

Singer Name:

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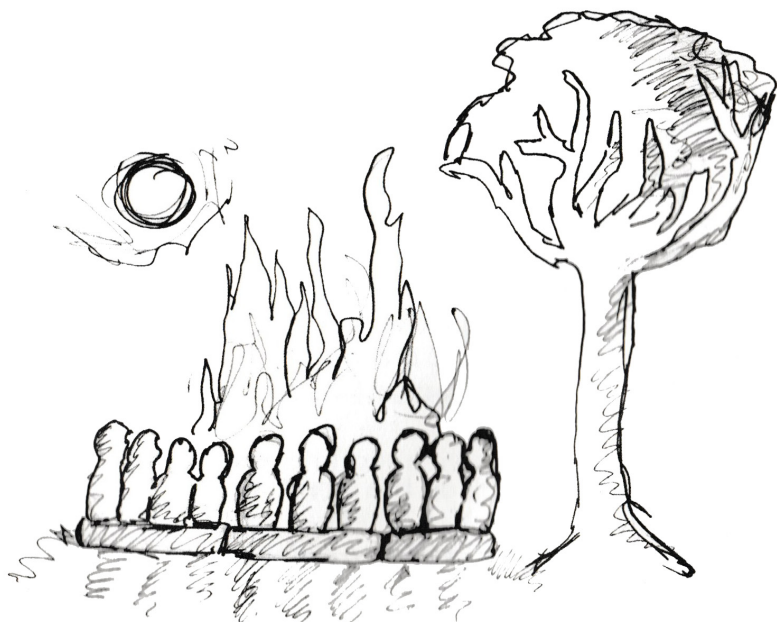
Welcome to your new wonderful 2017 edition FSC songbook!

There are 45 new songs, a plethora of pictures and some songs even have guitar chords. What's more, it's a strictly alphabetised affair!

Singing is such a big part of Forest School Camps and this is a record of some of the songs we sing. There are many FSC songs that didn't make it into this book so keep your ears out and continue our oral tradition by learning from your friends.

If you have any comments on this songbook, or you'd like to draw a picture for the next edition email: Glee@fsc.org.uk

Enjoy your songbook and look after it so you can enjoy it for years to come...



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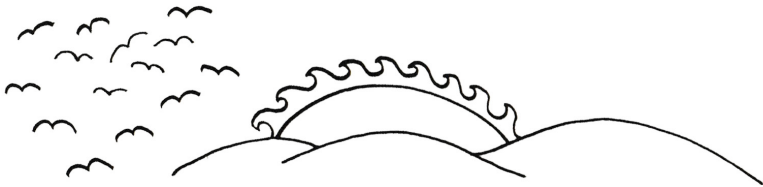
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Arise Song

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

Arise Song

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 break 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



A Bi 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*)

Ain't Gonna Study War No More

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
I ain't gonna study war no more

I ain't gonna study war no more
I ain't gonna study war no more
I ain't gonna study war no more, no more
Down by the riverside I'm gonna lay my burdens down
I ain't gonna study war no more

I'm gonna walk with the prince of peace
Down by the riverside...

I'm gonna put on my long white robe...

I'm gonna lay down my nuclear bombs...

I'm gonna make up my own verses...

All on the Shore

As I was a-walking all by the seaside

All on the shore and over strand

I met with a body washed up by the tide

All on the shore, a long time ago

I took him to southreps the place he was born...

And straight way to northreps the place he was known...

I emptied his bowels and pulled out his feet...

And garnished him over with parsley so sweet...

I pulled out his toenails and likewise his teeth...

And sent them to napton wrapped up in a leaf...

I poked out his eyes with a rusty old nail...

And emptied his giblets out into a pail...

I cut off his legs and likewise his arms...

And then I chopped off all his masculine charms...

I pulled out his liver, his kidneys as well...

Because he was dead! As best I could tell...

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 of 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

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

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
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin
And gives me victory

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

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

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

If I live for ever and a day
Angels watching over me, lord
Pray the lord will guide me away
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 knees
And what became of the monkey?

As I Roved Out

Am G
Who are you, me pretty fair maid
Am G
Who are you, me honey?
Am G
Who are you, me pretty fair maid
Am G
Who are you, me honey?
Am Em
She answered me quite modestly:
G
"I am me mammy's darling."

Am G
With your too-ry-ah, Fol-de-diddle-dah
Am
Me Day-re fol-de-diddle, Da ri oh

Will you come to me house in the middle of the night
When the moon is shining clearly
And will you come to me house in the middle of the night
When the moon is shining clearly
I'll open the door and I'll let you in
And devil the one will hear us

So I went to her house in the middle of the night
When the moon was shining clearly
So I went to her house in the middle of the night
When the moon was shining clearly
She opened the door and she let me in
And devil the one did hear us

She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led it to the stable
She took me horse by the bridle and the bit
And she led it to the stable
Saying "There's plenty of oats for a soldier's horse,
For eat if he is able."

She took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table
She took me by the lily-white hand
And she led me to the table
Saying "There's plenty of wine for a soldier boy,
For to drink if he is able."

She got up and she made the bed
And she made it nice and easy
She got up and she made the bed
And she made it nice and easy
Then she took me by the lily-white hand
Saying "God, I hope you're able!"

There we lay till the break of the day
And devil the one did hear us
There we lay till the break of the day
And devil the one did hear us
She arose and put on her clothes
Saying "Darling, you must leave me."

When will I return again
When will we be married
When will I return again
When will we be married
When broken shells make Christmas bells
We might well get married

The Auld Triangle

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

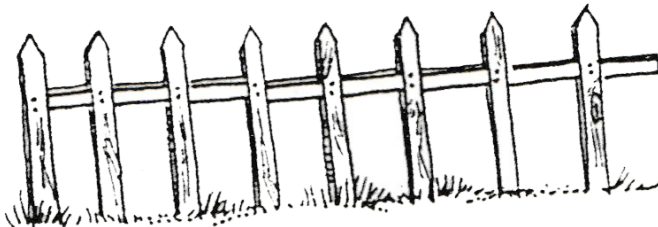
Oh to start the morning, the warder bawling
Get up out of bed you, and clean at your cell...

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

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

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

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



The Ballad of Lou Marsh

Am

In the streets of New York City

Em

When the hour was getting late

Am

There were young men armed with knives and guns,

Em

Young men armed with hate

Am

And Lou Marsh stepped between them

Dm

Am

And died there in his tracks

Dm

Am

For one man is no army, when a city turns its back

C

Dm

Am

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

Dm

G

Dm

So keep an eye on shadows and never pass the park

C

Dm

Am

For the city is a jungle when the law is out of sight

Dm

G

Am

And death lurks in El-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

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

Phil Ochs

Banana Boat Song

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Banks of the Ohio

C G
I asked my love to take a walk
G7 C
To take a walk, just a little walk
C7 F
Down beside where the waters flow
C G7 C
Down by the banks of the Ohio

C G
And only say that you'll be mine
G7 C
And in no other's arms entwine
C7 F
Down beside where the waters flow
C G7 C
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."

The Barley Mow

Here's good luck to the pint pot, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the pint pot, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the pint pot, half a pint, gill, half a gill, quarter gill,
nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the half gallon, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the half gallon, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the half gallon, pint pot, half a pint, gill, half a gill,
quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the gallon, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the gallon, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the gallon, half gallon, pint pot, half a pint, gill,
half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the half barrel, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the half barrel, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the half barrel, gallon, half gallon, pint pot, half a pint,
gill, half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the barrel, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the barrel, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the barrel, half barrel, gallon, half gallon, pint pot, half a
pint, gill, half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the daughter, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the daughter, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the daughter, barrel, half barrel, gallon, half gallon,
pint pot, half a pint, gill, half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin
and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the land-lord, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the land-lord, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the landlord, daughter, barrel, half barrel, gallon,
half gallon, pint pot, half a pint, gill, half a gill,
quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the brewer, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the brewer, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the brewer, landlord, daughter, barrel, half barrel,
gallon, half gallon, pint pot, half a pint, gill, half a gill,
quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow

Now here's good luck to the company, Good luck to the Barley Mow
Jolly good luck to the company, Good luck to the Barley Mow

Oh the company, brewer, landlord, daughter, barrel,
half barrel, gallon, half gallon, pint pot, half a pint, gill,
half a gill, quarter gill, nipperkin and a round bowl
Here's good luck, good luck, to the barley mow



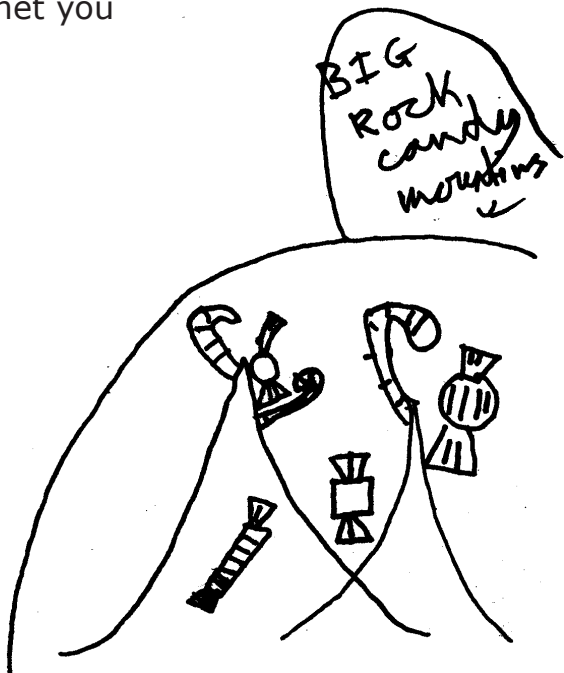
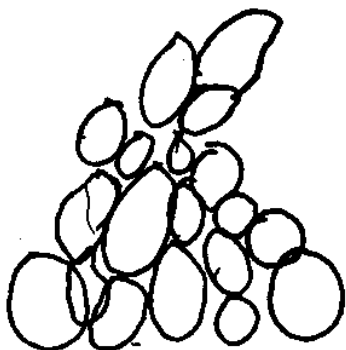
Before I Met You

I thought I had seen pretty girls in my time
But that was before I met you
I never saw one that I wanted for mine
But that was before I met you

*I thought I was swinging the world by the tail
I thought I could never be blue
I thought I'd been kissed and I thought I'd been loved
But that was before I met you*

I wanted to ramble and always be free
But that was before I met you
I said that no woman could ever hold me
But that was before I met you

They tell me I must reap just what I have sown
But darling I hope it's not true
For once I made plans about living alone
But that was before I met you



Big Rock Candy Mountains

C G7 C G7
On a summer's day, in the month of May

F G7 C
A burly bum came hiking

G7 C G7
Down a shady lane with a sugar cane

C
He was looking for his liking

G7 C
As he strolled along, he sang a song

G7 C
Of the land of milk and honey

G7 C G7
Where a bum can stay for many a day

C
And he don't need any money

G7 C C7
Oh the... Buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees

F
The soda-water fountains

G7 C
Where the lemonade springs, and the blue bird sings

G7 C
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

You never wash your socks

And little streams of alcohol

Come trickling down the rocks

There's a lake of stew and whisky too

And you paddle around in a big canoe

Where they hung the jerk who invented work

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

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

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by
I knew she meant a doing for him
By the look in her roguish black eye
His watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into me hand
And the very next thing that I said was
Bad luck to the Black Velvet Band

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

So come all you jolly young fellows
A warning take by me
When you are out on the town, me lads
Beware of the pretty colleens
They'll treat you to strong drink, me boys
Till you are not able to stand
And the very next thing that you know is
You've landed in Van Diemens Land

*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*

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.

