GEORGIA DE

SFSC

SONG BOOK

FOREST SCHOOL CAMPS

SONG BOOK

BLAZK FAMILY

Version 1935, reprinted 1991

This Song Eark 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 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 true love to be

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 is a jewel while it is new; But when it is old it growath 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 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 blew loud on his horn
Blew loud on his horn,
And all that he blew it was lost and gone,
Lost and gone.

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

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

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

Oh, nut brown maiden escape me not: I have great hounds that will fetch thee hot.

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

Thy night mighty leapings they know them well; They know that today death thee must fell.

Well if I die then, I'll be dead: Oh, 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.

SOLDIER AND THE SAILOR

A soldier and a sailor were walking one day Said the soldier to the sailor, Let's kneel down 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 Halleliua to go on a bash.

And if we have one bash, may we also have ten;

May we have the Bank of England said the sailor, Amen.

And the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for a wench, Glory Halleliua, and may she be French.

And if we have one wench, then may we have ten;

May we have a ruddy harem said the sailor, Amen.

And the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for some wives Glory Halleliua, the bane of our lives.

And if we have one wife, then may we have ten;

May they all live in Tipperary said the sailor, Amen.

And the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for some beer, Glory Alleliua, to give us good cheer.

And if we have one beer, then may we have ten;

May we have a ruddy brewery said the sailor, Amen

And the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for the queen, Glory Alleliua, long may she reign.

And if we have one queen, then may we have ten;

May we have a ruddy regiment said the sailor, Amen

And the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for the king, A right rotten person to us he has been.

And if he has one dose, then may he have ten;

May he have a ruddy hospital said the sailor, Amen

And the next thing we'll pray for, we'll pray for ourselves, Glory Halleliua, and long may we dwell.

And if we have one year, then may we 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 goes 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 that in this town row
Would look at a blackleg miner.

For Deleva is a terrible place They rub wet clay in a blackleg's face; Around the pits they run a foot race To catch a 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 and Maria.
You won't have a name when you fly the big airplane;
All they will call you will be deportees.

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

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

Radio says they are 'just deportees'.

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

RED MEN

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 bend 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.

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

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

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

Well, I'm going to send thee two by two Two for the Paul and Silas

Three for the Hebrew children

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments.

POOR OLD MAN

A poor old man was crossing the road, Crossing the road, crossing the road, The poor old man was crossing the road When along came a

Wheelbarrow
Fish and chip potato cart
Trolley-bus wire wiper
Corporation cart what sucks water
[up an 'ole

Oh, don't let the wheels of your.....

Your...., your.....
Oh, don't let the wheels of your.....
Run over the poor old man.

THE OLD CHARIOT

Roll the old chariot along, Roll the old chariot along, Roll the old chariot along 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 sea pie wouldn't do us any harm.

A new plum duff wouldn't do us any harm.

A glass of whiskey hot wouldn't do us any harm.

HEAVEN

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's talking 'bout heaven and going there,
Heaven, heaven,
I'm gonna walk all over God's heaven.

Shoesdance
Songsing
Harpplay
Wingsfly

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

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.

SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,]
Coming for to carry me home] x2

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 cannonballs 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?

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

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 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 to the water's strand. I picked her up and threw her in And watched her body floating by.

I wandered home 'twixt 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 is worst of all,
That Mary Hamilton's borne 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 the 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 dee.

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

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 And looked with a pitiful eye, Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton, Tonight you dine with me.

Oh, hold your tongue, my Sovereign Leige, And let your folly be, 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.

HELSTON FURRY DANCE (OR 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 Tawra.

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 over and over. In a neat little town they call 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 | 2nd half
And her hair it hung over her shoulder of the tune
Tied up in a black velvet band.

I took a stroll down Broadway
Meaning not long for to stay,
When who should I see but a pretty fair maid,
Come tripping along the pathway.
I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
I knew she meant a-doing for him
By the look in her roguish black eye.
His watch she took from his pocket]
And placed it right into me hand] 2nd half of
And the very next thing that I said was] the tune
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 is proven 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 Dieman'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 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 HERRING

Oh, it was a fine and 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 Swarf 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 ground in the month of June And for Canny Fields 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 a 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.

And 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 goodbye.

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 they 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 you don't need any money.

Oh, the buzzing of the bees
In the cigarette trees,
The soda-water fountains,
Where the lemonade springs
And the bluebird 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 jump 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 pocketful of gold
Saying, Take this, my dear, for the mischief I have done,
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.

