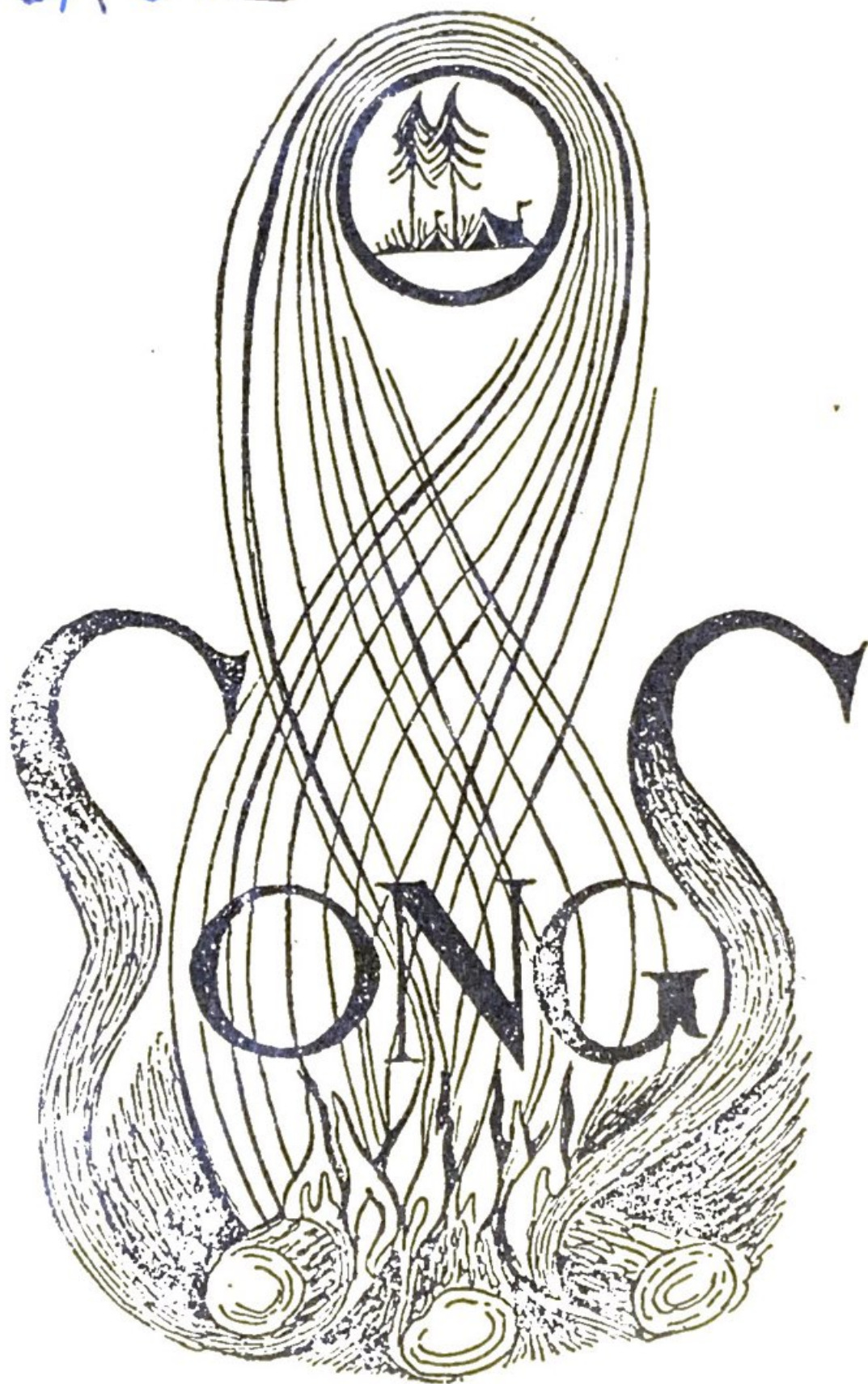


Chess

FSC

BLACK





# FOREST SCHOOL CAMPS SONGBOOK 1993

This is a draft version of the new edition of the songbook. If you find any mistakes or errors, please let us know so that we can correct them for the final version.

We have introduced a song numbering system to go along with page numbers. Every song that has ever appeared in an FSC songbook has been given a unique number. For those of you with older editions of the songbook, it is possible to find the page number that it always appeared on by taking the new song number and removing the final digit. Thus *The Ballad of Lou Marsh* is song number 140, and appears on page 14 of any older books that it is in. *Drill Ye Tarriers* is song 1035 and appears on page 103 if it is in your copy.

This new edition contains many new songs, and quite a few old favourites. To make space, some songs have had to be omitted. But there is now a new option. The Glee Committee holds copies of all the songs that have ever appeared in the FSC Songbook, so if you desperately want copies of a song that is not in the current version, write to us enclosing an SAE (A5) and we will do our best to supply them.

The words in this book are not necessarily the 'correct' ones, as there are often many versions of a song, and someone on your camp may know a better version. These words are provided as a guide, and to prompt fading memories (just which order *do* those verses go?)

The final version will hopefully have information on more songs as well as illustrations. If you have any information, illustrations or general comments/criticism please write to:

The Glee Committee,  
Flat 11, 18-20 Hornsey Rise,  
Ashley Road, London N19 3SB

This copy belongs to  
BLACK FAMILY

## Index

A-ROVING.....	34
ALCOHOL.....	87
ALL MY TRIALS.....	2
ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH.....	116
AMONG THE LEAVES SO GREEN-O.....	51
ARISE SONG (a).....	117
ARISE SONG (b).....	118
AUNT RHODY.....	7
BALLAD OF LOU MARSH.....	14
BANANA BOAT SONG.....	40
BANKS OF MARBLE.....	104
BANKS OF THE OHIO.....	13
BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS.....	21
BLACK GIRL.....	19
BLACK VELVET BAND.....	16
BLACKLEG MINER.....	5
BLOW THE MAN DOWN.....	70
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND.....	12
BOTANY BAY.....	65
BY THE WATERS.....	115
CAMP FIRE'S BURNING.....	114
CARELESS LOVE.....	55
CHICKENS.....	47
CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE.....	9
CLEMENTINE.....	94
CLUCK OLD HEN.....	55
COCKLES AND MUSSELS.....	78
COME FOLLOW.....	114
COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.....	50
COME TO THE COLOURS JOHNNY.....	45
DARK AS A DUNGEON.....	67
DAY-O.....	40
DEEP BLUE SEA.....	52
DEPORTEES.....	6



DIDO BENDIGO .....	49
DIGGERS SONG .....	62
DIRTY OLD TOWN .....	44
DONNA DONNA .....	2
DON'T GET MARRIED GIRLS .....	66
DOWN IN THE VALLEY .....	42
DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL .....	107
EDDYSTONE LIGHT .....	35
EL SALVADOR .....	113
FATHOM THE BOWL .....	37
FIDDLER'S GREEN .....	26
FISH & CHIPS & VINEGAR .....	114
FIVE HUNDRED MILES .....	31
FOGGY DEW .....	46
FOX, THE .....	28
FREIGHT TRAIN .....	9
FROG WENT A COURTIN' .....	69
GIMME CRACK CORN .....	32
GLORIOUS ALE .....	39
GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES .....	64
GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY .....	68
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O .....	71
HAL AND TOW .....	11
HALLELUJA, I'M A BUM .....	72
HARRIET TUBMAN .....	10
HAUL AWAY JOE .....	34
HERRING (GEORDIE VERSION) .....	33
HESITATION BLUES .....	110
HIPPOPOTAMUS .....	15
HOME BOYS HOME .....	22
HUNTSMAN .....	3
I WANT TO GO HOME .....	63
IRENE .....	73
JACKIE BOY .....	51



