

EMILY  
K.



FSC Songbook



This songbook belongs to:





Welcome to the new FSC songbook, a selection of some of the songs that we sing when we're out in the fields and sitting around our campfires (and sometimes at home in the bathroom). Glee is central to the FSC ethos. It reflects our belief in "learning by doing, teaching by being." On our camps we come together to sing and dance and create our own entertainment.

The songs in this book have been passed down over many years and countless camps – some are hundreds of years old and Glee on FSC has been described as "one of the few genuine oral singing traditions left in England."

It is nice to learn the words to songs so that we don't always have to use the book, and of course there are plenty of other songs that are wonderful to sing on camp which we have not been able to include in here.

This songbook was compiled by the Glee committee, the group in FSC responsible for maintaining and extending the role of song and dance in our organisation. We have meetings in London once a month where we sing, dance and socialise. There are also regular get-togethers outside London – in Bristol, Cambridge and Sheffield currently. Anyone is welcome to come along to these and we are always looking for new people to get involved.

For information or suggestions on this or anything else to do with glee in FSC please email: [glee@fsc.org.uk](mailto:glee@fsc.org.uk)

Blue Skies  
The Glee Committee  
June 2006



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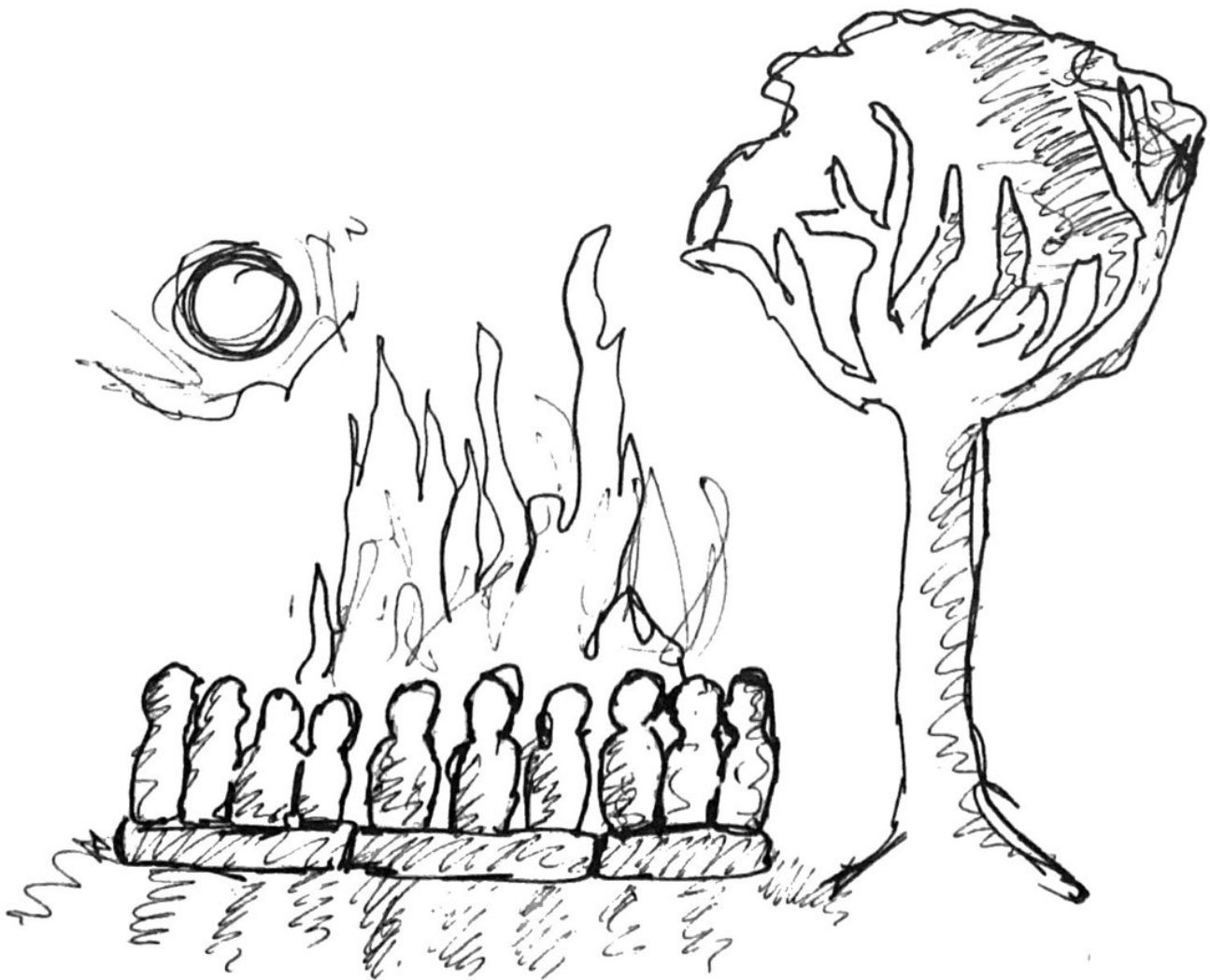


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## A B I O

A bi O (*A bi O*)

A bi O (*A bi O*)

A bi O bi O bi a ma ma (*A bi O bi O bi a ma ma*)

Bi O bi O bi a ma ma (*Bi O bi O bi a ma ma*)



## ALCOHOL

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

*Alcohol, Alcohol*  
*Alcohol, Alcohol*  
*You're the very devil*  
*Get away from me*

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

*Alcohol, Alcohol...*

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

*Alcohol, Alcohol...*

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

*Alcohol, Alcohol...*

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

*Alcohol, Alcohol  
Alcohol, Alcohol  
You're the very devil  
Get away from me*



## **ALL THINGS SHALL PERISH**

All things shall perish from under the sky  
Music alone shall live  
Music alone shall live  
Music alone shall live  
Never to die





## ANCHORED IN LOVE

I've found a sweet haven of sunshine at last  
And Jesus abiding above  
His dear arms around me are lovingly cast  
And sweetly He tells His love

*The tempest is o'er*  
(The danger, the tempest forever is o'er)  
*I'm safe evermore*  
(I'm anchored in hope and have faith evermore)  
*What gladness, what rapture is mine*  
*The danger is past*  
(The water's receding, the danger is past)  
*I'm anchored at last*  
(I'm feeling so happy I'm anchored at last)  
*I'm anchored in love divine*

He saw me endangered and lovingly came  
To pilot my storm-beaten soul  
Sweet peace He has spoken and bless His dear name  
The billows no longer roll

*The tempest is o'er...*

His love shall control me through life and in death  
Completely I'll trust to the end  
I'll praise Him each hour and my last fleeting breath  
Shall sing of my soul's best friend

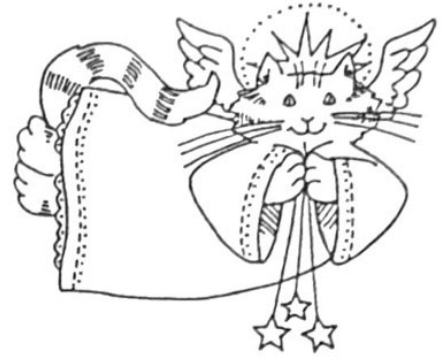
*The tempest is o'er...*



A.P. Carter

## ANGEL BAND

My latest sun is sinking fast  
My race is nearly run  
My strongest trials now are past  
My triumph is begun



*O come, angel band  
Come and around me stand  
O bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home  
O bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home*

O bear my longing heart to him  
Who bled and died for me  
Where blood now cleanses from all sin  
And gives me victory

*O come, angel band...*

I've almost gained my heavenly home  
My spirit loudly sings  
The Holy one before me comes  
I hear the noise of wings



*O come, angel band  
Come and around me stand  
O bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home  
O bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home*

Trad/Carter family

## ANGELS (ALL NIGHT, ALL DAY)

*All night, all day  
Angels watching over me, lord  
All night, all day  
Angels watching over me*

Now I lay me down to sleep  
Angels watching over me, lord  
Pray the lord my soul to keep  
Angels watching over me

*All night, all day...*

If I die before I wake  
Angels watching over me, lord  
Pray the lord my soul to take  
Angels watching over me

*All night, all day...*

If I live for ever and a day  
Angels watching over me, lord  
Pray the lord guard me always  
Angels watching over me

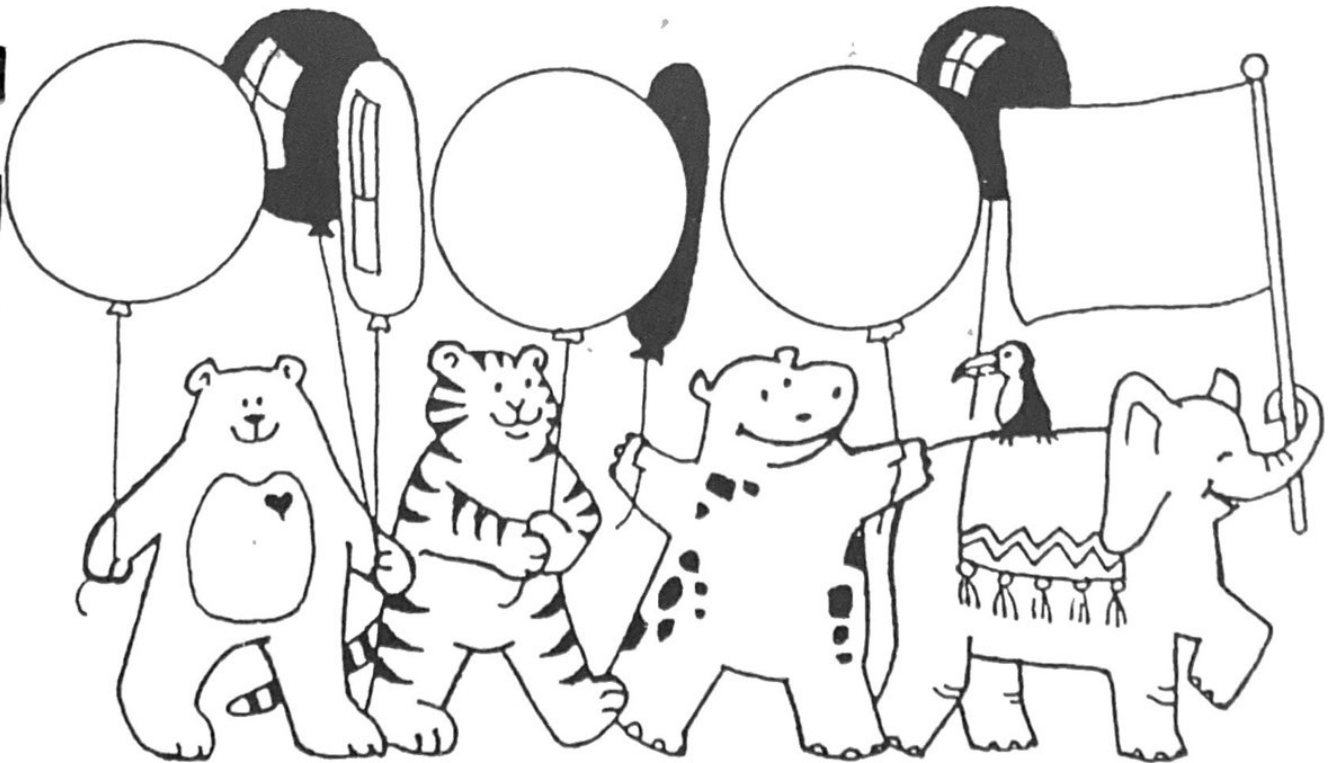
*All night, all day  
Angels watching over me, lord  
All night, all day  
Angels watching over me*





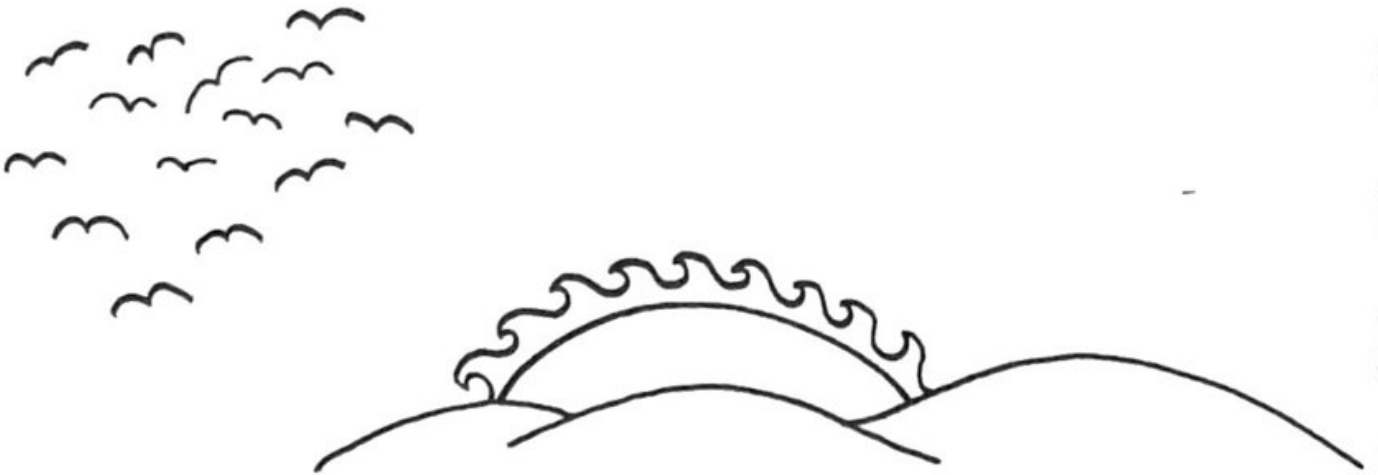
## ANIMAL FAIR

I went to the animal fair  
The birds and the beasts were there  
The big baboon by the light of the moon  
Was combing his auburn hair  
The monkey fell out of his bunk  
And slid down the elephant's trunk  
The elephant sneezed and fell on its knee  
And what became of the monkey?



## ARISE SONG (a)

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



## ARISE SONG (b)

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

## THE AULD TRIANGLE

A hungry feeling came over me stealing  
And the mice were a-squealing 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

*And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

Brendan Behan

The triangle was struck at the Mountjoy Jail in Dublin each time a prisoner was hanged



## THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

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

*And now the streets are empty and now the streets are dark  
So keep an eye on shadows and never pass the park  
For the city is a jungle when the law is out of sight  
And death lurks in El-Barrio 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

*And now the streets are empty and now the streets are dark*

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

*And now the streets are empty and now the streets are dark*



Phil Ochs

## BANKS OF THE OHIO

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

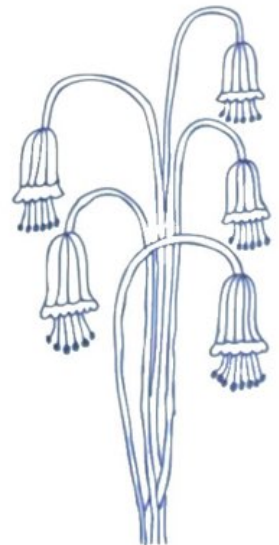
*And only say that you'll be mine  
And in no other's arms entwine  
Down beside where the waters flow  
Down by the banks of the Ohio*

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

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

I wandered home 'twixt twelve and one,  
I cried, My God, what have I done?  
I've killed the only woman I loved,  
Because she would not be my bride

*And only say that you'll be mine...*



This is an American version of the great British murder ballad *The Oxford Girl* or *The Butcher Boy*, taken over to the states in the later half of the 18th century

## BANANA BOAT SONG

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

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

*Day-o, me say day-o...*

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

*Day-o, me say day-o...*

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

*Day-o, me say day-o...*

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

*Day-o, me say day-o...*



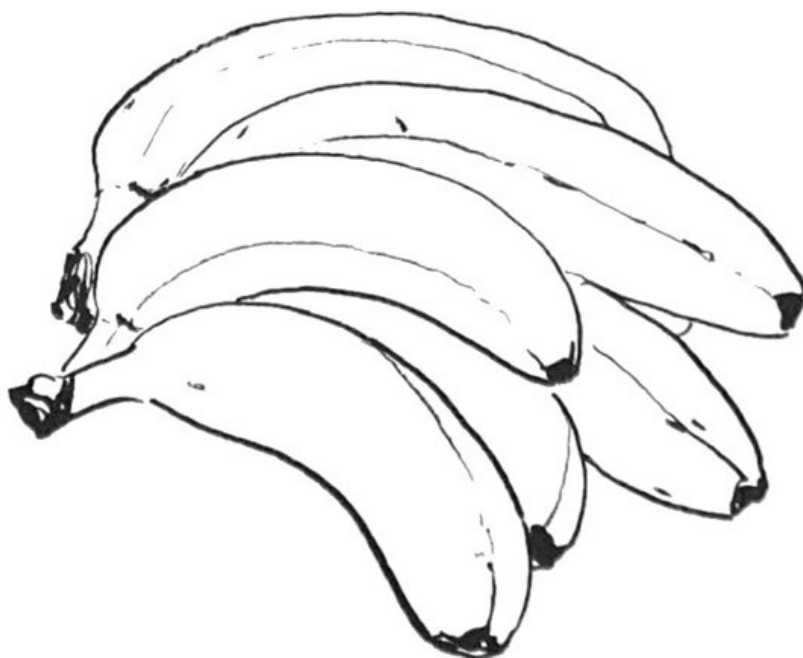


A beautiful bunch o' ripe banana  
Daylight come and me wan' go home  
Out come a big, black, hairy tarantula  
Daylight come and me wan' go home

*Day-o, me say day-o...*

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

*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*



A traditional Trinidadian work song, popularised by Harry Belafonte

## THE BARLEY MOW

Now here's jolly good luck to the quarter gill  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Jolly good luck to the quartergill  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Oh, the quarter gill

*Fetch in a little drop more  
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow*

Now here's jolly good luck to the half gill  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Jolly good luck to the half gill  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Oh, the half gill, quarter gill

*Fetch in a little drop more  
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow*

Now here's jolly good luck to the gill pot  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Jolly good luck to the gill pot  
Good luck to the Barley Mow  
Oh, the gill pot, half gill, quarter gill

*Fetch in a little drop more  
Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow*

Now here's jolly good luck to the

half pint

pint pot

quart pot

half gallon

gallon

half bushel

bushel

half barrel

barrel

barmaid (who serves the Barley Mow)

landlord (who keeps the Barley Mow)

brewery (that brews the Barley Mow)

*Fetch in a little drop more*

*Here's good luck, good luck, good luck to the Barley Mow*



## **BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAINS**

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

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

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

*Oh - The buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees...*

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains  
You never wash your socks  
And little streams of alcohol  
Come trickling down the rocks  
There's a lake of stew and whisky too



And you paddle around in a big canoe  
Where they hung the jerk who invented work  
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

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

Haywire Mac McClintock



## **BIG YELLOW TAXI**

They pave paradise, put up a parking lot  
With a pink hotel, a boutique and a swinging hot spot  
*Don't it always seem to go*  
*That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?*  
*They pave paradise, put up a parking lot*

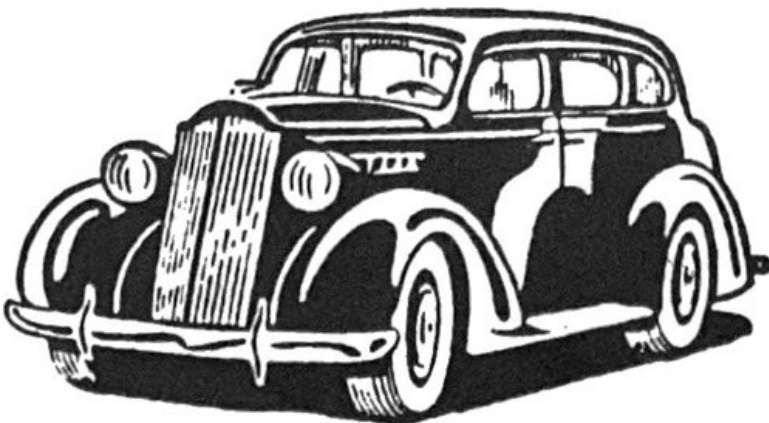
They took all the trees, put 'em in a tree museum  
And they charged all the people a dollar and a half  
just to see 'em  
*Don't it always seem to go...*

Hey farmer, farmer, put away the DDT now  
Give me spots on my apples, but leave me the birds  
and the bees - please!  
*Don't it always seem to go...*

Late last night I heard the screen door slam  
And a big yellow taxi took away my old man  
*Don't it always seem to go...*

*Don't it always seem to go*  
*That you don't know what you've got till it's gone?*  
*They pave paradise, put up a parking lot*

Joni Mitchell



## BLACKLEG MINER

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Durham song, sung as far away as Nova Scotia, about the fierce emotions of miners towards strike-breakers. One variant tells of "the best-dressed man of Seghill" hunted like a hare on the moor and his clothes and tools thrown down the pit shaft



## BLACK VELVET BAND

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

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

I took a stroll down Broadway  
Meaning not long for to stay  
When who should I see but a pretty fair maid  
Come tripping along the pathway  
She was both fair and handsome  
Her neck it was just like a swan's  
And her hair it hung over her shoulder  
Tied up with a black velvet band

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds...*

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid  
And a gentleman passing us by  
I knew she meant a doing for him  
By the look in her roguish black eye.  
His watch she took from his pocket  
And placed it right into me hand



And the very next thing that I said was  
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds...*

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

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds...*

So come all you jolly young fellows  
A warning take by me  
When you are out on the town, me lads  
Beware of the pretty colleens  
They'll feed you with whiskey and porter  
Till you are unable to stand  
And the very next thing that you know is  
You've landed in Van Diemens Land

*Her eyes they shone like diamonds...*

Black velvet bands were worn by mourning widows but also by ladies of the night to advertise their services. This was popular among both English and Irish sailors; and also in east Anglia in the 19th century where many Irish travelled to work draining the fens

## **BLOWIN' IN THE WIND**

<sup>G</sup> How many roads must a man walk down  
<sup>C</sup> before you call him a man?  
<sup>G</sup> How many seas must a white dove sail  
before she sleeps in the sand?  
How many times must the cannon balls fly  
before they're forever banned?

