

What'll I do with my herrings gills  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings gills  
 I make them into window sills

What'll I do with my herrings back  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings back  
 I make it into a fishing smack

What'll I do with my herrings fins  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings fins  
 I make them into needles and pins

What'll I do with my herrings scales  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings scales  
 I make them into a ship with sails

What'll I do with my herrings guts  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings guts  
 I make them into a pair of boots

What'll I do with my herrings tail  
 Oh what'll you do with your herrings tail  
 I make it into a barrel of ale

Oh what do you think of such a thing  
 Haven't I done well with my bonny herring.

## 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

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

## A-ROVING

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid  
 Bless you young women.  
 In Plymouth Town there lived a maid  
 Mark well what I do say  
 In Plymouth Town there lived a maid  
 And she was mistress of her trade  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving,  
 Since roving's been my ruin  
 I'll go no more a-roving  
 With you fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk  
 Bless you ...  
 I took this fair maid for a walk  
 Mark well ...  
 I took this fair maid for a walk  
 And we had such a loving talk  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I took her hand within my own  
 Bless you ...  
 I took her hand within my own  
 Mark well ...  
 I took her hand within my own  
 And said "I'm bound for my old home"  
 I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

### 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.

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".

## 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.

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,  
 What a bit of luck" 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 couln't miss,  
 And we hadn't been ten minutes there  
 Before we were like this .....

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  
 There's a tub of four ale here. (feet)  
 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 eyed.

#### BANANA BOAT SONG

Day-o, Day-o  
 Daylight come and I want to go home  
 Day-o, Day-o  
 Daylight come and I want to go home.

Come Mr Tallyman, come tally my banana  
 Daylight .....  
 Out come a great big hairy tarantula  
 Daylight .....

Well I'm loading the bananas all night long  
 Daylight .....  
 Six foot, seven foot, eight foot, bunch  
 Daylight .....

Hey! all of the workmen sing this song  
 Daylight .....  
 Well I sleep by the sun and I work by the moon  
 Daylight .....

Well I'll pack up my things and I'll go to sea  
 Daylight .....  
 Then the bananas see the last of me  
 Daylight .....

**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

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.

Mary wore three links of chain,  
 And every one was Freedom's name, etc

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

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore  
 Shooting the water with a two-by-four

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.

## DOWN IN THE VALLEY

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.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew  
Angels in heaven, know I love you.  
Know I love you, love, know I love you,  
Angels in heaven, know I love you.

If you don't love me, love who you please  
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease  
Give my heart ease love, give my heart ease  
Put your arms round me, give my heart ease.

Write me a letter, send it by mail  
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail  
Birmingham Jail love, Birmingham Jail,  
Send it in care of the Birmingham Jail.

Build me a castle forty feet high  
Where I can see her, as she rides by  
As she rides by love, as she rides by  
Where I can see her as she rides by

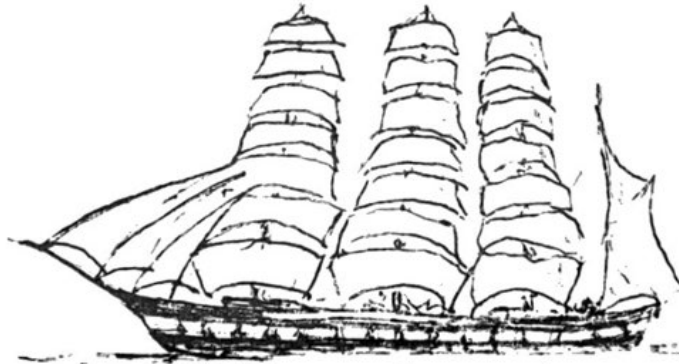
## THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

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.

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.



## A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

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.

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 steadily growing,  
 Please don't go, please don't go.

## DIRTY OLD TOWN

I found my love by the gasworks wall  
 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

The clouds are drifting across the moon  
 Cats are prowling on their beat  
 Springs a girl in the street at night

I'm going to take a good sharp axe  
 Shining steel tempered in the fire  
 We'll chop you down like an old dead tree

## FOGGY DEW

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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.

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.

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 many, many times that I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

## CHICKENS

We had some chickens - no eggs would they lay (x2)  
 So I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
 We're losing money; no eggs would they lay

One day a rooster crept into our yard  
 And caught these chickens right off of their guard  
 They're laying eggs now just like they used to  
 Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give (x2)  
 So, I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
 We're losing money; no milk would they give

One day a rooster crept into our yard  
 And caught these moo-cows right off of their guard  
 They're giving egg nog instead of milk now  
 Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some elephants no tusks would they grow  
 So I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
 We're losing money; no tusks would they grow

One day a rooster crept into our yard  
 And caught these elephants right off of their guard  
 They're laying eggs now of solid ivory  
 Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go  
 So I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
 We're losing money; the tractor wouldn't go

One day a rooster crept into our yard  
 And caught this tractor right off of its guard  
 Now it goes EGGsactly just like it used to  
 Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.



## 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.

## 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.

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 on 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.

COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern,  
 (x2)  
 And they decided (x3)  
 To have another flagon.

