



SONG BOOK

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1. John Peel

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far away
With his hounds and his horns in the morning?

Chorus

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft times led;
Peel's "View Halloo" would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes I ken John Peel and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Lets drink to his health, lets finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel through fair and foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

2. The Leaving of Liverpool

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

Chorus

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

I have shipped on a Yankee sailing ship,
Davey Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the cap'n of her.
And they say that she's a floating 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.

3. Ilkely Moor

Where 'as tha been since ah saw thee?
On Ilkley moor baht'at
Where 'as tha been since ah saw thee?
Where 'as tha been since ah saw thee?
On Ilkley moor baht'at (three times)

(2) Tha's been a courting Mary Jane.

(4) Then we shall have to bury thee.

(6) Then t'ducks'll come an'ate opp t'worms

(8) Then we shall all have eaten thee.

4. Bottle of Wine

Chorus

Bottle of wine, fruit of the vine,
When you gonna let me get sober?
Leave me alone, let me go home,
Let me go back and start over.

Ramblin round this dirty old town
Singing for nickels and dimes,
Times getting rough I aint got enough
To get a little bottle of wine.

Little hotel, older than hell,
Dark as the coal in the mine,
Blankets are thin, I lay there
and grin,
'Cause I got a little bottle of wine.

Pain in my head, bugs in my bed,
Pants are so old that they shine,
Out on the street, tell the people
I meet,
Won't you buy me a bottle of wine?

A preacher will preach,
a teacher will teach,
A miner will dig in the mine,
I ride the roads, trusting in God,
Huggin' y bottle of wine.

5. Rattlin Bog

In the valley there was a bog,
A rare bog, a rattlin bog,
The bog down in the valley-o.

Chorus

O Aye a rattlin bog,
The bog down in the valley-o,
A rare bog, a rattlin bog,
A bog down in the valley-o.

And in this bog there was a tree,
A rare tree, a rattlin tree,
The tree in the bog (etc), & the
Bog down in the valley-o.

And in this tree there was a limb*
etc

* Branch, twig, leaf, nest egg,
lion, bird, wing, feather,
bed, woman etc. etc. (according to
age of expedition)

(3) Tha'll go & get thee death d could.

(5) Then worms'll come an ate thee opp.

(7) Then we shall go and'ate opp t'ducks.

(9) There is a moral to this tale etc.

6. The Keel Row

As I came through Sandgate, through Sandgate, through Sandgate,
As I came through Sandgate I heard a lassie sing:

Chorus

O we'll make the keel row, the keel row, the keel row
We'll make the keel row that my lad is in.

He'll sit and row so tightly, or in the dance he's sprightly,
He'll catch you off so slightly, tiss true or he's not mine.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple in his chin.

7. Sir Jasper

She wears her silk pyjamas in the Summer when it's hot,
And wears her woolen nightie in the winter when it's not,
And in the in between times in the Springtime and the fall,
She lays between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

Chorus

She's a most immoral lady (three times)
As she lays between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

"Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch me." (Three times)
As she lays between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

"Oh, Sir Jasper do not touch . ." (Three times)
As she lays between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

"Oh, Sir Jasper do not . ." (Three times)
As she lays between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all.

And so on missing out one more word each verse.

8. Hist tramping song

Chorus

Come along, come along let us foot it out together,
Come along, come along be it fair or stormy weather,
With t e hills of home before us and the purple of the heather,
Let us sing in happy chorus, come along, come along.

So gaily sings the lark and the sky's all awake,
With the promise of the day for the road we'll gladly take.
So it's heel and toe forward, bidding farewell to the town,
For the welcome that awaits us ere the sun goes down.

It's the call of the sea and the shore, it's the tang of bog and peat,
And the scent of briar and myrtle that puts magic in our feet.
So it's on we go rejoicing over bracken, over style,
And it's soon we'll be tramping out the last, long mile.

9. Gypsy Rover

A gypsy rover came over the hill,
Came down to the valley shady,
He whistled and he sang until the green
 woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

Chorus
Ardee-doo, ardee-doo-da-dae,
Ardee-doo, ardee-dae
He whistled and he sang until the green
 woods rang,
And he won the heart of a lady.

She left her horse at the Castle gates,
Left her old found lover,
Left her servants and estates,
To follow the gypsy rover.

She left behind her golden crowns,
And shoes of Spanish leather,
Whistled and sang until the green woods rang
As they rode off together.

Her father saddled his fastest steed,
And rode the valley all over,
Sought his daughter at great speed,
And the whistling Gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine,
Down by the river Claydee,
And there was music and there was wine,
For the gypsy and his lady.

"He is no gypsy, my father" she said,
"But the Lord of these lands all over,
And I will stay 'till my dying day,
With my whistling gypsy rover".

10. Wild Rover

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

Chorus (And it's...)
No, nay, never,
No, nay, never no more,
Will I play the wild rover,
No, never no more.

I went to 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,
Tis custom like yours I can get any day."

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

11. Skye boat song

Chorus
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.

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

Though the waves leap, safe ye shall sleep
Ocean's a Royal bed,
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad, fought on that day,
Well the day more could yield,
When the night came, silently lay,
Dead on Culloden's field.

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

12. Mingulay boat song

Heel ye ho boys, let her go boys,
Bring her head around now altogether,
Heel ye ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing home again to Mingulay.

What we care though white the minch is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Ler her go boys, every inch,
Waring home to Mingulay,

Wives are waiting on the bank or,
Looking seaward on the heather,
Pull her round boys, and we'll anchor,
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

* * * * *

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 as oft times before,
Then I never will play the wild
 rover no more.

13. 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 drinks his wine mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me, thinks of me.

Chorus

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

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

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

14. My Bonnie

My bonnie lies over the ocean, my bonnie lies over the sea,
My bonnie lies over the ocean, Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my bonnie to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow, I dreamt that my bonnie was dead.

The winds have blown over the ocean, the wind have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean, and brought back my bonnie to me.

My bonnie leaned over the gas tank, the heights of it's contents to see;
I lighted a match to assist her, Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow, last night as I lay on my bed,
I stuck my feet out of the windows, next morning the neighbours were dead.

My breakfast lies over the ocean, my luncheon lies over the rail,
My dinner is still in commotion, won't someone please bring me a pail.

15. Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient times, walk on England's mountains green,
And was the holy lamb of God, on England's pleasant pastures seen,
And did the countenance devine, shine forth upon our clouded hills,
And was Jerusalem builded here, among those dark satanic mills.