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

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

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

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

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

Bob Dylan

## BLOW THE MAN DOWN

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

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

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



This song dates from the end of the civil war, when the American and British navies were competing to build faster, bigger ships, sailing the Atlantic in 23 days east and 40 days west. A different shanty rhythm was needed to accompany work on the new style of rigging. Other songs in this new style include *Whiskey Johnny* and *Blood-Red Roses*

## **BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON**

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



## **CAMPFIRE'S BURNING**

Campfire's burning, campfire's burning  
Draw nearer, draw nearer  
In the gloaming, in the gloaming  
Come, sing and be merry

## **CAPTAIN DON'T YOU KNOW ME?**

Captain, don't you know me  
Don't you know my name?  
Captain, don't you know me  
Don't you know my name?  
Well the name is the same whatever the game  
And the game's got the same old name  
You're the same old rascal stole my watch and chain  
That's the name of the game



## CARELESS LOVE



Love, oh love, oh careless love  
Love, oh love, oh careless love  
Love, oh love, oh careless love  
Can't you see what careless love can do

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

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

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

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

Love my mamma and my poppa too...  
But I'd leave them both to go with you

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

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

Tom Paxton

An American jazz/blues song popularised by Leadbelly. It comes from an ancient Scottish ballad known as Lord Gregory or The Lass of Roch Royal. The original song tells the story of Isabel of Roch Royal going to Lord Gregory's castle after being banished by her parents for bearing his child, only to find he has gone to sea. In the American version the ship became a train

## CHICKEN ON A RAFT

Hey ho, chicken on a raft *Hi ho, chicken on a raft*  
Hey ho, chicken on a raft *Hi ho, chicken on a raft*

The skipper's in the ward room drinking gin  
*Hey ho, chicken on a raft*  
I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in  
*Hey ho, chicken on a raft*  
The Jimmy's laughing like a drain  
*Hey ho, chicken on a raft*  
Been looking in me comic cuts again  
*Hey ho, chicken on a raft*

*Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning*  
*Oh what a terrible sight to see*  
*Dabtow's for'ard and the dustman's aft*  
*Sitting here picking at a chicken on a raft*  
Hey ho, chicken on a raft *Hi ho, chicken on a raft*  
Hey ho, chicken on a raft *Hi ho, chicken on a raft*

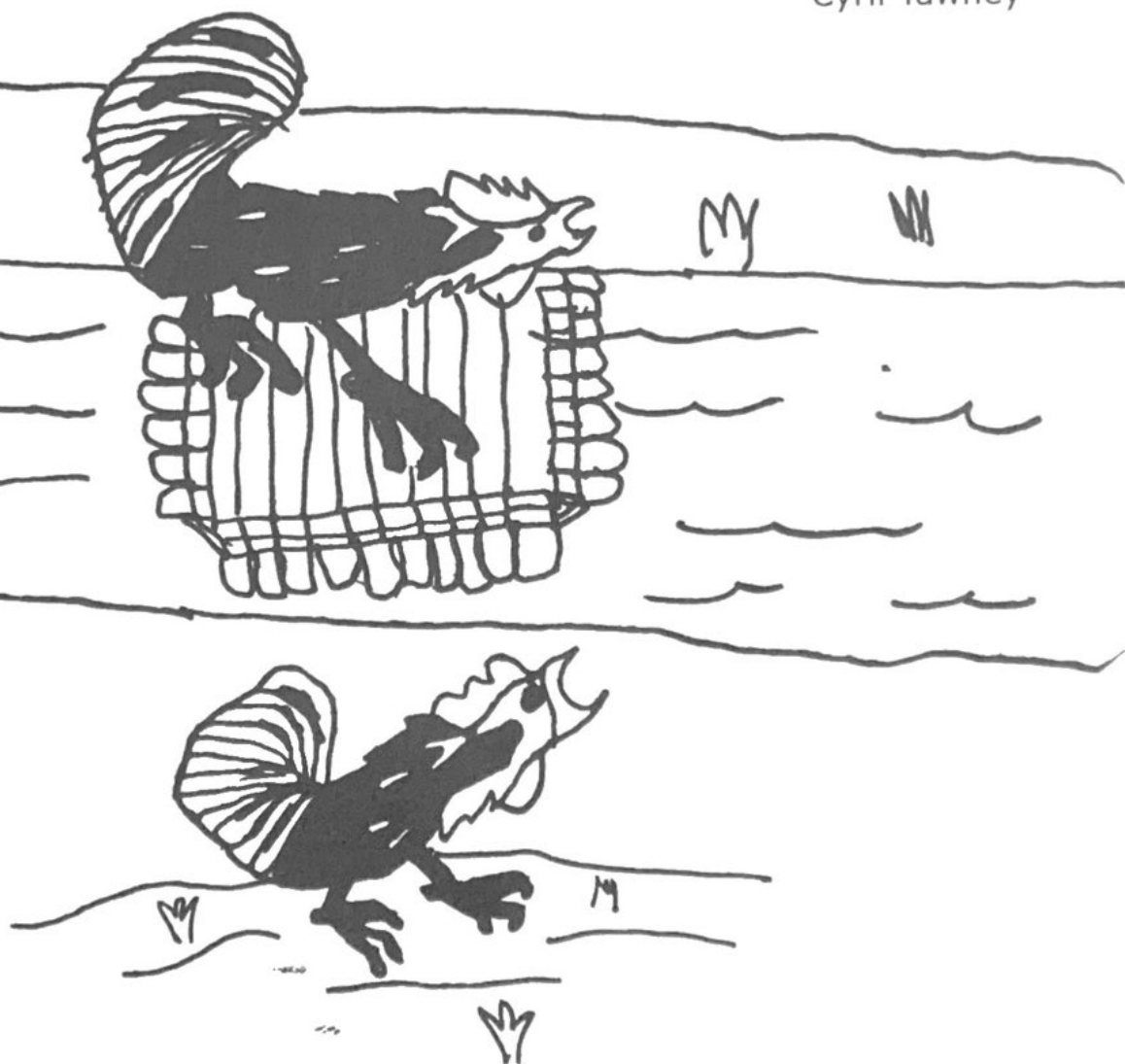
Well they gave me the middle and the forenoon too  
*Hey ho, chicken on a raft*  
And now I'm pulling in a whaler's crew (*Hey ho...*)  
There's a seagull laughing overhead (*Hey ho...*)  
Hope to be floating in a feather bed (*Hey ho...*)  
*Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...*

Well an amazon girl lives in Dumfries (*Hey ho...*)  
She only has her kids in twos and threes (*Hey ho...*)  
Her sister lives in Maryhill (*Hey ho...*)  
She says she won't but I think she will (*Hey ho...*)  
*Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...*

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus (*Hey ho...*)  
But she didn't cry, she didn't fuss (*Hey ho...*)  
Am I the one that she loves best? (*Hey ho...*)  
Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest? (*Hey ho...*)  
*Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...*

I had another girl in Donnerbie (*Hey ho...*)  
And did she make a fool of me (*Hey ho...*)  
Her heart was like a purser's shower (*Hey ho...*)  
From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour (*Hey ho...*)  
*Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning...*

Cyril Tawney



## CHICKENS

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

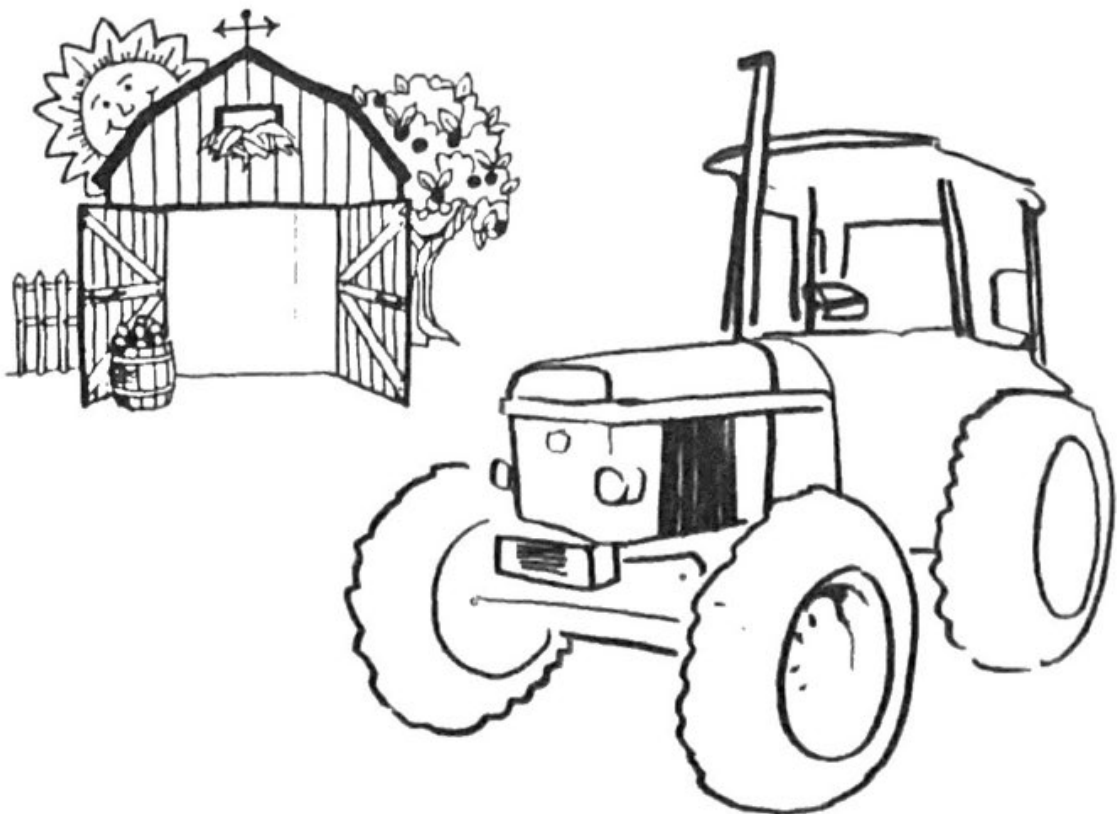
We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give  
We had some moo-cows - no milk would they give  
So, I said Honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; no milk would they give  
*One day a rooster crept into our yard  
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard*  
They're giving egg nog instead of milk now  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard

We had some elephants - no tusks would they grow  
We had some elephants - no tusks would they grow  
So I said Honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; no tusks would they grow  
*One day a rooster crept into our yard  
And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard*  
They're laying eggs now of solid ivory  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard



We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go  
We had a tractor - it just wouldn't go  
So I said Honey, this sure ain't funny  
We're losing money; it just wouldn't go  
*One day a rooster crept into our yard*  
*And caught those moo-cows right off of their guard*  
Now it goes EGGsactly just like it used to  
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard

We had some scientists - they just wouldn't work  
We had some scientists - they just wouldn't work  
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 moo-cows 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

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

*Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?  
Well I'm going to send thee two by two  
Two for the Paul and Silas  
One for the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born  
Born in Bethlehem*

*Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?  
Well I'm going to send thee three by three  
Three for the Hebrew children  
Two for the Paul and Silas  
One for the iddy, biddy, baby that's born, born, born, born  
Born in Bethlehem*

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

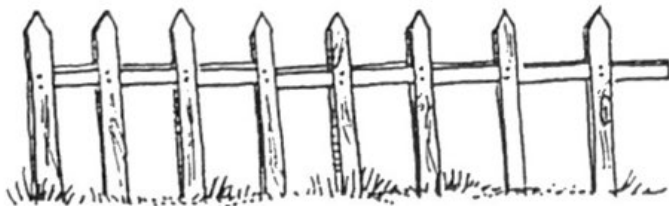
Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Children go where I send thee, how shall I send thee?  
Well I'm going to send thee ten by ten  
Ten for the ten commandments  
Nine for the nine that dressed so fine  
Eight for the eight that stood at the gate  
Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven  
Six for the six that never had a fix  
Five for the five that got out alive  
Four for the four that stood at the door  
Three for the Hebrew children  
Two for the Paul and Silas  
*One for the iddy, bidy, baby that's born, born, born, born  
Born in Bethlehem*



This is a variant of Green Grow the Rushes-O

## CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon  
Excavating for a mine  
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner  
And his daughter Clementine

*O my darling, O my darling, O my darling Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine*

Light she was and like a fairy  
And her shoes were number nine  
Herring boxes without topses  
Sandals were for Clementine  
*O my darling...*

Drove she ducklings to the water  
Every morning just at nine  
Stubbed her toe against a splinter  
Fell into the foaming brine  
*O my darling...*

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

In a churchyard near the canyon  
Where the myrtle doth entwine  
There grow roses and other posies  
Fertilized by Clementine  
*O my darling...*

Then the miner, forty-niner  
Soon began to peak and pine  
Thought be oughter jine his daughter  
Now he's with his Clementine  
*O my darling...*

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

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

How I missed her, how I missed her  
How I missed my Clementine  
Till I kissed her little sister  
And forgot my Clementine

*O my darling, O my darling, O my darling Clementine  
You are lost and gone forever  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine*



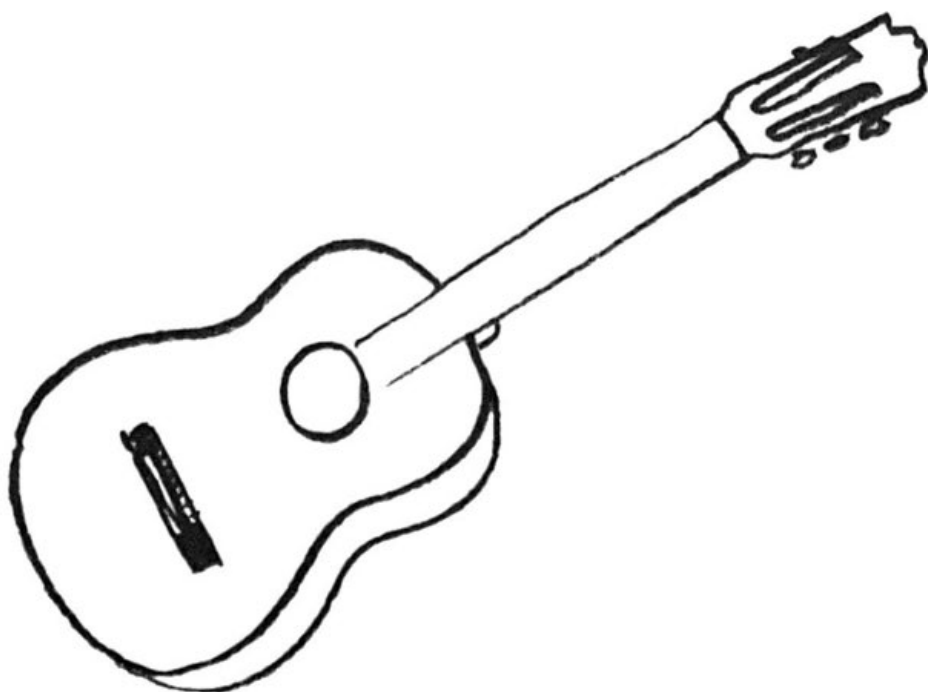
A forty-niner was a miner in the North American gold rush of 1849

## COCKLES AND MUSSELS

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

When I was a young man my daddy told me  
A lesson he learned, it was a long time ago  
If you want to have someone to hold onto  
You're gonna have to learn to let go

You got to sing like you don't need the money  
Love like you'll never get hurt  
You got to dance like nobody's watchin'  
It's gotta come from the heart if you want it to work

Now here is the one thing that I keep forgetting  
When everything is falling apart  
In life as in love, what I need to remember  
There's such a thing as trying too hard

You got to sing sometimes like you don't need the money  
Love sometimes like you'll never get hurt  
You gotta dance, dance, dance like nobody's watching  
It's got to come from the heart if you want it to work



Susanna Clark & Richard Leigh

## 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  
To the Greenwood, to the Greenwood  
To the Greenwood, Greenwood tree

## COME LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern  
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern  
And they decided, and they decided  
And they decided to have another flagon

*Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over  
Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
Tomorrow we'll be sober*

Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed  
quite sober  
Here's to the man drinks water pure and goes to bed  
quite sober  
Falls as the leaves do fall  
Falls as the leaves do fall  
Falls as the leaves do fall  
He'll die before October  
*Come landlord...*

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to  
bed quite mellow...

Lives as he ought to live...  
And dies a jolly good fellow  
*Come landlord...*

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell  
her mother...

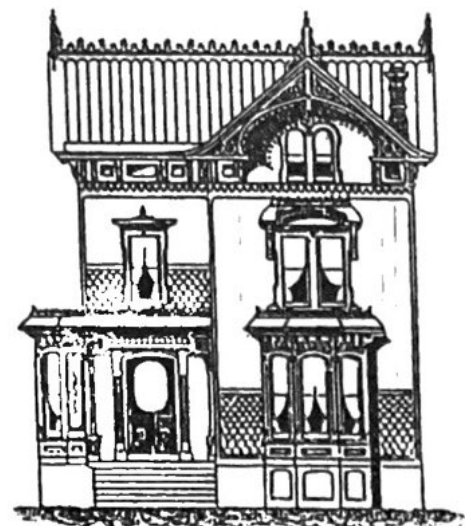
She's a foolish, foolish thing...  
She'll never get another  
*Come landlord...*

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back  
for another

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and comes back  
for another

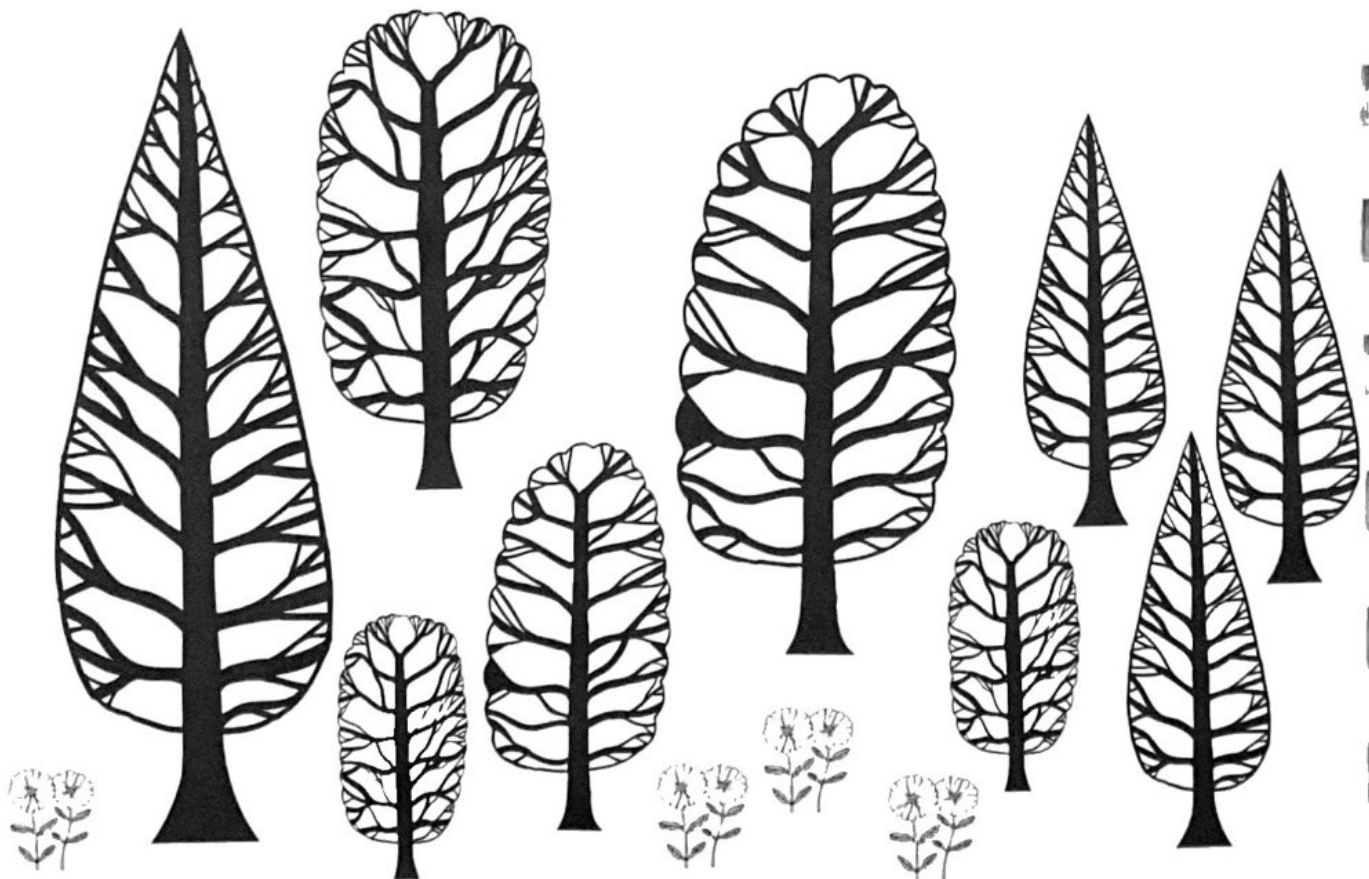
She's a boon for all mankind  
She's a boon for all mankind  
She's a boon for all mankind  
She'll very soon be a mother

*Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over  
Come landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth run over  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
For tonight we'll merry merry be  
Tomorrow we'll be sober*



## COME TO THE COLOURS JOHNNY

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



## COUNTRY LIFE

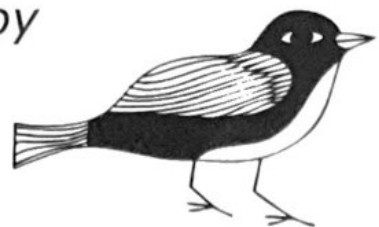
*I like to rise when the sun she rises  
Early in the morning  
And I like to hear them small birds singing  
Merrily upon their layland  
And hurrah for the life of a country boy  
And to ramble in the new-mown hay*

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow  
And that is how the seasons round they go  
Oh but of all the times choose I may  
'Twould be rambling in the new-mown hay

*I like to rise when the sun she rises  
Early in the morning  
And I like to hear them small birds singing  
Merrily upon their layland  
And hurrah for the life of a country boy  
And to ramble in the new-mown hay*

In winter when the sky turns grey  
We hedge and we ditch our lives away  
But in the summer when the sun shines gay  
We go rambling in the new-mown hay

*I like to rise when the sun she rises  
Early in the morning  
And I like to hear them small birds singing  
Merrily upon their layland  
And hurrah for the life of a country boy  
And to ramble in the new-mown hay*





## **DARK AS A DUNGEON**

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

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

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

*For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew...*

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

*For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew...*

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

*For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew...*

Merle Travis

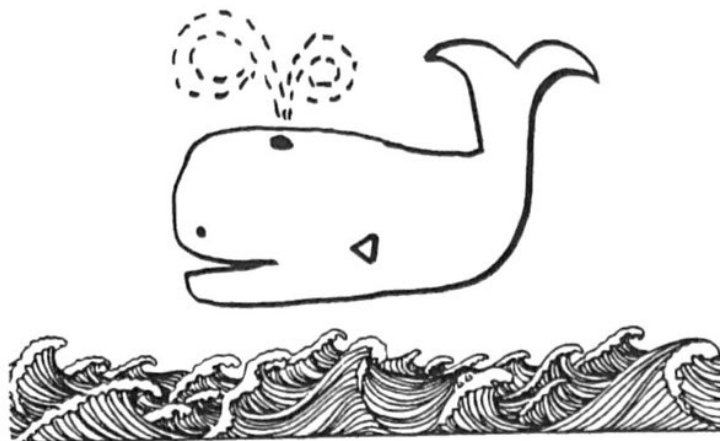
## DEEP BLUE SEA

Deep blue sea, Willie deep blue sea  
Deep blue sea, Willie deep blue sea  
Deep blue sea, Willie deep blue sea  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

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

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

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



## DEPORTEES

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

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

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

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

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

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

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

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

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

*Goodbye to my Juan...*

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

(Optional ending to last verse):

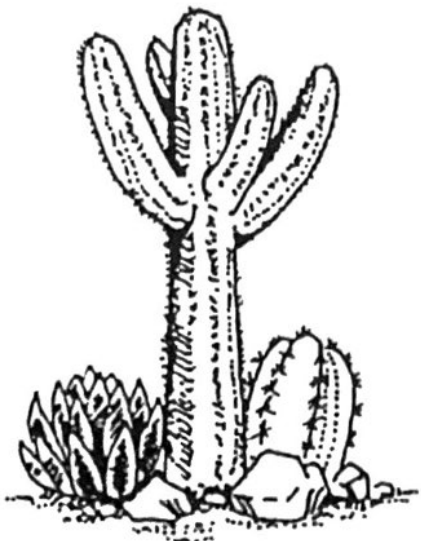
To fall like dry leaves, to rot on the topsoil  
And to be called by no name except deportee

*Goodbye to my Juan, farewell Rosanita*

*Adios mes amigos, Jesu et Maria*

*You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane*

*All they will call you will be deportees*



Woody Guthrie

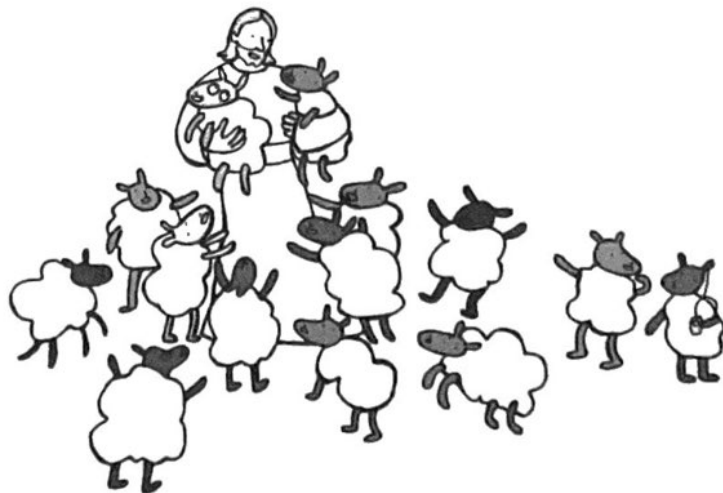
## DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH

While walking out one evening not knowing where to go  
Just to pass the time away before we held our show  
I heard a band, a mission band singing with all its might  
I give my heart to Jesus and left the show that night

*The day will soon be over and digging will be done  
And no more gems be gathered so let us all press on  
When Jesus comes to claim us and says it is enough  
The diamonds will be shining no longer in the rough*

One day my precious comrade was all too lost in sin  
Another soul to rescue, when Jesus took him in  
So when you're tired and tempted, exhausted and rebuffed  
Don't turn away in anger those diamonds in the rough

*The day will soon be over and digging will be done  
And no more gems be gathered so let us all press on  
When Jesus comes to claim us and says it is enough  
The diamonds will be shining no longer in the rough*



Recorded by the Carter Family in 1929



## DIDO BENDIGO

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

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

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

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  
*There was Dido, Bendigo...*

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  
*There was Dido, Bendigo...*



## DIRTY OLD TOWN

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

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

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

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



Ewan McColl

## DONNA DONNA

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



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

Stop complaining said the farmer  
Who asked you a calf to be?  
Why don't you have wings to fly with  
Like the swallow so proud and free?

*Now the winds are laughing...*

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

*Now the winds are laughing...*

Donna Donna was written in Yiddish during WWII by Jtschak Katsenelson, after his wife and two sons were taken from the Warsaw ghetto to Auschwitz where they were murdered. Katsenelson later also died in Auschwitz. The original title of the song is The Calf. What we sing is a pretty accurate translation, apart from the "donna donna" refrain, which is actually a corruption of "donaj, donaj" meaning "my God, my God."

## DOWN IN THE VALLEY

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

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

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

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

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



## DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL

See the boys out walking, the boys they look so fine  
Dressed up in green velvet, their silver buckles shine  
Soon they'll be bleary-eyed under a keg of wine

*Down where the drunkards roll*

*Down where the drunkards roll*

See that lover standing staring at the ground  
He's looking for the real thing, lies were all he found  
But you can get the real thing, it will only cost a pound

*Down where the drunkards roll*

*Down where the drunkards roll*

There goes a troubled woman, she dreams a troubled dream  
She lives out on the highway, she keeps her money clean  
Soon she'll be returning to the place where she's the queen

*Down where the drunkards roll*

*Down where the drunkards roll*

You can be a gambler who never drew a hand  
You can be a sailor, never left dry land  
You can be Lord Jesus, all the world will understand

*Down where the drunkards roll*

*Down where the drunkards roll*



Richard Thompson



## DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

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

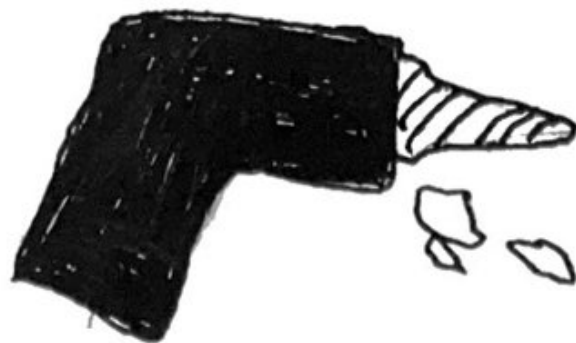
*And drill, ye tarriers, drill*  
*And drill, ye tarriers, drill*  
*For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay*  
*Down behind the old railway*  
*And drill, ye tarriers, drill*  
*And blast*  
*And fire*

Our new foreman is Jimmy McCann  
By God he is a blame mean man  
One day a premature blast went off  
And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough

*And drill, ye tarriers, drill...*

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

*And drill, ye tarriers, drill...*



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

*And drill, ye tarriers, drill  
And drill, ye tarriers, drill  
For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay  
Down behind the old railway  
And drill, ye tarriers, drill  
And blast  
And fire*



Thomas Casey

## **EARTH MY BODY**

Earth my body, water my blood  
Air my breath and fire my spirit

## 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

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

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

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

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!

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



## ERIE CANAL

I got an old mule and her name is Sal  
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal  
She's a good worker and a good old pal  
Sixteen miles on the Erie Canal  
We've hauled some barges in our day  
Full of lumber and coal and hay  
And we know every inch of the way  
From Albany to Buffalo

*Low bridge, everybody down  
Low bridge for we're coming to a town  
And you'll always know your neighbour  
You'll always know your pal  
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal*

We'd better get along on our way old gal  
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal  
'Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal  
Fifteen miles on the Erie 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

*Low bridge, everybody down  
Low bridge for we're coming to a town  
And you'll always know your neighbour  
You'll always know your pal  
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal*

## FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all you bold heroes lend an ear to my song  
I will sing you the praise of good brandy and rum  
If the clear crystal fountains o'er England shall roll  
*Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl*  
*I'll fathom the bowl*  
*I'll fathom the bowl*  
*Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl*

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum  
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come  
But stout and strong cider are England's control  
*Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl...*

My wife she do disturb me as I sits at my ease  
For she says as she likes and she does as she please  
My wife she is a devil, heart's black as the coal  
*Bring me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl...*

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

"Punch" comes from the Hindi word panch (five) because of its five ingredients: spirit, water, lemon juice, sugar and spices. The word was first recorded in English in 1669 but the song probably dates from a little later. High custom duties meant the singers of songs such as this one were unlikely to have enjoyed punch made from spirits acquired through legitimate channels. The mysterious last verse may also allude to a dead smuggler, but who knows?



## FIDDLERS GREEN

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

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



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

*Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper...*

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

*Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper...*

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

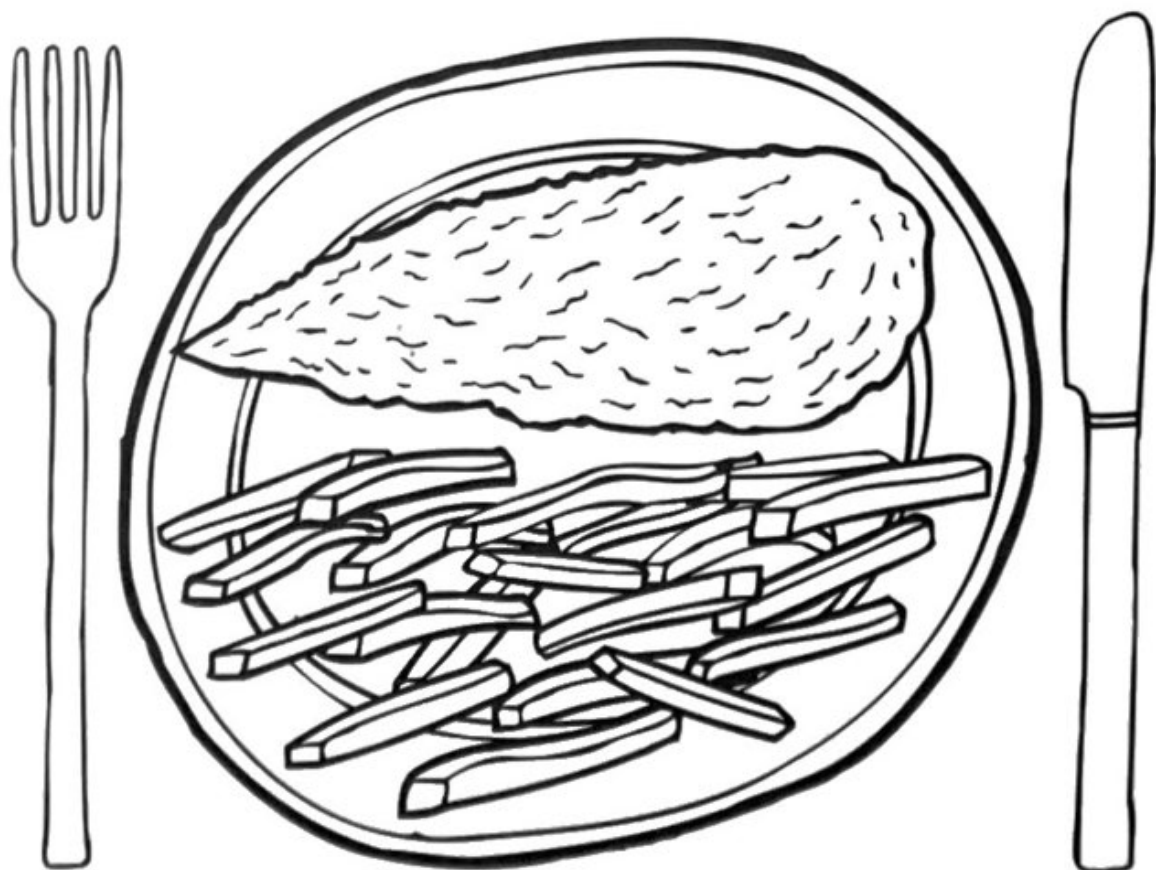
*Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper...*

## FISH AND CHIPS AND VINEGAR

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

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

One bottle of beer, two bottle of beer, three bottle of  
beer, four bottle of beer  
Five bottle of beer, six bottle of beer, seven bottle of  
beer, eight



## FIVE HUNDRED MILES

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

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

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

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

## **FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD**

When the sun comes back and the first quail calls  
Follow the drinking gourd  
The old man is a-waiting for to carry you to Freedom  
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd, gourd, gourd

*Follow the drinking gourd, follow the drinking gourd  
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to Freedom  
Follow the drinking gourd*

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

*Follow the drinking gourd...*

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

*Follow the drinking gourd...*

Where the little river meets the great big one  
Follow the drinking gourd  
There the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to Freedom  
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd, gourd, gourd

*Follow the drinking gourd, follow the drinking gourd  
For the old man is a-waiting for to carry you to Freedom  
Follow the drinking gourd*

## FREIGHT TRAIN

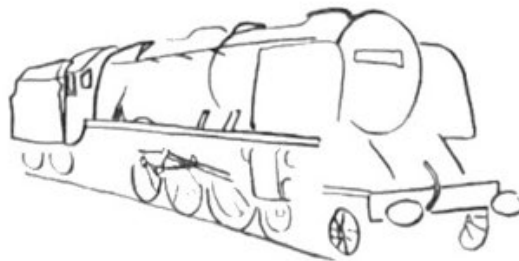
*Freight train, freight train runs so fast  
Freight train, freight train runs so fast  
Please don't tell what train I'm on  
So they won't know what route I'm gone*

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

*Freight train, freight train runs so fast...*

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

*Freight train, freight train runs so fast...*



Libby Cotten

The drinking gourd is another name for the Big Dipper or Plough (see back cover) which points to the North Star and is an accurate marker to follow while travelling at night. The song tells the story of a sailor known as Peg-Leg Joe who helped young black slaves to escape and run north to freedom, following the waters of the Tombigbee and Ohio Rivers. The peg-leg sailor would teach this song to the young slaves and show them the mark of his natural left foot and the round hole made by his peg leg. He would then go ahead of them and they would follow his peg-leg tracks



## FROGGY WENT A-COURTIN'

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride, a-hum  
Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride, a-hum  
Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride, a-hum  
A sword and pistol by his side  
A-hum, ah hum, ah hum, ah hum

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

Missie Mouse are you within?  
Yes kind sir and please come in

Missie Mouse will you marry me?  
O no kind sir that never can be

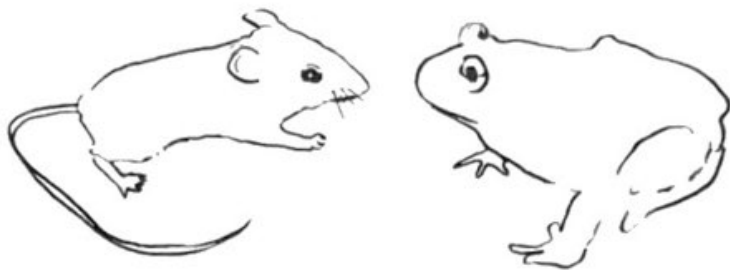
Without my Uncle Rat's consent  
I would not marry the President

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

Where will the wedding breakfast be?  
Way down yonder in the hollow tree

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

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



This is the popular American version of the Scottish shepherds' song  
*The Frog and the Mouse*, or *The Frog Cam to the Myl-dur*, first  
recorded in 1549



## THE GHOST OF JOHN

Have you heard of the ghost of John?  
Pale white bones with the flesh all gone  
Poo-oo-oor old John  
Wouldn't it be chilly with no skin on?



## **GO DOWN YOU BLOOD RED ROSES**

Gather round you sailors and listen to me  
*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*  
Ne'er take a young girl on your knee  
*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*

*Oh you pinks and posies*  
*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*

Them Liverpool girls ain't got no comb  
*Go down...*  
They comb their hair with a kipper backbone  
*Go down...*

*Oh you pinks and posies...*

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

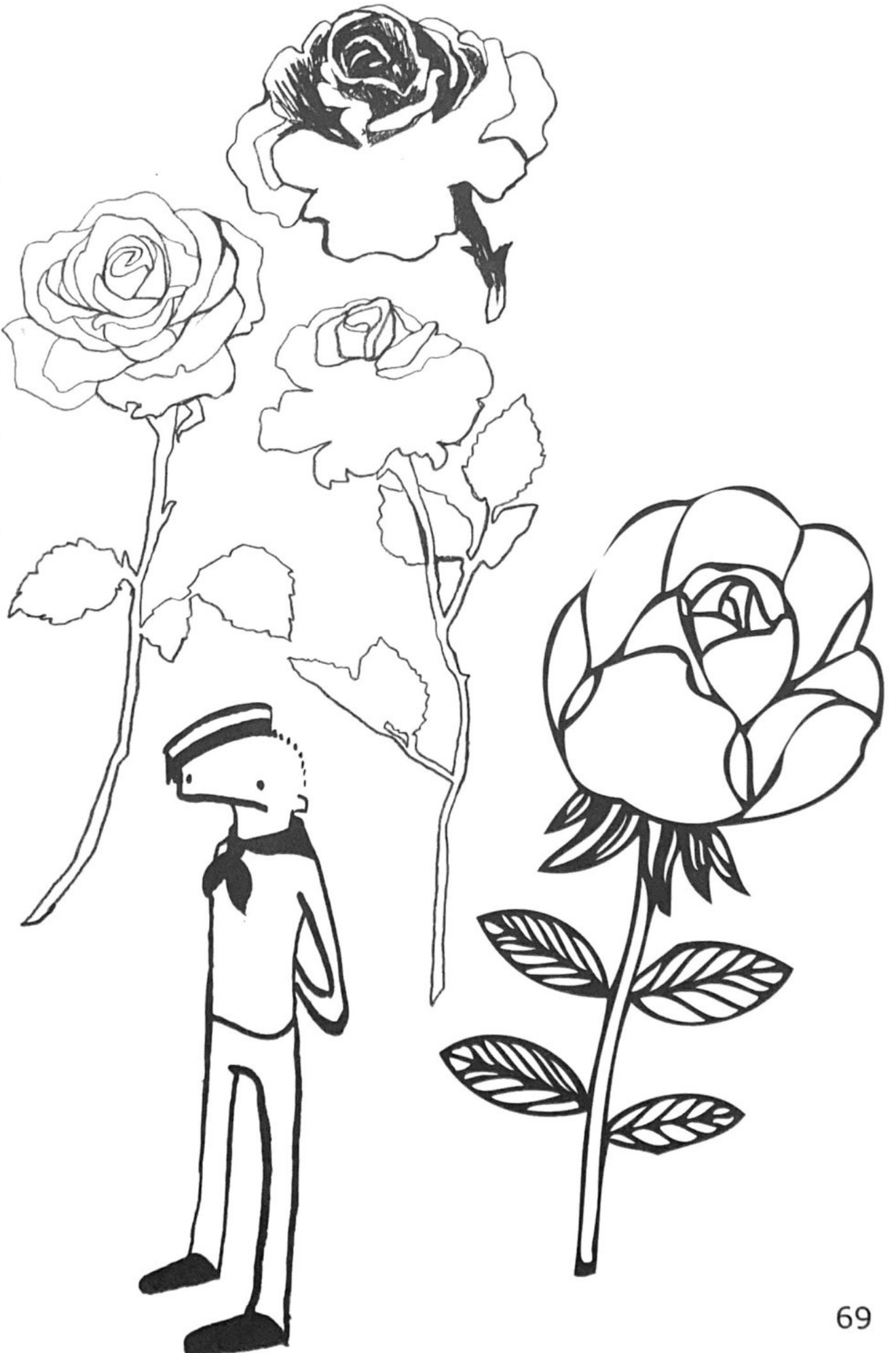
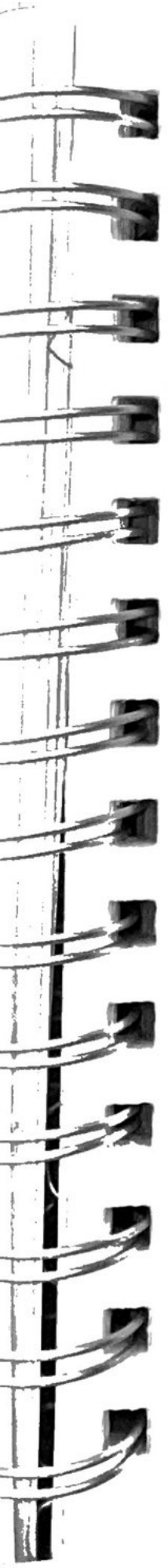
*Oh you pinks and posies...*

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

*Oh you pinks and posies...*

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

*Oh you pinks and posies*  
*Go down you blood red roses, go down!*



## **GREAT AMERICAN RAILWAY**

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

*Chorus:*

*I was wearing corduroy breeches, digging ditches  
Swinging switches, dodging hitches  
I was working on the Railway*

*Or:*

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

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

In eighteen hundred and eighty three  
The overseer accepted me...  
For work upon the Railway  
*Chorus*

In eighteen hundred and eighty four  
My hands were tired and my feet were sore...  
From working on the Railway  
*Chorus*



In eighteen hundred and eighty five  
I found myself more dead than alive...  
From working on the Railway  
*Chorus*

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

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

In eighteen hundred and eighty seven  
I picked the lock of the Golden Gate...  
With a crowbar from the Railway  
*Chorus*

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

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

## **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

I'll sing you two-o!  
Green grow the rushes-o  
What is your two-o?  
Two, two, the lily white boys clothéd all in green-o  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so

I'll sing you three-o!  
Green grow the rushes-o  
What is your three-o?  
Three, three the rivals  
Two, two, the lily white boys clothéd all in green-o  
One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so

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

I'll sing you twelve-o!