## CHORUS

Come landlord fill the flowing bowl  
 Until it doth run over (x2)  
 For tonight we'll merry, merry be (x3)  
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man drinks water pure  
 And goes to bed quite sober (x2)  
 Falls as the leaves do fall (x3)  
 He'll die before October.

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale  
 And goes to bed quite mellow (x2)  
 Lives as he ought to live (x3)  
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss  
 And runs to tell her mother (x2)  
 She's a foolish, foolish thing (x3)  
 She'll never get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss  
 And comes back for another (x2)  
 She's a boon for all mankind (x3)  
 She'll very soon be a mother.



## 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.

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 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 he 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.

### WORRIED MAN (Blues)

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song (x3)  
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.

I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep (x3)  
When I woke, there were shackles on my feet.

Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain (x3)  
And every one initialled with my name.

I asked the judge "What's gonna be my fine?" (x3)  
"Twenty one years on the Rocky Mountain Line".

The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long, (x3)  
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

### DEEP BLUE SEA

Deep Blue sea, Willie deep blue sea (x3)  
It was Willie, what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

Dig his grave with a silver spade (x3)  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

Sew his shroud with a silken thread (x3)  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

Lower him down on a golden chain (x3)  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

## 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".

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.

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 Davey, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawke,  
 Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all (x2)

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

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

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

Now Tam Pierce's grey mare  
 She took sick and died  
 All along.....  
 And Tam Pierce he sat down  
 On a stone and he cried.

When the wind whistles cold  
 On the moor of a night  
 All along.....  
 Tam Pierce's grey mare  
 Doth appear ghastly white.

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

## 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.  
A sailor and his fair young bride,  
Were weeping by the 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 .....





## LOVE IS PLEASING

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 maid again  
 Ah but a maid 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.

## CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh love, oh careless love (x3)  
 Can't you see what careless love can do.

Sorrow, sorrow to my heart (x3)  
 That my true love and I must part.

When my apron strings did bow (x3)  
 You followed me through sleet and snow.

Now my apron strings won't pin (x3)  
 You pass my door and won't come in.

Cried last night and the night before (x3)  
 Gonna cry tonight and never no more.

Love my momma and my poppa too (x3)  
 But I'd leave them both to go with you.

How I wish that train would come (x3)  
 And take me back where I come from.

## MAIRI'S WEDDING

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.

Over hill ways up and down  
 Myrtle green and bracken brown  
 Past the sheiling through the town,  
 All for sake of Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty meal  
 Plenty peat to fill her creel  
 Plenty bonny bairns as weel  
 That's the toast for Mairi.

Cheeks as bright as rowans are  
 Brighter far than any star  
 Fairest of them all by far  
 Is my darling Mairi.

## COSHER BAILEY

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

Was you ever saw  
 Such a funny thing before

(x3)

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)

## GEORDIE'S PINKER

To the tune of: In and out the Windows.

Geordie's lost 'is pinker  
Doon the double ra'

It rolled right doon the cundie  
Doon the double ra'

Geordie cou'na fetch it  
Doon the double ra'

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 cou'na getch it  
And he's blown down double ra'

'Ywas in his bleddy pocket  
And he's blown down double ra'.

## 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.

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, of love.

## SKIP TO MY LOU

Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou (x3)  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Lost my partner, what'll I do? (x3)  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling

I'll get another one, prettier than you (x3)  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Gone again, skip to my Lou (x3)  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo fly shoo (x3)  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

A little red wagon. painted blue (x3)  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.

## BLOW THE WIND SOUTHERLY

Blow the wind southerly. southerly, southerly,  
 Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea.  
 Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,  
 Blow bonny breeze, my lover to me.

They told me last night there are ships  
   in the offing  
 And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea,  
 But my eye could not see it, where'er  
   it might be it  
 The barque that is bearing my lover to me.

Blow the wind southerly ...  
 Blow the wind south that my lover may come,  
 Blow the wind southerly ...  
 Blow bonny breeze and bring him safe home.

I stood by the lighthouse that last time we parted  
 Till darkness came o'er the deep rolling sea  
 And I no longer saw the bright barque of my lover  
 Blow bonny breeze and bring him to me.

Blow the wind southerly ...  
 Blow the wind south o'er the bonny blue sea  
 Blow the wind southerly ...  
 Blow bonny breeze my lover to me.

Is it sweet to hear the breeze singing  
 As lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea  
 But sweeter and dearer by far when tis bringing  
 The barque of my true love in safety to me.

## 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 ...

## 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

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.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA

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

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

As I walked out one morning fair, Heave away,  
 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair, (haul away,)  
 We're bound for South Australia.

I shook her up, I shook her down .....  
 I shook her round and round the town .....

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind, .....  
 To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind, .....

And as we wallop around Cape Horn .....  
 You'll wish to God you'd never been born, .....

## 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.

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.



## 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.

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 watch  
 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 such  
 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 Poupoo smiles  
 And the rubbly uggugs road  
 And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge  
 And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee  
 And the cinnamon bats, wore waterproof hats  
 As they dipped in the shining sea.

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.

### SLOOP JOHN "B"

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

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 1st 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.

## GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Our boots and cloths is all in pawn  
Go down you blood red roses, go down.'  
And its flaming draughty round Cape Horn  
Go down you blood red roses, go down.'

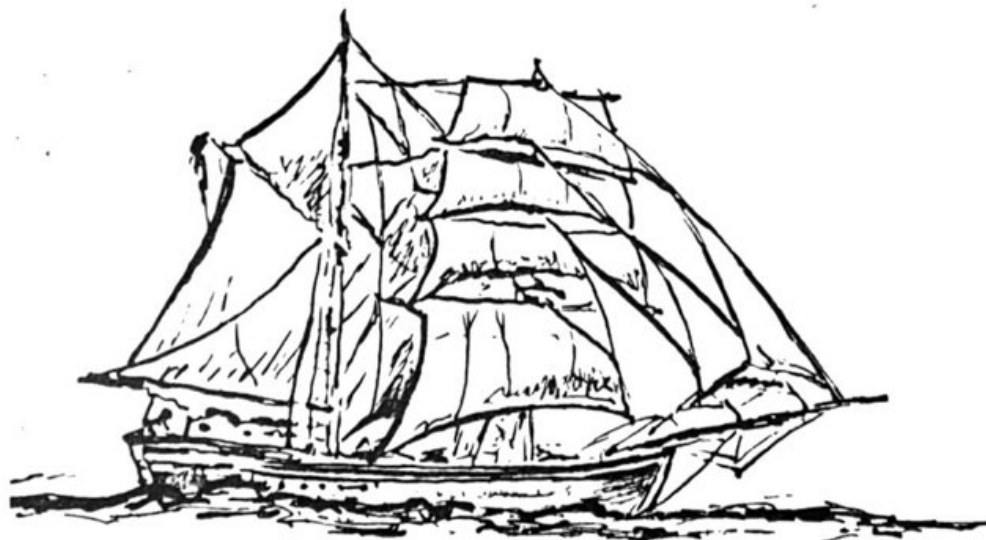
Oh you pinks and posies  
Go down you blood red roses, go down.'

Its round that Cape we all must go,  
Our clothes all stiff with ice and snow,

My dear old mother she wrote to me  
Saying "Dearest son come home from sea"

Its growl you may but go you must  
If you growl too hard your head they'll bust

Just one more heave and that'll do  
And we're the boys to kick her through



## 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.

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 on to 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.

## 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.

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.

## 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 nae a trade among them that can mend or can mack  
 If it was nae for the work o' the weavers.

If it was nae for the weavers what would we do?  
 We would nae hae clae's made of oor woo'  
 We would nae hae a coat neither black nor blue  
 If it was nae for the work of the weavers.

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

## GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and eighty one  
 The American Railway was begun (x2)  
 The Great American Railway.

Patsy - atsy - or - ee - ay (X3)  
 The Great American Railway

or

I was wearing: corduroy breeches  
 Digging ditches  
 Swinging switches  
 Dodging hitches  
 I was working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty two  
 I found myself with nothing to do (X2)  
 Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty three  
 The overseer accepted me (X2)  
 For work upon the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty four  
 My hands were tired and my feet were sore (X2)  
 From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty five  
 I found myself more dead than alive (X2)  
 From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty six  
 I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks (X2)  
 Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven  
 I found myself half way to heaven (X2)  
 Just above the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eight eight  
 I picked the lock of the Golden Gate (X2)  
 With a crowbar from the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty nine  
 I found my wings and a harp devine (X2)  
 Overlooking the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty ten  
 If you want more you can sing it again (X2)  
 All about the Railway

#### BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Oh! Blow the man down, bullies, blow  
 the man down!

Way Ay! Blow the man down!

Oh! Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away!  
 Gimme me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street  
 Way Ay! Blow ....  
 A saucy young damsel I happened to meet  
 Gimme some ...

I says to her "Polly, and how do you do?"  
 Way Ay! Blow ...  
 She says "None the better for seeing of you"  
 Gimme some ...

Oh! We'll blow the man up and we'll blow  
 the man down

Way Ay! Blow ...  
 We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town  
 Gimme some ...

## THE DERBY RAM

When I was down in Derby  
 'Twas on the Derby Day  
 I saw the finest ran, sir  
 That ever fed on hay

It's true, sir, 'tis true sir,  
 I never was one to lie,  
 Ask anyone in Derby, sir  
 And he'll tell you the same as I.

This Ram it had two horns, sir,  
 That reached right up to the moon,  
 A man went up in December  
 And didn't come down till June.

This ram it had a tail, sir  
 It was too long to tell.  
 It reached right over to Ireland  
 And rang St. Patrick's bell,

The man who killed the ram, sir,  
 Was up to his neck in blood  
 The boy who held the basin  
 Was carried away by the flood

And all the women of Derby  
 Came running up for his ears  
 To make a leather purse, sir,  
 To last for forty years.

And all the boys of Derby  
 Came scrambling for his eyes.  
 To make a pair of footballs, for they  
 Were football size.

And if you don't believe me  
 And think I'm telling a lie  
 Ask anyone in Berby, sir,  
 And he'll tell you the same as I.



## GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-0

1. I'll sing you one - 0  
Green grow the rushes - 0  
What is your one - 0  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so
2. Two, two, the lilly white boys clothed all in green - 0
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.

## HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

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

Halleluia, I'm a bum, Halleluia, bum again  
Halleluia, give us a handout to revive us again.

Oh I went to a house, and I asked for some bread  
And the lady said "Bum, bum, the bake 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 on the door  
The lady said "Bum, bum, you've been here before".



## IRENE

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 song".

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 LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS

It was pleasant and delightful  
 One midsummer's day  
 And the fields and the meadows  
 Were all covered in hay  
 And the thrushes and songbirds  
 Sang on every green spray  
 And the larks they sang melodious  
 At the dawning of the day.

And the larks they sang melodious (x3)  
 At the dawning of the day.

A sailor and his true love  
 Were walking one day.  
 Says the sailor to his true love  
 "I am bound far away.  
 I am bound for the East Indies  
 Where the loud canons roar  
 I am bound to leave you, Nancy,  
 You're the girl that I adore."

I am bound to leave you, Nancy (x3)  
 You're the girl that I adore.

Then the ring from off her finger  
 She instantly drew  
 Saying "Take this, dearest William,  
 And my heart it goes too".  
 And as they were embracing,  
 Tears from her eyes fell  
 Saying "May I go along with you?"  
 "Oh no, my love, farewell."

Saying "May I go along with you?" (x3)  
 "Oh no, my love, farewell."

Now the wind is in the rigging  
 And the anchors are weigh  
 And the ship she will be sailing  
 At the dawning of the day.  
 And the current is rising  
 On a fast flowing tide  
 "And if ever I return again,  
 I will make you my bride."

"And if ever I return again (x3)  
 I will make you my bride."

### YELLOW BIRD

Yellow bird up high in banana tree,  
 Yellow bird you sit all alone like me.  
 Did your lady friend leave the nest again?  
 That is very sad, makes me feel so bad.  
 You can fly away, in the sky away,  
 You more lucky than me.  
 I also have a pretty girl,  
 She not with me today,  
 They're all the same, the pretty girls,  
 Make them the nest - then they fly away.

Yellow bird high up in banana tree,  
 Yellow bird you sit all alone like me.  
 Picker coming soon, pick from night to noon  
 Black and yellow you like banana too  
 Better fly away, in the sky away  
 They might pick you some day.  
 Wish that I was a yellow bird  
 I'd fly away with you  
 But I'm not a yellow bird,  
 So here I sit - Nothing else to do.

## 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.

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.

## TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer (B) Carry it to the Captain (B) (X3)  
 Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone

If he ask you (B) was I running (B) (X3)  
 You can tell him I was flying, You can tell him I was flying

If he ask you (B) was I laughin' (B) (X3)  
 You can tell him I was crying, You can tell him I was crying.

I don't want no cold iron shackles  
 Cos' they hurts my feet Lord.

I don't want no cornbread & molasses  
 Cos' they hurts my pride Lord.

Swing this hammer, it looks like Silver  
 But it feels like lead Lord.

## 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?

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?



## COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty  
 I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone  
 As she wheeled her wheelbarrow  
 Thru streets broad and narrow  
 Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh'.

She was a fishmonger, but shure twas no wonder  
 For so were her Father and Mother before  
 And they each wheeled their barrow  
 Thru streets broad and narrow  
 Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh'.

She died of a fever and no one could save her  
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone  
 Now her ghost wheels her barrow  
 Thru streets broad and narrow  
 Crying Cockles and Mussels alive, alive oh'.

## 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.

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.

## 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.

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.

## MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT

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

River Jordon 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

## 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'.

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 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 nappings  
 I beheld a band of footman 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 I 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.

Now some folks takes delight in their carriages a rolling  
 And others takes delight in the hurley and the bowling  
 But me I takes delight in the juice of the barley  
 And courting pretty women in the morning bright and early.

## WOAD

Whats the use of wearing braces  
 Hats & spats & shoes with laces  
 All the things you buy in places  
 Down the Brompton Road.

Whats the use of shirts of cotton  
 Studs that always get forgotten  
 These affairs are simply rotten  
 Better far is woad.

Woad's the stuff to show men  
 Woad to scare your foemen  
 Boil it to, a brilliant blue  
 And rub it on your back and your abdomen.

Ancient Britain never hit on  
 Anything as good as woad to fit on  
 Neck or knees or where you sit on  
 Tailors you be blowed.

Romans came across the channel  
 All wrapped up in tin & flannel  
 Half a pint of woad per man'll  
 Clothe us more than these.

Saxons you can waste your stitches  
 Building beds for bugs in breeches  
 We have woad to clothe us which is  
 Not a nest for fleas.

Romans keep you armours  
 Saxons your pyjamas  
 Hairy coats, were meant for goats  
 Gorillas, Yaks, retriever dogs & Llamas.

Tramp up Snowdon, with your woad on  
 Never mind if you get rained or blowed on  
 Never want a button sowed on  
 Go it, ancient B's.

## FOGGY DEW

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As sung by Harry Cox of Suffolk

When I was a young bachelor  
 I followed a roving trade  
 And the only harm as ever I done  
 Was courting a serving maid.  
 I courted her one summer season  
 And part of the winter too  
 And many's the time I rolled my love  
 All over the foggy dew.