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

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

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 sea 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'll 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.

GRIENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong To cast me ofr discourtcously, For I have loved you so long, Delighting in your company.

> Greensleeves was my delight, Greensleeves was all my joy, Greensleeves was my heart of gold And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand To grant whatever you would crave; I have both waged life and land Your love and goodwill for to have.

My men were clothed all in green And they did ever wait on thee; All this was gallant to be seen And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Thou couldst desire no earth! y thing But still thou hadst it readily;
Thy music still to play and sing
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

Well, I will pray to God on high That thou my constancy will see, And that just once before I die Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me.

MY GRANDFATHER'S COOCK

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

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 he had spent as a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share in his grief and his joy.
And it struck twentyfour as he entered in the door
With his blushing and beautiful bride,
But it stopped, short, never to go again
when the old man died.

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

It struck an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb,
And we knew that his spirit was poised for its flight,
That the hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept good time with a soft and muffled
[chime]

As we silently stood by his side, But it stopped, short, never to go again, when the old man died.

FIDDLERS 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 some day 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 through There's pubs and there's 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 farmer's yard; The ducks and the geese were all a-feared: A couple of you will grease my beard Before I leave this town-o, town-o, 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, down-o, 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, den-o, den-o.

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

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 Grenadee.

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 nightingale 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 Tott'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, the 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,
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, five hundred miles, five hundred miles,
five hundred miles,

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, this-a-way, this-a-way, 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 currant bun?
In the woods, Muvver (x2)

Oh 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, thems 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 go dry And brush away the bluetail fly.

> Gimme crack corn and I don't care Gimme crack corn and I don't care Gimme crack corn and I don't care My master's gone away.

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

One day he rose 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 herring's head? Oh, what'll you do with your herring's 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 herring's eyes?
What'll you do with your herring's eyes?
I make them into puddings and pies.

What'll I do with my herring's gills? What'll you do with your herring's gills? I make them into window sills.

What'll I do with my herring's back? What'll you do with your herring's back? I make them into a fishing smack.

What'll I do with my herring's fins? What'll you do with your herring's fins? I make them into needles and pins.

What'll I do with my herring's scales? What'll you do with your herring's scales? I make them into a ship with sails.

What'll I do with my herring's guts?
What'll you do with your herring's guts?
I make them into a pair of boots.

What'll I do with my herring's tail? What'll you do with your herring's tail? I make them 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 go all 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 young women, I took this fair maid for a walk Mark well what I do say, 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 young women,
I took her hand within my own,
Mark well what I do say,
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 the union there came three, A porky and a porpoise and the other was me.

Yo, ho, ho, the wind blows free, On, 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 became of my children three? My mother then she asked of me. 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 she 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 morning 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 sang was a jug of punch.

What more diversion can a man desire Than to court a girl by an alehouse fire With kerry pippin to crack and 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, said 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 old spree! So we all went down with good ol' Brown The beer we couldn'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 its all mopped up!
Someone shouted, MacIntyre!
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Old Johnson rushed to the port-wine tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks.
He started taking off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
Hold on! says Snoops, If you wanna wash yer feet
There's a tub of four ale here;
Don't dip your trotters in the port-wine tub
When we've still got some old stale beer!

Just then there came such an awful crash, Half the bloomin' mosf gave way.
We was fun with ine incemen's hose But still we work and some old tintacks, And bungel ourselves inside,
And we all got drinking good old scotch Till we was bloary wed!

BANANA BOAT SONG

Come, Mr Tallyman, come tally my banana Daylight come and I want to go home. Out come a great big, hairy tarantula, Daylight come and I vant to go home.

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

Well, I'm loading the baranas all night long, Daylight come and I want to go home.
Six foot, seven foot, sight foot bunch, Daylight come and I want to go home.

Hey! all of the workmen sing this song, Daylight come and I want to go home. Well, I sleep by the sun and I work by the moon, Daylight come and I want to go home.

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

MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

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

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

Mary wore three links of chain And every one was Freedom's name. Pharoah's army got drownded, O, Mary, don't you weep.

One of these nights, about twelve o'clock This old world's going to reel and rock. Pharoah's army got drownded, O, Mary, don't you weep.

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore Shooting the water with a two-by-four. Pharoah's army got drownded, O, Mary, don't you weep.