JAMAICAN FAREWELL .....	76
JEAN HARLOT .....	115
JOCK STEWART .....	60
JOE HILL .....	111
JUG OF PUNCH .....	36
KEEPER, THE .....	51
KILGARY MOUNTAIN .....	80
KOOKABURRA .....	114
LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS .....	74
LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL .....	43
LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING .....	44
LIFE IS BUTTER .....	116
LOGGER LOVER .....	48
LORD OF THE DANCE .....	8
LOST LOVE .....	93
LOU MARSH .....	14
MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG .....	88
MAIRI'S WEDDING .....	56
MANCHESTER RAMBLER .....	27
MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN .....	84
MARY DON'T YOU WEEP .....	41
MERCEDES-BENZ .....	70
MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT .....	79
MIDNIGHT SPECIAL .....	90
MILWAULKEE TRUCKIN' BLUES .....	97
MINGULAY BOAT SONG .....	60
MY GOOSE .....	115
MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK .....	25
NIGHTINGALE .....	29
NO MAN'S LAND .....	92
OLD AB'RAM BROWN .....	116
OLD DUN COW .....	38
OLD JOE .....	58
OLD JOE CLARK .....	98



PACE EGGING SONG .....	89
POLE TAX SONG .....	109
POOR BOY .....	20
PRETTY BOY FLOYD .....	82
RED MEN .....	7
RED RIVER VALLEY .....	95
REUBEN JAMES .....	45
RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN .....	106
RISE AND SHINE .....	117
ROCKING ME BABIES TO SLEEP .....	91
ROSE, ROSE .....	114
ROSEMARY LANE .....	23
SALLY FREE AND EASY .....	61
SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES .....	96
SANTE ANNO .....	100
SCARBOROUGH FAIR .....	17
SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS .....	85
SHENANDOAH .....	59
SHOALS OF HERRING .....	18
SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY .....	108
SINNER MAN .....	101
SIXTEEN TONS .....	53
SKYE BOAT SONG .....	99
SLOOP JOHN B. ....	63
SPEED BONNIE BOAT .....	99
STANLEY AND DORA .....	30
STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN .....	103
STEALIN' .....	110
STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET .....	112
STRANGEST DREAM .....	72
STREETS OF LONDON .....	105
SWEET CHARIOT .....	11
TAKE THIS HAMMER .....	76
THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN .....	57
THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND .....	24



UNCLE JOE .....	31
UNDER THE FULL MOONLIGHT .....	115
WATER IS WIDE.....	1
WE ALL FLY LIKE EAGLES .....	115
WHISKY IN THE JAR .....	80
WHISKY ON A SUNDAY .....	86
WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER.....	102
WHITE COCKADE.....	4
WHITE SANDS .....	115
WIDDECOMBE FAIR.....	54
WILD MOUNTAIN THYME.....	77
WILD ROVER.....	79
WOAD .....	81
WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN .....	62
WORRIED MAN .....	52
YELLOW BIRD .....	75
YELLOW ROSES .....	78



## 10 THE WATER IS WIDE

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 20 DONNA DONNA

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

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

Stop complaining said the farmer,  
Who asked you a 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

## 25 ALL MY TRIALS

Hush little baby don't you cry,  
You know 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.

If living were a thing that money could buy,  
You know the rich would live, and the poor would die.

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

Too late, my brothers, too late, but never mind



## 30 THE HUNTSMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 40 THE WHITE COCKADE

It's true my love's enlisted, and he wears the white cockade,  
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade,  
He is a handsome young man, most right to serve the King  
Oh my very, oh my very,  
Oh my very, oh my very  
Heart is breaking all for the loss of him.

As I walked out this morning, as I rambled over yon moss,  
I had no thought of 'listing, till a soldier did me cross,  
He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl,  
He advanced, he advanced,  
He advanced, he advanced  
Me the money, two guineas and a crown.

My love is tall and handsome and comely for to see,  
But by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he,  
May the man that first enlisted him not prosper night or day  
How I wish that, how I wish that,  
How I wish that, how I wish that  
He might perish all in the foaming spray.

O may he never prosper and may he never thrive,  
In all he puts his hand upon as long as he's alive,  
May the very ground he treads upon the grass refuse to grow,  
Since he has been my, since he has been my,  
Since he has been my, since he has been my  
Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe.

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing tears,  
Wipe up, wipe up them flowing tears likewise those mournful sighs,  
And be you of good courage love till I return again,  
You and I love, you and I love,  
You and I love, you and I love  
Will be married when I return again.

More than 100 years old, this song was being spoken of as a favourite with the peasantry in every part of England, especially in the mining districts of the north.



## 50 BLACKLEG MINER

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

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

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

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

Well they take his pick and duds as well  
And they hurl them down the Pit of Hell  
So off you go and fare thee well  
You 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.

*Blackleg* is a slang term for a strike breaker

## 60 DEPORTEES

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

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

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

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

Some of us are illegal ,and some are not wanted,  
Our work contracts out and we have to move on,  
Six hundred miles to the Mexico border,  
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,  
We died in your valleys and died on your plains.  
We died 'neath your trees, we died in your bushes,  
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

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.

(Optional ending to last verse )  
To fall like dry leaves, to rot on the topsoil,  
And to be called by no name except deportee.



70 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

80 AUNT RHODY

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

The one she's been saving (3) to make a feather bed.

She died in a mill pond (3) standing on her head.

The goslings are crying (3) cause their mammy's dead.

The gander is weepin' (3) 'cause his wife is dead.

Go tell Aunt Rhody (3) that the old grey goose is dead.

## 85 LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun  
I danced in 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 for the Scribe and the Pharisee  
They would not dance and they would not follow me;  
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John  
They came with me and the dance went on.

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

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

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

## 90 CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE

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

Two by two. Two for the Paul and Silas.

Three for the Hebrew children

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments.

## 95 FREIGHT TRAIN

*Freight train, freight train runs so fast.  
Freight train, freight train runs so fast.  
Please don't tell what train I'm on,  
So they won't know what route I'm gone.*

When I die lord bury me deep,  
Way down on old Chestnut street.  
So I can hear old number nine  
As she comes rolling by.

When I am dead and in my grave,  
No more good times ere I crave.  
Put a stone at my head and feet,  
And tell them all that I'm gone to sleep.

by Libby Cotten.

One of the most famous folk songs of all time, written by Elizabeth (Libby) Cotten. In her own words she said she wrote it after listening to the freight trains passing her bedroom window. Many other versions exist.