Green grow the rushes-o

What is your twelve-o?

Twelve for the twelve apostles.

Eleven for the eleven that went to heaven

Ten for the ten commandments

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Eight for the April rainers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Six for the six proud walkers

Five for the symbols at your door

Four for the Gospel makers

Three, three the rivals

Two, two, the lily white boys clothéd all in green-o

One is one and all alone

And ever more shall be so



## GREENLAND WHALE FISHERIES

They took us jolly sailor lads  
A-fishing for a whale  
On the fourth day of August in eighteen sixty-four  
Bound for Greenland we set sail, brave boys  
Bound for Greenland we set sail

The lookout stood on the crosstrees high  
The spyglass in his hand  
There's a whale, there's a whale, there's a whale-fish, he cried  
And she blows at every span, brave boys  
And she blows at every span

The captain stood on the quarter deck  
And a sod of a man was he  
Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall  
And we'll launch them boats to sea, brave boys  
And we'll launch them boats to sea

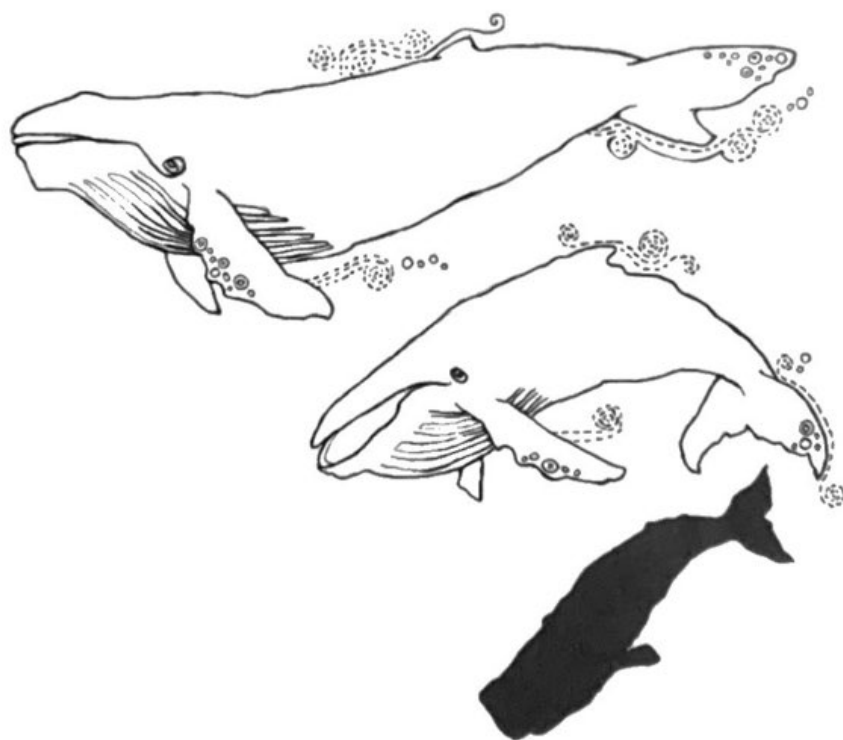
Well the boats went down with the men aboard  
And the whale was in full view  
Resolved, resolved was each whalerman bold  
For to steal where the whalefish blew, brave boys  
For to steal where the whalefish blew

We strapped that whale and the line played out  
But she gave a flurry with her tail  
And the boat capsized, we lost seven of our men  
And we never caught that whale, brave boys  
And we never caught that whale



Well the losing of seven fine seamen  
Well it grieved our captain sore  
But the losing of a bloody sperm whale  
Oh it grieved him ten times more, brave boys  
Oh it grieved him ten times more

Oh, Greenland is a dreadful place  
A land that's never green  
Where there's ice and there's snow and the whale-fishes blow  
And the daylight's seldom seen, brave boys  
And the daylight's seldom seen



Life as a sailor on a whale fishing boat was bitter, working in cruel weather amid a deluge of blood. Until 1830, the whaling ships put out each spring from London, Kings Lynn, Hull and Whitby, bound for the Right Whale grounds of Greenland. The best of our whaling ballads are about the Greenland fishery. This version was first published in 1725. After 1830, the fleets moved to Baffin's Bay in North America and later on to Hawaii



## 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

*Here's 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

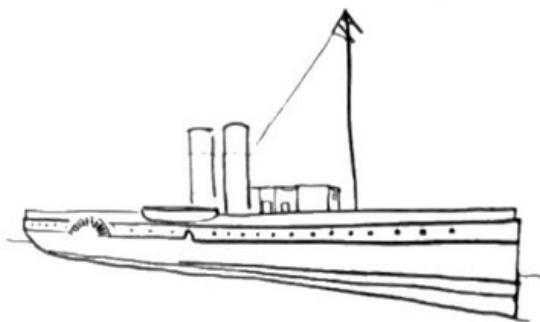
*Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line*

Oh Lord, if only dreams were 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

*Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line*

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

*Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line*



Cyril Tawney

## HAL AND TOW

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

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

What happened to the Spaniards  
That made so great a boast-oh  
Why they shall eat the feathered goose  
And we shall eat the roast-oh  
*Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow...*

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  
*Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow...*

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  
*Hal and Tow, jolly rumbelow...*



An ancient Cornish song which accompanied a dance intended to bring good fortune, good weather for crops and fertility for the livestock

## **HALLELUIA, I'M A BUM**

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

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

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

*Halleluia, I'm a bum...*

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



Haywire Mac McClintock

## HANGING ON THE OLD BARBED WIRE

If you want to see the general, I know where he is  
I know where he is, I know where he is  
If you want to see the general, I know where he is  
He's pinning another medal on his chest  
I saw him, I saw him  
Pinning another medal on his chest (I saw him)  
Pinning another medal on his chest

If you want to see the Colonel, I know where he is  
I know where he is, I know where he is  
If you want to see the Colonel, I know where he is  
He's sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face  
I saw him, I saw him  
Sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face (I saw him)  
Sitting in comfort stuffing his bloody face

If you want to see the Major...  
He's home again on seven days' leave

If you want to see the Sergeant...  
He's drinking all the company's rum

If you want to see the Corporal...  
He's drunk upon the dug-out floor

If you want to see the Private, I know where he is  
I know where he is, I know where he is  
If you want to see the Private, I know where he is  
He's hanging on the old barbed wire  
I saw him, I saw him  
Hanging on the old barbed wire (I saw him)  
Hanging on the old barbed wire

## HARD TIMES (COME AGAIN NO MORE)

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears  
While we all sup sorrow with the poor  
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears  
*Oh hard times come again no more*

*'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary  
Hard times, hard times come again no more  
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door  
Oh hard times come again no more*

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay  
There are frail forms fainting at the door  
Though their voices are silent their pleading looks still say  
*Oh hard times come again no more...*

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away  
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er  
Though her voice would be merry she's sighing all the day  
*Oh hard times come again no more...*

*'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave  
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore  
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave  
Oh hard times come again no more...*



Stephen Foster



## HARRIET TUBMAN

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

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

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

*Singing come on up, I got a lifeline...*

Walter Robinson

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

## 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 grow all mouldy  
(*Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe*)

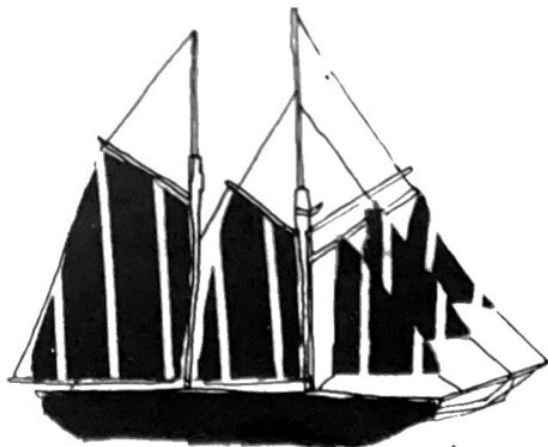
*Way haul away, we'll haul away together*  
*Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe*  
*Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather*  
*Way haul away, we'll haul away, Joe*

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution  
(*Way haul away...*)  
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution  
(*Way haul away...*)

*Way haul away, we'll haul away together...*

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

*Way haul away, we'll haul away together...*



## Extra Verses:

Charley Dalton had a pig and it was double-jointed  
He took it to the blacksmith's shop to get its trotters pointed

St Patrick was a gentleman, he came of decent people  
He built a church in Dublin town and on it put a steeple

St. Patrick drove away the snakes, then drank up all the whiskey  
This made him sing and dance a jig, he felt so fine and frisky

Once I knew an Spanish girl and she was fat and lazy  
But now I've got an Irish girl, she nearly drives me crazy

Next I had an English girl but she would not be civil  
I put my dagger in her back and sent her to the devil

Once I was in Ireland a'digging turf and taties  
But now I'm on a Yankee ship a'hauling on the braces

You call yourself a second mate but you cannot tie a bowline  
You cannot even stand up straight when the ship it is a-rolling

We're running down a stormy sea and rolling through the thunder  
It's ev'ry man aloft my boys or we'll be driven under

Pat Murphy was a friend of mine, his wake was last September  
They said I had a real good time, I wish I could remember

## 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 head - 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 Hinnie oh*

What'll I do with my herring's eyes?  
Oh what'll you do with your herring's eyes?  
I make them into puddings and pies  
Herring's eyes - puddings and pies  
Herring's head - 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 Hinnie oh*

Herring's gills - window sills

Herring's back - fishing smack

Herring's fins - needles and pins

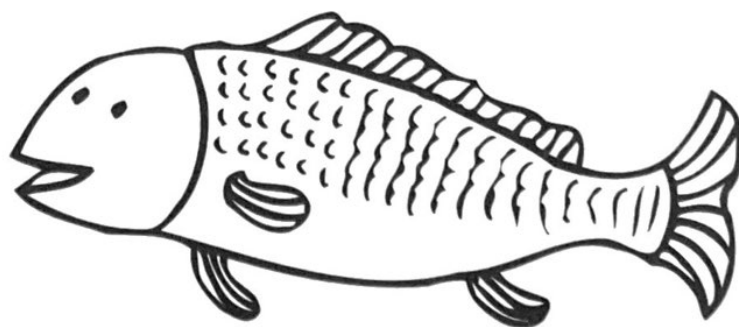
Herring's scales - ship with sails

Herring's guts - pair of boots

What'll I do with my herring's tail?  
Oh what'll you do with your herring's tail?  
I make it into a barrel of ale  
Herring's tail - barrel of ale  
Herring's guts - pair of boots  
Herring's scales - ship with sails  
Herring's fins - needles and pins  
Herring's back - fishing smack  
Herring's gills - window sills  
Herring's eyes - puddings and pies  
Herring's head 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 Hinnie oh*

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



The earliest known version of this song is better known as *The Red Herring* or *The Jolly Herring*. Songs like this may have been connected with animal sacrifice and fertility rituals, because the red herring was once a staple diet of the poor



## HESITATION BLUES

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

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

If the river was whisky and the branch was vine  
You'd see me in bed most all of the time  
*Tell me how long have I got to wait?...*

I was born in Alabama, raised in Tennessee  
You don't like my peaches, don't you shake my tree  
*Tell me how long have I got to wait?...*

Two old maids sitting in the sand  
Each one a-wishing that the other was a man  
*Tell me how long have I got to wait?...*

I was born in England, schooled in France  
If you want to know more best ask my parents  
*Tell me how long have I got to wait?...*

I'm standing on the corner with a dollar in my hand  
Looking for a woman who's looking for a man  
*Tell me how long have I got to wait?...*

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

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

## HEY HO, ANYBODY HOME?

Hey, ho, anybody home?  
Meat nor drink nor money have I none  
Still I will remain merry



This 16th century song was a favourite of carollers who went from door to door at Christmas hoping for food and drink

## HILL AN' GULLY RIDER

Hill an gully rider  
Hill an gully  
Hill an gully rider  
Hill an gully

With a low down bend down  
Hill an gully

And then you better mind your tumble down  
Hill an gully

If you tumble down you broke your neck  
Hill an gully

If you broke your neck you go to hell  
Hill an gully

Repeat top section

This song (which can be sung as a round) is from the Caribbean. Communities of farmers would help each other, singing digging songs as they worked

## THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

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

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

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

*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*

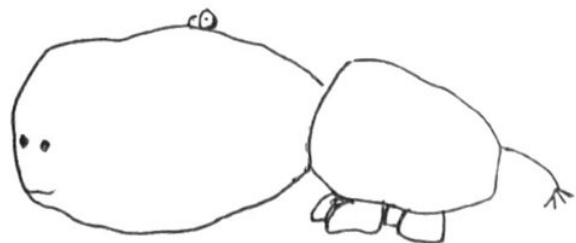
Now more hippopotami began to convene  
On the banks of that river so wide  
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene  
That ensued by the Shalimar side?

They dived all at once with an ear-splitting splosh  
Then rose to the surface again  
A regular army of hippopotami  
All singing this haunting refrain

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

*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*



Michael Flanders and Donald Swann

## HOLY GROUND

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

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

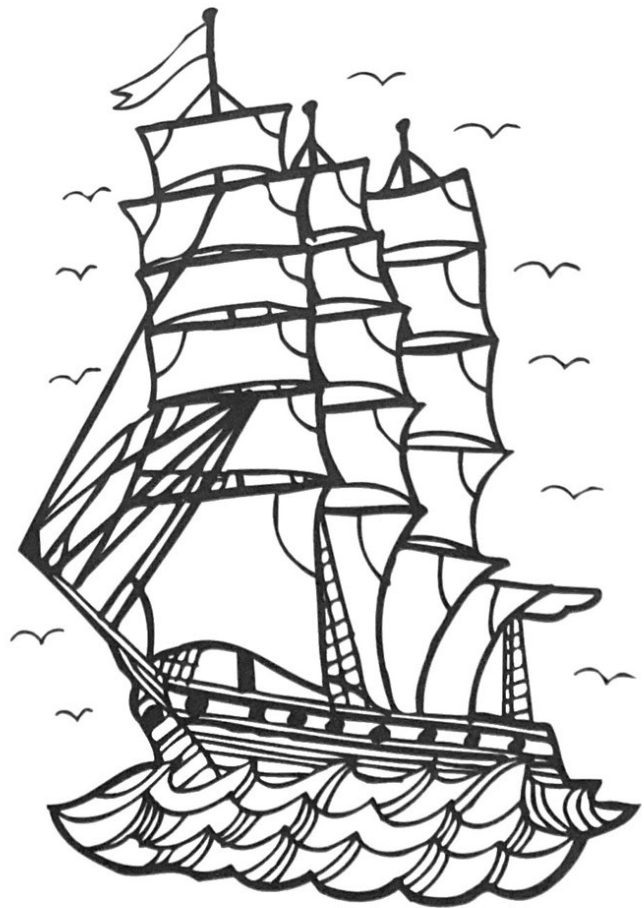
And now the storm is raging  
And we are far from the shore  
And the good old ship is tossing about  
And the rigging is all torn  
And the secret of my mind, my love  
You're the girl I do adore  
And still we live in hope to see  
The Holy Ground once more

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



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

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



## HOME, BOYS, HOME

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

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

Now I asked her for a handkerchief to tie around me head  
And likewise for a candle for to light me up to bed  
She tended to me needs just like a young maid ought to do  
So then I says to her, Why don't you jump in with me too?  
*And it's home, boys, home...*

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

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

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 we'll give him the jacket blue,  
And send him up the rigging like his daddy used to do  
*And it's home, boys, home...*

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

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



This comes from two songs put together: *Rosemary Lane* and *The Oak And The Ash* (a popular song from the north east of England dating back to the 1650's)

## THE HUNTSMAN

The Huntsman blew loud on his horn  
Blew loud on his horn  
And all that he blew it was lost and gone  
Was lost and gone  
*Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la*  
Was lost and gone

Shall all my blowings be just forlorn  
Be just forlorn  
Far better were I no huntsman born  
No huntsman born  
*Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la*  
No huntsman born

He cast his net the bush about  
The bush about  
A nut brown damsel sprung quickly out  
Sprung quickly out  
*Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la*  
Sprung quickly out

Oh nut brown damsel escape me not  
Escape me not  
I have great big hounds that will fetch thee hot  
Fetch thee hot  
*Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la*  
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  
The lilies stand  
They are for a fresh young huntsman's hand  
Young huntsman's hand  
*Ta-ri-a hars ars-ah, Tira-la-la*  
Young huntsman's hand



The Huntsman was the favourite of the late Beefy, one of FSC's great founding members. The song seems to be derived from Tally-ho and Huntsman songs sung by hunters and poachers alike. However this version is unrecorded anywhere in Britain or America and could be unique to FSC. A real gem, let's keep it alive!