God gave Noah the rainbow sign, No more water, but fire next time. Pharoah's army got drownded, O, Mary, don't you weep.

The Lord told Moses what to do
To lead those Hebrew children through.
Pharoah's army got drownded,
O, Mary, don't you weep.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, valley so low, Hang your head over, hear the winds blow. Hear the winds blow, love, hear the winds blow Hang your head over, hear the winds 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'm bound for California
But I know that I'll return one 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; 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.

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. Dirty old town, dirty old town.

The clouds are drifting across the moon, Cats are prowling on their beat.

Springs a girl in the street at night.

Dirty old town, dirty old town.

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

FOGGY DEW

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. We had some chickens - no eggs would they lay. 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 those chicken right off of their guard. They're laying aggs now just like they used to, Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give. We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give. 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 those 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. 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 those 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.
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 FGGsactly just like it use 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 you are a Logger And not just a common bum I see you are 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 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.

] 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 its 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 aim 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.

CHORUS

There was Didi, 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 yonder hill
And run down yon lowest ghyll,
Thinking that he'd find his freedom there
for ever.

Now the next fox he was old
And his trials past a-dawning
He 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 ever failing.
It's been just one month today Since
I heard the Squire say
Oh, forward then me brave hounds for ever!

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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 opught 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 to all mankind
                                        (x3)
Sha'll very soon be a mother.
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THE KEEPER

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

CHORUS

Jackie-boy, Sing ye well, Hey, down!

Master, Very well, Ho, down!

Derry, derry, down.
Among the leaves so green-o!

To my hey, down, down! Hey, down!

To my ho, down, down! Ho, down!

Derry, derry, down.
Among the leaves so green-o!

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

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

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

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

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 twentyone links of chain (x3) And every one initialled with my name.

I asked the Judge, What's gonna be my fine? (x3) Twentyone years on the Rocky Mountain Line.

The train I ride is twentyone 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 drownded in the deep blue sea.

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

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

Lower him down on a golden chain (x3) It was Willie what got drownded 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 store-boss 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 lotta' 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 Pearce, Tam Pearce, lend me your grey mare, All along, down along, out along lea, Us wants for to go to Widdecombe Fair.

With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer', Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

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

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along lea,
And Tam Pearce's grey mare she had not trotted home.

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

Now Tam Pearce's grey mare she took sick and died. All along, down along, out along lea, And Tam Pearce he sat down on a stone and he cried.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night All along, down along, out along lea,
Tam Pearce's grey mare doth appear ghastly white.

And all the night long there are skirlings and groan All along, down along, out along lea, From Tam Pearce's grey mare and her rattling of bone

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 waterside.

Fa-la-la, la-la-la, Fa-la-la-la, la-la-la, A sailor and his fair young bride Were weeping by the waterside.

'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 never shall 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.

Wher my apron strings would 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, was you ever saw, was you ever saw Such a funny thing before?

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

(further verses ad lib)

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 ter get a claithes prop Doon the double ra'

He's rammed it up the cundie Doon the double ra'

Still he cou'na fetch it Doon the double ra'

He gan ter get a terrier Doon the double ra'

He's pushed him up the cundie Doon the double ra'

Still he cou'na fetch it Doon the double ra'

He's gan and got gunpowder Doon the double ra'

He's rammed it up the cundie
And he's blown down double ra'

Still cou'na fetch it
And he's blown down double ra'

'Twas 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.

CHORUS

Fare thee well for I must leave you
Do not let this parting grieve you
But remember that the best of friends must part
Adieu, adieu kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I'll hang my harp on a 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 they used to spark, used to spark And now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his knee, on his knee.

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

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 offin And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea, But my eye could not see it, where'er it might be, The barque that is bearing my lover to me.

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.

I stood by the lighthouse that last time we parted Till darkness came over 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, 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.

It is 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
Away, you rolling river,
With notions his canoe was laden
Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river,
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water
Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missour

Oh, Shenandoah, I took a notion

Away, you rolling river,

To sail across the stormy ocean,

Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri

'Tis seven long years since last I saw her,
Away, you rolling river,
'Tis seven long years the love I've borne her,
Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri

He sold the chief the fire water,
Away, you rolling river,
And 'cross the river stole his daughter.
Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missour

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away, you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missour

She went away and took another,
Away, you rolling river,
She went away, forsook her lover,
Away, we're bound to go 'cross the wide Missouri

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

Heel ye ho, boys; let her go, boys; Bring her head round, now all together Heel ye 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 E'er the sun set at Mingulay.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born, Heave away, haul away, In South Australia 'round Cape Horn, 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, haul away, 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair We're bound for South Australia.