Bring me my bow of burning gold, bring me my arrows of desire
Bring me my spear! Oh clouds unfold, bring me my chariots of fire,
I will not cease from mental fight, nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
'Till we have built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land

16. Sloop John B

We come on the sloop John B, my grandfather and me;
Around Naicau town we did roan,
Drinking all night, got into a fight,
I feel so broke up I want to go home.

Chorus

So hoist up the John B sail, see how the main sail set,
Call for the Captain from shore, let me go home,
Let me go home, I want to go home,
I feel so broke up, I want to go home.

The first mate he got drunk, he broke in the Captain's trunk,
The constable had to come and take him away.
Sherrif John Stone, please leave him alone,
I feel so broke up I want to go home.

The poor cook he got the fits, he threw away all my grits,
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn,
Let me go home, why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

17 Waltzing Matilda

Once a jolly swagman, camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

Chorus

Waltzing matilda, Waltzing matilda,
You'll come a waltzing matilda with me.
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode the troopers, one, two, three,
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tuckerbag?
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

Up jumped the swagman, and sprang into the billa bong,
You'll never take me alive said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
"You'll come a waltzing matilda with me."

18. Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintances be forgot
In the days of Auld Langs Syne,
For Auld Langs Syne, my dear,
For Auld Langs Syne;
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For the sake of Old Langs Syne.

19. The Gasman Cometh

Was on the Monday morning the gasman came to call,
The gastap wouldn't turn, I wasn't getting gas at all,
He tore out all the skirting boards to try and find the main
So I had to call the carpenter to put them back again!

Chorus

Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

Was on the Tuesday morning the carpenter came round,
He hammered and he chiselled and he said "Look what I've found
Your joists are full of dry rot but I'll soon put them to rights"
And he nailed right through a cable and out went all the lights.

Was on the Wednesday morning the electrician came
He called me Mr. Sanderson, which isn't quite my name,
He couldn't reach the fuse box without standing on a bin,
And his foot went through a window so I called the glazier in.

Was on the Thursday morning, the glazier came along,
With his blow torch and his putty and his merry glaziers song,
He put a new pane in, it took no time at all,
But I had to call a painter in to come and paint the wall.

Was on the Friday morning the painter made a start,
With undercoats and overcoats he painted every part,
Every nook and every cranny, but I found when he had gone,
He'd painted over the gas tap and I couldn't turn it on.

No chorus

On Saturday and Sunday, they do no work at all,
So t'was on the Monday morning, that the gasman came to call.

20. The Poacher

When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire
Full well I served my master, for more than seven year,
Till I took up poaching, as you will quickly hear.

Chorus

Oh, 'tis my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year,
Yes, 'tis my delight of a shiny night in the season of the year.

As me and my companion were setting of a snare
Twas then we saw a gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, and jump out anywhere.

We took that hare alive my boys, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown
We sold him for a crown my boys, but I did not tell you there.

21. Kumbaya

Kumbaya, my lord Kumbaya (three times)
O Lord, Kumbaya.

1. Someones laughing Lord, Kumbaya,
2. Someones crying Lord, Kumbaya,
3. Someones singing Lord, Kumbaya,
4. Someones praying Lord, Kumbaya,
5. Someones listening Lord, Kumbaya,
6. Come to me O Lord, come to me.

22. Clementine

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

Chorus

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 the duckings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Sandals were for Clementine.

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

Listen ramblers, heed the warning,
To this tragic tale of mine;
Artificial respiration,
Could have saved my Clementine

How I missed her! How I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine.
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

23. Lewis Bridal song

Chorus

Step we gaily, on we go,
Heel for heel and toe for toe,
Arm in arm and row on row,
All for Mairi's wedding.

Over hillways up and down,
Myrtle green and bracken brown,
Past the sheilings, through the town,
All for the sake of Mairi.

Red her cheeks as Rowans are,
Bright her eye as any star,
Fairest o' them all by far
Is our darling Mairi.

Plenty herring, plenty neal,
Plenty peat to fill her creel,
Plenty bonnie bairns as weel,
That's the toast for Mairi.

(LEWIS '77 RULES OK?)

24. Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you
Chorus : Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you
Chorus : Away I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah I love your daughter,
Oh Shenandoah I love your daughter,

'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee,
'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee.

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

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

Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you,
Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you.

25. Blowing in the wind

How many roads must a man walk down,
Before they must 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 there forever banned?

Chorus

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

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

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
How many years 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?

26. Michael Row the boat ashore

Michael row the boat ashore, Alleluia (twice)
Michael's boats a music boat, Alleluia (")
Sister help to trim the sail, Alleluia (")
Jordan's river is deep and wide, Alleluia "
Jordan's river is chilly and cold, " "

27. Way haul away

When I was a little lad and so my mother told me,
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe,
That if I did not kiss a girl, my lips would grow mouldy
Way haul away we'll haul away Joe.

Chorus

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,
Then they cut off his head which spoiled his constitution.

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

28. The Fox

The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed for the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night,
Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o.

Chorus:- Repeat the last two lines of each verse

He ran 'till he came to a great big pen,
Where the ducks and the geese were put there in,
A couple of you will grease my chain,
Before I leave the town-o.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
Threw a duck across his back,
And didn't mind their quack, quack, quack.
And there legs all dangling down-O.

Then old mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying "John, John the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is in the town-o."

Then John he went to the top of the hill,
Blowed with his horn both loud and shrill,
The fox he said "I'de better flee with my kill,
Or they'll soon be on my tail-o."

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

Then the fox and his wife without any strife,
Cut up that goose with a fork and knife,
They'de never had such a supper in their life,
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.

29. Sir Patrick Spens

The King sits in Dunfermline town, drinking the blood red wine,
O, where shall I get a skeely skipper, to sail this good ship of mine.
O, up and spake an elden knight, sat at the King's right knee,
Sir Partick Spens is the best skipper that ever sailed the sea.

Our King has written a broad letter, and sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens, was walking on the strand.
To Noroway, to Noroway, to Noroway o'er the foam,
The King's own daughter of Noroway, 'tis we must bring her home.

The first word that Sir Patrick read, so loud and long laughed he,
The next word that Sir Patrick read, the salt tear blinded his eye.
O who is this has done this deed and told the King of me
To send us out at this time of year, to sail upon the sea.

