

SONGS WE SING WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER.....SOMETIMES

**Vancouver Morris Men
2006**

ADIEU SWEET LOVELY NANCY
 ALBION SUNRISE
 ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
 AMERICA WE STAND AGAINST YOU
 ALL OF A ROW
 ANDREW ROSE
 ANTROBUS SOUL CAKING SONG
 APPLE TREE WASSAIL
 ARKY'S TOAST
 AS I WAS GOING TO BANBURY

BABES IN THE WOOD
 THE BALD HEADED END OF THE BROOM.....
 BALLAD OF OW'DHAM
 THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA
 BANKS OF THE DEE.....
 BANKS OF THE ROSES.....
 THE BARLEYCORN
 BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS.....
 BE BOP A LULA.....
 BEDFORDSHIRE MAY SONG.....
 BEGGAR'S SONG
 THE BEGGING SONG
 BELLMAN.....
 BELLMAN'S SONG.....
 BELLS OF RHYMNEY
 BILL BAILEY
 THE BLACK JOKE
 THE BLACKBIRD AND THE THRUSH
 THE BLACKFLY SONG
 BLACKLEG MINERS
 BLACKTHORN.....
 BLAYDON RACES.....
 BLOOD RED ROSES.....
 BLOW THE MAN DOWN
 BLUE EYED STRANGER
 BLUE MOON.....
 BLUE SUEDE SHOES
 THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL.....
 THE BOLD FISHERMAN
 BOLD RILEY
 BONEY WAS A WARRIOR.....
 BONNET AND SHAWL
 BOOZIN'.....
 BOTANY BAY
 BOTTOMS UP, ME BOYS!
 BRIGHT GOLD.....
 BRING US A BARREL
 BRING US IN HOT TEA.....
 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.....

BUTTERCUP JOE
 BYKER HILL AND WALKER SHORE
 CANADIAN RAILROAD TRILOGY
 CANDLEMAS EVE
 THE CHEMICAL WORKER'S SONG.....
 CHICKEN ON A RAFT
 CHICKENS IN THE GARDEN.....
 CLAUDY BANKS.....
 C'MON EVERYBODY
 COB-COALING SONG.....
 COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.....
 COLLIER LAD
 COME WRITE ME DOWN
 CONGLETON BEAR.....
 COPPER FAMILY CHRISTMAS SONG.....
 THE CORPUS CHRISTI CAROL
 THE COUNTRY CARRIER
 COUNTRY LIFE
 COVENTRY CAROL.....
 THE CRAWL
 THE CUCKOO'S NEST
 THE CURLY HEADED PLOUGHBOY
 CUSHIE BUTTERFIELD
 CUTTY WREN

DALESMAN'S LITANY
 DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION.....
 DELILAH
 THE DERBY RAM.....
 DIDO, BENDIGO.....
 DOWN UPON THE DUGOUT FLOOR.....
 DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL.....
 DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL
 DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY
 DRUNKEN SAILOR

EARSDON SWORD DANCE SONG
 EDGMOND SOULING SONG
 ESSEQUIBO RIVER
 EYNSHAM POACHING SONG

FANNY FRAIL
 FAREWELL TO SICILY
 THE FARMER'S BOY
 THE FARMER'S UNION
 THE FARMER'S TOAST
 FATHOM THE BOWL
 THE FIELD BEHIND THE PLOUGH
 THE FIRST OF MAY

FIVE CONSTIPATED MEN
 FOLKLIFE BOUND
 FOLLOWING THE OLD 'OSS
 THE FOX.....
 FURZE FIELD

THE GALLANT HUSSAR
 THE GAS MAN COMETH
 GENESIS HALL
 GETTING UPSTAIRS
 THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
 GLORIOUS ALE.....
 GOOD ALE.....
 GOWER WASSAIL SONG.....
 THE GREAT BELL.....
 THE GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND.....
 GREEN GROWETH THE HOLLY.....
 GREY FUNNEL LINE.....

HAL-AN-TOW.....
 HAPPY MAN
 HARD CHEESE OF OLD ENGLAND.....
 HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE
 HARD TIMES OF OLD ENGLAND.....
 HARVEST HOME.....
 HARVEST HOME SONG.....
 HELSTON MAY CAROL
 HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING
 HERE'S TO THE GROG.....
 HEY DO THE MORRIS DANCE
 THE HOLLY AND THE IVY.....
 THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY.....
 HOLMFIRTH ANTHEM
 HOME.....
 HOMELESS WASSAIL.....
 HONKY TONK WOMAN.....
 HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN.....
 THE HUNGRY ARMY
 THE HUNT IS UP.....

I CAN'T EXPLAIN.....
 I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE.....
 I WENT TO MARKET.....
 IF YOU WANT TO FIND THE GENERAL
 I'LL GO AND 'LIST FOR A SAILOR.....
 I'M A FREE BORN MAN
 I'M GOING TO BRING A WATERMELON TO MY GIRL TONGIGHT.....
 IN A BRITISH MAN O'WAR
 IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.....
 I'VE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT.....

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN
 JACOB'S WELL
 JERUSALEM.....
 JOE THE CARRIER LAD
 JOHN BARLEYCORN.....
 JOHN KANAKA
 JOHNNY MINER.....
 JOLLY OLD HAWK
 THE JOLLY WAGONER
 JOWL, JOWL AND LISTEN

A KASHMIRI CAROL
 THE KING
 KING HEROD AND THE COCK.....
 THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND
 KRIS KRINGLE

THE LABOURING MAN
 LANCASHIRE TOREADOR
 LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.....
 LEAVE HER, JOHNNY.....
 THE LEAVIN' OF LIVERPOOL
 LEOPOLD ALCOX
 THE LIFE OF A FOOL.....
 THE LIGHT DRAGOON
 LITTLE JOHNNY ENGLAND.....
 LITTLE MAN.....
 THE LITTLE POT STOVE.....
 THE LOG DRIVER'S WALTZ.....
 LOLA.....
 LORD FRANKLIN.....
 LORD OF THE MORRIS DANCE
 LOWLANDS
 THE LUMBERJACK SONG.....

MALPAS WASSAIL SONG
 MANCHESTER RAMBLER
 MANDALAY.....
 MARY ELLEN CARTER.....
 MARY ON THE WILD MOOR
 MAY SONG
 THE M D D L.....
 ME HUSBANDS GOT NO COURAGE IN 'IM.....
 MICKEY'S SON AND DAUGHTER
 MINER'S LIFE
 THE MONTH OF MAY
 MORLEY MAIN
 MUSSELS IN THE CORNER.....
 MY LADY OF AUTUMN

MY WAY.....
MY WAY (BILL CLINTON'S VERSION)

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO PARIS
NAVIGATOR
NEEDLECASES.....
NELLIE THE ELEPHANT
NEW YORK GIRLS
NO SIR NO.....
NON BARLEYCORN.....
NORTH COUNTRY MAID.....
NORTHWEST PASSAGE
NOT FOR JOSEPH.....
NO WOMAN NO CRY
NUTTING GIRL.....

OAK, ASH, AND THORN.....
THE OLD BARBED WIRE.....
OLD MINER
OLD MRS HUDDLEDEE.....
OLD PECULIAR.....
OLD ROSE AND CROWN
OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BLANKET.....
THE OLDEST SINGER IN TOWN.....
ON AN EVENING IN SUMMER.....
ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT HAT.....
ONCE I WAS SINGLE.....
AN ORKNEY NEW YEARS' CAROL.....
THE OXFORD & HAMPTON RAILWAY.....
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.....

PACE EGGING SONG.....
PADSTOW MAY SONG.....
PANCAKES HOT
THE PARTING GLASS
PASADENA.....
PAT, PAT THE PAN HOT
PHARAOH.....
PICK AND THE MALT SHOVEL.....
THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO.....
PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL.....
POLICEMEN PROWL.....
POOR OLD HORSE.....
POSTMAN'S KNOCK.....
POVERTY KNOCKS.....
PRETTY POLLY PERKINS OF PADDINGTON GREEN.....
THE PUB WITH NO BEER.....

RABBIT.....
RAISE YOUR BANNER HIGH.....

RAP 'ER TE BANK.....
RELEASE ME
RIDERS IN THE SKY
RIGS OF MARLOW
THE RIGS OF THE TIME.....
ROASTED WOMAN.....
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK.....
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI.....
ROLLING HOME.....
ROSE OF ALLANDAILE.....
ROSEBUDS IN JUNE
ROSLIN THE BOW (OLD).....
ROUNDING THE HORN.....
ROW ON, ROW ON.....
RULE BRITANNIA!.....

SAM'S GONE AWAY.....
SARAH.....
A SCARBOROUGH SETTLER'S LAMENT.....
SEDFIELD FAIR.....
THE SERVING MAN.....
SHALLOW BROWN.....
SHEEP SHEARING SONG.....
SHOVE AROUND THE JUG.....
A SHROPSHIRE LAD.....
SOFT TUESDAY.....
SOMERSET CRUMPET HORN.....
SOMERSET WASSAIL.....
SOMETHIN' ELSE.....
SOMEWHERE.....
A SONG OF PATRIOTIC PREJUDICE.....
SOULING SONG.....
SOUND OF SINGING.....
THE SOUND OF THE DRUM/NINETY FIVE.....
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.....
SPANISH LADIES.....
SPORTSMEN AROUSE.....
SPRINGTIME.....
STANDING IN LINE.....
STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN.....
STAY (The Hollies version).....
STAY (Jackson Browne's version).....
STIR IT UP.....
STORMY WINDS.....
SUCCESS TO THE WEAVERS.....
SUMMERTIME BLUES.....
SUNNY AFTERNOON.....
SUSSEX DRINKING SONG.....
SWEEP, CHIM-NIE SWEEP.....
SWEET THAMES FLOWS SOFTLY.....

SWINTON MAY SONG

TEDDY BEARS PICNIC

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

THE THIRTY FOOT TRAILER

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

THOUSANDS OR MORE

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

THE THREE RAVENS

THREE SCORE AND TEN

THYME

TIME TO RING SOME CHANGES

A TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

TWO YOUNG BRETHREN

UNDER THE BOARDWALK.....

UNNECESSARY TOIL

URBAN SPACEMAN.....

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

VANCOUVER MORRIS MEN 20TH ANNIVERSARY SONG

THE VANCOUVER MORRIS CAMP SONG

VULGAR BOAT SONG

WARWICK HUNT.....

WATCH AND CHAIN

THE WATERCRESS GIRL.....

WATERCRESS-O

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW

WE'LL ALL GO A HUNTING TODAY

WE'RE OFF IN A MOTOR CAR.....

WHEN THIS MORRIS DANCE IS OVER

WHILE SHEPHERD'S WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

THE WHITE COCKADE

THE WILD MOUNTING TIME

WILD THING

WILD ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE WILD ROVER

THE WILLOW TREE

WITH HENRY HUNT WE'LL GO.....

WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM.....

WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON

WOAD

WOOLLOOMOOLOO LAIR.....

WORKING CHAP

WORKING MAN

WOT CHER!.....

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

YE MARINERS ALL

YOU TYRANTS OF ENGLAND.....

YOUNG BANKER

ADIEU SWEET LOVELY NANCY

Here's adieu sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I'm a going around the ocean, love, to seek for something new,
Come change your ring with me, dear girl, come change your ring with me,
For it might be a token of our true love, while I am on the sea.

When I am far upon the sea, you know not where I am,
Kind letters I will write to you, from every foreign land,
The secrets of your heart, dear girl, are the best of my good will,
So let your body be where it might, my heart is with you still.

There's a heavy storm a-rising, see how it gathers round,
While we poor souls on the ocean wide, are fighting for the Crown,
Our officers commanding us, and them we must obey,
Expecting every moment, for to get cast away.

There are tinkers, tailors and shoemakers, lie snoring fast asleep,
While we poor souls on the ocean wide, are ploughing through the deep,
There's nothing to protect us, love, or to keep us from the cold,
Where we must bide on the ocean wide, like jolly seamen bold.

But when the wars are all over, there'll be peace on every shore,
We'll return to our wives and our families, and the girls that we adore,
We'll call for liquor merrily and spend our money free,
And when our money it is all gone, we'll boldly go to sea.

So adieu sweet lovely Nancy, ten thousand times adieu,
I'm a going around the ocean, love, to seek for something new,
Come change your ring with me, dear girl, come change your ring with me,
For it might be a token of our true love, while I am on the sea.

(Rec: Coppers on 'A Song for Every Season')

ALBION SUNRISE

When the sun comes up in the morning,
And you hear the dancing boys,
Mother - leave your pots and pans,
Sister - leave your toys,
If you have to break a camels back,
Or pull the crowds apart,
You'll find a way to get there,
When that old time music starts.

Refrain:

Just down the street,
There's a rattling sound,
There's an old time band,
Playing hand me down,
And it's a jamboree...Music:
It was in my father's father's time,
They knew a rolling air,
And the Albion Boys will show you how,
They sang it everywhere,
And if you come along with us,
You're numbered as a friend,
And the faded flower of England,
Will rise and bloom again.Music:

Refrain:

The dancers standing three and three,
Are a most illustrious sight,
If someone saw a better one,
Then they surely know he lied,
You can hear the bells a-ringin',
As the singer calls them on,
They can dance away the night and day,
And never step it wrong...Music:

(Albion Band)

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

Oh, ma honey, oh, ma honey,
 Better hurry and let's meander
 Ain't you goin', ain't you goin',
 To the leader man,
 Ragged meter man?
 Oh, ma honey, oh, ma honey,
 Let me take you to alexander's
 Grand stand, brass band,
 Ain't you comin' along?

CHORUS

Come on and hear, Come on and here
 Alexander's Ragtime Band,
 Come on and hear, Come on and here
 It's the best band in the land!
 They can play a bugle call
 Like you never heard before,
 So natural that you want to go to war
 That's just the bestest band what am,
 Honey Lamb!
 Come on along, Com on along
 Let me take you by the hand
 Up to the man, Up to the man
 Who's the leader of the band,
 And if you want to hear
 The Swanee River played in ragtime
 Come on and hear, Come on and here
 Alexander's Ragtime Band

Oh, ma honey, oh, ma honey
 There's a fiddle with notes that screeches,
 Like a chicken, like a chicken
 And the clarinet
 Is a colored pet,
 Come and listen, come and listen,
 To a classical band what's peaches,
 Come now, somehow,
 Better hurry along
 CHORUS

(Irving Berlin – 1911)

AMERICA WE STAND AGAINST YOU

For chewing gum, cola, brunchburgers and rye
 America we stand against you
 Sinatra, Chicago and blueberry pie
 America we stand against you
 For the death of the buffalo, birth of the blues
 For F1-11's, the bases they choose
 For Honest John, Minuteman, Trident and Cruise
 America we stand against you

For Disneyland, Dumbo, Sue Ellen, JR
 America we stand against you
 For Rambo, Bing Crosby, the Cadillac car
 America we stand against you
 For your space-age technology, stone age finesse
 For getting us all in one hell of a mess
 With your God bless America, God and the rest
 America we stand against you

For Nixon and Kissinger, bombs in Vietnam
 America we stand against you
 For that sly red-necked huckster they call Uncle Sam
 America we stand against you
 For the sake of the thousands of children who died
 For presidents, senators, generals who lied
 With you Mickey Mouse morals, Neanderthal pride
 America we stand against you

For show biz and all of the razamataz
 America we stand against you
 For Uncle Tom's Cabin, chain gangs, Alcatraz
 America we stand against you
 For Las Vegas and crap, and amusement arcades
 Klu Klux Klan, Billy Graham, and Moral Crusade
 For Ronnie before his sweet memory fades
 America we stand against you

(Miles Woolton)

ALL OF A ROW

When the harvest is o'er and the reaping begins
 Ah the farmer the food of the earth gathers in
 In mirth let us talk 'til the seasons be gone
 And at night give a holler 'til it's all of a row
 'Til it's all of a row
 And at night give a holler 'til it's all of a row

Then early next morning our hook we do grind
 Away to the corn fields to reap and to bind
 Our foreman looks back and he leaves well behind
 And he gives a loud hallo bring it all well behind
 Bring it all well behind
 And he gives a loud hallo bring it all well behind

Ah then says the foreman behind and before
 And we'll have a fresh wet and a half a pint more
 So me jolly boys to the end we will go
 To the end we will go 'til it's all of a row
 'Til it's all of a row
 To the end we will go 'til it's all of a row

Our wheat is all in, oats barley abound
 Here's success to the farmer who ploughs through the ground
 After this wheat stubble turnips we'll sow
 And so we'll continue 'til it's all of a row
 'Til it's all of a row
 And so we'll continue 'til it's all of a row

When night comes on to the farm we will steer
 To partake a good supper and to drink a strong beer
 And wishing the farmer such blessing in his life
 As in drinking a health unto him and his wife
 Unto him and his wife
 As in drinking a health unto him and his wife

(Rec: Martin Carthy)

ANDREW ROSE

Andrew Rose, the British sailor
 Now to you his woes I'll name
 'Twas on the passage from Barbados
 Whilst on board the Martha Jane.

CHORUS:

Wasn't that most cruel usage
 Without a friend to interpose?
 How they've whipped and mangled,
 Gagged and strangled
 The British sailor, Andrew Rose.

'Twas on the quarter-deck they laid him,
 Gagged him with an iron bar;
 Wasn't that most cruel usage
 To put upon a British tar?

'Twas up aloft the Captain sent him
 Naked beneath the burning sun,
 Whilst the mate did follow after,
 Lashing him till the blood did run.

The captain gave him stuff to swallow;
 Stuff to you I will not name,
 Whilst the crew got sick with horror,
 While on board the Mary Jane.

'Twas in a water-cask they put him;
 Seven long days they kept him there.
 When loud for mercy Rose did venture,
 The Captain swore no man should go there.

For twenty days they did ill-use him,
 When into Liverpool they arrived.
 The Judge he heard young Andrew's story;
 "Captain Rodgers, you must die."

Come all ye friends and near relations,
 And all ye friends to interpose;
 Never treat a British sailor
 Like they did young Andrew Rose.

(Rec: Colcord, "Songs of American Sailormen"; Digitrad)

ANTROBUS SOUL CAKING SONG

(aka: Here come one, two, three. Calling on song)

Here come one, two, three jolly good hearty lads and we're all in one mind,
For this night we've come a souling good nature to try,
For this night we've come a souling as it doth appear,
And its all that we are all a-souling for, is your ale and strong beer.

And the next that steps up is Lord Nelson you see,
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied down to his knee,
And the star on his bosom like silver doth shine,
And I hope you will remember that its Soul-Caking time.

And the next that steps in a miser you see,
He wears his old rags to every degree,
And when he does sell them, he sells them so dear,
That no one will buy them until this time next year.

(The English Mummers Play by Alex Helm)

APPLE TREE WASSAIL

Oh Lilly, white Lilly, oh Lilly white pin,
Please to come down and let us come in.
Lilly white Lilly, oh Lilly white smock,
Please to come down and pull back the lock.

CHORUS:

For its!!

Our Wassail, jolly wassail,
Joy come to our jolly wassail,
How well the May bloom, how well the May bear,
So we may have apples and cider next year.

Oh master and mistress, oh all you within,
Please to come down and pull back the pin.

CHORUS:

There was an old farmer and he had an old cow,
But how to milk her he didn't know how.
He put his old cow down in his old barn,
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm.
Harm me boys harm, harm me boys, harm,
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm.

CHORUS:

There was an old fox down in the green copse,
Clothin' his den and smacking his chops,
Oh shall we catch him? Oh yes if we can,
Ten thousand to one we will catch him or none.
None me boys, none, none me boys, none,
Ten thousand to one we will catch him or none.

CHORUS:

I will go home to old mother Joan,
And tell her to put on a big marrow bone.
Boil it and boil it and skim off the scum,
And we will have porridge when we do go home.
Home me boys, home, home me boys, home
And we will have porridge when we do go home.

CHORUS:

FINISHING VERSES

For the ringle and the jingle and the tenor of the song goes,
Merrily, merrily, merrily.
For the tenor of the song goes, merrily.

Hatfuls, capfuls, three bushel bags full,
Little heaps under the stairs,
Hip hip, hooray.

(Peter Kennedy, Folk Songs of Britain, v.9, and Roy Palmer,
An English Country Songbook; Watsonsons)

ARKY'S TOAST

We'll drink to the downfall of tyrants
 We'll drink to Christ the Lord
 We'll drink to the twelve apostles
 Who preached his holy word
 We'll drink to the saints and martyrs
 In those dismal days of yore
 And whenever our glasses are empty
 We'll remember one saint more
 And whenever our glasses are empty
 We'll remember one saint more.

We'll drink a health to the master
 Of this glorious harvest feast
 We'll raise our glasses high, my boys,
 To the strength of malt and yeast
 We'll drink a health to the landlord
 With his beer so strong and fine
 And we're hoping that he forgets to shout
 When it comes to closing time
 And we're hoping that he forgets to shout
 When it comes to closing time.

And now we'll drink to the ladies
 We'll drink to all their charms
 We'll drink to the pleasures that we find
 when we are in their arms
 We'll hold them very tight, my lads,
 But we will make it clear
 It's goodbye on the day that they do say
 They will keep us from our beer
 It's goodbye on the day that they do say
 They will keep us from our beer

We'll drink to John of Gaunt, my boys,
 We'll drink to Jinky Wells
 We'll drink to William Kimber who was
 Buried with his bells
 We'll drink to all the Morris lads
 Wherever they may be
 And we're hoping that they can dance as well
 When they're half as drunk as we
 And we're hoping that they can dance as well
 When they're half as drunk as we

(by Arky's Toast, last verse Peter Klosky)

AS I WAS GOING TO BANBURY

As I was going to Banbury,
 Ri fol latitee O
 As I was going to Banbury, I saw a line coddlin apple tree,
 With a ri fol latitee O

And when the coddlin began to fall,
 Ri fol latitee O
 And when the coddlin began to fall, I found five hundred men in all
 With a ri fol latitee O

And one of the men I saw was dead
 Ri fol latitee O
 And one of the men I saw was dead so I sent for a hatchet to open his head
 With a ri fol latitee O

And in his head I found a spring
 Ri fol latitee O
 And in his head I found a spring and seven young salmon a learning to sing
 With a ri fol latitee O

And one of the salmon as big as I
 Ri fol latitee O
 And one of the salmon as big as I now do you not think I am telling a lie?
 With a ri fol latitee O

And one of the salmon as big as an elf
 Ri fol latitee O
 And one of the salmon as big as an elf. If you want any more you must sing
 it yourself
 With a ri fol latitee O

BABES IN THE WOOD

Oh don't you remember a long time ago,
 Those 2 little babies, their names I don't know,
 They strayed away, one bright Summer's day,
 Those 2 little babies got lost on their way,

CHORUS:

Pretty babes in the wood, Pretty babes in the wood
 Oh don't you remember those babes in the wood

Now the day being done and the night coming on
 Those 2 little babies sat under a stone
 They sobbed and they sighed, they sat there and cried
 Those 2 little babies, they laid down and died

CHORUS:

Now the robin's so red, how swiftly they sped
 They put out their wide wings and over them spread
 And all the day long, in the branches they thronged
 They sweet-lie did whistle and this was their song

CHORUS:

NB: Sung by the Copper Family, at Xmas

(Rec: Copper Family, "A Song for Every Season")

THE BALD HEADED END OF THE BROOM

Oh love it is a funny funny thing, it affects both young and old;
 Like a plate of burning hash, many's the man it's sold;
 Make you feel like a fresh water eel, cause your head to swell;
 You will lose your mind 'cos love is blind, you will empty your pockets as well.

CHORUS:

Boys I say from the girls keep away,
 Give them lots of room,
 When you're wed they'll hit you on the head,
 With the bald headed end of the broom.

When a man is in love with a pretty little girl, he will talk to her gentle as a dove;
 Give her all his money and he'll call her honey, and it's all for fun and love;
 When the money's all spent and you can't pay the rent, you will find the saying's true;

That a mole on the arm's worth two on the leg, but what's he going to do?

CHORUS

With a wife and 15 half-starved kids, you will find that it is no fun;
 When the butcher comes around to collect his bill, with a dog and a double-barreled gun;
 Screaming baby on each knee, plaster on your nose;
 You'll find true love don't run very smooth, when you wear those pawnshop clothes.

CHORUS

So now me boys take my advice, don't be in any hurry to wed;
 You'll think you're in clover till the honeymoon's over, then you'll wish that you were dead;
 When the bets are high and the children start to cry, for want of hash to chew;
 You will find this son's going to pick up his gun, going to shoot his mother-in-law.

CHORUS:

Repeat verse one and chorus twice

Source: Waterson-Carthy

BALLAD OF OW'DHAM

Says John to his wife on a 'ot summer's day, "Ah'm reso'ved at gr'n fields no longer t' stay,
Ah'll go to Ow'dham as fast as I can, So fare thee well green fields and fare thee well Nan,
For a soldier ah'll be, grave Ow'dham ah'll see, And ah'll 'ave a battle with French."

"Dear John," says our Nan and who bitterly cried, "Will't be one o't foot or does't mean for t'
ride?"

Odds ends an' shall ride our ass or a mule? They'll all carry o'er gr'n fields as black as the dew,
Me with clennin' and starvin' and never a farthing" "It'd well ni' drive any man mad"

"Aye John, ere we come ni' t' gr'n field t' dwell, We've 'ad many a bare meal I can very weel tell".
"Th'a't reet," ah ca'ed "Aye, that I very weel know,
There's been two days this week, kids went w'nowt at all;
Ah'm very near d'cided, 'afore ah'll abeed it, Ah'll feeght o'er at Spanish or French"

Then says me Aunt Margit, "Why John that's so 'ot, I'd n'er go to Ow'dham but in England I'd
stop;"
It matters nowt Madge but o'er t' Ow'dham ah'll go, I'll na claim t' deeth, but some d'y ye'll
know,
First Frenchman ah find ah will tell 'im ma mind, An if ee'll not faght, 'im 'I run

Then down brow o' hill ah come for we live in ter top, Ah thowt ah'd reach O'dham ere ever I'd
stop,
Ah cooled down i'stead when ah'd got in tert' mumps,
Me owd hat and me coat and me clogs full o' stumps,
But ah soon to'd 'em "Ah gaw'g t' Ow'dham", And ah'd 'a' a battle wi' t' French

Ah went in through't lane and to Ow'dham I went, Ahn asked a recruit if they'd made up the
count
"No, no, honest lad" for 'e ta'ked like a king, "Go w'me through t'street, and thee I will bring,
Where if th'art willin' thou may 'a' a shilling", 'E ca'ed 'ow 'at this were the news

'E browt me t'place where they measured yer 'ight, An' if yer reet 'ight there's nowt said about
weight,
Ah rath'd me and stretched me'and never did flinch, Says mon "Ah b'lieve th' art me lad to an
inch"
Ah thowt "This'll do, ah'l start guineas anew", Ah ca'ed "Ow'dham, grave Ow'dham fer me"

So fare thee well gr'n field, it's a soldier ah'm made, Wi' a new pair o'shoen and a rare cockade,
Ah'll fight fer old England as 'ard as I can, Be th'art French, Dutch or Spanish, t' me they're all
one
Ah'll mek 'em to stare like a new started 'are, An ah'll tell 'em from Ow'dham ah come;
Ah'll mek 'em to stare like a new started 'are, An ah'll tell 'em from Ow'dham ah come

(Rec: The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA

When I was a young man I carried a pack, I lived the free life of a rover;
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback, I waltzed my Matilda all over.
Then in Nineteen-fifteen, the country said, 'Son,
It's time you stopped roving, there's work to be done,
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun,
And sent me away to the war.

REFRAIN:

And the band played Waltzing Matilda, As the ship pulled away from the quay,
And midst all the cheers, flag-waving and tears, We sailed off to Gallipoli.

How well I remember that terrible day, How our blood stained the sand and the water;
And how in that hell called Suvla Bay, We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
Johnny Turk he was ready, he'd primed himself well,
He showered us with bullets and he rained us with shell,
And in five minutes flat we were all blown to hell,
Nearly blew us right back to Australia.

REFRAIN:

And the band played Waltzing Matilda, When we stopped to bury the slain;
We buried ours, the Turks buried theirs, Then we started all over again.

And those that were left, we tried to survive, In a mad world of blood, death and fire;
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive, Though around me the corpses piled higher.
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head,
And when I awoke in my hospital bed,
I saw what it had done and I wished I was dead,
Never knew there were worse things that dying.

REFRAIN:

For I'll go no more Waltzing Matilda, All round the green bush far and free;
To hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs, No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

So they gathered the crippled and wounded and maimed, And they shipped us back home to
Australia.;

The leg-less, the arm-less, the blind and insane, The brave wounded heroes of Suvla.
And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me,
To grieve, to mourn and to pity.

REFRAIN:

But the band played Waltzing Matilda, As they carried us down the gangway,
But nobody cared, they just stood and stared, And they turned their faces away.

So now every April I sit on my porch, And I watch the parade pass before me;
And I see my old comrades, how proudly they march, Reviving old dreams and past glory.
The old men march slowly, old bones stiff and sore,
Tired old men from a forgotten war,
And the young people ask, 'What are they marching for?
I ask myself the same question.

REFRAIN:

But the band plays Waltzing Matilda, And the old men they answer the call,
But as year follows year, they get fewer and fewer, Someday no-one will march there at all.

(by Eric Bogle)

BANKS OF THE DEE

Last Saturday night on the banks of the Dee
 I met an old man, in distress I could see
 I sat down beside him and to me he did say
 I can't get employment for me hair it's turned grey

CHORUS:

I am an old miner aged fifty and six
 And if I could get lots I would raffle me picks
 I'd raffle them, I'd sell them, I'd give (hoy) them away
 For I can't get employment 'cause me hair it's turned grey

When I was a young chap I was just like the rest
 Each day in the pit I'd give of me best
 If I was in a loose place, I'd be filling all day
 But at fifty and six, well me hair it's turned grey
 CHORUS:

Last Wednesday night to the reckoning I went
 To the colliery office I went straight forenenst
 I'd got me wage packet, I was walking away
 When they gave me my notice 'cause me hair it's turned grey
 CHORUS:

Now all you young fellers it's you that's to blame
 If you get good places you'll be filling the same
 If you get good places you'll hew them away
 But you're sure to regret it when your hair it's turned grey
 CHORUS:

note: forenenst=right away, hoy=throw

(Rec: Jack Elliott and High Level Ranters; Digitrad)

BANKS OF THE ROSES

CHORUS:

On the banks of the Roses me love and I sat down,
 And I took out me violin to play me love a tune,
 In the middle of the tune she smiled and said,
 Oh me Johnny lovely Johnny, don't you leave me?

Now when I was a young lad I heard me father say,
 How he'd rather see me dead and buried in the clay,
 Than go courting pretty lasses every hour of the day,
 On the fair and lovely banks of the Roses.
 CHORUS:

Well I am no runaway though I am not at home,
 And I can take the whiskey or can leave it alone,
 And if your father doesn't like me, he can keep his daughter home,
 And young Johnny will go roving with another.

CHORUS:

Now if I ever get married it will be in the month of May,
 When the birds they sing so sweetly and the meadows are so gay,
 And me and me true love, we'll sit and sport and play,
 On the fair and lovely banks of the Roses.
 CHORUS:

(Folksingers' Word Book; Folksongs of W.I.S.E.)

THE BARLEYCORN

There were three farmers in the north, as they were passing by,
They swore an oath a mighty oath that Barleycorn should die.
One of them said "drown him," another "hang him high",
Whoever will stick to the barleycorn a-begging he will die.
To me tooralooraloralay a-begging he will die.

So they put poor Barley into a sack on a cold and a rainy day,
They took him out to the calm fields and they buried him in the clay,
And when the snow began to melt and the dew began to fall,
Barleycorn raised up his head and quite amazed them all.
To me tooralooraloralay, he quite amazed them all.

It being the summer season and the harvest coming on,
Barleycorn stands up in the field with a beard like any man.
The reaper came with his sharp hook and served me barbarously,
He caught me round the middle so small and cut me off at the knee.
To me tooralooraloralay, he cut me off at the knee.