## I AM WEARY (LET ME REST)

Kiss me, Mother, kiss your daughter  
Lay my head upon your breast  
Throw your loving arms around me  
I am weary, let me rest

Seems the light is swiftly fading  
Pride or sins they do now show  
I am standing by the river  
Angels wait to take me home

Kiss me, Mother, kiss your daughter  
See the pain upon my brow  
While you'll soon be with the angels  
Fate has doomed my future now

Through the years you've always loved me  
And my life you've tried to save  
But now I shall slumber sweetly  
In a deep and lonely grave

Kiss me, Mother, kiss your daughter  
Lay my head upon your breast  
Throw your loving arms around me  
I am weary, let me rest  
I am weary, let me rest



Pete Roberts



## I DON'T WANT YOUR MILLIONS, MISTER

*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 don't want your Rolls Royce, Mister  
I don't want your pleasure yacht  
All I want is food for my babies  
Give to me my old job back  
*I don't want your millions, Mister...*

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  
*I don't want your millions, Mister...*

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  
*I don't want your millions, Mister...*

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"LL FLY AWAY

Some bright morning when this life is over  
*I'll fly away*  
To that home on God's celestial shore  
*I'll fly away*  
*I'll fly away, O Glory*  
*I'll fly away (In the morning)*  
*When I die, Halleluia, by and by*  
*I'll fly away*

When the shadows of this life are gone  
*I'll fly away*  
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly  
*I'll fly away*  
*I'll fly away, O Glory...*

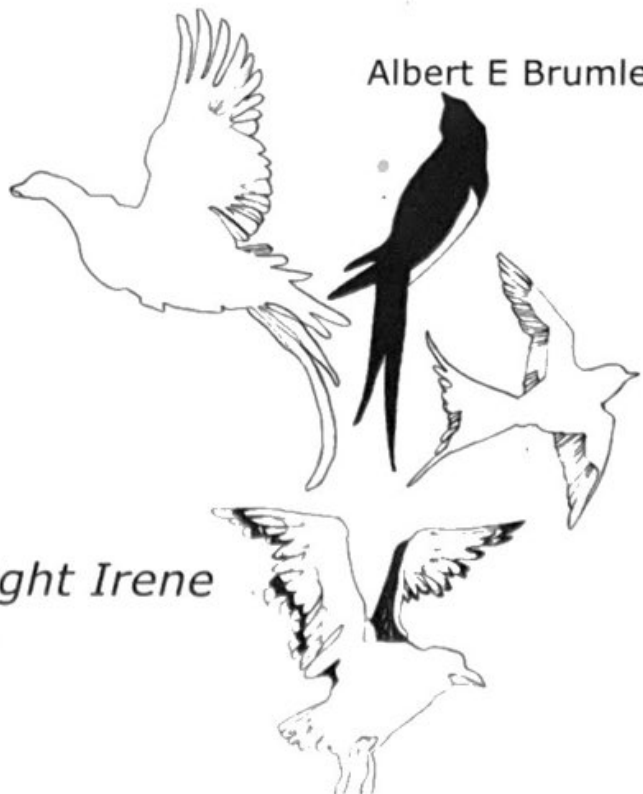
Oh, how glad and happy when we meet  
No more cold iron shackles on my feet

Just a few more weary days and then  
To a land where joys will never end

Albert E Brumley

## IRENE

*Irene, good night Irene*  
*Irene, good night*  
*Good night Irene, good night Irene*  
*I'll kiss you in my dreams*



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

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

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

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

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

Sometimes I live in the country  
Sometimes I live in the town  
Sometimes I have a great notion  
To jump into the river and drown  
*Irene, good night...*

Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly) and John Lomax

## THE IRISH BALLAD (RICKETY TICKETY TIN)

About a maid I'll sing a song  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
About a maid I'll sing a song  
Who did not have her family long  
Not only did she do them wrong  
She did every one of them in, them in  
She did every one of them in

Her mother she could never stand  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
Her mother she could never stand  
And so a cyanide soup she planned  
The mother died with a spoon in her hand  
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin  
Her face in a hideous grin

She weighted her brother down with stones  
Rickety tickety tin  
She weighted her brother down with stones  
And sent him down to Davy Jones  
All they ever found were some bones  
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin  
And occasional pieces of skin

One morning in a fit of pique  
Rickety tickety tin  
One morning in a fit of pique  
She drowned her father in the creek  
The water tasted bad for a week  
And we had to make do with gin, with gin  
We had to make do with gin

She set her sister's hair on fire  
Rickety tickety tin  
She set her sister's hair on fire  
And as the smoke and flames rose higher  
She danced around the funeral pyre  
Playing a violin, 'olin  
Playing a violin

One day when she had nothing to do  
Rickety tickety tin  
One day when she had nothing to do  
She cut her baby brother in two  
And served him up as an Irish stew  
And invited the neighbours in, 'bours in  
And invited the neighbours in

And when at last the police came by  
Sing rickety tickety tin  
And when at last the police came by  
Her little pranks she did not deny  
To do so she would have had to lie  
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin  
And lying she knew was a sin

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

Tom Lehrer

Tom Lehrer (a 1950's satirist) decided to create a song that had all the ingredients of a folk song: murder, jealousy, senseless crime and a nonsense fol-di-rol-like refrain. *Rickety Ticketty Tin* was thus born

## JAMAICA FAREWELL

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

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

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

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

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

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

Irving Burgie



## JEAN HARLOW

Jean Harlow died the other day  
And these are the very last words I heard her say

Mama don't walk mama talking  
Mama don't walk mama talking  
Mama don't walk mama talking  
New York

Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo  
Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo  
Zingalanga Zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo  
New York



## JOCK STEWART

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

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

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

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

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



Earl Robinson and Alfred Hayes (Joe Hill)

## JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me  
Says I, But Joe, you're ten years dead  
I never died, says he, 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 ain't dead, says Joe, But I ain't dead

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, says Joe, I didn't die

And standing there as big as life and smiling with his eyes  
Joe says, What they forgot to kill  
Went on to organise, went on to organise

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, 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, it's there you'll find Joe Hill

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night alive as you or me  
Says I, But Joe, you're ten years dead  
I never died, says he, I never died, says he

## JOHNNY BOY, GO HOME

Johnny Boy go home, to the land you know  
There's a warm fire burning, a place set at your table  
Johnny Boy go home, far away from this place  
Please remember the morning mist, feel the sun on  
your face

*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge  
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you  
bring into my heart*

*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge  
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you  
bring into my heart*

Johnny Boy go home, to the land you know  
There's a future calling you, there's a future calling me  
Johnny Boy go home, far away from this place  
Please remember the morning mist, feel the sun on  
your face

*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge  
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you  
bring into my heart*

*See the light shining, shining on the water's edge  
Warm away the winter chill with the joy that you  
bring into my heart*



Matthew Wood

This new song was written for a play called Castles And Roses by Karen Simpson (Action Transport Theatre Company) about a boy who finds himself with a canalboat family in the early 1900's

## 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

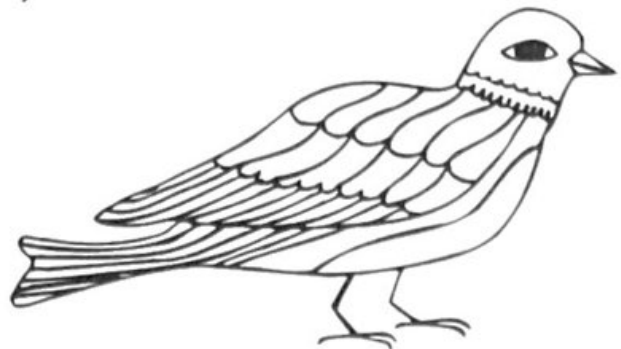


*Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo*  
*Toora loora loo, Toora loora loo*  
*A birdie sat on an ivy bunch*  
*And the song he sang was a jug of punch*

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  
*Toora loora loo...*

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  
*Toora loora loo...*

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



## KILGARY MOUNTAIN

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

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

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

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  
*Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...*

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



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  
*Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar...*

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

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



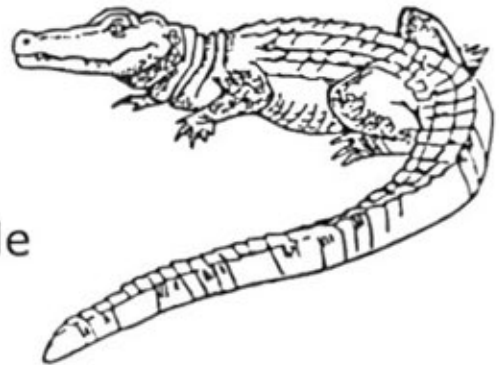
An Irish song also known as *Whiskey In The Jar* often sung in pubs and drinking holes as a toast to highwaymen, army defectors and "robbers of the rich to feed the poor". Some versions let our hero go free

## **KOOKABURRA**

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

## **THE LADY AND THE CROCODILE**

She sailed away on a sunny summer's day  
On the back of a crocodile  
You see, said she, He's as tame as tame can be  
I'll ride him down the Nile  
Well the croc winked his eye  
As the lady waved goodbye  
Wearing a happy smile  
But at the end of the ride  
The lady was inside  
And the smile was on the crocodile



## **THE LARKS THEY SANG MELODIOUS**

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

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

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

Now the wind's in the rigging and the anchor's aweigh  
And the ship she will be sailing at the dawning of the day  
And the current is rising on a fast-flowing tide  
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride  
And if ever I return again  
And if ever I return again  
And if ever I return again  
I will make you my bride



When lovers were to be parted for many years, it was practical as well as romantic to give a ring or other token. Years of separation and hardship could greatly transform appearances and such tokens could help lovers to recognise each other. This song was first published in 1809 as *The Sailor And His True Love*, but it is probably much older

## LEAVE HER, JOHNNY

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, 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*

The captain was bad but the mate was worse  
*Leave her, Johnny, leave her*  
He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse  
*And it's time for us to leave her...*

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

Well it's pump or drown, the old man said  
Or else by Christ we'll all be dead

I thought I heard the old man say  
Just one more pump and then belay  
And it's time for us to leave her...

This shanty was sung at the end of a voyage and sums up all the hatred the sailors felt towards their masters. To sing it before the last day on board was tantamount to mutiny

## THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

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

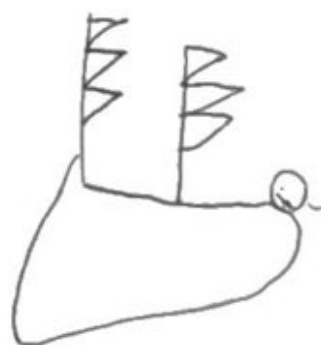
*So fare thee well my own true love  
And when I return united we will be  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me  
But my darling when I think of thee*

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

*So fare thee well...*

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

*So fare thee well ...*



The David Crockett was a real ship launched in 1853, under the command of Captain John A. Burgess. The song was first heard on board in 1885 but only published in 1951

## A LESSON TOO LATE FOR THE LEARNING

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

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

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

*Are you going away with no word of farewell?...*

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

*Are you going away with no word of farewell?...*

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

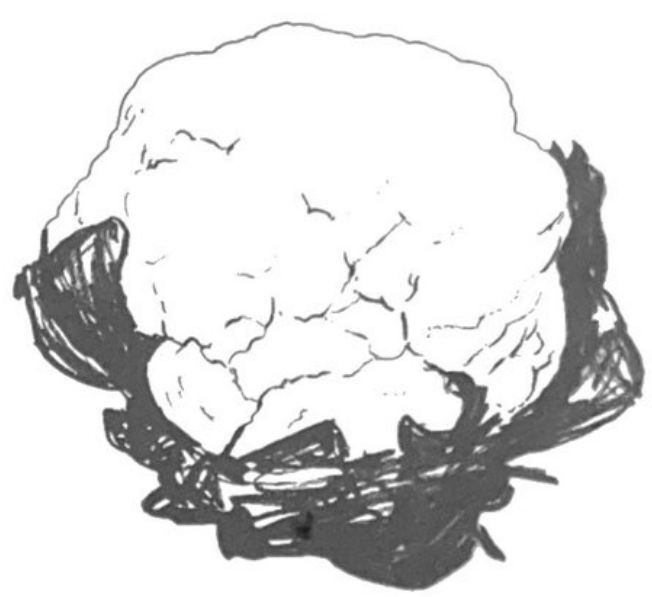
*Are you going away with no word of farewell?...*

Tom Paxton



# LIFE IS BUTTER

Life is butter  
Life is butter  
Melancholy flower  
Melancholy flower  
Life is but a melon  
Life is but a melon  
Cauliflower  
Cauliflower



## LITTLE BOXES

Little boxes on the hillsides, little boxes made of ticky-tacky  
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky and they all look just the same  
There's a green one and a pink one and a blue one  
and a yellow one  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky and they all  
look just the same

And the people in the boxes, they go to the university  
And they all get put in boxes, little boxes all the same  
There's a doctor, and a lawyer, and a business executive  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky and they all  
turn out the same

And the men play on the golf course and they drink  
their Martini dry  
And they all have pretty children, and the children  
go to school  
And the children go to summer camp and then to the university  
Where they all get put in boxes and they all end up the same

And the boys go into business, marry and raise a family  
And they all live in boxes, little boxes just the same  
There's a green one, and a pink one, and a blue one  
and a yellow one  
And they're all made out of ticky-tacky and they all  
turn out the same



Malvina Reynolds

## LOWLANDS

I dreamed a dream the other night  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
I dreamed a dream the other night  
Lowlands away

I dreamed my love came standing by  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
Came standing close by my bedside  
Lowlands away

He's drowning in the lowlands sea  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
And never more coming home to me  
Lowlands away

He's drowning in the lowlands low  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
And never more shall I him know  
Lowlands away

He's lying in the windy lowlands  
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John  
He's lying in the windy lowlands  
Lowlands away

A hybrid of a British and an African American song, this song is unusual as shantymen were normally averse to sentimental songs

## MAIDS WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG

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

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

When we went to church, hey ding dorum day  
When we went to church, me being young  
When we went to church, he left me in the lurch  
*Maids when you're young never wed an old man*  
*'Cause he's lost his fallorum...*

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

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

When he went to sleep, hey ding dorum day  
When he went to sleep, me being young  
When he went to sleep, out of bed I did leap  
Into the arms of a handsome young man

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

## **MAIRI'S WEDDING**

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

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

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

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

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



## THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER

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

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

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

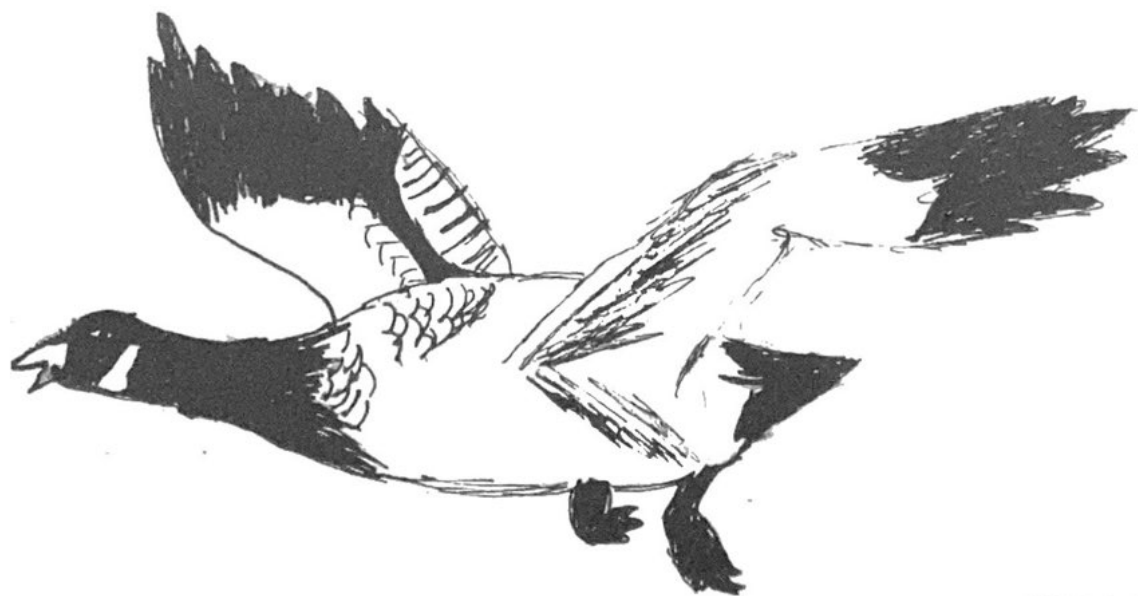
He called me a louse and said, Think of the grouse  
And I thought but I just couldn't see  
How old Kinder Scout and the moors round about  
Couldn't hold both the poor grouse and me  
He said, All this land is my master's  
At that I stood shaking my head  
No man has the right to own mountains  
No more than the wide ocean bed



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

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

*I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler...*



Ewan MacColl

## MARTIN SAID TO HIS MAN

Martin said to his man, *Fie, man, fie*  
Martin said to his man, *Who's the fool now*  
Martin said to his man, Fill thou the cup and I the can  
*Thou hast well drunken man*  
*Who's the fool now?*

I saw the man in the moon, *Fie, man fie*  
I saw the man in the moon, *Who's the fool now*  
I saw the man in the moon, sliding down St Peter's shoen  
*Thou hast well drunken man*  
*Who's the fool now?*

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

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

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

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

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



Martin and his man are arguing as to which of them is more drunk. As they do, the song makes fun of the tellers of tall stories. Shoen is an old word for shoe, and sliding means to patch up an old shoe. This song was first printed in 1588

(Cap. 3)

## MARY DON'T YOU WEEP *cr*

<sup>Em</sup> If I could, I <sup>B7</sup>surely would  
Stand on the rock where Moses <sup>Em</sup>stood  
<sup>AKA</sup> Pharaoh's army got drowned <sup>Em</sup>  
<sup>B7</sup> O Mary don't you weep <sup>Em</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## MAY THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN

I was standing at my window  
On a cold and cloudy day  
When I saw a hearse come rolling  
Oh to carry my sweetheart away

*May the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky*

Oh I told the undertaker  
Undertaker, please drive slow  
'Cause this lady that you're holding  
Oh I hate to see her go

*May the circle be unbroken...*

I will follow close behind her  
Try to hold up and be brave  
But I could not hold my sorrow  
As they laid her in her grave

*May the circle be unbroken  
By and by, Lord, by and by  
There's a better home a-waiting  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky*

First recorded by the Carter Family in 1935, The Staple Singers popularised this song in the sixties. It originates as a religious spiritual, popular in the Pentacostal church

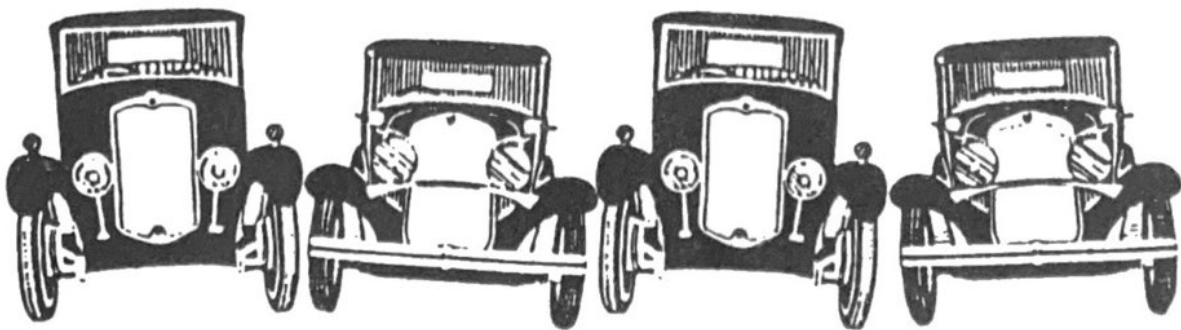
## MERCEDES-BENZ

Oh Lord, won't you buy a Mercedes-Benz?  
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends  
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends  
Oh Lord, won't you buy a Mercedes-Benz?

O Lord, won't you buy me a colour TV?  
Dialing for Dollars is trying to find me  
I'll wait for delivery each day until three  
O 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 a Mercedes-Benz?  
My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends  
Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends  
Oh Lord, won't you buy a Mercedes-Benz?