Be't wind, be't wet, Be't hail, or sleet, our ship must sail the foam,
The King's daughter of Noroway, 'tis we must bring her home.
They hoisted their sails on a Monday morn, with all the speed they may.
They have landed in Noroway, upon a Wodensday.

Make haste, make haste, my merry men, all our good ships sail the morn,
Noe ever alack my master dear, for I fear a deadly storm.
I saw the new moon last yestreen, with the old moon in her arms,
And if we go to sea master, I fear we'll come to harm.

I saw the new moon late yestreen, with the old moon in her hair,
And if we go to sea master, our homes we'll see no more.
They hadna sailed a league, a league, a league but barely three,
When the sky grew dark, and the wind blew loud, and gurly grew the sea.

The anchors break and the top mast lap, it was such a deadly storm,
And the waves came over the broken ship 'till all her sides were torn.
Then they saw a mermaiden, her comb and glass had she,
Good day to you merry sailor men, tonight you shall lie with me.

Go fetch a web of the silken cloth, another of the twine,
They wrapped them in to that good ship's side, but still the sea came in.
And loath, loath were my good Scots lords, to wet their high heeled shoon,
But lang or a' the play was played, they wet their hats aboon.

And many was the feathered bed that fluttered on the foam,
And many was the good lord's son, that never more came home.
And long long may the ladies sit with their fine fans in their hands,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens come sailing to the strand.

And long, long may the maidens sit, with their gold combs in their hair,
Awaiting for their own dear loves, for then they'll see no more.
Half o'er half o'er Aberdoor, 'tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens, with the Scots lords at his feet.

30. The blue tail fly

When I was young I used to wait,
On my master and hand him his plate,
An' pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue tail fly.

Chorus

Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn an' I don't care,
My master's gone away.

One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chance to bite him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch,
He died and the jury wondered why,
The verdict was the blue tail fly.

They lay him under a Simon tree,
His epitaph is there to see,
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue tail fly."

31. The keeper

A keeper did a hunting go,
And under his coat he carried a bow,
All for to shoot at a merry little doe,

Chorus

Among the leaves so green-o,
Jackie boy! Master.
Sing ye well? Very well!
Hey down, Ho down,
Derry, derry down,
Among the leaves so green-o,
To my hey, down, down, To my ho, down, down
Hey down, Ho down,
Derry, derry, down,
Among the leaves so green-o.

The first doe he shot at he missed,
The second one he trimmed he kissed,
The third one went where nobody wist.

The fourth one she did cross the plain,
The keeper fetched her back again,
Where she is now she may remain.

The fifth one she did cross the brook
The keeper fetched her back with his crook
Where she is now you must go and look.

The sixth one she ran over the plain,
But he with his hounds did turn her again
And it's there he did hunt, in a
merry, merry vein.

33. Whip Jamboree

Come now, my lads, be of good cheer,
For the Irish coast will soon draw near,
Then we'll set a course for old Cape Clear
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done.

Chorus

Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree,
With your pigtails, sailor, hanging down,
Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree, behind,
Oh Jenny get your oat cakes done.

And next my lads we're off to Holyhead,
No more salt bread, or weavilly bread,
One man in the chains for to heave the lead
Oh, Jenny, get your oatcakes done.

And now my lads, we're off to Fort Perch Rock
All hammocks lashed and all cheats locked
We'll haul her into Waterloo dock,
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done.

Now my lads, we're all in dock,
We'll be off to Dan Lowry's on the spot,
And then we'll drink a big pint pot,
Oh, Jenny get your oat cakes done.

34. The last thing on my mind

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

Chorus

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

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

You have reason 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.

As I lie in my bed in the morning,
Without you, without you,
Each song in my heart dies aborning,
Without you, without you.

35. Cockles and Mussels.

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Mollie Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through
streets broad & narrow,
Crying Cockles & mussels, alive, alive-o.

Chorus
Alive, alive-o,
Alive, alive-o,
Crying Cockles & mussels alive, alive-o.

She was a fishmonger, but 'twas no wonder,
For so wer her father and mother before,
As they each wheeled their wheelbarrow,
Through the streets board and narrow,
Crying Cockles & Mussels alive, alive-o.

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Mollie Malone
But her ghost wheels her wheelbarrow,
Through the streets broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles & mussels alive, alive-o.

36. Dirty old town.

I found my love by the gas works croft,
Dreamed a dream by the old canal,
Kissed my girl by the factory wall,
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

The clouds are drifting across the sky,
Cats are prowling on their beat,
Springs a girl in the streets at night,
Dirty old town, Dirty old town.

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

I saw the girders rising up,
Rising high in the sky above,
Saw a town all turned to steel,
That Dirty old town, dirty old town.
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

37. Jug of Punch

As I was sitting with my jug and spoon,
One fine morning in the month of June,
A birdie sat on an ivy branch,
And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.

Chorus
Toora-loora-loo, torra-lorra-loo,
Toora-loora-loo, torra-lorra-loo,
A birdie sate on an Ivy branch,
And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch.

38. What have they done to the rain?

Just a little rain falling all around,
The grass lifts its head to the heavens and
Just a little rain, just a little rain,
What have they done to the rain?

Chorus
Just a little boy standing in the rain,
The gentle rain that falls for years,
And the grass is gone & the boy disappears,
And the rain keeps falling like helpless tears
And what have they done to the rain?

Just a little breeze out of the sky,
That leaves pat their heads as the breeze
blows by;
Just a little breeze with the smoke in
it's eye.
What have they done to the rain?

39. Black velvet band

In a nice little town called Belfast,
Apprenticed to a trade I was bound,
And many's the hour's sweet happiness,
Have I spent in that neat little town.
'Till a sad misfortune come over me,
Which c used me to stray from the land;
Far away from my friends and relations
Betrayed by a Black Velvet Band.

Chorus
Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
I thought her the queen of the land,
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,
Tie up with a Black Velve Band.

I took a stroll down Broadway,
Meaning not for long to stray,
But who should I spy but this pretty fair
maid,
Come tripping along the highway,
She was both fair and handsome,
Her neck it was just like a swan,
And her hair it hung over her shoulder,
Tied up with a Black Velvet Band

Continued next sheet.....

What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to court a girl by an ale house fire,
With kerry pippin to crack and punch,
Aye, and on the table a jug of Punch.