The binder came into the field and on his face a frown,
For in the middle there grew a thistle that brought his courage down.
So the farmer came with his pitchfork and pierced me to the heart,
Like a thief or a rogue or a highwayman they bound me to a cart.
To me tooralooraloralay, they bound me to a cart.

The thresher came with his big flail to break me skin from bone,
'twould break the heart of any man to hear me sighs and groans.
They picked up what was left of me and threw me down a well,
They left me there a day and a night till I began to swell.
To me tooralooraloralay, till I began to swell.

They took me out of the water and they dried me in a kiln,
The miller served me worse than that, he ground me up in his mill.
They made me into home brewed beer and that was worst of all,
They drank me down in the kitchen among the servants all.
To me tooralooraloralay, among the servants all.

Barley grain's the most wondrous grain that ever was grown on land,
It'll do far more than another grain by the turning of your hand.
It turns a man into a king, a king into a clown,
It'll take away his sceptre it'll take away his crown.
To me tooralooraloralay, it'll take away his crown.

The barley grain's no comical grain, it makes men sigh and moan'
And when they've had a glass or two they forget their house and home,
The drunkard he's a dirty man, he used me worst of all,
He drank me up in his dirty maw and he slashed me against the wall.
To me tooralooraloralay, he slashed me against the wall.

(From the singing of Bill Price)

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh the year was 1778
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now.
When a letter of mark came from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I've ever seen.

CHORUS:

God damn them all.
I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns, shed no tears,
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier,
The last of Barrett's privateers.
Oh Elcid Batter cried the town
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now.

For 20 brave men all fishermen,
That would make for him the Antelope's crew.

CHORUS:

Oh the Antelope sloop was a sickening sight.
She'd a list to the port and her sails in rags,
And the cook in the scuppers with the staggers and jags.

CHORUS:

On the Kings birthday we put out to sea.
We were ninety-one days to Montego Bay,
A-pumpin' like mad men all the way.

CHORUS:

On the 96th day we sailed again,
How I wish I was in Sherbrook now,
When a bloody great Yankie hove in sight,
With our cracked four-pounders we made to fight.

CHORUS:

The Yankee lay low down with gold.
She was broad and fat and loose in stays,
But to catch her took the Antelope two whole days.

CHORUS:

At length we stood two cables away.
Our cracked four-pounders made an awful din,
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in.

CHORUS:

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side.
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs,
And the main truck carried off both me legs.

CHORUS:

So here I sit in my twenty-third year.
It's been six years since I sailed away,
And I just made Halifax yesterday.

CHORUS:

(Stan Rogers)

BE-BOP-A-LULA

D
 Be bob-a-lu-la she's my ba-by
 D
 Be bob a-lu-la I don;t mean may-be
 G7
 Be bob a-lu-la she's my baby
 D
 Be bob a-lu-la I don;t mean may-be
 A7 G7
 Be bob-a-lu-la she's my ba-by
 D
 Love my baby love my baby love

D
 She's the girl in the red blue-jeans
 D
 She's the Queen of all the teens
 D
 She's the one That I know
 D
 She is the one that loves me so

G7
 Be bob a-lu-la she's my baby
 D
 Be bob a-lu-la I don;t mean may-be
 A7 G7
 Be bob-a-lu-la she's my ba-by
 D
 Love my baby love my baby love

(Gene Vincent)

BEDFORDSHIRE MAY SONG

Arise, arise my pretty fair maids,
 And take our May Bush in,
 Fo-r if it is gone before the morning comes,
 You'll sa-y we have never been.

A bunch of may, it does look gay,
 As before your door it stands;
 I-t is but a sprout, but it's well spread about,
 By the wor-k of our poor hands

.
 I have a bag upon my arm,
 It is drawn with a silken string;
 I-t only wants a few more pence,
 To li-ne it well within.

Com-e give us a jug of you swe-et cream,
 Or a jug of your bro—wn beer,
 An-d if we live to tarry the town,
 We-'ll ca—ll another year.

(Oxford Book of Traditional Verse-Bedfordshire, 1960
 put to a traditional May Song melody by S. Cleary)

BEGGAR'S SONG

I'd just as soon be a beggar as a king
 I'll tell you the reason why
 A king cannot swagger nor drink like a beggar
 Nor be half so happy as I

CHORUS:

Let the back and the sides go bare, my boys,
 Let the hands and the feet go cold
 But give to the belly, boys, beer enough
 Whether it be new or old

I've sixpence in my pocket and I've worked hard for that
 Landlord, here it is
 There's never any Turk that can make me work
 While begging be as good as it is

CHORUS

Sometimes I call at a gentleman's hall
 To beg for bread and beer
 Sometimes I am blind, sometimes I am lame
 Sometimes too deaf to hear
 CHORUS

Sometimes I lie like a hog in a sty
 Swathes of straw on the ground
 Sometimes eat a crust that's been rolled in the dust
 And be thankful if that can be found.

CHORUS

(Rec: Roy Harris)

THE BEGGING SONG

Of all the trades in England,
 The begging is the best,
 For when a beggars tired,
 He can lay him down to rest.

CHORUS:

And a begging I will go, and a begging I will go

I got on the train at Carlisle,
 They kicked me off at Crewe,
 I slept on every paving stone,
 From there to Waterloo.

CHORUS:

I got breakfast off the Embankment,
 I got my lunch and tea,
 And only the finest cardboard,
 Made a home that was fit for me.

CHORUS:

We sit on the stair at Leicester Square,
 From seven o'clock till ten,
 Then round the back of the Conaught Towers,
 For dinner from out of the bin.

CHORUS:

I can rest when I am tired,
 And I heed no masters' bell,
 You men it be tough, to be a King,
 When beggars live so well.

CHORUS:

The law came down to see us,
 They came down three together,
 They put out the fire, they left us there,
 Oh Lord how we did shiver.

CHORUS:

I am a Victorian value,
 I'm enterprise - poverty,
 Completely invisible to the state,
 And a joy to Mrs. T.

CHORUS:

Of all the trades in England,
 The begging is the best,
 For when a beggars tired,
 He can lay him down to rest.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Carthy-Swarbrick, "Life & Limb")

BELLMAN

Will you raise up your glasses to Bellman
and bid that old hound dog adieu,
for it's many's the time in the height of his prime
he has thrilled us by running to view

CHORUS

So let's bid farewell to our Bellman,
his voice you all used to know,
and it's hounds of his kind they are very hard to find
and he's gone where the good doggies go.

On the very worst morning in winter
through the hail and the rain you would try
and the other dogs would have just followed after
for his nose never told him no lie.

CHORUS

Now a gallant old hound were our Bellman,
why, he'd chase any fox and could climb,
and the only wrong deed that he'd done us
was when he laid his old pelt down and died.

CHORUS

Now his offspring did follow their father,
why, there's Bowler and there's Bashful and so grand
and they're like their noble old father
why they'll chase any fox from the land

CHORUS

Now some people use guns to kill foxes
And they says that it's far more humane.
But the fox that got nipped by our Bellman
Why he'd laid down and he'd not rise again

CHORUS

BELLMAN'S SONG

The moon shines bright and the stars give a light,
A little before the day,
Our Lord, our God he called on us,
And he bid us awake and pray.

Awake, awake good people all,
Awake and you shall hear,
Our Lord, our God died on the cross,
For us whom he loved so dear.

Oh fair, oh fair Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee,
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joy, that I may see.

The fields were green, as green could be,
When from his glorious seat,
Our Lord, our God, he watered us,
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

And for the saving of our souls,
Christ died upon the cross,
We ne'er shall do for Jesus Christ,
As he had done for us.

The life of man, it is but a span,
And cuts down in its flower,
We are here today and tomorrow are gone,
The creatures of an hour.

(Rec: Tony Barrand, "To Welcome In the Spring")

BELLS OF RHYMNEY

Oh what will you give me, say the sad bells of Rhymney,
 Is there hope for the future, cry the brown bells of Merthyr.
 Who made the mine owner, say the black bells of Rhondda,
 And who wrote the miner, cry the grim bells of Blaina.

They will plunder willy nilly, cry the bells of Caerphilly,
 They have fangs they have teeth shout the loud bells of Neath.
 Even God is uneasy, say the moist bells of Swansea,
 And what will you give me, say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Throw the vandals in court, say the bells of Newport,
 All would be well if-if-if-if, cry the green bells of Cardiff.
 Why so worried sisters why, sang the silver bells of Wye,
 And what will you give me, say the sad bells of Rhymney.

(Rec: Spinners 'Around the World and Back Again'
 poem by Idris Davies, music by Pete Seeger)

BILL BAILEY

One one summer's day,
 Sun was shinin' fine,
 The lady love of old Bill Bailey
 Was hangin' clothes on the line
 In her back yard,
 And weepin' hard.
 She married a B&O brakeman
 That took and throwed her down,
 Bellerin' like a prune-fed calf
 With a big gang hanging round
 And to that crowd,
 She hollered loud:

CHORUS:

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey
 Won't you come home?
 She moans the whole day long.
 I'll do the cookin', darling
 I'll pay the rent,
 I know I've done you wrong;
 'member that rainy eve that
 I threw you out,
 With nothing but a fine-tooth comb?
 I know I'm to blame,
 Well, ain't that a shame
 Bill Bailey won't you please come home.

Bill drove by that door
 In an automobile,
 A great big diamond, coach and footman
 Hear that lady squeal.
 He's all alone
 I heard her groan.
 She hollered through the door
 Bill Bailey, is you sore?
 Stop a minute, listen to me
 Won't I see you no more?
 Bill winks his eye
 As he heard her cry:
 CHORUS

(Hughie Cannon – 1902)

THE BLACK JOKE

There was an old woman who kept fat hogs
 She made plum puddings to poison the dogs
 They were black, white, yellow and green.
 She took and put them in the pot
 Boiled them 'til they were blazing hot
 They were black, white, yellow and green.

CHORUS:

Black, white, yellow and green
 Black, white, yellow and green,
 The queerest plum puddings that ever were seen
 They were black, white, yellow and green.

She took a pin and pricked the skin
 The gravy ran out and the maggots ran in
 They were black, white, yellow and green.
 She took and put them on the floor
 They each in turn ran out of the door
 They were black, white, yellow and green.

CHORUS:

She put them on the fire to cook
 They did the Black Joke all covered in soot
 They were black, white, yellow and green.
 She took and put them on the shelf
 If you want any more you can sing it yourself
 They were black, white, yellow and green.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Shirley Collins and Albion Band)

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE THRUSH

(a.k.a. My Old Granfather's Farm/Little Ball of Yarn)

One sunny afternoon when the flowers were all in bloom
 I was working down on my old Grandfather's farm,
 When I spied a pretty miss and politely asked her this
 Won't you let me spin my little ball of yarn?

Well, she gave me her consent so behind the hedge we went
 I promised her that I would do no harm,
 So I gently laid her down and I ruffled up her gown
 It was then I spun my little ball of yarn.

CHORUS:

And the blackbird and the thrush they sang out from every bush
 Keep you hand upon your little ball of yarn
 And the blackbird and the thrush they sang out from every bush
 Keep you hand upon your little ball of yarn

Six months come and past, and nine months came at last,
 and she had a little babe upon her arm,
 I said my pretty miss, I did not expect all this
 When I went and spun my little ball of yarn.

A few months after that, while at the garden gate I sat
 I felt a heavy hand upon my arm
 And a gentleman in blue, said, "Son, we're after you
 You're the father of a little ball of yarn"

CHORUS:

Now in Lewes Gaol I sit right up to my neck in debt
 I keep thinking of my old Grandfather's farm,
 When the blackbird and the thrush, they sing out from every bush
 Keep your hand upon your little ball of yarn.

So you girls down on the farm, if you don't want to come to harm
 Don't trust a farmer with all his charms,
 Just look what he has done to the likes of me
 Now I'm the mother of this little ball of yarn.

CHORUS:

(as sung by Graham Baldwin, with inspiration from Dan Quinn)

THE BLACKFLY SONG

'Twas early in the spring when I decide to go,
 For to work up in the woods in North Ontario;
 And the unemployment office said they'd see me through
 To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew.

CHORUS:

And the black flies, the little black flies
 Always the black fly no matter where you go
 I'll die with the black fly a-pickin' on my bones
 In North Ontario, i-o, in North Ontario.

Now the man Black Toby was the captain of the crew,
 And he said "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do;
 They want to build a power dam and we must find a way
 For to make the little Ab flow around the other way."

So we surveyed to the east and we surveyed to the west,
 And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best.
 Little Ab, Little Ab, what shall I do?
 For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew.

It was blackfly, blackfly, blackfly, everywhere,
 A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a- crawlin' in your hair;
 A-swimmin' in the soup and a-swimmin' in the tea
 Oh the Devil take the blackfly and leave me be.

Black Toby fell to swearin' cuz the work went slow,
 And the state of our morale was a-gettin' mighty low,
 And the flies swarmed heavy; it was hard to catch a breath,
 As you staggered up and down the trail, talkin' to yourself.

Now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe;
 If it hadn't been for him, we'd've never pulled through.
 For he bound up our bruises and he kidded us for fun,
 And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum.

At last the job was over; Black Toby said "We're through
 With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."
 T'was a wonderful experience and this I know,
 I'll never go again to North Ontario.

(by Wade Hemsworth)

BLACKLEG MINERS

Oh early in the evenin', just after,
 The blackleg miners creep te wark,
 Wi' their moleskin trousers and dorty shirt,
 There go the blackleg miners!

They take their picks an' doon they go,
 Te dig the coal that lies below,
 An' there's not a woman in this toon' row
 Will look at a blackleg miner.

Oh Delaval is a terrible place,
 They rub wet clay in a blackleg's face,
 An' roond the pit heaps they run a foot-race,
 To catch the blackleg miners.

Now don't go near the Seghill mine,
 Across the way they stretch a line,
 Te catch the throat an' break the spine,
 O' the dorty blackleg miners.

They'll take your tools an' duds as well,
 An' hoy them doon the pit o' hell.
 It's doon ye go, an' fare thee well,
 Ye dorty blackleg miners.

So join the Union while ye may,
 Don't wait till yer dyin' day,
 For that may not be far away,
 Ye dorty blackleg miners!

(traditional; collected by A.L. Lloyd)

BLACKTHORN

I'd sooner go hedgin' than build a stone wall,
 Or pick-up and place it and hope it don't fall,
 When the east wind blows bitter and hard in the trees,
 I'd sooner lay blackthorn, than dry wall and freeze.

CHORUS:

And I'd sooner lay blackthorn, sooner lay blackthorn,
 Sooner lay blackthorn, the rest of me days.

I'd sooner go hedgin' than spend all me days,
 Seeking wealth and position, and other men's praise,
 Plain billhook and ax are the tools of me trade,
 Six shilling a chain is the rate I am paid.

CHORUS:

I'd sooner go hedgin' the best thing I know,
 For anger and anguish as women make woe,
 For no matter how hurt or insulted I feel,
 To tussle with blackthorn, will help it to heal.

CHORUS:

I'd sooner go hedgin' than read a good book,
 For the longer you study the darker things look,
 And reading and weeping are hard on the eyes,
 I'd sooner lay blackthorn than learn to be wise.

CHORUS:

I'd sooner go hedgin' but come the next Spring,
 I'll up and away like a bird on the wing,
 And all that I'll miss when I reach me new home,
 Will be hedges to hack at and blackthorn in bloom.

CHORUS:

I'd sooner drink blackthorn when it brings forth it's sloe,
 Its ruby red liquor's the best that I know,
 Well it slips down your throat and it makes you feel good,
 You may drink your wine but I know that I would....
 Sooner drink blackthorn, sooner drink blackthorn,
 Sooner drink blackthorn the rest of me days.
 SLOE GIN! (Toast)

(as sung by Hartley M.M.)

BLAYDON RACES

Aa went to Blay-don Ra-ces, t'was on the ninth of June,
 Eight-teen hun-dred and six-ty two, on a Sum-mer's af-ter-noon,
 Aa tyuk the bus fra' Balm-bra's, and she was heav-y la-den,
 Away we went a-lang Coll-ing-wood Street that's on the way to Blay-don.

CHORUS:

Oh, ma lads! Ya shud - a seen us gan-in',
 Pass-in' the folks up-on the road just like they were standin,
 Thor we's lots o' lads an' lass-es there, All wi' smil-in' fa-ces
 Gan-in' a-lang the Scots-wood Road (1-2-3-4) To see the Blaydon Ra-ces

We Flew pas Armstrong's Factory, And up to "Robin Adair",
 Just Gannin' doon the railway bridge, the bus wheel flew off there;
 The lasses lost thor crinolines an the veils that hide thor faces;
 Aa got two black eyes an' a broken nose in ga'an to Blaydon Races.

CHORUS:

When we gat the wheel put on, away we went agyen,
 But them that had their noses broke, the cam'm back ower hyem.
 Sum when to the dispensary, an" sum to Doctor Gibbs,
 An' sum to the infomary to mend their broken ribs.

CHORUS:

Noo, when we gat to Paradise, thor wes bonny gams begun.
 Thor wes fower an' twenty on the bus; man, hoo they danc'd and sung
 They caal'd on mee to sing a song, Aa sang them "Patty Fagen";
 Aa danc'd a jig an' swung me a twig that day Aa went to Blaydon.

CHORUS:

We flew across the Chine Bridge, reet intiv Blaydon Toon.
 The bellman, he was callin' there; they call'd him Jacky Broom;
 Aa saa him taakin' to sum chaps, an' them he was persuadin'
 Te gan an' see Geordy Ridley's show in the Mechanics Hall at Blaydon

CHORUS:

The rain it poored a' the day an' mayed the grounds quite muddy.
 Coffy Johnny had a white hat on. they yelled, "Who stole the cuddy?"
 Thor wes spice stalls an monkey shows an' auld wives selling' ciders
 An' a chap wi' a ha'penny roondabout shootin' "Noo, me lads," for riders

CHORUS:

(by Geordy Ridley)

BLOOD RED ROSES

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 And it's mighty draughty around Cape Horn,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down
 Oh you pinks and po-ses, Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.

You've had your advance and to sea you must go,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 A-chasin' whales through the frost and snow,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down,
 Oh you pinks and po-ses, Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.

Oh, my old mother, she wrote to me,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 My dearest son, come home from sea,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 Oh you pinks and po-ses, Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.

But round Cape Horn you've got to go,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 For that is where them whale fish blow,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 Oh you pinks and po-ses, Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.

Just one more and that'll do,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 For we're the gang to kick her though,
 Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.
 Oh you pinks and po-ses, Go down, you blood red ro-ses, go down.

(100 Songs etc, Alastair Clayne)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Oh, as I was a rollin' down Paradise Street
 To me way, aye, blow the man down
 A sassy flash clipper I chanced for to meet
 Oh gimme some time to blow the man down

Of the port that she hailed from I cannot say much
 But by her appearance I took her for Dutch

Her flag was three colours and her masthead was low
 She was round in the counter and bluff at the bow

From larboard to starboard and so sailed she
 She was sailing at large - she was running free

I fired my bow-chaser the signal she knew
 She backed her maintawps'l and for me hove to

She was bowling along with the wind blowing free
 She clewed up her courses and waited for me

I hailed her in English she answered me clear
 "I'm from the Black Arrow bound to the Shakespeare"

I tipped her me flipper and took her in tow
 And yard-arm to yard-arm away we did go

She then took me up to her lily white room
 And there all the evening we danced and we spooned

Me shot-locker's empty, me powder's all spent
 I've plenty of time, boys, to think and repent

(Traditional. Numerous derivative versions; you choose!!)

BLUE EYED STRANGER

The Blue Eyed Stranger he shuffled into town with his fiddle slung over his shoulder-oh
He seemed so shy that he caught the maiden's eye but he proved to be much bolder-oh
Said "I can dance the Bacca Pipes, I can dance a jig and I can jump the highest caper-oh
And I can play a tune that'll charm the singing birds, I'm the finest catgut-scraper-oh

(Words by Ashley Hutchings)

BLUE MOON

Blue Moon
You saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own

Blue Moon
You know just what I was there for
You heard me saying a prayer for
Someone I really could care for

And then there suddenly appeared before me
The only one my arms will hold
I heard somebody whisper please adore me
And when I looked to the Moon it turned to gold

Blue Moon
Now I'm no longer alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own

BLUE SUEDE SHOES (E)

Well it's one for the money, two for the show
 Three to get ready now go cat go

Chorus:

But don't you, step on my blue suede shoes
 You can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

You can knock me down, step on my face
 Slam my name all over the place
 Do anything that you want to do
 But uh uh honey lay off of my shoes
 Chorus

Well it's blue, blue, blue suede shoes
 Well you can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

You can knock me down, step on my face
 Slam my name all over the place
 Do anything that you want to do
 But uh uh honey lay off of my shoes
 Chorus

Well it's blue, blue, blue suede shoes
 Blue, blue, blue suede shoes
 Blue, blue, blue suede shoes
 Blue, blue, blue suede shoes

Well you can do anything but lay off of my blue suede shoes

(Elvis Presley)

THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL

The boar's head in hand bear I,
 Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
 And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
 Quot estis in convivio.

REFRAIN:

Caput apri defero, Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
 Is the rarest dish in all the land,
 When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
 Let us servire cantico.

REFRAIN:

Our steward health provided this,
 In honour of the King of bliss,
 Which on this day to be served is,
 In Reginensi atrio.

REFRAIN: REFRAIN:

(Queen's College Oxford)

THE BOLD FISHERMAN

As I walked out one May morning down by the riverside
 There I beheld a bold fisherman come rowing by the tide
 Come rowing by the tide
 There I beheld a bold fisherman come rowing by the tide

Good morning to you me bold fisherman, how come you fishing here?
 I come here a-fishing for your sweet sake all on this river clear
 All on this river clear
 I come here a-fishing for your sweet sake all on this river clear

He drew his boat unto the bank and for her made his bent
 He took her by the lily white hand which was his full intent
 Which was his full intent
 He took her by the lily white hand which was his full intent

He took the cloak from off his back and gently laid it down
 There she beheld 3 chains of gold hang dangling 3 times round
 Hang dangling 3 times round
 There she beheld 3 chains of gold hang dangling 3 times round

She fell down on her bended knee, for mercy she implored
 In calling you a bold fisherman when I fear you are some Lord
 When I fear you are some Lord
 In calling you a bold fisherman when I fear you are some Lord

Rise up, rise up my fair young maid from off your bended knee
 There is not one word that you have said that has offended me
 That has offended me
 There is not one word that you have said that has offended me

He took her by the lily white hand saying married we shall be
 Then you will have a bold fisherman to row you on the sea
 To row you on the sea
 Then you will have a bold fisherman to row you on the sea

(Rec: Young Tradition
 N.B. Copper family version is slightly different)

BOLD RILEY

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

CHORUS:

Goodbye, my sweetheart
 Goodbye, my dear-o
 Bold Riley-O, Bold Riley
 Goodbye my darling
 Goodbye my dear-o
 Bold Riley-O's, gone away

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

CHORUS:

Well our anchor's-weighed and our rags are well set
 Bold Riley-O, Bold Riley
 And the Liverpool girls will never forget
 Bold Riley-O's, gone away

CHORUS:

(Rec: The Oyster Band)

BONEY WAS A WARRIOR

Boney was a warrior, way ay ah
A warrior a tarrier, John Francois.

Oh, Boney beat the Rooshians, way ay ah
And Boney beat the Prooshians, way ay ah.

Oh, Boney marched to Moscow, way ay ah
He lost his army in the snow, John Francois.,

He marched his army back again, way ay ah,
And Moscow was a blazin' then, John Francois.

We licked 'im in Trafalgar Bay, way ay ah,
We carried 'is main top mast away, John Francois.

Well on the plains of Waterloo, way ay ah,
He met the boy that put him through, John Francois.

Boney went a cruisin' , way ay ah
On board the Billy Roofian, John Francois.

And Boney went t' St. Helene, way ay ah
And he never come back again, John Francois.

(The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

BONNET AND SHAWL

Now madam I've waited a very long time
To ask you if you could but spare me some time
For there's things in me 'eart I've been longing to say
But try as I might sure I can't find a way

CHORUS:

I'll sure you the sun 'cross the field in the morn
I'll fetch thee a bonnet and deck it with corn
I'll buy thee a shawl thread with ribbons of blue
To show you the measure I troubled for you

Now I know than me fortune be pitiful small
And apart from me cottage I've nothing at all
But there's store in me garden and fruit on me tree
And I'd be awful proud if thou'd share 'em with me

CHORUS

Now I'm thinking it likely that you'll never be mine
For I'd be a poor catch for a woman so fine
But if I never ask thee then I'll never know
If by some small chance you some favour might show

CHORUS

Now madam I see by the look in your eye
That you might be thinking the say thing as I
So come take me arm and we'll walk in full view
And give the old gossips some tonguing to do.

CHORUS

BOOZIN'

Now what are the joys of a single young man?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

And what is he doing whenever he can?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

You may think I'm wrong and you may think I'm right.

I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight.

But what do you think we are doing tonight?

CHORUS:

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

Boozin', boozin', just you and I.

Boozin', boozin' when we are dry.

Some do it openly, some on the sly.

But we all are bloody well boozin'.

And what are the joys of an old married man?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

And what is he doing whenever he can?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

He comes home at night and he gives his wife all,

He goes out a-shopping, makes many a call.

But what brings him home hanging on to the wall?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

CHORUS:

And what does the Salvation Army run down?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

And what are they damning in every town?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

They go on TV, they rant and they shout

They shout about things they know nothing about.

But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?

Why, boozin' bloody well boozin'

CHORUS:

(Rec: Barrand/Roberts; Digitrad)

BOTANY BAY

I'm on my way down to the quay, to a ship they call the Lee

To command a gang of navvies who've been told to follow me

Well I thought I'd stop here for a while before I sailed way

To take that trip on an immigrant ship, to the shores of Botany Bay

CHORUS:

Farewell to your bricks and your mortar,

Farewell to your dirty lime

Farewell to your gangers and your gangplanks

And to hell with your overtime

For the good ship Raggamuffin is lying at the quay

For to take old Pat with a shovel on his back

To the shores of Botany Bay

The best years of our lives we spend, a working on the docks

Building mighty wharves and quays, from earth and ballast rocks

No pensions keep our jobs secure so I shan't rue the day

When I take that trip on an immigrant ship, to the shores of Botany Bay

CHORUS:

Well the boss came round this morning; he said "Well Pat Hello

You'd better mix that mortar quick or else you'll have to go"

Oh yes he did insult me, so I demanded all of me pay

And I told him straight I was off to immigrate

To the shores of Botany Bay

CHORUS:

Now when I reach Australia, I'm going to search for gold

Well there's plenty there for the digging, or so as I've been told

Or maybe go back to me trade, 800 bricks a day

For an eight bob pay and an eight hour day

On the shores of Botany Bay

CHORUS:

(as sung by Hartley MM)

BOTTOMS UP, ME BOYS!

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 aughta
 Be allowed in any quarter
 Come on lose those blues.

Mix yourself a Shandy
 Drown yourself in Brandy.
 Sherry sweet, or Whisky neat
 Or any other liquor that is handy!
 There's no blinking point in drinking
 Anything that doesn't get you stinking
 There's no happiness like sinking,
 Blotto to the floor.

Rid yourself of all frustration
 Drinking can be your salvation
 End it all in dissipation
 Rotten to the core.
 Aberrations 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 if your mother's at the party!
 Steer well clear of Watney's beer
 For it'll give you wind and diarrhea
 There's no other brew to fear...
 BOTTOMS UP my Boys!

BRIGHT GOLD

It is of an old miser in London did dwell,
 He had but one daughter, such a beautiful girl;
 Five hundred bright guineas was her portion in gold,
 Until she fell in love with a young sailor bold

Now when the old miser heard about this affair
 All on the young sailor he would curse and would swear:
 'No more shall that young man go and plough the salt sea,
 And before tomorrow morning his butcher I'll be'

Now when this pretty fair maid heard her father say so,
 It filled her eyes with tears and her heart full of woe:
 'Oh Willie, Dear Willie I wish you was here,
 How quickly I would warn you of the danger that's near

So she dressed herself up so rare and complete
 For she was determined her sailor to meet;
 She had pumps on her feet and a cane in her hand,
 And she met her own true love as she walked down the Strand

'Oh Willie, Dear Willie from this place you must flee
 For me father he's determined your butcher to be:
 Go quickly to Dover, I would have you go there
 And in less than eight and forty hours I will join you there'

Then up spoke this pretty fair maid with a tear in her eye,
 Saying 'I will have him or else I will die;
 Straight way she gave him two handfuls of gold,
 And she walked out along the Strand like some young sailor bold

Now as that pretty fair maid walked alone down the Strand,
 She met her own father crying "You are that man";
 And a sword from his side he most instantly drew,
 And into her body he pierced it quite through

And when that old miser saw what he had done
 He tore of his hair and his fingers he wrung:
 "Oh wretched cruel monster what have I now done?
 I have killed me own daughter, she's the flower of London"

And then that old miser he took it so hard,
 He put his sword into his breast 'till it pierced his own heart;
 "Forgive me", he cried as he drew his last breath,
 And then he closed his eyes in the cold hand of death

And when that young sailor heard about this affair
 He come quickly from Dover and died in despair;
 There was father and daughter and a young sailor bold
 All died an untimely death for the sake of bright gold

(Rec: The Young Tradition)

BRING US A BARREL

No man that's a drinker takes ale from a pin
 There is too little good stuff there within
 Four and a half is the measure in full
 Too small for a sup not enough for us all

CHORUS:

So bring us a barrel and set it up right
 Bring us a barrel to last us the night
 Bring us a barrel no matter how high
 We'll drink it up boys we'll drink it dry

The poor little firkin nine gallons in all
 Though the beer it be good the size it is small
 For men who are drinkers like you and like I
 That firkin small barrel too quickly runs dry

CHORUS:

Now when I am dying and on my death bed
 At my head and my feet place a fine full hogshead
 For if it's below I must go when I die
 Then me and Old Nick we will soon drink it dry

CHORUS:

So bring me the Puncheon and set forth the Butt
 Them's the best measures before us to put
 Our pots will go round and the ale it will flow
 And we'll be content for an hour or so

CHORUS:

(Keith Marsden)

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

CHORUS:

And 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 Grey, Ceylon or Darjeeling

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS:

We'll drink no beer at Christmas, the good book tells us in tale
 So bring us in hot tea, for angels sing no'ale

CHORUS

(Sid Kipper)

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES

Though it's way past harvest time, Souls still toil and wagons rattle,
 Corn still stands in rank and file, A-nd defies us all.
 We can see it in our past, Blood will out and join the battle,
 Though we work in different ways, We're bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN:

Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 Though we work in different times,
 We're bringing in the sheaves.

Though we started from the land, Some do choose to roam a-broad,
 The hand upon the gliding plough, Is not for every-one.
 Changing seasons help us see, That those who hear a different drum-mer,
 Though not in one harmony, Are bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN:

Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 Though not in one harmony,
 Are bringing in the sheaves.

What lay dormant in the soil, Is wakened by the kiss of Summer,
 So the fruits of yester year, Become the years' new corn.
 Every stem has at its core, Part of those who went before,
 In turn they will be kept in store, By bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN:

Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 In turn they will be kept in store,
 By bringing in the sheaves.

In conclusion bear in mind, What example has be-g-un,
 What you do today in kind, Has power for every-one.
 True strong aims will pass along, To our daughters and our sons,
 So may they in years to come, Be bringing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN:

Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 So may they in years to come,
 Be bringing in the sheaves.