One night as I lay in my farmer's bed  
 A-taking my farmer's sleep,  
 That pretty young maid came to me  
 And so bitterly she did weep.  
 She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,  
 She said "What shall I do?  
 For I am resolved to sleep with you,  
 For fear of the foggy dew".

Now all the first part of the night  
 How we did sport and play  
 And all the latter part of the night  
 She in my arms did lay.  
 And when broad daylight did appear  
 She said "I am undone".  
 "Oh hold your tongue, you silly young girl,  
 For the foggy dew is done.

Supposing you should have one child  
 It would make you laugh and smile.  
 Supposing that you should have another  
 It would make you think a while.  
 Supposing you should have another,  
 Another, another one too,  
 It would make you leave off those foolish  
 young tricks,  
 And think of the foggy dew."

I loved that girl with all my heart,  
Loved her as I love my life  
And in the earlier part of the year,  
I made her my lawful wife.  
I never told her all her faults,  
Nor never intend to do,  
But many's the time as she winks and smiles  
And I think of the foggy dew.

Another version has ...

I loved that girl with all my heart,  
Loved her as I love my life  
But in the earlier part of the year,  
She became some other man's wife.  
I never told him all her faults,  
Nor never intend to do,  
But many's the time as she winks and smiles  
And I think of the foggy dew.

## 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 can.

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 shoen.

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.

I saw the sheep shearing corn  
And saw the cuckold blow his horn.

## CAMPTOWN RACES

De Camptown ladies sing this song  
Doodah, doodah.

De Camptown racetrack five miles long  
Doodah, doodah day.

I come down down der with my hat caved in  
Doodah, doodah.

I go back home with a pocket full of gin.  
Doodah, doodah day.

Gwine to run all night

Gwine to run all day.

I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag  
Somebody bet on the bay.

The longtail filly and the big black hoss  
They fly the track and they both cut across  
The blind hoss sticking in a big mud hole  
Can't touch bottom with a ten foot pole.

Old muley cow come onto the track  
The bobtail fling her over his back  
Then fly along like the railroad car  
Running a race with a shooting star.

See them flying on a ten mile heat  
Round the race track then repeat  
I win my money on the bobtail nag  
I keep my money in an old tow-bag.



## WHISKEY ON A SUNDAY

I sits at the corner of Beggars Bush  
 Astride of an old packing case  
 And the dolls at the end of the plank were  
 As he crooned with a smile on his face. (dancing)

Da Da Da come day go day  
 Wishing me heart it was Sunday la la la la  
 Thinking what I'll do all the week  
 And its whiskey on a Sunday.

His tired old hands have a wooden beam  
 And the puppets they danced up and down  
 A far better show than you ever will see  
 In the fanciest theatre in town.

In 1902 old Seth Davey died  
 His song was heard no more  
 The three dancing dolls in the dustbin were  
 And the plank went to mend the back door. (thrown)

On some stormy night if you're passing that way  
 And the winds blowing up from the sea  
 You will still hear the sound of old Seth Davey  
 As he croons to his dancing girls three.

## \*COULTER'S CANDY

Ally, bally, ally bally be,  
Sittin' on yer mammy's knee  
Greetin' fur a wee bawbee,  
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Mammy gie me ma thrifty doon  
Here's auld Coulter comin' roon  
Wi' a basket on his croon  
Sellin' Coulter's candy.

Poor wee soul, you're lookin' awfu' thin  
A rachle o' bones covered ower wi' skin,  
Soon you'll hae a wee, double chin  
Fra sookin' Coulter's candy.

Poor wee Annie's greetin' tae  
Whit can puir wee mammy dae  
But gi'em a tanner a 'tween the twae  
Tae buy mair Coulter's candy.

Ally, bally, ally bally bee,  
When you grow up you'll gae tae sea  
Makin' pennies for daddy and me  
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

\* pronounced "Cooters".

## 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.

'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 your're young never wed an old man.

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

When 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.

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.

## PACE EGGING SONG

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.

## MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

Well you wake up in the morning to the ding dong ring  
 Go marching to the table see the same damn thing  
 Knife and fork upon the table nothing in my pan  
 Say anything about it you're in trouble with the man.

Let the midnight special  
 Shine its light on me  
 Let the midnight special  
 Shine its ever loving light on me.

Well yonder came Miss Rosy; how in the world d'you know  
 Well I knowed her by her apron and the dress she wore  
 Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand  
 She's gonna tell the Guvnor turn a-loose my man.

Now jumping little Judy was a jumping Queen  
 And she's been jumping since she was sixteen  
 Well she bring me a little coffee, she bring me a little tea  
 She bring me damn near everything but the jailhouse key.

If you ever go to Houston then you'd better walk right  
 And you'd better not stagger and you'd better not fight  
 Or the Sherriff will arrest you and carry you down  
 You can bet your bottom dollar, you're penitentiary bound.