## 100 HARRIET TUBMAN

One night I dreamed I was in slavery  
'Bout 1850 was the time  
Sorrow was the only sign  
Nothing around to ease my mind  
Out of the night appeared a lady  
Leading a distant pilgrim band  
"First mate," she yelled pointing her hand,  
"Make room on board for this young woman."

*Singing come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline  
Come on up to this train of mine  
Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline  
Come on up to this train of mine  
She said her name was Harriet Tubman  
And she drove for the underground railroad*

Hundreds of miles we travelled onward  
Gathering slaves from town to town  
Seeking every lost and found  
Setting those free that once were bound.  
Somehow my heart was growing weaker  
I fell by the waysides sinking sand  
Firmly did this lady stand  
She lifted me up and took my hand.

Words and Music by Walter Robinson

Walter was an escaped slave and Harriet Tubman was a leader of the underground railroad, a secret network of 'safe houses' that helped slaves escape to the north during the American Civil War. For most slaves the only hope of freedom was escape.

## 110 HAL AND TOW

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.

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

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

\* = drumbeat

## 115 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.

If you get to heaven before I do  
Coming for to carry me home  
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too  
Coming for to carry me home



## 120 BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

How many roads must a man walk down,  
before you call him a man?

How many seas must a white dove sail,  
before she sleeps in the sand?

How many times must the cannon balls fly,  
before they're forever banned?

*The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' 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?

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  
pretending that he just doesn't see?



## 130 BANKS OF THE OHIO

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

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

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

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

I wandered home '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."

## 140 THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

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

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

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

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

## 145 HIPPOPOTAMUS

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

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

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

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

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



## 160 BLACK VELVET BAND

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

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

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

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

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

## 170 SCARBOROUGH FAIR

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

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

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

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

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

## 180 SHOALS OF HERRING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## 190 BLACK GIRL

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

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

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

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

## 200 POOR BOY

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 210 BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS

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

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

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

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



## 220 HOME BOYS HOME

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 230 ROSEMARY LANE

When I was in service in the Rosemary Lane  
I won the goodwill of my master of the day,  
'Til a sailor came there, one night to lay  
And that was the beginning of my misery

He called for a candle to light him to bed  
And likewise a silk handkerchief to tie up his head;  
To tie up his head, as sailors will do  
And then said, "My pretty Polly will you come too?"

Now this maid being young and foolish she thought it no harm  
For to lie into bed to keep herself warm.  
And what was done there I will never disclose,  
But I wish that short night had been seven long years.

Next morning the sailor so early arose  
And into my apron three guineas did throw,  
Saying, "This I will give, and more I will do  
If you'll be my Polly wherever I'll go."

Now if it's a boy he shall fight for the King,  
And if it's a girl she will wear a gold ring.  
She will wear a gold ring and a dress all aflame,  
And remember my service in Rosemary Lane.

When I was in service in the Rosemary Lane  
I won the goodwill of my master of the day,  
'Till a sailor came there, one night to lay  
And that was the beginning of my misery.

## 240 THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

As I went walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway  
I saw below me that golden valley and I thought  
This land is made for you and me

*This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York Island  
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters  
This land is made for you and me.*

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling souls of our Diamond desert  
All around me a voice was chanting  
This land is made for you and me.

Sun came shining as I was strolling  
And the wheat sheaves waving and the dust clouds rolling,  
And a voice was sounding, and the fog was lifting, and it said  
This land is made for you and me.

Woody Guthrie



## 250 MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

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

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

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

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

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

## 260 FIDDLER'S GREEN

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

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

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

Now when we're in dock and the long trip is thru  
There's pubs and there'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 old squeezebox as we sail along  
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song.

## 265 THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER

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

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

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

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

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



## 270 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" ...

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

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

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

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

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

## 280 THE NIGHTINGALE

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

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

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

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

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

## 290 STANLEY AND DORA

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

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

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

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



### 300 FIVE HUNDRED MILES

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

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

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

### 305 UNCLE JOE

Don't you want to go to heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe,  
Don't you want to go to heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe,  
Don't you want to go to heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe,  
Don't mind the weather, so the wind don't blow.

*Hop high, my ladies, three in a row,  
Hop high, my ladies, three in a row,  
Hop high, my ladies, three in a row,  
Don't mind the weather, so the wind don't blow.*

Yes I want to go to heaven, just the same as any man,  
Yes I want to go to heaven, just the same as any man,  
Yes I want to go to heaven just the same as any man,  
But I can't go to heaven with a possum in my hand.

As sung by Jean Richie, Viper, KENTUCKY.  
This song is about 200 years old and originates from Kentucky.

### 310 GIMME CRACK CORN

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

*Gimme crack corn and I don't care (x3)*  
*My master's gone away.*

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

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

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

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

## 320 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

*Herring's 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  
Oh 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  
Oh what'll you do with your herring's gills  
I make them into window sills

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

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

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



### 330 HAUL AWAY JOE

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

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

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution .....  
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution .....

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy .....  
The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy .....

### 335 A-ROVING

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

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

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

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

### 340 THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

### 350 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 maid by an ale house fire,  
With kerry pippin to crack & crunch,  
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch.

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

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



### 355 FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heroes lend an ear to my song  
I will sing you the praise of good brandy and rum  
If the clear crystal fountains o'er England shall roll

*Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl  
I'll fathom the bowl  
I'll fathom the bowl  
Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl*

From France we do get brandy from Jamaica comes rum  
Sweet oranges and apples from Portugal come  
But stout and strong cider are England's control

My wife she do disturb me as I sits at my ease  
For she says as she likes and she does as she please  
My wife she is a devil – heart's black as the coal

My father he do lie in the depths of the sea  
With no stone at his head but what matters for he  
If the clear crystal fountains o'er England shall roll

## 360 THE OLD DUN COW

(with hics and belches)

Some pals and I in a Public House,  
Were playing dominoes last night,  
When all of a sudden in the potman rushed  
With a face just like a kite.  
"What's up?" says Brown, "Have you seen your Aunt?  
Have you seen your Aunt Maria?"  
"Aunt Maria be blowed," says he,  
"The bloomin' pub's on fire."  
"What's that?" says Brown, "What a bit of luck,  
What a bit of luck," shouts he,  
"Down in the cellar with a fire on top,  
We'll have a good ol' spree."  
So we all went down with good ol' Brown  
And 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 it's all mopped up,"  
Someone shouted "MacIntyre,"  
And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk  
When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.*

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

Just then there came such an awful crash,  
Half the bloomin' roof gave way  
We was run with the firemen's hose  
But still we were all gay.  
We got some sacks and some old tin tacks  
And bunged ourselves inside,  
And we all got drinking good old scotch  
Till we was bleary eyed.