Janis Joplin and Michael McQuire

## MIDNIGHT SPECIAL

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

*Let the Midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever-loving light on me*

Well yonder come Miss Rosy, how in the world d'you know?  
Well I knowed her by her apron and the dress she wore  
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand  
She's gonna tell the Guv'nor turn a-loose my man

*Let the Midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever-loving light on me*

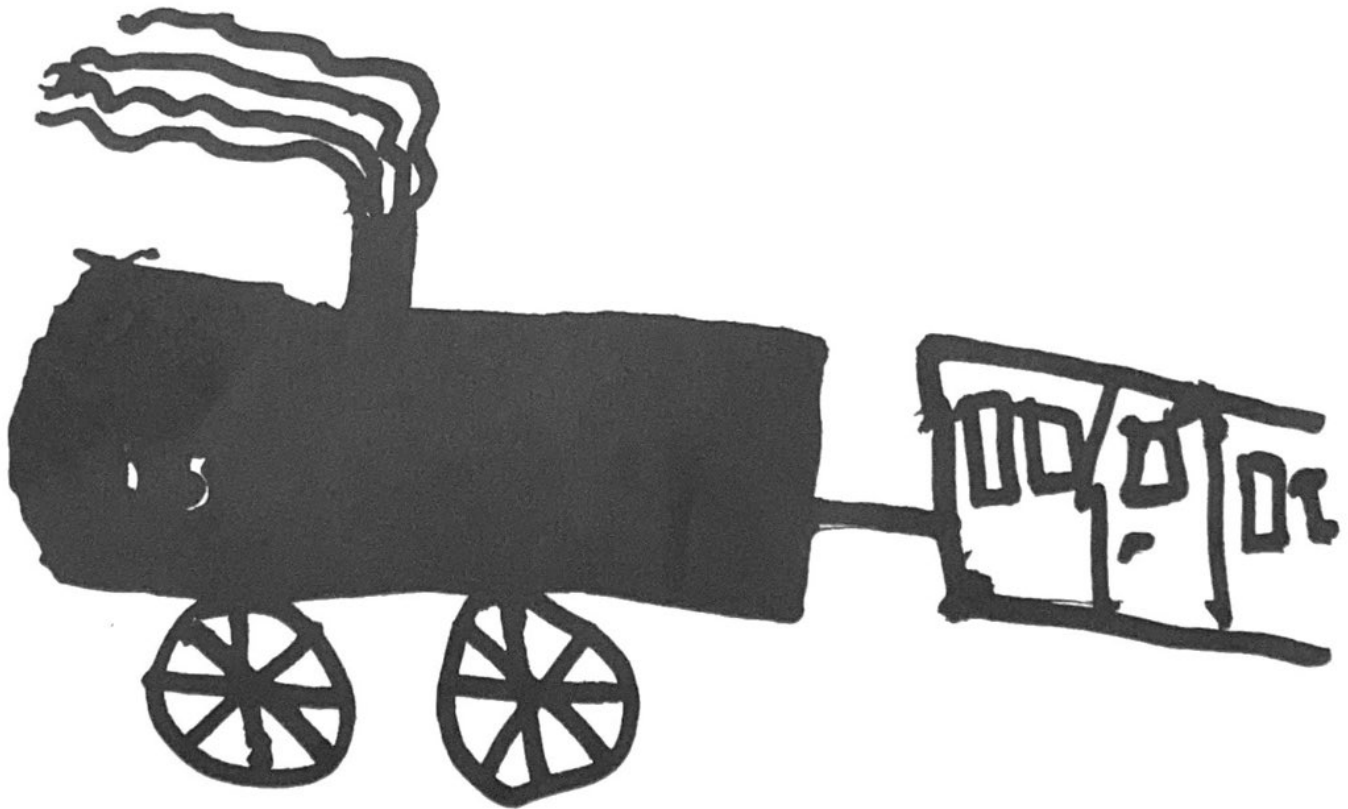
Now jumping little Judy was a jumping Queen  
And she's been jumping since she was sixteen  
Well she bring me little coffee, she bring me little tea  
She bring me damn near everything but the jailhouse key

*Let the Midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever-loving light on me*



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

*Let the Midnight special  
Shine its light on me  
Let the midnight special  
Shine its ever-loving light on me*



The Midnight Special was the Golden Gate Limited train which pulled out of the Southern Pacific depot at Houston Texas sharp at midnight, headed for San Antonio, El Paso and San Francisco. Thirty miles along it shone its "ever loving light" through the barred windows of Texas State Prison Farm at Sugarland. The black convicts who lay awake in the dormitories would send their dreams of the free world along with that train

## MILWAULKEE TRUCKIN' BLUES

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

*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Keep truckin', keep on truckin'*

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

*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Keep truckin', keep on truckin'*

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

*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Truckin', truckin', truckin'*  
*Keep truckin', keep on truckin'*



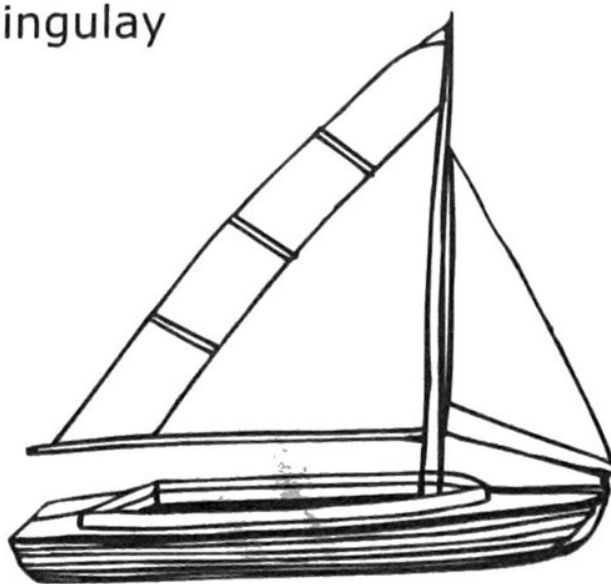
## MINGULAY BOAT SONG

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

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

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

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



Mingulay is in the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland.

The Minch is a strait of water off the Hebrides known for its rough storms and difficult sailing

Capo on 1st ave

C



hammer on

## MOCCASIN MILE

To step in the shoes our ancestors used  
To map out the paths that we tread  
Is to unravel time & sling them a line  
They've written from the history we've read

*Now the struggle is on for where we belong  
Don't shrink from the task that's at hand  
'Cause I'm steeply inclined to walk a moccasin mile  
For the love of my fellow human*

To rebuild upon the toil that's been done  
Is to continue elevation  
Of the framework of those, the ancients who know  
How to generate veneration  
*Now the struggle is on for where we belong...*

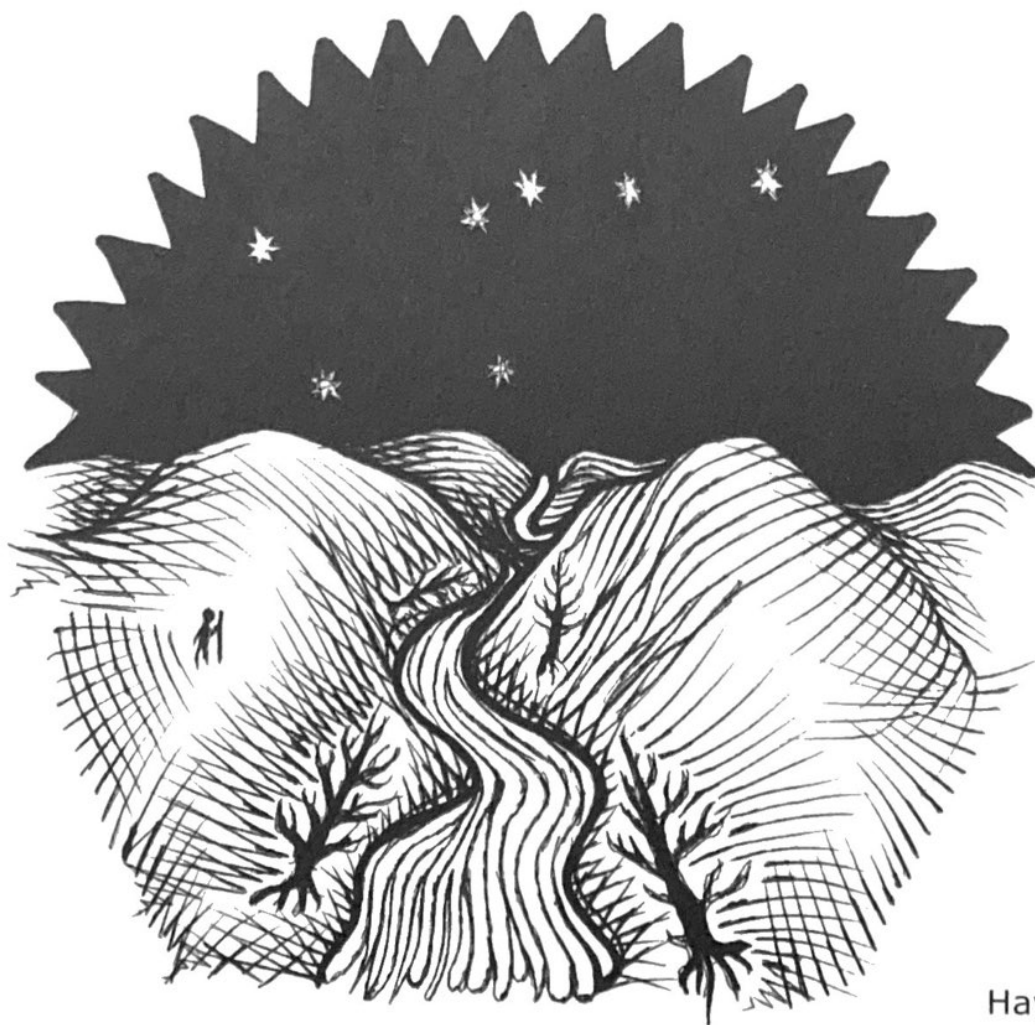
(Bridge:)  
*To soar above the mighty lake  
Touch down where angels stand  
Is to journey within for wisdom's sake  
And awake to replenish the land*

To order our thought and speak the report  
Of experience up to this day  
Is to throw to the wind every deep engraving  
And watch as they blow all away  
*Now the struggle is on for where we belong...*

So honour is due to the ones who pursue  
The fulfilment of life's divine plan  
And I'm steeply inclined to walk a moccasin mile  
For the love of my fellow human

*Now the struggle is on for where we belong  
Don't shrink from the task that's at hand  
'Cause I'm steeply inclined to walk a moccasin mile  
For the love of my fellow human*

*To soar above the mighty lake  
Touch down where angels stand  
Is to journey within for wisdom's sake  
And awake to replenish the land*



Hay-ere-yah

A tribute to all ancestors, past, present and future, especially Jill Monk.  
Penned in Snowdonia above a mighty lake. 2006

## MOLE IN A HOLE

I like the flowers and I like the trees  
I like the woodlands and the bees  
I like the Byrds on their LPs  
And I'm a refugee

*I wanna be a mole in a hole digging low and slow  
I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky  
I wanna be a mole in a hole digging low and slow  
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 wanna be a mole in a hole...*

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  
*I wanna be a mole in a hole...*

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  
*I wanna be a mole in a hole...*



Mike Waterson



## MY BABY CARES FOR ONLY ME

My baby cares for  
My baby cares for  
My baby cares for  
My baby cares for only me

Pretty baby I'd lie for my  
Pretty baby I'd die for  
'Cause my baby don't love nobody but me  
I'm so happy

Everybody loves my baby  
Everybody loves my baby



## MY GIRL'S A CORKER

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

She's got a pair of legs just like two whisky kegs

She's got a pair of hips just like two battleships

She's got a pair of arms just like two waving palms

She's got a pair of eyes just like two custard pies

She's got a nose just like a garden hose

She's got a mop of hair just like a grizzly bear

My girl's a corker, she's a New Yorker  
I'd give her anything to keep her in style  
She wears silk underwear, I wear my latest pair  
Yes sir, that how the money goes, Ta, ra, ra...



## MY GOOSE

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



## MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

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

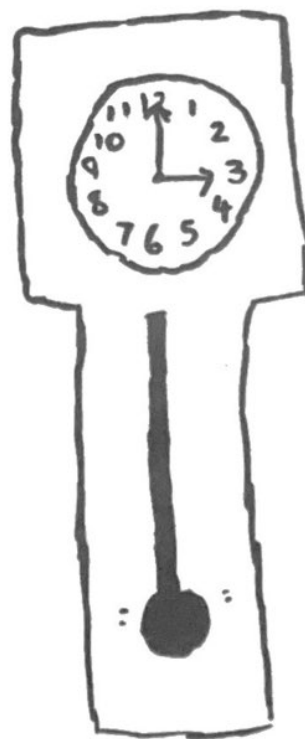
*Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock  
His life's seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock  
It stopped, short, never to go again  
When the old man died*

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

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

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

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



Written by Henry Clay Work (1832-1884) the great abolitionist, unionist and prohibitionist from Connecticut. A mechanical genius and musical score typesetter, he was said to compose melodies straight onto the printing press

## MY HUSBAND'S GOT NO COURAGE IN HIM

As I went out one May morning  
To view the fields and leaves a-springing  
I saw two maidens standing by  
And one of them her hands was wringing  
And all of their conversation went  
My husband's got no courage in him

*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o  
My husband's got no courage in him  
Oh dear-o*

Me husband's admired wherever he goes  
And everyone looks well upon him  
With his handsome features and well-shaped leg  
But still he's got no courage in him  
*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...*

Me husband can dance and caper and sing  
And do anything that's fitting for him  
But he cannot do the thing I want  
Because he's got no courage in him  
*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...*

All sorts of victuals I did provide  
All sorts of meats that's fitting for him  
With oyster pie and rhubarb too  
But still he's got no courage in him  
*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...*



Every night when I goes to bed  
I lie and throw me leg right o'er him  
And me hand I clamp between his thighs  
But I can't put any courage in him  
*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...*

Seven long years I've made his bed  
And every night I've lain beside him  
But this morning I rose with me maidenhead  
For still he's got no courage in him  
*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o...*

I wish me husband he was dead  
And in his grave I'd quickly lay him  
And then I'd find another one  
That's got a little courage in him

*Oh dear-o, Oh dear-o*  
*My husband's got no courage in him*  
*Oh dear-o*



This derives from a comical song called *Oh Dear Oh* printed in the 19th century. Oysters were and still are a well known aphrodisiac, rhubarb however not so

## MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER

My Johnny was a shoemaker  
And dearly he loved me  
My Johnny was a shoemaker  
But now he's gone to sea  
With pitch and tar to soil his hands  
And to sail across the sea, stormy sea  
And sail across the stormy sea

His jacket was a deep sky blue  
And curly was his hair  
His jacket was a deep sky blue  
It was I do declare  
For to reef the topsails up against the mast  
And to sail across the sea, stormy sea  
And sail across the stormy sea

Some day he'll be a captain bold  
With a brave and gallant crew  
Some day he'll be a captain bold  
With a sword and spyglass too  
And when he has his gallant captain's sword  
He'll come home and marry me, marry me  
He'll come home and marry me



## MY SWEET LOVE AIN'T AROUND

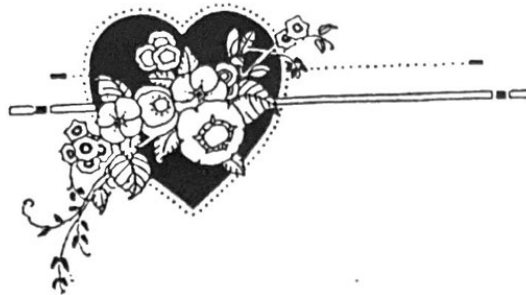
Listen to that rain a-fallin'  
Can't you hear that lonesome sound  
Oh my poor old heart is breakin'  
Cos my sweet love ain't around

Memories come back to haunt me  
My dream house has done fell down  
This old world is dark around me  
Cos my sweet love ain't around

Lord I think I'll start to ramble  
Got to leave this weary town  
This old place is way too lonely  
Cos my sweet love ain't around

On that train tonight I'm leavin'  
And I don't know where I'm bound  
I can't stay here any longer  
Cos my sweet love ain't around

I can't stay here any longer  
Cos my sweet love ain't around  
Cos my sweet love ain't around



Hank Williams Senior

## THE NIGHTINGALE

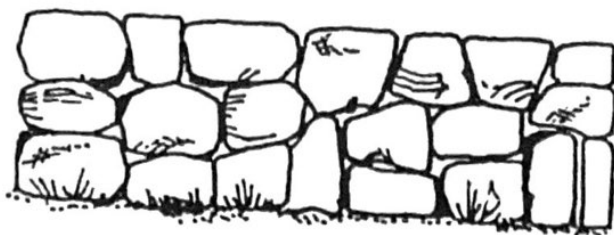
As I was walking one morning in May  
I heard a young couple so fondly did stray  
And one was a fair maid as fair as can be  
And the other was a soldier of the brave Grenadiers

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

Then out from his knapsack he drew a fine fiddle  
And he played her such merry tunes as you ever did hear  
And he played her such merry tunes as the valley did ring  
Oh la, cried the fair maid, How the nightingales sing  
*And they kissed so sweet and comforting...*

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

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  
*And they kissed so sweet and comforting...*



## NINE HUNDRED MILES

I'm walking down this track, I've got tears in my eyes  
Trying to read a letter from my home

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

I'll pawn you my watch and I'll pawn you my chain  
Pawn you my diamond golden ring

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

The train I ride on is a thousand coaches long  
You can hear that whistle blow a hundred miles

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

If my woman says so I will railroad no more  
I'll sidetrack my engine, go on home

*If this train runs me right I'll be home tomorrow night  
I'm nine hundred miles from my home  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow*

## NO MAN'S LAND

Well how do you do, Private William McBride  
Do you mind if I sit here down by your grave side  
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun?  
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done  
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen  
When you joined the glorious fallen in nineteen-sixteen  
Well I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean  
Or Willie McBride, was it slow and obscene?

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

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind  
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?  
And though you died back in nineteen-sixteen  
To that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?  
Or are you a stranger without even a name  
Forever enclosed behind some glass pane  
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained  
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

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

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



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

*Did they beat the drum slowly...Did they beat the drum  
slowly, did they play the fife lowly?*

*Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?*

*Did the bugles sound the Last Post in chorus?*

*Did the pipes play the Flowers o' the Forest?*

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie McBride

Do all those who lie know why they died?

Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?

Did you really believe that this war would end wars?

The suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame

The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain

For Willie McBride it all happened again

And again and again and again and again

*Did they beat the drum slowly, did they play the fife lowly?*

*Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?*

*Did the bugles sound the Last Post in chorus?*

*Did the pipes play the Flowers o' the Forest?*



## OH! SUSANNA

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee  
I'm going to Louisiana my true love for to see  
It rained all night the day I left  
The weather it was dry  
The sun so hot, I froze to death  
*Susanna, don't you cry*

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me  
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

I jumped aboard the telegraph and travelled down the wire  
The electric fluid magnified, killed hundreds in the fire  
The bull-gine bust, the horse run off  
I really thought I'd die  
I shut my eyes to hold my breath  
*Susanna, don't you cry*

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me  
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

I had a dream the other night when everything was still  
I thought I saw Susanna a-coming down the hill  
The buckwheat cake was in her mouth  
The tear was in her eye  
Says I, I'm coming from the south  
*Susanna, don't you cry*

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me  
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

I 'll soon be in New Orleans and then I'll look around  
And when I find Susanna I will fall upon the ground  
And if I do not find her  
I know I'll surely die  
And when I'm dead and buried  
*Susanna, don't you cry*

*Oh! Susanna, oh don't you cry for me  
For I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee*

Stephen Foster 1848



The final verse is a later addition to the original song. The second and last verses have been altered to remove the racist language which would have passed without comment when the song was new. This is one of many "plantation songs" which were actually written by middle class white composers to suit the fashion of the time

## THE OLD DUN COW

Some pals and I in a public house  
Were playing dominoes last night  
When all of a sudden in the potman rushed  
With a face just like a kite  
What's up? says Brown, Have you seen your Aunt?  
Have you seen your Aunt Maria?  
Aunt Maria be blowed, says he  
The bloomin' pub's on fire

What's that? says Brown, What a bit of luck  
What a bit of luck, shouts he  
Down in the cellar with a fire on top  
We'll have a good ol' spree  
So we all went down with good ol' Brown  
And beer we couldn't miss  
And we hadn't been ten minutes there  
Before we were like this

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

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub  
And gave it just a few hard knocks'  
He started taking off his pantaloons  
Likewise his shoes and socks

Hold on! says Snoops, If you wanna wash yer feet  
There's a tub of four ale here  
Don't dip your trotters in the port wine tub  
When we've still got some old stale beer

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

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



Harry Wincott

This was a popular English music hall song before 1900. It was illegal to yell "Fire!" in a public building, so the word "MacIntyre" was used instead - the audience would all join in and shout it together

## 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 on the mountain top, now I live in the town  
Staying at a boarding house and courting Betsy Brown  
*Fare thee well old Joe Clark...*

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

When I was a little boy, I used to want a knife  
Now I am a bigger boy, I only want a wife  
*Fare thee well old Joe Clark...*

When I was a little girl, I used to play with toys  
Now I am a bigger girl, I only play with boys  
*Fare thee well old Joe Clark...*

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  
*Fare thee well old Joe Clark...*

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

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





## OLD MOTHER LEE

There was an old woman called Old Mother Lee  
Old Mother Lee, Old Mother Lee  
There was an old woman called Old Mother Lee  
*Down by the walnut tree*

*Down by the sea  
Where the walnuts grow  
I lost my love, I dare not go*

She had a baby in her arms...

She had a penknife long and sharp...

She stabbed the baby in the heart...

The county police came riding by...

The magistrate said she must die...

They hanged her from the walnut tree...

And that was the end of Old Mother Lee  
Old Mother Lee, Old Mother Lee  
And that was the end of Old Mother Lee  
*Down by the walnut tree...*

Schoolboys in Liverpool corrupted an ancient Scottish ballad called *The Cruel Mother*, about a mother that kills her child who then comes back to haunt her. They turned it into a skipping song and a genuine playground classic was born

## PACE EGGING SONG



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

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

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

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

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

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

This song was sung by pace-egggers, fantastically dressed mummers (performers) who visited the rich houses of the village at Easter time to collect decorated pace-eggs and beer

## POOR BOY

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

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

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

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

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

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



This version was sung by Burl Ives, the great American balladeer and actor. It was originally an African American song called *The Coon-Can Game* and was set to a far more exotic melody. It was about the tough life of the black Americans living on the American frontiers

## PRICKLE-EYE BUSH

*Oh, the prickle-eye bush  
That breaks my heart so sore  
If I ever get out of this prickle-eye bush  
I'll never get in it any more*

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while  
For I think I see my father coming over yonder stile  
Father have you brought me gold, or silver to see me free  
To save my body from the cold, cold ground  
And my neck from the gallows tree?  
No, I have not brought you gold, or silver to see you free  
To save your body from the cold, cold ground  
And your neck from the gallows tree

*Oh, the prickle-eye bush...*

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while  
For I think I see my mother coming over yonder stile  
Mother have you brought me gold, or silver to see me free  
To save my body from the cold, cold ground  
And my neck from the gallows tree?  
No, I have not brought you gold, or silver to see you free  
To save your body from the cold, cold ground  
And your neck from the gallows tree

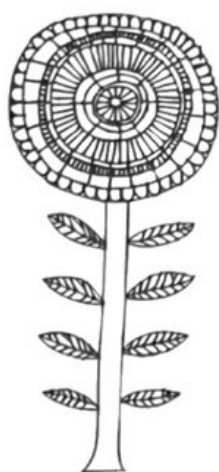
*Oh, the prickle-eye bush...*

Hangman stay your hand, O stay it for a while  
For I think I see my brother...