The learn'd doctors with all their art,
Cannot cure the impression that's on a heart,
Even the cripple forgets his hunch,
When he's safe outside a Jug of Punch,

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

39. Black Velvet Band continued

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid,
When a gentleman did pass us by,
I knew her meant the doing of him,
By the look in her roulish black eye.
A gold watch she took from his pocket,
And placed it into my 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,
And the Judge her said to me "Young man,
Your case is proven and clear.
You'll get seven years penal servitude,
To be spent far away from your land,
Far away from your friends and relations,
Betrayed by a Black Velvet Band.

Come all you jolly young fellows,
I'll have you take warning my me,
When you go out on the liquor, me boys,
Beware of the pretty colleens,
They'll treat you to strong drink, me boys,
'Till you are unable to stand,
And before you are able to leave them,
They'll have you in Van Dieman's Land.

40. Scotland the Brave

Hark when the night is falling, hear, hear, the pipes are calling,
Loudly and proudly calling down through the glen.

There where the hills are sleeping, now feel my blathair leaping
High as the spirits of the Old Highland men.

Chorus

Towering in galant fame, Scotland my mountain hame,
High may your proud banners gloriously wave,
Land of my high endeavour, land of the shining river,
Land of my heart for ever, Scotland the brave

High in the misty highlands, out in the purple islands,
Brave are the hearts that beat beneath Scottish skies.
Wild are the winds that meet you, staunch are the friends that greet you,
Kind as the love that shines from fair Maidens' eyes.

Far off in sunlit places sad are the Scottish faces,
Yearning to feel the kiss of sweet Scottish rain,
Where the Scottish skies are beaming, love sets the heart a dreaming,
Longing and dreaming of the homeland again

41. Eriskay Love lilt

Chorus

Vair me o'ro van O,
Vair me o're van ee,
Vairme o'ru o ho,
Sad am I without thee.

When I'm lonely dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Thou't the music of my heart,
Harp of Joy, oh cruic mochridh,
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

42 Liverpool home

I was born in Liverpool down by the docks,
My religion is catholic, occupation hard nocks,
At stealing from lorries oh I'm quite adept,
And under old overcoats I've often slept,

Chorus

In me Liverpool home,
In me Liverpool home,
We speak with accent exceedingly rare,
Meet under a statue exceedingly bare,
If you want acathedral, we've got one to spare,
In me Liverpool home,

Back in the forties the world it went mad,
And Jerry threw at us all that he had,
When the smoke and the dust it cleared from the air,
"Thank God" said the old man, "the pier head's still there."

Oh when I grew up I met Brigit Mcann,
She said "you're not much, but I'm needing a man,
I want sixteen kids and to live out at Speke,"
Oh the spirit was willing but the fleash it was weak.

Well the green and the orange they've battled for years,
They've given us some laughs and they've given us some tears,
But Wackers don't want any heavenly reward,
They just want a green card to get into Word's.

43. Road to the Isles.

It's the far croonin' that's pullin' me away,
As tak'me with my cromach to the road,
It's the far Cuillins that are puttin' love on me,
As I step with the sunlight for my lead.

Chorus

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go,
By heather tracks with heaven in their wiles;
If you're thinking in your inner heart, swagers in my step,
You've never smelt the tangle o' the isles.
Oh, the far Cuillins are putting love on me,
As I step with my cromach to the isles.

It's by Sheil ware that the track is to the west,
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea,
It's the cool cresses I am thinking o'er the puck,
And the bracken for a wink on Mother's knee.

It's the blue islands that are pulling me away,
Their laughter put the leap upon the lame,
It's the blue islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
With heather honey taste upon each name.

44. Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough fair?
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme,
Remember me to the one who lives there
For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme,
Without a seam or needlework
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder dry well,
Parsley, Sage Rosemary and Thyme,
Where waterne'er sprang nor drop of
rain fell
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to hang it on yonder wild thorn
Parsely, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme
Which never bore blossom since Adam
was born.
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Tell her to buy me an acre of land,
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme,
Between the sea foam and the sea sand
And then she'll be a true love of mine

Tell her to plough it with a lamb's horn
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme,
And plant it all over with one Pepper-corn
And she shall be a true love of mine

Tell her to harvest with a sickle of
leather,
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme.
And thresh it with one sprig of heather
And she shall be a true love of mine.

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme,
Remember me to the one who lives there,
For she once was a true love of mine.

45. House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans, they call the rising sun,
It's been the ruin of many poor boy, and Lord I know I'm one.

My mother she's a taylor, she sewed my new blue jeans,
My daddy he's a gambler, man, way down in New Orleans.

The only thing a gambler needs is suitcase and a trunk,
The only time he's satisfied is when he's on the run.

One foot on the platform, the other on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans to wear my ball and chain.

Go tell my baby sister not to do what I have done,
Stay away from New Orleans and the Rising Sun.

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

46. John Barleycorn

There were three men cam' frae the west,
Three men both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

Chorus

Oh! Oh! John Barley, Oh! John Barleycorn
It would break the heart of a dying man
Tae hear John Barley moan.

They ploughed him deep intae the ground
Put sods upon his heid,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was died.

But gentle spring cam' kindly on,
And showers began tae fall,
And John Barleycorn rose up again,
And sore surprised them all,
And sultry Summer it soon cam'
The sun it brightly shone;
And John Barleycorn grew a lang, lang
And so became a man.

So they took a scythe baith lang & sharp
Cut him below the knee;
And they've tied him fast upon a cart
Like a rogue for felony.

They roasted him owre the scorching fl
Till the marrow run from his bones;
But the miller he used hii worse than the
Crushed him between two stones.

But John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
And of noble enterprise;
And if you do but taste his blood
It'll mak' Your courage rise.

Sae let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man his glass in hand,
And may his great prosperity,
Ne'er fail in all Scotland.

47. What shall we do with the 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.

Chorus

Hooray and up she rises, Hooray and up she rises,
Hooray and up she rises, Early in the morning.

- 2 Put him in the longboat until he's sober.
- 3 Pull out the plug and wet him all over.
- 4 Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him.

48. Goodnight ladies

Goodnight ladies (three times) we're going to leave you now,
Farewell ladies (three times) we're going to leave you now.

Chorus

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, over the deep blue sea.

Sleep tight ladies (three times) we're going to leave you now.
Sweet dreams ladies (three times) we're going to leave you now.

49. Londonderry air

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The Summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.

But come you back when Summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And when you come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And then you'll kneel and say a prayer for me.

And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.

50. Widdicombe fair

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along lee
For I want to go to Widdicombe fair,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all, Old Uncle
Tom Cobley and all.