### 370 GLORIOUS ALE

When I was a young man my father did say  
The summer 'tis coming, it's time to make hay  
But when hay is brought in don't you never fail  
To drink your good health with a pint of good ale

*Ale, ale, glorious ale  
Served up in pewter it tells it's own tale  
Some folks like radishes, some curly kale  
But gives I boiled parsnips and a good dish of 'taters  
And a lump of fatty bacon, and a pint of good ale*

Now takes them teetotallers as drinks water neat  
It must rot their toes's and give them damp feet  
But the young men of England well they'll never fail  
With boiled beef and carrots and a pint of good ale

Our MP's off to parliament, our laws for to keep  
And now that we've put 'im there I hopes he don't sleep  
But he'll always get my vote if he'll never fail  
To bring down the price of a pint of good ale



## 375 BANANA BOAT SONG

*Day-o, me say day-o*  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home*  
*Day-o, me say day-o*  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home*

Hey, all of the workmen sing this song,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*  
Well I sleep by the sun and I work by the moon,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home*

Work all night 'til the morning come,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*  
Stack them banana 'til the morning come,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*

Come, Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*  
Me say, come Mr. Tallyman, tally me banana,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home*

Lift six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*  
Me say, six hand, seven hand, eight hand bunch,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*

A beautiful bunch o' ripe banana,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*  
Out come a big, black, hairy tarantula,  
*Daylight come and me wan' go home.*

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

A traditional Trinidad work song

## 380 MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### 390 DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley, the 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



## 400 THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

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

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

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

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

## 410 A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

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

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

As we walk all my thoughts are a-tumbling,  
Round and round, round and round.  
Underneath our feet the subway's rumbling  
Underground, Underground.

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.

## 413 DIRTY OLD TOWN

I found my love by the gasworks wall  
Dreamed a dream by the old canal  
Kissed my girl by the factory wall

*Dirty old town, dirty old town.*

I heard the siren from the docks,  
Saw a train set the night on fire,  
Smelt the Spring on the smoky air

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

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



## 415 REUBEN JAMES

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

*Tell me what were their names,* }  
*Tell me what were their names,* } (x2)  
*Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James* }

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night  
That we watched for the U-boat and waited for the fight,  
Came a whine and a rock, and the great explosion roar,  
And they laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

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

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

Well, many years have passed since those brave men were gone,  
And these cold icy waters are now still and are calm,  
Many years have passed, but I still wonder why  
The worst of men must fight and the best of men must die.

## 418 COME TO THE COLOURS JOHNNY

Come to the colours Johnny, come (x4)  
No I don't want to leave you, but I know I must go (x2)  
Stay with me, stay with me don't go



## 420 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.

## 430 CHICKENS

We had some chickens – no eggs would they lay (x2)  
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; no eggs would they lay  
One day a rooster crept into our yard  
And caught those chickens right off of their guard  
They're laying eggs now just like they used to  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some moo-cows – no milk would they give (x2)  
So, I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; no milk would they give  
One day a rooster crept into our yard  
And caught 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 (x2)  
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 (x2)  
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; it just wouldn't go  
One day a rooster crept into our yard  
And caught that tractor right off of its guard  
Now it goes EGGsactly just like it used to  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

We had some scientists – they just wouldn't work (x2)  
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; they just wouldn't work  
One day a rooster crept into our yard  
And caught those scientists right off of their guard  
They're doing EGGsperiments just like they used to  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard.

## 440 THE LOGGER LOVER

'Twas as I sat down one morning, 'twas in a small café,  
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say:

I see that you are a Logger and not just a common bum  
For nobody but a Logger stirs his coffee with his thumb.

My Lover was a Logger, there's none like him today,  
If you poured whisky on it, he'd eat a bale of hay.

He never shaved his whiskers from off of his horny hide,  
He'd just drive them in with a hammer and bite them off inside.

My Lover came to see me, 'twas on one freezing day,  
He held me in a fond embrace, which broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted, so hard it broke my jaw  
I could not speak to tell him he forgot his mackinaw.

I watched my Lover leaving, as homeward he did go,  
Sauntering gaily onwards at forty eight below.

The weather tried to freeze him it tried it's level best,  
At a hundred degrees below zero, he buttoned up his vest.

It froze right through to China, it froze to the stars above,  
At a thousand degrees below zero, it froze my Logger Love,

And so I lost my lover, and if you believe it, Sir,  
They made him into axe-blades, to chop the Douglas Fir.

And now it's every morning that to this café I come  
Until I meet with someone stirs his coffee with his thumb.



## 450 DIDO BENDIGO

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

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

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

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

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

## 460 COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 470 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 .

<i>Jackie-boy</i>	Master
<i>Sing ye well</i>	Very well
<i>Hey down</i>	Ho down
<i>Derry, derry down</i>	
<i>Among the leaves so green-o.</i>	
<i>To my hey down down</i>	To my ho down down
<i>Hey down</i>	Ho down
<i>Derry, derry down, among the leaves so green-o.</i>	

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.



## 480 WORRIED MAN (Blues)

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

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

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

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

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

## 485 DEEP BLUE SEA

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

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

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

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

## 490 SIXTEEN TONS

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

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

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

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

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

## 500 WIDDECOMBE FAIR

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

*With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney  
Peter Davey, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawke  
Old Uncle Tom Copley and all (x2)*

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

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

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

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

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

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



## 520 CARELESS LOVE

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

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

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

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

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

Love my mamma 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.

## 525 CLUCK OLD HEN

Cluck old hen you better cluck,  
Hawk going to eat your chickens up.

Some lay one, some lay two,  
Some lay enough for the whole darn crew.

Good old hen, good old hen,  
You'll lay eggs for the railroad men.

Ed Weaver & Pug Allen.

Started it's life as a fiddle tune from the Appalachian Mountains of America.

## 530 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.

550 THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

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

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



## 560 OLD JOE

My daddy made his living in a little southern town,  
And after school was over I would help him with his rounds,  
He'd sit there in his pick-up truck while I wore out my shoes,  
But he always walked beside me when I went up to Old Joe's.  
Like all the other kids in town I'd never seen his face,  
Though I used to leave his groceries at the back door of his place,  
And I knew somebody lived there 'cos next morning they'd be gone,  
But the curtains of Old Joe's house were always tightly drawn.

*They say that in his younger days he loved another man,  
When that small town started talking his friend died by his own hands,  
There was whispering among the women, hard talk amongst the men,  
But the curtains of Old Joe's house were never pulled again.*

I could tell you where this happened 'cos I think you ought to know,  
That right there where you're living there are people like Old Joe,  
For each of us has secrets that we keep on the backroom shelves,  
Keep them hidden from our neighbours and often from ourselves.  
But everybody's got the right to be the way they are,  
If you're not hurting someone else then you've not gone too far,  
So before you start to criticise the lives that others lead,  
Take a good look in the mirror and be sure of what you see.

*They say that in his younger days he loved another man,  
And what went on between them, no-one there could understand,  
There was whispering among the women, hard talk amongst the men,  
But the curtains of Old Joe's house were never pulled again.*

as sung by Roy Baily

## 570 SHENANDOAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 580 MINGULAY BOAT SONG

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

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

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

## 585 JOCK STEWART

My name is Jock Stewart and I'm a canny young man,  
And a rambling young fellow I've been,  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.

I've got acres of land, I have men to command,  
And I've always a shilling to spare.  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.

*Come fill up your glasses of brandy or wine,  
And whatever the cost I will pay,  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.*

I take out my dog and with him I do shoot,  
All by the River Kildare.  
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,  
I'm a man you don't meet everyday.