*Oh, the prickle-eye bush...*

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

*Oh, the prickle-eye bush  
That breaks my heart so sore  
If I ever get out of this prickle-eye bush  
I'll never get in it any more*



This song, which is possibly a thousand years old is more commonly known as *The Maid Freed From The Gallows Tree*, *Briery Bush* or *The Prickle Holly Bush*. The chorus is either a metaphor for a sticky situation, or a reference to being burnt at the stake, on top of the "bush of tinder". But why was she to be hanged? Some versions mention a golden ball, which may represent virtue or more probably her virginity, thus only her lover can rescue her and hence her family's rejection

## PROCESS MAN

A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie  
I've worked and breathed among the fumes that trail across the sky  
There's thunder all around me and poison in the air  
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in my hair

*And it's go, boy, go  
They'll time your every breath  
And every day you're in this place  
You're two days nearer death  
But you go*

I've worked among the spinners, breathed in the oily smoke  
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke  
I've been knee-deep in cyanide, got sick with caustic burn  
Been working rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach tum

*And it's go, boy, go...*

There's overtime, there's bonuses - opportunities galore  
The young ones like the money and they all come back for more  
But soon you're knocking on, looking older than you should  
For every bob made on the job you pay in flesh and blood

*And it's go, boy, go...*

Come all you young fellows and a warning hear me say  
Don't work for Hooker Chemical on the shores of the Elliot Bay  
Don't take the pay and promises, don't bet your youth so strong  
Don't end up like me at 33, no one to sing your song

*And it's go, boy, go...*

Ron Angel



## QUEENIE

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

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

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

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

Some day, Queenie will fall  
Queenie, pride of them all  
Some day, churchbells will chime...  
But only just in time!

(No chorus)



## RED RIVER VALLEY

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

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

Do you think of the valley you're leaving  
Oh how lonely, how lonesome 'twill be  
Do you think of the fond hearts you're grieving  
And the pain you are causing to me  
*Come and sit by my side if you love me...*

I've been thinking a long time, my darling  
Of the sweet words you never would say  
Now alas for my fond heart is breaking  
For they say you are going away  
*Come and sit by my side if you love me...*

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  
*Come and sit by my side if you love me...*

## ROSE, ROSE

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



An Elizabethan round popular in Victorian glee singing

## ROSEMARY LANE

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Rosemary Lane*: at first sight this story is of an innocent girl betrayed, which might indeed be the song's message. Yet Rosemary Lane (now called Royal Mint Street in London City) was situated near the tower and was a street famous for brothels and servicing young sailors

## SALLY FREE AND EASY

Sally free and easy, that should be her name  
Sally free and easy, that should be her name  
Took a sailor's loving for a nursery game

All the loving that she gave to me was not made of stone  
All the loving that she gave to me was not made of stone  
It was sweet and hollow like the honeycomb

Think I'll wait till sunset, see the ensign down  
Think I'll wait till sunset, see the ensign down  
Then I'll take the tideway to my burying ground

Sally free and easy, that should be her name  
Sally free and easy, that should be her name  
When my body's landed, hope she dies of shame



Cyril Tawney

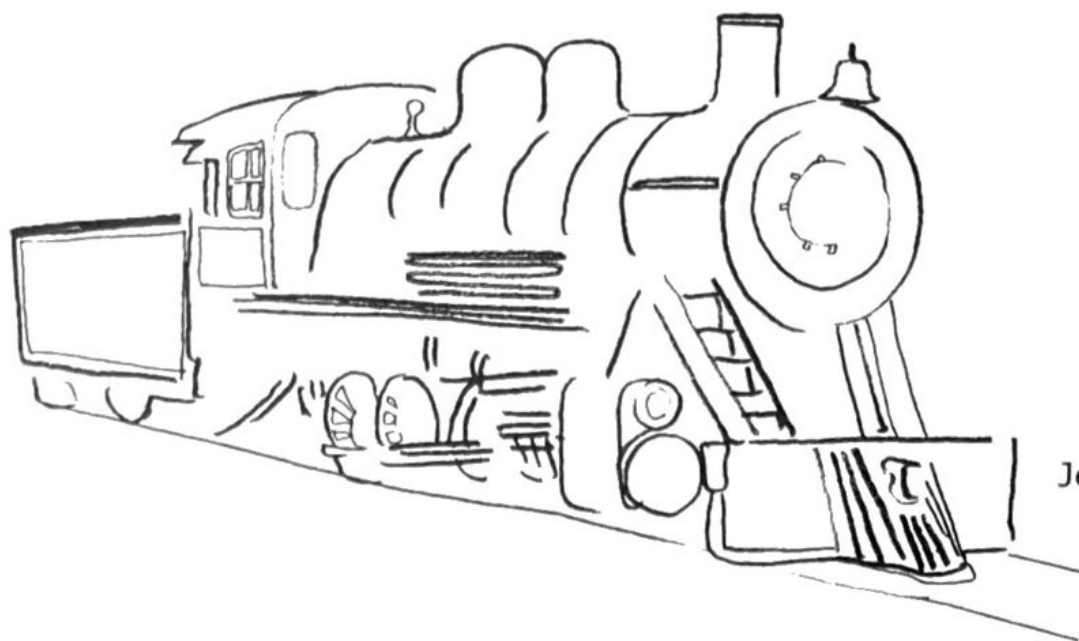
## SAN FRANCISCO BAY BLUES

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

*If she ever comes back to stay, it'll be another brand new day  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay*

Sitting down on my back step, wond'ring which way to go  
Girl that I'm crazy 'bout, she don't want me no more  
Think I'll take a Freight train  
'Cause I'm feeling blue  
Ride all the way to the end of the line  
Thinking only of you  
Meanwhile in another city, just about to go insane  
Thought I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name

*If she ever comes back to stay, it'll be another brand new day  
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay*



Jesse Fuller



## SCARBOROUGH FAIR

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

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

Tell her to find me an acre of land  
Between the salt water and the sea strand

Tell her to plough it with one ram's horn  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn

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*

This ancient ballad, known officially as the *Elfin Knight*, tells of a maiden in her castle bower who hears a faraway blast of an elfin horn and wishes the fairy knight were in her bed. The man appears straightway at her bedside, but he demands the answers to his riddles before consenting to be her lover. This version was popularised by Simon and Garfunkel who obtained it on their visits to England to research British folk material. You can read the symbols as follows: parsley takes away bitterness, sage represents strength, thyme courage and rosemary faithfulness, love and remembrance. A more traditional version follows, the first four verses are sung by the man, the next four by the woman and the last by both

## SCARBOROUGH FAIR (TRAD VERSION)

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

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt  
*Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme*  
Without no seam nor fine needlework  
*Then she'll be a true love of mine*

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well  
Where water ne'er sprung nor rain ever fell

Tell her to dry it on yonder thorn  
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born

Can you find me an acre of land  
*Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme*  
Between the salt water and the sea-sand?  
*Or you'll never be a true love of mine*

Can you plough it with a lamb's horn?  
And sow it all over with one peppercorn ?

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather?  
And gather it up in a bundle of heather?

When you have done and finished your work  
*Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme*  
Come to me for your cambric shirt  
For then you'll be a true love of mine

If you say that you can't, then I shall reply  
*Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme*  
Oh, Let me know that at least you will try  
Or you'll never be a true love of mine



## **SEE THE LITTLE ENGINES**

Down by the station  
Early in the morning  
See the little engines all in a row  
Along comes a man  
And he pulls a little handle  
Woo, woo!  
Choo, choo!  
And off we go

## 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 tell to 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 is a lovely sow that my mother sent to me  
*Well it's many a day I've travelled*  
*A hundred miles or more*  
But a saddle on a sow sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Tuesday night...  
I saw a coat behind the door  
Where my old coat should be...  
That is a lovely blanket that my mother sent to me  
... But buttons on a blanket sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Wednesday night ...  
I saw a pipe upon the chair  
Where my old pipe should be...  
That is a lovely tin whistle that my mother sent to me  
... But tobacco in a tin whistle sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Thursday night ...  
I saw two boots beneath the bed  
Where my old boots should be...

They are two lovely geranium pots that my mother sent to me  
... But laces in geranium pots I never saw before

As I went home on a Friday night...  
I saw a head inside the bed  
Where my old head should be...  
That is a baby boy that my mother sent to me  
... But a baby boy with his whiskers on sure I never saw before

As I went home on Saturday night...  
I saw a hand upon her breast  
Where my old hand should be...  
That is a lovely nightgown that my mother sent to me  
... But a nightgown with fingers sure I never saw before

As I went home on a Sunday night...  
I saw a thing between her legs  
Where my old thing should be...  
That is a lovely shillelagh that my mother sent to me  
... But testicles on a shillelagh sure I never saw before

(Alternative last verse:)

As I went home on a Sunday night...  
I saw a man run out the door a little after three...  
That is a tax collector that the English sent to me  
... But an Englishman that could last all night sure I  
never saw before



## SHALLOW BROWN

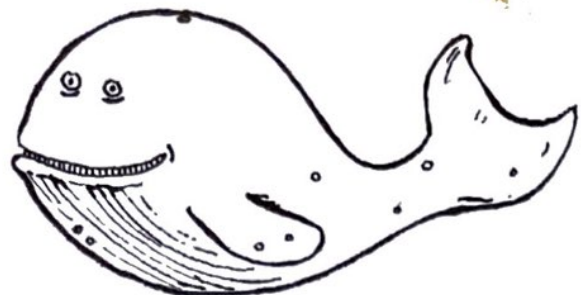
And it's goodbye, Juliana  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown  
And it's farewell, Juliana  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown

I am bound for to leave you  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown  
Oh, I am bound for to leave you  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown

And it's get my things in order  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown  
For the packet rides tomorrow  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown

And it's Shallow in the morning  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown  
Just as the day is dawning  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown

And it's goodbye, Juliana  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown  
And it's farewell, Juliana  
Shallow, oh Shallow Brown



This started life as a West Indian pump shanty but became a sea shanty. The word Shallow either refers to a press ganger called Shallow Brown, or comes from the Caribbean term "challow," meaning of mixed race



## SHAWNEETOWN

Well some rows up, but we floats down  
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown  
*And it's hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow*  
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Now the current's got her, and we'll take up the slack  
We'll float her down to Shawneetown  
And we'll bushwack her back  
*And it's hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow*  
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

Whisky's in the jar, boys, the wheat is in the sack  
We'll trade 'em down to Shawneetown  
And we'll bring the rock salt back  
*And it's hard on the beech oar...*

I've got a wife in Louisville and one in New Orleans  
When I get to Shawneetown  
Gonna see my Indian queen  
*And it's hard on the beech oar...*

Water's mighty warm, boys, the air is cold and dank  
And that cursed fog  
It gets so thick you cannot see the bank  
*And it's hard on the beech oar...*

Well some rows up, but we floats down  
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown  
*And it's hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow*  
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio

An American riverboat song as performed by Dillon Bustin

## **SHENANDOAH**

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

The white man loved the Indian maiden  
Away you rolling river  
With notions his canoe was laden  
Away we're bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri

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

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion  
Away you rolling river  
To sail across the stormy ocean  
Away we're bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri

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

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

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

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



## SHOALS OF HERRING

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

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

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

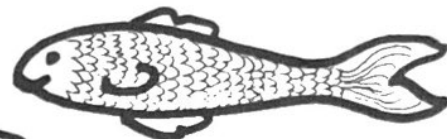
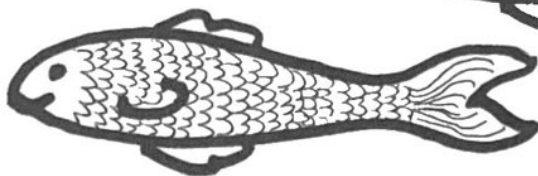
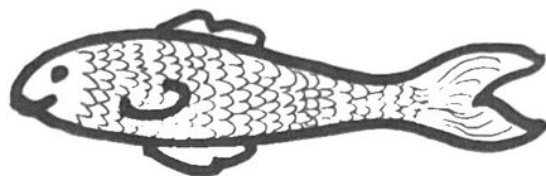
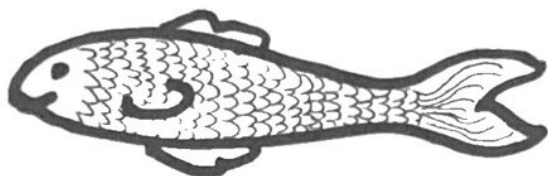
Oh we left the home grounds in the month of June  
And for Canny Shields we soon was faring  
With a hundred cran of the silver darlings  
That we'd taken from the shoals of herring

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

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

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

Ewan MacColl



**SI SI SI**

Si si si si banaha  
Yacu sin a lo do banaha  
Banaha  
Si si si si banaha  
Yacu sin a lo do banaha  
Banaha

Banaha, banaha  
Yacu sin a lo do banaha  
Banaha, banaha  
Yacu sin a lo do banaha  
Banaha, banaha  
Yacu sin a lo do banaha  
Banaha, banaha  
Yacu sin a lo do banaha

## SINNER MAN

Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to?  
Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to?  
Oh sinner man, where you gonna run to?  
All on that day

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me?  
Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me?  
Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me?  
All on that day

No sinner man, sun'll be a freezing

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

No sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding

Run to the rock, rock won't you hide me?

No sinner man, rock'll be a melting

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

No sinner man, sea'll be a boiling

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

No sinner man, you should be a prayin'

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

Yes sinner man, come on in and howdy



## SIXTEEN TONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Merle Travis

## SKYE BOAT SONG

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

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

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

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

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

Harold Boulton

This tells of how Bonny Prince Charlie escaped from his enemies in the winter of 1745-6 by putting out to sea with Flora MacDonald and a few devoted Highland boatmen in a rising storm - his pursuers were too afraid to follow

## SLOOP JOHN B

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

*So hoist up the John B sails  
See how the main sail sets  
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home  
Please let me alone, I want to go home  
I feel so break up, I want to go home*

The first mate, oh, he got drunk  
He broke up the people's trunk  
Constable had to come and take him away  
Sheriff John Stone 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

So hoist up the John B sails  
See how the main sail sets  
Send for the Captain ashore, let me go home  
Please let me alone, I want to go home  
I feel so break up, I want to go home



## SNOW SNIFFING LAMENT

Morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue  
Were walking down 5th Avenue

*Singing honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me  
Honey have a (sniff) on me*

They came to a drugstore painted green  
The sign outside said No Morphine

They came to a drugstore finished in oak  
The sign outside said No More Coke

They came to a drugstore painted red  
The sign outside said We're All Dead

They came to-a drugstore painted blue  
The sign outside said We're Dead Too

So in the river, side by side  
They both committed suicide

And in the graveyard on the hill  
Lies the body of Morphine Bill

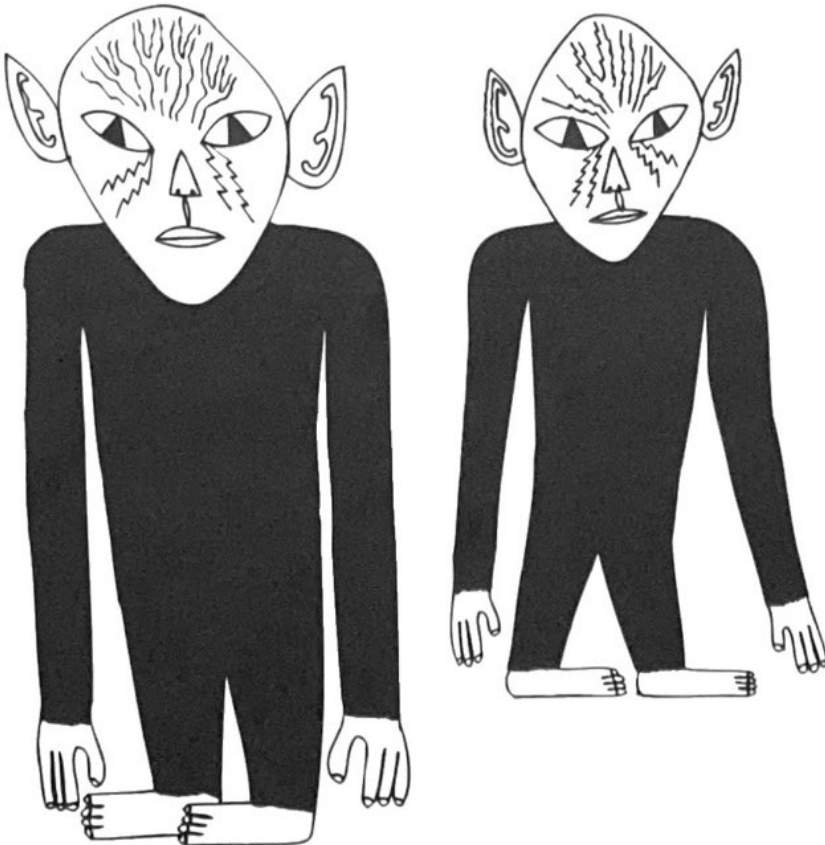
And in the graveyard on the side  
Lies the body of his Cocaine bride



## SO WHAT?

My friend's orange with a long green nose  
His teeth are purple and arranged in rows  
He comes from a planet where the blue grass grows  
But inside he's just like me

So what? So what, so what?  
Who cares how many eyes he's got?  
He's my friend and I like him a lot  
So what? So what?



## **SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

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

*Haul away, you rolling kings*  
*Heave away, haul away*  
*Haul away, oh hear me sing*  
*We're bound for South Australia*

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

*Haul away, you rolling kings...*

I rolled her up, I rolled her down  
I rolled her round and round the town

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

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

*Haul away, you rolling kings*  
*Heave away, haul away*  
*Haul away, oh hear me sing*  
*We're bound for South Australia*



## STANLEY AND DORA

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

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

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

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



Ron Gould

This is a parody of the American traditional song *Frankie And Johnny*

## THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

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

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

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

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

## STEALIN'

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

*You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been  
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in  
'Cause I'm stealin, stealin, pretty mama don't you tell on me  
'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  
*You don't believe I love you...*

The woman I love, she's so far away  
But the woman I hate, why I see her every day  
*You don't believe I love you...*

Come a little closer honey to my breast  
And tell me that I am the one you really love the best  
*You don't believe I love you...*



Gus Cannon

Gus Cannon was born in 1883 in Marshall County, Mississippi, the 10th son of a sharecropper and a freed slave. Gus began work in the cotton fields aged 12. He made his first banjo himself from a bread pan fixed to a guitar neck. Gus, also known as Banjo Joe, formed Cannon's Jug Stompers, one of the popular "jug bands" whose musicians would blow into jugs or whisky bottles in lieu of brass instruments. Another staple was the bullfiddle, a double bass made from a dustbin, a broom handle and string

## STONE COLD DEAD IN THE MARKETPLACE

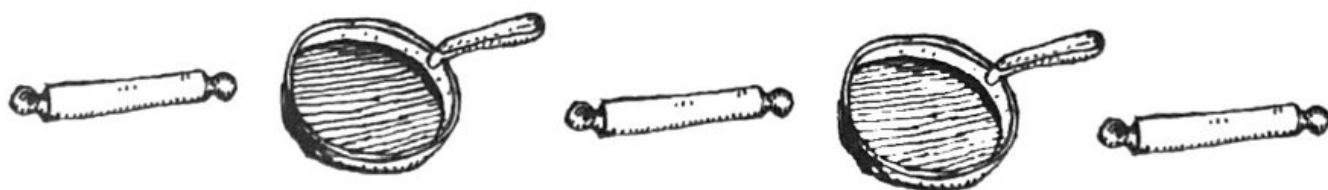
He's stone cold dead in the marketplace  
He's stone cold dead in the marketplace  
He's stone cold dead in the marketplace  
But I kill nobody but me husband

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

I lick him with the pot and the frying pan  
I lick him with the pot and the frying pan  
I lick him with the pot and the frying pan  
But I kill nobody but me husband

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

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



## STRANGEST DREAM

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

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

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

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



Ed McCurdy

## **STREETS OF LONDON**

Have you seen the old man  
In the closed down market  
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?  
In his eyes you see no pride  
Hands held loosely by his side  
Yesterday's papers telling yesterday's news

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

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

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

Have you seen the old man  
Outside the Seaman's Mission  
Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears



In our winter city  
The rain cries a little pity  
For one more forgotten hero  
And a world that doesn't care

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

Ralph McTell

## **SWEET CHARIOT**

*Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home  
Swing low, sweet chariot  
Coming for to carry me home*

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?  
Coming for to carry me home  
A band of angels coming after me  
Coming for to carry me home  
*Swing low, sweet chariot...*

If you get to heaven before I do  
Coming for to carry me home  
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too  
Coming for to carry me home  
*Swing low, sweet chariot...*

## SWEET ROSEANNE

Sweet Roseanne, sweet Roseanne  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
I thought I heard my baby say  
*I won't be home tomorrow*

Sweet Roseanne, my darling child  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
Sweet Roseanne, my darling child  
*I won't be home tomorrow*