And when shall I see my mare again,
By Friday noon or Saturday noon.

Came Friday noon and Saturday noon
But Tom Pearce's grey mare had not trotted home.

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill
An he see'd his old mare down a-making her will

So Tom Pearce's old mare took sick and died
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried.

When the wind whistlescold on the moor of a night,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghostly white.

And all the night longhe heard screaming and groans
And Tom Pearce's old mare a rattling her bones.

51. Grandfather's clock

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

Chorus

Ninety years without slumbering:
Tick, tick, tick, tick his life's seconds numbering:
Tick, tick, tick, tick it stopped short,
Never to run again, when the old man died.

In watching it's pendulum swing to and fro'
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and in manhood the clock seem'd to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twentyfour when he entered at the door
With a blooming 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 so faithful he found,
For it wasted no time, and had but one desire -
At the close of each week to be wound,
And it kept in it's place not a frown on it's face,
And its hands never hung by its side,
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

52. You are my sunshine

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are grey.
You'll never know dear how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away.

You told me once dear, there'd be no other
And no one else would come between,
But now you've left me to love another,
You have broken all my dreams.

You are my sunshine etc.

The other night dear, as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed that you were by my side.
Came disillusion when I woke dear,
You were gone and then I cried.

You are my sunshine etc.

53. Barbara Allen

In Scarlet town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry well away
And her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of may,
When the green buds were swelling,
Sweet William came from the Western
States,
And courted Barbara Allen.

It was all in the month of June,
When all things they were blooming,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

Oh yes I'm sick and very sick,
And death on me is dwelling,
No better, no better I can never be,
If I can't have Barbara Allen.

Oh don't you remember in yonder town,
When you were in the tavern,
You drank a health to the ladies all
around
And slighted Barbara Allen.

She looked to the east, she looked to
the west
She spied his corpse a coming.
Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
That I may look upon him.

O Mother, O Mother go make my bed,
Go make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,
And I shall die for sorrow.

She was buried in the old churchyard,
And he was buried a nigh her,
On William's grave there grew a red rose
On Barbara's grew a green brier.

54. Charlie is my darling.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year
When Charlie came to town,
The young Chevalier.

Chorus
Oh! Charlie is me darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.

Wi, Heiland bonnets on their heads,
The claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.

55. The prettiest girl I ever saw.

The prettiest girl I ever saw,
Sat sipping cider through a straw,
The prettiest girl I ever saw,
Sat sipping cider through a straw.

I sail fair miss, I you implore,
Why sip ye cider through a straw?

She said to me there is no law,
'Gainst sipping cider through a straw.

Then cheek by cheek and jaw by jaw,
We both sipped cider through a straw.

And now I've got a mother in law,
Through sipping cider through a straw.

56. Men of Harlech.

Men of Harlech, wake from sleeping,
Saxon tyrants now are creeping,
Like a river onward sweeping swiftly
through the night.

Side by side with spear and bowmen
With your valour you shall show men,
How to vanquish Saxon foemen, out them
all to flight!

Fight for wives and mothers, children,
sisters, brothers.

Your country needs your gallant deeds
To save yourselves and others.

While the battle drums are beating
This your war cry, this your greeting,
No surrender no retreating,
Harlech wins the fight.

55 Eton boating song

Jolly boating weather
And a hay harvest breeze,
Blade on the feather,
Shade off the trees.
Swing, swing together,
With your backs between your knees,
Swing, swing together,
With your backs between your knees.

Skirting past the rushes,
Ruffling o'er the weeds,
Where the lock stream gushes,
Where the cygnet feeds.
Let us see how the wine glass flushes
At supper on Boveney meads,
Let us see how the wine glass flushes
At supper on Boveney meads.

Harrow may be more clever,
Rugby may make more row,
But we'll row, row for ever,
Steady from stroke to bow.
And nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now,
That nothing in life shall sever
The chain that is round us now.

Others will fill our places,
Dress'd in the old light blue,
We'll recollect our races,
We'll to the flag be true,
And youth will still be in our faces,
When we cheer for an Eton crew.
And youth will still be in our faces,
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

Twenty years hence this weather
May tempt us from office stools,
We may be slow on the feather,
And seem to the boys old fools,
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.

56 Daisy

Daisy! Daisy! Give me the answer do,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you,
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet upon that seat,
Of a bicycle made for two.

57. The lily of Laguna

She's ma lady love,
She is ma dove,
Ma baby love,
She's no gal for sittin' down to dream,
She's de only queen Laguna knows;
I know she likes me,
I know she likes me
Bekase shesays so,
She is de Lily of Laguna,
She is ma Lily and ma Rose.

58. I'm gonna lay down my burdens

I'm gonna lay down my burdens,
Down by the river side,
Down by the river side,
Down by the river side,
I'm gonna lay down my burdens,
Down by the river side,
Study that war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more
Study war no more,
Study that war no more.
I aint gonna study war no more
Study war no more,
Study that war no more.

I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace etc
I'm gonna shake hands with Jesus etc.
I'm gonna meet all my brothers etc.

59. Rock my soul

I'm gonna rock my soul in the bosom of
Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Oh! Rock my soul.

My heaven is so high you can't get over it
So low you can't get under it,
So wide you can't get around it,
Oh rock my soul.

Rock, rock, rockety-rock,
Rock, rock, rockety-rock,
Rock, rock, rockety-rock,
Oh, Rock my soul.

60. Home on the range

Oh! give me a home where the buffalo roam
And the deer and the antelope play
Where is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, Home on the range! Where the deer
and the antelope
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

61. Pick a bale of cotton

You gotta jump down, turn around
Pick a bale o' cotton
You gotta jump down, turn around
Pick a bale a day.

Chorus

Oh, Lawdie,
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Oh, Lawdie,
Pick a bale a day.

He and my wife can
Pick a bale o' cotton,
He and my wife can
Pick a bale a day.

Had a little woman could
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Had a little woman could
Pick a bale a day.

Me and my partner can
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Me and my partner can
Pick a bale a day.

Looky looky yonder,
Pick a bale o' cotton,
Looky looky yonder,
Pick a bale a day.

62. Yellow bird high up in Banana tree.

Yellow bird, high up in banana tree,
Yellow bird, you sit all alone like me
Did your lady-friend
Fly away again?
That is very sad
Makes me feel so bad,
You can fly away,
In the sky away,
Your much luckier than me.