(rec. Coope, Boyes & Simpson)

BUTTERCUP JOE

Now, I be a rustic sort of chap, me father comes from Fareham
 And me mother she's got more like I, and she knows how to rear 'em
 Well, some they calls I "Bacon Face" and others "Turnip Head"
 But I'll prove to you I ain't no fool though I be country bred

CHORUS:

For I can drive a plough, I can milk a cow
 I can reap and sow
 I'm as fresh as the daisy that grows in the field
 And they calls I Buttercup Joe

Now those gentry folks they laugh and chaff to see I eat fat bacon
 They wouldn't touch a bit of it and that's where they're mistaken
 On wines and grogs they do rely and lord it at their ease
 But give I fat pork from the sty and a hunk of bread and cheese

CHORUS:

Now in me prime, in summertime, when we goes out hay making
 The lassies love to tickle us, and freedom will be taken
 Well don't they love to romp about, sit on our knees and play
 Well don't they love us rustic chaps who roll them in the hay
 CHORUS:

Now have you seen my young woman, they call her our Mary
 Her works as busy as a bumblebee in Farmer Jones' dairy
 Well don't her make her dumplings fine by June I means to try 'em
 And ask her if she wouldn't splice with a rustic chap like I am
 CHORUS:

(Traditional: Arr. Hartley M.M.)

BYKER HILL AND WALKER SHORE

If I had another penny I would have another gill
I would make the piper play "The Bonnie Lass of Byker Hill"

CHORUS:

Byker Hill and Walker shore
Collier lads for ever more
Byker Hill and Walker shore
Collier lads for ever more.

The pitman and the keelman trim, they drink bumble made from gin
Then to dance they do begin to the tune of "Elsie Marley"

CHORUS:

When first I went down to the dirt, I had no coat nor no pit shirt
Now I've gotten two or three, Walker pit's done well by me

CHORUS:

Geordie Charlton he had a pig, he hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
All the way to Walker Shore, to the tune of "Elsie Marley"

CHORUS:

(Rec: Young Tradition, Wilsons)

CANADIAN RAILROAD TRILOGY

Well there was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun.
Long before the white man and long before the wheel.
When the green dark mountains were too silent to be real.

But time has no beginnings and history has no bounds
As to this verdant country they came from all around.
They sailed upon the water ways and they walked the forests tall.
Built the mines, mills and factories for the good of us all.

And when the young man's fancy was a turning in the Spring
The railroad men grew restless for to hear the hammers ring
Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their day.
And many a fortune won and lost and many a debt to pay.

For they looked in the future and what did they see
They saw an iron road running from the sea to the sea.
Bringing the goods to a young growin land
All up from the sea ports and into their hands

Bring the workers and bring up the rails, We gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
Open her heart let the life blood flow, Gotta get on our way 'cause we're movin too slow
Gotta get on our way 'cause we're movin too slow

Behind the Blue Rockies the sun is declinin', The stars they come stealin' at the close of
the day.
Across the wide prairie our loved ones lie sleepin', Beyond the dark ocean in a place far
away.

We are the navies who work upon the railway, Swinging our hammers in the bright blazin'
sun.
Livin on stew and drinkin' bad whisky. Bending our backs till the railroad is done.

We are the navies who work upon the railway, Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing
sun.
Laying down track and building the bridges. Bending our backs till the railroad is done.

So over the rivers and over the trails, We're going into the muskeg and into the town
A dollar a day and a place for my head, A drink to the living, a toast to the dead.

Now the song of the future has been sung all our battles have been won.
On the mountain tops we stand all the world at our command.
We have opened up the soil with our teardrops and our toil.

For there was a time in this fair land that the railroad did not run
When the wild majestic mountain stood alone against the sun
Long before the white man and long before the wheel.
When the green dark mountains were too silent to be real.
And many are the dead men, too silent to be real.

(G. Lightfoot)

CANDLEMAS EVE

Down with the rosemary and bays, down with the mistletoe,
 Instead of the holly, now up-raise the greener box (for show),
 The holly hitherto did sway let box now domineer,
 Until the dancing Easter Day or Easter's Eve appear.

Then youthful box which now hath grace your houses to renew,
 Grown old, surrender, must his place unto the crisped yew,
 When yew is out, then birch comes in and many flowers beside,
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kin to honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then and sweetest bents with cooler oaken boughs,
 Come in for comely ornaments to re-adorn the house,
 Thus times do shift, thus times do shift, each thing his turn does hold,
 New things succeed, new things succeed as former things grow old.

(Robert Herrick)

THE CHEMICAL WORKER'S SONG

A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie,
 I work and breathe 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

CHORUS:

And you 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 & I've breathed the oily smoke
 I've shoveled up the gypsum and it nigh on made me choke,
 I've stood knee deep in cyanide, gone sick with caustic burn,
 Been working rough and seen enough to make your stomach turn.
 CHORUS:

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

CHORUS: CHORUS:

(Ron Angel)

CHICKEN ON A RAFT

Skipper in the wardroom drinkin' gin,
 Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 I don't mind knocking but I ain't goin' in,
 Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 The jimmy's laughin' like it'd rain,
 Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 He's lookin' at me, commie cuts again,
 Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

CHORUS:

Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,
 Oh what a terrible sight to see!
 Dabtoes forward and the dustman aft,
 Sitten' there pickin' at chicken on a raft,
 Hi yo, chicken on a raft!
 Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 Hi yo, chicken on a raft!
 Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

Give me the middle and the forenoon too,
 Now I'm pullin' on a whalin' crew,
 Seagulls wheelin' overhead,
 I ought to be home in my feather bed,

I had a little girl in donny-bee
 And did she make a fool of me.
 Her heart was like a purser's shower,
 Run hot to cold in a quarter of on hour.

We kissed goodbye on a midnight bus,
 She didn't cry and she didn't fuss,
 Am I that one she loves the best,
 Or just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

An Amazon girl lived in Dumfries
 Only had her kids in twos and threes
 She's got a sister in Maryhill,
 Says she won't but I think she will.

(Cyril Tawney)

CHICKENS IN THE GARDEN

When first I came down Yorkshire,
 Not many years ago.
 I met with a little Yorkshire lass,
 And I'd have you know,
 That she was so blithe, so buxom,
 So beautiful and gay,
 Now listen while I tell you,
 What her Daddy used to say.
 CHORUS:
 "Oh treat me daughter decent,
 Don't do her any harm.
 And when I die I'll leave you both,
 Me tidy little farm.
 Me cow, me pigs, me sheep, me goats,
 Me stock, me field and barn.
 And all the little chickens in the garden."

Well first I came to court the girl,
 She was awful shy.
 She never said a blooming word,
 When other folks was by.
 But as soon as we were on our own,
 She bade me to name the day,
 Now listen while I tell you,
 What her Daddy used to say.
 CHORUS:

Well at last I wed this Yorkshire lass,
 So pleasing to me mind,
 I always have proved true to her,
 And she's proved true in kind.
 We have three bairns, they're grown up now.
 There's a grandbairn on the way.
 And when I look into their eyes,
 I can hear their granddad say,
 CHORUS:

(Traditional, Deditrad, Rec: Watersons)

CLAUDY BANKS

'Twas on a summer's evening all in the month of May
Down in a flowery garden where Betsy she did stray
I overheard this fair maid in sorrow to complain
All for her absent lover who ploughed the raging main.

I stepped up to this fair maid and put her in surprise
I own she did not know me, I being all in disguise
Said I, "Me charming creature, me joy and heart's delight
How far have you to travel this dark and rainy night?"

"Away kind sir to the Claudy Banks if you will please to show
Pity a poor girl distracted, it's there I have to go,
I'm a-looking for a young man and Johnny is his name
And I'm told it's there on Claudy Banks today he do remain."

"If my Johnny he were here this night he'd keep me from all harm
But he's cruising the wide ocean, in tempest and in storm,
He's a-cruising the wide ocean for honour and for gain."
"But I'm told his ship got wrecked all on the coast of Spain."

When Betsy heard this dreadful news, she fell into despair,
A-wringing of her hands and a-tearing of her hair.
"Since my Johnny's gone and left me, no man on earth I'll take
But it's all me life on Claudy Banks I'll wander for his sake."

Now Johnny hearing her say so, he could no longer stand,
He fell into her arms, crying, "Betsy, I'm the man!
I am that faithful young man and whom you thought was slain
And since we've met on Claudy Banks we'll never part again."

(Rec: Young Tradition, Digitrad, Rec: Copper Family)

C'MON EVERYBODY (A)

Well c'mon everybody and let's get together tonight
I got some money in my jeans and I'm really gonna spend it right
Been a-doin' my homework all week long
now the house is empty the folks are gone
Ooo C'mon everybody

Well my baby's number one but I'm gonna dance with three or four
And the house'll be shakin' from my bare feet slapping the floor
When you hear that music you can't sit still
If your brother won't rock then your sister will
Ooo C'mon everybody

Well we'll really have a party but we gotta put a guard outside
If the folks come home I'm afraid they gonna have my hide
There'll be no more movies for a week or two
No more runnin' 'round with the usual crew
Who cares C'mon everybody

(Eddie Cochran)

COB-COALING SONG

We come a cob-coaling for bonfire time,
Your coal and your money we 'ope you'll enjoy;
Ful-a-day, ful-a-day, ful-a-diddle-I-doh-day.

Down in yon cellar, there lives an old feller,
With nought in his cornice, but an old pepper box;
Pepper box, pepper box, morning 'til night,
If you give us nowt, we'll steal nowt,
God bless you good night.

Up a ladder, down a wall, a cob a call, 'Il save us all.
If you 'aven't got a penny, an 'apenny 'Il do,
If you 'aven't got an 'apenny, God bless you.

We knock at your knocker, and ring at your bell,
To see what you'll give us for singing so well,
Singing so well.

Notes - at one time around Halloween, great fire festivals associated with the cult of the dead took place all over England. Nowadays, they've mostly died away or become rationalized into Guy Fawkes celebrations. Lancashire in particular, was a great area for ceremonial fires and at the end of October, until some 70 years ago, huge fires could be seen on the hills all around the horizon. Fuel for the fires would be gathered partly by children, often disguised, who went in bands from door to door, some to wish luck, some to threaten slow givers, some for impish daftness.

(Rec: Oldham Tinkers, "Best O't Bunch")

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

One sunny afternoon I went out for a walk
All the way to Petticoat Lane to hear the people talk
A man was selling birds and he had a very fine stock
I handed him me half-a-crown and he handed me his...

CHORUS

Cock-a-doodle-doo, it's nothing to do with you
It's a very fine cock, it's all I've got, it's me cock-a-doodle-doo

With me cock under me arm, down the street I go
I gave me cock a bit of a prod to see if it would crow
A lady was passing by, I heard her give a shout
She said, "Young man, if you don't watch out, you're going to lose your...."

CHORUS

Well the following afternoon we decided we would row
We got into a rowing boat a rowing for to go
There came a bit of a wave which caused the boat to rock
I fell into the water and a fish caught hold of me.....

CHORUS

Well ladies I must be going, a going on me way
Instead of being here I should be miles away
When I come back again I'll come with a different stock
Is there any young lady in the room that would like to hold me...

CHORUS

(as sung by Eynsham MM)

COLLIER LAD

CHORUS:

I can hew, boys, I can hack it out
 I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout
 I can hew, boys, the coal that's black and fine
 I'm a collier lad and I'm working down the mine

Now, Sundays I do well admire
 As I sit myself by my old coal fire
 Then it's off to the pub for a pint or two
 For to work on a Monday, that would never do
 CHORUS:

Well I likes me whiskey and I likes me beer
 I'll drink thirteen pints and I'll not feel queer
 I can hold me liquor as well as any man
 And I'll sing and I'll dance just as long as I can
 CHORUS:

Now my son's fourteen, he's a strapping lad
 And he'll go to the pit soon just like his dad
 And when Friday comes he'll pick up his pay
 And we'll drink together to round off the day
 CHORUS:

And when I die, I know full well
 I'm not bound for heaven, I am bound for hell
 And me pick and shovel, Old Nick he'll admire
 Have me hewing coal for his own hellfire
 CHORUS:

(Dave Dodds; Arr. Victory MM)

COME WRITE ME DOWN

Come write me down the powers above,
 That first created a man to love.
 I have a diamond in my eye,
 Where all my joy and comfort lie
 REFRAIN:
 Where all my joy and comfort lie

I'll give you gold and I'll give you Pearl,
 If you can fancy me, my Girl.
 Rich costly robes you shall wear,
 If you can fancy me my dear.
 REFRAIN:
 If you can fancy me my dear.

Its not your gold shall me entice,
 Leave of virtue to follow your advice.
 I do never intend at all
 Not to be at any young man's call
 REFRAIN:
 Not to be at any young man's call.

Go away, you proud and scornful dame,
 If you'd been true, I would have been the same.
 For I do not care but I shall find,
 As true a fair maid to my mind.
 REFRAIN:
 As true a fair maid to my mind.

Oh stay, young man, you seem in haste,
 Or are you afraid your time should waste?
 Let reson(sic) rule your roving mind
 And perhaps in time she'll prove more kind.
 REFRAIN:
 And perhaps in time she'll prove more kind.

Now all my sorrows is com'd and past,
 Joy and comfort I have found at last,
 The girl that used to say me nay,
 She comforts me both night and day
 REFRAIN:
 She comforts me both night and day.

NOTE: for the Plough Monday Wooing Play from Bassingham, Lincolnshire

(E.K. Chambers, The English Folk Play, and
 Bob Copper, A Song For Every Season)

CONGLETON BEAR

The Wakes coming on and the bear he took ill,
 We tried him with potion, with brandy and pill,
 He died in his sleep at the eve of the Wakes,
 The cause, it was said, was strong ale and sweet cakes.

CHORUS:

The cheeses of Cheshire are famed, but beware,
 The stories they tell of the Congleton Bear,
 Congleton Bear, Congleton Bear,
 They sold the church Bible to buy a new bear.

He served the town well and he'd served the town true,
 To lie him in state was the least they could do,
 The old bear was dead, a successor they'd need,
 A new bear was wanted, and that with great speed.

CHORUS:

Now a parson is useful in times of great need,
 And imbibed with strong porter he quickly agreed,
 The parson, his Bible he gave then and there,
 We sold it in Nantwich to buy a new bear.

CHORUS:

The new bear, a she-bear, was toast of the town.
 To music and laughter she danced up and down.
 So loudly the cheering would waken the dead.
 It caused the old bear to rise from his bed.

CHORUS:

Pills, potion and brandy induced a deep trance,
 And refreshed by the music he began for to dance.
 He danced down the road causing many a gaze.
 Word quickly spread that the old bear was raised.

CHORUS:

He rolled his dark eye as he spied the she-bear,
 And with an embrace they danced jigs pair-and-pair.
 The cheeses of Cheshire are famed but beware,
 Of stories they tell of the Congleton Bear.

CHORUS:

(John Tams)

COPPER FAMILY CHRISTMAS SONG

The trees are all bare ~ not a leaf is to be seen
 And the meadows their beauty have lost.
 Now winter has come ~ and tis cold for man and beast.
 And the streams they are, ~ and the streams they are
 All fast bound down with frost.

Twas down in yon barnyard ~ where the Oxen feed on straw
 And their breath they send forth like the steam.
 Sweet Betsy the milkmaid ~ its quickly she must go
 For the flakes of ice she finds, ~ for the flakes of ice she finds
 A floating on her cream.

Its now that the small birds ~ in the barn door fly for feed
 And lightly they rest on the spray
 And down the plantation ~ the hares all search for food.
 And lift their footsteps sure, ~ lift their footsteps sure
 For fear they do betray.

Now Christmas as come ~ and our songs is almost done
 For we soon shall have the turn of the year
 So lift up your glasses ~ and let your health go round.
 For we wish you all, for we wish you all
 A joyful New Year.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI CAROL

REFRAINS:

R1: Lullay, lullay, lullay, lullay,

R2: And the falcon hath taken my mate away.

The heron flew east and the heron flew west,

R1:

The heron flew over a fair forest,

R2:

She flew up and she flew down,
She flew over an orchard brown.In that orchard there stands a hall,
Covered all over with purple and pall.In that hall there stands a bed,
Covered all over with purple and red.On that bed there lies a knight,
His wounds do bleed with main and might.From his wounds there runs a flood,
The one half water the other half blood.At the beds' foot there lies a hound,
Licking the blood as it daily runs down.At the bed side there sits a maid,
Sewing a seam with a silver thread.At the other bed side there flowers a thorn,
That never so blossomed since Adam was born.At the beds' head there stands a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.

(Traditional verse put to music of "Down In Yon Forest")

THE COUNTRY CARRIER

CHORUS:

And it's round goes the wheels

And troubles I'll defy

It's jogging along together, me boys

Me rattling mare and I

I am a country carrier, a jovial soul am I

I whistle and sing from morn 'til night and troubles I'll defy

There's one who keeps me company and work she does her share

It's not me wife, on me life! It's me rattling old grey mare

CHORUS:

Now it's up and down the countryside me mare and I do go
The folks they kindly greet us and as we journey too and fro
The young 'uns they all cheer and the old 'uns stop and stare
They lift their eyes at great surprise at Joe and his old grey mare

CHORUS:

Now it's when the loads are heavy and she's struggling up a hill
I by her side assist her, she works with such good fill
She knows I love her well enough because the whip I'll spare
Oh I'd rather hurt myself that hurt me rattling old grey mare

CHORUS:

Now when the town she reaches, she rattles almost home
She lifts her hoofs so splendidly she's not one of your lazy drones
So clear the way for Joe to come you know he'll always care
A driver smart, he carries his cart, Joe and his old grey mare

CHORUS:

Now I would not change my station for the noblest in the land
I could not be prime minister or anything so grand
I could not be John Paddy Graham to live in luxury
There's not a mistake can separate me rattling mare and me

CHORUS:

(Rec: Bursledon Village Band)

COUNTRY LIFE

CHORUS:

I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning.

I like to hear them small birds singin'
Merrily upon the 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.
Best of all the times if choose I may,
Would be ramblin' in the new mown hay.

CHORUS:

In autumn when the oak leaves turn,
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn,
We will cut and stash and stow away,
And go ramblin' in the new mown hay.

CHORUS:

In winter when the skies are gray,
We 'edge and we ditch our times away,
But in the summer when the sun shines gay,
We go ramblin' in the new mown hay.

CHORUS:

Optional 2nd verse:

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

CHORUS)

(Rec: Watersons; Digitrad)

COVENTRY CAROL

Lul - ly, lul - la, thou lit - tle tiny child,
By by, lul - ly, lul - lay, thou lit - tle tiny child ,
By by, lul - ly, lul - lay.

Oh sis - ters too, how may we do, for to pre - serve this day
This poor young - ling, for whom we do sing,
By by, lul - ly lul - lay ?

He - rod, the king, in his rag - ing, char - ged he hath this day,
His men of might, in his --- own sight,
All young chil - dren to slay.

That woe is me, poor child for thee! And e - ver morn and day,
For thy part - ing, neither say --- nor sing
By by, lul - ly lul - lay!

Lul - ly, lul - la, thou lit - tle tiny child,
By by, lul - ly, lul - lay, thou lit - tle tiny child ,
By by, lul - ly, lul - lay.

(Oxford Book of Carols)

THE CRAWL

Well it all began one afternoon on the shores of Ambleside,
 We were sittin there quite peacefully with the risin' of the tide,
 When an idea it came to mind for ta' usher in the Fall,
 And we all agreed next Friday night we'd go out on the crawl.

CHORUS:

Well (and) we're good old boys,
 We come from the North Shore
 Drinkers and carousers the likes you've never seen,
 And this night by god we drink 'til there was no more
 From the Troller to the Raven & all stops in between.

Well we planned to have a gay ol' time the cash we did not spare
 For we left all the cars at home and paid the taxi fare,
 I got out to Horseshoe Bay a little after 5,
 From a table in the corner I heard familiar voices rise.

CHORUS:

Well spirits they ran high that night old stories we did share
 Of the days when we were younger men and never had a care,
 And the beer flowed like a river & we drank the keg near dry,
 So we drank down all our glasses and were thirsty by and by.
 CHORUS:

Park Royal Hotel, The Rusty Gull, Square Rigger and Queens' Cross
 We started off with eight good boys but half had gotten lost,
 and you'll never keep the lads together when their eyes begin
 to roam,

And there were just the three of us when we got to Deep Cove.

CHORUS:

We arrived out at the Raven just in time for the last call,
 The final destination of this the first annual crawl,
 We dug deep into our pockets there was no money to be found,
 Nine miles home and for walking we are bound.

CHORUS: (x2)

(Spirit of the West)

THE CUCKOO'S NEST

As I was a walkin' one morning in May
 I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say,
 For love I'm inclined and I'll tell you me mind
 That me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest

Me darlin, says she, I am innocent and young,
 And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue,
 Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
 That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest.

CHORUS:

Some like a girl who is pretty in the face,
 And some like a girl who is slender in the waist,
 Buit I like a girl who will wriggle and will twist
 At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest.

Then me darlin', says he, If you see it in me eyes,
 Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised,
 For I love you me dear, and I'll marry you, I swear,
 If you'll let me clap my hand upon your cuckoo's nest.

Me darlin, says she, I can do no such thing,
 For me mother often told me it was committing sin,
 Me maidenhead to lose, and me sex to be abused,
 So have no more to do with me cuckoo's nest.

CHORUS

Me darlin', says he, it is not committing sin,
 But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing,
 You were brought into this world to increase and do your best,
 And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest.

Then me darlin, says she, I cannot you deny,
 For you've surely won my heart by the rovin' of your eye,
 Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprise,
 So gently lift your hand in me cuckoo's nest.

CHORUS

So this couple they got married and soon they went to bed,
 And now this pretty fair maid has lost her maidenhead,
 In a small country cottage they increase and do their best,
 And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest.

CHORUS

CURLY HEADED PLOUGHBOY

Oh the Curly Headed Ploughboy has left his team to graze and
 To his delight he's donned his whites for these are dancing days
 Oh the Curly Headed Ploughboy, he straps his bellpads on and
 With flowers fresh upon his hat, he jingles down the lane.

And all the girls will blow a kiss and some will heave a sigh
 As the Curly Headed Ploughboy goes whistling gaily by

(Words by Ashley Hutchings)

CUSHIE BUTTERFIELD

I's a broken-hearted keelman and I's ower heid in love
 With a young lass in Gateside and I call her my dove
 Her name's Cushie Butterfield and she sells yellow clay
 And her cousin is a muckman and they call him Tom Grey
 CHORUS:

She's a big lass and a bonny lass and she likes her beer
 And they call her Cushie Butterfield and I wish she was here

Her eyes is like two holes in a blanket burnt through
 Her brows in a morning would spyen a young cow
 And when I hear her shouting, Will ye buy ay clay?
 Like a candyman's trumpet, it steals my heart away
 CHORUS:

You'll oft see her down in Sandgate when the fresh herring comes in
 She's like a bag full of sawdust tied round with a string
 She wears big galoshes tae, and her stockings once was white
 And her petticoat's violet and her hat's never straight
 CHORUS:

When I axed her to marry me she started to laugh
 Noo, none of your monkey tricks for I like nae such chaff
 Then she started a-bubbling and she roared like a bull
 And the chaps on the quay says I's nowt but a fool
 CHORUS:

She says the chap that gets her must work every day
 And when he comes home and neets he must gan and seek clay
 And when he's away seeking she'll make balls and sing
 Oh weel may the keel row that my laddie's in
 CHORUS:

(George Ridley)

CUTTY WREN

Where are you going said Millda to Molda, Where are you going oh where do you go?
I'm off to the forest said Molda to Millda, I'm off to the forest all in the deep south.

Why are you going says Millda to Molda, Why are you going with all of these men?
You nosy old bleeder said Molda to Millda, You nosy old bleeder we're hunting the wren.

Two dozen hunters says Millda to Molda, Yet you never catch one won't you tell me how?
Its a bloody small target said Molda to Millda, Its a bloody small target you stupid old cow.

Then why do you do it says Millda to Molda, Why do you do it says the wining old voice.
I know it sound silly said Molda to Millda, Its an old a pagan custom and we got no choice.

Would you walk in the forest says Millda to Molda, Would you walk in the forest like an old
pagan man?
We'll go in my motor said Molda to Millda, I've got a Toyota its a four wheel drive van.

Where have you been says Millda to Molda, Where have you been won't you tell me?
Hunting the wren said Molda to Millda, Hunting the wren has your memory gone?

Pray have you got one says Millda to Molda, Pray have you got one please tell I'm all ears.
Yes we're enraptured said Molda to Millda, Its the first one we've captured for two
thousand years,

Where did you catch it says Millda to Molda, Where did you catch it pray tell to me.
We got it at Safeway said Molda to Millda, We got it at Safeway for 55p.

Its not very big though says Millda to Molda, We won't need much stuffing I don't see the
sense.
Of course its not big though said Molda to Millda, Its one of the salient features of wrens.

You should have got a chicken says Millda to Molda, A chicken or a turkey or maybe a
joint.
We should have got a chicken said Molda to Millda, You silly old woman you're missing the
point.

So why hunt the wren then says Millda to Molda, Why hunt the wren then if its such a small
thing?
Its and old pagan custom said Molda to Millda, And hunting the sausage don't have the
same ring.

Where are you going says Millda to Molda, Where are you going says Millda again.
Off to the Arndale said Molda to Millda, To open a shop called Kentucky fried wren.

(Made popular by the late Percy 'Stupid' Sedgwick; Digitrad)

DALESMAN'S LITANY

It's hard when folks can't find their work
where they've been bred and born
When I was young I always thought
I'd bide among fruits and corn
But I've been forced to work in towns
so here's my litany
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, Good Lord deliver me
When I was courting Mary Jane
The old Squire he said one day
I've no room here for wedded folks
Choose whether to wed or stay
Well I couldn't give up the lass that I loved
So to town we had to flee
From Hull and Halifax and Hell, Good Lord deliver me.
I've worked in Leeds and Huddersfield
and addled honest brass
At Bradford, Keighley, Rotterham
I've kept m'bairns and m'lass
I've traveled all three Ridings round
And once I went to sea
From forges, mills and sailing ships, Good Lord deliver me
I've walked at night thru Sheffield lanes
T'was the same as being in Hell
Where furnaces thrust out tongues of fire
and roared like the wind on the fell
And I've shoveled coals in the Barnsley pits
with muck up to m'knee
From Sheffield, Barnsley, Rotterham, Good Lord deliver me.
I've seen fog creeping across Leeds brig
as thick as Bastille soup
I've lived where folks were stowed away
like rabbits in a coop
And I've seen snow float down Bradford Beck
as black as ebony
From Hunslet, Holbeck, Wibsley Slack, Good lord deliver me.
Well now our children are all fled
to the country we've come back
There's forty miles of heathery moor
'twixt us and the coal pits slack
And as I sit by the fire at night
I laugh and shout with glee
From Hull and Halifax and Hell,m Good Lord deliver me.

(Rec: Hart and Prior, "Olde England")

DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION

C G C
They seek him here, they seek him there,
G C C7
His clothes are loud, but never square.
F C Bb A
It will make or break him so he's got to buy the best,
Dm G7 C
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion.

And when he does his little rounds,
'Round the boutiques of London Town,
Eagerly pursuing all the latest fads and trends,
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion.

G C
Oh yes he is (oh yes he is), oh yes he is (oh yes he is).
F C
He thinks he is a flower to be looked at,
F C Bb A
And when he pulls his frilly nylon panties right up tight,
Dm G7 C
He feels a dedicated follower of fashion.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is), oh yes he is (oh yes he is).
There's one thing that he loves and that is flattery.
One week he's in polka-dots, the next week he is in stripes.
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion.

They seek him here, they seek him there,
In Regent Street and Leicester Square.
Everywhere the Carnabetian army marches on,
Each one an dedicated follower of fashion.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is), oh yes he is (oh yes he is).
His world is built 'round discotheques and parties.
This pleasure-seeking individual always looks his best
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion.

Oh yes he is (oh yes he is), oh yes he is (oh yes he is).
He flits from shop to shop just like a butterfly.
In matters of the cloth he is as fickle as can be,
Dm G7 C B Bb A
'Cause he's a dedicated follower of fashion.
Dm G7 C B Bb A
He's a dedicated follower of fashion.
Dm G7 C F C
He's a dedicated follower of fashion.

(Ray Davies)

DELILAH

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her window
I saw the flickering shadows of love on her blind
She was my woman
As she deceived me I watched and went out of my mind

My, my, my Delilah
Why, why, why Delilah
I could see that girl was no good for me
But I was lost like a slave that no man could free

At break of day when that man drove away I was waiting
I crossed the street to her house and she opened the door
She stood their laughing
I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more

My, my, my Delilah
Why, why, why Delilah
So before they come to break down the door
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more
Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more

(Rec: Tom Jones)

THE DERBY RAM

As I was going to market all on a market day
I spied the biggest ram, sir, that ever was spied in May

CHORUS:

And so lay low lay low pitiful laylum lay

This tup was fat behind, sir, his tup was fat before
This tup was nine feet round, sir, if not a little more

CHORUS:

And horns upon this tup they grew and they reached up to the sky
The eagles made their nests within, you could hear the young ones cry

CHORUS:

Yes, horns upon this tup they grew and they reached up to the moon
A little boy went up in January and he didn't get back 'til June

CHORUS:

And all the men of Derby come begging for his tail
To ring St. George's passing bell from the top of Derby jail

CHORUS:

And all the women of Derby come begging for his ears
To make them leather aprons to last them forty years

CHORUS:

And all the boys of Derby come begging for his eyes
To make themselves some footballs 'cos they were of football size

CHORUS:

Took all the men of Derby to carry away his bones
Took all the women of Derby to roll away his stones

CHORUS:

And now my story's over and I have no more to say
Please give us all a New Year's box and we will go away

CHORUS:

(Rec: Watersons , "Frost and Fire")

DIDO, BENDIGO

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

CHORUS:

There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry he was there O,
Traveller, he never looked behind him,
There was Countess, Rover, Bonny Lass and Jover,
These were the hounds that could find him.

Well the first fox being young and this trial just beginning,
He made straight way for his cover.
He's run up yon highest hill and gone down yon lowest gill,
Thinking that he'd find his freedom forever.

CHORUS:

Well the next fox being old, and this trial fast a dawning
He's made straight way for the river.
Well the fox he has jumped in, but hound jumped after him.
It was Traveller who strided him forever.

CHORUS:

Well they've run across the plain, but they've soon returned again,
The fox nor the hounds never failing.
Its been just twelve months today since I heard the squire say,
Ah! forward then, me brave hounds forever

CHORUS:

(Rec: Watersons)

DOWN UPON THE DUGOUT FLOOR

Battered down to the ground
 Down upon the dugout floor
 Hear the whine crease the spine
 Take me to that other shore
 For I'm here in no man's land
 And the world has turned to sand
 Down upon the dugout floor

Young in years - old in fears
 Down upon the dugout floor
 Trapped in time between the lines
 Take me to that other shore
 For I'm here in no man's land
 And the world has turned to sand
 Down upon the dugout floor

Oh can't you hear the mournful cry
 We cannot do but only die
 And here we sit and wonder why
 You and I

My soul can never return home
 On air or land or sea or foam
 Condemned for ever to roam
 Lost and alone

Please don't go, I need to know
 Down upon the dugout floor
 If part of me has set you free
 Take me to that other shore
 For I'm here in no man's land
 And the world has turned to sand
 Down upon the dugout floor

(by Jim Boyes of C,B & S)

DOWN WHERE THE DRUNKARDS ROLL

See the boys out walking, the boys that look so fine,
 They're dressed all in green velvet, their silver buckles shine,
 Soon they'll be bleary ey-ed, under a cask of wine,

CHORUS:

Down where the drunkards roll, Down where the drunkards roll.