## ROUNDS

## 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.

## ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH

All things shall perish from under the sky,  
 Music alone shall live (X3)  
 Never to die

## LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter (X2)  
 Melancholy flower (X2)  
 Life is but a melon (X2)  
 Cauliflower (X2)

## SOME MORE 'ROUNDS' SONGS

Donna nobis pacem

Turn again Whittington

I hear thunder

Row, Row

Great Tom is cast

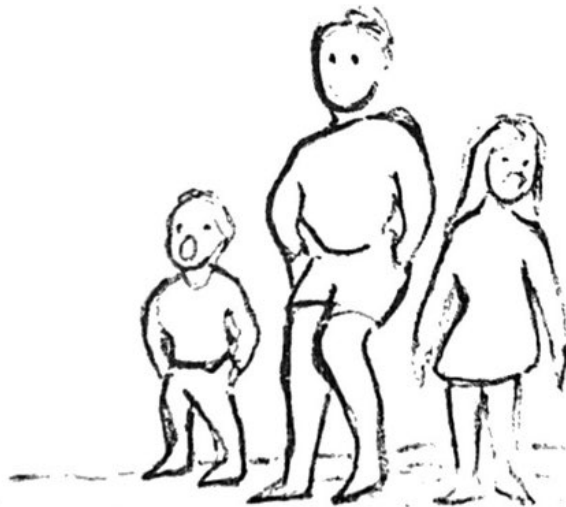
Animal Fair

Rock my Soul

London's Burning

Come Follow

Fish and Chips and Vinegar





## OLD SMOKY

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

Now courting's a pleasure and partings' a grief  
But a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.  
A thief he will rob you and take what you have,  
But a false hearted lover will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust,  
There's not one man in a million a poor girl can trust.  
He'll tell you he loves you and tell you more lies  
Than the crossties on the railroad  
or the stars in the skies.

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.  
Come all you young maidens and listen to me,  
Don't hang your affections on a green willow tree.

For the leaves they will wither  
and the roots they will die,  
And you'll be forsaken and never know why.  
Bury me on Old Smoky, Old Smoky so high,  
Where the wild birds in heaven can hear my sad cry.

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.

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.



There was a wild colonial boy  
Jack Duggan was his name.  
He was born and raised in Ireland  
In a place called Castelmaine.  
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.

## 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 on a basket and sold on the sly  
 And the name that it goes by is quare bungle rye ...

Jack gave 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 ...

There once was a troop of Irish Dragoons  
Came marching down through Fyvie-0  
And our Captain's fell in love wi' a lady like a dove  
The fairest maiden in Fyvie-0

There's many a bonny lass in the Shire of Inverness  
There's many a bonny lass in the Fyvie-0  
There's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen  
But the fairest o' them all is pretty Peggy-0

Come tripping down the stairs pretty Peggy my dear  
Come tripping down the stairs pretty Peggy-0  
Come tripping down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair  
And bid a last farewell to your mammy-0

What would your mammy think if she heard the guineas chink  
And the hautboys playing afore ye-0  
What would your mammy think if she heard the guineas chink  
And kenned you were married to a soldier 0

I never did intend a soldiers wife to be  
I never will marry a soldier-0  
I never did intend going to a foreign land  
I'd rather bide here with my mammy-0

Then its up cries the Colonel mount boys mount  
Oh tarry cries our captain oh tarry-0  
Oh tarry for a while for another day or two  
To see if this fair maiden will marry 0

It was early the next morning as we marched away  
And oh, but our captain was sorry-0  
The drums they did beat o'er the bonnie braes o'gight  
And the fife played the Lowlands of Fyvie-0.

It was long er' we came to old Meldrun Town  
That we had our captain to carry-0  
It was long e'r we came to bonnie Aberdeen  
That we had our captain to bury-0

Oh green grow the kirks on bonnie ythen Side  
And low lie the Lowlands of Fyvie-0  
Our captain he is dead, and he died for a maid  
He died for the bonnie lass of Fyvie-0

## SKYE BOAT SONG

Chorus and Sing First.  
 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.

Many's the lad fought on that day  
 Well the claymore could wield  
 When the night came silently lay  
 Dead on Culloden's field

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.

Burned are our homes, exile and death  
 Scattered the loyal men,  
 Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath  
 Charlie will come again.



## SINNER MAN

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to (X3)  
All on that day

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me (X3)  
Lord said sinner man sun'll be a freezing

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me (X3)  
Lord said sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding

Run to the rock, rock wont you hide me (X3)  
Lord said sinner man rock'll be a melting

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me (X3)  
Lord said sinner man, sea'll be a boiling

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me (X3)  
No sinner man you should be a prayin'

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me (X3)  
Yes sinner man come on in and howdy.

## SANTE ANNO

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

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.

She's a fast clipper ship and a bully good crew  
A down knees Yankee for her skipper too.

Back in the days of '49  
Those were the days of the good old wine.

When I leave ship, I'll settle down,  
I'll marry a girl named Sally Brown.

There's plenty of gold, so I've been told  
Way down in Californio.



## 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.

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 SUN

The sun is burning in the sky,  
Strands of cloud go slowly drifting by,  
In the park the dreamy bees  
are droning in 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

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 mind.