I also had a yellow bird,
She fly away from me,
But I am not a yellow bird,
So I sit and sigh,
Very sad am I.

63. Irish Eyes.

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure it's like an Irish Spring,
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish eyes are happy
All the world seems bright and gay
But when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away.

64. Stewball

Now Stewball was a racehorse,
And I wish hewere mine,
Never drank water,
He always drank wine.

His bridle was silver,
His mane it was gold,
And the worth of his saddle,
Has never been told.

Oh, the racecourse was crowded
And stewball was there,
But the betting was heavy,
On the bay and the mare.

I bet on the grey mare,
I bet on the bay,
If I'd bet on old Stewball,
I'de be a rich man today.

And way over yonder,
Ahead of them all,
A-prancing and dancing,
Came my noble stewball.

Now stewball was a racehorse,
And I wish he were mine,
Never drank wine,
He always drank wine.

65. Men of Harlech

Men of Harlech, wake from sleeping,
Saxon Tyrants now are creeping
Like a river, onward sweeping swiftly
through the night.
Side by side with spear and bowmen,
With your valour you shall show men,
How to vanquish Saxon foemen, put them
all to flight!
Fight for wives and mothers, children,
sisters, brothers,
Your country needs your gallant deeds,
To save yourselves and others.

While the battle drums are beating
This your war cry, this your greeting,
"No surrender, no retreating,
Harlech wins the fight."

66. I belong to Glasgow

I belong to Glasgow,
Dear Old Glasgow town,
There's something the matter with Glasgow
For it's going round and round.

I'm only a common old working chap
As everyone here cansee,
But when I've had a couple of drinks on
a Saturday,
Glasgow belongs to me.

67. Early one morning.

Early one morning just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.

Chorus

O don't deceive me, O never leave me,
How could you use a poor maiden so?

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true.

O, gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses,
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow.

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maiden in the valley below.

68. Green grow the rushes-ho

I'll sing you one ho!

Chorus Green grow the rushes- oh!
What is your one-ho?

One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so

I'll sing you two ho!

Chorus Green grow the rushes - ho!
What are your two ho?

Two, two the lily white boys dressed up all in green-ho

Chorus One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll sing you three ho!

Chorus Green grow the rushes-ho!
What are your three-ho?

Three, three the rivals.

Chorus Two, two the lily white boys dressed up all in green-ho,
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.

69. Polly wolly doodle.

Oh I went down south for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day
My Sally am a spunky girl,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus

Fare thee well, farewell
Fare thee well, farewell
Fare thee well for my fairy fay,
For I'm going to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna,
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Oh my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
With curly eyes and laughing hair, (?)
Sing polly wolly doodle all the day.

I came to a river and couldn't get across
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
I jumped on a nigger and tho't he was
a hoss.
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

A grasshopper sitting on a rail road
track,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
A-picking his teeth with a carpet tack,
Singing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

70. Camptown races

De camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doodah, Doodah!
De camptown racetrack, five mile long,
Oh! Doodah day!
I came down dah wid me hat caved in,
Doodah, doodah,
I go back home with a pocket fulle' tin
Oh! Doodah day!

Chorus

Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day,
I bet my money on the bob tail nag,
Some body bet on the bay.

De long tail filly, and de big black hoss
Dey fly de track an' dey both cut across.
De blind hoss stickin in a big mud hole,
Can't touch de bottom with a ten foot pole.

Old muley cow come on de track,
De bobtail fling her ober his back,
Den fly along like de railroad car
And run a race wid a shootin star.

See den flying on a ten mile heat,
Roun' de race track and den repeat
I win my money on de bobtail nag,
I keep my money in a ole towbag.

71. Strawberry Fair

As I was going to Strawberry fair,
Singing, sing ing, buttercups and daises,
I met a maiden taking her ware,
Pol-dee-dee,
Her eyes were blue and golden her hair,
As she went on to Strawberry fair,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol,
Tol-de-rid-dle-i-do,
Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-dee-rid-dle-dee.

Kind sir pray pick of my basket she said,
Singing, singing butter cups and daises,
My cherries ripe or my roses red,
Pol-de-dee,
My strawberries sweet, of them I can spare
As I go on to strawberry Fair.
Ri-fol, etc.

Your cherries soon will be wasted away,
Singing, singing buttercups and daises,
Your roses wither and never stay,
Pol-de-dee!
'Tis not to seek such perishing ware,
That I am tramping to Strawberry fair.
Ri-fol, etc.

I want to purchase a generous heart,
Singing, singing buttercups and daises,
A tongue that is neither nimble or tart,
Pol-de-dee,
An honest mind but such trifles are rare,
I doubt if they're found at Strawberry fair
Ri-fol etc.

The price I offer my sweet maid,
Singing, singing, buttercups and daises,
A ring of gold on your finger displayed,
Pol-de-dee!
So come, make over to me your ware,
In church today at Strawberry fair.
Ri-fol etc.

72. Bye-bye blackbird.

Pack up all my cares and woe,
Here I go, singing low,
Bye-bye blackbird.
Wheresomebody waits for me,
Sugar's sweet, so is she,
Bye-bye blackbird.

No one here can love or understand me,
Oh what hard luck stories they all hand me,
Make my bed an' light the light,
I'll be home late tonight,
Blackbird, bye-bye!

73. Greensleeves

Alas, my love you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company.

Chorus

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

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

I bought three kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly,
I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well favourdly.

I bought the petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as might be,
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all of this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidered gorgeously,
Thy petticoat of sandal right*
And these I bought thee gladly.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They served thee with humility,
Thy foot might not touch the ground,
And yet thou wouldst not love me.

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

Greensleeves, not farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

* thin silk.

74. The Prettiest girl I ever saw.

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Sat sitting cider through a straw,
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Sat sitting cider through a straw.

I said "Fair miss, I you implore,
Why sip ye cider through a straw?"

She said to me, "There is no law
'Gainst sipping cider through a straw"

75. Alcoholic's anthem

(Sung to the tune of Men of Harlech)

What's the use of drinking tea,
Indulging in sobriety
And teetotal perversity
It's healthier to booze.
What's the use of milk and water,
These are drinks that never oughter,
Be allowed in any quarter
Come on loose your blues
Mix yourself a shandy!
Drown yourself in Brandy!
Sherry sweet,
Or whisky neat
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you sinking,
There's no happiness like sinking,
Blotto to the floor!