*Chorus:*



## 590 SALLY FREE AND EASY

Sally free and easy,  
That should be her name.  
Sally free and easy,  
That should be her name.  
Took a sailor's loving,  
For a nursery game.

All the loving that she gave to me  
Was not made of stone.  
All the loving that she gave to me  
Was not made of stone.  
It was sweet and hollow,  
Like the honeycomb.

Think I'll wait till sunset,  
See the ensign down.  
Think I'll wait till sunset,  
See the ensign down.  
Then I'll take the tideway,  
To my burying ground.

Sally free and easy,  
That should be her name.  
Sally free and easy,  
That should be her name.  
When my body's landed,  
Hope she dies of shame.

## 600 THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (THE DIGGERS SONG)

In 1649 to St. George's Hill,  
A ragged band they called the Diggers  
Came to show the people's will  
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws,  
They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs.

"We come in peace," they said, "to dig and sow  
We come to work the land in common  
And to make the waste land grow  
This earth divided, we will make whole,  
So it will be a common treasury for all."

"The sin of property we do disdain,  
No man has any right to buy and sell  
The earth for private gain.  
By theft and murder they took the land,  
Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command."

"They make the laws to chain us well,  
The clergy dazzle us with heaven  
Or they damn us into hell.  
We will not worship the god they serve,  
The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve."

"We work, we eat together, we need no swords,  
We will not bow to the masters,  
Or pay rent to the lords,  
We are free men, though we are poor,  
You Diggers all, stand up for glory, stand up now."

From the men of property, the orders came,  
They sent the hired men and troopers,  
To wipe out the Diggers' claim,  
Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn,  
They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on.

You poor take courage, you rich take care,  
This earth was made a common treasury,  
For everyone to share.  
All things in common, all people one  
"We come in peace"; the orders came to cut them down.

by Leon Resselson

The diggers sprang up during the time of Oliver Cromwell. They actively rejected the efforts of landlords who tried to 'own' land that was once 'common land' for villagers.

## 610 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 sets  
Send for the Captain a-shore, Let-me go home;  
Please let me alone I want to go home  
I feel so break up, I want to go home.*

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

The cook he got the fits, ate up all of my grits  
Then he went and ate up all of my corn  
O let me go home, please let me go home  
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

words & music adapted by Lee Hays



## 620 GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES

Gather round you sailors and listen to me

*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*

Ne'er take a young girl on your knee,

*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*

*Oh you pinks and posies*

*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*

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

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

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

But now I'm old and getting grey  
I can hardly manage one a day

## 630 BOTANY BAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 635 DON'T GET MARRIED GIRLS

Oh don't get married girls, you'll sign away your life  
You may start off as a woman, but you'll end up as a wife  
You could be a vestal virgin, take the veil and be a nun  
But don't get married girls, for marriage isn't fun

Oh it's fine when you're romancing and he plays the lover's part  
You're the roses in his garden, you're the flame that warms his heart  
And his love will last for ever and he'll promise you the moon  
But just wait until you've wedded and he sings a different tune  
You're his tapioca pudding, you're the dumplings in his stew  
And he soon begins to wonder what he ever saw in you  
Still he takes without complaining all the dishes you provide  
But you see he has to have his bit of jam tart on the side

So don't get married girls, it's very poorly paid  
You may start off as a mistress, but you'll end up as a maid  
Be a daring deep sea diver, be a polished polyglot  
But don't get married girls for marriage is a plot

You've seen him in the morning with a face that looks like death  
He's got dandruff on his pillow and tobacco on his breath  
And he needs some reassurance with his cup of tea in bed  
'Cos he's got worries with the mortgage and the bald patch on his head  
And he thinks that you're his mother, lays his head upon your breast  
So you try to boost his ego, iron his shirt and warm his vest  
Then you send him off to work, the mighty hunter is restored  
And he leaves you there with nothing but the dreams you can't afford

So DON'T get married girls, for men are all the same  
They just want you when they need you, you'd do better on the game  
Be a call girl, be a stripper, be a hostess, be a whore  
But don't get married girls for marriage is a bore



When he comes home in the evening he can hardly spare a look  
All he says is what's for dinner, after all you're just the cook  
Then he takes you to a party and he eyes you with a frown  
And you know you've got to look your best, you mustn't let him down  
And he eyes you with that 'look what I've got' sparkle in his eye  
Like he's entered for a raffle and he's won you for a prize  
And when the party's over you'll be slogging through the sludge  
Half the time a decoration, half the time a drudge

So don't get married girls, it'll drive you round the bend  
It's the road without a turning, it's the end without an end  
Change your lover every Friday, take up tennis, be a nurse  
But don't get married girls for marriage is a curse

#### 640 DARK AS A DUNGEON

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

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

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

The morning, the evening, the middle of the day  
There the same to the miner who labours away  
And the one who's not careful will never survive  
One fall of the slate and you're buried alive

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.

## 650 GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

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

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

or

*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)  
For work upon the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty four  
My hands were tired and my feet were sore (x2)  
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty five  
I found myself more dead than alive (x2)  
From working on the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty six  
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks (x2)  
Just beside the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven  
I found myself half way to heaven (x2)  
Just above the Railway

In eighteen hundred and eighty eight  
I picked the lock of the Pearly Gates (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 more you can sing it again (x2)  
All about the Railway

### 660 FROG WENT A COURTIN'

Frog went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum (x3)  
A sword and a pistol by his side a-hum

Came up to Missie Mouse's door a-hum  
Where he'd often been before a-hum

Missie Mouse are you within a-hum  
Yes kind sir and please come in a-hum

Missie Mouse will you marry me a-hum  
O no kind sir that never can be a-hum

Without my Uncle Rat's consent a-hum  
I would not marry the President a-hum

Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides a-hum  
To think his niece would be a bride a-hum

Where will the wedding breakfast be a-hum  
Way down yonder in the hollow tree a-hum

What will the wedding breakfast be a-hum  
Two red beans and a black-eyed pea a-hum

They all went swimming across the lake a-hum  
And got swallowed up by a big black snake a-hum



## 670 BLOW THE MAN DOWN

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

*Way Ay! Blow the man down!*

Oh! Blow the man down bullies blow him away

*Gimme me some time to blow the man down.*

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street

*Way Ay! Blow...*

A saucy young damsel I happened to meet

*Gimme some...*

I says to her "Polly and how do you do"

*Way Ay! Blow...*

She says "None the better for seeing of you"

*Gimme some...*

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

*Way Ay! Blow...*

We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town

*Gimme some...*

## 675 MERCEDES-BENZ

Oh Lord won't you buy a Mercedes-Benz

My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends

Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends,

Oh Lord won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz.

O Lord won't you buy me a colour TV

*Dialing for Dollars* is trying to find me,

I'll wait for delivery each day until three

Oh Lord won't you buy me a colour TV.

Oh Lord won't you buy me a night on the town,

I'm countin' on you, Lord, please don't let me down

Prove that you love me and buy the next round

Oh Lord won't you buy me a night on the town

Repeat 1st verse

Janis Joplin and Michael McQuire

## 680 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-o

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.

## 690 STRANGEST DREAM

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

I dreamed I saw a mighty room  
The room was filled with men,  
And the paper they were signing said  
They'd never fight again.