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  
 Each tea lasts an hour (cup)  
 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)

## 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".

And drill, ye tarriers, drill (x2)  
 For it's work all day for the sugar in yer  
 Down behind the old railway, (tay)  
 And drill ye tarriers, drill  
 And blast - and fire!

Our new foreman is Jimmy McCann,  
 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.

## 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 (X3),  
 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.

## HOT TIME

Now it's gentlemen 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  
 Pick up two and circle six hands round (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-si-do  
 Take her in your arms and around and around you go  
 Promenade with sweetest girl you know  
 There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Repeat from \* for each couple in turn.

## I WANT TO BE NEAR YOU

First couple separate go out around the ring  
 You pass your partners going out  
 You pass them coming in  
 Bow to your corner  
 Promenade your own

Sing -                    I want to be near you  
                           You're the one the one the one,  
                           I want to be near you  
                           Your the one for me

Repeat for all couples

## BLAYDON RACES

I went to Blaydon races, twas on the  
     ninth of June  
 Eighteen hundred and sixty two on a  
     summer's afternoon  
 I took the bus from Balmbra's and she  
     was heavy laden  
 Away we went along Collingwood Street  
     that's on the road to Blaydon.

## CHORUS

Oh me lads, you should have seen us ganning  
 Passing the folks upon the road  
 Just as they were standing.  
 There were lots of lads and lasses there  
 And all with smiling faces  
 Ganning along the Scotswood Road  
 To see the Blaydon races.

We flew past Armstrong's factory  
 And up to the "Robin Adair"  
 Just ganning down to the railway bridge  
 The bus wheel flew off there.  
 The lasses lost their crinolines off  
 And the veils that hide their faces  
 And I got two black eyes and a broken nose  
 In ganning to Blaydon races.

When we got the wheel put on  
 Away we went again.  
 But them that had their noses broke  
 They came over home.  
 Some went to the dispensary  
 And some to Doctor Gibbs  
 And some to the Infirmary  
 To mend their broken ribs.

Now when we got to Paradise  
 There was bonny game begun  
 There was four and twenty on the bus, man,  
 How they danced and sang  
 They called on me to sing a song  
 I sang them Paddy Fagan  
 I danced a jig and swung me twig  
 That day I went to Blaydon.

We flew across the Chain Bridge  
 Right into Blaydon town.  
 The Bellman he was calling there -  
 They call him Jacky Brown.  
 I saw him talking to some chaps  
 And them he was persuading  
 To gan and see Geordy Ridley's concert  
 In the Mechanics Hall at Blaydon.

The rain it poured all the day  
 And made the ground quite muddy.  
 Coffy Johny had a white hat on -  
 They were shouting "Who stole the cuddy?"  
 There was spice stalls and monkey shows  
 And old wives selling ciders  
 And a chap with a halfpenny roundabout  
 shouting  
 "Now me lads for riders!".



## RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said to Noah )  
 There's going to be a floody, floody ) twice  
 Get those children  
 Out of the muddy, muddy  
 Children of the Lord

It's time to rise and shine )  
 And give God your glory, glory ) Three  
 Children of the Lord ) times

So Noah he made him )  
 He made him an arky, arky ) twice  
 With cedar planks  
 And hickory barky, barky  
 Children of the Lord

The animals they came in )  
 They came in by two-sies, two-sies ) twice  
 Ele-phants and kangaroosies, roosies  
 Children of the Lord

The animals, they came in )  
 They came in by threesies, threesies ) twice  
 Or-ang-u-tangs and chimpanzeezies, zeezies  
 Children of the Lord

## 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, every 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.

MORE SONGS TO SING

EX 1

ABDUL EL BULBUL EMIR  
ABILENE  
ALPHONSO SPEGONI  
ANIMAL FAIR  
ANIMAL NOISES  
(TUNE-WENCESLAS)  
APUSKI DUSKY  
AUNT RHODY  
AULD LANG SYNE  
AUPRES DE MA BLONDE  
BALLARD OF LOU MARSH  
BANANAS IN PYJAMAS  
BARLEY MOW  
BEAR WENT OVER THE  
MOUNTAIN  
BELLS OF RHYMNEY  
BOG DOWN IN THE VALLEY  
BREAD AND FISHES  
CHAMPION AT KEEPING 'EM  
ROLLING  
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING  
CHEVALIER DE LA TABLE  
RONDE  
CLEMENTINE  
CLICK GO THE SHEARS  
COCK ROBIN  
COLD HAILY, WINDY, NIGHT  
COMING ROUND THE  
MOUNTAIN  
CONTRACTOR, THE  
COOPER OF FIFE  
COPPER KETTLE  
CORRINA CORRINA  
CROW ON THE CRADLE  
CUTTY WREN  
DADDY'S TAKING US TO  
THE ZOO  
DAISY DAISY  
DARKIE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
DEVIL'S NINE QUESTIONS  
DEVIL WOMAN  
DONAL' WHAURS YER  
TROOSERS?