Put an end to all frustration,
Drinking may be your salvation
End it all in dissipation -
Rotton to the core!
Abberations metabolic,
Ceilings that are hyperbolic
These are for the alcoholic
Lying on the floor!
Vodka for the arty,
Gin to make you hearty,
Lemonade was only made
For drinking of your mother's at the party
Steer clear of home made beer
And anything that isn't labelled clear
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up me boys.

76. Frere Jacques

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques,
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matines, Sonnez les Matines,
Dig, din, don. Dig, Din, don.

77. London's Burning

London's burning, London's burning,
Fetch the engines, fetch the engines,
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Pour on water, pour on water.

* * * * *

Then cheek by cheek, and jaw by jaw,
We both sipped cider through a straw.

And now I've got a mother in law,
Through sipping cider through a straw.

78. Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever wont to go,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus

O'ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep steep sides of Ben Lomond
Where in purple hue, the highland hills we view,
And the moon comes out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring
And in the sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart, it knows no second spring,
Though the woeful may cease from their greeting.

79. John Brown's Body

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
And his soul goes marching on.

Chorus

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
And his soul goes marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down (three times)
John Brown's knapsac is strapped upon his back (three times)
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord (three times)

80. On top of Old Smokey

On top of Old Smokey all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover from courtin' too slow.

For courtin's a pleasure & parting's a grief
And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you and take what you have,
But a false hearted lover, will lead you to the grave.

And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust,
Not one girl in fifty, that a poor boy can trust.

They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than crossties on the railroad or stars in the skies.

So come all you maidens, and listen to me,
Never place your affections on a green willow tree.

The leaves they will wither, the roots they will die,
You'll all be forsaken and never know why.

81. Where have all the flowers gone

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing,
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls picked them every one,
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing,
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone to young men every one.
When will they ever learn?
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone?
Gone to soldiers, every one.

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards every one.

Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, every one.

82. We shall overcome

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day,
Oh deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome some day.

We'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand some day,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We'll walk hand in hand some day.

We shall live in peace,
We shall live in peace,
We shall live in peace some day,
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall live in peace some day.

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day,
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe,
We shall overcome some day.

83. Little boxes

Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes made of ticky tacky,
Little boxes on the hillside,
Little boxes, all the same.

Chorus

There's a green one and a pink one,
And a blue one and a yellow one,
And there all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same.

All the people in the houses
All go to the University,
And they all get put in boxes,
Little boxes all the same.
There's doctors and lawyers
And business executives,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky,
And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course,
And drink their martini dry,
And they all have pretty children,
And the children all go to school,
And the children go to Summer Camp,
And then to University,
And they all get put in boxes,
And they all come out the same.

And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family,
And they all get put in boxes,
Little boxes all the same,
There's a green one and a pink one,
And a blue one and a yellow,
And they're all made out of ticky tacky,
And they all look just the same.

84. When I first came to this land

When I first came to this land,
I was not a wealthy man,
So I built myself a farm
I did what I could
And I called my farm 'Muscle on my arm'
Oh the land was sweet and good,
I did what I could.

I called my shack 'break my back'
I called my cow 'no milk now'
I called my duck 'out of luck'
I called my hen 'now and then'
I called my horse 'lame of course'
I called my Donkey 'A horse gone wonky'
I called my wife 'trouble and strife'
I called my son 'my work's done'

85. Alouette

Alouette, gentille alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai,
 Je te plumerai la tete,
 Et la tete,
 Et la tete,
 Oh!

Alouette, gentille alouette,
 Alouette je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le bec (twice)
 Et le bec (twice)
 Et la tete (twice)
 Oh!

Alouette gentille alouette,
 Alouette je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai les pattes (twice)
 Et les pattes (twice)
 Et le bec (twice) etc.

Alouette gentille alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le cou, (twice)
 Et le cou (twice)
 Et les pattes (twice) etc.

Alouette, gentille alouette,
 Alouette, je te plumerai.
 Je te plumerai le dos, (twice)
 Et le dos, (twice)
 Et le cou, (twice) etc.

86. Bobby Shaftoe

Bobby Shaftoe's gaen tae sea,
 Siller buckles on his knee;
 He'll come back and marry me,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's bright and fair,
 Combin' down his yellow hair;
 He's me awn for iver mair,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's gotten a bairn,
 For to dangle on his airm;
 On his airm and on his knee.
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's gaen tae sea,
 Silver Buckles on his knee,
 He'll come back and marry me,
 Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

87. Botany bay

Farewell to Old England Forever,
 Farewell to my rum culls aswell,
 Farewell to the well known Old Baily
 Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Chorus

Singing - tooral, looral, liaditty
 Singing - tooral, liooral, liay,
 Singing - tooral, lioral, liaditty,
 And we're bound for Botany bay.

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

Tain't leavin' Old Endland we cares about,
 Tain't 'cos we miss those wot we knows,
 But 'cos we all light fingered gentry,
 Hops around with a log on our toes.

For seven long years I'll be staying there
 For seven long years and a day,
 For meeting a cove in an area
 And taking his ticker away.

Oh! had I the wings of a turtle dove!
 I'de soar on my pinions so high,
 Slap bang to the arms of my own true love,
 And in her sweet bosom I'de lie.

Now come all you young Dookies and Dutchesses,
 Takewarning from what I've to say!
 Mind all is your own as you touches,
 Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

88. Drink to me only with thine eyes.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine,
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not ask for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine,
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe
 And send'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows and smells I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

89. Freight train

Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Please don't say which train I'm on,
Because they'll know just where I've gone.

Freight train, freight train coming round the bend
Freight train, freight train, gone again,
One of these I'll turn that train round
Going back to my home town.

One more place I'de like to be,
One more place I'de love to see,
To watch those old blue ridge mountain climb
As I ride old number nine.

When I die please bury me deep
Down at the end of Meaker Street,
So I can hear old number nine
As she goes rolling by.

90. The Farmer's boy

The sun had set behind the hill across yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame a boy there came up to the Farmer's door;
'Can you tell me if any there be who will give me employ
To plough and sow and reap and mow, and be a farmer's boy,
And be a farmer's boy?'

Chorus

To plough and sow and reap and mow and be a
farmer's boy, and be a farmers's boy.

'And if that you no boy do want, one favour I've to ask;
If you'll shelter me till break of day from this cold winter's blast;
At break of day I will haste away elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow and reap and mow, to be a farmer's boy.'