See the lovers standing, looking at the ground,
 He's looking for the real thing, but lies is all he found,
 You can find the real th-ing, it'll only cost a pound,

CHORUS:

See the troubled woman, she dreams a troubled dream,
 She lives out on the highway, and keeps her body clean,
 Soon she'll be retur-ning, to a place where she's a queen,

CHORUS:

You can be the gambler, who never turned a hand,
 Oh you can be the sailor who never left dry land,
 You can be Lord Je-sus, all the world will understand,

CHORUS:

See the boys out walking, the boys that look so fine,
 They're dressed all in green velvet, their silver buckles shine,
 Soon they'll be bleary ey-ed, under a cask of wine,

CHORUS:

(Richard Thompson)

DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL

Every morning at six o'clock
 There's fifteen tarriers a working on the rock
 And the boss comes round and he says "Keep still"
 And come down heavy on the cast iron drill and
 CHORUS:

Drill, ye tarriers, Drill. Drill, ye tarriers, Drill
 For it's work all day for the sugar in your tae
 Down behind the railway and drill, ye tarriers drill
 And blast And fire

The cook was a fine man down to the ground
 He married a lady six foot round
 She baked good cakes, and she baked them well
 She baked them harder than the holes in hell.
 CHORUS:

The foreman's name was Jean McCann,
 By God he was a blamed hard man.
 One day a premature blast went off,
 And up in the air went big Jim Goff.
 CHORUS:

When next payday it come around
 Jim Goff a dollar short was found.
 When he asked the reason why,
 You was docked for the time you was up in the sky.
 CHORUS:

(Digitrad)

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY

Come me brave boys, as I've told you before,
 And drink, me brave boys, and we'll boldly call for more,
 For the French they do invade us and they say that they will try,
 They say that they shall come and drink old England dry.

CHORUS:
 Aye dry, aye dry me boys, aye dry,
 (repeat last line of verse)

Supposin' that we should meet with some Germans by the way?
 Ten thousand to one we shall show them British play.
 With our swords and our cutlasses we'll fight until we die.
 Before that they shall come and drink old England dry.

CHORUS:

Then up spoke old Churchill of fame and renown,
 He swears he will be true to his country and his crown,
 For the cannon they shall rattle and the bullets they shall fly, shall fly.
 Before that they shall come and drink old England dry.

CHORUS:

But now we're in Europe and friends we have to be,
 Exchanging Frenchie wine for an English cup of tea,
 But one thing we will fight for and we always will deny
 We'll never let them come and drink old England dry.

CHORUS:

(Songs For and About Drinking, EFDS, Last verse c/o John Bartlett)

DRUNKEN SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor? (x3-typical)

CHORUS:

Err-lie in the morning.

Hoo-ray and up she rises (x3),

Err-lie in the morning.

Make him the Captain of an *Exxon tanker,

CHORUS:

Throw him in a long boat 'til he's sober,

CHORUS:

Tie him by the leg an' then keel haul him,

CHORUS:

Throw him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him,

CHORUS:

Have you ever seen the Captain's daughter,

CHORUS:

That's what we do with a drunken sailor,

CHORUS:

*from Exxon Valdes Tanker disaster

(Many similar version in Rise Up Singing & Digitrad)

EARSDON SWORD DANCE SONG

Come people give ear to my story, We have come for to see you by chance,
Fine heroes I've brought blithe and bonny, Intending to give you a dance,
For isn't this our habitation, The place we were all born and bred,
There are no finer boys in the nation, And none are more gallantly lead.

'Tis not for you gold nor your silver, Nor yet for the gain of your gear,
But we come for to take a weeks pleasure, To welcome the incoming year,
My lads they are all fit for action, With spirits and courage so bold,
They are born of a noble extraction, Their fathers were heroes of old.

And now I will tell of brave Elliott, The first youth that enters the ring,
And so proudly rejoice I do tell it, He fought for his country and king,
When the Spaniards beseig-ed Gibraltar, T'was Elliott defended the place,
And he soon caused their plans for to alter, Some died, others fell in disgrace

Now the last handsome youth that doth enter, Is a lad that is both straight
and tall,
He-e is the son of the great Bonapart, The hero that conquered them all,
He went over the lowlands like thunder, Made nations to quiver and quake,
Many thousands stood gazing in wonder, At the havoc he always did make.

Now you've seen all my fine noble heroes, My fine noble heroes by birth,
And they each bear as noble a character, As any such hero on earth,
If they be as good as their fathers, Their deeds are deserving record,
It is all our old company desires, To see how they handle their swords.

(Rec: Watersons; traditional)

EDGMOND SOULING SONG

There's two or three hearty lads standing hard by,
 We are come a soulin' good nature to try
 We are come a soulin', as well doth appear,
 And all that we soul for is ale and strong beer
 CHORUS

Oh we're come a soulin', oh the soulin' times here,
 And all that we soul for is ale and strong beer.

The streets they are gotten dark, dirty, and cold,
 We are come a soulin', this night we'll make bold,
 We are come a soulin' as well doth appear,
 And all that we soul for is ale and strong beer.
 CHORUS

Abroad in your meadows, alone in your streets,
 If this be a good house we shall have some relief,
 If this be a good house as well doth appear,
 Then all that we soul for is ale and strong beer.
 CHORUS

Look out for your cellar key, your cellar key good dame,
 By walkin' and talkin' you shall get a good name,
 By walkin' and talkin' we've got very dry,
 So I hope my good missus will not us deny.
 CHORUS

Go down to your cellar and there you shall find,
 Both ale, beer, and brandy, and best of old wine,
 And when you are drawin' don't let your heart fail,
 But bring us a jug of your bonny brown ale.
 CHORUS

I pray my good missus don't tarry to spin,
 But look for a jug to draw some drink in,
 And when we have got it, oh then you shall see,
 Oh when we have drunk it, how merry we'll be.
 CHORUS

Now we've come a soulin', it brings us good cheer,
 And when it is over, its never the near,
 Returnin' your thanks for your ale and strong beer,
 And we'll come no more a-soulin' till this time next year.
 CHORUS

note: for Hallowe'en Souling Day

(Mike Ballantyne, Canadian Folk Music Bulletin, v.28, n.3, Sep94)

ESSEQUIBO RIVER

Oh the Essequibo river is the queen of rivers all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo river is the queen of rivers all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:
 Somebody, Oh, Johnny, somebody, Oh!
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!

Oh the Essequibo captain is the king of captains all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo captain is the king of captains all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:

Oh the Essequibo bosun is the king of bosuns all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo bosun is the king of bosuns all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:

Oh the Essequibo sailors are the chief of sailors all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo sailors are the chief of sailors all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:

Oh the Essequibo sallies are the queens of sallies all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo sallies are the queens of sallies all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:

Oh the Essequibo maidens are the queens of maidens all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo maidens are the queens of maidens all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:

Oh the Essequibo river is the king of rivers all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 Oh the Essequibo river is the king of rivers all
 Buddy tanna na, we are somebody, Oh!
 CHORUS:

(Traditional)

EYNESHAM POACHING SONG

Three Eynsham lads went out one day
 To Lord Abingdon's Manor they made their way
 They took some dogs to catch some game
 And soon to Wytham Woods they came

CHORUS:

Laddie-I-O, laddie-I-O

Three jolly young fellows together did go

Laddie-I-O, laddie-I-O

Three jolly young fellows together did go

We had not long been beating there
 Before our spaniel put up a hare
 Up she jumped and away she ran
 At the very same time a pheasant sprang

CHORUS:

We had not beat the woods all through
 Before Barrett, the keeper, came into view
 When we saw the old beggar look
 We made our way to Cassington Brook

CHORUS:

When we got there 'twas full to the brim
 And you'd have laughed to see us swim
 Ten feet of water, of not more
 When we got out, our dogs came o'er

CHORUS:

Over hedges, ditches, gates and rails
 Our dogs followed after, behind our heels
 If he had caught us, say what you will
 He'd have sent us all to Abingdon Gaol

CHORUS:

(Trad; Arr. Fairport Convention)

FANNY FRAIL

Fanny Frail is fair and handsome
 Fanny Frail is fine and free
 Fanny's all right on a Saturday night
 But Sally is the girl for me
 Sally is the girl I fancy
 Sally is the girl for me
 Fanny's all right on a Saturday night
 But Sally is the girl for me

(Traditional; Arr. Silurian MM)

FAREWELL TO SICILY

(The 51st Highland Division's Farewell to Sicily)

The pipie is dozy the pipie is fey
 He wullnae come roon for his vino the day
 The sky o'er Messina is unco and grey
 And a' the bricht chaulmers are eerie

Fareweel ye banks o' Sicily
 Fare ye weel ye valley and shaw
 There's nae Jock will mourn the kyles o' ye
 Puir bluidy squaddies are wearie
 Fareweel ye banks o' Sicily
 Fare ye weel ye valley and shaw
 There's nae hame can smoor the wiles o' ye
 Puir bluidy squaddies are wearie

Then doon the stair and line the waterside
 Wait your turn the ferry's awa
 Then doon the stair and line the waterside
 A' the bricht chaulmers are eerie

The drummie is polisht, the drummie is braw
 He cannae be seen for his webbin awa
 He's beezed himsel' up for a photy and a'
 Tae leave wi' his Lola his dearie

Fare ye weel ye dives o' Sicily
 Fare ye weel ye shieling and ha'
 We'll a' mind shebeens and bothies
 Whaur kind signoritas were cheerie
 Fare ye weel ye banks o' Sicily
 Fare ye weel ye shieling and ha'
 We'll a' mind shebeens and bothies
 Whaur Jock made a date wi' his dearie

Then tune the pipes and drub the tenor drum
 Leave your kit this side o' the wa'
 Then tune the pipes and drub the tenor drum
 A' the bricht chaulmers are eerie

(Words: James Robertson / Hamish Henderson, Sung by The McCalmans, Tune: Farewell to the Creeks)

THE FARMER'S BOY

The sun went down beyond yon hill, across yon dreary moor
 Weary and lame a poor boy came up to a farmer's door
 Can you tell me if any there be that will give to me employ

CHORUS:

For to plough and sow, to reap and mow
 To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy

For me father's dead and mother's left with her five children small
 And what is worse for mother still, I'm the eldest of them all
 Though little I be, I fear no work if you will me employ

CHORUS:

But if you will not me employ, one favour I have to ask
 Please shelter me 'til break of day from this cold winter's blast
 At break of day I'll trudge away elsewhere to seek employ

CHORUS:

"Pray take the lad," the farmer said, "No longer let him seek"
 "Oh, yes, dear father," the daughter she cried, as the tears rolled
 down her cheek

"For those that'll work, it's hard to want and wander for employ"

CHORUS:

In course of time, he grew a man and the good old farmer died
 He left the lad the farm he had and his daughter for his bride
 Now the boy that was, now farmer is, and he sits and thinks with joy
 Of the lucky, lucky day he came that way
 To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy

(English Country Songbook)

THE FARMER'S UNION

Come all you bold young farmers this message ne'er forget
 Though you are strong united we will be stronger yet
 If we stand firm together why soon we'll have our way
 Longer hours for lower wages with shorter holidays

CHORUS:

Join the farmers union, join the favoured few
 Let our pride go yonder, we are the great Farmer's Union

The workers are ungrateful for all that we provide
 If we give them bread they ask for jam on it beside
 If we give them water why then they call for ale
 And if we give them four good walls they want a roof as well

CHORUS:

God made us low and highly, God made us poor and rich
 The farmer in his farmhouse, the poor man in his ditch
 For we are all his children, the greatest and the least
 The working man is equal to any other beast

CHORUS:

The labourer needs labour for idle hands will stray
 The master needs his mistresses lest there be all work no play
 The peasants are revolting but this word to them we send
 Drop your combinations and reveal your wicked ends

CHORUS:

(Sid Kipper)

THE FARMER'S TOAST

(a.k.a. The Jolly Farmer/God Speed the Plough/Success to the Farmer)

Come all jovial fe-llovs, who delight in being me-llow,
 And attend unto me, I beseech thee,
 For a pint when it's qui-et, come boys let us tr-y it,
 For it's thinking that drives a man cra-zy.

CHORUS:

I have lawns, I have bowers, I have fields, I have flowers,
 And the lark is my morning alar-mer,
 So me jolly boys no-w, here's God speed the plou-gh,
 Long life and success to the farmer

Come sit at my ta-ble, all those who are a-ble,
 Let me hear not one word of complaining,
 For the tinkle of gla-sses, all music surpa-sses,
 And I long to hear barrels a drain-ing.

CHORUS:

For here I am ki-ng, I can laugh drink and si-ng,
 And let no man approach as a stranger,
 Just show me the a-ss, who refuses a gla-ss,
 And I'll threat him to hay in the ma-nger.

CHORUS:

Let the wealthy and grea-t, lie in splendor and sta-te,
 I envy them not I declare it,
 I eats my own ha-m, my own chicken and la-mb,
 I shear my own fleece and I we-ar it.

CHORUS:

Spoof verse:

All those wealthy and grea-t, lie in splendor and sta-te,
 Well I envy them not, I declare it,
 For I eats me own ha-m, me own chicken and lamb,
 And I grows me grass, and I smo-kes it.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Hartley MM)

FATHOM THE BOWL

Come all ye brave heroes, give an ear to my song,
 And I'll sing you in praise of good brandy and rum.
 As the clear crystal fountain o'er England shall roll,
 Give me the punch ladle, and I'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus

Fathom the bowl, fathom the bowl
 Give me the punch ladle,
 and I'll fathom the bowl.

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

My Wife, she do disturb me when I'm late at my ease.
 Ah she does as she likes and she says as she please.
 My wife she's a devil, she's as black as the coal.
 Give me the punch ladle, and I'll fathom the bowl.

My father, he do lie in the depths of the sea,
 Cold stone for a pillow, what matter to he?
 With ale and strong cider we'll wake up his soul.
 Give me the punch ladle, and I'll fathom the bowl.

(Rec: Cliff Haslam; Digitrad)

THE FIELD BEHIND THE PLOUGH

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows.
 Feel the trickle in you clothes,
 Blow the dust cake from your nose.
 Hear the tractor's steady roar.
 Oh you can't stop now there's a quarter section more or less to go.

And it figures that the rain keeps it's own sweet time.
 You can watch it come for miles,
 But you guess you've got a while.
 So ease the throttle out a hair.
 Every rod's a gain and there's victory in every quarter mile.

Poor old Kuzyk down the road.
 The heartache and the hoppers brought him down.
 He gave it up and went to town.
 And Emmett Pierce the other day
 Took a heart attack and died at forty-two.
 You could see it coming on 'cause he worked as hard as you.

In an hour, maybe more, you'll be wet clear through.
 The air is cooler now. Pull your hat brim further down
 And watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows.
 Put another seasons promise in the ground.

And if the harvest's any good
 The money just might cover all the loans.
 You've mortgaged all you own.
 Buy the kids a winter coat.
 Take the wife back East for Christmas if you can.
 All summer she hangs on when you're so tied to the land

For the good times come and go, but at least there's rain
 So this won't be barren ground when September rolls around.
 So watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows.
 Put another season's promise in the ground.

Watch the field behind the plow turn to straight dark rows.
 Put another season's promise in the ground.

(Stan Rogers)

THE FIRST OF MAY

Winter time has gone and past O
 Summer time has come at last O
 We shall sing and dance the day
 And follow the Hobby Horse to bring the May

CHORUS:

So, Hail, Hail the first of May O
 For it is the first summer's day O
 Cast your cares and fears away
 Drink to the Old Horse on the first of May

Bluebells they have started to ring O
 And true love it is the thing O
 Love on any other day
 Is never the same as on the first of May
 CHORUS:

Never let it come to pass O
 We should fail to raise a glass O
 Unto those now gone away
 And left us the Hobby Horse to bring the May
 CHORUS:

(Repeat 1st verse)

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

(Rec. Beggars Velvet)

FIVE CONSTIPATED MEN

The first, first constipated man
 Was Cain, he wasn't Abel, (Repeat).

CHORUS:

There were five, five, constipated men
 In the bible, in the bible,
 There were five, five, constipated men
 In the five books of Moses.

The second, second constipated man
 Was Balaam, he couldn't move his ass, (Repeat).

CHORUS:

The third, third constipated man
 Was Moses, he took two tablets, (Repeat).

CHORUS:

The fourth, fourth constipated man
 Was Solomon, he sat for forty years, (Repeat).

CHORUS:

The fifth, fifth constipated man
 Was Samson, he brought the house down, (Repeat).

CHORUS:

(by Carl Gewertz; Digitrad)

FOLKLIFE BOUND

It's Christmas and you guessed it, here's that time of year again,
 An application form, a deadline January ten,
 If it comes any earlier, we'll be mailing it in Fall,
 It's hard to think of Folklife when the holly decks the hall.

CHORUS:

But we're Folklife bound,
 Way down in Puget Sound,
 For 25 years we've heard the cheers from crowds all gathered 'round,
 Folklife bound.

Folkfest is to us the thing that really signals Spring,
 It's Whitsentide, and people love to dance & play & sing,
 An amateur eclectic feast of multicultural fun,
 And yet to some it's merely char-broiled salmon on a bun.

CHORUS:

We're Hal-an-Tow, we're singers from that country to the north,
 We've traveled many days by dog-sled, chased by bear & wolf,
 We do it all for nothing, for the joy of being here,
 But if we're really honest, we just do it for the beer.

CHORUS:

But too soon it's over and we're homeward bound again,
 The smiling kids, the jugglers and the mimes that entertain,
 Goodbye the pounding drummers and the haunting didgeridoo,
 And to that strawberry shortcake, we must bid a fond adieu.

CHORUS:

(Words, S. Cleary - Tune, Ron Angel)

FOLLOWING THE OLD 'OSS

Here's adieu to winter's wailing.
 From now on it's plain sailing.
 Summer is a coming today
 As we welcome the first of May

Chorus: And we're following the Old 'Oss through the town.
 And we're following the Old 'Oss Padstow round.
 All on a bright May morning
 All on the first of May.

And we'll rise in the morning early
 And remember John and Charlie,
 By the Golden Lion we'll stand and greet
 The Old 'Oss on to the street.

Chorus

And there'll be no cries nor cribbin'
 We're not wear blue ribbon.
 It's the Old Red Horse and a crate of beer
 That brings us our good cheer.

Chorus

And we'll sing from morn till nighttime.
 For our song it's the right time.
 Early in Padstow will you hear
 The day song loud and clear.

Chorus

(Tony Deane)

THE FOX

Now the fox came out one wintry night and prayed to the moon to give him light

With many a mile to go that night before he reached his den O!

CHORUS:

(Repeat last two words, twice, then repeat whole of last line)

At last he came to a farmer's yard where the ducks and the geese were all afield

"The best of you shall grease my beard before I leave this town O!

CHORUS:

Now he grabbed the grey goose by the neck and laid the duck across his back

And heeded not their "Quack, quack, quack", with their legs all dangling down O!

CHORUS:

Now old mother Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed and down to the window and popped her head

Yelling, "John, John, John, the grey goose is gone and the fox is gone o'er the wall O!

CHORUS:

Now old John rushed out o'er the top of the hill and blowed his horn both loud and shrill

"Blow on," said the fox, "your music still whilst I trot home to me den O!

CHORUS:

At last he reached his cozy den where sat his young ones, eight or ten
Quote they, "Oh, Daddy, you must go there again for sure 'tis a lucky town O!"

CHORUS:

And the fox and his wife without any strife they carved up the goose without fork or knife

And said 'twas the best they'd ever tasted in their life and the young ones nibbled on the bones O!

CHORUS:

(Trad. - Arr. The Young Tradition)

FURZE FIELD

I have got a furze field, me own dearest jewel,

Where all me fine pheasant's do fly;

And if you come a shootin' when shootin's in season,
I'll tell you love how to proceed.

You'll bring your dogs with you, your gun in your hand,
All loaded and primed and all at your command.

When pheasants take flight, you must take sight,

You shoot the next moment, you're sure to be right.

I have got a fish pond, me own dearest jewel,

Where all me fine fishes do swim;

And if you come a fishin', when fishin's in season,
I'll tell you love how to begin.

You bring your rod with you, your line in your hand,
Your hooks and your angles all at your command.

When you throw it all the fishes will play,

And it's down to the bottom, love that's the right way.

I have got a warren, me own dearest jewel,

Where all me fine rabbits do run.

And if you come a ferretin' when ferretin's in season,
I'll show you love how to begin.

You'll bring your dogs with you, your ferret in your hand,
Your nets and your shovels all at your command.

And the ferrets will bolt and the rabbits will play,

And it's down to the bottom, love that's the right way.

And I have got a deer park, me own dearest jewel,

Where all me fine deer I do keep.

And if you come a huntin' when huntin's in season,
I'll tell you love how to proceed.

You bring your dog with you, your nag in your hand,
All saddled and bridled and at your command.

And the deer they will prow and the dogs they will brawl,

And it's ah gee-up Dobbin at that they will fall.

Now some do like a huntin' and some do like game,

And shootin's the pheasant is gentleman's game.

But fishin' in fish pond is all my delight,

You shoot the next moment, you're sure to be right.

(Rec: Watersons, "Green Fields")

THE GALLANT HUSSAR

A damsel possessed of great beauty, She stood by her own father's gate,
The gallant hussars were on duty, To view them this maiden did wait;
Their horses were capering and prancing, Their accoutrements shone like a star,
From the plain they were nearest advancing, She espied her young gallant hussar.

Their pellisses were slung on their shoulders, so careless they seemed for to ride,
So warlike appeared these young soldiers, with glittering swords by each side.
To the barracks next morning so early, this damsel she went in her car,
Because she loved him sincerely- young Edward, the gallant Hussar.

It was there she conversed with her soldier, these words he was heard for to say,
Said Jane, I've heard none more bolder, to follow my laddie away.
O fie! said young Edward, be steady, and think of the dangers of war,
When the trumpet sounds I must be ready, so wed not your gallant Hussar.

For twelve months on bread and cold water, my parents confined me for you,
O hard-hearted friends to their daughter, whose heart it is loyal and true;
Unless they confine me for ever, or banish me from you afar,
I will follow my soldier so clever, to wed with my gallant Hussar.

Said Edward, Your friends you must mind them, or else you are for ever undone,
They will leave you no portion behind them, so pray do my company shun.
She said, If you will be true-hearted, I have gold of my uncle in store,
From this time no more we'll be parted, I will wed with my gallant Hussar.

As he gazed on each elegant feature, the tears they did fall from each eye,
I will wed with this beautiful creature, and forsake cruel war, he did cry.
So they were united together, friends think of them now they're afar,
Crying; Heaven bless them now and for ever, young Jane and her gallant Hussar.

(Rec. Shirley Collins)

THE GAS MAN COMETH

'Twas on the Monday morning the gas man came to call
The gas tap wouldn't turn, I wasn't getting gas at all
He tore out all the skirting boards to try and find the main
And I had to call a carpenter to put them back again

CHORUS:

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

'Twas 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 put them all to right"
Then he nailed right through a cable, and out went all the lights

CHORUS:

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

'Twas on the Thursday morning the glazier came along
With his blow torch and his putty and his merry glazier song
He put another pane in, it took no time at all
But I had to get a painter in to come and paint the wall
CHORUS:

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

On Saturday and Sunday, they do no work at all
So it was on the Monday morning that the gas man came to call

(Flanders & Swann)

GENESIS HALL

My father he rides in your ships
And I know he would never mean harm
But to see both sides of a quarrel
Is to judge without hate or love

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, helpless and slow
And you don't have anywhere to go

You take away homes from the homeless
And leave them to die in the cold
The gypsy who begged for your presents
He will laugh in your face when you're old

CHORUS:

Well, one man he drinks up his whiskey
Another he drinks up his wine
And they'll drink till their eyes are red with hate
For those of a different kind

CHORUS:

When the rivers run thicker than trouble
I'll be there at your side in the flood
It was all I could do to keep myself
From taking revenge of blood

CHORUS:

(Richard Thompson)

GETTING UPSTAIRS

Some like coffee, some like tea,
Some like a pretty girt just like me
Such a getting upstairs and playing on the fiddle
Such a getting upstairs I never did see.

(Traditional)

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill
 And o'er the moor and valley
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill
 Since parting with my Sally
 I seek no more the fine or gay
 For each does but remind me
 How swift the hours did pass away
 With the girl I left behind me

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night
 The stars were bright above me
 And gently lent their silvery light
 When first she vowed to love me
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp
 Kind Heaven, then pray guide me
 And bring me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair
 Her eyes like diamond shining
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste
 May leave the swan repining
 Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer
 To my beauteous fair to bind me
 And send me safely back again
 To the girl I left behind me

The bee shall honey taste no more
 The dove become a ranger
 The falling waves shall cease to roar
 Ere I shall seek to change her
 The vows we registered above
 Shall ever cheer and bind me
 In constancy to her I live
 The girl I left behind me

(Traditional; numerous derivative versions in Digitrad)

GLORIOUS ALE

When I was a young lad my father did say,
 "The summer is coming, it's time to make hay.
 Now when hay is carted don't you never fail,
 To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale.

CHORUS:

Ale, ale, glorious ale!
 Served up in pewter it tells its own tale.
 Some folks like radishes,
 Some curleye kale,
 But give I boiled parsnips,
 And a great dish of taters,
 And a lump of fatty bacon,
 And a pint of good ale!

Our MP's in parliament, our safety to keep.
 We hope now we put him there, he won't sit and sleep.
 But they'll all have my vote if they never fail,
 To keep down the price of a pint of good ale.

CHORUS:

Now take all tea-totalers, they drink water neat.
 Well it must rot their gutses and give them damp feet.
 But if you'll take my advice then you'll never fail,
 Just fill up your glass with a pint of good ale.

CHORUS:

(Sunset MM Songbook; Digitrad)

GOOD ALE

It is of good ale to you I'll sing.
 And to good ale I'll always cling.
 I like my mug filled to the brim,
 And I'll drink all you'd like to bring.

CHORUS:

Oh good ale, thou art my darling.
 Thou art my joy, both night and morning.

It is you that helps me with my work.
 And from the task I'll never shirk.
 While I can get a good home brew,
 And better than one pint I like two.

CHORUS:

I love you in the early morn.
 I love you in daylight, dark or dawn.
 And when I'm weary, work or spent,
 I'll turn the tap and ease the vent.

CHORUS:

It is you that makes my friends my foes.
 It is you that makes me wear old clothes.
 But since you come so near my nose,
 It's up you comes and down you goes.

CHORUS:

And if all my friends from Adam's race.
 Was to meet me here all in this place.
 I could part with them without a tear,
 Before I'd part from my good beer.

CHORUS:

And if my wife should me despise.
 How quickly I'd give her two black eyes.
 But if she loved me as I love thee,
 What a happy couple we would be.

CHORUS:

You have caused me debts and I've often swore.
 I never would drink strong ale any more.
 But you for all that I'll forgive,
 And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Coppers. Songs For and About Drinking)

GOWER WASSAIL SONG

A wassail, a wassail, throughout our town,
 Our cup it is white and our ale it is brown,
 Our wassail is made of the good ale and true,
 Some nutmeg and ginger, it's the best we can brew.

CHORUS:

Fol-de-dol, fol-de-dol-de-dol,
 Fol-de-dol-de-dol, fol-de-dol-de-dee,
 Fol-de-der-o, fol-de-daddy, Sing tu-ra-lye-do!

Our wassail is made of the elderberry bough,
 And so my good neighbour, we'll drink unto thou,
 Besides all on earth, you'll have apples in store,
 Pray let us come in for it's cold by the door.

CHORUS:

There's a master and a mistress sitting down by the fire,
 While we poor wassail boys do wait in the mire,
 And so pretty maid with your silver headed pin,
 Please open the door and let us come in.

CHORUS:

We know by the moon that we are not too soon,
 And we know by the sky that we are not too high,
 We know by the star that we are not too far,
 And we know by the ground that we are within sound.

CHORUS:

Here's our wassail boys, growing weary and cold,
 Drop a bit of small silver into our ol' bowl,
 And if we're alive, for another new year,
 Perhaps we may call and see who do live here.

(The word WASSAIL comes from the Anglo-Saxon "wes hal," meaning "be whole"-a greeting for "good health!" The wassailers traveled from house to house singing, with a wooden wassail cup or bowl which their hosts were expected to fill.

Gower is in S.Wales.)

(Rec: Watersons)

THE GREAT BELL

Solo: In an old village called Churdling-cum Strandal
 Chorus: Whack, whack go kick a neighbour,
 Solo: They did have a church with a steeple so grand-o
 Chorus: Fol diddle, diddle di do I hate my old mum.
 Solo: For hundreds of years now that bell in that steeple
 Chorus: Whack, whack spreading the muck round,
 Solo: Had never been heard by the village's people
 Chorus: Fol diddle, diddle di do may I leave the room?

REFRAIN:

Rum tiddle, tiddle, tum, tiddle, tiddle scum on the water,
 Lint in your navel and sand in your tea.
 (Musical repeat last line.)

Solo: In old days the squire had a beautiful daughter
 Ch: Whack, whack Nina and Frederick.
 So: She loved the poor verger and one day dad caught her
 Ch: Fol diddle, diddle di do, I just hurt my foot.
 So: "I love him dear dad" she said tears she was shedding
 Ch: Whack, whack, half day on Thursday,
 So: "Quite likely" said father and battered her head in
 Ch: Fol diddle, diddle di do, superfluous hair.

REFRAIN:

So: And then as she lay there all dead like and messy
 Ch: Whack, whack, go burst your ulcer.
 So: The bell started ringing to mourn for poor Bessie
 Ch: Fol diddle, diddle di do, I think I feel sick.
 So: Then just yesterday a young couple went walking
 Ch: Whack, whack, go stand on your head now.
 So: Beneath that same bell of which I have been talking.
 Ch: Fol diddle, diddle di do, and one for his knob.

REFRAIN:

So: They stopped and he cuddled her waist young and supple
 Ch: Whack, whack, Lord Baden-Powell.
 So: And down fell the bell right on to the young couple
 Ch: Fol diddle, diddle di do, here's mud in your eye.
 So: The moral I give more in sorrow than anger
 Ch: Whack, whack, egg beans and sausage.
 So: Make love 'neath a bell and you might drop a clanger
 Ch: Fol diddle, diddle di do and that's your damn luck.

REFRAINx2:

(Marty Feldman)

THE GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

Farewell to our lovers and our kind relations
 Farewell to the homes we love well
 There is never an ending to our tribulations
 They've damned us like sinners to Hell
 CHORUS:
 Here's adieu
 Here's adieu to the green fields of England now we're parting from you

The sweet fetters of love they are wrenching asunder
 As they tear us from sweethearts and wives
 And on some foreign shore we are sentenced to wander
 In exile the rest of our lives
 CHORUS

From Devon, from Derby, from Wiltshire, from Wales
 From Norwich and Newrick and Crewe
 We are hearded together from verminous gaols
 And like vermin are forced from our homes
 CHORUS

There's cheats and codplusses? and rogues with no name
 There's swindlers and sheep stealers bold
 There's poor poaching fellows took nothing but game
 And there's foot-tacks? Took nothing but gold
 CHORUS

There's coiners and flippers? And ladies of pleasure
 There's dicers? And drunkards and all
 There's butchers and bakers who dealt in short measure
 And a few who have broken no law
 CHORUS

There's some who expected to go to the scaffold
 There's other who thought to go free
 But now one and all lie a-hulked and shackled
 And together must plough the salt sea
 CHORUS

There's some of our number are handsome and hearty
 There's others the voyage will mend
 But there's never a soul of our miserable party
 Will live to see England again
 CHORUS

So farewell to all judges so kind and forgiving
 Farewell to your prisons and cells
 For though we must leave all that makes life worth living
 We are leaving you bastards as well
 CHORUS
 CHORUS

(Peter Bellamy)

GREEN GROWETH THE HOLLY

Green grow'th the holly,
So doth the ivy,
Though winter blasts blow ne'er so high,
Green grow'th the holly.

Gay are the flowers,
Hedgerows and plough-lands,
The days grow longer in the sun,
Soft fall the showers.

Full gold the harvest,
Grain for thy labour,
With God must work for daily bread,
Else man thou starvest.

Fast fall the shed leaves,
Russet and yellow,
But resting -buds are snug and safe,
Where swung the dead leaves.

Green grow'th the holly,
So doth the ivy,
The God of life can never die,
Hope saith the holly.

(Oxford Book of Carols)

GREY FUNNEL LINE

Don't mind the wind nor 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 fades away
CHORUS:
It'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'll fly up harbor to the one I love
CHORUS:

There was a time my heart was free
Like a floating spar on the open sea
But now that spar is washed ashore
It comes to rest at my real love's door.
CHORUS:

Every time I gaze behind the screws
Makes me long for St. Peter's shoes
I'd walk on down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again
CHORUS:

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

I'll pass the time like some machine
Until blue water turns to green
Then I'll dance down that Walker Shore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.
CHORUS:

NB: The Grey Funnel Line = the British Navy

(Cyril Tawney)

HAL-AN-TOW

Since Man was first created, his works have been debated,
And we have celebrated the coming of the Spring

CHORUS:

Hal-an-tow, jolly Rumbellow,
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.

Take no scorn to wear the horn, it was the crest when you were born,
Your father's father wore it and your father wore it too.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS:

Robin Hood and Little John, have both come to the fair oh,
And we shall to the merry green wood, to hunt the buck and hare oh.

CHORUS:

God bless Aunt Mary Moses and all her power and might oh,
And send us peace to England, send peace by day and night oh.

CHORUS:

Optional first verse (Waterson's, circa 1966)
Since man was first created, his works have been debated
And we have celebrated the coming of the Spring
Chorus:

(Rec: Waterson's, "Frost and Fire")

HAPPY MAN

How happy's that man that's free of all fear,
That loves to make merry,
That loves to make merry,
O'er a drop of good beer.

CHORUS:

With is pipe and his friends,
puffing hours away,
Singing song after song,
'Til he hails the new day.
He can laugh dance and sing,
And smoke without fear,
Be as happy as a king,
'Til he hails the new year.

How happy's that man who lives without strife.

He envies no other,
He envies no other,
As he travels through life.

CHORUS:

How happy's that man who loves a good jig?
He'll drink up a barrel,
He'll drink up a barrel,
And take one more swig.

CHORUS:

(Our seaman of old,
They fear not their foes
They throw away discord,
They throw away discord,
And to mirth they're inclined)

(Digitrad; Sunset MM Songbook)

HARD CHEESE OF OLD ENGLAND

There's Cheddar and Cheshire and Lancashire too,
Leicester's bright orange and Stilton is blue.

It waxes so lyrical, what can you do but sing,

CHORUS:

Oh the hard cheese of old England,
In old England very hard cheese.

Derby got green bits because of the sage,
And when it gets older its kept in a cage.

What does it hum when it reaches this age but,

CHORUS:

They say double Gloucester is twicest as nice,
They say double Gloucester there, I've said it twice,
Its nice in potatoes but nicest in mice.

CHORUS:

Those damn foreigners aren't worth a mention,
Old Gorgonzolas is renowned for it stench,
His brother Emil wrote novels in French and sing,
CHORUS:

There's Swaledale and Wendslydale, Rutland to add,
Shropshire and Cornish you may not have had,
It's not bad on salads this ballad's not sad and sing,

CHORUS:

My young love said to me my mother won't mind,
And my father once liked you for your lack of rind,
No cheese greater love for his food than mankind.

CHORUS:

(Digitrad)

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;

There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;

Oh Hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

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

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;

Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

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, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh hard times come again no more.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS:

(Stephen Foster)

HARD TIMES OF OLD ENGLAND

Come all brother tradesman that travel alone
 O, pray come and tell me where the trade is all gone
 Long time I have travelled and cannot find none
 And it's O, the hard times of Old England
 In Old England very hard times

Provisions you buy in the shop it is true
 But if you've no money there's none there for you
 So what's a poor man and his family to do?
 And its O, the hard times of Old England
 In Old England very hard times

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job
 They will answer you there with a shake and a nod
 It's enough to make poor folks turn out to rob
 And its O, the hard times of Old England
 In Old England very hard times

You will see the poor tradesmen a-walking the street
 From morning to night for employment to seek
 And scarcely they have any shoes to their feet
 And its O, the hard times of Old England
 In Old England very hard times

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war
 Been fighting for king and for country sure
 Come home to be starved better stayed where they were
 And its O, the hard times of Old England
 In Old England very hard times

So come all working people and stand to your ground
 If we all pull together we can turn it around
 Freedom is turning the world upside down
 And its O, the good times of Old England
 In Old England very good times

So now to conclude and to finish my song
 Let us hope that these hard times will not last long
 And I might have occasion to alter my song
 And its O, the good times of Old England
 In Old England very good times

(Rec: Copper family and Roy Bailey)

HARVEST HOME
(for Sept/Labour Day)

Your hay it is mowed and your corn is reaped,
 Your barns will be full and your hovel's heaped.
 Come boys, come. Come boys, come,
 And merrily roar out Harvest Home.

CHORUS

Harvest Home. Harvest Home,
 Come merrily roar out Harvest Home.

We've cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again,
 For why should a blockhead have one in ten.
 One in ten. One in ten.

For why should a blockhead have one in ten.

CHORUS

One in ten, one in ten,
 For why should a blockhead have one in ten.

For prating so long like a book-learned sot,
 Till pudding and dumpling do burn to the pot,
 Burn to pot. Burn to pot.
 Till pudding and dumpling do burn to the pot.

CHORUS

Burn to pot. Burn to pot,
 Till pudding and dumpling do burn to the pot.

We'll toss off our ale till we cannot stand,
 And "hey!" for the honour of old England.
 Old England, Old England,
 And "hey" for the honour of old England

CHORUS

Old England, Old England,
 And "hey" for the honour of old England

(Purcell/Dryden, King Arthur - 1691)

HARVEST HOME SONG

Here's an 'ealth unto the master,
 He's the founder of the feast,
 We 'ope to god with all our hearts,
 That his soul in heaven do rest,
 Here's hoping that he prospers,
 What ever he takes in hand,
 For we are all his servants,
 And we are at his command.

CHORUS:

So drink, boys drink and see that you do not spill,
 F—or if you do you shall drink two,
 For that is our master's will.

And now we're drank the master's health,
 Why shouldn't the missus go free,
 Why shouldn't she go to heaven,
 To heaven as well as he,
 For she is a good provider,
 Abroad as well as at home,
 So take your cup and sup it up,
 For 'tis our harvest home
 CHORUS: CHORUS:

(Rec: Waterson's "Pence & Spicy Ale)

HELSTON MAY CAROL

Robin Hood and Little John have both come to the fair O,
 And we will to the jolly green wood to see what they do there O
 And for to chase O, to chase the buck and doe.

CHORUS

Hal n' tow, jolly rumble O
 We were up, long before the day O,
 To welcome in the summer,
 To welcome in the May-O,
 For summer is a comin' in,
 And winter's gone away O.

What happened to the Spaniards that made so great a boast O,
 Why they shall eat the feather-ed goose, and we shall eat the roast O,
 In every land, the land where 'ere we go.

CHORUS

As for that good knight Saint George, St. George he was a knight O,
 Of all the knights in Christendom, St. George he is the right O,
 In every land, the land where 'ere we go.

CHORUS

God bless Aunt Mary Moses and all her power and might O,
 And send us peace to England, send peace by day and night O,
 And send us peace to England, for now and ever more.

CHORUS

(adapted from the Watersons, 'Frost and Fire'
 and Peter Kennedy, Folksongs of Britain and Ireland)

HERE WE COME A-WASSAILING

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green
 Here we come a-wondering so fairly to be seen
 Now is winter time strangers travel far and near
 And we wish you, send you a happy new year.

Bud and blossom, bud and blossom, bud and bloom and bear
 So we may have plenty of cider for next year
 Apples and in capfuls and in bushel bags and all
 And there's cider running out of every gutter hole.

Down there in the muddy lane there sits an old red fox
 Starving and a-shivering and licking his old chops
 Bring us out your table and spread it if you please
 And give us hungry wassailers a bit of bread and cheese.

I've got a little purse and it's made of leather skin
 A little silver sixpence, it would line it well within
 Now is winter time, strangers travel far and near
 And we wish you, send you a happy new year.

Optional 2nd verse:

(We hope that all your barley will prosper fine, and grow,
 So that you will have plenty and a bit more to bestow
 We hope your withers they grow fat and likewise all your ewes
 And where they had one lamb, we hope they will have two).

(AL Lloyd's Folk Songs of England)

HERE'S TO THE GROG

I've got a coat and a knobby, knobby coat,
 I've got a coat a-seen a lot of rough weather,
 For the sides are near worn out and the back is flying about,
 And the lining's looking out for better weather.

CHORUS:

Here's to the grog, boys, the jolly, jolly grog,
 Here's to the rum and tobacco,
 I've a-spent all my tin on the lassies drinking gin,
 And to cross the briny ocean I must wander.

I've got me breeches, me knobby, knobby breeches,
 I've got breaches a-seen a lot of rough weather,
 For the pouch is near wore out and the seat's all flying about,
 And me knees are looking out for better weather.

CHORUS:

I've got a shirt a knobby, knobby shirt,
 I've got a shirt a-seen a lot of rough weather,
 For the collars near wore out and the sleeves are flying about,
 And me tails looking out for better weather.

CHORUS:

I've got me boots, me knobby, knobby boots,
 I've got boots a-seen a lot of rough weather,
 For the bottoms near worn out and the heels are flying out,
 And me toes are looking out for better weather,

CHORUS:

I've got a tile, a knobby, knobby tile,
 I've got a tile a-seen a lot of rough weather,
 For the brim it is worn out and the crown is flying about,
 And the lining's looking out for better weather.

CHORUS:

(Folksongs of Britain and Ireland, R: A.L. Lloyd)

HEY DO THE MORRIS DANCE

Here's a dance that's easy to do
 And it'll make you fertile to
 With britches white and a hat from the florist

Now get ready to do the Morris

CHORUS:

Hey do the Morris dance
 Hey let's process and prance
 Up and down and round and round
 Until you fall down on the ground

Pick your bells and sticks up quick
 Now we're going to get rustic
 Get some drunks to play a tune
 And you'll be Morris dancing soon

CHORUS

Tuck your trousers in your socks
 Grow a beard and wear a smock
 Drink 'til you can hardly stand
 Now you are a Morris man

CHORUS

Now a fool we will need too
 Any one of you will do
 Let him be nimble, let him be quick
 Let him wave his bladder on a stick

CHORUS

Now you take your hankies out
 Hold them up and shake them about
 Hit each other with your stick
 And that is all there is to it

CHORUS

While you take part in this frolic
 Remember that it's all symbolic
 God bless the crops and speed the plough
 And all by jumping up and down

CHORUS

(Sid Kipper)

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

The holly and the ivy, When they are both full grown,
 Of all the trees that are in the wood, The holly bears the crown.

CHORUS:

Oh, the rising of the sun, And the running of the deer,
 The playing of the merry organ, Sweet singing all in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom, As white as the lily flower,
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To be our sweet Savior.

CHORUS:

The holly bears a berry, As red as any blood,
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, To do poor sinners good.

CHORUS:

The holly bears a prickle, As sharp as any thorn,
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, On Christmas Day in the morn.

CHORUS:

The holly bears a bark, As bitter as the gall,
 And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ, For to redeem us all.

CHORUS:

The holly and the ivy, When they are both full grown,
 Of all the trees that are in the wood, The holly bears the crown.

CHORUS:

(International Book of Xmas Carols by Ehret & Evans)

THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY

Now the holly she bears a berry, as white as the milk.
And Mary she bore Jesus, who was wrapped up in silk.

CHORUS:

And Mary she bore Jesus our savior to be,
And the first tree that's in the greenwood,
It was the holly, holly, holly,
And the first tree that's in the greenwood,
It was the holly.

Now the holly she bears a berry, as green as the grass,
And Mary she bore Jesus, who died on the cross.

CHORUS:

Now the holly she bears a berry, as black as the coal,
And Mary she bore Jesus, who died for us all.

CHORUS:

Now the holly she bears a berry, as blood it is red,
And we trust in our savior, who rose from the dead.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Waterson's "Frost and Fire")

HOLMFIRTH ANTHEM

Abroad for pleasure as I was a walking,
On one Summers', Summers' evening clear,
Abroad for pleasure as I was a walking,
On one Summers', Summers' evening clear,
There I met a most beautiful damsel,
Lamenting for her shepherd swain,
Lamenting for her shepherd swain.

The fairest evening that e'er I beheld thee,
Ever more with the lad (or lass) I adore,
The fairest evening that e'er I beheld thee,
Ever more with the lad (or lass) I adore,
Wilt thou go fight the French and Spaniards,
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear,
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear.

No more to yon green banks will I take me,
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs,
No more to yon green banks will I take me,
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs,
But I will take me to yon green gardens,
Where the pretty flowers grow,
Where the pretty, pretty flowers grow.

(Source: Holme Valley Beagles, Rec: Watersons)

HOME

CHORUS:

Home, home, home,
 The evening is ending , the landlord is sending me
 Home, home, home,
 Night now is falling, the day-job is calling me home.

All the worries and cares that we wear through the day
 We cast off for a while, let the child out to play
 And we dance till we ache, and escape into song,
 And we drink and we talk till the evening's all gone.
 Then it's home, home, home...(chorus)

Back to the real world with memories to hold
 We all meet again, and old stories are told
 When time meets the truth and the seeds have been sown
 Tall tales become history and the stories have grown.
 Then it's home, home, home...(chorus)

Tears of sadness and joy, friends who've left us in style
 Through the songs and the stories, they return for a while
 Then we wave them farewell, till the next time we meet
 And then walk out again on May Morning so sweet.
 Then it's home, home, home...(chorus)

We cast off for the last time, we dipped, dived, and dipped
 No more chains left to hold us, all our willows are stripped
 Though the farewells are hard and the partings are long
 Still there's no finer feeling than to float on a song.
 Slowly, home, home, home...(chorus)

(Artisan)

HOMELESS WASSAIL

Em D Bm
 Wassail, wassail all over the town
 Em D G A
 Our cup is white and our ale is brown
 Em D Bm
 But huddled on this iron grate
 Em D G A
 We poor and hungry curse our fate
 CHORUS

G D Em
 No wassail bowl for such as these
 Em D Em Bm
 No turkey scraps, no ale nor cheese
 C D Em
 It's Christmas Eve our heart's desire
 Em D G A
 Is a bottle of gin and a trashcan fire

Good Christian mind as home you go
 With dreams of holly and mistletoe
 That the holly bears a dreadful thorn
 For those who wake to a frozen dawn
 CHORUS

Oh where is he, that holy child
 Once born of Mary, meek and mild
 And whither peace, goodwill to men
 Now and forever more, amen
 CHORUS

All yee who dine with face a'glow
 In Reginenci trio
 Pray pause awhile at pleasure's door
 And sup some sorrow with the poor
 CHORUS

Wassail, wassail all over the town
 Our cup is white and our ale is brown
 This cold and hunger pain and care
 Sweet Jesus Christ it's hard to bear

(Ian Robb)

HONKY TONK WOMAN

G C
 I met a gin-soaked bar-room queen in Memphis
 G A D
 She tried to take me upstairs for a ride
 G C
 She had to heave me right across her shoulders
 G D G
 'Cause I just can't seem to drink her off my mind

Chorus:

G D G
 She's a honky tonk honky tonk woman
 G D G
 Gimme gimme gimme that honky tonk love
 G D G
 She's a honky tonk honky tonk woman
 G D G
 Gimme gimme gimme that honky tonk love

I laid her some folks day in New York City
 I had to put up some kind of a fight
 The lady then she covered me with roses
 She blew my nose and then she blew my mind
 Chorus

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Em G A C
 There is a house in New Orleans
 Em G B
 They call the Rising Sun
 Em G A C
 It's been the ruin of many a poor boy
 Em B7 Em
 And God, I know, I'm one

My mother was a tailor
 Sew my new blue jeans
 My father was a gambling man
 Down in New Orleans

The only thing a gambler needs
 Is a suitcase and a trunk
 And the only time he's satisfied
 Is when he's all a-drunk

Oh mother tell your children
 Not to do what I have done
 Spend your life in sin and misery
 At the house of the Rising Sun

I got one foot on the platform
 The other foot on the train
 I'm going down to New Orleans
 To wear that ball and chain

Repeat 1st verse

THE HUNGRY ARMY

When I was young and in my prime
 I thought I'd go and join the line
 And as a soldier cut a shine
 In the glorious hungry army
 The sergeant said "You're just the chap"
 And placed a knapsack on my back
 And sent me off to Ballarat
 In the glorious hungry army

CHORUS

Sound the bugle, blow the horn
 Fight for glory night and morn
 Hungry soldiers ragged and torn
 Just returned from the army

They sent me out to drill one day
 The wind was rather strong that day
 In fact it blew us all away
 The glorious hungry army
 I've got a medal, here you see
 The workhouse presented it to me
 For hanging from a rotten tree
 When a wind blew away the army
 CHORUS

They cuts my hair with a knife and fork
 They curled it with a cabbage stalk
 They fed me on fresh air and talk
 In the glorious hungry army
 They dished it out in an old tin can
 A teaspoonful for every man
 I got so fat I could hardly stand
 In the glorious hungry army
 CHORUS

They sent me out to drill recruits
 Who kicked me with their hobnailed boots
 Oh take away those awful brutes
 From the glorious hungry army
 And now my friends I must be off
 I think I smell that mutton broth
 Here comes generals howl and scoff
 Later a hungry army
 CHORUS

(Walter Pardon)

THE HUNT IS UP

The east is bright with morning light
 And darkness it is fled
 The merry horn wakes up the morn
 To leave his idle bed
 CHORUS:
 The hunt is up, the hunt is up
 And it is well-nigh day
 And Harry our King is gone hunting
 To bring his deer to baye

The horses snort to join the sport
 The dogs are running free
 The woods rejoice at all the noise
 Of hey tan-ta-ra-tee-ree!
 CHORUS:

The sun is glad to see us clad
 All in our lusty green
 And smiles in the sky as he rises high
 To see and to be seen
 CHORUS:

Behold the skies with golden dyes
 Are glowing all around
 The grass is green and so are the trees
 All laughing at the sound
 CHORUS:

Arise all men (I say again)
 Be merry as you may
 And if your in bed with another man's wife
 It's time you was away
 CHORUS:

(Trad. Arr, Albion Band)

I CAN'T EXPLAIN

D C G D
 Got a feeling inside (Can't explain)
 It's a certain kind (Can't explain)
 I feel hot and cold (Can't explain)
 D C A D
 Yeah, down in my soul, yeah (Can't explain)
 D C G D
 I said... (Can't explain)
 I'm feeling good now, yeah, but (Can't explain)

Dizzy in the head and I'm feeling blue
 The things you've said, well, maybe they're true
 I'm gettin' funny dreams again and again

D G A
 I know what it means, but...

CHORUS

D Bm
 Can't explain, I think it's love
 G A
 Try to say it to you when I feel blue, but I
 D C G D

But I can't explain (Can't explain)
 Yeah, you hear what I'm saying, girl (Can't explain)

Dizzy in the head and I'm feeling bad
 The things you said have got me real mad
 I'm gettin' funny dreams again and again
 I know what it means but...

CHORUS

(The Who)

I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

CHORUS:

Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside
 I do like to be beside the sea
 I do like to stroll along the prom, prom, prom
 Where the brass bands play tiddley om pom pom
 So just let me be beside the seaside
 I'd be beside myself with glee
 And there's lots of girls beside I should like to be beside
 Beside the seaside, beside the sea

Everyone delights to spend their summer holiday
 Down beside the side of the silvery sea
 I'm no exception to the rule, if fact, if I'd my way
 I'd reside by the side of the silvery sea
 But when you're just the common or garden Smith or Jones or Brown
 At business up in town, you've got to settle down
 You save up all the money you can 'til summer comes around
 Then away you go, to a spot you know
 Where the cockle shells are found

CHORUS:

Timothy went to Blackpool for the day last Eastertide
 To see what he could see by the side of the sea
 Soon he reached the station there, the first thing he espied
 Was the Wine Lodge door stood open invitingly
 To quench his thirst, he toddled inside, and called out for a wine
 Which grew to eight or nine, 'til his nose began to shine
 Said he, "What people see in the sea I'm sure I fail to see"
 So he caught a train, back home again
 Then to his wife said he

CHORUS:

William Sykes the burglar, he'd been out to work one night
 Filled his bags with jewels, cash and plate
 Constable Brown felt quite surprised when William hove in sight
 Said he, "The hours you're keeping are far too late"
 So he grabbed him by the collar and lodged him safe and sound in gaol
 Next morning looking pale, Bill told a tearful tale
 The judge said, "For a couple of months I'm sending you away"
 Said Bill, "How kind! Well if you don't mind
 Where I spend my holiday

CHORUS:

(as sung by Hartley M.M.)

I WENT TO MARKET

I went to market to buy a cock and the cock did very well please me
 Every time I fed me cock, I fed him all under a tree
 And me cock went cock a cock a cock a cock a doodle doo
 And after every farmer's cock did my cock crow

...hen...caddle-ca...

...duck...quack...

...goose...cackle...

...pig...snort...

...sheep...baa...

...cow...moo...

...wife...dammit...

(Trad.; Arr. The Watsons)

IF YOU WANT TO FIND THE GENERAL

If you want to find the General
 I know where he is, I know where he is, I know where he is
 If you want to find the General I know where he is
 He's in Paris at the Folies Bergere
 I saw him, I saw him In Paris at the Folies Bergere I saw him
 In Paris at the Follies Bergere

If you want to find the Colonel
 I know where he is, I know where he is, I know where he is
 If you want to find the Colonel, 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 this chest

If you want to find the Major
 I know where he is, I know where he is, I know where he is
 If you want to find the Major, I know where he is
 He's drinking up the company rum
 I saw him, I saw him drinking up the company rum
 I saw him drinking up the company rum.

If you want to find the Sergeant
 I know where he is, I know where he is, I know where he is
 If you want to find the Sergeant, I know where he is
 Brewing up another pot of tea
 I saw him, I saw him brewing up another pot of tea
 I saw him brewing up another pot of tea.

If you want to find the privates
 I know where they are, I know where they are, I know where they are
 If you want to find the privates, I know where they are
 They're hanging on the old barbed wire
 I saw them, I saw them hanging on the old barbed wire
 I saw them hanging on the old barbed wire.

I'LL GO AND 'LIST FOR A SAILOR

Oh, 'list, oh 'list to my sorrowful lay,
 And attention give to my song I pray,
 When you've heard it all you'll say,
 That I'm an unfortunate tailor.

Oh once I was as happy as a bird in a tree,
 My Sarah was all in the world to me,
 Now I'm cut out by a son of the sea,
 And she's left me here to bewail her.

Why did my Sarah serve so?
 No more will I stitch, no more will I sew,
 My thimble and my needle to the winds I'll throw,
 And I'll go enlist for a sailor.

Now my days were honey and my nights were the same,
 'Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came,
 With his long black beard and his masculine frame,
 The captain on board of a whaler.

Well, he spent his money both frank and free,
 With his tales of the land and his songs from the sea,
 And he stole my Sarah's heart from me,
 And blighted the hopes of a tailor.

Oh, once I was with her when in came Cobb,
 "Avast" he cried, "You lubbery swab!
 If you don't knock off, I'll scuttle your nob!"
 And Sarah smiled at the sailor.

So now I'll cross the raging sea,
 For Sarah's proved untrue to me,
 My heart's locked up and she's the key,
 What a very unfeeling jailor!

And so now, kind friends, I'll bid you adieu,
 No more my woes shall trouble you,
 I'll travel the country through and through,
 And I'll go enlist for a sailor.

I'M A FREE BORN MAN

I'm a free born man of the travelling people.
 Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered.
 Country lanes and byways were always my ways.
 I never fancied being lumbered.

O we knew the woods, all the resting places.
 And the small birds sang when winter time was over,
 Then we'd pack our load and be on the road,
 They were good old times for a rover.

There was open ground where a man could linger.
 Stay a week or two, for time was not your master.
 Then away you'd jog with your horse and dog.
 Nice and easy! No need to go faster.

Now and then you'd meet up with other travellers.
 Hear the news or else swap family information.
 At the country fairs we'd be meeting there.
 All the people of the travelling nation.

All you freeborn men of the travelling people.
 Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy rover,
 Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going,
 Your travelling days will soon be over.

(Ewen MacColl)

I'M GOING TO BRING A WATERMELON TO MY GIRL TONIGHT

I brought my girl an apple
 She let me hold her hand
 I brought my girl an orange
 We kissed beneath the band
 I brought my girl bananas
 She let me squeeze her tight
 I'm going to bring a watermelon
 to my girl tonight

I brought my girl red ribbons
 She hung them in her hair
 I brought my girl sequins
 She stuck them here and there
 brought my girl good china
 She hung it from her shelf
 Tonight I'm going to bring a rope
 And she can hang herself

IN A BRITISH MAN O'WAR

It was down in yonder meadows I carelessly did stray
 There I beheld a lady fair with some young sailor gay
 He said, "My lovely Susan, I soon must leave the shore
 To cross the briny ocean in a British man of war"

Pretty Susan fell to weeping, "Young sailor", she did say
 "How can you be so venturesome to throw yourself away
 For it's when that I am twenty-one I shall receive my store
 Jolly sailor do not venture on a British man of war"

"Oh Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell
 The British flag insulted is, old England knows it well
 I may be crowned with laurels, so like a jolly tar
 I'll face the walls of China in a British man of war"

"Oh sailor do not venture to face the proud Chinese
 For they will prove as treacherous as any Portuguese
 And by some deadly dagger you may receive a scar
 So it's turn your inclination from a British man of war"

"Oh Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass
 You come down to the ferry house to take a parting glass
 For me shipmates they are waiting to row me from the shore
 And it's for old England's glory in a British man of war"

The sailor took his handkerchief and cut it fair in two
 Saying, "Susan, take one half from me, I'll do the same by you
 The bullets may surround me and cannons loudly roar
 I'll fight for fame and Susan in a British man of war"

Then a few more words together when her love let go her hand
 A jovial crew, they launched the boat and merrily went from land
 The sailor waived his handkerchief when far away from shore
 Pretty Susan blessed her sailor in a British man of war.

(Trad.; Rec: Flowers & Frolics)

IN THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS

In the days of Good Queen Bess, ya boys oh
 In the days of Good Queen Bess, ya boys oh
 In the days of Good Queen Bess, Coventry outdone the rest
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

But in the times as be, ya boys oh
 But in the times as be, ya boys oh
 But in the times as be, we mount on Coventry
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

Tiffen lads they did us join, ya boys oh
 Tiffen lads they did us join, ya boys oh
 Tiffen lads they did us join, and we formed a strong combine
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

We march-ed into town, ya boys oh
 We march-ed into town, ya boys oh
 We march-ed into town, resolved to pull the 'ousin' down
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

So far to make an cheap (?), ya boys oh
 So far to make an cheap, ya boys oh
 So far to make an cheap, we burned 'em all of an 'eap
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

But the work was scarce begun, ya boys oh
 But the work was scarce begun, ya boys oh
 But the work was scarce begun, when soldiers come and spoilt the fun
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

We all ran down our pits, ya boys oh
 We all ran down our pits, ya boys oh
 We all ran down our pits, frit a'most out our wits
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

God Bless Lord Dudley Ward, ya boys oh
 God Bless Lord Dudley Ward, ya boys oh
 God Bless Lord Dudley Ward, he knowed as times bin 'ard
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys

He cawed back the soldier men, ya boys oh
 He cawed back the soldier men, ya boys oh
 He cawed back the soldier men, and we'll never riot again
 Ya boys, oh boys, oh the brave Dudley boys.

(The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

I' SE THE B'Y THAT BUILDS THE BOAT

I'se the b'y that builds the boat,
 And I'se the b'y that sails her,
 I'se the b'y that catch-es the fish,
 And takes 'em home to Li—zer.

CHORUS:

Hip yer partner, Sal-ly Tibbo!
 Hip yer part-ner, Sal-ly Brown!
 Fo-go, Twil-lin-gate, Mor'-ton's Har-bour,
 All a-round the cir-cle!

Sods and rinds to cover yer flake,
 Cake and tea for sup-per,
 Cod-fish in the Spring o' the year,
 Fried in mag-got-y but-ter.

CHORUS:

I don't want your maggoty fish,
 That's no good for Winter,
 I could buy as good as that,
 Down in Bonavista.

CHORUS:

I took Lizer to a dance,
 And faith, but she could travel,
 And every step that she did take,
 Was up to her knees in gravel.

CHORUS:

Susan White, she's out of site,
 Her petticoat wants a border,
 Old Sam Oliver, in the dark,
 He kissed her in the corner.

CHORUS:

(Leslie Bell)

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN

Now winter is over I'm happy to say
 And we're all met again in our ribbons so gay
 And we're all met again on the first day of spring
 To go about dancing with Jack-in-the-Green

CHORUS:

Jack-in-the-Green, Jack-in-the-Green
 And we'll all dance each springtime with Jack-in-the-Green

Now Jack-in-the-Green he's a very strange man
 Though he dies every Autumn he's born in the Spring
 And each year on his birthday we will dance through the streets
 And in return Jack he will ripen our wheat

CHORUS

With his mantle he'll cover the trees that are bare
 And our gardens he'll trim with his jackets so fair
 But our fields he will sow with the hair on his head
 And our grain it will ripen 'til the old Jack is dead

CHORUS

Now the sun is half up and it tokens the hour
 That the children arrive with their garlands of flowers
 So now let the music and the dancing begin
 And toast the good heart of young Jack-in-the-Green

CHORUS

(Martin Graebe)

JACOBS' WELL

At Jacob's well a stranger sought
 His drooping frame to cheer
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 That Jacob's God was near

This had she known her fainting mind
 For richer draughts had sighed
 Nor had Messiah ever kind
 Those richer draughts denied

The ancient well (no glass so true)
 Britannia's image shows
 Now Jesus travels Britain through
 But who the Stranger knows?

Yet Britain must the Stranger know
 Or soon her loss deplore
 Behold the living waters flow!
 Come, drink, and thirst no more.

(Music: James Leach of Wardle, Lancs. 1762-1798)

Words: Hugh Bourne, founder of Primitive Methodists (before 1800)

JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient times,
 Walk upon England's mountain green,
 And was the holy lamb of God,
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?,
 And did the countenance divine,
 Shine forth upon those 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 shall not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem,
 On England's green and pleasant land.

(Words: William Blake – Tune: Charles Parry & Edward Elgar)

JOE THE CARRIER LAD

My name is Joe the carrier's lad, a merry chap am I
 I never mind the weather be it wet or be it dry
 I snap my fingers at the frost, I whistle at the rain
 I've braved the storms for many a day and will do so again

CHORUS:

Crack, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing
 I sit upon my wagon, I'm as happy as a king
 My horse is always willing, and I am never sad
 There's none could lead a life more free than Joe the Carrier Lad

My father was a carrier a twenty years ago
 To market on a Thursday most regular he would go
 Sometimes he'd take me with him, particular in the Spring
 Then up I'd sit upon the box and hear my father sing

CHORUS:

The girls they all do smile at me as I go driving past
 They likes to take a ride with me because I drive so fast
 There's many a mile we've put behind and happy times we've had
 There's none can treat a girl so kind as Joe the Carrier Lad

CHORUS:

I never think of politics or anything so great
 I care not for their high flying talk about the church and state
 I'm as true as any sone that England ever had
 You'll find there beats a heart of oak in Joe the Carrier Lad

CHORUS:

I've travelled east, I've travelled west, I'm know across the land
 When the day is done I likes me pint, as well as any man
 Good English beer, good company, that's what makes my heart glad
 I'd not trade with the King himself, says Joe the Carrier Lad

CHORUS:

(Traditional; Arr. Eric Armstrong)

JOHN BARLEYCORN

John Barleycorn is a hero bold,
 As any in the land,
 His fame has stood for ages good,
 And forever shall stand
 The whole wide world respects him,
 No matter friend or foe,
 For where they be that makes too free
 He's sure to lay them low.

CHORUS:

Hey! John Barleycorn, Ho John Barleycorn,
 Old and young his praises sung: John Barleycorn!

To see him in his pride of growth,
 His robes are rich and green,
 His beard is pricked with goodly leaf,
 Fit nigh to serve a Queen,
 And when the harvest time comes round
 And John is stricken down,
 He'll give his blood for England's good, and Englishmen's renown.

CHORUS:

The king in courtly castle,
 The Knight in stately hall,
 The great name, of birth and fame,
 On John for succor call,
 He bids the weary heart rejoice,
 Gives warmth to Nature's cold,
 Makes weak men strong and old men young
 And all men brave and bold.

CHORUS:

Then shout for bold John Barleycorn,
 Nor heed that luscious vine,
 I have no mind that charms can find,
 In a potent glass of wine,
 Bring me my favourite nut brown ale,
 All other drinks I'll scorn,
 For England's cheer is England's beer,
 Her own John Barleycorn.

Chorus:

In fond memory of the late Dennis Bull

(traditional; collected by Bob Copper)

JOHN KANAKA

I thought I heard the old man say,
 John Kanaka-naka to ri ay,
 Today, today is a holiday
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

Our Yankee ship has a Yankee mate,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay,
 If you stop to walk it will change your gait.
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

Oh hand me down me walking cane,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay,
 'Cause I'm off to court with me darlin' Jane,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

Oh who's been here since I've been gone,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay,
 A big fat navy with his sea boots on,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

Our Sally's in the kitchen mixin' dough,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay,
 And the cheeks of her arse go chuff, chuff, chuff,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

Our Yankee ship has a Yankee crew,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay,
 And we're the boys to kick her through
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

I thought I heard the old man say.
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay,
 Today, today is a holiday,
 John Kanaka-Naka to ri ay.

Johnny Kanaka = Hawaiian sailor

(as sung by Hartley MM)

JOHNNY MINER

Johnny Miner you were born,
 Never to see the rising son,
 Now it's time that you were gone,
 So farewell Johnny Miner.

CHORUS:

Farewell Durham, Yorkshire too,
 Nottingham the same to you,
 Scotland, South Wales bid adieu,
 Farewell Johnny Miner.

You've battled with the sliding scale,
 Lungs turned black and faces pale,
 Now your body's up for sale,
 Farewell Johnny Miner.

CHORUS:

They've promised you the earth sometimes,
 To get coal from their stinkin' mines,
 Now the justice for their crimes,
 Is farewell Johnny Miner.

CHORUS:

Cheer up John don't take hard,
 Unemployment isn't bad,
 They'll treat you well in the knackers' yard,
 Farewell Johnny Miner.

CHORUS:

(Eddie Pickford; Rec: Dick Gaughan)

JOLLY OLD HAWK

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey,
 Now let us sing:
 Who's going to win the girl but me!

(Pause)

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey,
 Sent to my love on the twelfth most day.

Twelve old bears and they was a roarin',
 Eleven old mares and they was a brawlin',
 Ten old cocks crow out in the mornin',
 Nine old whores and they was a quarrelin'.

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey,
 Sent to my love on the twelfth most day.

(Pause)

Eight old bulls as they was a blarin',
 Seven old calves as they run before 'em,
 Six old cows as they was a bawlin',
 Five for fifth and a fairy.

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey,
 Sent to my love on the twelfth most day.

A four footed pig and a three thistle cock,
 And two little birds and a jolly old hawk.

Jolly old hawk and his wings were grey,
 Now let us sing:
 Who's going to win the girl but me!

(Rec: Waterasons)

THE JOLLY WAGONER

When first I went a wagoning, a wagoning did go,
 Well it filled my poor old parents heart with sorrow, grief and woe,
 And many are the hardships that since I've undergone.

CHORUS:

Sing whoa me lads, sing whoa,
 Drive on me lads, drive on,
 Who wouldn't be for all the world a jolly wagoner.

When its pelting down with rain me lads I get wetted to the skin,
 But I bear it with contented heart until I reach the end,
 And I sit down a drinking with the landlord and his kin.

CHORUS:

Well things is greatly altered now, when wagons few were seen,
 Well the worlds turned topsy turvy lads and things is run be steam
 And all the world passes before me just like a morning dream.

CHORUS:

Aye, things is greatly altered now but then what can us do?
 But if folks in power will take the heed of the likes of me and you
 Its hardship for us wagoning lads and a fortune for the few.

CHORUS:

Well Martinmas is coming lads, what pleasures we shall see,
 Like chaff before the wind me lads, we'll make our money flee
 And every lad shall take his lass, and he'll sit her on his knee

CHORUS:

NB: Martinmas = Nov. 11

(Rec: Watsons)

JOWL, JOWL AND LISTEN

Jowl, jowl and listen lad,
 And hear that coal face workin'.
 There's many a marra missin' lad,
 Becaas he wadn't listen, lad.

Me feyther aalwas used to say,
 Pit wark's mair than hewin',
 Ye've got to coax the coal along,
 And not be rivin' and tewin'.

Noo the depitty craals frae flat te flat,
 While the putter rams the tyum 'uns,
 But the man at the face hes te knaa his place
 Like a mother knaas hor young 'uns.

jowl=knock; marra=workmate;
 rivin' & tewin'=pushing & pulling;
 depitty=charge-hand; putter=pusher;
 tyen 'uns=empty tubs

(Henry Nattress; Victoria's Inferno by Jon Raven,
 Alt: Jack Elliot, the Elliot family Birtley?)

A KASHMIRI CAROL

Come lift up your voices and let us be merry_
 For to rob bags of plunder it is our intent
 As we roam through the valleys
 Where the roses and the lilies
 And the beauty of Kashmir
 Lay drooping his head.
 Then away
 Then away
 Then away
 To the caves in yonder mountains where the robbers retreat.

Hush, hush in the distance there's footsteps approaching.
 Stand and deliver it is our watch cry
 As we roam through the valleys
 Where the roses and the lilies
 And the beauty of Kashmir lay drooping his head.
 Then away
 Then away
 Then away
 To the caves in yonder mountains where the robbers retreat.

(Steeleye Span, remembered through a marijuana induced haze.
 Only Bill MacLachlan knows the real title!!)

THE KING

Good health love and peace,
 Be all here in this place,
 By your leave we shall sing,
 Concerning our King.

Our King is well dressed,
 In silks of the best,
 In ribbons so rare,
 No King can compare.

We have traveled many miles,
 Over hedges and stiles,
 In search of our King,
 Unto you we bring.

We have powder and shot,
 To conquer the lot,
 We have cannon and ball,
 To conquer them all.

Old Christmas has past,
 Twelfth tide is the last,
 And we bid you adieu,
 Great joy to the new.

(Oxford Book of Carols)

KING HEROD AND THE COCK

There was a star in David's land
 In David's land appeared.
 And in King Herod's chamber,
 So bright it did shine there.

The wise men they soon spied it,
 And they told the King on high,
 A Princely Babe was born that night,
 No man can ever destroy.

"If this be true," King Herod said,
 "What you've been telling me,
 This roasted fowl that's in the dish,
 Shall crow full fences three".

Well, the fowl soon feathered and thrusted well,
 By the work of Gods own hand,
 Three times that roasted cock did crow,
 In the dish where he did stand.

THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND

Now Charles the 2nd had eleven bastard children
 And George the 3rd went mad
 And Edward the 7th they thought was Jack the Ripper
 And Richard the 3rd was as bad as Shakespeare thought he was
 Victoria lay back and thought of England
 Charles the 1st lost his head
 Well the best thing about those Kings and Queens of England
 Is that most of them are.....dead

CHORUS:

Singing Rule Britannia, Britannia waves the rules
 Kings, Queens, Jacks and Knaves and Tyrants, Cheats and Fools

Now William the 3rd was a Protestant and Dutchman
 James the 1st was a Scot
 And George the 1st spoke nothing else but German
 What a mixed up, interbred lot
 And William the 1st was a grasping Norman bastard
 Believe me it's no lie
 Well there hasn't been an English King of England
 Since Harold got one in the.....eye
 CHORUS

Now she was a well-heeled, blue-blood Cinderella
 In Prince Charming with big ears
 But he had a thing going with the Ugly Sister
 So it ended all in tears
 So arise then ye ghosts of Oliver Cromwell
 Brave Harrison and Tom Payne
 Would you rid our land of this monstrous carbunkle
 And bring sunshine after the.....reign
 CHORUS

(Vic Gammon)

KRIS KRINGLE

Whooooo comes this way so blithe and gay, upon a merry Christmas day,
 So merrily, so cheerily, with his big peaked hat and his reindeer sleigh.
 With pretty toys for girls and boys, as pretty as you e'er did see,
 Oh this is Santa Claus's man, Kris Kringle with his Christmas Tree.

CHORUS:

Ho- ho, (ho- ho), Ho- ho, (ho- ho), ho- ho, ho- ho, ho- ho, ho- ho,
 Aaaaannnd jingle, jingle, jinga-jinga-jing, right merry shall you be,
 And jingle, jingle he comes this way, he comes with his Christmas Tree,
 And welcome, welcome, welcome, Kris, right welcome shall you be,
 For here he is, yes*, yes*, he is, 'tis Kris with his Christmas Tree*,
 his Christmas Tree*, his Christmas Tree*, his Christmas Tree*,
 his Chriiiistmaaaaas Tree****,

The sleigh bells ring with a merry ching (ching!), as o'er the roofs the
 reindeer swing,

Gee up, gee ho, how swift they go, over the ice and the drifts of snow,
 For he must call on one and all, and his master's pretty pets you see,
 Oh this is Santa Claus's man, Kris Kringle with his Christmas Tree.

CHORUS:

With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums, and lots of pretty things he
 comes,

So now be quick you're places take, and all a merry circle make,
 For now he's here, he'll soon appear and his jolly face you'll see,
 Oh this is Santa Claus's man, Kris Kringle with his Christmas Tree.

CHORUS:

*drumbeats

(Rec: Barrand, "Nowel Sing We Clear")

THE LABOURING MAN

You Englishmen of each degree one moment listen unto me
 From day to day you all may see the poor are frowned upon by degree
 To please you all I do intend so listen to the lines I've penned
 For them you know who never can, do without the labouring man

In former days you all must know, the poor man cheerful used to go
 Quite clear and neat, upon me life, with his children and his darling wife
 And for his wages it is said, a fair day's wages he was paid
 But now to live he hardly can, may God protect the labouring man

There is one thing we must confess, when England finds they're in a mess
 And has to face the daring foe, unto the labouring man they go
 To fight their battles understand if ere on sea or on the land
 Deny the truth we never can, they call upon the labouring man

Some for soldiers they will go, and jolly sailors too we know
 To guard old England day and night, and for their country boldly fight
 But when they do return again, they're looked upon with great disdain
 Now in distress throughout the land you may behold the labouring man

When Bonaparte and Nelson too, and Wellington at Waterloo
 Were fighting both at land and sea, the poor man gained his victories
 Their hearts are cast in honour's mould, the sailor and the soldiers bold
 And every battle understand was conquered by the labouring man

The labouring man will plough the deep, till the land and sow the wheat
 Fight the battles when afar and fear no danger or a scar
 But still they're looked upon like thieves by them that keep at home at ease
 And everyday throughout the land they try to starve the labouring man

Now if the war should rise again and England be in want of men
 They'll have to search the country round for the lads that plough the ground
 Then to some foreign land they'll go, to fight and drop the daring foe
 Do what they will do what they can, they can't do without the labouring man

(Rec: The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

LANCASHIRE TOREADOR

Well I've been to Spain, but never again, I wouldn't go there twice,
 I said me name's John Willie, they said it sounded silly,
 They wouldn't call me that at any price,
 They soon made me change me name and a real proper Spaniard I became.

CHORUS:

Don Pedro, the great bull fighting 'ero, the Lancashire Toreador.

Well they cheered me and when the bull gets near me,
 To show how far a brave man can go, with the bull I danced the tango,
 Then when I 'ung on his tail, me pants 'e tried to gore,
 I started rushing 'round the ring with bull giving chase,
 3 times he tossed me in the air, I looked a disgrace,
 They shouted " Look at all that skin and bone 'round the place,
 "It's the Lancashire Toreador."

CHORUS:

Well I met 'er, charming senorita.
 For to love me you can never, then kiss me goodnight forever,
 That night, as she retired, she locked 'er bedroom door,
 She started to undress and timidly she looked 'round,
 She said " Thank god I'm rid of 'im, now he's homeward bound,"
 But when she pulled the bed clothes down, now guess what she found,
 Ah, the Lancashire Toreador.

CHORUS:

Well I scared 'em, no mercy ever spared 'em,
 In the dead of night I ramble, Spanish castle walls I scramble,
 I saw a shadow above, a girl in 'er boudoir,
 I started climbing balcony, it started 'ft sway,
 She shouted murder, there's a bandit, spare my life pray,
 But when my castanets I rattled, she said " Hurrah!"
 It's the Lancashire Torea', Lancashire Torea', Lancashire Toreado-r-r.

(Rec: Oldham Tinkers & George Formby)

LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Land of hope and glory, Mother of the free
 How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
 Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
 God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.
 God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY

Well, I thought I heard the old man say
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her
 It's time for us to roll away
 And it's time for us to leave her

It's time for us to roll and a go
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her
 Ploughing through the ice and the snow
 And it's time for us to leave her

And it's round Cape Horn where the whale-fishes blow
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her
 It's up the coast of Alipo
 And it's time for us to leave her

Oh the Alipo girls put on a show
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her
 They waggle their arse with a roll and a go
 And it's time for us to leave her

I'm a Liverpool born, Liverpool bred
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her
 Strong in the arm and thick in the head
 And it's time for us to leave her

So it's one more pull and that will do
 Leave her, Johnny, leave her
 One more pull will see the bugger through
 And it's time for us to leave her

(traditional; umpteen derivative versions)

THE LEAVIN' OF LIVERPOOL

Farewell the Prince's landing Stage,
 River Mersey fare thee well,
 I am bound for California,
 A place I know right well.

CHORUS:

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

Now I'm bound for California,
 By way of the stormy Cape Horn
 And I'll send to you a letter love,
 When I am homeward bound.

CHORUS:

Farewell to lower Frederick Street
 Anson Terrace and Park Lane,
 Farewell it'll been a long, long time,
 Before I see you again.

CHORUS:

I've shipped aboard a Yankee clipper ship
 Davie Crockett is her name,
 And Burgess is the Captain of her,
 And they say she's a floating shame.

CHORUS:

The tug is waiting at the pier head
 To take us down the stream
 Our sails are loosed and the anchor secure
 So I'll bid you goodbye again.

CHORUS:

(Oxford Book of Sea Songs)

LEOPOLD ALCOX

Leopold Alcox my distant relation,
 Came to my flat for a brief visitation,
 He's been here since Feb-ru-ary, damn and blast him,
 My nerves and my furniture may not outlast him.

Leopold Alcox is accident prone,
 He's lost my bath plug, he's ruptured my telephone,
 My antirrhinums, my motorbikes, my sofa,
 There isn't anything he can't trip over.

As he roams through my rooms, all my pussycats scatter,
 My stat-ue-ttes tremble, then plummet, then shatter,
 My table lamps tumble, with grim regularity,
 My cut glass has crumbled and so has my charity.

Leopold Alcox, an uncanny crea-ture,
 He can't take tea without some mis-ad-venture,
 He looks up from his tea cup, with a smirk on his features,
 With a slice of my porcelain between his dentures.

He's upset my goldfish, he's jinxed my wisteria,
 My budgie's gone broody, my tortoise has hysteria,
 He cleans my teapots, my saucepans with Brasso,
 And leaves chocolate fingerprints on my Picasso.

Leopold Alcox, never known to fail,
 Working his way through my frail Chipp-en-dales,
 One blow from his thighs, which are fearsomely strong,
 Would eas-ily fracture the wing of a swan.

I brought home my bird for some Turkish Moussaka,
 Up looms old Leopold, I know when I'm knackered,
 He spills the vino, the great eager beaver,
 Drenching her jump suit and my joix de vivre.

Leopold Alcox, stirring my spleen,
 You are the grit in my life's Vasoline,
 A pox on you Alcox, you've been here since February,
 Go home and leave me alone with my debris.

So Leopold Alcox, my distant relation,
 Has gone away home, after his vis-it-ation,
 I glimpsed him waving bye, bye this last minute,
 Waving his hand with my doorknob still in it.

(Jake Thackray)

LIFE OF A FOOL

'Tis a fine occupation the job of a fool
 The people do laugh at your jokes as a rule
 The ladies do squeal when you bustle their way
 You drink frothy ale and there's nothing to pay.
 This is the life of a Fool

CHORUS

The life of a Fool is the envy of many
 He gathers in dough though he keeps not a penny
 In the crown of old England he is the jewel
 What better life than the life of a Fool

You call on the butcher a bladder to beg
 You call on the hatter to cover your head
 You have your coat patched by the wife of the Squire
 You visit the cops to find stands to inquire??
 This is the life of a Fool
 CHORUS

The Fool has an honour, he's as sharp as a whip??
 A ready a sign and a humbling quip??
 A fine pig's bladder to meet out a thrashing
 He's nimble of foot to avoid a stick clashing
 This is the life of a Fool
 (Fool's Jig)

A Fool is a hero without any doubt
 He opens his mouth and his heart it comes out
 He falls down in the dirt on the seat of his britches
 He's covering in grime but he's showered in riches
 This is the life of a Fool
 CHORUS

(Words by Ashley Hutchings)

THE LIGHT DRAGOON

The Light Dragoon come over the hill, When the moon was shining clearly,
Well, there was a little lady and she knew him by his horse, Because she loves him dearly.

CHORUS:

Dearly, so dearly, There was a little lady and she knew him by his horse,
Because she loves him dearly.

Well, she grabbed him by the near side rein, Taken him to the stable,
Here is hay and corn for your horse young man, He can eat now he is able.

CHORUS:

Able, so able, Here's hay and corn for your horse young man,
He can eat now he is able.

She'd taken him by the lily white hand, Led him to the table,
There is cakes and wine for you my dear, You can drink now you are able.

CHORUS:

Able, so able, There's cakes and wine for you my dear,
You can drink now you are able.

She took the bottle into her hand, And poured out the wine so clearly,
Here's a health to yours and to mine she says, Your welcome home me deary.

CHORUS:

Deary, me deary, Here's a health to yours and to mine she says,
Your welcome home me deary.

And she's run upstairs to make him his bed, Make it soft and comfy,
How nimble she jumped into the bed, For to see if it was easy.

CHORUS:

Easy, so easy, How nimble she jumped into the bed,
For to see if it was easy.

The Light Dragoon, he ran upstairs, Put his trousers on the table,
How nimble he jumped into the bed, To do what he was able.

CHORUS:

Able, so able, How nimble he jumped into the bed,
To do what he was able.

Well, they laid in bed and the clock struck one, Trumpets they was sounding,
Well her spirits they was high but her belly it was low, And she ran home to her mammy.

CHORUS:

Mammy, her mammy, Her spirits they was high but her belly it was low,
And she ran home to her mammy.

It's where have you been all this live long a night, Cried her anxious parents,
I've been along with the Light Dragoon, Because I love him dearly.

CHORUS:

Dearly, so dearly, I've been along with the Light Dragoon,
Because I love him dearly.

(Rec: Silly Sisters)

LITTLE JOHNNY ENGLAND

CHORUS

Little Johnny England he went a-wandering, he went a-wandering all day
long
He went a-wandering, tossing off his pennycakes
He went a-wandering all day long.

You are the butcher, you are the baker, you are the candlestick maker
You're the little weaver, you are the draper,
I am the broker and we're all the broker's men.

CHORUS

I am the butcher, I am the baker, I am the candlestick maker
I'm the little weaver, I am the draper,
You am the broker and we're all the broker's men.

CHORUS

(Traditional)

LITTLE MAN

Little man you're crying, I know why you're blue,
 Someone took your kiddy toy away,
 Better go to sleep now, little man you've had a busy day.

Johnny won your marbles, Tell you what I'll do,
 Dad will get you new ones right away,
 Better go to sleep now, little man you've had a busy day.

You've been playing soldiers, the battle has been won,
 The enemy is out of sight,
 Come along there soldier, put away your gun,
 The war is over for tonight.

Time to stop your scheming, time your day was through,
 Can't you hear the bugle softly say,
 Time you should be dreaming, little man you've had a busy day.

(Rec: Coope, Boyes and Simpson)

THE LITTLE POT STOVE

Where the winter blizzards blow
 And the whaling fleet's at rest.
 Tucked in Leith Harbour's sheltered bay.
 Safely anchored ten abreast.
 Well there's the whale men at their stations.
 As from ship to ship they roam.
 Carry bags of coal with them and a little iron stove.

CHORUS:

In that little dark engine room.
 Where the chill seeps in your soul.
 How we huddled round that little pot stove.
 That burned oily rags and coal.

The fireman Paddy works with me.
 On the engine frozen cold.
 A stranger to the truth was he.
 There's not a lie he hasn't told.
 Well he boasted of his gold mines
 And the hearts that he had won.
 And his bawdy sense of humour shone
 Just like a ray of sun.

CHORUS:

We live it seven days a week.
 With cold hands and frozen feet.
 Bitter days and lonely nights.
 Making grog and having fights.
 There's salt fish and whale meat sausages.
 And fresh penguin eggs a treat.
 Then we struggle on to work each day.
 Through the icy winds and sleet.

CHORUS:

Then one day we saw the sun.
 We saw the factory ship return.
 Meet your old friends and you sing a song.
 We hope the journey wasn't long.
 And then it's homeward bound and it's over.
 And we leave this icy hole.
 But I always will remember
 That little iron stove.

CHORUS:

(H. Robertson, Rec: Nic Jones, Penguin Eggs)

THE LOG DRIVER'S WALTZ

If you should ask any girl from the parish around
 What pleases her most from her head to her toes,
 She'll say - I'm not sure that it's business of yours,
 But I do like to waltz with a log driver.

CHORUS:

For he goes birling down, the-down white water;
 That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
 It's birling down, a-down white water;
 A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

When the drive's nearly over, I like to go down
 To see all the lads while they work on the river.
 I know that come evening they'll be in the town
 And we all want to waltz with a log driver.

CHORUS:

To please both my parents I've had to give way
 And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers.
 Their manners are fine but their feet are of clay
 For there's none with the style of a log driver.

CHORUS:

I've had my chances with all sorts of men
 But none is so fine as my lad on the river.
 So when the drive's over, if he asks me again,
 I think I will marry my log driver.

CHORUS:

(Wade Hemsworth)

LOLA

E
 I met her in a club down in North Soho
 A D E A
 Where you drink champagne and it tastes just like cherry cola, C-O-L-A Lola.
 E
 She walked up to me and she asked me to dance
 A D E A
 I asked her her name and in a dark brown voice she said, "Lola", L-O-L-A Lola,
 D C
 Lo lo lo Lola

Well, I'm not the world's most physical guy,
 But when she squeezed me tight she nearly broke my spine, Oh my Lola, lo lo lo Lola,
 Well, I'm not dumb but I can't understand
 Why she walk like a woman and talk like a man, Oh my Lola, lo lo lo Lola
 Lo lo lo Lola

B7 F#m
 Well, we drank champagne and danced all night, under electric candlelight,
 A
 She picked me up and sat me on her knee,
 B7
 She said, "Little boy won't you come home with me?"
 Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy,
 But when I looked in her eyes, well I almost fell for my Lola, lo lo lo Lola
 Lo lo lo Lola, Lola, lo lo lo Lola, Lo lo lo Lola

A C#m B A C#m B
 I pushed her away. I walked to the door.
 A C#m B E G#m C#m
 I fell to the floor. I got down on my knees.
 B7
 Then I looked at her, and she at me.

Well that's the way that I want it to stay
 And I always want it to be that way for my Lola, lo lo lo Lola.
 Girls will be boys, and boys will be girls.
 It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world, except my Lola, lo lo lo Lola.

Well I'd left home just a week before, and I never ever kissed a woman before,
 But Lola smiled and took me by the hand, she said, "Little boy, gonna make you a man."

Well I'm not the world's most masculine man,
 but I know what I am and that I'm a man,
 so is Lola, lo lo lo Lola. Lo lo lo Lola.

(Ray Davies)

LORD FRANKLIN

(aka: Lady Franklin's Lament)

It was homeward bound one night on the deep,
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep,
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true,
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

With one hundred seamen he sailed away,
To that frozen ocean in the month of May,
To seek a passage around the Pole,
Where we poor seamen do sometimes go.

Thru' cruel hardships his men they strove,
Their ship on mountains of ice they drove,
The Eskimo in his skin canoe,
Was the only one who ever came thru'.

In Baffin's Bay where the whale fish blow,
The fate of Franklin no man may know,
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell,
Lord Franklin along with his sailors do dwell.

And now my burden it gives me pain,
For my long lost Franklin I'd cross the Main.
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give,
To say on earth that my Franklin do live.

It was homeward bound one night on the deep,
Swinging in my hammock I fell asleep,
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true,
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew.

(Rise Up Singing)

LORD OF THE MORRIS DANCE

(to tune of Lord of the Dance)

I joined the Morris at an advanced age,
And I wondered why my Squire he was always in a rage,
Well these were the words which to me he said,
And he emphasized the point with a stick across my head.

CHORUS:

Dance, dance when you hear the word,
And never mind the people who say you look absurd,
Face the top, stand in line,
Don't move a muscle 'til you hear THIS TIME!

Around the pubs we began to roam,
The bagman as usual left all our cash at home,
The Squire had said I think were out of luck,
When his baldricks were snagged by a passing brewery truck.

CHORUS:

We danced at the Bull at half passed eight,
Where our Fool was emasculated trying to jump a gate,
Melodeon player's drunk and our piper's next door neighbour,
Has run off with his wife and pinched his precious tabor.

CHORUS:

It was late when at the Crown we did appear,
And its difficult to dance with a belly full of beer,
Follow me said the Squire and I'll show you all the way,
But did he make a cock up of that Adderbury hey.

CHORUS:

By the end of that tour we were on our knees,
But we danced for the people we'd done our best to please,
My legs were aching and my knees were sore,
And I'm never going touring with the Morris anymore.

CHORUS:

(as sung by Dave LeMaistre, St. Hellier MM, VMM tour#1)

LOWLANDS

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

I dreamed my love came standing by,
 Lowlands, Lowlands away my John,
 Came standing close to my bed side,
 Lowlands, Lowlands, away.

He's drowning in the Lowland Sea,
 Lowlands, Lowlands away my John,
 And never more coming back to me,
 Lowlands, Lowlands, away.

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

He lies there in the windy Lowlands,
 Lowlands, Lowlands away my John,
 He lies there in the windy Lowlands,
 Lowlands, Lowlands, away.

(Rec: Shirley Collins)

THE LUMBERJACK SONG

I wanted to be...
 A lumberjack
 Leaping from tree to tree as they float down the mighty rivers of British Columbia
 The giant redwood
 The larch
 The fir
 The mighty Scots pine
 The lofty flowering cherry
 The plucky little aspen
 The limping roon tree of Nigeria
 The towering wattle of Aldershot
 The Maidenhead weeping water plant
 The naughty Leicestershire flashing oak
 The flatulent elm of West Ruislip
 The quirkus maximus Bamber Gascoine-eye
 The upper gillis
 The barty julius ginnus
 With my best buddy by my side
 We'd sing, sing, sing
 CHORUS:
 I'm a lumberjack and I'm OK
 I sleep all night and I work all day
 (All repeat)

I cut down trees
 I eat my lunch
 I go to the lavatory
 On Wednesday I go shopping
 And have buttered scones for tea
 (All repeat)
 CHORUS

I cut down trees
 I skip and jump
 I like to press wild flowers
 I put on women's clothing
 And hang around in bars
 (All repeat)
 CHORUS

I cut down trees
 I wear high heels
 Suspenders and a bra
 I wish I'd been a girlie
 Just like my dear Papa
 (All repeat)
 CHORUS

(Monty Python)

MALPAS WASSAIL SONG

Now the harvest being over and Christmas drawing in,
Please open your door and let us come in,

CHORUS:

With our wassail.
Wassail, wassail,
All joy come to our jolly wassail.

Now the master and mistress sitting down by the fire,
While we poor Wassail boys do trudge through the mire,

CHORUS:

Now the master and the mistress sitting down at their ease,
Put you hands in your pockets and give what you please,

CHORUS:

This ancient old house we will kindly salute,
It is your custom you need not dispute,

CHORUS:

Here's a health to the master and a long time to live,
Since you've been so kind and willing to give,

CHORUS:

This saddle and bridle, they're hung upon the shelf,
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,

CHORUS:

(Rec: Waterson's 'Pence and Spicy Ale')

MANCHESTER RAMBLER

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon
I've camped by the Wainstones 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 me bed
And sooner than part from the mountains, I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS:

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 and I was descending
Down Grinesbrook just by Epper 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"

CHORUS:

He called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse"
Well I thought but I still couldn't see
Why all Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout
Couldn't take 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, Any more than the deep ocean bed

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

So I'll 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 lie ragged and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gullies
And the curlew fly high overhead
And sooner than part from the mountains, I think I would rather be dead. CHORUS:

(Ewen MacColl)

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
 For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
 "Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
 Come you back to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay:
 Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?
 CHORUS:

On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat -- jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
 An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
 Bloomin' idol made o'mud wot they called the Great Gawd Budd --
 Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!
 CHORUS

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
 She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"
 With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin' my cheek
 We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.
 Elephints a-pilin' teak in the sludgy, squdgy creek,
 Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
 CHORUS

But that's all shove be'ind me -- long ago an' fur away,
 An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
 "If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."
 No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells,
 An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;
 CHORUS

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
 Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
 An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
 Beefy face an' grubby 'and law! wot do they understand?
 I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!
 CHORUS

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
 Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
 For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be --
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
 On the road to Mandalay, where the old Flotilla lay,
 With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!
 CHORUS

(Rudyard Kipling)

MARY ELLEN CARTER

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain,
 The skipper he'd been drinking and the mate he felt no pain,
 Too close to Three Mile Rock and she was dealt her mortal blow,
 And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.

There was just us five abroad her when she finally was a-wash
 We worked like hell to save her all heedless of the cost,
 And the groan she gave as she went down caused us to proclaim,
 That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

CHORUS:
 Rise again, rise again,
 That her name not be lost to the knowledge of men,
 All those that loved her best and were with her 'til the end,
 Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Well the owner' wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend,
 "She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.
 But insurance paid the loss to us so let her rest below,"
 Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.

But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock,
 She's worth a quarter of a million, afloat and at the dock.
 And with every jar that hit the bar we swore we would remain,
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

CHORUS:

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend.
 Three times a day in a hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends
 Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
 Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
 But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch and port hole down
 Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around
 Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

CHORUS:

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale,
 She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale,
 And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave,
 They won't be laughing in another day..
 And you to whom adversity has dealt a final blow
 With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
 Turn to and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
 And, like the Mary Ellen Carter, Rise Again!

CHORUS: CHORUS:

(Stan Rogers)

MARY ON THE WILD MOOR

It was on a cold winter's night
 As the wind blew across the wild moor,
 That Mary came wandering home with her babe
 'Til she came to her old father's door

Oh father Oh father she cried
 Will you come down and open the door
 I've a babe in my arms that will perish and die
 By the wind that blows 'cross the wild moor

'Oh why did I leave this fair cot,
 Where once I was happy and free;
 Doom'd now to roam, without family or home,
 Oh dear father, take pity on me

But her father was deaf to her cries,
 For the shame she had brought on their home
 And the watchdog did howl and the village bell tolled
 And the wind blew across the wild moor

In a frenzy he tore his grey hair
 When he came to the door in the morn
 For Mary was dead, but the babe still alive
 And the wind blew across the wild moor

And frantic with grief then he cried
 As the tears down his cheeks they did fall
 On this cold winter's night she had perished and died
 By the wind that blew 'cross the wild moor

Now the old man he soon passed away
 And the babe to her mother went soon
 No-one has lived there since this very day
 And the cottage has all gone to ruin

But the villagers still point out the spot
 Where the willows droop over the door
 Saying there Mary died once a young village child
 By the wind that blows 'cross the wild moor

MAY SONG

Wintertime has gone and passed, oh
 Summertime has come at last, oh
 We shall sing and dance the day
 And follow the hobby horse to bring the May
 CHORUS:

Hail, hail the first of May, oh
 For it is the first summer's day, oh
 Cast your cares and fears away
 Drink to the old horse on the first of May

Bluebells they are starting to ring, oh
 And true love it is the thing, oh
 Love on any other day
 Is never quite the same as on the first of May
 CHORUS

Never let it come to pass, oh
 That we fail to raise a glass, oh
 Unto those now gone away
 And left us the hobby horse to bring the May
 CHORUS

Repeat 1st verse
 Repeat 1st verse
 Repeat 1st verse

(Dave Webber)

THE M DD L

(to the tune of Grey Funnel Line by Cyril Tawney)

Don't mind the pain in my back or wrist
Carpal Tunnel? Well, it's worth the risk
'Cause the finest time in this dancer's night
Is logging on to read what my friend writes
Here's another post on the M DD L

I strive to post like my Man up North
He writes of Llamas, oxen and horse
Calusari and brass bands
A font of knowledge for adoring fans
Here's another post on the M DD L

I sat down with my squire and foreman
To impart what I learned from Norman
I spoke of pancakes, whites and the plough
They had no clue what I was talking about
Here's another post on the M DD L

Oh, Lord if dreams were only true
I'd buy a server and here's what I'd do
For Mr. Stanfield of the VMM
I'd make a list-serve just for him
Not another post on the M DD L

(Words by Bruce Balan, written with great respect and affection for Mr. Norman Stanfield on the occasion of the Vancouver Morris Men's 20th Anniversary. Performed at the Killer Ale, 24 August 2002)

ME HUSBANDS GOT NO COURAGE IN 'IM

As I walked out one May morning,
To view the fields and the leaves a springing,
I saw two maidens standing by,
And one of them her hands was wringing.

CHORUS:

Oh dear Oh, Oh dear Oh,
Me husbands got no courage in 'im.
Oh, dear Oh

All sorts of vittles I did provide,
All sorts of meats that's fittin' for 'im.
With oyster pie and rhubarb too,
But nothing would put courage in 'im.

CHORUS:

Me husbands admired where ever he goes,
And everyone looks well upon him.
With his handsome features and well shaped leg,
But still he's got no courage in 'im.

CHORUS:

Me husband can caper and dance 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 'im.

CHORUS:

And every night when I goes to bed,
I lie and thro' me leg right o'er him.
And me hand I clap between his thighs,
But I can't put any courage in 'im.

CHORUS:

Seven long year's I've made his bed,
And every night I've lain beside him.
This morning I woke with me maiden head,
'Cause still he's got no courage in 'im.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

(Rec: Silly Sisters)

MICKEY'S SON AND DAUGHTER

Oh the world is so delighted, and the kids are so excited
 For the stork has brought a son and daughter
 to Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse
 The Mayor and Corporation have declared such jubilation
 For the stork has brought a son and daughter
 to Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse

Pluto's giving a party but before the fun begins
 He'll present a golden dollar to the father of the twins
 Oh the preacher's eyes are glistening, and he's thinking while he's
 christening
 That the stork has brought a son and daughter
 to Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse

A million, million people are happy bright and gay
 Birds are singing in the steeple, it's a happy holiday
 Hooray, Hooray, it's a happy holiday!

(Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band)

MINER'S LIFE

Miner's life is like a sailor's, board a ship to cross the waves
 Every day his life's in danger, still he ventures being brave
 Watch the rocks, they're falling daily, careless miners always fail
 Keep your hands upon your wages, and your eyes upon the scale
 CHORUS:

Union miners stand together, do not heed the owner's tale
 Keep your hands upon your wages, and your eyes upon the scale

You've been docked and docked again, boys, you've been loading two to
 one
 What have you to show from working since your mining days begun?
 Worn out boots and worn out miners, lungs of stone and children pale
 Keep your hands upon your wages, and your eyes upon the scale
 CHORUS:

Let no union man be weakened by the owner's false retorts
 Be like sailors on the ocean trusting in your own reports
 Let the union be your lifeguard, those who trust it never fail
 Keep your hands upon your wages, and your eyes upon the scale
 CHORUS:

Soon this trouble will be over, union men will have their rights
 After many years of danger digging days and digging nights
 It's by honest work we labour, careless miners always fail
 Keep your hands upon your wages, and your eyes upon the scale
 CHORUS:

In conclusion, bear in memory, keep the password in your mind
 God provides for every worker when in union they combine
 So stand like men, and link together, victory for you will prevail
 Keep your hands upon your wages, and your eyes upon the scale

(Dick Gaughan; Victoria's Inferno)

THE MONTH OF MAY

It was in the pleasant month of May in the springtime of the year
 And down by yonder meadow there runs a river clear
 See how the little fishes how they do sport and play
 Causing many a lass and many a lad to go there a-making hay.

Then in comes the scythesman that meadow to mow down
 With his old leathered bottle and the ale that runs so brown
 There's many a stout & labouring man goes there his skill to try
 He works, he mows, he sweats, he blows & the grass cuts very dry.

Then in comes both Tom & Dick with their pitchforks & their rakes
 And likewise black-eyed Susan the hay all for to make
 There's a sweet, sweet, sweet and a jug, jug, jug, how the harmless birds do
 sing
 From the morning to the evening as we were a-haymaking.

It was just at one evening as the sun was a-going down
 We saw the jolly piper come a-strolling through the town
 There he pulled out his tabor-&-pipe and he made the valleys ring
 So we all put down our rakes and forks and we left off haymaking.

We called for a dance and we tripped it along
 We danced all round the haycocks 'til the rising of the sun
 When the sun did shine such a glorious light and the harmless birds did sing
 Each laddie took his lass in hand and went back to his haymaking.

(Rec: Tony Barrand, To Welcome in the Spring)

MORLEY MAIN

They came to call for me last Monday morning,
 When I was hanging washing on the line,
 They looked down at their boots a lot, And wouldn't meet my eye,
 And only said "you're wanted at the mine",
 I knew he was dead but funny I could only think,
 How fresh the clothes would smell if it stayed fine.
 CHORUS:
 And they say it wasn't such a big disaster,
 It only made the papers for a day,
 I'm sure the wives who're weeping will find comfort from your news,
 So tell them that and then see what they say,
 And ask them, "who's to feed the children, where they'll find the rent"
 And ask how much the Owners mean to pay.

They carried all the bodies to the Royal,
 All laid in rows as neatly as could be,
 Some were burnt, some were crushed, some 'ad only choked,
 But none of them was very nice to see,
 And it was only by the belt he always used to wear,
 That I could tell which one belonged to me.

CHORUS:

They'll find some lying weasel for the inquest,
 Or some poor lad who's frightened for his place,
 Who'll claim he smelled tobacco just an hour or two before,
 And swear the men were smoking at the face,
 For it only takes a single match to shift the Owner's blame,
 And some dead miner bears the whole disgrace.

CHORUS:

They'll be enough insurance for the funeral,
 A proper place to rest, the least he's due,
 Some money from the Parish or perhaps they'll start a fund,
 But after that I don't know what we'll do,
 For I don't suppose at 29 I'll find another man,
 For younger widows they'll be looking too.

(Keith Marsden)

MUSSELS IN THE CORNER

I took Nelly to the ball, Nelly wouldn't dance at all,
Nailed her up against the wall, left her there 'til Sunday.

CHORUS:

Deed I am in love wit' you, out all night in the foggy dew,
Deed I am in love wit' you, mussels in the corner.

Ask a Bayman for a smoke, he will say his pipe is broke,
Ask a Bayman for a chew, he will bite it off for you.

CHORUS:

Here they come as thick as flies, dirty shirts and dirty ties,
Dirty rings around their eyes, dirty old Torbay men.

CHORUS:

All the people of Belle Isle, Don't get up till half past nine,
Wash their face in kerosene oil, Polly; you're a corker.

CHORUS:

Elsie Murray she's so fine, don't get up 'til half past nine,
Won't get up to feed the swine, lazy Elsie Murray.

CHORUS:

Here they come in dirty coats,
Baymen in their little boats,
Wonder that she ever floats,
Dirty old Torbay men.

CHORUS:

(traditional - Newfoundland; Digitrad)

MY LADY OF AUTUMN

CHORUS:

My Lady of Autumn, sing me a song,
Play me a tune, tell me I'm wrong,
Tell me you don't mean the things that you say,
Tell me that we'll find a way.

Your eye clear as winter, your touch fresh as spring,
Your way like the summer, free as birds on the wing.
But the seasons are changing, it's time you were gone,
But the colours of you will go on.

CHORUS:

The fields that were golden, are changing to brown,
Leaves that were green, tumble to the ground.
And the warm sun of summer, makes way for the snow,
I know it's time you must go.

CHORUS:

For the light it is changing, the sky's overcast,
Winter is here now, autumn is past.
And deep in this dark world, some warmth I must find,
Though it's winter in the valley, it's still autumn in my mind.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Beggars' Velvet)

MY WAY

C Em Gm6 A7
 And now the end is near, and so I face the final curtain
 Dm Dm7 G7 C
 My friend, I'll say it clear, I'll state my case, of which I'm certain
 C C7 F Fm
 I've lived a life that's full, I travelled each and every highway
 C G7 F C
 And more, much more than this, I did it my way

Regrets, I've had a few, but then again, too few to mention
 I did what I had to do, and saw it through without exemption
 I planned each chartered course, each careful step along the bye-way
 And more, much more than this, I did it my way

C C7
 Yes there were times, I'm sure you knew
 F
 When I bit off more than I could chew
 Dm7 G7
 But through it all, when there was doubt
 Em7 Am
 I ate it up, and spit it out
 Dm7 G7 F C
 I faced it all and I stood tall, and did it my way

I've loved, I've laughed and cried, I've had my fill, my share of losing
 And now, as tears subside, I find it all so amusing
 To think I did all that, and may I say, "Not in a shy way"
 Oh no, oh no not me, I did it my way

For what is a man, what has he got
 If not himself then he has not
 To say the things he truly feels
 And not the words of one who kneels
 The record shows I took the blows, and did it my way

(Paul Anka?)

MY WAY (BILL CLINTON'S VERSION)

C Em Gm6 A7
 And now my end is near, I'll try to hide my raging fury
 Dm Dm7 G7 C
 I thought I made things clear, I testified to Starr's Grand Jury
 C C7 F Fm
 I've answered every charge, in my deny, deny, deny-way
 C G7 F C
 And yes, about that dress, I stained it my way!

I've had, my share of chicks, Like Paula Jones and Jenny Flowers
 And then, there's Monica, who did the deed, for hours and hours

We did, it in my car, while driving every DC highway
 But I confess, as for that dress, I stained in my way!

C C7
 Yes there were times, I'm sure you knew
 F
 When she bit off more than she could chew
 Dm7 G7
 But now you know, when there is no doubt
 Em7 Am
 She did the deed, then spat it out
 Dm7 G7 F C
 It hit her dress. It made a mess. I stained it my way!

Regrets, I've got a few, but then again, just 'cause they caught me
 I screwed who I wanted to, but that Ken Starr - he always fought me
 I've had, so many babes, and may I say, not in a shy way
 But for that dress, I must confess, I stained it my way!

For what is a man, what has he got
 If not some chick, then he has naught
 He does the things, he truly feels
 And not the acts, of one who kneels
 The record shows, I took the blows, and stained it my way!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO PARIS

Farewell you splendid citadel, metropolis called Paris
 Where Phoebus every morning shoots forth with Trojan themes
 Where Flora's bright aurora advancing from the Orient
 With radiant light adorning its pure and shining streams
 At eve' when centaur does retire and the ocean guilt like fire
 And the universe admire our merchandise in store
 Then commanding Flora's fragrant, the fertile fields to decorate
 To illuminate the royal Corsican again on the French shore.

CHORUS:

For my name's Napoleon Bonaparte, I'm the conqueror of all nations,
 I've banished German legions and I've sent Kings from their thrones.
 I've banished Dukes and Earls and splendid congregations
 But now I am transported to St Helena's shore.

My golden eagles were torn down by Wellington's allied armies,
 O'er Russian hills through frost and snow I still my laurels wore.
 But I severely felt the rod through meddling with the house of God,
 Coin and golden images in thousands down I tore.
 I stole Malta's Golden Gates and did the work of God's disgrace,
 But if hell give me time and space to him back I will restore.
 CHORUS

Some say the cause of my downfall was the parting of my consort,
 But to wed the German's daughter did grieve my heart full sore.
 But the female frame I ne'er shall blame for she ne'er did me a shame
 And she saw me in battle flame and she did me adore.
 But now I'm on this desert isle where the cats, the devils they would afright
 But I hope to shine in armour bright through Europe once more
 CHORUS

NAVIGATOR

The canals and the bridges, the embankments and cuts,
 They've blasted and dug with their sweat and their guts,
 They never drank water but whiskey by pints,
 And the shanty towns rang with their songs and their fights.

CHORUS:

Navigator, navigator, rise up and be strong,
 The morning is clear and there's work to be done,
 Take your pick and your shovel, and your ol' dynamite,
 For to shift a few tons of this earthly delight.

They died in their hundreds, no graves to mark where,
 Save the brass in the pockets of the entrepreneurs,
 By rock blast and land slip, god buried so deep,
 Yet in death if not life, they'll have peace while they sleep.
 CHORUS:

Their mark on this land is still seen and still laid,
 The way for our commerce, where the fortunes were made,
 The supply of an empire where the sun never sets,
 Which is now deep in darkness but the railway's there yet .
 CHORUS:
Yes to shift a few tons of this earthly delight.

(Rec: Hartley MM)

NEEDLECASES

I'm a poor wandering fellow, my name it is Jack
 No shoes to my feet, scarcely a rag to my back
 My belly is empty, my feet they are sore
 Won't you buy a case o' needles from Jack that's so poor?

CHORUS:

Needlecases, will you buy one,
 You can buy one I'm sure,
 Won't you buy a case of needles
 From Jack that's so poor?

I once had a table all lined with good food
 Both of eating and drinking and of all that was good
 But now I've no table, no friends nor not that
 I'm forced to cadge a crumb from the crown of my hat.

CHORUS:

I once was a farmer and followed the plough
 Don't you think I'm a charmer, just look at me now
 All covered in rags from the bottom to the top
 Don't you think that I've become a poor wandering rag shop?

CHORUS:

Now since you won't buy one, I think I must leave
 But to leave such good company it does my 'eart grieve
 To leave you, to leave you, but if I should come back
 Won't you buy a case o' needles from poor wandering Jack?

CHORUS:

(Folksongs of Britain and Ireland, Kennedy)

NELLIE THE ELEPHANT

To Bombay, a travelling circus came
 They brought an intelligent elephant, and Nellie was her name
 One dark night, she slipped her iron chain
 And of she ran to Hindustan and was never seen again

CHORUS

Nellie the elephant pack her trunk and said goodbye to the circus
 Of she rode with a trumpety trump, trump trump trump
 Nellie the elephant packed her trunk, and trumbled off to the jungle
 Of she rode with a trumpety trump, trump trump trump

Night by night she danced to the circus band
 When Nellie was leading the big parade she looked so proud and grand
 No more tricks, for Nellie to perform
 They taught her how to take a bow and she tooked the crowd by storm
 CHORUS

The head of the heard was calling far far away
 They meet one night in silvery light on the road to Mandalay
 CHORUS

NEW YORK GIRLS

(Can You Dance the Polka)

As I walked down the Broad-Way, one evening in July,
I met a maid who axed my trade, an' a sailor boy said I.

CHORUS:

Then away you Santee, My dear Annie,
Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka?

To Tiffany's I took her, I did not mind expense,
I bought her 2 gold earrings, an' they cost me 15 cents.

CHORUS:

She Sez "You Lime juice sailor, now see me home you may,"
But when we reached the cottage door, she this to me did say.

CHORUS:

My flash man he's a sailor, wid hair cut short behind,
He wears a pair o' long sea-boots an' he sails in the Blackball line.

CHORUS:

He's homeward bound this evening, an' wid me he will stay,
So git a move on, sailor boy, git crackin' right away.

CHORUS:

So I kissed her hard an' proper, afore her flash man came,
An' fare-ye-well me Bowery girl, I know yer little game.

CHORUS:

I wrapped me glad rags around me, an' to the docks did steer,
I'll never court another maid, I'll stick to rum an' beer.

(Rec: Yetties - All at Sea)

NO SIR NO

Fair maid walking all in her garden, who she is I do not know
I'll go and ask her for her beauty, let the answer be yes or no

CHORUS:

Oh dear oh, no sir no
Still her answer to me was no

Madam I have come a-courting, hope your favour that I shall gain
If you'll kindly entertain me, maybe I will call again

CHORUS:

Lady walking all in her garden, no loner might she be
If I should walk beside you, would that do any harm to thee?

CHORUS:

My husband he's a Spanish captain, went to sea three weeks ago
The very last day we kissed we parted, begged me always to answer no

CHORUS:

Stepping down to tie her garter, just a little above the knee
If my hand should slide any farther, would there be any blame on me?

CHORUS:

So they lay all night together, 'til the cocks begin to crow
Now the daylight is appearing, open your arms and let me go

CHORUS:

There's one thing I need to ask you, that's before you let me go
Did you ever sleep more sweetly, were you ever cuddled so?

CHORUS:

(Rec: Old Pequiar Band)

NON BARLEYCORN

Non Barleycorn as I've been told is as good as any beer
 Contains no harmful substances, it won't make you feel queer
 For it contains no alcohol or calories to waste
 No colour or no smell at all; no head, no fix, no taste

CHORUS:

Hey, Non Barleycorn, Ho Non Barleycorn
 Won't do anything at all
 Non Barleycorn

It will not make you happy and it won't give you a low
 Won't pick you up or put you down but through you it will go
 When you've had six you'll feel the same, as if you've just had one
 And when the party's over your won't know if you've had fun
 CHORUS:

Now do not scorn this noble brew but to me now pay heed
 Non Barleycorn will serve you well in any time of need
 For when you're out of beer and wine, vinegar and ink
 And petrol, piss and turpentine, non beers the stuff to drink
 CHORUS:

(Shag Gaetz)

NORTH COUNTRY MAID
(The Oak and the Ash)

A north country maid up to London has strayed,
 Although with her nature it did not agree,
 And she's wept and she's sighed,
 And she's wrung her hands and cried,
 How I wish once again in the north I could be.

CHORUS:

Where the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 All flourish and bloom in my north country.

How sadly I roam and lament my dear home,
 Where lads and lasses are making the hay,
 Where the bells they do ring and the little birds they sing,
 And the maidens and meadows are pleasant and gay.
 CHORUS:

Well I bet if I pleased, I could marry with ease,
 For where bonny lasses, are lovers will be,
 But the lad that I wed, must be north country bred,
 And must carry me back to my north country home.
 CHORUS:

(Rec: Watersons)

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Westward from the Davis Strait 'tis there 'twas said to lie,
 The sea route to the Orient for which so many died,
 Seeking gold and glory leaving weathered broken bones,
 And a long forgotten lonely cairn of stones.

CHORUS:

Ah for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage,
 To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea,
 Tracing one warm line, through a land so wide and savage,
 And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.

Three centuries thereafter, I take passage over land,
 In the footsteps of brave Kelsal where his 'sea of flowers' began,
 Watching cities rise before me then behind me sink again,
 This tardiest explorer, driving hard across the plain.

CHORUS:

And thru' the night, behind the wheel, the mileage clicking West,
 I think upon MacKenzie, David Thompson and the rest,
 Who cracked the mountain ramparts and did show a path for me,
 To race the roaring Fraser to the sea.

CHORUS:

How then am I so different from the first men thru' this way,
 Like them I left a settled life, I threw it all away,
 To seek the Northwest Passage at the call of many men,
 To find there but the road back home again.

CHORUS:

(Stan Rogers)

NOT FOR JOSEPH

Joseph Baxter is my name,
 My friends all call me Joe,
 I'm up, you know, to every game,
 and everything I know,
 Ah, I was green as green could be,
 I suffered for it though,
 Now, if they try it on with me,
 I tell them "Not for Joe".

CHORUS

Not for Joe, Not for Joe,
 If he knows it, not for Joseph,
 No, no, no, Not for Joe,
 Not for Joseph, or dear no!

(Harold Scott's English Song-book (1925))

NO WOMAN NO CRY

C G/B Am F C G/B Am G
 No woman no cry No woman no cry
 Repeat

C G/B Am F
 Cos, cos, cos I remember when we used to sit

C G/B Am F
 In a government yard in Trenchtown

C G/B Am F
 Obba, observing the hypocrites

C G/B Am F
 Mingle with the good people we meet

C G/B Am F
 Good friends we have, oh, good friends we have lost

C G/B Am F
 A-long the way

C G/B Am F
 In this great future, You can't forget your past

C G/B Am F
 So dry your tears, I say

No woman no cry, No woman no cry
 Little darling, don't shed no tears, No woman no cry

Said I remember when we use to sit
 In the government yard in Trenchtown
 And then Georgie would make the fire lights
 I say, log a would a burnin' through the nights
 Then we would cook cornmeal porridge, I say
 Of which I'll share with you (yeah)
 My feet is my only carriage, and so I've got to push on through,
 Oh, while I'm gone

Everything 's gonna be alright, Everything 's gonna be alright

No woman no cry, No woman no cry
 I say little darlin', Don't shed no tears, No woman no cry

(Bob Marley)

NUTTING GIRL

Now come all you jovial fellows, come listen to my song,
 It is a little ditty and it won't detain you long,
 It's of a fair young maiden, and she lived down in Kent,
 Woke up one summer's morning, and she a-nutting went.

CHORUS:

With my fal-lal to my ral-tal-lal,
 Whack fol the dear old day.
 And what few nuts that poor girl had,
 She threw them all away.

It's of a brisk young farmer, was ploughing of his land,
 He called unto his horses, and gently bid them stand,
 As he sat down upon his plough, all for a song to sing,
 His voice was so melodious, it made the valleys ring.

CHORUS:

It's of this fair young damsel, a nutting in the wood,
 His voice was so melodious, it charmed her as she stood,
 In that lonely wood, she could no longer stay,
 And what few nuts she had poor girl, she threw them all away.

CHORUS:

She went up to young Johnny, as he sat on his plough,
 Said she, "Young man, I really feel, I cannot tell you how"
 So he took her to a shady broom, and there he laid her down,
 Said she, "Young man, I think I feel the world go round and round."

CHORUS:

Now come all you local women, this warning by me take,
 If you should a-nutting go, don't stay out to late,
 For if you should stay too late, for to hear the plough boy sing,
 You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring.

CHORUS:

(Folksongs of Britain and Ireland)

OAK, ASH, AND THORN

Of all the trees that grow so fair, old England to adorn,
Greater are none beneath the sun than Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

CHORUS:

Sing Oak, and Ash, and Thorn good sirs,
All on a midsummer's morn.
Surely we sing of no little thing
In Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

Oak of the clay lived many a day o'er ever Aeneas began
Ash of the loam was a lady at home when Brut was an outlaw man,
And Thorn of the down saw new Troy town, from which was London born
Witness hereby the ancient try of Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.

CHORUS:

Yew that is old, in churchyard mold, he breedeth a mighty bow
Alder for shoes do wise men choose, and Beech for cups also
But when you have killed, and you bowl it is filled, and your
shoes are clean outworn

Back you must speed for all that you need to Oak, and Ash, and Thorn
CHORUS:

Elm, she hates mankind, and waits till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him that anyway trusts her shade,
But whether a lad be sober or sad, or mellow with ale from the
horn,
He'll taketh no wrong when he lyeth along 'neath Oak, and Ash, and
Thorn

CHORUS:

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight, or he would call it a sin,
But we've been out in the woods all night, a-conjuring summer in,
And we bring you good news by word of mouth, good news for cattle
and corn

Now is the sun come up from the south, by Oak, and Ash, and Thorn.
CHORUS:

(Words, Rudyard Kipling; Music, Peter Bellamy; Digitrad)

THE OLD BARBED WIRE

If you want to find the General, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
If you want to find the General,
I know where he is,
In Paris at the Folies Bergere.

REFRAIN:

I saw him, I saw him, In Paris at the Folies Bergere,
I saw him, In Paris at the Folies Bergere.

If you want to find the Colonel, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
If you want to find the Colonel,
I know where he is,
He's pinning another medal on his chest.

REFRAIN:

I saw him, I saw him, He's pinning another medal on his chest,
I saw him, He's pinning another medal on his chest.

If you want to find the Major, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
If you want to find the Major,
I know where he is,
He's drinking up the company rum.

REFRAIN:

I saw him, I saw him, He's drinking up the company rum,
I saw him, He's drinking up the company rum.

If you want to find the Sergeant, I know where he is,
I know where he is, I know where he is,
If you want to find the Sergeant,
I know where he is,
He's brewing up another pot of tea.

REFRAIN:

I saw him, I saw him, He's brewing up another pot of tea,
I saw him, He's brewing up another pot of tea.

If you want to find the Privates, I know where they are,
I know where they are, I know where they are,
If you want to find the Privates,
I know where they are,
They're 'anging on the old barbed wire.

REFRAIN:

I saw 'em, I saw 'em, They're 'anging on the old barbed wire,
I saw 'em, They're 'anging on the old barbed wire.

(Rec: Barrand/Roberts)

OLD MINER

Oh who'll replace this old miner,
And who will take my place below,
And who will follow the trepanner,
REFRAIN:
Oh dear god, when I go.

Oh who will wield this heavy pick,
That I did wield for forty years,
And who will hew the black, black coal,
REFRAIN:

Oh who will ride the miners' train,
That takes him to the dark coal face,
Who'll take my place upon that train,
REFRAIN:

Oh who will load this great iron tub,
And who will strain his bending back,
And who will work, sweat and ache like hell,
REFRAIN:

Oh who will cry when the roof caves in,
When friends are lying all around,
And who will sing the miners' hymn,
REFRAIN:

For forty years I've loved the mine,
For forty years I've worked down there,
Now who'll replace this old miner,
When I've paid, God, my fare.

(Roy Palmer's 'Songs of the Midlands')

OLD MRS HUDDLEDEE

Old Mrs. Huddledee
Came to bed to cuddle me
Threw her right leg over me
To keep her belly warm, O

(as sung by Carlisle M&S)

OLD PECULIAR

Some men take cider in the Spring to make the sap rise frisky
 And when the Autumn mists come in they drive them out with whiskey
 Some say there's nowt like English Ale in summer heat to cool yer
 But I've one drink all seasons round , a pint of Old Peculiar

CHORUS:

A pint of old, a pint of old
 A pint of Old Peculiar
 (Repeat last two lines of verse)

For aches and gout some men take rum, for fevers some take brandy
 Some keep the alliards standing near, some keep the porter handy
 Foreswear such physics all I say, let no such doctor rule yer
 The one true cure, the nostrum sure, a pint of Old Peculiar

CHORUS:

In youth's long hours with maids I've spent, tasting their delights, sir
 Though greatly I enjoyed the day, I much preferred the night, sir
 I gave me heart to Kate and Jane and sold my soul to Julia
 But now the ranting days are done, I'm left with Old Peculiar

CHORUS:

If wife should nag or children err, or trusted friend betray yer
 With magic potion to yer hand, these slights will not dismay yer
 If peevish master with new tricks , or foolish ways should school yer
 Just take your consolation in a pint of Old Peculiar

CHORUS:

And when the days are drawing in and fate past you has slipped, sir
 Forget the ones who said they might think on the ones that did, sir
 Let cruel truth be lost in time, let kinder memory fool yer
 And take your consolation in a pint of Old Peculiar

CHORUS:

(Keith Marsdon)

OLD ROSE AND CROWN

Good friends, gather round and I'll tell you a tale.
 It's a story well known to all lovers of ale.
 The old English pub, once a man's second home
 Has been decked out by brewers in plastic and foam.

CHORUS:

What have they done to the old Rose and Crown?
 The Ship, the King's Arms, and the World Upside Down.
 For oak, brass, and leather, and a pint of the best
 Fade away like the sun as it sinks in the west.

And the old oaken bar where the pumps filled your glass
 Gives way to Formica and tanks full of gas.
 And the landlord behind, once a man of good cheer
 Just mumbles the price as he hands you your beer.

CHORUS:

And where are the friends who would meet for a jar,
 Or a good game of darts in the old public bar?
 The dartboard is gone, in its place is a thing
 Where you pull on the handle and lose all your tin.

CHORUS:

But the worst of it all's what they've done to the beer.
 For their shandies and lagers that will make you feel queer.
 For an arm and a leg, they will fill up your glass
 With a half and half mixture of ullage and gas.

CHORUS:

(Ian Robb)

OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BLANKET

There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket
 Twice as high as the moon
 In one hand she carried a basket, and in t'other, a broom
 "Old woman, old woman, old woman", cried I,
 "O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
 "I'm going to sweep cobwebs beyond sky
 And I'll be back bye-and-bye".

THE OLDEST SINGER IN TOWN (AKA Oldest Swinger In Town)

When you go to put your finger in your ear
 And your hearing aids already there
 Then you know that the time is near
 You're the oldest singer in town

If you wear six swords in your lapel
 You're out of tune but you can't tell
 If you saw Fairport's first farewell
 You're the oldest singer in town

CHORUS:

You're the oldest singer in town
 You're the oldest singer in town
 Wak fol the diddle and fiddle all the day
 You're the oldest singer in town

If there's mothballs in your Donovan cap
 You ask when they're going to bring the Spinners back
 If all your B's have become B flat
 You're the oldest singer in town

If your Arran sweater is beyond repair
 If you've been coming here for 40 years
 If you still fancy Shirley Abicair
 You're the oldest singer in town

CHORUS:

If you ask to sing at the local set
 The manager tells you to project
 All you project is your top set
 You're the oldest singer in town

When you go down the club like Cassanova
 At the end you're the one left over
 No-one joins in when you sing "The Wild Rover"
 You're the oldest singer in town

CHORUS:

If you still think the singing postman's great
 You play all his records at 78
 You think CD stands for Charlie Drake
 You're the oldest singer in town

When people start calling you what's 'is name
 The girls all chase you on ceno-frames
 You let them catch you all the same
 You're the oldest singer in town

CHORUS:

(Sid Kipper, Alt. Eddie Pickford)

ON AN EVENING IN SUMMER

Way over the hill now, the sun has gone down
 And the elm trees long shadows lay over the ground
 The farmer has finished mowing his grass
 And its time for a young man to go court his lass

CHORUS:

On an evening in summer
 On an evening in summer
 On an evening in summer late on in June

It's into the Crown now to knock back a jar
 We'll set the world right as we prop up the bar
 We'll crack our sides laughing at a thumping good tale
 And sing a loud chorus in the praise of strong ale

CHORUS:

We'll talk about cricket and that knock by young Squires
 What price by next year he'll be capped by the Shire
 But we'll not forget Jones'y who won us the match
 When he ran from the covers to take that free catch

CHORUS:

Oh the clock has ticked round now, the landlords called time
 We'll take ourselves homewards, or at least we will try
 But we all go the same way so together we'll keep
 And we'll each help the other to stay on our feet

CHORUS:

(Graeme Miles)

ON ILKLA MOOR BAHT HAT

Where hast thou been since I saw thee?
 On Ilkla Moor baht hat
 Where hast thou been since I saw thee?
 Where hast thou been since I saw thee?
 On Ilkla Moor baht hat
 On Ilkla Moor baht hat
 On Ilkla Moor baht hat

Thou's been a courtin' Mary Jane
 On Ilkla Moor baht hat
 Thou's been a courtin' Mary Jane (2x)
 On Ilkla Moor baht hat (3x)

Thou'll go and get thy death of cold

Then we shall have to bury thee

Then the worms will come and eat thee oop

Then ducks will come and eat up the worms

Then us will come and eat up ducks

Then us will all have eaten thee

That's how we get out loved ones back

(traditional; Digitrad)

ONCE I WAS SINGLE

Once I was single, O then
 Once I was single, O then
 And when I was single, my pockets did jingle
 And I long to get single again

CHORUS:

Again and again and again
 Again and again and again
 For when I was single, my pockets did jingle
 I long to get single again

I married a wife, O then
 I married a wife, O then
 I married a wife, she's the plague of my life
 And I long to get single again

CHORUS:

My wife got a fever, O then
 My wife got a fever, O then
 My wife got a fever, I hope it won't leave her
 'Cause then I'll be single again

CHORUS:

My wife she died, O then
 My wife she died, O then
 My wife she died and I laughed 'til I cried
 For now I was single again

CHORUS:

I had a funeral, O then
 I had a funeral, O then
 Sweet music did play, and I danced all the day
 For I knew I was single again

CHORUS:

I married another, O then
 I married another, O then
 I married another, much worse than the other
 I long to be single again

CHORUS:

(Trad. Arr. Albion Band)

AN ORKNEY NEW YEARS' CAROL

This is New Year's eve and night, we are all Queen Mary's men.
 And we've come here to claim our right, and that's before our lady.