And when the paper was all signed,  
And a million copies made,  
They all joined hands and bowed their heads,  
And grateful prayers were prayed.

And the people in the streets below  
Were dancing round and round,  
While guns and swords and uniforms  
Lay scattered on the ground.

## 695 HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

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

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

Oh I went to a house, and I asked for some bread  
And the lady said "Bum, bum, the 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."



700 IRENE

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

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

Last Saturday night I got married  
Me an' my wife settled down  
Now me an' my wife are parted  
Gonna take me a stroll uptown

You caused me to weep, you caused me to mourn,  
You caused me to leave my home.  
But the very last words I heard her say  
Were "Please sing me one more song."

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

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

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.

## 710 THE LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS

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

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

A sailor and his true love  
Were walking one day.  
Says the sailor to his true love  
"I am bound far away.  
I am bound for the East Indies  
Where the loud 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's in the rigging,  
And the anchor's aweigh,  
And the ship, she'll be a-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."*

## 720 YELLOW BIRD

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

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



## 730 JAMAICAN FAREWELL

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

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

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

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

## 735 TAKE THIS HAMMER

Take this hammer (B) Carry it to the Captain (B) (x3)  
Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone

If he ask you was I running  
You can tell him I was flying, You can tell him I was flying

If he ask you was I laughin'  
You can tell him I was crying, You can tell him I was crying

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

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

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

## 740 THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

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

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

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

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

I will build my love a shelter  
On yon high mountain green,  
And my love shall be fairest  
That the summer sun has seen,  
Will ye go, lassie, go?

## 750 COCKLES AND MUSSELS

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

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

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

## 755 YELLOW ROSES

I lay on my back with the sun in my eyes  
Soon I shall know what no living man knows  
All of my life's been a fight against lies  
Death brings the truth, now 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.



## 770 WILD ROVER

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

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

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent  
And I told the landlady my money was spent  
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,  
Such a custom as yours I can get any day."

I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright  
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight  
She said "I have whisky, and wines of the best  
And the words that I spoke then were only in jest."

I'll have none of your whisky nor fine Spanish wines  
For your words show you plainly as no friend of mine.  
There's others most willing will open the door  
To a man coming home from a far distant shore.

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done,  
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son.  
And if they will do so, as oft times before,  
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

## 775 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

## 780 KILGARY MOUNTAIN

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

*Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar, Whack fol di daddy-o.  
Whack fol di daddy-o, there's whisky in the jar.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was in Oklahoma City  
It was on a Christmas day  
Came a whole carload of groceries  
And a letter that did say:

"Well you say that I'm an outlaw  
And you say that I'm a thief  
Well here's a Christmas dinner  
For the families on relief"

Well as through this world I've rambled  
I've seen lots of funny men  
Some would rob you with a six-gun  
Some with a fountain pen

As through this world you wander  
As through this world you roam  
You'll never see an outlaw  
Drive a family from their home

by Woody Guthrie.

Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd of Sallisaw, Oklahoma was convicted of bank robbery and murder but the folk made a hero of him.



## 820 MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 830 SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS

As I went home on a Monday Night  
As drunk as drunk could be  
I saw a horse outside the door  
Where my horse should be  
Well I calls me wife and I says to her  
Would you kindly tell to me  
Who owns that horse outside my house where my old horse should be

Well you drunk you drunk you silly old fool  
Until you cannot see  
That's a lovely sow that my mother sent to me

Well it's many a day I've travelled  
A hundred miles or more  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

Tuesday:  
I saw a coat behind the door  
That's a lovely blanket that my mother sent to me  
But buttons on a blanket sure I never saw before

Wednesday:  
I saw a pipe upon the chair  
That's a lovely tin whistle that my mother sent to me  
But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

Thursday:  
I saw two boots beneath the bed  
They're two lovely geranium pots that my mother sent to me  
But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

Friday:  
I saw a head inside the bed  
That's a baby boy that my mother sent to me  
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

## 840 WHISKY ON A SUNDAY

I sits at the corner of Beggars Bush  
Astride of an old packing case  
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing  
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 la  
Thinking what I'll do all the week  
And its whisky 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 thrown  
And the plank went to mend the back door.

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



## 850 ALCOHOL

Started drinking, all around town,  
Went to a club to put a few more down,  
Feeling bad, drunk and sad,  
This is going to be the last drink that I'll ever have.

*Alcohol, Alcohol, (x2)*  
*You're the very devil,*  
*get away from me.*

I got in with a crowd, we got in a car,  
I went to a party, I played a guitar,  
I never played well, It must have been hell,  
Made a fool of myself, of that I can tell.

I fell in the door, I fell on the street,  
I fell on the floor, I fell in a heap,  
I blundered on home, battered and blown,  
Swore to the Lord, to leave it alone.

Next thing I knew I was back home in bed,  
My papa was there, he was holding my head,  
My mama was there, in her night clothes,  
Holding a bucket, under my nose.

Early next day, I was all in a fuzz,  
Feeling ashamed, I started to curse,  
All the money I'd earned, I'd been out and burned,  
It's a lesson I feel I never seem to learn.

Collected at a folk club in Cecil Sharp House.

## 860 MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 870 PACE EGGING SONG

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

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

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

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

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



## 880 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 come 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 Guv'nor turn a-loose my man.

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

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

## 890 ROCKING ME BABIES TO SLEEP

I'm a char-lady's son, and I'm just thirty one,  
And me wife's ten years younger than me,  
And I don't like to roam, 'cos I likes to stay home,  
But me wife she goes out on a spree,  
And she leaves me behind, the babies to mind,  
And the house in a good order to keep,  
But with the fire burning bright, I could sit half the night,  
Rocking me babies to sleep.

*And it's lady, lady, hush-a-bye baby,  
Well your mammie will be coming back bye and bye,  
But with the fire burning bright I could sit half the night,  
Rocking me babies to sleep.*

Well last Saturday night I went out for a stroll,  
After rocking me babies to sleep,  
When at the bottom of our street, well who do you think I met,  
But me wife, with a soldier six feet,  
Well she sobbed and she sighed, and she damned nearly died,  
She said lad I've been thinking of thee,  
But with the fire burning bright, I could sit half the night,  
Rocking me babies to sleep.

As sung by Mike Waterson.

This song was made from two songs, one from the music halls of the 1860s, the other an Irish ballad.

## 900 NO MAN'S LAND

Well how do you do Private William McBride  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside  
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun?  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.

And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen-sixteen,  
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean,  
Or Willie McBride was it slow and obscene?

*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?  
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?  
Did the bugles sound the "Last Post" in chorus?  
Did the pipes play the "Flowers o' the Forest"?*

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined  
And though you died back in nineteen-sixteen  
To that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?

Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Forever enclosed behind some glass pane  
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained  
and fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

But the sun shining now on these green fields of France  
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance  
The trenches have all vanished under the plough  
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now

But here in this graveyard it's still no man's land  
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand  
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man  
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.



And I can't help but wonder now, Willie McBride  
Do all those who lie know why they died?  
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?  
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?

The suffering the sorrow the glory the shame  
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain  
For Willie McBride it all happened again  
And again and again and again and again.