I shook her up, I shook her down, Heave away, haul away, I shook her round and round the town, We're bound for South Australia.

There ain't but one thing grieves my mind, Heave away, haul away, To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind, We're bound for South Australia.

And as we wallop round Cape Horn,
Heave away, haul away,
You'll wish to God you'd never been born,
We're bound for South Australia.

MAGGIE MAY

me gather round you sailor boys and listen to my son And when you've neard it through you'll pity me,

For I was a goddam fool
the port of Liverpool

The first time that I came home from sea.

was paid off at the Hove for a trip from Sydney Cove id two pounds ten a month was all me pay, But I started drinking gin and was neatly taken in

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 my breath away, the was cruising up and down Old Canning Place, 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 broken No trousers, coat or waskit could I find;

re landlady said, Sir, can tell you where trey are They'll be down at the pawnshop, Number Nine.

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,

pes your mother know you're out
but agreed the lady ought to be in jail.

the pawnshop I applied but no trousers could I find the bobbies came and took the girl away. The judge he guilty found 'er robbing a homeward bounder and paid her passage out to Botany Bay.

A CAPITAL SHIP

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Whalioping 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 bosum's mate was very sedate
Yet fond of amusement, too.
He played hopscotch 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 roasted 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 poopoo smiles
and the rubbly ugbugs roar;
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee,
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof 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 Torribly Zone;
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much ca
So we cheerfully 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,
Drinkin' 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 ashore,
Let me go home;
I want to go home.
Please let me alone;
I feel so break-up, I want to go home.
(I wanna, I wanna, I wanna)

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

GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Our boots and clothes 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.

It's round that Cape we all must go, Go down, you blood red roses, go down. Our clothes all stiff with ice and snow. Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

My dear old mother she wrote to me Go down, you blood red roses, go down. Saying, Dearest son, come home from sea. Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

It's growl you may but go you must.

Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

If you growl too hard your head they'll bust.

Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

Just one more heave and that'll do; Go down, you blood red roses, go down. And we're the boys to kick her through. Go down, you blood red roses, go down.

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, addity, Singing tooral-li, ooral-li, ay. Singing tooral-li, ooral-li, addity, 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 passenge Knows what we convicts go through.

'Taint the leaving of England we cares about, 'Taint because we mis-spells 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 sweet dookies and duchesses Take warning from what I've got 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.

CHORUS

For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew, Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few, Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines, It's 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 claes 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

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, The American Railway was begun, The Great American Railway.

CHORUS

Patsy-atsy-or-ee-ay (x3) The Great American 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) To 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 eighty 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 divine (x2) Overlooking the Railway.

In eighteen hundred and eighty ten
If you want any 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 some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street Way, ay! blow the man down!
A saucy young damsel I happened to meet.
Gimme some time to blow the man down.

I says to her, Polly, and how do you do?
Way, ay! blow the man down!
She says, None the better for seeing of you!
Gimme some time to blow the man down.

Oh, we'll blow the man up and we'll blow the man down Way, ay! blow the man down! We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town. Gimme some time to blow the man down.

THE DERBY RAM

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

It's true, sir, it's true, sir!
I never was one to lie.
Ask anyonc 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!

The 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 Derby, sir, And he'll tell you the same as I! GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

I'll sing you one-o,
Green grow the rushes-o!
What is your one-o?
One is one and all alone
And ever more shall be so.

Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-c

Three, three, the rivals.

Four for the gospel-makers.

Five for the symbols at your door.

Six for the six proud walkers.

Seven for the seven stars in the sky.

Eight for the April rainers.

Nine for the nine bright shiners.

Ten for the ten commandments.

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven.

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 hand-out To revive us again.

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

Oh, why don't you work
As other men do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Oh, Why don't you pray
For your daily bread?
Well, if that's all I did
I would damn soon be dead!

Oh, I went to a house And I knocked on the door; The lady said, Bum, Bum, You've been here before!

GOODNIGHT IRENE

Irene, goodnight 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 seas run 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'm bound far away. I'm bound for the East Indies Where the loud cannons 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 up high 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 l'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 from 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 the year.

TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer (wah!) carry it to the captain (wah!) (2 Tell him I'm gone, tell him I'm gone.