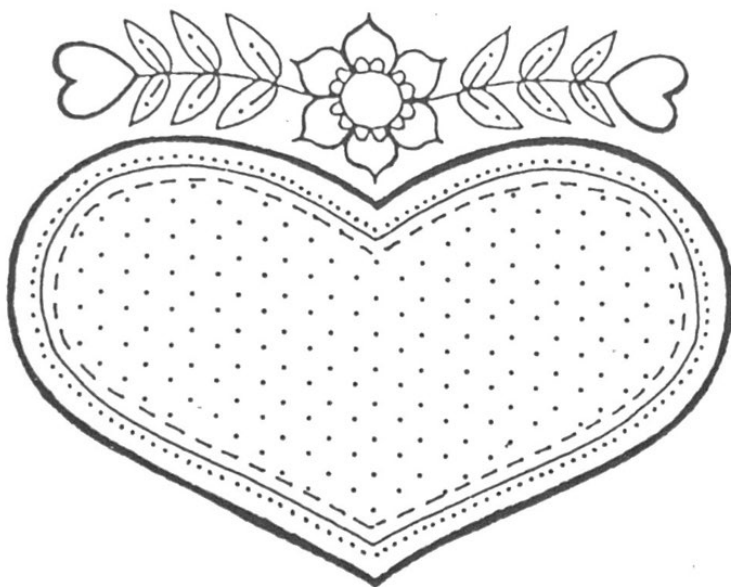
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
Bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye, bye-bye  
*I won't be home tomorrow*

That steamboat coming round the bend  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
She's loaded down with harvestmen  
*I won't be home tomorrow*

Don't you want to go home on your next payday?  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
Don't you want to go home on your next payday?  
*I won't be home tomorrow*

I'm goin' away but not to stay  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
I'll be gone but not for long  
*I won't be home tomorrow*

Sweet Roseanne, sweet Roseanne  
*Bye-bye sweet Roseanna*  
Sweet Roseanne, sweet Roseanne  
*I won't be home tomorrow*



### **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

Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain  
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain  
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain  
Tell him I'm gone, Tell him I'm gone

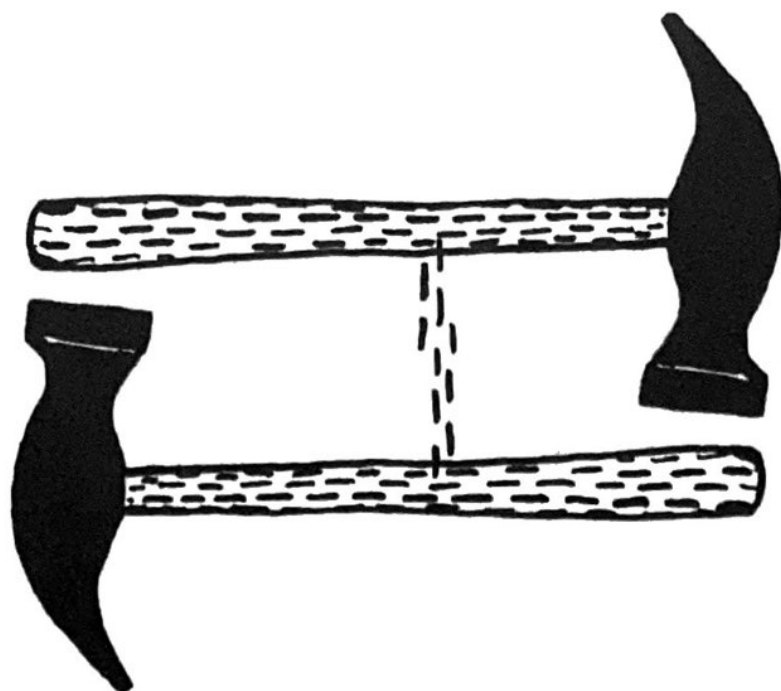
If he ask you was I running...  
You can tell him I was flying, Lord, you can tell him I was flying

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

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

I don't want no cornbread and molasses...  
'Cause they hurts my pride Lord, 'cause they hurts my pride

Swing this hammer, it looks like silver  
Swing this hammer, it looks like silver  
Swing this hammer, it looks like silver  
But it feels like lead Lord, it feels like lead



## THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

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

*Fare thee well for I must leave you...*

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

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

## THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

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

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

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

*This land is your land...*

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

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



Woody Guthrie



## THOUSANDS OR MORE

The time passes over more cheerful and gay  
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away  
Sorrows away, sorrows away, sorrows away  
Since we've learnt a new act to drive sorrows away

Bright Phoebe awakes so high in the sky  
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye  
Sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye, sparkaling eye  
With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkaling eye

If you ask for my credit you'll find I have none  
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home  
Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home  
With my bottle and friends you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor  
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more  
Thousands or more, thousands or more, thousands or more  
I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more



## THULA

Thula, thula mama thula  
Thula mama thula  
Thula ithi tu

Thula thu, thula baba, suku kha la  
Thula thu, thula baba mama yesa  
Thula thu, thula baba, suku kha la  
Thula thu, thula baba, iyeza

## TOWER OF STRENGTH

I am a tower of strength within and without  
I am a tower of strength within  
I am a tower of strength within and without  
I am a tower of strength within

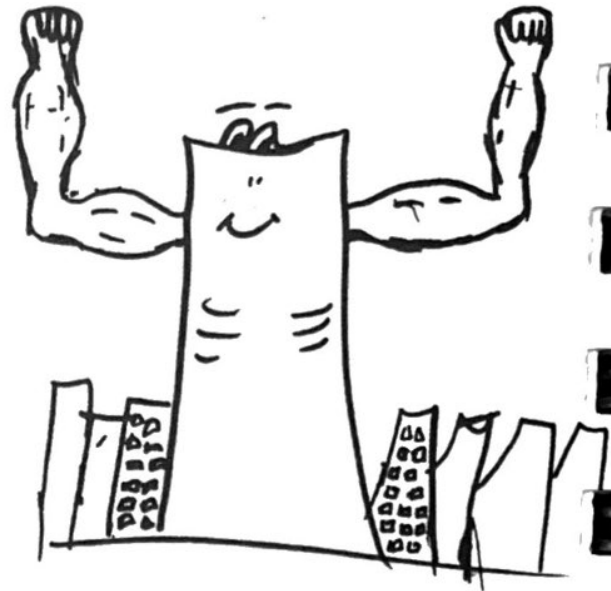
I let all burdens fall from my shoulders  
All anxieties slip from my mind  
I let all burdens fall from my shoulders  
All anxieties slip from my mind

I let every shackle be loose, I  
Let every shackle be loose  
I let every shackle be loose, I  
Let every shackle be loose

## TSHOTSHOLOSA

Tshotsholosa, kwesontaba  
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia  
Tshotsholosa, kwesontaba  
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia

Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba  
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia  
Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba  
Stimela siphuma e Rhodesia



Todd Matshikiza

In English this song means: Steam away, steam away over the hills,  
you train from Rhodesia. You are fast-moving through hills, steam  
away, you train from Rhodesia

## TU WE

Tu we tu we  
Barhima tu we tu we  
Tu we tu we  
Barhima tu we tu we  
Ambassado, amado, do  
Tu we tu we  
Barhima tu we we  
Barhima tu we tu we



## UNCLE JOE

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

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

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

*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*

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

## UNDER THE LILACS

She sat under the lilacs and played her guitar  
Played her guitar, played her guitar  
She sat under the lilacs and played her guitar  
Played her guitar-ha-ha-ha

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar  
Smoked his cigar, smoked his cigar  
He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar  
Smoked his cigar-ha-ha-ha

He said that he loved her, but oh, how he lied...

She said she believed him, but oh, how she sighed...

They were to be married, but somehow she died...

He went to her funeral but just for the ride...

He sat on her tombstone and laughed till he cried...

The tombstone fell on him and squish-squash, he died...

The parson was passing and popped him inside...

She went to heaven and flip-flap she flied...

He went to t'other place and frizzled and fried...

The devils they ate him with pitchforks and knives...

The moral of this story is don't tell a lie



## THE UNICORN

A long time ago, when the Earth was green  
There was more kinds of animals than you've ever seen  
They'd run around free while the Earth was being born  
And the loveliest of all was the unicorn

*There was green alligators and long-necked geese  
Some humpty backed camels and some chimpanzees  
Some cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  
The loveliest of all was the unicorn*

The Lord seen some sinning and it gave him pain  
And he said, Stand back, I'm going to make it rain  
He said, Hey, Brother Noah, I'll tell you what to do  
I want you to build me a floating zoo

*And take two green alligators and a couple of geese  
Two humpty backed camels and two chimpanzees  
Two cats, two rats, two elephants, but sure as you're born  
Noah, don't you forget my unicorns*

Old Noah was there to answer the call  
He finished making the ark just as the rain started to fall  
He marched the animals two by two  
And he called out as they came through

*Hey Lord, I've got two green alligators, a couple of geese  
Two humpty backed camels and two chimpanzees  
Two cats, two rats, two elephants, but Lord, I'm so forlorn  
I just can't find no unicorns*

And Noah looked out through the driving rain  
Them unicorns were hiding, playing silly games



Kicking and splashing while the rain was falling  
Oh, them foolish unicorns

Then the ducks started duckin' and the snakes started snakin'  
And the elephants started elephantin' and the boat started shakin'  
The mice started squeakin' and the lions started roarin'  
And everyone's aboard but them unicorns

*I mean the green alligators and long-necked geese  
The humpty backed camels and the chimpanzees  
Noah cried, Close the door because the rain is falling  
And we just can't wait for no unicorns*

The ark started moving, it drifted with the tide  
The unicorns looked up from the rocks and they cried  
And the waters came down and sort of floated them away  
That's why you never see unicorns to this very day

*You'll see a lot of alligators and a whole mess of geese  
You'll see humpty backed camels and chimpanzees  
You'll see cats and rats and elephants, but sure as you're born  
You're never gonna see no unicorn*



Shel Silverstein

## UP ABOVE MY HEAD

Up above my head  
I can feel it in the air  
Up above my head  
I can feel it in the air  
And I really do believe  
There's a heaven up there



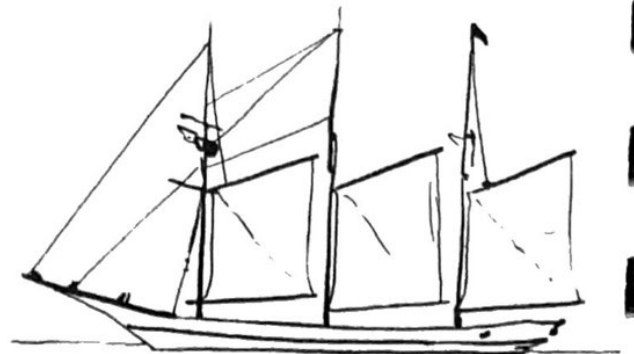
## WADE IN THE WATER

Wade in the water, wade in the water  
Wade in the water, wade in the water  
Wade in the water, wade in the water  
God's gonna trouble the water

Why don't you wade in the water  
Wade in the water, children  
Wade in the water  
God's gonna trouble the water

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child  
A long, long way from home

I wanna die easy when I die  
I wanna die easy when I die  
I wanna die easy when I die  
Shout salvation when I rise  
I wanna die easy when I die



## THE WATER IS WIDE

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

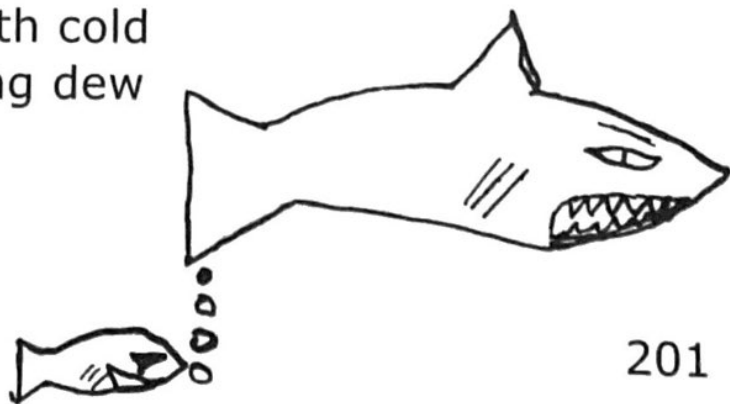
Oh, down in the meadows, the other day  
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay  
A-gathering flowers both red and blue  
I little thought what love can do

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

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

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

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



## WAY OVER YONDER IN THE MINOR KEY

I lived in a place called Okfuskee  
And I had a little girl in a holler tree  
I said, little girl, it's plain to see  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

She said it's hard for me to see  
How one little boy got so ugly  
Yes, my little girly, that might be  
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key  
Way over yonder in the minor key  
There ain't nobody that can sing like me*

We walked down by the buckeye creek  
To see the frog eat the goggle eye bee  
To hear that west wind whistle to the east  
There ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Oh my little girly will you let me see  
Way over yonder where the wind blows free  
Nobody can see in our holler tree  
And there ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key...*

Her mama cut a switch from a cherry tree  
And laid it on to she and me

It stung lots worse than a hive of bees  
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

Now I have walked a long long ways  
And I still look back to my tanglewood days  
I've led lots of girls since then to stray  
Saying, ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key...*

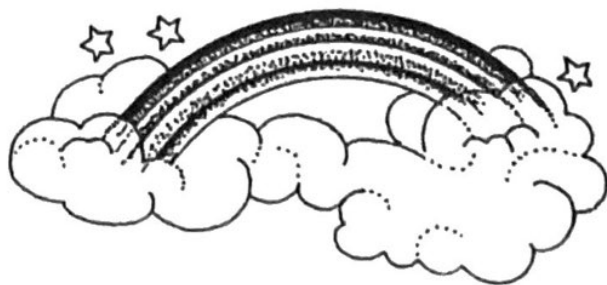
*Way over yonder in the minor key  
Way over yonder in the minor key  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me  
Ain't nobody that can sing like me*



Words by Woody Guthrie 1946  
Music by Billy Bragg 1997

## **WE ALL FLY LIKE EAGLES**

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



## WHEN I'M GONE

You're gonna miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone  
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me by my walk  
You're gonna miss me by my talk  
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone

*When I'm gone (When I'm gone)*  
*When I'm gone (When I'm gone)*  
*Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone*  
*When I'm gone (When I'm gone)*  
*When I'm gone (When I'm gone)*  
*Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone*

You're gonna miss me by my prayers  
You're gonna miss me everywhere  
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me by my song  
You're gonna miss me all day long  
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone

*When I'm gone...*

You're gonna miss me by my ways  
You're gonna miss me everyday  
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone  
You're gonna miss me by my song  
You're gonna miss me all day long  
Oh, I know you will miss me when I'm gone

*When I'm gone...*





## 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  
Wish in me heart it was Sunday la la la la  
Drinking buttermilk all the week  
But it's 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

*Da Da Da come day go day...*

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

*Da Da Da come day go day...*

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

*Da Da Da come day go day...*

## THE WHISTLING GYPSY ROVER

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

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

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

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

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

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



## THE WHITE COCKADE

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

As I walked out this morning, as I rambled over yon moss  
I had no thought of 'listing, till a soldier did me cross  
He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl  
He advanced... 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... 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... only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

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



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

## THE WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

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

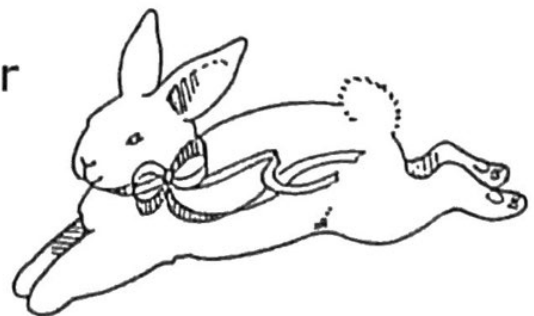
*And we'll all go together  
To pull wild mountain thyme  
All around the blooming heather  
Will ye go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower  
By yon clear crystal fountain  
And on it I will plant  
All the flowers of the mountain

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

I will build my love a shelter  
On yon high mountain green  
And my love shall be fairest  
That the summer sun has seen

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



## WILD ROVER

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

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

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

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

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

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

## 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

Boil it to a brilliant blue  
And rub it on your back and your abdomen  
Ancient Britain never hit on  
Anything as good as woad to fit on  
Neck or knees or where you sit on  
Tailors you be blowed

Romans came across the channel  
All wrapped up in tin 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 pyjamas  
Hairy coats were meant for goats  
Gorillas, Yaks, retriever dogs and Llamas  
Tramp up Snowdon, with your woad on  
Never mind if you get rained or blowed on  
Never want a button sewed on  
Go it, Ancient B's



## WORK SONG

Breaking rocks out here on the chain gang  
Breaking rocks and serving my time  
Breaking rocks out here on the chain gang  
Cause I been convicted of crime

*Hold it steady right there while I hit it  
Well I reckon that ought to get it  
I've been working, working  
but I still got so terribly far to go*

I committed crime Lord of needing  
Crime of being hungry and poor  
I left the grocery store man breathing  
When he caught me robbing his store  
*Hold it steady right there while I hit it...*

I heard the judge say five years  
On the chain-gang you're gonna go  
I heard the judge say five years labour  
I heard my old man scream Lordy, no!  
*Hold it steady right there while I hit it...*

Gonna see my sweet honey baby  
Gonna break this chain off the rock  
Gonna lay down somewhere shady  
Lord it sure is hot in the sun  
*Hold it steady right there while I hit it...*



Oscar Brown Jr and Nat Adderley

## **THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN (DIGGERS' SONG)**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leon Rosselson

### **WORRIED MAN**

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

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

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

I asked the judge, What's gonna be my fine?...  
Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain Line

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

## YELLOW BIRD

Yellow bird up high in banana tree  
Yellow bird you sit all alone like me  
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?  
That is very sad, makes me feel so bad  
You can fly away in the sky away  
You more lucky than me

I also have a pretty girl  
She not with me today  
They're all the same the pretty girls  
Make them the nest then they fly away

Yellow bird high up in banana tree  
Yellow bird you sit all alone like me  
Picker coming soon pick from night to noon  
Black and yellow, you like banana too  
Better fly away in the sky away  
They might pick you some day

Wish that I was a yellow bird  
I'd fly away with you  
But I'm not a yellow bird  
So here I sit, nothing else to do



Marilyn Keith, Alan Bergman and Norman Luboff

## YELLOW ROSES

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

*Send my mother a lock of my hair  
Send my father the watch that he gave me  
Tell my brother to follow me if he dare  
Tell them I'm lost now, and no-one can save me  
Remember, remember, send my love little yellow roses*

My father taught me that all men are equal  
Whatever colour, religion or land  
Told me to fight for the things I believed in  
This I have done, with a gun in my hand

*Send my mother a lock of my hair...*

I met my love in a garden of roses  
She pricked her finger - how sharp the thorn grows  
We made a promise that till Death did part us  
We'd never look on that wild yellow rose

*Send my mother a lock of my hair  
Send my father the watch that he gave me  
Tell my brother to follow me if he dare  
Tell them I'm lost now, and no-one can save me  
Remember, remember, send my love little yellow roses*



## OTHER SONGS TO SING

Abdul El Bulbul Amir  
All My Trials  
A-Roving  
Arthur McBride  
Aunt Rhody  
An Austrian Went Yodelling  
Banks of Marble  
The Bells of Rhymney  
Below the Gallows Tree  
Black Girl  
Blaydon Races  
Blow the Wind Southerly  
Bog Down in the Valley-O  
Botany Bay  
A Bold Young Farmer Courted Me  
The Brave Ploughboy  
Campdown Races  
Cluck Old Hen  
Copper Kettle  
Cosher Bailey / Did you Ever See  
Coulter's Candy  
Crazy Moose  
The Curtains of Old Joe's House  
The Cutty Wren  
Derby Ram  
Devil's Nine Questions  
Donkey Riding  
Don't Get Married Girls  
Down by the Riverside  
Family of Man  
Father Abraham  
Foggy Dew



The Fox  
Geordie's Lost His Pinker  
Gimme Crack Corn  
(Sing if You're) Glad to be Gay  
Glorious Ale  
Goodnight Song  
The Grand Canyon Line  
Greensleeves  
Hanging Johnny  
Heaven  
Helston Dance  
Henry my Son  
Here's to Good Old Beer  
Home on the Range  
Hot Time  
House of the Rising Sun  
I Gotta Robe  
I'm Gonna be an Engineer  
Island in the Sun  
I Want to be Near You  
Jerusalem  
Johnny Miner  
Johnny Todd  
The Keeper  
Land of the Silver Birch  
Leaves of Life  
Listen to the Ocean  
Liverpool Lullaby  
Logger Lover  
Lord of the Dance  
Love is Pleasing  
Maggie May

Man of Constant Sorrow  
Many Thousands Gone  
Mary Hamilton  
Michael Row the Boat Ashore  
Monkey Song  
Moondance  
My Flower, My Companion and Me  
Never Will Marry  
Nkosi Sikelel' i-Afrika  
Oh Freedom  
Oh Johnny  
Old Smoky  
Once I Lived in Old Virginia  
Paper of Pins  
Peace I Ask of Thee O River  
Peggy-O  
Please Come Back Again  
Poor Old Man  
Pretty Boy Floyd  
Quare Bungle Rye  
Rambling Boy  
Red Men  
Reuben James  
The Riddle Song  
Riding Down from Bangor  
Rise and Shine  
Rocking me Babies to Sleep  
Roll the Old Chariot Along  
Rolling on the Grass  
The Sailor's Lament  
Sante Anno

Shoo Fly  
Skip to my Lou  
The Soldier and the Sailor  
Song of the Salvation Army  
Steamboat  
There But for Fortune  
Three Crows  
Time for Man  
'Tis a Gift to be Simple  
Turpin Hero  
Under the Full Moonlight  
A-Weeping and Wailing  
What did you Learn in School?  
What Have They Done to the Rain?  
White Sands  
Widdecombe Fair  
Wild Colonial Boy  
Wild Goose  
The Work of The Weavers  
Yorkshire Tup