'Come try the lad' the mistress said 'Let him no longer seek'
'Yes father do' the daughter cried, while tears rolled down her cheek:
'He'd work if he could, 'tis hard to find food and wander for employ.
Don't send him away, but let him stay, and be a farmer's boy.'

The farmer's boy grew up a man, and the good old couple died,
They left the lad the farm they had, and the daughter for his bride.
Now the lad which was and the farm now has, often smiles and thinks with
Of that lucky day when he came that way, to be a farmer's boy.

91. The Alley-o

Chorus

The big ship sails on the alley alley-o,
The Alley alley-o, the alley alley-o,
The big ship sails on the alley alley-o,
On the last day of September.

Now the captain says it wil never, never do,
Never, never do, never, never do.
Oh the captain says it will never, never do,
On the last day of September.

Now the anchor chain goes clank, clank, clank
Clank, clank, clank, clank, clank, clank,
Now the anchor chain goes clank, clank, clank,
On the last day of September.

We'll watch the boats go sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by,
We'll watch the boats go sailing by,
On the last day of September.

The boat went down to the bottom of the sea,
Bottom of the sea, bottom of the sea,
The boat went down to the bottom of the sea,
On the last day of September.

The captain wept when the boat went down,
Boat went down, boat went down,
The captain wept when the boat went down,
On the last day of September.

The birds in the sky went flying by,
Flying by, flying by,
The birds in the sky went flying by,
On the last day of September.

92. Pat worked on the railway

In eighteen hundred and forty one, I put me corduroy breeches on,
I put me corduroy breeches on to work upon the railway.

Chorus

Fillamy-ury-ury-ay, Fillamy-ury-ury-ay,
Fillamy-ury-ury-ay to work upon the railway.

When we left Ireland to come here, to spend our latter days in cheer,
The boss he drank some ginger beer, while Pat worked on the railway.

It's Pat do this and Pat do that, without a stocking or a Cravat,
And nothing but an old straw hat, while working on the railway.

And when Pat lays him down to sleep, the wiry bugs 'round him do creep,
Devil a bit can poor Pat sleep, while working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty three, t'was when he met sweet Billy Magee,
An illy gat wife she was to be, while working on the railway.

In eighteen hundred and forty seven sweet Billy Magee she went to heaven,
If she left one child, she left him seven to work upon the railway.

93. The Oak and the Ash

A north country maid,
Up to London had stray'd,
Although with her nature it did not degree,
She wept and she sigh'd,
And she bitterly cried,
"I wish once again in the north I could be."

Chorus

Oh! the Oak and the Ash
And the bonny Ivy tree,
They flourish at home
In my own country.

While I sadly roam,
I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lassies are making the hay;
The merry bells ring,
And the birds sweetly sing.
And maidens and meadows are pleasantly gay.

Of parks they may talk,
Where tis fashion to walk,
I'll own the gay throng is a wonderful sight,
But nought have I seen,
Like the Westmorland green,
Where all of us danc'd from the morning 'till night.

No doubt, did I please,
I could marry with ease,
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come,
But he whom I wed,
Must be north country bred,
And carry me back to my north country home.

94. The Sinking of the Titanic

It was on one Sunday morning, round 'bout twelve o' clock,
That the great ship Titanic began to reel and rock.
People began to shout and cry, saying Lord I'm gonna die,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus

Oh it was sad, it was sad,
It was sad when that great ship went down (to the bottom of the sea),
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Now when they built that ship, they said what they would do,
We will build a ship, that the waters can't get through,
But God with power in hand showed that ship it could not stand,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

When that ship left England bound, for America's shore,
The rich they refused to associate with the poor,
So they put the poor below, and they were the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

The people on that ship were a very long way from home,
When they heard the iceberg's crash, they didn't think their time had come
But death came riding by, sixteen hundred had to die,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

95. Marching through Georgia

Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus

Hurrah, Hurrah, we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah the flag that makes you free!
So wesang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound;
How the turkey gobbled which our commissary found,
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground.
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honoured flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot alas, to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train.
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

96. 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 water,
This land was made for you and me.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me the endless skyway,
I saw below me the golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and I rambled and followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sand of your diamond desert,
And all around me a voice is calling,
This land was made for you and me.

The sun keeps shining and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting, a voice came calling,
This land was made for you and me.

97. The times they are a-changing

Come gather round people wherever you roam,
And admit that the waters around you have grown,
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth saving
Then you better start swimming, or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changing.

Come writers and critics who prophesies with your pen
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no telling who that it's naming
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changing.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,
And don't criticise what you don't understand,
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly aging
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand
For the times they are a-changing.

Come senators, congressmen, please lead the call,
Don't stand in the hallway don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's raging
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changing.

The time it is drawn the curse it is cast,
The slow one now will later be fast
And the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fading
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changing.

98. The Green leaves of Summer.

A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing,
The green leaves of Summer are calling me home.
It was good to be young in the season of plenty
When the catfish were jumpin', as high as the sky.
A time just for planting, a time for ploughing
A time to be courting a girl of your own.
'Twas so good to be young, to be close to the earth,
And to stand by your wife at the moment of birth.

A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing
The green leaves of Summer are calling me home.
It was good to be young then with the sweet smell of apples
And the owl in the pine tree a-winking his eye.
A time just for planting, a time for ploughing,
A time just for living, a time just to die,
'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth,
Now the green leaves of Summer are calling me home.

(Repeat last 2 lines)

99. Lord of the Dance.

I danced in the morning
When the world was begun,
And I danced in the moon
And the stars and the sun,
And I came down from heaven
And I danced on the earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

Chorus

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

2.

I danced for the scribe
And the Pharisee
But they would not dance,
And they wouldn't follow me,
I danced for the fishermen
For James and John,
They came with me,
And the dance went on.

3.

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

4.

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 be gone
But I am the dance
And I still go on.

100. Puff the magic dragon

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee,
Little Jackie Piper loved that rascal Puff,
And brough him strings and sealing wax and other fancy stuff.

Chorus

Puff the magic dragon lived by the sea,
And frolicked in the Autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee.
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Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail
Jackie kept a look out perched on Puff's gigantic tail
Noble Kings and Princes would bow where'er they came
And Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name.

A dragon lives for ever, but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant rings made way for other toys,
One grey night it happened, Jackie came no more
And Puff that mighty dragon he ceased his fearless roar.

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain,
Puff no longer went to play along Cherry Lane
Without his lifelong friend Puff could not be brave,
So Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave.