

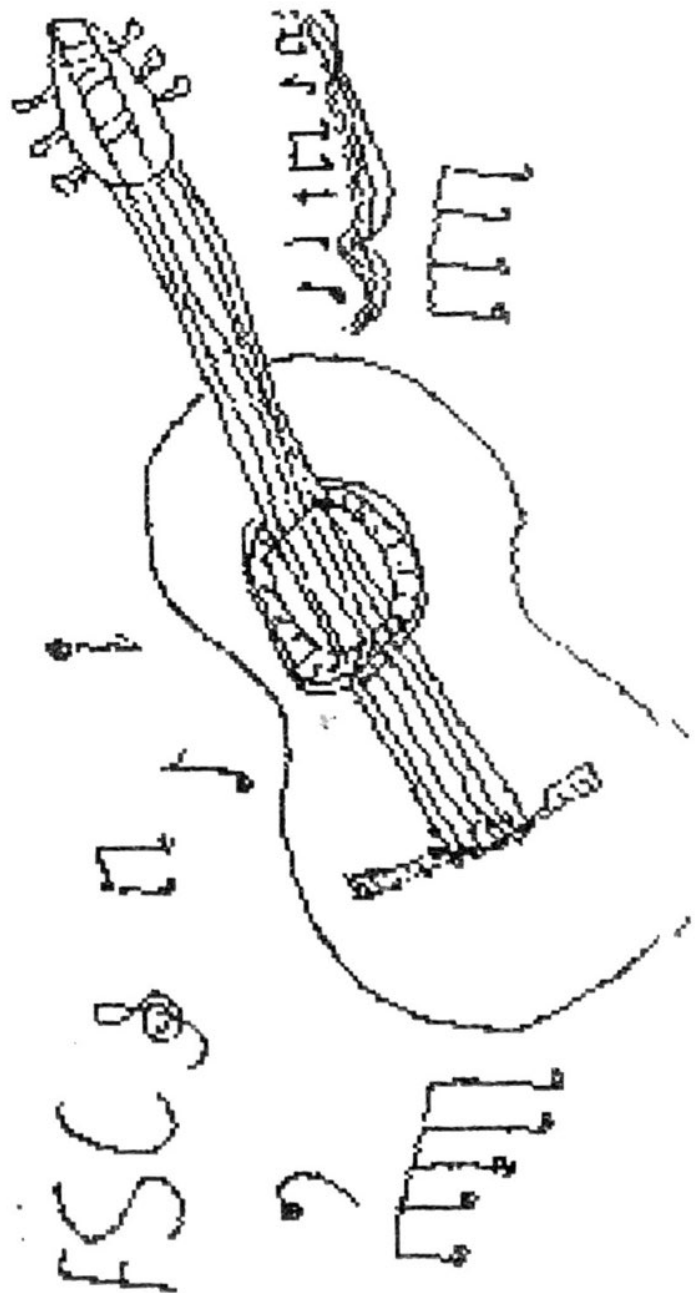


FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
SPECIAL EDITION
1947-1997

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 SWEET CHARIOT
 SWING DOWN CHARIOT
 TAKE THIS HAMMER
 THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN
 THERE SHE GOES
 THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND
 TRUE LOVE
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 WATER IS WIDE
 WHISKY ON A SUNDAY
 WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER
 WHITE COCKADE
 WIDDECOME FAIR
 WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
 WILD ROVER
 WOAD
 WORRIED MAN BLUES
 YELLOW BIRD
 YELLOW SUBMARINE



ALCOHOL

C7

Started drinking all around town,

G7

C7

Went to a club to put a few more down,

C7

Feeling bad, drunk and sad,

G7

C7

This is gonna be the last drink I ever have.

C7

F7

C7

Alcohol. Alcohol . Alcohol. Alcohol,

C7

G7

C

You're the very Devil. Get away from me.

I got in with the 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 nightclothes,

Holding a bucket right 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.

ALL MY TRIALS

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

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

I've got a little book with pages three,
And every page spells liberty.
Too late, my brothers, too late, but never mind

If living was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.

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

A-ROVING

In Plymouth Town there lived a maid
Bless you young woman.

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 my fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving

Since roving's been my ruin

I'll go no more a-roving

With you my fair maid.

I took this fair maid for a walk

Bless you young woman.

I took this fair maid for a walk

Mark well what I do say

I took this fair maid for a walk

And we had such a loving talk

I'll go no more a-roving with you my fair maid.

I took her hand within my own

Bless you young woman

I took her hand within my own

Mark well what I do say

I took her hand within my own

And said I'm bound for my own home

I'll go no more a-roving with you my fair maid.

THE AULD TRIANGLE

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing,
And the mice were a-squeeling in my prison cell
And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Oh to start the morning, the warder bawling,
Get up out of bed you and clean at your cell,

Oh the screw was peeping and the lag was sleeping
As he lay weeping for his girl Sal,

Oh a fine spring evening, the lag lay dreaming
And the seagulls were wheeling high above the wall,

Oh the wind was sighing and the day was dying
As the lag lay crying in his prison cell,

In the women's prison there are seventy women
And I wish it was with them that I could dwell,

THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

Am
In the streets of New York City,
Em
When the hour was getting late,
Am
Lurked young men armed with knives and guns,
Em
Young men armed with hate.
Am
And Lou Marsh stepped between them
Dm Am
And died there in his tracks,
Dm Em Am
For one man is no army, When a city turns it's back.
C Dm Am
And now the streets are empty, And now the streets are dark,
Dm G Am
So keep an eye on shadows, And never pass the park.
C Dm Am
For the city is a jungle, When the law is out of sight,
Dm G Am
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.

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 an me wan' go home
Well I sleep by the sun and I work by the moon,
Daylight come an me wan' go home

Work all night 'till the morning come,
Daylight come an me wan' go home
Stack them banana 'til the morning come,
Daylight come an me wan' go home

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

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

A beautiful bunch o' ripe banana
Daylight come an me wan' go home
Out come a big fat hairy tarantula
Daylight come an me wan' go home

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

BANKS OF MARBLE

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

I saw the weary farmer
Ploughing sod and 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

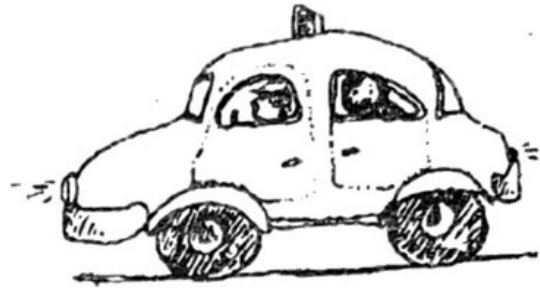
I saw the seaman standing
Idly by the shore
I heard the bosses saying
"Got no work for you no more."

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!

BIG YELLOW TAXI



A E
They pave paradise put up a parking lot
A B7 E
With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swinging hot spot,

E
Don't it always seem to go that you
A E
Don't know what you've got 'til it's gone
A B7 E
They pave paradise put up a parking lot/

Choo, ba ba ba ba, choo, ba ba ba ba.

They took all the trees put 'em in a tree museum
And they charged all the people a dollar and a half just ta see 'em

Chorus

Hey, farmer farmer put away the D.D.T. now!
Give me spots on my apples,
But leave me the birds and the bees, please!

Chorus

Late last night I heard the screen door slam
And a big yellow taxi took away my old man

Chorus X2 - 2nd chorus ends :

They pave paradise, put up a parking lot,
Choo, ba ba ba ba,

X3.

BLACKLEG MINER

Dm C
It's in the evening after dark
Dm Am
The blackleg miner gangs ta wark
Dm C
In his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
Dm C Dm
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 the 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 his 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
Don't wait until your dying day
For that may not be far away
You dirty blackleg miner.

"Blackleg" is a slang term for a strike breaker.

BLACK VELVET BAND

C
In a neat little town they call Belfast,
G7
Apprenticed to trade I was bound
C F C
And many an hours sweet happiness
G7 C
Have I spent in that neat little town.

A bad misfortune came over me
G7
Which caused me to stray from the land
C F C
Far away from me friends and relations
F G7 C
Be-trayed by the Black Velvet Band

C
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
G7
I thought her the queen of the land
C F C
And her hair, it hung over her shoulder
F G7 C
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 and the very next thing that I said was
"Bad luck to the Black velvet band"

Before the judge and jury
Next morning I had to appear
The judge he said to me "young man,
Your case it is proved clear.
I'll give you seven years penal servitude
To be spent right away from the land
Far away from your friends and relations
Betrayed by the Black Velvet Band."
So come all you jolly young fellers
I'll have you take warning by me
When you go out on the liquor me me boys
Beware of your pretty colleens.
They'll treat you to strong drink me boys
'Til you are not able to stand
And before you have time for to leave 'em
They'll land you in Van Diemen's land.

BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

C F C
How many roads must a man walk down,

F G
Before you call him a man?

C F C
How many seas must a white dove sail,

F G
Before she sleeps in the sand?

C F C
How many times must the cannon balls fly,

F G
Before they're forever banned?

F G C Am
The answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind,

F G C
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 may times can a man turn his head,
Pretending that he doesn't see?



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!
Gimmie me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a-walking down paradise street
Way Ay! Blow the man down!
A saucy young damsel I happened to meet
Gimmie me some time to blow the man down.

I says to her "Polly how do you do."
Way Ay! Blow the man down!
She says "None the better for seeing of you"
Gimmie me some time to blow the man down.

Oh! We'll blow the man up and we'll blow the man down
Way Ay! Blow the man down!
We'll blow him away into Liverpool Town
Gimmie me some time to blow the man down.

BOTANY BAY

C

Farewell to Old England for ever,

G

Farewell to me old pals as well,

C

Farewell to the well known Old Bailey,

F

G

C

Where I once used to look such a swell

G

C

G

C

Singing toora-li, oora-li, additty

D

C

Singing toora-li, oora-li, ay

F

C

...Am

Singing toora-li, oora-li, additty,

C

G

C

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 fingered 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.

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.

CHICKENS

C G
We had some chickens-no eggs would they lay

G7 C
We had some chickens-no eggs would they lay

C7 F C
So I said honey, this sure ain't funny,

G7 C
We're losing money; no eggs would they lay

G
One day a rooster crept into our yard

G7 C
And caught those chickens right off of their guard

F C
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to

G7 C
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 it's guard
I 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.



CHILDREN GO WHERE I SEND THEE

C

Children go where I send thee, How shall I send thee?

Well I'm gonna send thee one by one

F

One for the the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born,

C G C

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 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.

CIRCLE GAME

Yesterday a child came out to wonder
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
He was fearful when the sky was full of thunder
And fearful at the falling of a star.

And the seasons they go round and round
And the painted ponies go up and down.
We're captive on a carousel of time
We can't return, we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go round and round and round in the circle game.

And the child he tiptoed ten times round the seasons,
Skated over ten clear frozen streams
And words like 'when you're older' must appease him
And promises of someday make his dreams.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town.
And they tell him: 'take your time, it won't be long now',
'Til you drag your feet to slow the circles down.'

The years spin by and now the boy is twenty
And the dreams have lost some grandeur coming true,
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams, and plenty,
Before the last revolving year is through.

1 2 + 3 +
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CLEMENTINE

M
A
 C G7
 In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine,
F C G7 C
 Dwelt a miner, '49-er, and his daughter Clemen-tine.
 C G7
 O my darling, O my darling, O my darling Clemen-tine
F G7 C G7 C
 You are lost and gone for-ever, O my darling Clemen-tine.

Light she was and like a fairy
 And her shoes they 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,
 Fertilised by Clementine.

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

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in 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 Californian gold rush of 1849

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

C Am Dm G7
In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,

C Am Dm G7
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone.

C Am
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,

Dm G7
Through streets broad and narrow,

C F C F C G7 C
Crying cockles and mussels a-live a-live oh.

(C) G7
Alive, alive oh! Alive, alive oh!

C G7 C
Crying cockles and mussels a-live a-live oh.

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her Father and Mother before.
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through 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,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying cockles and mussels alive alive oh.



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

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

COME TO THE COLOURS TOMMY

Come to the colours Tommy, come X4

No I don't want to leave you, but we think you ought to X2

Stay with me, stay with me don't go. X2

"Tommy Atkins" was the name chosen by the British Army, printed as an example in a passport, to show enlisting soldiers where to fill in their own names. Subsequently British soldiers came to be known as "Tommys".

DARK AS A DUNGEON

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

D C G
For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew
D C D
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few
G C D
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
G Em C G
Its 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
They're the same to the miner who labour's 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 role
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.

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.

DEPORTEES

C F C
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,

F C
Oranges are piled in their creosote dumps.

F C Am
They're flying them back to the Mexican border.

C F C
To pay all their money to wade back a-gain.

F C
Good-bye to my Juan, fare-well Rosanita,

G C
Adi-os mes amigos, Jesu et Ma-ria.

F C Am
You won't have a name when you ride the big aeroplane

C F C
All they will call you will be deport-ees.

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

The aeroplane 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 and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river we died just the same.

Is this the best way to 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.

DIDO BENDIGO

As I was a-walking one morning one 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 forever.

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."

THE DIGGERS SONG (The World Turned Upside Down)

C Dm
In 1649 to St George's Hill

F
A ragged band they called the diggers

C
Came to show the people's will.

Dm
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws,

F C G7 C
They were the dispossessed re-claiming 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 wasteland 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 every where 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 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 Rosselson

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.

DIRTY OLD TOWN

 C
I found my love by the gas works wall
 F C
Dreamed a dream by the old ca-nal

Kissed my girl by the factory wall

 Dm G Am G
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 smokey 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

DONNA DONNA

Am Em Am Em

On a wagon bound for market

Am Dm Am E Am

There's a calf with a mourn-ful eye

Am Em Am Em

High above him there's a swallow

Am Dm Am E Am.....G

Winging swiftly through the sky

G C

Now the winds are laughing.

G C

They laugh with all their might.

G C Am

Laugh and laugh the whole day through

E Am

And half the summers night. (singing softly)

E Am

Donna, donna, donna, donna

G C

Donna, donna, donna do.

E Am

Donna, donna, donna, donna

E Am

Donna, donna, donna do.

Stop complaining said the farmer

Who asked you our calf to be

Why don't you have wings to fly with

Like the swallow so proud and free

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered

Never knowing the reason why

But whoever treasures freedom

Like the swallow must learn to fly.

DON'T GET MARRIED GIRLS

Oh don't get married girls, you'll sign your life away
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 lovers part,
You're the roses in his garden, you're the flame that warms his heart,
And his love will last forever 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, its very poorly paid
You may start of 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.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

 C G
Down in the valley, the valley so low
 G7 C
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow
 G
Hear the winds blow love, hear the winds blow
 G7 C
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.

DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

Am

Every morning at seven o'clock

E7

There are twenty tarriers drilling at the rock

Am

And the boss come along and he said " Keep still,

E7

And come down heavy on the cast iron drill"

Am E7 Am

And drill, ye tarriers drill

G Am

And drill, ye tarriers drill

C

For its work all day for the sugar in yer tay

E7

Down behind the old railway,

Am E Am

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 foot round.

She bakes good bread and she bakes it well

But she bakes it hard as the rocks in hell.

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."



EL SALVADOR

A girl cries in the early morning woken by the sound of a gun.
She knows somewhere someone's dyin' beneath the rising sun.
Outside the window of the cabana the shadows are full of fears,
She knows her lover is out there somewhere,
He's been on the run for a year.

Oh! The soul of El Salvador.

The bell rings out in the chapel steeple.
The priest prepares to say mass
The sad congregation come tired and hungry
To pray that their troubles will pass.
Outside the sun rises over the dusty street
Where the crowd gathers round
Flies and mosquitoes drink from pools of blood
Where his body was found

Oh! the soul of El Salvador.

Out on the ranch the rich man's preparing to go for his morning ride
They've saddled his horse out on the corral,
He walks out full of pride.
He looks like a cowboy in one of the movies
The president made in the past.
The Peasants in rags they stand back
For they know Enrico gallops fast

Over the soul of El Salvador.

She know somewhere somebody's dyin' beneath the rising sun.
Outside the window of the cabana the shadows are full of her fears,
She knows her lover is out there somewhere,
He's been on the run for a year.

Oh! the soul of El Salvador.

By Johnny Duhan, sung by Christy Moore.
This song was written about the the death squads in
El Salvador during the civil war of the early 1980's

FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heros 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
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 pleas
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

FEVER

Never know how much I love you,
Never know how much I care,
When you put your arms around me,
I get a fever that's too hard to bear.

You give me fever.
Fever! When you kiss me,
Fever when you hold me tight, you give me fever.
Fever! In the morning, fever all through the night.

Sun light up the daytime,
Moon lights up the night,
Light up when you call my name,
And I know its gonna be alright.

Now you've listened to my story,
There's a point that I have made,
Chicks were meant to give cats fever,
Be it farenheight or centigrade.

We give you fever,
When we kiss you, fever when you live and learn,
Fever, 'till you sizzle, but what a lovely way to burn,
What a lovely way to burn, what a lovely way to burn.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES

Em G Am C
If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone

D C D
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Em G
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,

C Am
A hundred miles, a hundred miles,

D C Em
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Em G Am
Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three,

C D C D
Lord I'm four, Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home

Em G
Five hundred miles Five hundred miles

Am C
Five hundred miles Five hundred miles

Am C G
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 (x 4)

Lord I can't go home this-a-way.

A hundred tanks across the square,

One man stands to stop them there

One day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free

I'll be free, I'll be free, to go home to my country

One day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free.

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 and 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.

FOOL ON THE HILL

A(6)

D(6)

Day after day alone on a hill

A(6)

D(6)

The man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still

Bm

E7

But nobody wants to know him,

A

Fm

They can see that he's just a fool,

Bm

E7

Am,F

Am

And he never gives an answer but the fool on the hill,

F

Sees the sun going down and the

G

Am

...A

Eyes in his head see the world spinning round

Well on the way, head in a cloud,

The man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud,

But nobody ever hears him

Or the sound he appears to make,

And he never seems to notice,

But the fool on the hill

And nobody seems to like him,

They can tell what he wants to do,

And he never shows his feelings,

But the fool on the hill

He never listens to them,

He knows that they're the fools,

They don't like him,

The fool on the hill

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...



FREIGHT TRAIN

C G
Freight train, freight train runs so fast.

C
Freight train, freight train runs so fast.

E7 F
Please don't tell what train I'm on,
C G C
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 come 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 I've gone to sleep.

By Libby Cotton



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

FROGGY WENT A COURTIN'

C

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum

G

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum

C

C7

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride a-hum

F

C

A sword and pistol by his side a-hum...

Came up to Missie Mouse's door a-hum X3

Where he'd often been before a-hum...

Missie Mouse are you within a-hum X3

Yes kind sir and please come in a-hum...

Missie Mouse will you marry me a-hum X3

O no kind sir that never can be a-hum...

Without my Uncle Rat's consent a-hum X3

I would not marry the president...

Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides a-hum X3

To think his niece would be a bride a-hum...

Where will the wedding breakfast be a-hum X3

Way down yonder in the hollow tree a-hum...

What will the wedding breakfast be a-hum X3

Two red beans and a black-eyed pea a-hum...

They all went swimming across the lake a-hum X3

And got swallowed up by a big black snake a-hum...

GIMMIE GRACK CORN

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

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

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

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 yeller 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 yeller 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 young and in my prime

I took them yeller girls nine at a time,

But now I'm old and getting grey

I can hardly manage one a day.

GOT AN OLD MULE

Dm Gm Dm
I got an old mule, and her name is Sal

A7
Fifteen years on the Eirie canal

Dm Gm Dm
She's a good worker and a good old pal

A7 Dm
Sixteen miles on the Eirie canal

F C7
We've hauled some barges in our day

Dm A7
Full of lumber coal and hay

Dm Gm Dm
And we know every inch of the way

A7 Dm, C7
From Albany to Buffalo- o

F C7
Low bridge, everybody down

F Dm A7 Dm
Low bridge for we're coming to a town

F C7
And you'll always know your neighbour

F C7
You'll always know your pal

F Bb Dm A7 Dm, A7
If you've ever navi-gated on the Eirie ca-na- l

We better get along on our way old gal

Fifteen years on the Eirie canal

'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal

Fifteen miles on the Eirie canal

Get up there mule here comes a lock

We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock

One more trip and back we go

Right back home to Buffalo



GLORIOUS ALE

When I was a young man my father did say
The summer 'tis coming, its 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 its own tale
Some folks like radishes, others curly kale
But gives I boiled parsnips and a gert 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

GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY

In eighteen hundred and eighty one
The American railway was begun X2
The Great American Railway

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

or

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

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

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

In eighteen hundred and eight 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

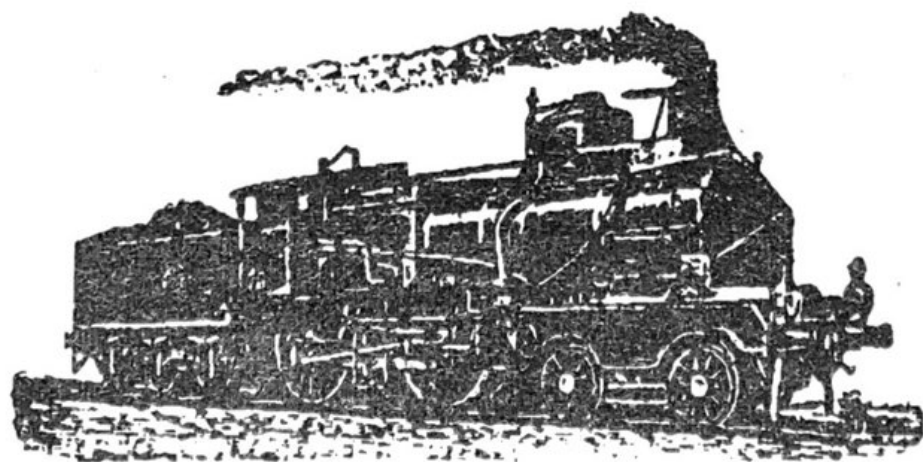
In eighteen hundred and eighty six
I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks
Just beside the Railway X2

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

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

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

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



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.

GREY FUNNEL LINE

Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away

Heres one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love

Oh! Lord! If dreams were only real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her 'round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green
Then I'll dance on down that walk a-shore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more X2

HAL AND TOW

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

Hal and Tow, 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.

: drum beat.

HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM

C

Oh the winter is gone and the springtime has come

G7

So I'll pick up my bundle and go on the bum.

C

G7

Halleluia, I'm a bum, Halleluia, bum again,

C

G7

C

Halleluia, give us a handout to revive us a-gain.

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."



HARRIET TUBMAN

Bm

One night I dreamed I was in slavery

G A Bm

'Bout 1850 was the time

F#

Sorrow was the only sign

G A Bm

Nothing around to ease my mind

Out of the night appeared a lady

G A Bm

Leading a distant pil-grim band

D E F#

"First mate" she yelled pointing her hand,

G A Bm

"Make room on board for this young woman."

Bm

Singing come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline

G A Bm

Come on up to this train of mine

Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline

G A Bm

Come on up to this train of mine

A G

She said her name was Harriet Tubman

D E F#7 Bm

And she drove for the under-ground railroad

Hundreds of miles we travelled onwards

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 and Canada from the American deep south. For most slaves the only hope of freedom was escape.

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
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe
The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe

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 I do with my herring's eyes
I make them into puddings and pies

What'll I do with my herring's gills
Oh What'll I do with my herring's gills
I make them into window sills

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

What'll I do with my herring's fins
Oh What'll I do with my herring's fins
I make them into needles and pins

What'll I do with my herring's scales
Oh What'll I do with my herring's scales
I make them into a ship with sails

What'll I do with my herring's guts
Oh What'll I do with my herring's guts
I make them into a pair of boots

What'll I do with my herring's tail
Oh What'll I do with my 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.

HESITATION BLUES

A7

If the river was whisky and I was a duck,

I'd dive to the bottom and I'd never come up,

D7

A7

Tell me how long have I got to wait,

E7

A7

Can I get you now, or must I hesi-tate?

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.

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 he 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 splash
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 the hippopotamus in silken pajamas
No more will he teach them to sing.



HOME BOYS HOME

C
Oh who wouldn't be a sailor lad a-sailing on the main,
G C G
To gain the good will of his captain is to blame.
C F C G
For he went a-shore now one evening for to be,
C F G C
And that was the be-ginning of the whole calami-ty.

C
And It's Home, boys, home

Home I'd like to be
F C G
Home for a while in me own country
C F C G
Where the Oak and the Ash and the bonny Rowan tree
C G C
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 aught to do
So then I says to her why don't you jump in with me too.

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

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 we'll 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.

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans

Am C E7
They call the Rising Sun

Am C D F
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy/girl

Am E7 Am. E7.
And God I know's I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a gun
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's dead and gone.

Now Mother tell my sister
Not to do what I have done,
Spend your life in sin and misery
In the house of the Rising Sun

With one foot on the platform
And the other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm going back to end my life
In the house of the Rising Sun



Handwritten note: try to, strum, pick ↑

THE HUNTSMAN

G C G
The Huntsman blew loud on his horn

D G
Blew loud on his horn

C G
And all that he blew it was lost and gone

D G
Was lost and gone.

G D
Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la

[add last line of each verse, Eg:]

G Em D D7 G
And all that he blew it was lost and gone

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.

I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS MISTER

C ...C7

I don't want your millions mister,

F G7sus4, G7

I don't want your diamond ring.

F C

All I want is the right to live mister, right to live mister.

G7sus4,G7 C

Give me back my job a-gain

I don't want your rolls royce mister

I don't want your pleasure yacht

All I want, is food for my babies

Give me my old job back



We worked to build this country mister

While you enjoyed a life of ease

You've stolen all that we built mister

Now our children starve and freeze.

Think me dumb if you wish mister

Call me green, or blue, or red

This one thing I know for sure mister

My hungry children must be fed

Take the two opposing parties

No difference in them I can see

But with a farmer Labour party

We could set the people free



I don't want your millions mister

I don't want your diamond ring

All I want is the right to live mister

Give me back my job again.

I GOT YOU

A7(#9)

Oh! I feel good

I knew that I would now

D(9)

Oh! I feel good

A7(#9)

I knew that I would now

E(9) D(9)

So good, so good

A7(#9) [sax rif]

I got you.

I feel nice, sugar and spice X2

So nice, so nice,

'Cause I got you.

D(9)

When I hold you in my arms

A7(#9)

I know I can't do no wrong

D(9)

When I hold you in my arms

E(9)

My love can't do me no harm.

I feel nice, sugar and spice...

When I hold you in my arms...

Oh! I feel good...

I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

Gm

Bet you're wondering how I knew

D7 C7

'Bout your plans to make me bl-ue

Gm

With some other guy you knew before

D7 C7

Between the two of us guys you know I love you mo-re

C7 Em C7

It took me by sur-prise I must say when I

Em C7

Found out Yester-day, don'tcha know that I

G7 C7 G7

Heard it through the grape-vine

C7

Not much longer would you be mine

G7 C7 G7

Yes I heard it through the grape-vine

C7

And I'm just about to lose my mind, honey, honey,

Gm

Heard it through the grapevine not much longer would you be my I

I know a man ain't supposed to cry

But these tears I can't hold inside

Losing you would end my life you see

'Cause you mean that much to me

You could have told me yourself that you

Love someone else. Instead I...

People say believe half of what you see

Some and none of what you hear

But I can't hide bein' confused

If its true please tell me dear

Do you plan to let me go for the other

Guy you loved before, don'tcha know I...

IRENE

C G7 C
Irene, good-night Irene, Irene good-night.
C7 F C G7 C
Good-night Irene. Good-night Irene I'll kiss you in my dreams.

C G7
I asked your mother for you ,
C
She told me you was too young.
C7 F
I wish to the lord I'd never seen your face,
C G7 C
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 moan,
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 loves 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 in the river and drown.

JAMAICAN FAREWELL

C F
Down the way where the nights are gay
G7 C
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
C F
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
G7 C
And when I reached Jamaica, I made a stop.

C F
But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way
G7 C
Won't be back for many a day,
C F
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
G C
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.

JOCK STEWART

 C G C F
My name is Jock Stewart and I'm a canny young man
 C G7 C G7
And a rambling young fellow I've bee-n, so be
C G C F
Easy and free when you're drinking with me, I'm a
C G7 C
Man you don't meet every-day.

I've got acres of land, I've have men at 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.

 C G7 C F
So come fill up your glasses of brandy or wine,
 C G7 C G7
What ever the cost I will pa-y,
 C G7 C F
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
 C G7 C
I'm a man you don't meet every-day.

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

JOE HILL

G

C

G

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night a-live as you or me.

C

G

Says I, "But Joe you're ten years dead."

A7

D7

G

"I never died." says he. "I never died." says he.

"In salt lake Joe" says I to him

Him standing by my bed

"They framed you on a murder charge"

Says Joe "But I aint 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

"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."

"From San Diego up to Maine

In every mine and mill

Where workers strike and organise

It's there you'll find Joe Hill."

Repeat first verse

Music by Earl Robinson. Words by Alfred Hayes.

Joe Hill (A Swedish immigrant whose real name was Joseph Hillstrom) was a labour organiser and poet who was framed and executed on a murder charge in 1915 in Utah, USA.)

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 and crunch
Aye, and on the table a jug of punch.

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

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

KILGARY MOUNTAIN

^G As I was going over ^{Em} Kilgary Mountain

^C I met Captain Farrell and his money he was counting ^G ^{Em}

^G I drew forth my pistol and I rattled out my sabre ^{Em}

^C Saying, "stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver." ^G

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

^C Whack fol di daddy-o, there's whisky in the jar. ^G ^D ^G

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 footmen and the wily, handsome captain
I reached for my pistols for to begin the slaughter.
But I could not discharge them for I couldn't fire the water.

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

If anyone can help me then it's my brother in the army
But I know not where he's stationed, be it Cork or Kilkarney
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 take delight in their carriages 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 early.

LEAVE HER

I thought I heard the old man say
(Leave her Johnny, leave her)
It's a long hard pull to the next pay day
(And it's time for us to leave her)

Leave her Johnny, leave her (oh, oh...)
Leave her Johnny leave her
(it's a long hard pul to the next pay day)
And it's time for us to leave her

The captain was bad but the mate was worse
He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse

And a dollar a day is a Jack Shite's pay
When it's pump all night and work all day

Now the rats are all gone and we the crew
Oh it's time by Christ that we went too

I thought I heard the old man say,
Just one more pump and then belay.



LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

G C G
Farewell to you my own true love,

D
I'm going far away

G C G
I am bound for California,

D G
But I know that I'll return some day.

D C G
So fare thee well my own true love,
Em Bm Am D7
And when I return united we will be

G C G
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me,
D G
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 is a floating shame

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

LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

G C G
It's a lesson too late for the learning,
D G ...D G
Made of sand, made of sand

C G
In the wink of an eye my heart is turning
D G ...D G
In your hand, in your hand.

D Am G
Are you going away with no word of fare-well
Em G D
Will there be not a trace left behind?
C G Em
I could have you better, didn't mean to be unkind
G D G
You know that was the last thing on my mind

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

LORD OF THE DANCE

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

C
Dance dance wherever you may be,
G
I am the Lord of the dance said he,
C Am
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be,
F G C
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 me they stripped me 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.



LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

A A7 D Dm [or play rif.]

Picture your-self on a boat on a river with

A A7 D Dm

Tangerine trees and marmalade skies,

A A7 D Dm

Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly,

A A7 D ...Dm7.

A girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

Bb C

Cellophane flowers of yellow and green

F Bb

Towering over your head

C

Look for the girl with the

G D

Sun in her eyes and she's gone

G C D7 D7 A7
Lucy in the sky with diamonds X3 Ah, ah.

Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain where
Rockinghorse people eat marshmallow pies.
Everyone smiles as you drift past the flowers which
Grow so incredibly high.

Newspaper taxis appear on the shore
Waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your
Head in the clouds and you're gone

Picture yourself on a train in a station with
Plasticine porters with looking glass ties,
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile,
The girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

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 my 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
Then a voice cried "Hey you!" in the way keepers do,
He's the worst face that ever I saw.
The things that he said were unpleasant.
In the teeth of his fury I said,
Sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade,
She was fair as the rowan in bloom
And the blue of her eye matched the June moorland sky,
And I wooed her from April til 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.

MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

C

Martin said to his man, Fie man, fie.

G

Martin said to his man, who's the fool now?

C

F

C

G7

Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can

C

F

Thou hast well drunken man,

C

G7 C

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 cucold blow his horn.



MERCEDES-BENZ

C7

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

G7

My friends all drive Porches I must make amends.

C7

F7

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

C7

G7

C7

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

Oh lord won't you buy me a colour TV

Dialling 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.

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

My friends all drive Porches I must make amends.

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

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

Janis Joplin and Michael McQuire

MILWAULKEE TRUCKIN' BLUES

E7 G#7
Drink your whiskey, drink your rye

A7
Turn your thoughts up to the sky.

E7 C#7
Things will happen by and by

F#7 B7 E
If you keep on truckin' a-long.

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

G#7
Truckin', Truckin' Truckin'

C#7
Truckin', Truckin', Truckin',

F#7
Truckin', Truckin', Truckin',

B7
Keep truckin', keep on truckin'.

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



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 to Mingulay.

Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, now altogether
Heel yer ho, boys; let her go, boys;
Sailing homeward 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.

MOLE IN A HOLE

C

I like the flowers and I like the trees,

G7 C

I like the woodlands and the bees,

C

I like the birds on their L.P's

G7 C

And I'm a refuge-e

C

Dm7

I wanna' be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow,

F G7 C

I wanna' be a fly flying high in the sky,

C

Dm7

I wanna' be a mole in a hole, digging low and slow,

F G7 C

I wanna' be a fly flying high in the sky,

I had a friend just as wise as Mr. Wise Owl
He could count from one to ten, from A to Z.
My friend he was so wise he got religion,
That's why I'm alive today and he is dead.

I had a friend who had a friend in Jesus,
He used to read the good book every day,
My friend he got so friendly with friend Jesus,
Friend Jesus took my only friend away.

My feet are smelly and my hair's a mess,
My teeth are yellow and I've got bad breath,
I may look great but I feel like death,
And I'm a refugee

MOONDANCE

Intro: Am7 Am7 Am7 Am7

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7
Well it's a marvellous night for a moon-dance

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7

With the stars up a-bove in your eyes,

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7

A fan-tab-u-lous night to make romance

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7

'Neath the cover of October skies.

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7

And all the leaves on the trees they are falling,

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7

To the sound of the breezes that blow

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Am7

And I'm trying to please to the calling,

Bm7 Am7 Bm7 Em Am

Of your heart-strings that play soft and low

Dm7,G7 Am Dm7,G7 Am

And all the night's magic seems to whisper and hush

Dm7,G7, Am Dm E7+

And all the soft - moonlight seems to shine, in your blush.

Am7 Bm7 Am7 Bm7

Can I just have one a'more moon-dance

Am7,Bm7 Am7 E7

With you, my love?

Am7 Bm7 Am7 Bm7

Can I just make some more ro-mance

Am7,Bm7,Am7 E7+

With a you, my love?

Well I wanna make love to you tonight,

I can't wait till the morning has come

And I know now the time is just right,

And straight into my arms you will run

And when you come my heart will be waiting
To make sure that you're never alone
There and then all my dreams will come true, dear,
There and then I will make you my own.
And everytime I touch you, you just tremble inside,
And I know how much you want me, that you can't hide

One more moon-dance with you, in the moonlight,
On a magic night, la la la la, in the moonlight,
On a magic night can't I just have one more dance with you
My love?



MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

C G C F
My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,

C G C
So it stood ninety years on the floor.

G C F
It was taller by half than the old man him-self

C G C
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more,

D7 G
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,

C D7 G
And was always his pleasure and pride,

C G C F
But it stopped, short, never to go a-gain

C G C
When the old man died.

C
Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock,tick tock,

His life seconds numbering, tick tock,tick tock.

G C F
It stopped, short, never to go a-gain,

C G C
When the old man died.

In watching it's 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 it's place, not a frown upon it's face,
And it's hands never hung by it's 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 it's flight,
That the hour of departure had come.
Still it kept perfect 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.



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
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 sir

Then out of 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 sat down together love to hear the Nightingales s

"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."





NOBODY DOES IT BETTER ('The spy who loved me')

D Dm A A7 D Dm A A7
Nobody does it better, makes me feel sad for the rest.

D Dm Ddim7 F#m7 B7

Nobody does it, half as good as you

E7sus4, E7 A

Baby you're the best.

A A7 D Dm

I wasn't lookin', but somehow you found me,

A A7 D Dm

I tried to hide, from your love light,

A A7 D Dm

But like heaven above me, the spy who loved me,

C#7 F#7 Bm7 E7 A

Is keeping all my secrets safe to-night.

Nobody does it better, sometimes I wish someone could.

Nobody does it, quite the way you do,

Did you have to be so good?

The way that you hold me, whenever you hold me,

There's some kind of magic inside you.

That keeps me from running, but just keep it coming,

How'd you learn to do the things you do?

Repeat first verse.....

NO MANS LAND

G C Am
Well how do you do Private William McBride

D G D
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave-side.

G C Am
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,

D C G
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done.

G Am
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen

D G D
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen-six-teen

G Am
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean

D C G
Or Willie McBride was it slow and ob-scene?

D C G
Did they beat the drum slowly did they play the fife lowly?

D C G
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?

Am D
Did the bugles sound the last post in chorus?

G C D G
Did the pipes play the "Flowers of 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?

CHORUS

But the sun shining now on 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 mans land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To mans blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

CHORUS

And I can't help but wonder now Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe that this war could 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 fields in France.

NOWHERE MAN

C G F C
He's a real nowhere man, sitting in his nowhere land,

F Fm C Bb,F
Making all his nowhere plans for nobody.

C G F C
Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to,

F Fm C
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

Em F Em F
Nowhere man please listen, you don't know what you're missing

Em F ...G7
Nowhere man, the world is at your command

He's as blind as he can be, just sees what he wants to see
Nowhere man can you see me at all?

Nowhere man don't worry, take your time, don't hurry,
Leave it all 'til someone lends you a hand.

He's a real nowhere man, sitting in his nowhere land
Making all his nowhere plans, for nobody.

Doesn't have a point of view, knows not where he's going to,
Isn't he a bit like you and me?

OB-LA-DI,OB-LA-DA

C G7
Desmond has a barrow in the market place

C
Molly is the singer in a band,

C7 F
Desmond says to Molly "Girl I like your face"

C G7 C
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand:

C
Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da, life goes on,

F C G7 C
Bra! La la, how the life goes on.

C Em
Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da, life goes on,

F C G7 C
Bra! La la, how the life goes on.

Desmond takes a trolley to the jewellers store,
Buys a Twenty carat golden ring,
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door,
And as he gives it to her she begins to sing

CHORUS

F C
In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home

F
With a couple of kids running in the yard of

C G7
Desmond and Molly Jones.

Happy ever after in the market place,
Desmond lets the children lend a hand,
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face,
And in the evening she still sings it with the band.

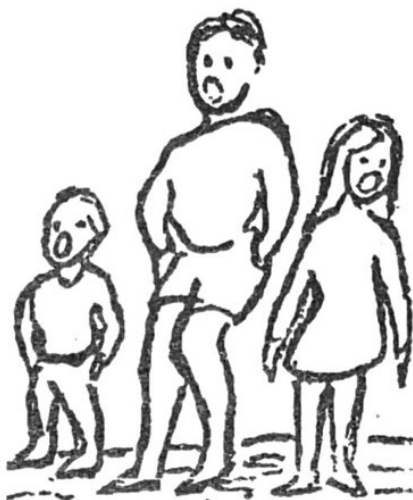
CHORUS

In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home,
With a couple of kids running in the yard of,
Desmond and Molly Jones.

Happy ever after in the market place,
Molly lets the children lend a hand.
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face,
And in the evening she's a singer with the band.

CHORUS

F G C
And if you want some fun, take Ob-la-di-bla-da.



THE OLD DUN COW (with hics and belches)

Some pals and I in a Public House,
Were playing dominos 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 whisky on the floor.

"Booze! Booze!" The firemen cried,

As they came a-knocking at the door.

"Don't let 'em in till its all mopped up."

Someone shouted "MacIntyre."

And we all got blue-blind paralytic drunk

When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub,
And gave it just a few hard knocks.
He started taking off his pantaloons,
Likewise his shoes and socks.
“Hold on!” Says Snoops, “If you want to 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 got drinking good old scotch
'Til we was bleary eyed.

OLD JOE

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

^G
They say that in his younger days he loved another man,
^F
When that small town started talking his friend died by his own hands.
^C
There was whispering among the women, hard talk amongst the men.
^G
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.

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 the town,
Staying at a boarding house, courting Betsy Brown.

Old Joe had a yellow cat, could neither sing or pray
She stuck her head in the 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 a 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.

PACE EGGING SONG

C
Here's one, two, three jolly lads all in one mind
G7 F
We are come a pace egging and I hope you'll prove kind,
C F G7 C
And I hope you'll prove kind with your eggs and strong beer
F G7 C
For we'll come no more nigh you un-til 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 'til 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 and goodnight.

THE POLL TAX SONG

C Am

It's so very taxing, My tent is collapsing,

F G

I found myself one pole too short.

C Am

So I phoned up the council, They said "hey you Scoundrel

F G

We're going to take you to court"

C A7 D7 G

North Pole, South Pole, flag pole, bean pole,

C A7

But there's one pole you can axe,

D7 G C ...G7

It's the 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 another 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 at Glee Campus 1993!

POOR BOY

C G C C7
As I went down to the river, poor boy
F C
To see the ships go by

My sweetheart stood on the deck of one
G C
And she waved me good-bye.

C G C C7
Bow down your head and cry, poor boy
F C
Bow down your head and cry,

Stop thinking about that woman you love
G
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-fixin to kill me.

THE PRICKLE EYE BUSH

Hangman stay your hand. Oh stay it for a while
For I think I see my Mother Dear a-coming over yonder stile
Mother have you brought me gold or silver to set me free
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree?

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

*Oh! The prickle eye bush,
That grieves my heart full sore,
If I ever get out of this prickle eye bush,
I shall never get in it anymore*

Hangman stay your hand. Oh stay it for a while
For I think I see my Father Dear, a-coming over yonder stile.
Father have you brought me gold, or silver to set me free.
To save my body from the cold, cold ground...?

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

CHORUS

Hangman stay your hand. Oh stay it for a while
For I think I see my True Love Dear, a-coming over yonder stile.
True love have you brought me gold or silver to set me free,
To save my body from the cold, cold ground
And my neck from the gallows tree.

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

Oh! The prickle eye bush
That grieved my heart full sore
Now that I'm out of this prickle eye bush
I shall never get in it anymore.

RED RIVER VALLEY

C

From this valley they say you are going,

G7

We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile.

C

F

For they say you are taking the sunshine

C

G7

C

That has brightened our pathways awhile

C

Come and sit by my side if you love me,

G7

Do not hasten to bid me adieu.

C

F

Just remember the Red River Valley

C

G7

C

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 me.

I've been thinking a long time sweet 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.

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, them in,
She did every one of them in.

One day when in a fit of pique etc...
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 etc...
And so a cyanide soup she planned
Her mother died with he spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin...

She weighed her brother down with stones etc...
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 etc...
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 etc...
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 ect...
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 etc...
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...

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 by and bay,
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 be Mike Waterson,
This song was made form two songs, one from the music halls
of the 1860's, the other an Irish Ballad.

ROSEMARY LANE

A Em G A
When I was in service in Rosemary Lane,
G A G A
I won the good will of my master of the day,
G A G Bm
'Til a sailor came there, one night to lay
A Em G A
And that as 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 he says, "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 will 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 Rosemary Lane
I won the good will of my master of the day,
'Til a sailor came there, one night to lay
And that was the beginning of my misery.

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 and 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, X2
Tell me what were their names, X2
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James. X2

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 men 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 those 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.

SAIL TO THE INDIES

Sail for the Indies, the Indies sail away
Sail for the Indies, the Indies sail,
Oh! Dear me. What a long hard sailing,
Oh! Dear me and a sicker time never had we

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 'til sunset,
See the ensign down.
Think I'll wait 'til 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.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

A D A
Got the blues, when my baby left me by the San Francisco bay.

D A
Ocean liner she's gone so far a-way,

D
Didn't mean to treat her so bad, she was the

A A,G#7,G7, F#7 B7
Best girl I e.....ver had. Said goodbye, made me cry,
E7

And now I want to lay down and die.

A D A
Ain't got a nickel, I ain't got a lousy dime

D C#7
If she don't come back I think I'm going to lose my mind.

D7 A A, G#7, G7 F#7
If she ever come back to stay, it'll be another bra..nd new day
B7 E7 A

Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

Sitting down looking through my back door,
Wond'ring which way to go
Girl that I'm so crazy 'bout
She don't want me no more
Think I'll take a freight train because 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 came back to stay, it'll be another brand new day
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.

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.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Am G Am
Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
C Am D Am
Parsley, sage, rose-mary and thyme.
 F C G
Re-member me to one who lives there,
Am G Am
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.

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 old horse should be
Well I calls me wife and I says to her
would you kindly to tell me
Who owns that horse outside my house
Where my old horse should be

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

Well its 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 etc...
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 etc...
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 etc...
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 etc...
That's a baby boy that my mother sent to me
But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before.

SHENANDOAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO

Darling you've got to let me kn-ow D,G,D.

Should I stay or should I go D,G,D.

If you say that you are mi-ne G,F,G.

I'll be here till the end of ti-me D,G,D.

So come on and let me know A7
Should I stay or should I go D,G,D.

It's always tease, tease, tease,
You're happy when I'm on my knees
One day its fine the next its black
So if you want me off your back
Just come on and let me know
Should I stay or should I go

D G,D.
Should I stay or should I go now

G D G,D.
Should I stay or should I go now,

G F,G.
If I go there will be trouble

F D G,D.
If I go there will be double

A7
So come on and let me know
Should I stay or should I go D,G,D.

If you don't want me set me free
Exactly who am I s'posed to be
Don't know which clothes even fit me
So come on and let me know
Should I cool it or should I blow

SI SI SI

Si si si si banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha,
Banaha.

Si si si si banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha,
Banaha.

Banaha, Banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha.
Banaha, banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha.
Banaha, Banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha.
Banaha, banaha,
Yacu sin a la do banaha.

Repeat as long as you want

SING IF YOU'RE GLAD TO BE GAY

Am
The British police are the best in the world
Dm E7
I don't believe one of those stories I've heard,
Am
About them raiding our clubs for no reason at all,
Dm E7
Lining the customers up by the wall
Dm
Pulling out people, knocking them down
E7
Resisting arrest as you're knocked on the ground.
Dm
Raiding our houses, calling us queer
E7 Am
I don't believe that sort of thing happens here.

Am Dm
Sing if you're glad to be gay,
G C E7
Sing if you're happy that way, hey!
Am Dm
Sing if you're glad to be gay,
C E7 Am
Sing if you're happy that way

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, The People, The Sunday Express
Molesters of children, corrupters 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
Your perfectly safe as you walk down the street,
You don't have to mince or 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 down 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 work mates, lie to your folks,
Put down the queens, Tell anti-queer jokes.
Gay Libs ridiculous, join their laughter,
The buggers are legal now, what more are they after?
TELL THEM

Sing if you're glad to be gay,
Sing if you're happy this way X2

SINNER MAN

Am

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to

G

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to

Am

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to

Em G Am

All on that day

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me? X3

No sinner man, sun'll be a freezing.

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me? X3

No sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding.

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me? X3

No sinner man, sea'll be a boiling.

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me? X3

No sinner man, you should be a praying.

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me? X3

Yes sinner man, come on in and howdy.

SIXTEEN TONS

Dm A7
I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine

Dm A7
I picked up me shovel and I walked to the mine

Dm Dm/C, Dm/B(Bø) Bb7
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal

Dm A7 Dm
And the store boss said "God bless my soul"

Dm A7
You load sixteen tons and what do you get?

Dm A7
An-other day older and deeper in debt

Dm Dm/C Dm/B(Bø), Bb7
St Peter don't you call me, 'cos I can't go

Dm A7 Dm
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
And 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 break by an old mother line
Can't get a high toned woman make me walk the line

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

SKYE BOAT SONG

A F#m Bm E
Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing

A D A
"Onward" the sailors cry

F#m Bm E
Carry the lad that's born to be king

A D A
Over the sea to Skye

F#m Bm
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar

F#m D F#m
Thunderclaps rend the air

Bm
Baffled our foes, stand by the shore

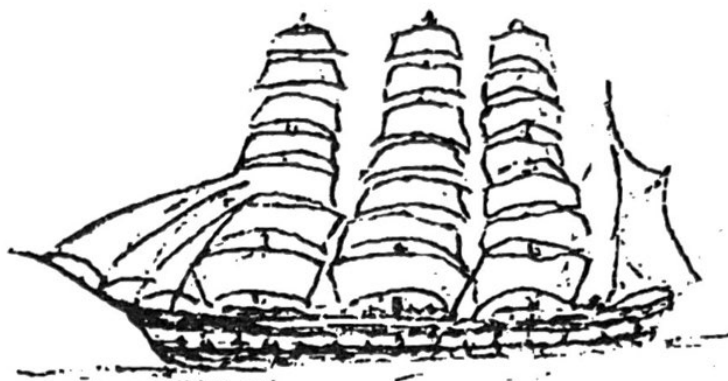
F#m D F#m, -E7.
Follow they will not dare.

Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could yield.
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 shall 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.

SLOOP JOHN B



C

We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me,

G7

'Round Nassau Town we did roam.

C,C7

F — — Dm

Drinking all night, got into a fight;

C

G7

C

I feel so break up, I wanna go home.

C

So hoist up the John B sails, see how the main sail sets.

G7

Send for the captain a-shore, let me go home.

C,C7

F — — Dm

Please let me alone, I want to go home,

C

G7

C

I feel so break up, I wanna 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.

STANLEY AND DORA

E7

Stanley and Dora was lovers,

They met down the Tot'nam Court Road

A7

A whoopin' it up at the Palais,

E7

Where the ice cream fountains flowed,

B7

E7

He was her man, a Lonny Donnegan fan.

Now Dora worked at the Dominion,

The best usherette in the flicks.

She sold Stan a ticket for one and nine

What 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,

Both got killed in the rush for the exit

When they played 'God Save The Queen'.

God save our Stan, the only one wot can.

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Em G D
Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,

Em C D
One morning last July,

Em G D
From a boreen green came a sweet colleen,

Em C D Em
And she smiled as she passed me by.

G D
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet,

G Em D
To the sheen of her nut brown hair

Em G D
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself

Em C D Em
For to see if I was really there.

G Am
From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,

G Em D
And from Galway to Dublin Town

Em G D
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen,

Em C D Em
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 surely be 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,
'Til my plough turns a rust-coloured brown,
'Til a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.

STEALIN'

C7

Put your arms around me like a circle round the sun,

F

Fm

You know I love you Mama, like your easy rider done.

C

C7

You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been

F

Fm

You don't believe I'm sinking, look what hole I'm in

C

C7

F

Fm

'Cause I'm a stealin, stealin', pretty Mama don't you tell on me

C7

A7

D7

G7

C

'Cause I'm a stealin' back to my same old used to be.

The woman 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.

The woman I love she's about my size and height
She's a honky-tonk woman comes to see me sometimes.

Come a little closer honey to my breast
And tell me that I'm the one you really love the best.
And you don't have to worry 'bout any of the rest
'Cause everything's going to be be fine.

STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKET

C G7
He's stone cold dead in the market

C
He's stone cold dead in the market

C7 F
He's stone cold dead in the market

C G7 C
I kill no-body 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
But I kill nobody but my husband.

His family they trying to kill me X3
But if I kill him he had it coming.

There's one thing that I am 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.

STRANGEST DREAM

G G7
Last night I had the strangest dream

C G
I'd ever dreamed be-fore,
D7 G
I dreamed the world had all agreed

D7 G
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.

SWING DOWN CHARIOT

Swing down chariot

Stop and let me ride,

Swing down chariot,

Stop and let me ride,

Rock me now, rock me now,

Calm and easy,

I've got a home on the other side.

TAKE THIS HAMMER

E7

B7

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain

B7

E7

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain

E7

A7

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain

E7

B7

E7

Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone.

If he asks you was I running X3

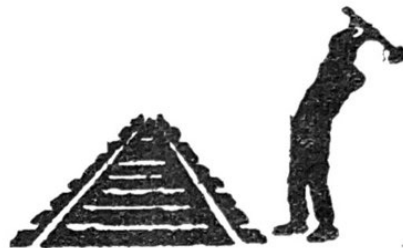
You can tell him I was flying,

You can tell him I was flying.

If he asks you was I laughing X3

You can tell him I was crying,

You can tell him I was crying.



I don't want no cold iron shackles, X3

'Cos they hurts my feet Lord,

'Cos they hurts my feet.

I don't want no corbread and molasses, X3

'Cos they hurts my pride Lord.

'Cos they hurts my pride.

Swing this hammer, it looks like silver, X3

But it feels like lead Lord.

But it feels like lead.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

G

There's a tavern in the town, in the town

D7

And there my true love sits him down, sits him down

G

C

And he drinks his wine 'mid laughter free

D7

G

And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me

G

Fare thee well for I must leave you

C

Do not let this parting grieve you

D

But remember that the best of friends must part,

G

G

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,

D7

I can no longer stay with you, stay with you

G

C

I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree

D7

G

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 deep and wide, deep and wide

Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet

And on my breast carve a turtle-dove

To signify I died of love, of love.

THERE SHE GOES

G D C G D C

There she goes. There she goes a-gain

G D C

Racing through my brain and

Am7, Am7/G, C

I just can't con-tain this

Am7, Am7/G, C ...D

Feeling that re-mains

There she goes

There she goes again

Pulsing through my vein

And I just can't contain

This feeling that remains. [intro. rif]

Em C

There she goes

Em C D

There she goes a-gain she calls my

G D C D

Name, she pulls my train, no one

G D C

Else could heal my pain

And I just can't contain

This feeling that remains

There she blows

There she blows again

Chasing down my lane and

I just can't contain

This feeling that remains.

There she goes X3.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

C F C
As I went walking that ribbon of highway
 G7 C, C7,
I saw a-bove me that endless skyway
 F C
I saw be-low me that golden valley and I thought
G7 C
This land is made for you and me.

 F C
This land is your land, this land is my land
 G7 C
From Cali-fornia to the New York Island
 F C
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
G7 C
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 was made for you and me".

Woody Guthrie

TRUE LOVE

Dm Gm Dm

True love, true love, don't you lie to me

Dm Gm A7 Dm

Tell me where did you sleep last night?

Dm Gm Dm

In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines

Dm A7 Dm

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 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.

UNCLE JOE

Don't you want to go heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe?
Don't you want to go heaven uncle Joe, uncle Joe?
Don't you want to go 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.

WATER IS WIDE

C F C

The Water is wide, I can-not get o'er

Am G

And neither have I wings to fly.

C Am

Give me a boat that will carry two,

G F C

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 onto one soft bush,

Thinking the sweetest flower to find

pricked my finger to the bone

And left the sweetest flower alone.

I leaned my back up against some oak

Thinking that he was a trusty tree

But first he bended 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.

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 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 dance 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 for the sea
You will still hear the sound of old Seth Davey
As he croons to his dancing girls three.

THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

C G7 C G7

The gypsy rover came over the hill,

C G7 C G7

Down through the valley so sha-dy

C G7 C Am

He whistled and he sang 'till the green woods rang,

C G C,F,C.

And he won the heart of a la—dy.

C G7 C G7

Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day,

C G7 C G7

Ah de doo, ah de day-o

C G7 C Am

And he whistled and he sang 'till the green woods rang,

C Am C,F,C.

And he won the heart of a la—dy.

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 a 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.

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, x2
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 straight waydid invite me to take a flowing bowl,
He advanced, he advanced, x2
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, x2
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 the, since he has been the, x2
Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe.

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing eye,
Wipe up, wipe up the 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, x2
Will be married when I return again.



WIDDECOME FAIR

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

With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney
Peter Davey, Baniel Widdon, Harry Hawke
Old Uncle Tim Cobley and all (X2)

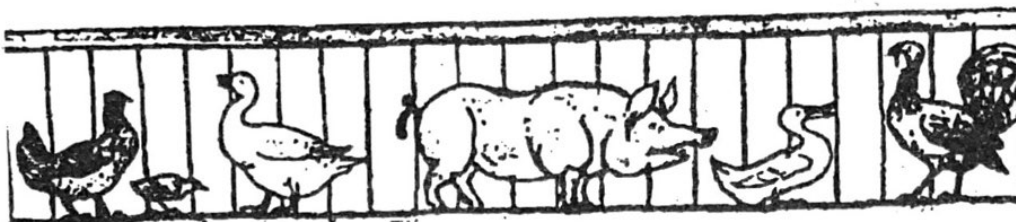
When shall I see my grey mare again
All along...
By Friday soon or Saturday noon.

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

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

So 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...
From Tam Pierce's grey mare and her rattling of bones.



THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

C F C
The Summertime has come,
F C
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
F Am
And the wild mountain thyme
Dm7 F
Grows a-round the blooming heather.
G F C
Will ye go, lassie go?

F C
And we'll all go to-gether
F Am
To pull wild mountain thyme
Dm7 F
All a-round the blooming heather
G F C
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?



WILD ROVER

C G C F
I've been a wild rover for many a year

C F G C
And I've spent all my money on whisky and beer.

G7 C F
And now now I'm re-turning with gold in great store.

C F G7 C
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

G7
And it's no nay never,

C F
No nay never no more,

C G
Will I play the wild rover,

C G7 C
No never, no more.

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

I drew 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 wine,
For your words show you plainly as no friend of mine.
There's others most willing to 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.

WOAD

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

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

Woad's the stuff to show men
Woad to scare your foemen
Boil it to a brilliant blue
And rub it on your back and your abdomen.
Ancient Britain never hit on
Anything as good as woad to fit on
Neck or knees or where to sit on
Tailors you be blowed.

Romans came across the channel
All wrapped up in tin and flannel
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.
Saxons you can waste your stitches
Building beds for bugs in breeches
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.

Romans keep your armours
Saxons your pajamas
Hairy coats were ment for goats
Gorillas, Yaks, retriever dogs and Llamas.
Tramp up Snowdon with your woad on
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on
Never want a button sewed on
Go it, ancient B's.

WORRIED MAN BLUES

C7

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,

F7

C7

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song,

G7

C7

I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I swam across the river, and lay 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.

YELLOW SUBMARINE

C G7 C Dm7

the town where I was born, lived a man,
G7

Who sailed to sea.

C G7 C Dm7 G7

And he told us of his life, in the land, of submarines.

C G7 C Dm7 G7

So we sailed up to the sun, 'til we found the sea of green,

C G7 C Dm7 G7

and we lived beneath the waves, in our yellow submarine

G7

We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine,

yellow submarine.

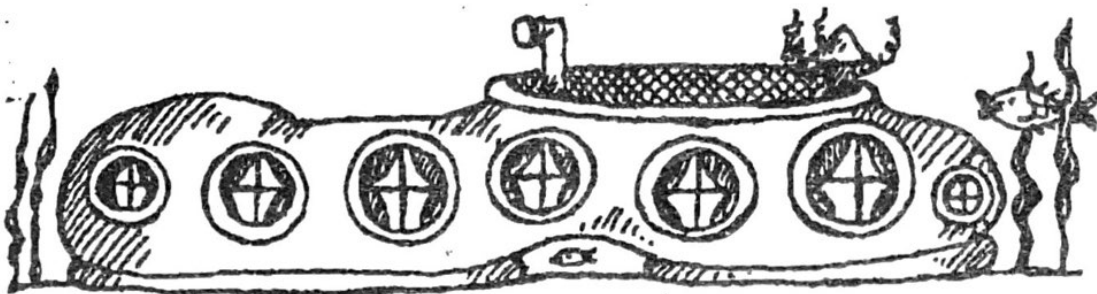
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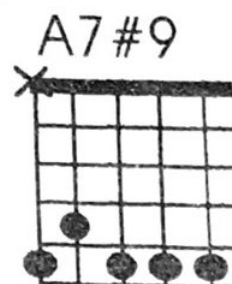
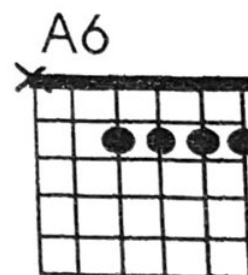
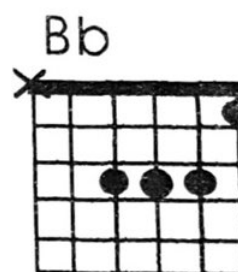
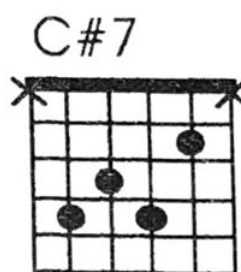
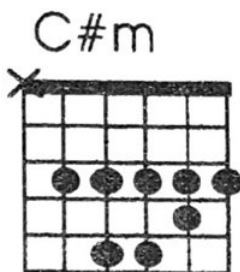
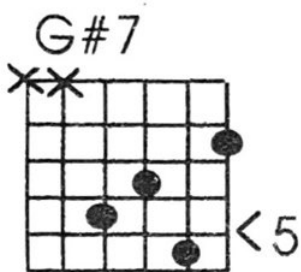
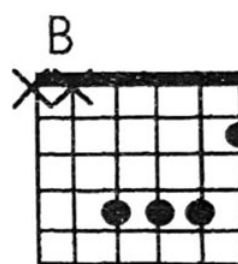
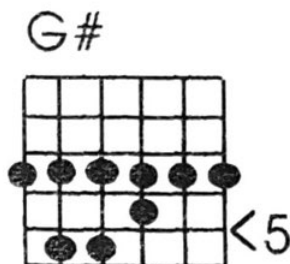
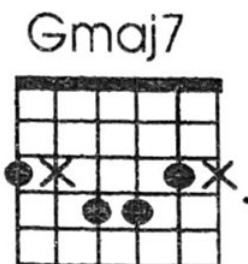
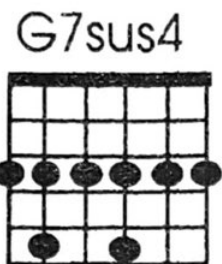
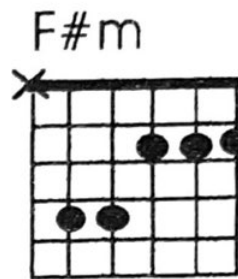
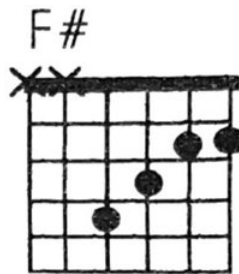
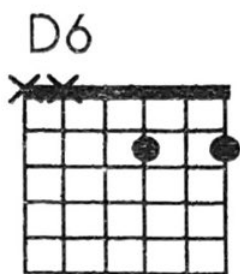
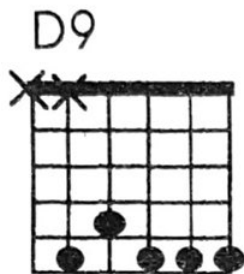
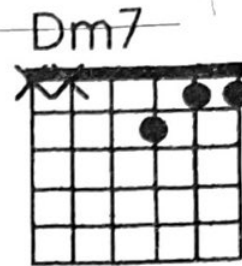
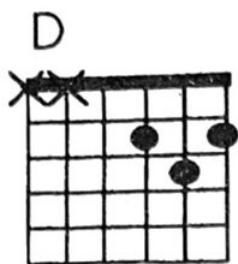
We all live in a yellow submarine, yellow submarine,

yellow submarine.

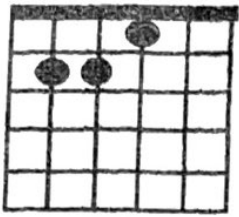
And our friends are all aboard,
Many more of them live next door,
and the band begins to play

As we live a life of ease, every one of us has all we need.
sky of blue and sea of green, in our yellow submarine.

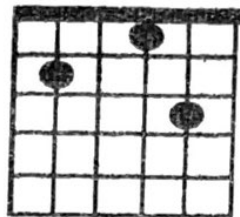




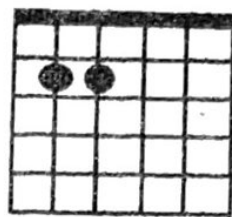
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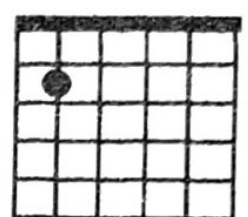
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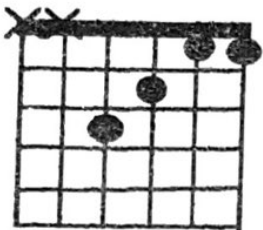
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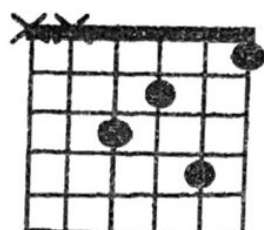
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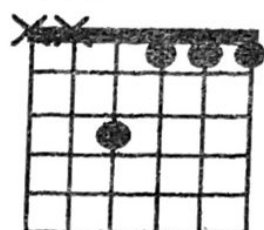
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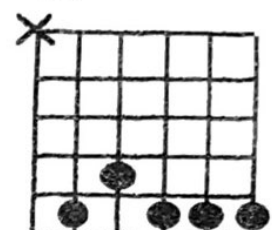
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Fm

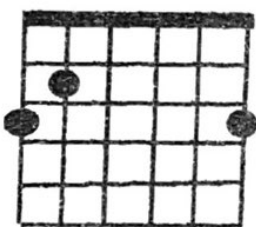


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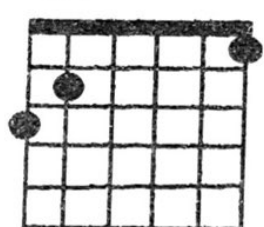


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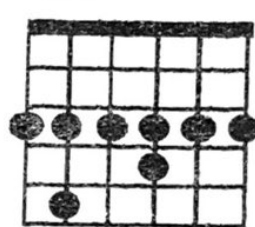
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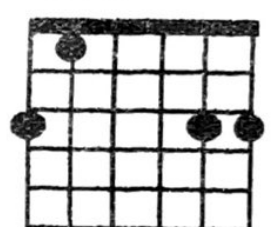
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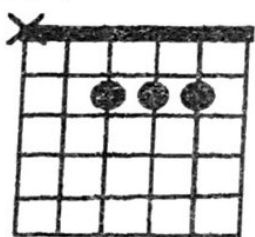
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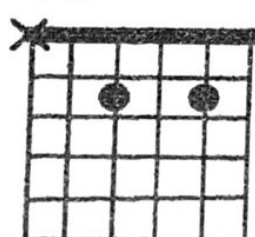
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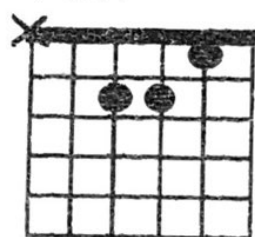
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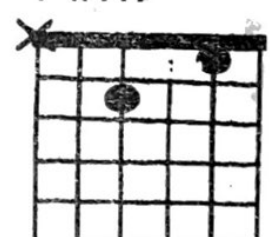
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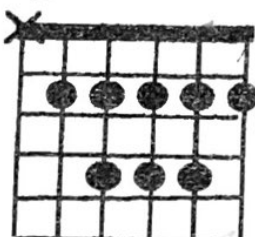
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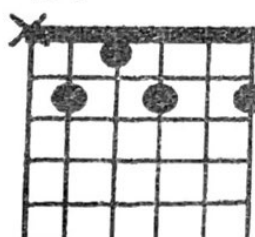
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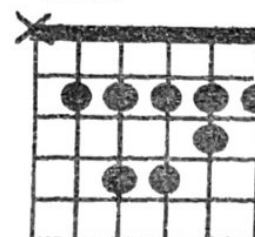
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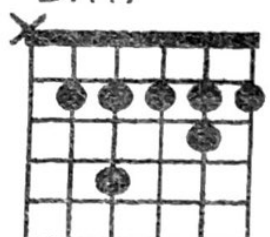
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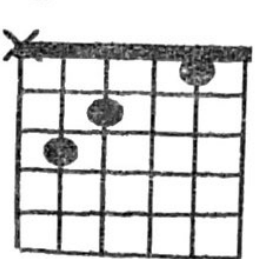
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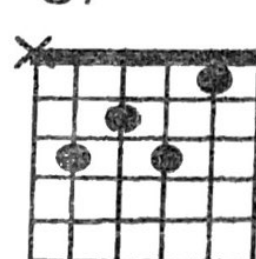
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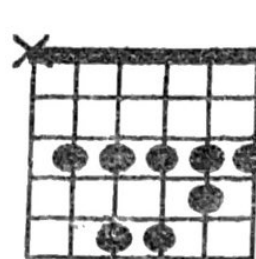
C



C7



Cm



Cmaj7