Blackleg Miner

Dm C
It's in the evening, after dark
Dm Am
The blackleg miner gangs ta work
Dm C
In his moleskin pants and dirty shirt
Dm C Dm
There goes the 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*

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

*A Durham song, sung as far away as Nova Scotia, about the
fierce emotions of miners towards strike-breakers.*

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.



Blowin' in the Wind

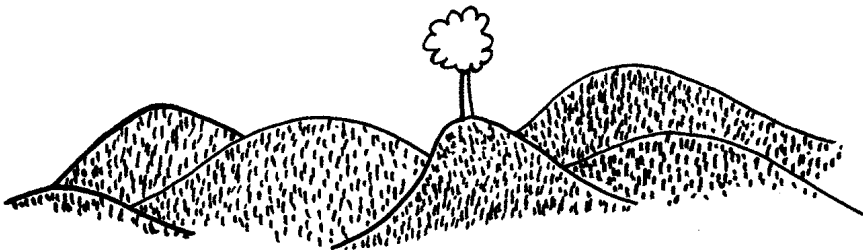
How many roads must a man walk down
before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
before she sleeps in the sand?
How many times must the cannon balls fly
before they're forever banned?

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

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

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

Bob Dylan



Bold Riley

Oh the rain it rains all day long
Bold Riley-O, Bold Riley
And the northern wind, it blows so strong
Bold Riley-O has gone away

*Goodbye my sweetheart, goodbye my dear-O
Bold Riley-O, Bold Riley
Goodbye my darlin', goodbye my dear-O
Bold Riley-O has gone away*

The anchor's weighed and the rags we've all set,
Bold Riley O, Bold Riley
Them Liverpool judies we'll never forget,
Bold Riley-O has gone away

Well come on Mary, don't look glum
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley
Come White-stockings Day you'll be drinkin' rum
Bold Riley-O has gone away

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay
Bold Riley-O, Bold Riley
Get bending, me lads, its a hell-of-a-way
Bold Riley-O has gone away

Botany Bay

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

Singing toora-li, oora-li, additty
Singing toora-li, oora-li, ay
Singing toora-li, oora-li, additty
For we're bound for the Botany Bay

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

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

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

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

Bread and Roses

As we go marching, marching, in the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray
Are touched with all the radiance, a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing, bread and roses, bread and roses.

As we go marching, marching, we battle too, for men,
For they are women's children and our victory is their gain.
Our days shall not be sweated from birth until life closes,
Hearts starve as well as bodies, give us bread, but give us roses.

As we go marching, marching, un-numbered women dead
Go crying through our singing in their ancient call for bread,
Small art and love and beauty their trudging spirits knew
Oh, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses, too.

As we go marching, marching, the future hears our call.
For the rising of the women is the rising of us all.
No more the drudge, the idler, ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories, bread and roses, bread and roses.

Break 'Em on Down

Break em on down
Break em on down
Break em on down these walls between us

Break these walls
Break these walls down

Bring Me Little Water Sylvie

Bring me little water Sylvie
Bring me little water now
Bring me little water Sylvie
Every little once in a while

Bring Us in Hot Tea

Bring us in no rum, for that's a drink for sailors
But bring us in hot tea, for that will never fail us

*So bring us in hot tea, hot tea
And bring us in hot tea
That's what the blessed ladies make
So bring us in hot tea*

Bring us in no cider, for that will send us reeling
But bring us in hot tea, Earl Gray, Ceylon or Darjeeling

Bring us in no schnaps, for they are made with brandy
But bring us in hot tea, and a strainer would be handy

Bring us in no home brew; we're not inclined to risk it
But bring us in hot tea, oh, and all right, just one biscuit

Bring us in no gin, for that was mother's ruin
But bring us in hot tea, and put a lump or two in

Bring us in no white wine, for that don't cure no hot thirst
But bring us in hot tea, and be sure to warm the pot first

The Burning of Auchindoun

As I gaed doon by Fiddichside
On a May mornin'
I met wi' Willie Macintosh
An `oor before the dawnin'

"Turn again, turn again
Turn again I beg ye
If ye burn Auchindoun
Huntly he will heid ye"

"Heid me or hang me
It will never grieve me
I will burn Auchindoun
Although the life `ud leave me"

As I gaed doon by Fiddichside
On a May mornin'
Auchindoun was in a bleeze
An `oor before the dawnin'

"Crawin', crawin'
For a' yer crouse crawin'
Ye've burnt yer crops an' tint yer wings
An `oor before the dawnin'

By the Waters of Babylon

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

Calling On

Good people pray heed a petition
Your attention we beg and we crave
And if you are inclined for to listen
An abundance of pastime we'll have
We have come to relate many stories
Concerning our forefathers' times
And we trust they will drive out your worries
Of this we are all in one mind

Many tales of the poor and the gentry
Of labour and love will arise
There are no finer songs in this country
In Scotland and Ireland likewise
There's one thing more needing mention
The dances we'll dance all in fun
So now that you've heard our intention
We'll play on to the beat of the drum

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
And that's the name of the game

Careless Love

C G C
Love, oh love, oh careless love

G
Love, oh love, oh careless love

C C7 F Fm
Love, oh love, oh careless love

C G C
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 to where I come from

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

Tom Paxton

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...*)

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...*)

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...*)

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...*)

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...*)

Cyril Tawney

Chickens

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

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

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

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

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 chickens 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

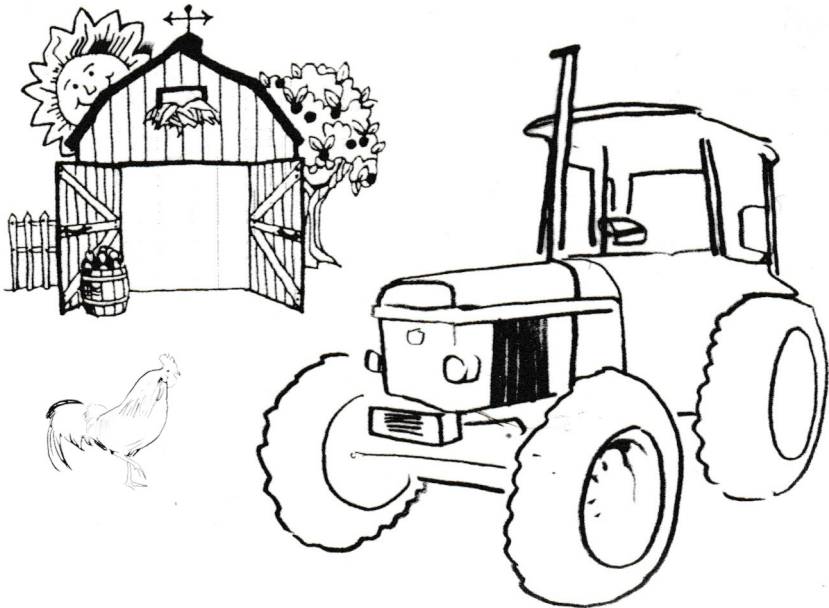
One day a rooster crept into our yard
And caught those chickens right off of their guard
They're laying eggs now of solid ivory
Ever since that rooster crept into our yard

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 chickens 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 chickens 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

Ten for the ten commandments

Clementine

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

*Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh 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

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

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

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

Then the miner, forty-niner
Soon began to peak and pine
Thought he oughta join his daughter
Now he's with his Clementine

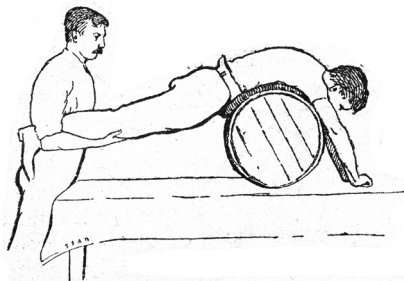
In my dreams she still doth haunt me
Robed in garments soaked with brine
Though in life I used to hug her
Now she's dead I draw the line

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

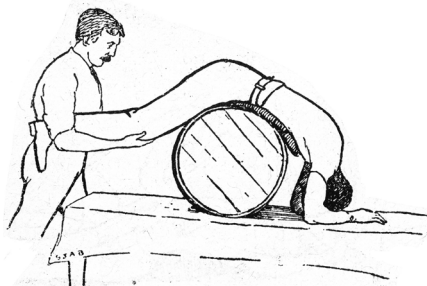
How I missed her, how I missed her
How I missed my Clementine
'Til I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine

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

The "Barrel" Method.
Commencement of the
inspiratory phase.



The "Barrel" Method.
Expiratory Phase.



Cockles and Mussels

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

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

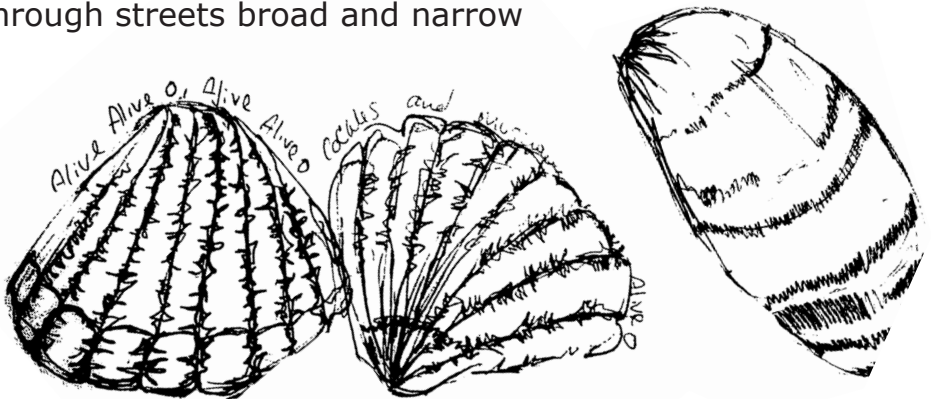
C Am
 As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
 Dm G7
 Through streets broad and narrow

C F C FC G7 C
Crying Cockles and Mussels, alive alive oh!
 G7

Alive alive oh, alive alive oh,
 C G7 C
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

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



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 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, dance, 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
like you don't need the money
Love 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 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