If ne asks you (wah!) was I running (wah!) (x3) You can tell him, you can tell him I was flying.

If he asks you (wah!) was I laughin' (wah!) (x3)
You can tell him I was crying, you can tell him I was cryi

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

I don't want no cornbread and 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 you 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
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o!

Alive, alive-o, alive, alive-o! Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o!

She was a fishmonger, but shure 'twas no wonder For so were her father and mother before, As they each wheeled their barrow Through streets broad and narrow Crying, Cockles and mussels alive, alive-o!

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 Through streets broad and narrow Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-o!

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 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 you a gilded cradle 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 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 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 custom as yours I can get any day!

I drew out of 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 they were only in jest

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've do 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 Jordan is deep and wide, alleluia. Milk and honey on the other side, alleluia.

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

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-ringum-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 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 napping.
I beheld a band of footmen and the wily, handsome captain.
I reached for my pistols for to begin the slaughter
But I could not discharge them for I couldn't fire the water

I reached for my sabre but I found I hadn't any.
Then I knew 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, it's 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.

What's the use of wearing braces, Hats and spats and shoes with laces? All the things you buy in places Down the Brompton Road.

What's 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 dressed up in tin and 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 britches. We have woad to clothe us which is Not a nest for fleas.

Romans, keep your armours!
Saxons, your pyjamas!
Hairy coats were meant for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.

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

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FOGGY DEW As sung by Harry Cox of Suffolk. See also p. 42.

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 a child It would make you laugh and smile. Supposing you should have another It would make you think awhile. Supposing you should have another. Another and another one, too, It would make you leave off these 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 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 smile
And I think of the foggy dew.

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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! Sliding down St Peter's shoen,

I saw the mouse chase the cat, fie, man, fie! And saw the cheese eat the rat.

I saw the maid milk the bull, fic, man, fie! Every stroke a bucketful.

I saw the hare chase the hounds, fie, man, fie! Forty miles above the ground.

I saw the flea heave a tree, fie, man, fie! Forty leagues across the sea.

I saw the sheep shearing corn. fie, man, fie! 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 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 long tail filly and the big black horse, Doodah, doodah,

They fly the track and they both cut across Doodah, doodah, day.

The blind hoss sticking in a big mud hole. Can't touch the 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 racetrack, then repeat. I win money on the bobtail nag. I keep my money in an old tow-bag.

WHISKEY ON A SUNDAY

I sits at the corner of Beggar's Bush Astride of an old packing case And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancin As he crooned with a smile on his face.

Da, da, da, come day, go day,
Wishing me heart it was Sunday,
La, la, la,
Thinking what I'll do all the week
And it's 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 throw
And the plank went to mend the back door.

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

*COULTER'S CANDY

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

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

Poor wee soul, you're lookin' awfu' thin, A rackle 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 be, When you grow up you'll gae tae sea, Makin' pennies for daddy and me Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

* pronounced "Cooters"

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MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

An old man came courting me, hey ding dorum day, 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 you're young never wed an old ma

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 you're young never wed an old man.

When we went to bed, hey ding dorum day, When we went to bed, me being young, When we went to bed, he lay like he was dead, Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

I threw me leg over him, hey ding dorum day,
I threw me leg over him, me being young,
I threw me leg over him, damn near did smother him,
Maids when you're young never wed an old man.

When he went to sleep, hey ding dorum day, when he went to sleep, me being young, when he went to sleep, out of bed did I 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

CHORUS

Here's one, two, three jolly lads, all in one mind, We are come a pace-egging and I hope you'll prove kind And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and 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.

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 Tosspot, you'll see, He's a valiant old man and in every degree; He's a valiant old man and he wears a pigtail 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 and goodnigh

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 brings me a little coffee, she brings me a little tea She brings 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 sheriff will arrest you and carry you down; You can bet your bottom dollar you're penitentiary bound.

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 in 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, music alone shall live, Music alone shall live, never to die.

LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter, life is butter
Melancholy flower, melancholy flower;
Life is but a melon, life is but a melon
Cauliflower, cauliflower.



SOME MORE 'ROUND' SON(

Donna nobis pacem

Turn again Whittington

I hear thunder

Row, row, row your boat

Great Tom is cast

Animal Fair

Rock my Soul

London's burning

Come follow, follow

Fish and chips and vinegar

OLD SMOKEY

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

Now courting's a pleasure and parting's 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 cross-ties 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 Smokey, Old Smokey so high Where the wild birds in heaven can hear my sad cry.

RED RIVER VALLEY

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

CHORUS

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

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

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

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

WILD COLONIAL BOY

There was a wild colonial boy,
Jack Duggan was his name,
He was born and raised in Ireland
In a place called 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 he was a section as contined round the town And he met with a damsel as skips up and down. Says the damsel to Jack as she passed him by, Would ye care for to purchase some Quare Bungle Rye, [raddy rye? Fal-da-diddle, ay raddy rye, raddy rye.

Says Jack to himself, Now and what can this be? Why the finest old whisky from far Germany Smuggled up on a basket and sold on the sly, And the name that it goes by is Quare Bungle Rye. Fal-da-diddle, ay raddy rye, raddy rye.

Jack gave her a pound and he thought nothing strange She said, Hold me old basket while I run for your char Jack peeped in the basket and a child he did spy. Oh, damn it, says Jack, Call him Quare Bungle Rye. Fal-da-diddle, ay raddy rye, raddy 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. Fal-da-diddle, ay raddy lye, raddy rye.

So come all you young sailors as roams round the town Beware of them damsels as skips up and down; Reware of those ladies as you pass them by Or else they might sell you some Quare Bungle Rye Fal-da-diddle, ay raddy rye, raddy rye.

PEGGY-O

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

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

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

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

I never did intend a soldier's wife to be; I never will marry a soldier-o I never did intend going to a foreign land I'd rather bide here with my mammy-o.

Then it's up, cries the Colonel, Mount, boys, mount! Oh, tarry, cries our Captain, Oh tarry-o. Oh, tarry for a while, for another day or two To see if this fair maiden will marry-o.

It was early the next morning as we marched away, And oh, but our Captain was sorry-o; The drums they did beat o'er the bonny Braes o'Gight And the fife played the Lowlands of Fyvie-o.

It was long e'er we came to old Meldrum Town That we had our Captain to carry-o. It was long e'er we came to bonny Aberdeen That we had our Captain to bury-o.

Oh, green grow the kirks on bonny Ythen Side
And low lie the Lowlands of Fyvie-o.
Our Captain is dead and he died for a maid,
He died for the bonnie-lass of Fyvie-o.

SKYE BOAT SONG .

CHORUS
Speed, bonny 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, Thunderclaps 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? Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to? Oh, sinner man, where you gonna run to? All on that day.

Run to the sun, Sun, won't you hide me? (x3) Lord said, Sinner man, sun'll be a-freezing, All on that day.

Run to the moon, Moon, won't you hide me? (x3) Lord said, Sinner man, moon'll be a-bleeding, All on that day.

Run to the rock, rock won't you hide me? (x3) Lord said, Sinner man, rock'll be a-melting, All on that day.

Run to the sea, Sea won't you hide me? (x3) Lord said, Sinner man, sea'll be a-boiling, All on that day.

Run to the Lord, Lord, won't you hide me? (x3) No, sinner man, you should be a-praying, All on that day.

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me? (x3) Yes, sinner man, come on in and howdy, All on that day.

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 GIPSY ROVER

The gipsy rover came over the hill,

Down through the valley so shady,

He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang

And he won the heart of a lady.

CHORUS

Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day,
Ah dee doo, ah dee 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 SIN

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 comples 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 comes 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 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 teacup,
Each cup lasts an hour then he wanders home alone.

Have you seen the old man
Outside the Seamen's 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 comes along and he says, Keep still
And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill.

CHORUS

And drill, ye tarriers, drill (x2)
For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay
Down behind the old railway,
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 McGough.

When next payday came around Jim Gough a dollar short was found; When asked what for, came this reply, You were stopped for the time you were up in the sl

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 as hard as the holes in hell! S

STEAMBOAT

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

H

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 sea-breeze blows away the starch.

A

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

W D S

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

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OH JOHNNY

I

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.

C

Swing your own if she can come and look and find you. Turn by the left with the corner girl,

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Do-si-doe your own,

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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 n 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 doe-si-doe,
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.

S I WANT TO BE NEAR YOU

S 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.

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A

Sing - I want to be near you,

You're the one, the one, the one.

I want to be near you.

I want to be near you, You're the one for me.

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K

Repeat for all couples.

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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.

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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.

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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 and a broken nose

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 went 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 Riley's concert
In the Mechanics Hall at Blaydon.

The rain it poured all the day
And made the ground quite muddy.
Coffy Johnny 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 ha'penny roundabout shouting
Now, me lads, for riders!

HIKIAY

RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said to Noah,
There's going to be a floody, floody
The Lord said to Noah,
There's going to be a floody, floody
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] (x3)
Children of the Lord.

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

The animals they came in,
They came in by too-sies, too-sies,
The animals they came in,
They came in by too-sies, too-sies,
Ele-phants and kanga-roosies, roosies,
Children of the Lord.

The animals, they came in,
They came in by three-sies, three-sies
The animals, they came in,
They came in by three-sies, three-sies
Orang-u-tangs and chimpan-zeesies, zeesies,
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: ever watchful be.
Mother Life God, she is calling thee,
Mother Life God, she is greeting thee,
Rise, arise, arise.

GOODNIGHT SONG

All is still, Night doth fill Dale and hill Heath and rill Mead and mill. Peace is here, Gone is fear, God is near.

TIME FOR MAN TO GO HOME

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.

SONGS FROM EARLIER SONGBOOKS

ABDUL, THE BULBUL EMIR
ABILENE
ALPHONSO SPEGONE
ANIMAL FAIR
ANIMAL NOISES
APUSKI DUSKY
AUNT RHODY
AULD LANG SYNE
AUPRES DE MA BLONDE
BALLAD 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
CORRINNA CORRINA
CROW ON THE CRADLE
CUTTY WREN
DADDY'S TAKING US TO THE

DAISY DAISY
DARKIE SUNDAY SCHOOL
DEVIL'S NINE QUESTIONS
DEVIL WOMAN
DONAL, WHAUR'S YER
TROOSERS

200

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

FIRE DOWN BELOW
FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE
FREIGHT TRAIN
FRERE JACQUES
FROG WENT A-COURTING
GENTLEMAN SOLDIER
GO TELL IT TO 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

HEAD SHOULDERS KNEES
AND TOES

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE
WORLD

HIPPOPOTAMUS HENRY MY SON

HERE'S TO 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

T HEAR THUNDER I KNOW MY LOVE I NEVER WILL MARRY I SEND HER FOR BREAD TF I HAD A HAMMER IF YOU'RE HAPPY ILKLEY MOOR IN A COTTAGE ISLAND IN THE SUN TT AIN'T ME BABE TT'S A LONGWAY 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 GIRL'S A CORKER MERMAID, THE MICHAEL FINNEGAN MORNINGTOWN RIDE

MY BONNIE

NORTH COUNTRY MAID NORTHERN LIGH, THE OAK AND THE ASH OL' TEXAS OLD KING COLE OLD MAVCDONALD 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 QUARTERMASTER'S STORES OUEENIE 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 BLUI 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 SNIFFIN LAMENT.

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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 THEY ARE

A-CHANGING

TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON TURN, TURN, TURN

TURPIN HERO

TWANKY DILLO

UNDER THE LILAC

UPPIDDEE

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

WINDMILLS OF OLD

AMSTERDAM

WOODLING AND ELF

YANKEE DOODLE

YORKSHIRE TUP

YOUR MOTHER SHOULD

KNOW

What is a Forest School Camp? It takes its name from a small boarding school which was started in 1929 in a valley in the New Forest in Hampshire. In the wooden huts which were the classrooms, living rooms and dormitories, up to thirty children of all ages lived with their teachers. But these were no ordinary teachers! Their aim was to allow the children to learn by doing: and there was plenty to do in the acres of pine woods and by the river at the end of the path. The children learned by working alongside the teachers looking after the ponies, cutting wood for the fires and cooking the meals, studying the Roman pottery and strange stones and wild plants and animals of the forest. They even helped to put out a forest fire which raged through the pinewood one dry summer!

Many of the lessons were taken out of doors and sometimes there would be hikes using homemade tents and rucksacs, carried on a trek cart. In 1947 it was decided to start camps so that other children could learn the "Woodcraft Way" of living. Since that time thousands of children and leaders have come together in camp communities. They have learned how to look after themselves and so to be able to look after others, discovering many of the lessons about living together and surviving. After a Forest School Camp the civilised world never looks quite the same again!

FSC people believe that each one of us needs to have a proper balance of Heart, Head and Hand.

They believe in Learning by Doing and in Teaching by Being.



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