Written by Eric Bogle while passing through Flanders Field in France.

## 910 LOST LOVE

All the flowers that I loved of the wildwood,  
Have since lost their beautiful bloom,  
And the memories, dear friends, of my childhood,  
Have slumbered for years in the dunes.

*It's no wonder I'm broken hearted,  
And thickened with sorrow shall be,  
We have lived, we have loved, we have parted,  
My plough, my companion, and me.*

Just think of that lovely dark morning,  
When the spirit of earth shall be free,  
We shall meet who we love in the dawning,  
My plough, my companion, and me.

## 920 CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,  
Excavating for a mine  
Dwelt a miner, '49-er,  
And his daughter Clementine

*O my darling (x3) Clementine  
You are lost & gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine*

Light she was and like a fairy  
And her shoes were number nine  
Herring boxes without topses,  
Sandals were for Clementine

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Every morning just at nine  
Stubbed her toe against a splinter,  
Fell into the foaming brine

Ruby lips above the water,  
Blowing bubbles soft and fine  
But alas! I was no swimmer,  
So I lost my Clementine

In a churchyard near the canyon  
Where the myrtle doth entwine  
There grow roses and other posies,  
Fertilized by Clementine

Then the miner, '49-er,  
Soon began to peak and pine  
Thought be oughter jine his daughter,  
Now he's with his Clementine

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,  
Robed in garments soaked with brine  
Tho' in life I used to hug her,  
Now she's dead I draw the line

Now ye Boy Scouts, heed the warning  
To this tragic tale of mine  
Artificial respiration  
Would have saved my Clementine

How I missed her (x2)  
How I missed my Clementine  
Till I kissed her little Sister  
And forgot my Clementine

A '49-er was a miner in the gold rush of 1849

### 930 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.

*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.



## 940 SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

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

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

## 950 MILWAULKEE TRUCKIN' BLUES

Drink your whiskey, drink your rye  
Turn your thoughts up to the sky  
Things will happen by and by  
If you keep on truckin' along

Drink your whiskey, drink your wine  
Everything's gonna turn out fine  
You do your thing and I'll do mine  
And we'll keep on truckin' along

*Truckin', truckin', truckin' (x3)*  
*Keep truckin', keep on truckin'*

Drink your whiskey, drink your booze  
Some you win and some you loose  
We've got them ol' Milwaulkee blues  
But we'll keep on truckin' along

## 960 OLD JOE CLARK

*Fare thee well old Joe Clark, fare thee well I'm gone,  
Fare thee well old Joe Clark, and goodbye Betsy Brown.*

I used to live in the mountain top, now I live in town,  
Staying at a boarding house, courting Betsy Brown.

Old Joe had a yellow cat, could neither sing nor pray,  
She stuck her head in a buttermilk jug, and washed her sins away.

When I was a little boy, I used to want a knife,  
Now I am a bigger boy, I only want a wife.

When I was a little girl, I used to play with toys,  
Now I am a bigger girl, I only play with boys.

I wish I was a sugar-tree, standing in the middle of town,  
Every time a pretty girl passed, I'd shake some sugar down.

If I had a sweetheart, I'd sit her on the shelf,  
And every time she smiled at me, I'd get up there myself.

Very popular with fiddle players and singers, the song is around 150 years old and comes from North Carolina.



## 970 SKYE BOAT SONG

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

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar  
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.

## 975 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.

## 980 SINNER MAN

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to (x3)  
*All on that day*

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me (x3)  
No sinner man sun'll be a freezing (x3)

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me (x3)  
No sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding (x3)

Run to the rock, rock won't you hide me (x3)  
No sinner man, rock'll be a melting (x3)

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me (x3)  
No sinner man, sea'll be a boiling (x3)

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me (x3)  
No sinner man, you should be a prayin' (x3)

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



## 990 THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 1000 THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,  
One morning last July,  
From a boreen green came a sweet coleen,  
And she smiled as she passed me by.  
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,  
To the sheen of her nut brown hair,  
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself  
For to see I was really there.

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,  
And from Galway to Dublin Town,  
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,  
That I met in the County Down.*

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head,  
And I looked with a feeling rare,  
And I says, says I, to a passer-by,  
"Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?"  
He smiled at me and he says, says he,  
"That's the gem of Ireland's crown,  
Young Rosie McCann from the Banks of the Bann,  
She's the star of the County Down."

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there,  
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,  
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right,  
For a smile from my nut-brown rose..  
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,  
Till my plough turns a rust-coloured brown,  
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,  
Sits the star of the County Down.

## 1010 BANKS OF MARBLE

I've travelled round this country  
From shore to shining shore  
It really makes me wonder  
The things I heard & saw

I saw the weary farmer  
Ploughing sod & loam  
I heard the auction hammer  
Just a-knocking down their home

*But the banks are made of marble  
With a guard at every door  
And the vaults are stuffed with silver  
That the farmer sweated for*

I saw the seamen standing  
Idly by the shore  
I heard the bosses saying  
"Got no work for you no more"

I've seen the weary miners  
Scrubbing coal dust from their backs  
And I heard their children crying  
"Got no coal to heat the shack"

My brothers and my sisters  
Are at work throughout this land  
I pray we'll get together  
And together make a stand

*Then we'll own those banks of marble  
With no guard at any door  
And we'll share those vaults of silver  
That the workers sweated for!*



## 1020 STREETS OF LONDON

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 held loosely by his side  
Yesterday's papers telling yesterday's news.

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

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

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

Have you seen the old man  
Outside the Seaman'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.

## 1030 RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN

About a maid I'll sing a song  
*Sing Ricketty Ticketty Tin*  
About a maid I'll sing a song  
She didn't keep her family long  
Not only did she do them wrong  
She did everyone of them in (x2)

One day when in a fit of pique  
She drowned her father in the creek  
The water tasted bad for a week  
So we had to make do with Gin.

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

She weighed her brother down with stones  
And sent him down to Davy Jones  
And all they ever found were some bones  
And occasional pieces of skin.

She set her sister's hair on fire  
And as the flames grew higher and higher  
She danced and sang round the funeral pyre  
Playing a violin.

One day when she had nothing to do  
She chopped her baby brother in two  
Served him up as an Irish Stew  
And invited the neighbours in.

And when at last the police came by  
Her little pranks she did not deny  
For to do so she would have had to lie  
And LYING she knew was a SIN.

My tragic tale I won't prolong,  
And if you do not enjoy my song  
You've yourselves to blame if it's too long  
You should never have let me begin...

## 1035 DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

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

*And drill, ye tarriers, drill (x2)  
For its 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 Gough.