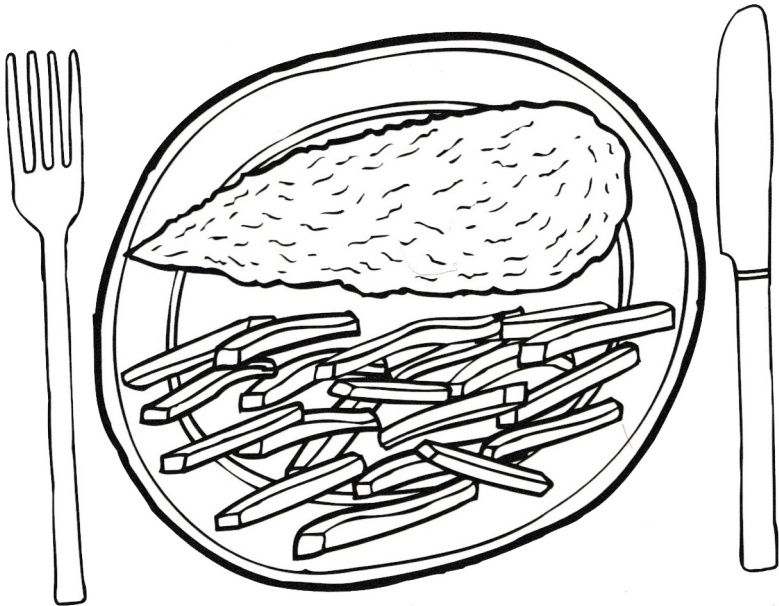
Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to
bed quite mellow...
Lives as he ought to live...
And dies a jolly good fellow

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

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

Come to the Colours Tommy Come

Come to the colours Tommy, come
Come to the colours Tommy, come
Come to the colours Tommy, come
Come to the colours Tommy, 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
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

In summer when the sun is hot
We sing, we dance, and we drink a lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new mown hay

In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling 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

Oh Nancy is my darling gay
And she blooms like the flowers every day
But I love her best in the month of May
When we're rambling in the new mown hay

Crow on the Cradle

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn!
Now is the time for a child to be born.
If he's a boy he'll carry a gun,
Sang the crow on the cradle.

If it should be that our baby's a girl,
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes
And a bomber above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Rockabye, baby, the dark and the light
Somebody's baby is born for a fight.
Rockabye baby the white and the black
Somebody's baby is not coming back.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Your mammy and pappy they'll scrape and they'll save
Build you a coffin, and dig you a grave
Hushabye, little one, why do you weep?
We've got a toy that will put you to sleep.
Sang the crow on the cradle.

Oh bring me a gun and I'll shoot that crow dead
That's what your mammy and pappy once said
The crow's on my cradle, oh what shall I do?
That is a thing that I leave to you
Sang the crow on the cradle.

The Cutty Wren

O Where are you going, says Milder to Malder,
O I cannot tell you, says Festel to Fose,

*We're going to the green woods, says John the Red Nose
We're going to the green woods, says John the Red Nose*

O what will you to there, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell you, says Festel to Fose,

O how will you shoot her, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell you, says Festel to Fose,

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will you do then, says Festel to Fose,

O how will you bring her home, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,

With what will you cut her up, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose

O how will you boil her, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,

O that will not do, says Milder to Malder
O what will do then, says Festel to Fose,

O who'll have the spare ribs, says Milder to Malder
O I cannot tell you says Festel to Fose,
Build your fire of hickory, hickory, ash and oak
Don't use green or rotten wood, they'll get you by the smoke

Dark as a Dungeon

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

D C G
For it's dark as a dungeon and dank as the dew
D C D
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few
G C D
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
G C G
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

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

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

Death Come Knocking

You know that death came a-knockin' on my mother's door
Singin' "Come on, mother, ain't ya ready to go?"
And my mother stooped down, buckled up her shoes
And she moved on down by the Jordan stream
And then she shout
"Hallelujah! Done, done my duty!
Got on my travelin' shoes"

Deep Blue Sea

C F
Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea
C F G
Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea
C F
Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea
C F G C
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

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

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, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
All they will call you will be deportees*

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

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

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

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

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

(Optional ending to last verse):

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

Woody Guthrie / Martin Hoffman

Diamonds in the Rough

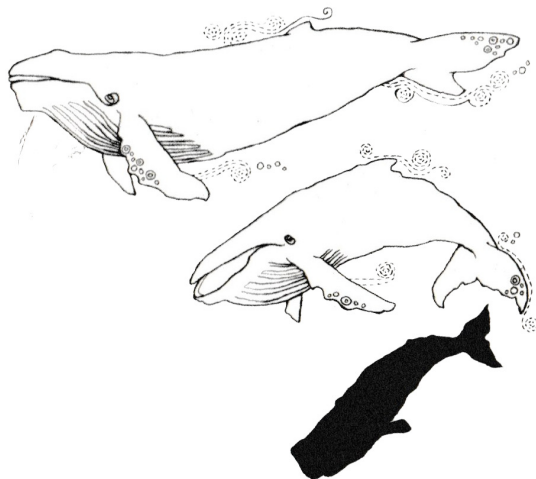
While walking out one evening not knowing where to go
Just to pass the time away before we held our show
I heard a band, a mission band singing with all its might
I give my heart to Jesus and left the show that night

*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

While reading through the Bible, some wondrous sights I see
I read of Peter, James, and John, on the Sea of Galilee
And Jesus when he found them, he bound them very tough
And they were precious diamonds, he gathered 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

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

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

The Digger's Song

You noble diggers all, stand up now, stand up now
You noble diggers all, stand up now
The waste land to maintain, seeing Cavaliers by name
Your digging does disdain, and persons all defame
Stand up now, diggers all

Your houses they pull down, stand up now, stand up now
Your houses they pull down, stand up now
Your houses they pull down to fright poor men in town
But the gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear the crown
Stand up now, diggers all

With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now, stand up now
With spades and hoes and ploughs, stand up now
Your freedom to uphold, seeing Cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could, and rights from you to hold
Stand up now, diggers all

Their self will is their law, stand up now, stand up now
Their self will is their law, stand up now
Since tyranny came in they count it now no sin
To make a gaol a gin, to starve poor men therein
Stand up now, diggers all

The gentry are all round, stand up now, stand up now
The gentry are all round, stand up now
The gentry are all round, on each side they are found
Their wisdom's so profound, to cheat us of our ground
Stand up now, diggers all

The lawyers they conjoyne, stand up now, stand up now
The lawyers they conjoyne, stand up now
To arrest you they advise, such fury they devise
The devil in them lies and hath blinded both their eyes
Stand up now, diggers all

The clergy they come in, stand up now, stand up now
The clergy they come in, stand up now
The clergy they come in, and say it is a sin
That we should now begin, our freedom for to win
Stand up now, diggers all

The tithes they yet will have, stand up now, stand up now
The tithes they yet will have, stand up now
The tithes they yet will have, and lawyers their fees crave
And this they say is brave, to make the poor their slave
Stand up now, diggers all

'Gainst lawyers and gainst Priests, stand up now, stand up now
'Gainst lawyers and gainst Priests, stand up now
For tyrants they are both even flat against their oath
To grant us they are loath, free meat, and drink, and cloth
Stand up now, diggers all

The club is all their law, stand up now, stand up now
The club is all their law, stand up now
The club is all their law to keep men in awe
But they no vision saw to maintain such a law
Stand up now, diggers all

The cavaliers are foes, stand up now, stand up now
The cavaliers are foes, stand up now
The cavaliers are foes, themselves they do disclose
By verse not in prose to please the singing boys
Stand up now, diggers all

To conquer them by love, come in now, come in now
To conquer them by love, come in now
To conquer them by love, as it does you behave
For he is king above, no power is like to love
Glory here, diggers all

circa 1648

The Digger's Song (World Turned Upside Down)

C Dm
In 1649 to St. George's Hill,
F
A ragged band they called the Diggers
C
Came to show the people's will
Dm
They defied the landlords, they defied the laws
F C G7 C
They were the dispossessed 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 lands 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

Dirty Old Town

C
I met my love by the gasworks wall
F C
Dreamed a dream by the old canal

Kissed my girl by the factory wall
Dm G Am
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
Spring's 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



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 (singing softly)
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?

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



*Not a Swallow

Don't Get Married Girls

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Down in the Valley

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

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

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

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

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

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

Richard Thompson

Drill Ye Tarriers Drill

Am

Every morning at seven o'clock

E7

There are twenty tarriers drilling at the rock

Am

And the boss come along and he said, Keep still

E7

And come down heavy on the cast-iron drill

Am E7 Am

And drill, ye tarriers, drill

G Am

And drill, ye tarriers, drill

C

For it's work all day for the sugar in yer tay

E7

Down behind the old railway

Am E Am

And drill, ye tarriers, drill. And blast - and fire!

Our new foreman is Jimmy McCann

By God he is a blame mean man

One day a premature blast went off

And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough

When next pay day came around

Jim Gough a dollar short was found

When he asked "What for?" came this reply

You were docked for the time you were up in the sky

Our boss is a good man down to the ground

And he married a lady six feet round

She bakes good bread and she bakes it well

But she bakes it round as the plates in Hell

Drunken Sailor

What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
Early in the morning

*Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning*

Lock him in the cabin with the captain's daughter...
Early in the morning

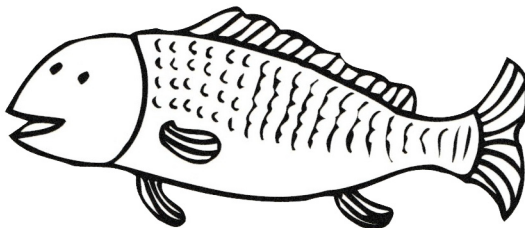
Throw him in the longboat 'til he's sober...
Early in the morning

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...
Early in the morning

Put him in the scupers with a hose pipe on him...
Early in the morning

Put him in the guardroom till he gets sober...
Early in the morning

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor...
Early in the morning



Earth My Body

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



The Eddystone Light

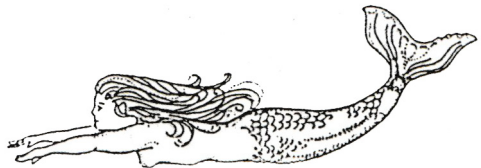
My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
And of that union there came three
A porgy and a porpoise and the other was me

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

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

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

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



Erie Canal

Am C D E7
I got an old mule and her name is Sal
Am E7 Am
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
Am C D E7
She's a good worker and a good old pal
Am E7 Am
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
C G
We've hauled some barges in our day
Am E7
Full of lumber and coal and hay
Am C D D7
And we know every inch of the way
Am E7 Am G
From Albany to Buffalo

C G
Low bridge, everybody down
Am E7
Low bridge for we're coming to a town
Am G
And you'll always know your neighbour
F E7
You'll always know your pal
Am E7 Am
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal

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

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

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

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

(Optional alternative verse):

My wife she do delight me as I sits at my ease
For she says as she likes and she does as she please
She is a modern woman, she's a wild and free soul



Fiddler's Green

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

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

Now the sky's always clear and there's never a gale
And the fish jump on board with a swish of their tail
Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

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

No I don't need a harp nor a halo, not me
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

Five Hundred Miles

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

A hundred tanks across the square
One man stands to stop them there
One day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free
I'll be free, I'll be free, to go home to my country
One day soon the tide will turn and I'll be free

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

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

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

The drinking gourd is another name for the Big Dipper or Plough
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.



Freedom Train

This old freedom train has been a
Long time coming
Ain't nobody gonna miss it, now
So just jump on while it's running

Gimme that, freedom
Gimme that, freedom
Gimme that freedom freedom freedom (chk-ah-cha)
Freedom freedom freedom (chk-ah-cha)

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 where I'm gone*

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

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

Libby Cotten

Froggy Went A-Courtin'

C

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

G7

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

C

C7

Froggy went a courtin' and he did ride

F

A sword and pistol by his side

C

G

C

A-hum, a-hum, a-hum, a-hum

Came up to Missie Mouse's door, *a-hum...*

Where he'd often been before...

Missie Mouse are you within? *A-hum...*

Yes kind sir and please do come in...

Missie Mouse will you marry me? *a-hum...*

O no kind sir that never can be...

Without my Uncle Rat's consent, *a-hum...*

I would not marry the President...

Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides, *a-hum...*

To think his niece would be a bride...

Where will the wedding breakfast be? *A-hum...*

Way down yonder in the hollow tree...

What will the wedding breakfast be? *A-hum*

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

So they all went swimming across the lake, *a-hum...*

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

The Ghost of John

Have you heard of the ghost of John?
Pale white bone with the flesh all gone
Poo-oo-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...
They comb their hair with a kipper backbone...

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

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

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



Gonna Be an Engineer

When I was a little girl, I wished I was a boy
I tagged along behind the gang and wore me corduroys
Everybody said I only did it to annoy
But I was gonna be an engineer

Mama told me, "Can't you be a lady?
Your duty is to make me the mother of a pearl
Wait until you're older dear, and maybe
You'll be glad that you're a girl"

Dainty as a Dresden Statue
Gentle as a Jersey cow
Smooth as silk, gives creamy milk
Learn to coo, learn to moo
That's what you do to be a lady now

When I went to school I learned to write and how to read
Some history, geography and home economy,
And typing is a skill that every girl is sure to need,
To while away the extra time until the time to breed
And then they had the nerve to say, "What would you like to be?"
I says, "I'm gonna be an engineer!"

No, you only need to learn to be a lady
The duty isn't yours for to try and run the world
An engineer could never have a baby!
Remember, dear, that you're a girl

She's smart! for a woman
I wonder how she got that way?
You get no choice, you get no voice
Just stay mum, pretend you're dumb
That's how you come to be a lady today!
So I became a typist and I study on the sly
Working out the day and night so I can qualify

Peggy Seeger

Great American Railway

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

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

or:

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

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

The overseer accepted me...
For work upon the Railway

My hands were tired and my feet were sore...
From working on the Railway

I found myself more dead than alive...
From working on the Railway

I trod on a bundle of dynamite sticks...
Just beside the Railway

I found myself half way to heaven...
Just above the Railway

I picked the lock of the Golden Gate...
With a crowbar from the Railway

I found my wings and a harp divine...
Overlooking the Railway

If you want any more you can sing it again...
All about the Railway

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
Twelve for the twelve apostles

Grey Funnel Line

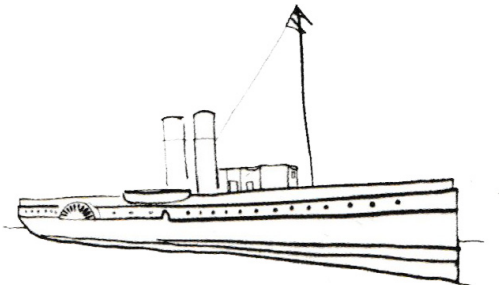
Don't mind the rain or the rolling sea
The weary night never worries me
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it dies away
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

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

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

Robin Hood and Little John
Have all come to the Fair-oh
And we will to the merry greenwood
To hunt the buck and hare-oh

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

*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

C
Oh the winter is gone and the springtime has come
G7
So I'll pick up my bundle and go on the bum

C G7
Halleluia, I'm a bum, Halleluia, bum again
C F G7 C
Halleluia, give us a handout to revive us again

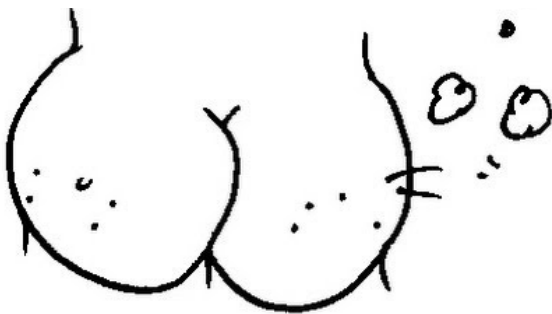
Oh I went to a house and I asked for some bread
And the lady said Bum, Bum, the baker is dead

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

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

Oh I went to a house and I knocked on the door
The lady said Bum, Bum, you've been here before

Haywire Mac McClintock



Handsome John Brown

Seven locks upon a red gate
Seven gates about the red town
In the town there is a butcher...
And his name is handsome John Brown
(In the town there is a butcher and his name is handsome John Brown)

John Browns' spurs, they jingle and ring
John Browns' boots are polished so fine
On his coat a single flower...
In his hand a glass of red wine
(On his coat a single flower in his hand a glass of red wine)

In the night, the silver spurs ring
In the dark, the polished boots shine
Don't come tapping at my window...
If your heart no longer is mine
(Don't come tapping at my window if your heart no longer is mine)



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

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

G C G
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary

D
Hard times, hard times come again no more

G C G
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
D G
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 woman

*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

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...
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution...

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

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...

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

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

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

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

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

*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?

Hesitation Blues

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Hey Ho, Anybody home?

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

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 break your neck
Hill an' gully

If you break your neck you go to hell
Hill an' gully

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

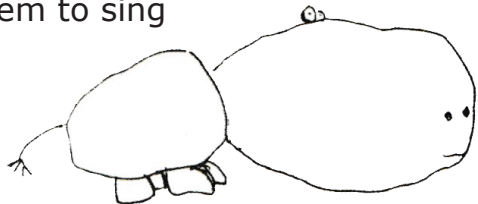
A bold hippopotamus was standing one day
On the banks of the cool Shalimar
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star
Away on a hilltop sat combing her hair
His fair hippopotami maid
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade

*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

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

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



Home Boys Home

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*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 House of the Rising Sun

Am C D F
There is a house in New Or-leans
Am C E7
They call the Rising Sun
Am C D F
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy/girl
Am E7 Am E7
And God I know I'm one

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

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

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

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

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



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 hus sar-sah, Tira-la-la
And all that he blew it was lost and gone

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I 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 darling
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*

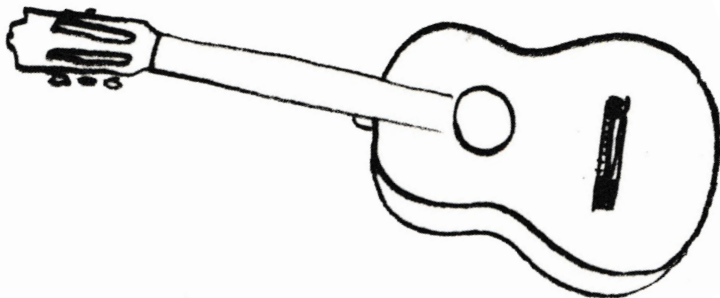
I don't want your Rolls Royce, Mister
I don't want your pleasure yacht
All I want is food for my babies
Give to me my old job back

We worked to build this country, Mister
While you enjoyed a life of ease
You've stolen all that we built, Mister
Now our children starve and freeze

Think me dumb if you wish, Mister
Call me green or blue or red
This one thing I know for sure, Mister
My hungry children must be fed

Take the two opposing parties
No difference in them I can see
But with a Farmer Labour party
We could set the people free

Jim Garland



On Ilkley Moor Baht'at

Wheear `as tha bin sin ah saw thee,
On Ilkla Moor baht `at?!
Wheear `as tha bin sin ah saw thee?

On Ilkla Moor baht `at?!
On Ilkla Moor baht `at?!

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane
On Ilkla Moor baht `at
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane|

On Ilkla Moor baht `at
On Ilkla Moor baht `at
On Ilkla Moor baht `at

Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd
On Ilkla Moor baht `at
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd

On Ilkla Moor baht `at
On Ilkla Moor baht `at
On Ilkla Moor baht `at

Then we shall ha' to bury thee
On Ilkla Moor baht `at
Then we shall ha' to bury thee

On Ilkla Moor baht `at
On Ilkla Moor baht `at
On Ilkla Moor baht `at

Then t'worms `ll cum and eat thee oop
On Ilkla Moor baht `at

Irene

C *G*
Irene, good night Irene
C
Irene, good night
C7 *F*
Good night Irene, good night Irene
C *G7* *C*
I 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 'til the sea runs dry
If Irene turns her back on me
I'm gonna take morphine and die

Sometimes I live in the country
Sometimes I live in the town
Sometimes I have a great notion
To jump in the river and drown

Jamaican Farewell

C F
Down the way where the nights are gay
G C
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
C F
I took a trip on a sailing ship
G C
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

C G C F
My name is Jock Stewart and I'm a canny young man
C G7 C
And a rambling young fellow I've been
C G C F
So be easy and free when you're drinking with me
C G7 C
I'm a man you don't meet every day

I'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

Earl Robinson and Alfred Hayes (Joe Hill)

John Ball

Who'll be the lady, who will be the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one another
Who'll be the lady, who will be the lord
In the life that is coming in the morning

*Sing, John Ball and tell it to them all
Long live the day that is dawning
And I'll crow like a cock, I'll carol like a lark
For the life that is coming in the morning*

Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord
When we are ruled by the love of one another
Eve is the lady, Adam is the lord
In the life that is coming in the morning

All shall be ruled by fellowship I say
All shall be ruled by the love of one another
All shall be ruled by fellowship I say
In the life that is coming in the morning

Labour and spin for fellowship I say
Labour and spin for the love of one another
Labour and spin for fellowship I say
And the life that is coming in the morning



John Kanakanaka

I heard, I heard the old man say, hey

John kanaka kanaka tura yay

Today is a holiday

John kanaka kanaka tura yay

Tura yay, oh, tura yay

John kanaka kanaka tura yay

We'll work tomorrow, but not today...

We'll work tomorrow, but not today...

We're bout aaway from frisko bay...

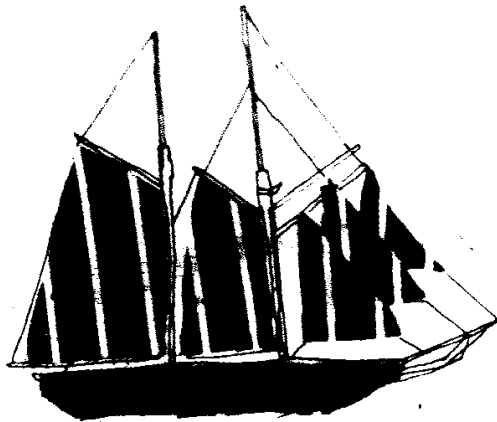
We're bout away the break of day...

We're bound away around Cape Horn...

We wish to Christ we'd never been born...

Hal away, oh hal away...

Oh hal away and earn your pay...



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

Matthew Wood

*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.*



Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya

Em G
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
Em G B7
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
Em D
While goin' the road to sweet Athy
C B7
A stick in me hand and a tear in me eye
Em D C B7
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
Em
Johnny I hardly knew ye

*With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
Hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns,
Hurroo, hurroo
With your drums and guns and drums and guns
The enemy nearly slew ye
Oh my darling dear, Ye look so queer
Johnny I hardly knew ye*

Where are your eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your eyes that looked so mild
When my heart you so beguiled
Why did ye skeddadle from me and the child
Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run
When you went for to carry a gun
Indeed your dancing days are done
Oh Johnny, I hardly knew ye

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg
Ye're an armless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to put with a bowl out to beg
Oh Johnny I hardly knew ye

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home
All from the island of Sulloon
So low in flesh, so high in bone
Johnny I hardly knew ye

But sad it is to see you so, hurroo, hurroo
But sad it is to see you so, hurroo, hurroo
But sad it is to see you so
And to think of you now as an object of woe
Your peggy will still keep you on as her beau
Johnny I hardly knew ye

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again
To fight the wars in france and spain
But they never will take our sons again
Johnny I'm swearing to ye

Jug of Punch

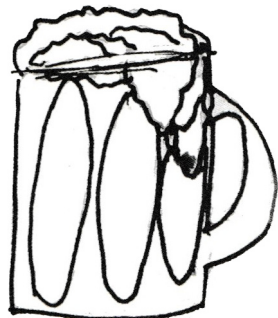
As I was sitting with jug and spoon
One fine morning in the month of June
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was a jug of punch

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...



The Keeper

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

<i>Jackie Boy</i>	Master
<i>Sing ye well</i>	Very Well
<i>Hey down</i>	Ho down

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

<i>To my hey down down</i>	To my ho down down
<i>Hey down</i>	Ho down

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

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

The fourth doe she did cross the brook
The keeper fetched her back with his crook
Where she is now she may remain
Among the leaves so green-o

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

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

Kilgary Mountain

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

D
Mush-a-rigum-a-durum-dar

G
Whack fol di daddy-o

C
Whack fol di daddy-o

G D G
There's whisky in the jar

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

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

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

I reached for my sabre but I found I hadn't any
And 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

They put me into prison without judge or writin'
For robbing Capt. Farrell on Kilgary Mountain
But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry down
And bid a fond farewell to the jail in Sligo town

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

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

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...

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...
He could blow you down with a sigh and a curse...

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, 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...

*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

G C G
Farewell to you my own true love

D
I'm going far away

G C G
I am bound for California

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

D C G
So fare thee well my own true love

Em Bm Am
And when I return united we will be

G C G
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me

D G
But my darling when I think of thee

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

I have shipped with Burgess once before
And I think I know him well
If a man is a sailor he can get along
If he's not then he's sure in hell

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

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

G C G
It's a lesson too late for the learning

D G D G
Made of sand, made of sand

C G
In the wink of an eye my heart is turning

D G D G
In your hand, in your hand

D Am G
Are you going away with no word of farewell?

Em G D
Will there be not a trace left behind?

C G Em
I could have loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind

G D G
You know that was the last thing on my mind

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

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

You have reasons a-plenty for going,
This I know, this I know
For the weeds have been steadily growing,
Please don't go, please don't go

Let the Bulgine Run

Oh The smartest packet you can find
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
Is the old Wildcat of the Swallowtail Line
So clear away the track and let the bulgine run

With a Hey Rig-a-jig, in a jaunting car
Ah Hee! Ah Ho! Are you most done
With Eliza Lee all on my knee
Oh, clear away the track and let the bulgine run

Now the old Wildcat of the Swallowtail Line
She's never a day behind her time.

We're outward bound for New York Town
Them Bowery gals we'll waltz around.

And when we dock at the South Street Pier
We'll all go ashore and have some beer.

When we get back to Liverpool town
I'll stand you whiskies all around.

When I get home across the sea
Eliza will you marry me?

Lie Lie Lie Lie

Lie Lie Lie Lie
Lie Lie Lie Lie
Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie

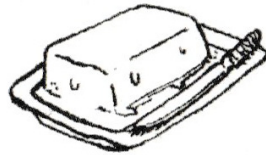
Lie Lie
Lie Lie Lie
Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie

Lie Lie
Lie Lie Lie
Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie Lie

Don't lie kids.

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



Lord of the Dance

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

C
Dance, then, wherever you may be
G
I am the Lord of the dance said he
C Am
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
F G C
And I'll lead you all in the dance said he

I danced for the Scribe and the Pharisee
They would not dance and they would not follow me
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John
They came with me and the dance went on

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

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

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

Lowlands

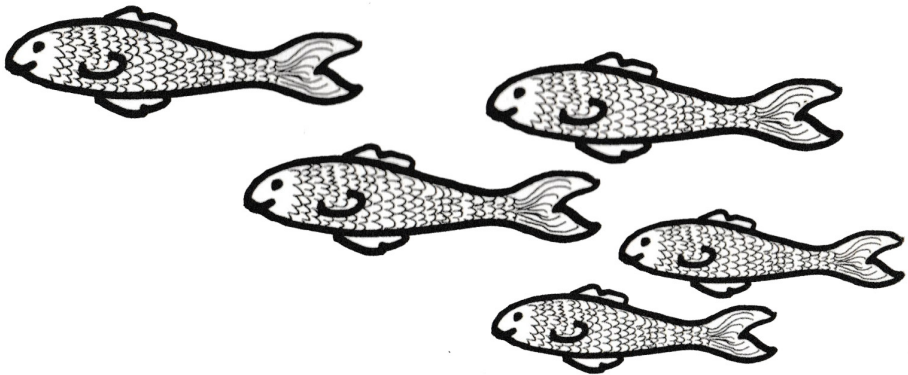
I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands, lowlands away, my John
I dreamed a dream the other night
Lowlands away

I dreamed my love came standing by
Came standing close by my bedside

He's drowning in the lowlands sea
And never more coming home to me

He's drowning in the lowlands low
And never more shall I him know

He's lying in the windy lowlands
He's lying in the windy lowlands



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

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

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

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

Mairi's Wedding

C F G
Step we gaily, on we go, heel for heel, and toe for toe
C F G
Arm in arm and on we go, all for Mairi's wedding

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

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

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

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

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

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.

May the Circle Be Unbroken

 G G7
I was standing at my window
 C G
On a cold and cloudy day
 Em
When I saw a hearse come rolling
 G D7 G
Oh to carry my sweetheart away

 G G7
May the circle be unbroken
 C G
By and by, Lord, by and by
 Em
There's a better home a-waiting
 G D7 G
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

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

Carter Family

Mercedes-Benz

C

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

G

My friends all drive Porsches I must make amends

C

F

Worked hard all my lifetime, no help from my friends

C

G

C

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?

Midnight Special

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

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

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

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

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

*The Midnight Special was the 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.*

Milwaukee 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

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

Mingulay Boat Song

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

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

Moccasin Mile

To step in the shoes our ancestors used
To map out the paths that we tread
Is to unravel time and 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

Mole in a Hole

C

I like the flowers and I like the trees

G7 C

I like the woodlands and the bees

C

I like the Byrds on their LPs

G7 C

And I'm a refug-e-e

C

Dm7

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

F G7 C

I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky

C

Dm7

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

F G7 C

I wanna be a fly flying high in the sky

I had a friend as wise as Mr Wise Owl

He could count from one to ten, from A to Z

My friend he was so wise he got religion

That's why I'm alive today and he is dead

I had a friend who had a friend in Jesus

He used to read the good book every day

My friend he got so friendly with friend Jesus

Friend Jesus took my only friend away

My feet are smelly and my hair's a mess

My teeth are yellow and I've got bad breath

I may look great but I feel like death

And I'm a refugee

Moondance

Well it's a marvelous night for a moondance
With the stars up above in your eyes
A fantabulous night to make romance
'Neath the cover of October skies
And all the leaves on the trees are falling
To the sound of the breezes that blow
And I'm trying to please to the calling
Of your heart-strings that play soft and low
You know the night's magic seems to whisper and hush
And all the soft moonlight seems to shine in your blush...

Can I just have one a' more moondance with you, my love?
Can I just make some more romance with you, my love?

Well I wanna make love to you tonight
I can't wait till the morning has come
And I know now the time is just right
And straight into my arms you will run
And when you come my heart will be waiting
To make sure that you're never alone
There and then all my dreams will come true dear
There and then I will make you my own
And every time I touch you, you just tremble inside
And I know how much you want me that, you can't hide...

One more moondance with you
In the moonlight
On a magic night
la, la, la, la, in the moonlight
On a magic night
Can't I just have one more dance
With you my love?

Van Morrison

Mrs McGrath

"Oh Mrs McGrath" the sergeant said
"Would you like a soldier of your son Ted?
With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat
Now Mrs McGrath would you like that?"

*With a too-ry-ay Fol-diddle-dee-ay
To-ry-oo-ry-oo-ry-ay
With a too-ry-ay Fol-diddle-dee-ay
To-ry-oo-ry-oo-ry-ay*

Now Mrs McGrath lived on the shore
And after seven years or more
She spied a ship come into the bay
With her son from far away
"O captain dear, where have you been?
You been sailing the Mediterranean?
Have you news of my son Ted?
Is he living or is he dead?"

Then came Ted without any legs
And in their place two wooden pegs
She kissed him a dozen times or two
And said "My God, Ted is it you?
Now were you drunk or were you blind
When ye left yer two fine legs behind?
Or was it walking upon the sea
That wore your two fine legs away?"

"No, I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
When I left my two fine legs behind
A cannonball on the fifth of May
Tore my two fine legs away"
"My Teddy boy", the widow cried
"Yer two fine legs were yer mother's pride,
Stumps of a tree won't do at all
Why didn't ye run from the cannonball?"

"All the foriegn wars I do proclaim
Live on blood and a mother's pain
I'd rather have my son as he used to be
Than the King of America and his whole Navy!"

Pete Seeger

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

C G C F
My Grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
C G C
So it stood ninety years on the floor
G C F
It was taller by half than the old man himself
C G C
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more
D7 G
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
C D7 G
And was always his pleasure and pride
C G C F
But it stopped, short, never to go again
C G C
When the old man died

C
Ninety years without slumbering, tick tock, tick tock

His life's seconds numbering, tick tock, tick tock

G C F
It stopped, short, never to go again

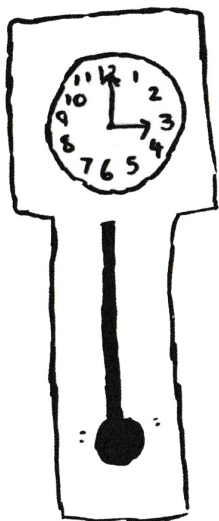
C G C
When the old man died

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

*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
Me 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

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

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

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

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

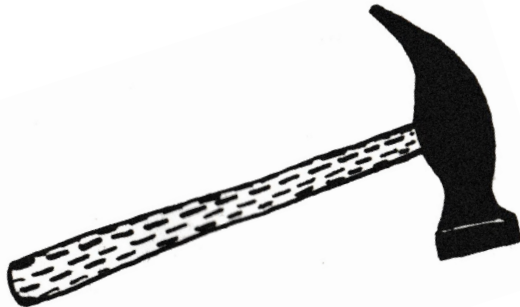
I wish me husband he was dead
And in his grave I'd quickly lay him
And then I'd find another one
That's got a little courage in him

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



The Nightingale

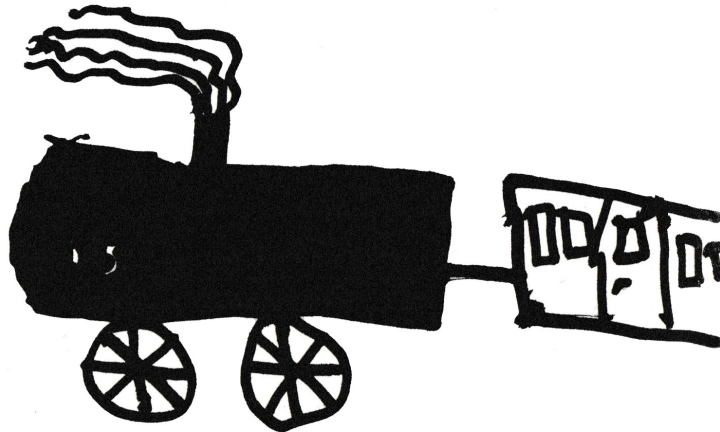
As I was walking one morning in May
I heard a young couple so fondly did stray
And one was a fair maid as fair as can be
And the other was a soldier of the brave Grenadiers

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

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

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

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



Nine Hundred Miles

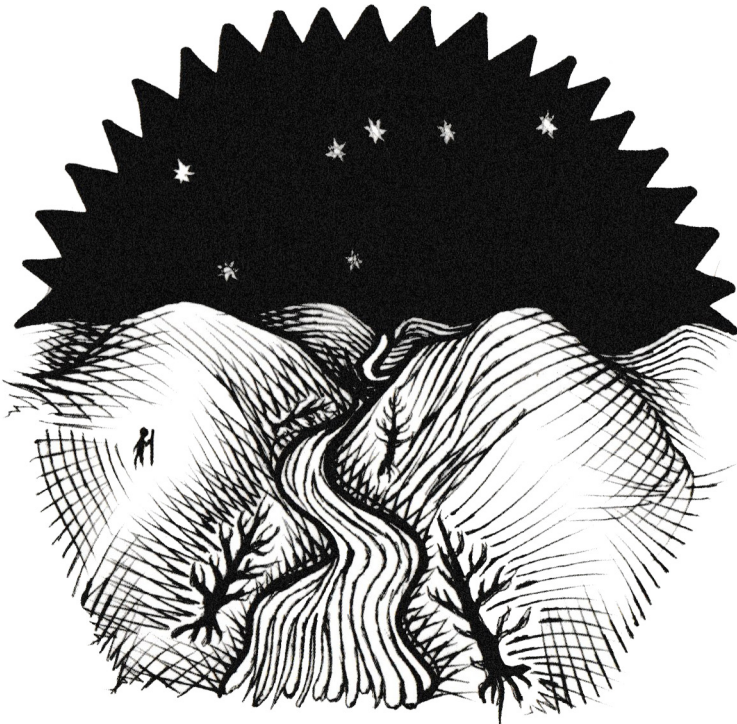
I've been walking down this track, I've got tears in my eyes
Trying to read this letter from my home

*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*

Now this train that I'm on is a hundred coaches long
Hear that whistle blow a hundred miles

I've pawned you my watch and I've pawned you my chain
Pawned you my diamond golden ring

If my mama tells me so I can't railroad no more
I'll sidetrack my engine, go on home



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 there in nineteen-sixteen
To that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?
Or are you a stranger without even a name
Forever enclosed behind some glass pane
In an old photograph torn and tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

But the sun shining now on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches have all vanished under the plough
No gas, no barbed wire, no guns firing now
But here in this graveyard it's still no man's land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie McBride
Do all those who lie know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
The suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain
For Willie McBride it all happened again
And again and again and again and again

Eric Bogle

Old Ab'ram Brown

Old Ab'ram Brown is dead and gone
You'll never see him more
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttons down before



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
'Til 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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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 held 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...

One More Pull

It's been a long time since you've seen her
Could have been three years or more
Will she be waiting when we dock, boy
Or like others, will she be gone?

*And it's one more pull boys, that will do boys
Soon we'll draw alongside
Hoist her upwards, swing her inboard
For the journey's nearly done*

Well you're looking mighty fine, boy
All dressed in your number ones
You've scrounged a new blade from the purser
To scrape that bum-fluff from off your chin

And we'll make fast those bow and stern lines
As you scuttle down the gangway
If she's waiting there, just kiss her
Turn around, give us a smile.

For we too will go ashore soon
Get drunk in the clubs and bars,
Stagger homeward, pockets empty
Like so many nights before.

For a man may have a wife, boy
And a man may take a mistress
But a sailor has his ship, boy
And his mistress it is the sea

*And it's one more pull boys, that will do boys
Soon we'll draw alongside
Hoist her upwards, swing her inboard
For the journey now is done*

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



The Parting Glass

Of all the money that e'er I had
I've spent it in good company
And all the harm that e'er I've done
Alas it was to none but me
And all I've done for want of wit
To memory now I can't recall
So fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit a while
There is a young maid in this town
That surely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart in thrall
So fill to me the parting glass
Goodnight and joy be with you all

Of all the comrades that e'er I had
They are sorry for my going away
And all the sweethearts that e'er I had
They would wish me one more day to stay
But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I'll gently rise and I'll softly call
Good night and joy be with you all

The Pole Tax Song

C Am
It's so very taxing, My tent is collapsing
F G
I found myself one pole too short
C Am
So I phoned up the council, they said, Hey you scoundrel
F G
We're going to take you to court

C A7 D7 G
North Pole, South Pole, flag pole, bean pole
C A7
But there's one pole you can axe
D7 G C G7
It's the p... p... p... p... p... pole tax

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

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

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

Poor Old Horse

A poor old man came a-riding by
And we say so! And we hope so
Says I, "Old man, your horse will die"
Oh, poor old horse!

And if he dies we'll tan his hide
But if he lives we'll ride him again

For a month a rotten life we've led
While you've lain in your feather bed

But now that month is up, old Turk
Get up, you swine, and look for work

Get up, you swine, and look for graft
While we lays on, and yanks you aft

And after work and sore abuse
We'll salt you down for sailor's use

He's as dead as a nail in the lamproom door
And he won't come hazing us no more

We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm
And drop him down to the bottom of the sea

We'll sink him down with a long, long roll
Where the sharks 'll have his body, and the devil have his soul

I thought I heard the Old Man say
Just one more pull and then belay

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

(Repeat verses for: Mother, Brother, Sister)

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
And now that I'm out of this prickle-eye bush
I'll never get in it any more

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 turn

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

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



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

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

C

From this valley they say you are going

G7

We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile

C

F

For they say you are taking the sunshine

C

G7

C

That has brightened our pathways awhile

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

Do you think of the valley you're leaving

Oh how lonely, how lonesome 'twill be

Do you think of the fond hearts you're grieving

And the pain you are causing to me

I've been thinking a long time, my darling

Of the sweet words you never would say

Now alas for my fond heart is breaking

For they say you are going away

They will bury me where you have wandered

On the hills where the daffodils grow

When you're gone from the Red River Valley

For I can't live without you, I know

Rickety Ticky 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
Sing 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
Sing 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
Sing 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
Sing 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
Sing 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 (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 Ticky Tin was thus born.

River o' Joe

Dm
Well we left the city and the fourteenth floor
Am C Dm
We went down by the river o' Joe
Dm
Though then we never knew what we were travelling for
Am C Dm
We went down by the river o' Joe
Dm
Thirty miles to a place that we had not seen
Am C
Where the land lies flat and the wind blows keen
Dm
It was the prettiest place I've ever been,
Am C Dm
Down by the river o' Joe.

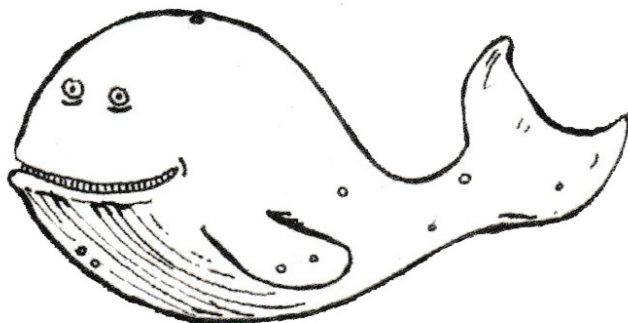
*Oh the river, oh the river, oh the river o' Joe
The river ain't never for sale
I was born by the river o' Joe
And the river ain't never for sale
You can make your deals in the dead of night
You can bribe who the bloody hell you like
But I was born by the river o' Joe
And the river ain't never for sale*

Me dad got a job on the factory floor
Down by the river 'o Joe
With a house for his kids and so much more
Down by the river 'o Joe
It was through the door and through the gate
There was me, me brother and a new found mate
Under the mother of moons 'til late
Down by the river 'o Joe

Well they say one time for a week it poured
Down by the river 'o Joe,
'Til all you could hear was a pounding roar
Down by the river 'o Joe
They tried to save the church with sand and planks
But the river kept on rising 'til it burst it's banks
Pretty soon the whole street got sank
Down by the river 'o Joe

Well many more days and good times there are
Down by the river 'o Joe
When people travelled from miles afar
To go down by the river 'o Joe
But the locals still speak of the endless rain
The revenge of the muddy tides again
To the developers who would bring change
Down by the river 'o Joe

Rev Hammer



Road to the Isles

The far Cuillins are pullin' me away,
As take I wi' my crummack to the road.
The far Cuillins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart, the braggart's in my step
You've never smelled the tangle o' the Isles.
Oh the far Cuillins are puttin' love on me,
As step I wi' my crummack to the Isles.

It's by Shiel water the track is to the west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea.
The cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck,
And bracken for a wink on Mother's knee.

The blue islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame;
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

*Cuillins: mountains in the island of Skye
Crummack: shepherd's crook*

*Something to remember our FSC history, especially that made
by Hazel Powell.*

Rocking My Babies to Sleep

I'm a char-lady's son, and I'm just thirty one
And me wife's ten years younger than me
And I don't like to roam, 'cos I likes to stay home
But me wife she goes out on a spree

And she leaves me behind, the babies to mind
And the house in a good order to keep
But with the fire burning bright, I could sit half the night
Rocking me babies to sleep

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

Well last Saturday night I went out for a stroll
After rocking me babies to sleep
When at the bottom of our street, well who do you think I met
But me wife, with a soldier six feet

Well she sobbed and she sighed and she damned nearly died
She say, "Lad I've been thinking of thee"
But with the fire burning bright, I could sit half the night
Rocking me babies to sleep

Mike Waterson

Rose Rose

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

Rosemary Lane

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Sam Hall

C F C G
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep

C F C
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep

F C G
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, and I've robbed both great and small

C F C G
And me neck will pay for all, when I die, when I die

C F C
And me neck will pay for all, when I die

I have twenty pounds in store, not one more, not one more
I have twenty pounds in store, not one more
I have twenty pounds in store and I'll rob for twenty more
For the rich must help the poor, so must I, so must I
For the rich must help the poor, so must I

Oh they took me to Cootehill, in a cart, in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill, in a cart
Oh they took me to Cootehill where I stopped to make my will
Saying the best of friends must part, so must I, so must I
Saying the best of friends must part, so must I

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke
Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the rope
And ne'er a word I spoke, tumbling down, tumbling down
And ne'er a word I spoke tumbling down

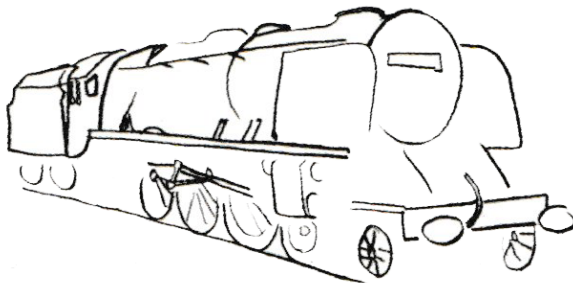
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh my name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep
Oh my name it is Sam Hall and I've robbed both great and small
And my neck, it paid for all when I died, when I died
And my neck, it paid for all when I died

San Francisco Bay Blues

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

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

Jesse Fuller



Sante Anno

Sante Anno gained the day
Away... Sante Anno
Sante Anno gained the day
All on the plains of Mexico

So heave her up and away we'll go
Heave away Sante Anno
Heave her up and away we'll go
All on the plains of Mexico

He gained the day at Molley-Del-Rey
An' General Taylor ran away.

All of his men were brave & true,
Every soldier brave and true.

Oh, Sante Anno fought for fame,
Oh, Sante Anno gained a name.

An' Zacharias Taylor ran away,
He ran away at Molley-Del-Rey.

Sante Anno's men were brave,
Many found a soldier's grave.

`Twas a fierce & bitter strife,
Hand to hand they fought for life.

An' Sante Anno's name is known,
What a man can do was shown.

Oh, Sante Anno fought for his gold,
What deeds he did have oft been told.

`twas on the field of Molley-Del-Rey,
Sante Anno lost a leg that day.

Oh, Sante Anno's day is o'er,
Sante Anno will fight no more.

Oh, Sante Anno's gone away,
Far from the field of Molley-Del-Rey.

Oh, Sante Anno now we mourn,
We left him buried off Cape Horn.

Saving for Breakfast

I have eaten, all of the plums that were in the icebox
I have eaten, all of the plums that were in the icebox
Which you were probably (probably) saving for breakfast

Forgive me, forgive me,
They were so delicious so sweet and so fine
Forgive me, forgive me,
They were so delicious so sweet and so fine

Scarborough Fair

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

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

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

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

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

See the Little Engines

Early in the morning
Down upon the railway
See the little engines
All in a row
Along comes a man
And he pulls a little handle
Chhh Chhh
Woop Woop
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 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 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

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
Oh, I am bound for to leave you

And it's get my things in order
For the packet rides tomorrow

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

And it's goodbye, Juliana
And it's farewell, Juliana

Shawneetown

Well some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown

*And it's hard on the beach 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

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

I've got a wife in Louisville and one in New Orleans
When I get to Shawneetown
Gonna see my Indian queen

Water's mighty warm, boys, the air is cold and dank
And that cursed fog
It gets so thick you cannot see the bank

Well some rows up, but we floats down
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown

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...
I'll take her 'cross the rolling water...

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

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

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

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

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

Shoals of Herring

With our nets and gear we're faring
On the wild and wasteful ocean
It's there that we hunt and we earn our bread
As we hunted for the 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

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

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.*

Sing If You're Glad to Be Gay

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

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

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

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

Am
 And don't try to kid us that if you're discreet
 Dm E7
 You're perfectly safe as you walk down the street
 Am
 You don't have to mince or to make bitchy remarks
 Dm E7
 To get beaten unconscious and left in the dark
 Dm
 I had a friend who was gentle and short
 E7
 He was lonely one evening, he went for a walk
 Dm
 Queerbashers caught him and kicked in his teeth
 E7 Am
 He was only hospitalised for a week

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

Tom Robinson

Sixteen Tons

Am C F Em
I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine
Am C F Em
Picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
Am C F Em
I loaded sixteen tons of number nine coal
Am Em Am
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

16 Tons = 16.2568 Tonnes

Sloop John B

C

We come on the sloop John B

My grandfather and me

G7

'Round Nassau town we did roam

C, C7

F

Drinkin' all night, got into a fight

C

G7

C

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 Johnstone please let me alone

I feel so break up, I want to go home

The cook he got the fits

Ate up all of my grits

Then he went and ate up all of my corn

O let me go home, please let me go home

This is the worst trip I've ever been on

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

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

The moral of this story goes
There ain't no good in sniffing snow

Song for Seth

Oh oh oh my love I see you,
You dance so close to me
But when I reach to touch you
I find just memory.

*Your smile, your dance, your laughter
I know like my heartbeat.
You're mine and will remain so
A love death can't defeat.*

In wind I feel and hear you,
It makes my soul rejoice,
Dancing like your spirit,
I can almost hear your voice.

Some mornings when I wake up.
I listen for your feet,
For you to bounce in smiling
And in my arms to creep.

Oh oh how I long to hold you
For you in my arms to rest,
For you to clamber on me,
Settle where you fit best.

Everywhere I see the spaces,
Where other children play,
I spy your shadow in these places,
They grow but young you stay.

In starry nights I'll find you,
Shining to keep me strong
And gathering round our campfire,
You'll be there in every song.

Alice Husband

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...
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair...

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...
You'll wish to God you'd never been born...

Now here I am in a foreign land...
With a bottle of whisky in me hand...

Port Adelaide is a fine old town...
There's plenty of girls to go around...

Stanley and Dora

E7

Stanley and Dora was lovers

They met down the Tottenham Court Road

A7

A whoopin' it up at the Palais

E7

Where the ice cream fountains flowed

B7

E7

He was her man, a Lonny 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

The Star of the County Down

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July
From a breen green came a sweet colleen
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'

C C7
Put your arms around me like a circle round the sun
F Fm
You know I love you Mama, like your easy rider done
C C7
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
F Fm
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

C C7 F Fm
'Cause I'm stealin, stealin, pretty mama don't you tell on me
C G C
'Cause I'm a-stealin back to my same old used to be

The woman I love, 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, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

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, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

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

Gus Cannon

F C Am
So how can you tell me you're lonely
 D G-----G7
And say for you the sun don't shine?
 C G
Let me take you by the hand
 Am Em
And lead you through the streets of London
 F C G C
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

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

Have you seen the old man
 Outside the Seaman's Mission
 Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears
 In our winter city, the rain shows little pity
 For one more forgotten hero
 In a world that doesn't care

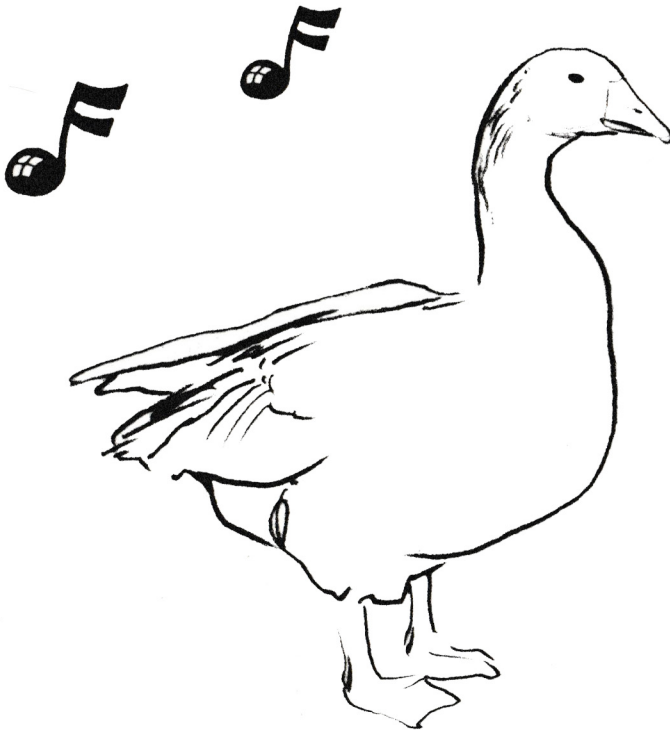
Ralph McTell

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

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



Sweet Rosey-Anne

Sweet Rosey-anne, sweet Rosey-anne
Bye bye, sweet Rosey-anna
I thought I heard my baby say,
I won't be home tomorrow

Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye,
Bye bye, sweet Rosey-anna
Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye,
I won't be home tomorrow

Sweet Rosey-anne my darling child
Bye bye, sweet Rosey-anna
Sweet Rosey-anne my darling child
I won't be home tomorrow

I'm going away, but not to stay
Bye bye, sweet Rosey-anna
I'll be gone but not for long
I won't be home tomorrow

Sweet Rosey-anne, sweet Rosey-anne
Bye bye, sweet Rosey-anna
Sweet Rosey-anne, sweet Rosey-anne
I won't be home tomorrow

Take This Hammer

E7 B7
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain

E7
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain
A7

Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain
E7 B7 E7

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

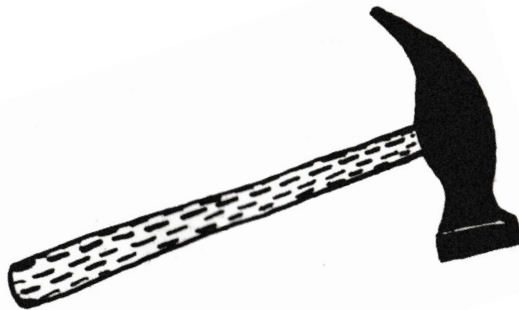
If he ask you was I running...
You can tell him I was flying, Lord, you can tell him I was flying

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...
But it feels like lead Lord, it feels like lead



Tall Trees

Tall trees, warm fire
Strong wind, deep Water
I can feel it in my body
I can feel it in my bones

There Is a Tavern in the Town

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

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

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

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

(To the tune of 'Head Shoulders Knees and Toes')

This Land Is Your Land

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

As I was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

The sun comes shining as I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there
And that sign said - no tresspassin'
But on the other side it didn't say nothin!
Now that side was made for you and me!

In the squares of the city - In the shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office - I see my people
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back
This land was made for you and me

Woody Guthrie

This Train Is Bound for Glory

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory
Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the holy
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers
Liars, thieves, nor big shot ramblers
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no liars, this train
This train don't carry no liars, this train
This train don't carry no liars
She's streamlined and a midnight flyer
This train don't carry no liars, this train

This train don't carry no smokers, this train
This train don't carry no smokers, this train
This train don't carry no smokers
Two bit liars, small time jokers
This train don't carry no smokers, this train

This train don't carry no con men, this train
This train don't carry no con men, this train
This train don't carry no con men
No wheeler dealers, here and gone men
This train don't carry no con men, this train

This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train
This train don't carry no rustlers
Sidestreet walkers, two bit hustlers
This train is bound for glory, this train

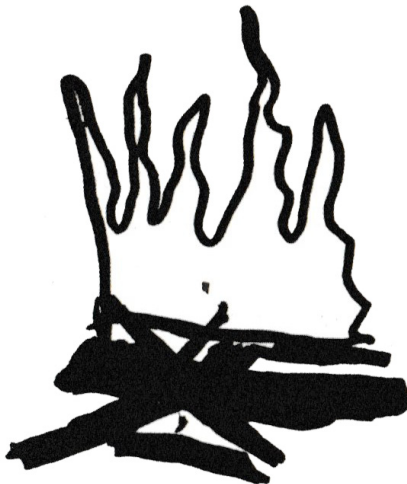
Thousands Or More

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 up 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 friend you will find me at home.
Find me at home, find me at home, find me at home,
With my bottle and friend 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.



Tickle Me Pink

C Am
Tickle me Pink, I'm rosy as a flushed red appleskin
C Am
Except I've never been as sweet
C
I rolled around the orchard
Am
And found myself too awkward
C Am
And tickle me green I'm too naive

C
Pray for the people inside your head
E
For they won't be there when you're dead
Am
Muffled out and pushed back down
F
Pushed back to the leafy ground

Time is too early, my hair it isn't curly
I wish I was home and tucked away
When nothing goes right
And the future's dark as night
What we need is a sunny, sunny day

Don't know where I can buy myself a brand new pair of ears
Don't know where I can buy a heart
The one I've got is shoddy
I need a brand new body
And then I can have a brand new start

Monsters in the valley and shootings in the ally
And people fall flat at every turn
There is no straight and narrow
Offload your wheel-barrow
And pick up your sticks and twigs to burn

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



Trees

Trees bend your branches down
Listen very closely you can hear the sound of
Roots, spreading deep below...
When the wind blows, where do the leaves go

Rose Music

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.

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

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

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

Up Above My Head

Up above my head
I hear singing in the air
Up above my head
I hear singing in the air
And I really do believe
There's a heaven up there

Up the Ladder

*It's up the ladder rung by rung
Passing other climbers one by one
And when you reach for the top make no mistakes
It's up the ladders and down the snakes*

The dice is cast, you're the lowest of the low
At the bottom of the ladder with a long way to go
You climb on board put your trotters on the tread
You can see where you're going and it's clear up ahead

You're a fighter, you're a climber, you're a fella with a quest
Overtaking all the others who are stopping for a rest
And then you glance down the ladder at the ones you've passed
And you spot another climber and he's catching up fast

You put your time in, you're climbing though you can't remember why
And your arms keep moving and you wish that you could fly
And looking down from the ladder is the fella you must shift
He's arrived with a friend with a private lift

Now your legs are getting weary but the top is just away
But your step are getting bigger and the ladder starts to sway
You're looking forward to a rest but when you make it to the top
It's the bottom of a ladder and they won't let you stop

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
Shout salvation when I rise
I wanna die easy when I die
I wanna die easy when I die



Wagon Wheel

G D
Heading down south to the land of the pines
Em C
I'm thumbing my way into North Caroline
G D C
Staring up the road I pray to God I see headlights
G D
I made down the coast in seventeen hours
Em C
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers
G D C
And I'm hoping for Raleigh, I can see my baby tonight

*So rock me mama like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel, Hey mama rock me
Rock me mama like the wind and the rain
Rock me mama like a south bound train, Hey mama rock me*

Running from the cold up in New England
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now
Oh, the north country winters keep a getting me now
I lost my money playing poker so I had to up and leave
But I ain't going back to living that old life no more

Walkin' to the south out of Roanoke
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke
But he's heading west from the Cumberland gap to Johnson City, Tennessee
And I gotta get a move on before the sun
I hear my baby calling my name and I know that she's the only one
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free

The Water Is Wide

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

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

I put my hand 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

G C
I lived in a place called Okfuskee
G
And I had a little girl in a holler tree
C
I said, little girl, it's plain to see
G
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
D C
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

C G
Way over yonder in the minor key
Am G
Way over yonder in the minor key
D C
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 much 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
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

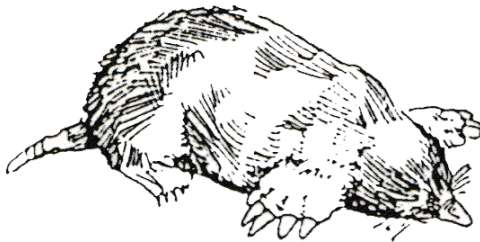
What Will We Do

What will we do when we'll have no money
All true lovers, what will we do then
Only hawk through the town for a hungry crown
And we'll yodel it over again

What will I do if I'd marry a tinker
All true lovers, what will we do then
Only sell a tin can and walk on with my man
And we'll yodel it over again

What will we do if we marry a soldier
All true lovers, what will we do then
Only handle his gun and we'll fight for the fun
And we'll yodel it over again

What will we do if we have a young daughter
All true lovers, what would we do then
Only take her in hand and walk on with my man
And we'll yodel it over again



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

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 You Were Born You Cried

When you were born you cried, and the world rejoiced
Live your life so that when you die, the world cries and you rejoice

Whiskey on a Sunday

C Am Dm F
I sits at the corner of Beggars Bush

G C
Astride of an old packing case

C Am Dm F
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing

G C
As he crooned with a smile on his face

Am Dm
Da Da Da Da, come day go day

G C
Wish in me heart it was Sunday

Am Dm
La La La drinking buttermilk all the week

G C
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

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

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

The Whistling Gypsy Rover

C G7 C G7
The gypsy rover came over the hill
C G7 C G7
Down through the valley so shady
C G7 C Am
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
C G C F C
And he won the heart of a lady

C G7 C G7
Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day
C G7 C G7
Ah de doo, ah de day-o
C G7 C Am
And he whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
C Am C F C
And he won the heart of a 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

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

Wild Mountain Thyme

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

F C
And we'll all go together
F Am
To pull wild mountain thyme
Dm7 F
All around the blooming heather
G F C
Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will plant
All the flowers of the mountain

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

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

G7
And it's no, nay, never
C F
No nay never no more
C F
Will I play the wild rover
C G7 C
No never no more

I went into an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent
I asked her for credit, she answered me "Nay,
Such 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
Better far is woad

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

Romans came across the channel
All wrapped up in tin 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

Words by William Hope-Jones, to the tune of Men Of Harlech.

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

I heard the judge say "Five years labour
On the chain-gang you're gonna go"
I heard the judge say "Five years labour"
I heard my old man scream "Lordy, no!"

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

Oscar Brown Jr and Nat Adderley

Worried Man

C
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
F C
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
G7 C
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 Roses

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

*Send my mother a lock of my hair
Send my father the watch that he gave me
Tell my brother to follow me if he dare
Tell them I'm lost now, and no-one can save me
Remember, remember, send my love little yellow roses*

My father taught me that all men are equal
Whatever colour, religion or land
Told me to fight for the things I believed in
This I have done, with a gun in my hand

I met my love in a garden of roses
She pricked her finger - how sharp the thorn grows
We made a promise that 'til death did part us
We'd never look on that wild yellow rose

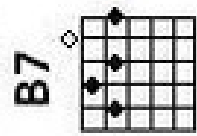
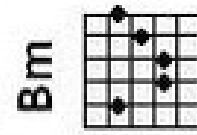
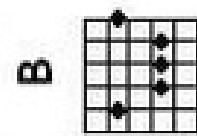
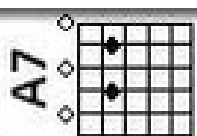
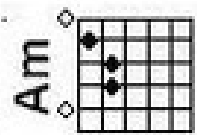
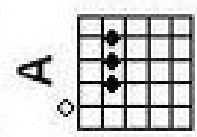
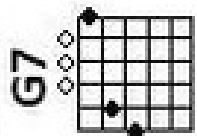
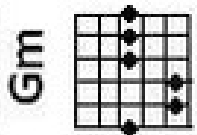
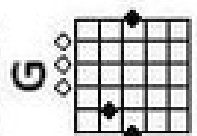
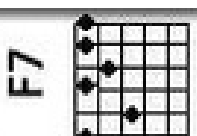
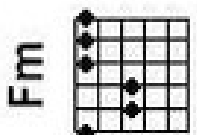
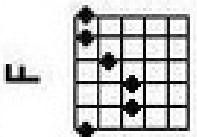
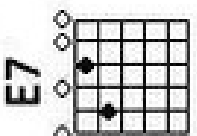
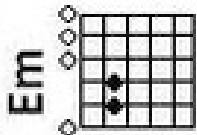
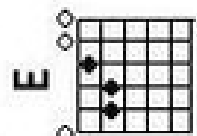
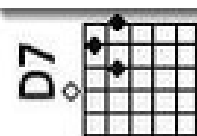
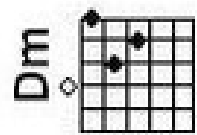
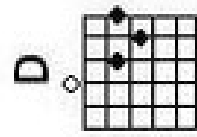
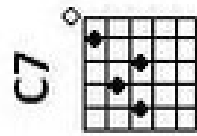
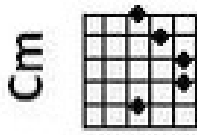
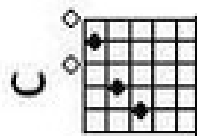


Yellow Bird

C G7 C
Yellow bird up high in banana tree
 G7 C
Yellow bird you sit all alone like me
F C
Did your lady friend leave the nest again?
G7 C
That is very sad, makes me feel so bad
F C
You can fly away in the sky away
G7 C
You more lucky than me

C F
I also have a pretty girl
G7 C
She not with me today
C F
They're all the same the pretty girls
G7 C
Make them the nest then they fly away

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





If you would like to learn new songs
as well as listen to live recordings
of many of the songs in this book,
you can visit the wonderful world of virtual campfire:

www.virtualcampfire.co.uk