DONKEY RIDING  
DONNA NOBIS PACEM  
DON'T THINK TWICE  
DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE  
DOWN IN DEMERARA  
DRUNKEN SAILOR  
EARLY ONE MORNING  
FAMILY OF MAN  
FISH AND CHIPS AND  
VINEGAR  
FOLLOW THE DRINKING  
GOURD  
FIRE DOWN BELOW  
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE  
FREIGHT TRAIN  
FRERE JACQUES  
FROG WENT A COURTING  
GENTLEMAN SOLDIER  
GO TELL IT ON THE  
MOUNTAIN  
GOING DOWN THE ROAD  
FEELING BAD  
GORGING JACK AND  
GUZZLING JIMMY  
GRAND CANYON LINE  
GREAT TOM IS CAST  
HANGING JOHNNY  
HAUL ON THE BOWLINE  
HEADS SHOULDERS KNEES  
AND TOES  
HE'S GOT THE WHOLE  
WORLD  
HIPPOPOTAMUS  
HENRY MY SON  
HERES' TO THE GOOD  
OLD BEER  
HOME ON THE RANGE  
HONEY YOU CAN'T LOVE  
ONE  
HULLABALOO BELAY  
HUSH LITTLE BABY  
I BELONG TO GLASGOW  
I CAN SING A RAINBOW

## EX 2

I HEAR THUNDER  
 I KNOW MY LOVE  
 I NEVER WILL MARRY  
 I SEND HER FOR BREAD  
 IF I HAD A HAMMER  
 IF YOU'RE HAPPY  
 IIKLEY MOOR  
 IN A COTTAGE  
 ISLAND IN THE SUN  
 IT AINT ME BABE  
 IT'S A LONG WAY TO  
                   TIPPERARY  
 I'VE GOT SIXPENCE  
 JERUSALEM  
 JOHN BARLEYCORN  
 JOHN BROWN'S BODY  
 JOHN HENRY  
 JOHNNY I HARDLY  
                   KNEW YOU  
 KEEL-ROW  
 KEEP THAT WHEEL  
                   A'TURNING  
 KIMBAYA  
 LAND OF THE SILVER  
                   BIRCH  
 LARKS, THE  
 LILY THE PINK  
 LITTLE BOXES  
 LITTLE BROWN JUG  
 LLOYD GEORGE KNEW  
                   MY FATHER  
 LOCH LOMOND  
 LOLLY TOO DUM  
 LONDON'S BURNING  
 LOWLANDS  
 MANCHESTER RAMBLER  
 MAN OF CONSTANT  
                   SORROW  
 MANY THOUSANDS GONE  
 MY GIRLS A CORKER  
 MERMAID, THE  
 MICHAEL FINNEGAN  
 MORNINGTOWN RIDE  
 MY BONNIE

NORTH COUNTRY MAID  
 NORTHERN LIGHT, THE  
 OAK AND THE ASH  
 OL' TEXAS  
 OLD KING COLE  
 OLD MACDONALD  
 OLD MOTHER LEE  
 ON TOP OF SPAGHETTI  
 ONE MEAT BALL  
 ONE MORE RIVER  
 PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES  
 PAPER OF PINS  
 PEAT BOG SOLDIERS  
 PICK A BALE OF COTTON  
 POLLY WOLLY DOODLE  
 POOR OLD MAN  
 PRICKLI BUSH  
 PUNCH LADLE  
 QUATERMASTERS STORES  
 QUEENIE  
 RAMBLING BOY  
 REUBEN JONES  
 RICKETY TICKETY TIN  
 RIDDLE SONG  
 RIDING DOWN FROM  
                   BANGOR  
 RIO GRANDE  
 RISING OF THE MOON  
 ROCK ISLAND LINE  
 ROCK MY SOUL  
 ROTHESAY-O  
 ROW, ROW  
 SAN FRANCISCO BAY  
                   BLUES  
 SALLY FREE AND EASY  
 SCARBOROUGH FAIR  
 SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS  
 SHE WAS POOR, BUT...  
 SHORTNIN' BREAD  
 SKIP TO MY LOU  
 SONG OF THE CLYDE  
 SONG OF THE  
                   SALVATION ARMY

SNOW SNIFFING LAMENT  
ST JAMES INFIRMARY  
STEALIN'  
STRANGEST DREAM  
STREETS OF LAREDO  
TAMBOURINE MAN  
TEN IN THE BED  
THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE  
THERE WAS AN OLD LADY  
THERE'S A HOLE IN MY  
                  BUCKET  
TIMES THE ARE  
                  A-CHANGING  
TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON  
TURN, TURN, TURN  
TURPIN HERO  
TWANKY DILLO  
UNDER THE LILAC  
UPPIDEE  
WALKING THE BULLDOG  
WALTZING MATILDA  
WE SHALL OVERCOME  
WESTERING HOME  
WHAT DID YOU LEARN  
                  IN SCHOOL  
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE  
                  TO THE RAIN  
WHEN I FIRST CAME  
                  TO THIS LAND  
WHERE HAVE ALL THE  
                  FLOWERS GONE  
WHITE COCKADE  
WILD COLONIAL BOY  
WINDMILL OF OLD  
                  AMSTERDAM  
WOD'S THE STUFF  
WOODLING AND ELF  
YANKEE DOODLE  
YELLOW ROSES  
YELLOW SUBMARINE  
YORKSHIRE TUP  
YOUR MOTHER SHOULD KNOW