When next pay day came around  
Jim Gough a dollar short was found.  
When he asked what for came this reply  
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

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



## 1040 SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY

The British police are the best in the world  
I don't believe one of those stories I've heard  
About them raiding our clubs for no reason at all  
Lining the customers up by the wall  
Pulling out people, knocking them down  
Resisting arrest as you're kicked on the ground  
Raiding our houses, calling us queer  
I don't believe that sort of thing happens here

*Sing if you're glad to be gay,*        }  
*Sing if you're happy that way*    } (x2)

Pictures of naked young women are fun  
In *Titbits* and *Playboy*, page three of the *Sun*  
There're no nudes in *Gay News*, our one magazine  
But they still found excuses to call it obscene  
Read how disgusting we are in the press  
The *Telegraph*, *People* and *Sunday Express*  
Molesters of children, corruptors of youth  
It's there in the papers..... it must be the truth

And don't try to kid us that if you're discrete  
You're perfectly safe as you walk down the street  
You don't have to mince or to make bitchy remarks  
To get beaten unconscious and left in the dark  
I had a friend who was gentle and short  
He was lonely one evening he went for a walk  
Queer bashers caught him, kicked in his teeth  
He was only hospitalised for a week

And sit back and watch as they close down our clubs  
Arrest us for meeting and raid all our pubs  
Make sure your boyfriend's at least twenty one  
So only your friends and your brother gets done  
Lie to your workmates, lie to your folks  
Put down the queens, tell anti-queer jokes  
Gay Lib's ridiculous, join their laughter  
The buggers are legal..... what more are they after?

TELL THEM....    *Sing if you're glad to be gay,*        }  
                          *sing if you're happy this way*        } (x2)

## 1050 THE POLE TAX SONG

It's so very taxing,  
My tent is collapsing,  
I found myself one pole too short  
So I phoned up the council,  
They said "You scoundrel  
We're going to take you to court."

*North Pole South Pole, flag pole, bean pole,  
But there's one pole you can axe,  
It's the p . . . p . . . p . . . p . . . p . . . p . . . pole tax*

There's been infiltration,  
In this organisation,  
The taxmen are dressed as camp chiefs.  
Hogg'll ogle your tent,  
And you know what is meant,  
He's really just one more pole thief.

I'm cheesed off with camping,  
My spirits are dampening,  
My tent without poles is sod all.  
I want bricks and mortar  
And hot running water  
So I'll go and install at Rushall

As written and sung on Glee Campus 1991



## 1060 STEALIN'

Put your arms around me like a circle round the sun,  
You know I love you Mama, when my easy rider done

*If you don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've bin,  
If you don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in,  
Cause I'm stealin, stealin, pretty mama don't you tell on me,  
I'm stealin back to my same old used to be.*

The woman that I'm a-lovin', she's my size and height,  
She's a married woman, so you know she treats me right

The woman I love, she's so far away,  
But the woman I hate, why I see her every day

Come a little closer honey to my breast  
And tell me that I am the one you really love the best

## 1070 HESITATION BLUES

If the river was whisky and I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom and I'd never come up,

*Tell me how long have I got to wait,  
Can I get you now, or must I hesitate?*

If the river was whisky and the branch was vine,  
You'd see me in bed most all of the time,

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee,  
You don't like my peaches, don't you shake my tree,

Two old maids sitting in the sand,  
Each one a-wishing that the other was a man,

I was born in England, schooled in France,  
If you want to know more best ask my parents,

I'm standing on the corner with a dollar in my hand,  
Looking for a woman, who's looking for a man,

I got the hesitation stockings, hesitation shoes,  
I really do believe I've got the hesitation blues,



## 1080 JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you or me.  
Says I, "But Joe you're ten years dead,"  
"I never died" says he. (x2)

"In Salt Lake Joe" says I to him  
Him standing by my bed  
"They framed you on a murder charge"  
Says Joe "But I ain't dead" (x2)

"The copper bosses killed you Joe  
They shot you Joe" says I  
"Takes more than guns to kill a man"  
Says Joe "I didn't die" (x2)

And standing there as big as life  
And smiling with his eyes  
Joe says "What they forgot to kill  
Went on to organize" (x2)

"Joe Hill ain't dead" he says to me  
"Joe Hill ain't never died  
Where working folk are out on strike  
Joe Hill is at their side" (x2)

"From San Diego up to Maine  
In every mine and mill  
Where workers strike and organize  
It's there you'll find Joe Hill" (x2)

Repeat first verse

(m: Earl Robinson, w: Alfred Hayes. Joe Hill was a labour organiser and poet who was framed and executed on a murder charge in 1915 in Utah, USA.)

## 1090 STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET

*He's stone cold dead in the market (x3)*  
*I kill nobody but me husband*

Last night he went out drinking  
Came home and gave me a beating  
So I took up the rolling pin  
And went to work on his head till I bashed it in

I lick him with the pot and the frying pan (x3)  
Bit I kill nobody but me husband.

His family they trying to kill me (x3)  
But if I kill him he had it coming

There's one thing that I'm sure  
He ain't going to beat me no more  
So I tell you that I doesn't care  
If I was to die in the 'lectric chair





## ROUNDS

### COME FOLLOW

Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.  
Whither shall I follow, follow, follow,  
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?  
To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood,  
To the Greenwood, Greenwood tree. (x2)

### ROSE, ROSE

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

### CAMP FIRE'S BURNING

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

### KOOKABURRA

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

### FISH & CHIPS & VINEGAR

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

Fish & chips & vinegar, vinegar, vinegar  
Fish & chips & vinegar, salt & pepper on the lot

One bottle of beer, 2 bottle of beer, 3 bottle of beer, 4 bottle of beer,  
5 bottle of beer, 6 bottle of beer, 7 bottle of beer, 8.

## **WE ALL FLY LIKE EAGLES**

We all fly like eagles  
Flying so high  
Circling around the universe  
On wings of pure light  
Ooh itchi chi-oh  
Oh-i-oh

## **BY THE WATERS**

By the waters, by the waters, by the waters of Babylon,  
We sat down and wept, and wept, for thee Zion:  
We remember, we remember, we remember thee Zion.

## **UNDER THE FULL MOONLIGHT**

Under the full moonlight we dance, spirits, dance, we dance,  
Holding hands, we dance,  
Joining souls, rejoice.

## **JEAN HARLOT**

Jean Harlot died the other day, and these are the very last words I  
heard her say  
Mama don't walk mama talking (x3) New York  
Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a da dea da da (x3) New York

## **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  
Sin 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 buttons down before.

## **ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH**

All things shall perish from under the sky,  
Music alone shall live (x3)  
Never to die

## **LIFE IS BUTTER**

Life is butter (x2)  
Melancholy flower (x2)  
Life is but a melon (x2)  
Cauliflower (x2)



## SPECIAL OCCASIONS

### RISE AND SHINE

The Lord said to Noah }  
There's going to be a floody, floody } (x2)  
All God's children in the muddy, muddy  
Children of the Lord

*So, 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  
With cedar plants and hickory barky, barky  
Children of the Lord

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

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

### ARISE SONG (a)

Awake, awake, the sun's 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  
Song in every brake now  
Call you back to life.  
Awake! Awake! The sun is on the hill  
The dew is on the grass and you are lying still

## ARISE SONG (b)

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

## GOODNIGHT SONG

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

## TIME FOR MAN

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



What is a Forest School Camp? It takes its name from a small boarding school which was started 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! Their aim was to allow the children to learn by doing - and there was 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, and studying the Roman pottery, strange stones, wild plants and animals they found in 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 outside and sometimes there would be hikes using home-made tents and rucksacks, 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 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 seems 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 Teaching by Being.