The morning it is New Year's day, we are . . .
 And we've come here to sport and play, and that's . . .

And if you don't open up your door, we are . . .
 We'll lay it flat upon the floor, and that's . . .

Master get your ale vat, we are . . .
 And give us a couple of pints of that, and that's . . .

Mistress get your pork ham, we are . . .
 And cut it large and cut it round, be sure you don't cut off your thumb, and that's . . .

We wish your cattle all may thrive, we are . . .
 To every one a goodly calf, and that's . . .

We wish your mare's welfare they all, we are . . .
 To every one a stag foal, and that's . . .

We wish your hen's all well may thrive, we are . . .
 And every one lay three time five, and that's . . .

We wish your geese may all do well, we are . . .
 And every one twelve at her heel, and that's . . .

God bless the mistress and her man, we are . . .
 Dish and table, pot and pan, and that's . . .

Here's to the one with the yellow hair, we are . . .
 She's hiding underneath the stair, and that's . . .

Be ya maids, or be ya none, we are all Queen Mary's men,
 Although our time may not be long, you'll all be kissed 'ere we go home,
 and that's before our lady.

(Rec: Tony Barrand, et al)

THE OXFORD & HAMPTON RAILWAY

Oh come and listen to my song, And I will not detain you long,
About the folks they all did throng, Along the Oxford Railway.

CHORUS:

Root'n, Toot'n, mirth and fun, Don't you wonder how it's done?
Carriages without horses run, On the Oxford and Hampton Railway.

And to go along the line, Mother, father, son and daughter,
Going along at one o'clock, By fire, steam and water.

CHORUS:

And from the villages and the towns, Ladies and gents all gathered round,
And music in the air did sound, Along the Oxford Railway.

CHORUS:

There's butchers, bakers, nailers too, And lots of gents all dressed in blue,
And they've all come to take a view, At the Oxford and Hampton Railway,

CHORUS:

Now there's a girl in Worcester Town, I think her name is Nancy,
She said a ride along the line, Would really please her fancy.

CHORUS:

She'll go by steam, she'll come by steam, By steam she'll be unhurried,
And if she do a husband find, By steam they will be married.

CHORUS:

Now an old girl looking up the line, said, "I don't give a farthing,
For they've pulled down me cottage fine, And taken away me garden."

"Where I for many years did dwell, Growing cabbages and potatoes,
But worse than that my daughter now, Run off with a navigator."

CHORUS:

When line is finished at both ends, Then you can send your cocks and hens,
And go and visit all your friends, Along the Oxford Railway.

CHORUS:

You can send your butter and cheese, At any time whenever you please,
You can send your hens and eggs, And them can ride that has no legs,
On the Oxford and Hampton Railway.

CHORUS:

(rec. Victoria's Inferno)

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

Here's forty shillings on the drum
For those who volunteer to come

To 'list and fight the foe today

Over the hills and far away

CHORUS:

O'er the hills and o'er the main

Through Flanders, Portugal and Spain

King George commands and we obey

Over the hills and far away

When duty calls me I must go

To stand and face another foe

And part of me will always stay

Over the hills and far away

CHORUS

If I should fall to rise no more

As many comrades did before

Then ask the fifes and drums to play

Over the hills and far away

CHORUS

Then fall in lads behind the drum

With colours blazing like the sun

Along the road to come what may

Over the hills and far away

CHORUS

PACE EGGING SONG

(for the Pace Egging Play from Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland)

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

CHORUS: Fol der ray, fol der ray

Fol der diddle die dum day

And the first that comes 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 its Pace-egging time.

CHORUS:

And the next that comes 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.

CHORUS:

And the next that comes in is Old Toss Pot, you'll see,
 He's a valiant old hero in every degree,
 He's a hump on his back and he wears a pig-tail,
 And all his delight is in drinking mulled ale.

CHORUS:

So the next that come in is Old Molly Brown Bags,
 She's so careful of money she goes in old rags,
 She's gold and silver and copper in store,
 And she's come a Pace-egging, she hopes to get more.

CHORUS:

So the next that comes in is a jolly Jack Tar,
 Who fought with Lord Nelson, during the last war,
 He's fresh from the sea, old England to view,
 And he's come a Pace-egging with all of his crew.

CHORUS:

So the next that comes in is poor Paddy from Cork,
 He hails from old Ireland, he come to seek work,
 He's his scythe on his back, and he comes to work hay,
 And then he's off back to old Erin again.

CHORUS:

The next that comes in is a bold Turkish Knight,
 From a far distant country he's come for to fight,
 He'll meet with St. George, and will fight with him here,
 To show him a hero who knows nothing of fear.

CHORUS:

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 us nowt, we'll take nowt, Farewell and good night.

CHORUS:

(Alex Helms's "Eight Mummers Play" and the Waterson's 'Frost and Fire'(abridged version)

PADSTOW MAY SONG

U-nite and u-nite and let us all u-nite,
 For Summer is icumen today,
 And whi-ther we are go-ing, we will all u—nite,
 In the merry morning of May.

All out, out of your beds, all out, out of your beds,
 For Summer is icumen today,
 Your chamber shall be stre-wed, with the white rose & the red,
 In the merry morning of May.

The young men of Pa—dstow, th-ey mi-ght if they would,
 For Summer is icumen today,
 They might have built a sh-ip and gilded her with gold,
 In the merry morning of May.

The young women of Pad-stow, th-ey mi-ght if they would,
 For Summer is icumen today,
 They might have made a gar-land, with the white rose & the red,
 In the merry morning of May.

Where are the you-ng men, that now you sho-uld dance?
 For Summer is icumen today,
 So-me they are in Eng-land, and some they are in France,
 In the merry morning of May.

REFRAIN:

O! Where is St. Geor-ge, O, where is he O-o?
 He-'s out in his long-boat, all on —the salt sea O.
 Up fli-es the ki-te and down falls the lark O.
 Aunt Ur-su-la Bird-hood, she had an old ewe,
 And she died in her own —park O.

Wi—th the merry ring, a—dieu the merry spring,
 For Summer is icumen today,
 How happy is the little bird, that mer-rily doth sing,
 In the merry morning of May.

Now fa-re all you well, a-nd bid you all good cheer,
 For Summer is icumen today,
 We call no more unto your house, be-fore another year,
 In the merry morning of May.

(100 Folk Songs & New Songs)

PANCAKES HOT

May-good-luck attend this house and happiness and laughter,
Love to master and to maid, and all that follow after.

CHORUS:

Let every pan that you have got,
Be full of pancakes piping hot,
Pancakes hot! Pancakes hot!
We like pancakes from the pot!

Mis-tress- give to us we beg, of all the cakes you cannot eat,
We will lick your dishes clean, for cakes to us are more than meat.

CHORUS:

We -will-play upon the drum, a merry tune we heard in France,
If you will but give-us cakes, to warm our legs so we may dance.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Wilson Family)

THE PARTING GLASS

Of all the money that 'ere I had,
I spent it in good company,
And of all the harm that ever I 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,
Goodnight and joy be to you all.

If I had money enough to spend,
And leisure time to sit a while,
There is a fair maid in this town,
Who surely has my heart beguiled;
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
I own she has my heart's control,
So fill to me the parting glass,
Goodnight and joy be to you all.

Of all the comrades that e'er I had,
They are sorry for my going away,
And of all the sweet hearts that e'er I had,
They would wish me one more day to stay;
But since it fell into my lot,
That I should rise and you should not,
I gently rise and I softly call,
Goodnight and joy be to you all.

(Rec: Voice Squad, 'Good People All')

PASADENA

Oh, you railway station,
Oh, you Pullman train!
Here's my reservation
For my destination
Far beyond the western plain,
To see my:

CHORUS:

Home in Pasadena,
Home where grass is greener;
Where honey bees hum melodies
And orange trees scent the breeze.
I'm gonna be a "Home-Sweet-Homer,"
There I'll settle down;
Beneath the palms,
In someone;s arms,
In Pasadena town.

When the sunshine dozes
At the twilight's call;
'Mid the fragrant roses,
I'll be striking poses
With my loving "all in all."
Beside my:

CHORUS

Lyrics: Grant Clarke & Edgar Leslie
Music: Harry Warren
Year: 1923
Recorded: The Temperance Seven (1962)

PAT, PAT THE PAN HOT
(for Shrove Tuesday)

Pat, pat the pan hot, I become a shroving,
A bit of bread, a bit of cheese, that's better than nothing,
Eggs and lard and flour's dear,
That makes me come shroving here.

(Roy Palmer, An English Country Songbook)

PHARAOH

Pharaoh sits in a tower of steel
 The dogs of money at his heels
 Magicians cry Oh truth or real
 We're all working for the pharaoh

A thousand eyes a thousand ears
 He feeds us all he feeds our fears
 So don't stir tonight in your sleep my dears
 We're all working for pharaoh

CHORUS (?):

Egypt land Egypt land
 We're all living in Egypt land
 Tell me brother don't you understand
 We're all working for pharaoh

Hidden from the eye of chance
 The men of shadow dance their dance
 We're all caught into their trance
 We're all working for pharaoh

The idols are rising to the sky
 Pyramids soar, sphinxes lie
 Head of dog Osiris eye,
 We're all working for pharaoh
 CHORUS:

I dig a ditch, I shape a stone
 Another battlement for his throne
 Another day on this earth has flown
 We're all working for the pharaoh

Call it England call it Spain
 Egypt moves with a whip and chain
 Moses feed my people again
 We're all working for the pharaoh
 CHORUS:

The pharaoh sits in his tower of steel,
 Around his feet the princes kneel
 Far below with shoulders to the wheel
 We're all working for the pharaoh.

(Richard Thompson)

PICK AND THE MALT SHOVEL

The collier's the lad who puts warmth in our homes
 With coal for our fires in bad weather;
 And the brewer's the one who puts warmth in our hearts
 And he keeps us all merry together.

CHORUS:

And the pick and malt shovel hand in hand,
 In a harvest of coal and of barley,
 Here's a health to the collier, to the brewer as well,
 As they rise in the morning so early.

When the collier is weary at the end of the day
 And his shift underground it is over;
 He praises the brewer as he drinks down his ale
 And seldom's the evening he's sober.

CHORUS:

And what would the brewer do without a fire
 To kindle his brew in the morning;
 So he praises the collier while hard at his work
 Or sat by his fireside so warming.

CHORUS:

The clergy drink claret or burgundy wine
 And the rich they drink brandy and sherry;
 But the collier's delight is the juice from the hop
 And it keeps him both healthy and merry.

CHORUS:

So good luck to the collier, good luck to the coal
 That keep us so warm in the winter;
 Good luck to the brewer, good luck to the ale
 In a pint pot, a firkin or pin, sir.

CHORUS:

(Roger Watson)

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO

On the 18th day of June, eighteen hundred and fifteen,
Both horse and foot they did advance most glorious to be seen,
Both horse and foot did full advance when the bugle horn did blow,
The sons of France we made to dance on the plains of Waterloo

Our cavalry advanced with true and valiant hearts,
Our infantry and artillery did nobly play their part,
Well the small arms they did rattle and our big guns they did roar
All on the plains of Waterloo where thund'ring cannons roar

The French dogs made a bold attack in front of Mount St. Jean,
Two of their best battalions thought the village for to gain,
Our infantry full charged them and made them turn about,
Sir William with his heavy brigade soon put them to the rout

Napoleon like a phantom cock sat mounted on a bar,
He much did wish to represent great Mars the God of War;
On a high platform he did stand, then loudly he did crow:
He drooped his wings and turned his tail to us at Waterloo

The valiant Duke of Brunswick fell in the field that day,
And many gallant officers fell in the awful fray,
And many British soldiers lay wounded in their gore,
Upon the plains of Waterloo where thund'ring cannons roar

Lord Wellington commanded us all on that glorious day,
Where many a brave soldier in death's cold arms did lay,
Well the small arms they did rattle and the cannons they did roar
At Waterloo where the Frenchmen their fate did much deplore

Brave General Hill so much renowned commanded the left wing,
And with his British hearts of oak destruction he did bring,
Brave Picton of heroic fame his squadron on he drew
Where most sublime, his deeds shall shine in fame at Waterloo

When Bonaparte he did perceive the victory we had won,
He did lament in bitter tears saying, "Me darling son,
I will set off for Paris straight and have him crowned also
Before they hear of my defeat on the plains of Waterloo."

So unto George our gracious King my voice I mean to raise,
And also the Prince Regent I wish to sing his praise,
The Duke of York and family, and Wellington also,
And the soldiers brave that fought that day on the plains of Waterloo

(Rec: The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn.
When the green fields and the meadows were all covered with corn.
And the black birds and the thrushes, sang on every green spray,
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day.

CHORUS:

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 a-walking one day,
Said the sailor to his true love, I am bound far away,
I am bound for the East Indies where the loud cannons roar,
I must go and leave you Nancy, you're the girl I adore.

CHORUS:

I must go and leave you Nancy
I must go and leave you Nancy
I must go and leave you Nancy, You're the girl I adore.

Then a ring from her finger she instantly drew,
Saying, take this dearest William, and my love with it too,
And whilst he stood embracing her, tears from her eyes fell,
Saying may I go along with you, oh no my love farewell.

CHORUS:

Saying may I go along with you,
Saying may I go along with you,
Saying may I go along with you, Oh no my love farewell.

So it's fare thee well my Nancy, I can no longer stay,
For the topsail is hoisted and the anchor's a-weight,
And the ship lies awaiting for the next flowing tide,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.

CHORUS:

And if ever I return again,
And if ever I return again,
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.

(Digitrad, Rec: Lou & Sally Killen)

POLICEMEN PROWL

Policemen prowl in a Panda car
 John Majors cheers them at the bar
 Protecting his home they earn their pay
 We, the loiterers, run away!

CHORUS:

Here come the policemen, run away!
 Here come the soldiers, hide away!
 Here come the bombers all melt away,
 Here come the bombers all melt away.

Soldiers manouvre through green shires
 Welcomed by the high church spires
 Kill the joy of this summers' day
 Smelling danger we hide away
 CHORUS:

The vapour trail across the sky
 "Praise our bomb" our leaders cry,
 But if one should fall all on this day
 Like snow in hell we'd melt away
 CHORUS:

The policeman, the soldier, the vapour trail;
 Tell the old familiar tale
 That uniforms of black and brown
 Divide us well and hold us down
 CHORUS:

Beware the church, beware the school
 Beware the State, beware the rule
 Never let democracy
 Destroy your hopes of liberty!!
 No more policemen to make us run away
 No soldiers to make us hide away
 No bombers to make us melt away!
 In peace we loiter this summers' day!

(Bob Davenport; rec: Gas Mark 5)

POOR OLD HORSE

It is a poor old horse, and he's knocking at your door,
 And if you please to let him in, he'll please you all I'm sure,

CHORUS

Poor old horse, poor old horse.

He once was a young horse, and in his youthful prime,
 My master used to ride on him and thought him very fine,
 CHORUS

But now that he's grown old, and nature doth decay,
 My master frowns upon him, and these words I've heard him say,
 CHORUS

His feeding it was once of the best of corn and hay,
 That grew down in yon fields, or in the meadows gay,
 CHORUS

But now that he's grown old, and scarcely can he crawl,
 He's forced to eat the coarsest grass, that grows against the wall,
 CHORUS

(Traditional Derbyshire Christmas Horse Play)

POSTMAN'S KNOCK

CHORUS:

Every morning as true as the clock,
 Somebody hears the postman's knock
 Every morning as true as the clock,
 Somebody hears the postman's knock

What a wonderful man the postman is as he hastens from door to door!
 What medley of news his hands contain for either rich or poor!
 In many a face he joy can trace, as many a grief he can see
 But the door is open to his loud tap-tap and his swift delivery.

CHORUS

Number one he presents with news of a birth, with tidings of death number 4
 At 13 a bill of terrible length he drops through a hole in the door;
 Now a check or an order for 15 he brings, for 16 his presence to prove,
 For 17 doth an acknowledgement get, and 18 a letter of love.

CHORUS

POVERTY KNOCKS

CHORUS:

Poverty, poverty knock! Me loom is a-sayin' all day.
 Poverty, poverty knock! Gaffer's too skinny to pay.
 Poverty, poverty knock! Keepin' one eye on the clock.
 I know I can guttle, when I hear me shuttle
 Go: poverty, poverty knock.

Up every mornin' at five, I wonder that we keep alive.
 Tired and yawnin' on the cold mornin', It's back to the dreary old drive.
 Oh dear we're goin' to be late, Gaffer is stood at the gate.
 We're out o' pocket, our wage's they'll docket; We'll 'a' to buy grub on the
 slate.

CHORUS:

An' when our wages they'll bring, We're often short of a string.
 While we are fratchin' wi' gaffer for snatchin', We know to his brass he will
 cling.
 We've got to wet our own yarn, By dippin' it into the tarn.
 It's wet an' soggy an' makes you feel groggy, An' there's ice in that dirty old
 barn.

CHORUS:

Oh dear, me poor 'ead it sings, I should have woven three string,
 But threads are breakin' and my back is achin', Oh dear, I wish I had wings.
 Sometimes a shuttle flies out, Gives some poor woman a clout.
 There she lies bleedin', but nobody's 'eedin', Who's goin' t'carry her out?
 CHORUS:

Tuner should tackle me loom 'E'd rather sit on his bum,
 'E's far too busy a-courtin' our Lizzie, An' ah cannot get 'im to come.
 Lizzie is so easily led, I think 'e takes 'er to bed.
 She always was skinny, now look at 'er pinny, It's just about time they was
 wed.

CHORUS:

Guttle: eat; A string: cloth length; Fratchin': arguing;
 Tuner: loom maintenance worker.

(Tom Daniel)

PRETTY POLLY PERKINS OF PADDINGTON GREEN

I am a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid.
Who lived on board and wages the house to keep clean
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green.

CHORUS:

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a queen,
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green.

She'd an ankle like an antelope and a step like a deer
A voice like a blackbird, so mellow and clear.
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long
I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong.

CHORUS:

When I asked her to marry me she said 'Oh what stuff',
And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough.
Of my nonsense — At the same time, I'd been very kind,
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined.

CHORUS:

The words that she uttered went straight through my heart
I sobbed and I sighed, and I straight did depart.
With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean
I bid farewell to Polly and to Paddington Green.

In six months she married, that hard-hearted girl,
But it was not a Mi-lord, and it was not an earl.
It was not a 'Baronet', but a shade or two wuss
It was a bow-legged conductor of a tupenny bus.

CHORUS:

(Harry Clifton; Digitrad)

THE PUB WITH NO BEER

It's lonesome away from your kindred and all
By the camp fire at night where the wild dingoes call,
But there's nothing so lonesome so morbid or drear
Than to stand in a bar of a pub with no beer.

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come
There's a far away look on the face of the bum
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer
What a terrible place is a pub with no beer.

Then the stock-man rides up with his dry dusty throat
He breasts up to the bar, pulls a wad from his coat,
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer,
When the bar man said sadly the pub's got no beer.

There's a dog on the 'randa-h for his master he waits
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates
He hurries for cover and cringes in fear
It's no place for a dog round a pub with no beer.

Old Billy the blacksmith first time in his life
Has gone home cold sober to his darling wife,
He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early my dear,
But he breaks down and he tells her the pub's got no beer

(Words: Traditional, to the tune of "Beautiful Dreamer")

RABBIT

In Warwickshire I was born and bred
 Father he kept us all well fed
 We didn't have no ham nor anything like lamb
 So father he went rabbiting instead
 As soon as we were weaned we had RABBIT
 Our plates were always cleaned we had RABBIT

CHORUS:

There was
 fried RABBIT
 dried RABBIT
 spiced RABBIT
 diced RABBIT
 rare RABBIT
 bare RABBIT
 Rabbit soon became a habit
 Father'd he would leave the house
 In search of pheasant, deer or grouse
 All we had was RABBIT

Now we knew that he was going poaching
 On someone else's land he'd be encroaching
 We'd cheer him on his way shouting Hip Hip Hooray!
 Because we knew that dinner was approaching
 Most every day we had RABBIT
 On every cold bleak day we had RABBIT
 CHORUS

Now in cooking meat me mother she's a wonder
 She quickly shifted all of father's blunders
 As soon as she was able she'd slap it on the table
 Ready for us kids to tear asunder
 To fill our pie up we had RABBIT
 In every fry-up we had RABBIT
 CHORUS

Now you may think I looks a little funny
 But I'll bet you any money
 You'd have a twitchy snout and teeth would all stick out
 If you were brought up on bunny
 Breakfast, dinner, tea we had RABBIT
 Continuously we had RABBIT
 CHORUS

(As sung by Eynsham MM)

RAISE YOUR BANNER HIGH

CHORUS:

Raise your banner high
 Strength to strength and line by line
 Unity must never die
 Raise your banner high

Bound together through the land
 Keep the spirit, keep the way
 Brother, sister, make a stand
 Unity will win the day
 CHORUS

Those who stand in face of strife
 Those who stand for liberty
 Fight to win a better life
 Fight to keep the future free
 CHORUS

Though the struggle brings us pain
 Though the struggle brings us tears
 Ours will be the final gain
 We will hear the victory cheer
 CHORUS

CHORUS

(John Tams)

RAP 'ER TE BANK

CHORUS:

Rap'er to Bank, me canny lad!
 Wind 'er away, keep tornin!
 The back-shift men are gannin' hyam,
 We'll be back in the mornin'.

Me feyther used to call the torn
 When the long shift was ower.
 All the way oot bye, ye'd hear him cry;
 D'ye knaa it's efter fower?
 CHORUS:

And when that aaful day arrived,
 The last shift for me feyther;
 A faal of stones and brokken bones,
 But still above the clatter, he cried:
 CHORUS:

Rap 'er te bank, me canny lad!
 Wind 'er reet slow, that's clivor!
 This poor aad lad hes tekken bad,
 As'll be back heor nivvor.
 CHORUS:

(by Henry Nattress; Victoria's Inferno by Jon Raven)
 made famous by Jack Elliot of the Elliot Family, Birtley

NB At one time when the shift was complete, the colliers would signal from the shaft bottom for the winder to bring up the cage to the surface. They did this by using the rapper rope which was suspended from the rapper at the pit head and hung down the shaft.

RELEASE ME

Please release me, let me go
 For I don't love you any more
 To waste our lives would be a sin
 Release me and let me love again

I have found a new love dear
 And I will always want her near
 Her lips are warm while yours are cold
 Release me, my darling, let me go

Please release me, can't you see
 You'd be a fool to cling to me
 To live a lie would bring us pain
 So release me and let me love again

(Rec. Engelbert Humperdink)

RIDERS IN THE SKY

A lone cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy day
 Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
 When all at once a mighty herd of red eyed cows he saw
 A-plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

CHORUS:

Yippee yi yay yippee yi yo
 Ghost herd in the sky

Their eyes, they shone like fire, and their hooves was made of steel
 Their horns was black and shiny, their hot breath he could feel
 A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
 For he saw the riders comin' hard - and heard their mournful cry

CHORUS:

Yippee yi yay yippee yi yo
 Ghost Riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their shirts all soaked with sweat
 They're ridin' hard to catch that herd, but they ain't caught them yet
 For they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky
 On horses snortin' fire - as they ride on hear their cry:

CHORUS

The riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name
 "If you want to save your soul from hell a-ridin on this range
 Then cowboy, change your ways today, or with us you will ride
 A-tryin' to catch the devil's herd across these endless skies.

CHORUS

(Stan Jones, as sung (more or less) by Vaughn Monroe)

RIGS OF MARLOW

When I go to Marlow fair, with the ribbons in me hair
 All the boys and girls declare "Here come the rigs o' Marlow"

THE RIGS OF THE TIME

No wonder that butter's a shilling a pound,
 See those rich farmer's daughters, how they ride up and down,
 If you ask them the reason, they say, "Bone' lass,
 There is a French war and the cows have no grass."

REFRAIN:

Singing: Honesty's all out of fashion,
 These are the rigs of the time, time me boys,
 These are the rigs of the time.

Now here's to our Landlord, I must bring him in,
 Charges tu'pence a pint and yet thinks it no sin,
 When he do bring it in, the measure is short,
 And the top of the pint is all covered in froth.

REFRAIN:

And here's to the Butcher, I must bring him in,
 Charges four-pence a pound and yet thinks it no sin,
 Slaps his thumb on the scale and makes it go down,
 He declares it's full weight, yet it lacks half a pound.

REFRAIN:

And here's to the Baker, I must bring him in,
 Charges a ha'penny a loaf and yet thinks it no sin,
 When he does bring it in, it's no bigger than your fist,
 And the top of the loaf has popped off with the yeast.

REFRAIN:

Now here's to the Tailor, who skimps with our clothes,
 And here's to the Cobbler, who pinches our toes,
 Our bellies are empty, our bodies are bare,
 No wonder we've reason to curse and to swear.

REFRAIN:

Now the very best thi-ng that I-I could find,
 Is to toss them all up in a high gale of wind,
 When the wind it do blow, the balloon it would burst,
 And the biggest old rascal come tumbling down first.

REFRAIN:

(Rec: Shirley Collin's "The Sweet Primroses")

And next there's the Lawyer, you plainly will see,
 He'll plead for your case for a very large fee,
 All day he will talk, proving all wrong is right,
 He'll make you believe, that a black horse is white.

REFRAIN:

And next there's the Doctor, I nearly forgot,
 I believe in my heart he's the worst of the lot,
 He'll tell you he'll cure you, for half you posses,
 And when you are buried, he'll take all the rest.

(Source: Rise Up Singing)

ROASTED WOMAN

Take an old woman and roast her and baste her well with cheese
 And leave her out on a winter's night, I'm sure that old lady'd freeze
 And bring her in next morning, wrap her in a bundle of straw
 And set fire to the bottom, I'm that old lady'd thaw

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK (E)

One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
 Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
 Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight

Put your glad rags on, join me, Hon
 We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
 We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight
 Gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

When the clock strikes two, three and four
 If the band slows down we'll yell for more
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
 We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight
 Gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

When the chimes ring five, six, and seven
 We'll be right in seventh heaven
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
 We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight
 Gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too
 I'll be goin' strong and so will you
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
 We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight
 Gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

When the clock strikes twelve, we'll cool off then
 Start a'rockin' round the clock again
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
 We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight
 Gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

(Bill Haley)

(Digitrad; Rec: Stan Rogers; variation by Stan Hugill)

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

It's a damn tough life of toil and strife we whalermen undergo,
 And we don't give a damn when the gale is done,
 How hard the winds did blow,
 For we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground,
 With a good ship taught and free,
 And we won't give a damn, when we drink our rum
 With the girls of old Maui

CHORUS:

Rollin' down to old Maui, me boys
 Rollin' down to old Maui
 We're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
 Rollin' down to old Maui

Once more we sail, with the northerly gale,
 Through the ice and wind and rain,
 Them coconut fronds, them tropical lands,
 We soon shall see again,
 Six hellish months we've passed away,
 On the cold Kamchatka sea,
 But now we're bound from the Arctic ground,
 Rollin' down to old Maui.

CHORUS:

Once more we sail with the northerly gale,
 Towards our island home,
 Our mainmast sprung, our whalin' done,
 And we ain't got far to roam,
 Our stuns'l bones is carried away,
 What care we for that sound,
 The living gale is after us,
 Thank god we're homeward bound.

CHORUS:

How soft the breeze through the island trees,
 Now the ice is far astern,
 Them native maids, them tropical glades,
 Are awaitin' our return,
 Even now their big brown eyes look out,
 Hopin' some fine day to see,
 Our baggy sails, runnin' 'fore the gales,
 Rollin' down to old Maui.

CHORUS: CHORUS:

ROLLING HOME

Round goes the wheel of fortune be not afraid to ride
 For a land of milk and honey waits on the other side
 There'll be peace and there'll be plenty
 You'll never need to roam

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

CHORUS:

Rolling home, when we go, rolling home, when we go
 Rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home.

The gentry in their finery they pass the night and morn
 While we unto the fields must go, sowers of their corn
 Though the rich may steal the power, the glory is your own
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

CHORUS:

The summer of resentment, the winter of despair
 The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare
 Stand true and stand together, your labour is your own
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

CHORUS:

The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow
 While we poor weary labourers strive through the sleet and snow
 Our hopes lay out to glory to where the larks do go
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

CHORUS:

So pass the jug around lads, and let the toast go free
 Here's a health to every labourer wherever he may be
 Fair wages now and ever, let's reap what we have sown
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

(John Tams)

ROSE OF ALLANDALE

The morn was fair, the sky was clear, no breath came o'er the sea
 When Mary left her highland cot and wandered forth with me
 Though flowers decked the mountain's side and fragrance filled the vale
 By far the sweetest flower there was the rose of Allandale
 Sweet rose of Allandale, sweet rose of Allandale
 By far the sweetest flower there was the rose of Allandale

Where'er I wandered east or west though fate began to lour
 A solace still was she to me in sorrow's lonely hour
 When tempests lashed my lonely bark and rent the quivering sail
 One maiden form withstood the storm, 'twas the rose of Allandale
 Sweet rose of Allandale, sweet rose of Allandale
 One maiden form withstood the storm, 'twas the rose of Allandale

And when my fevered lips were parched on Africa's burning sands
 She whispered hopes of happiness and tales of distant lands
 My life has been a wilderness unblest by fortunes gale
 Had fate not linked my lot to hers, the rose of Allandale
 Sweet rose of Allandale, sweet rose of Allandale
 Had fate not linked my lot to hers, the rose of Allandale.

(as sung by Hartley M.M.)

ROSEBUDS IN JUNE

Here's the rosebuds in June and the violets are glowing,
 The small birds, they war-ble, on every green bough,
 Here's the pink and the lily, and the daff-i-down dilly;

CHORUS:

To adorn and per-fume those sweet mea-dows in Ju-ne,
 If it weren't for the plough, the fat ox would grow sl-ow,
 And the lads & the bonny la—sses, to the sheep shearing go.

Our shepherds rejoice in their fine heavy fleeces,
 And frisky young lambs, which their flocks do increase,
 Each lad takes his la-ss, all on the green gra-ss;

CHORUS:

Our clean milking pails, they are fouled with good ale,
 At the table, there's ple-nty of che-er to be found,
 We'll whistle and si-ng, and dance in a-a ring;

CHORUS:

Now sheep shearing's over and harvest do draw nigh,
 We'll prepare for the fie-lds, our strength for to try,
 We'll reap and we'll mo-w, we'll plough and we'll so-w;

CHORUS:

(Rec: Waterson's "Green Fields")

ROSIN THE BOW (OLD)

I've travelled all over this world,
 Now on to another I go,
 And I know that good quarters are waiting,
 To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

REFRAIN:

To welcome old Rosin the Bow, To welcome old Rosin the Bow,
 And I know that good quarters are waiting, To welcome old Rosin the Bow.

When I'm dead and laid on my counter,
 A voice you will hear from below,
 Saying send down a hogs head of whiskey,
 To drink with old Rosin the Bow.

REFRAIN:

To drink with old Rosin the Bow, To drink with old Rosin the Bow,
 Saying send down a hogs head of whiskey, To drink with old Rosin the Bow.

Then get a half dozen stout fellows,
 And stack 'em all up in a row,
 Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles,
 To the memory of Rosin the Bow.

REFRAIN:

To the memory of Rosin the Bow, To the memory of Rosin the Bow,
 Let 'em drink out of half gallon bottles, To the memory of Rosin the Bow.

Then get this half dozen stout fellows,
 And let them stagger and go,
 Then dig a great hole in the meadow,
 And in it put Rosin the Bow.

REFRAIN:

And in it put Rosin the Bow, And in it put Rosin the Bow,
 Then dig a great hole in the meadow, And in it put Rosin the Bow.

I hear that old tyrant approaching,
 That cruel rebusterous old foe,
 And I lift up my glass in his honour,
 Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow.

REFRAIN:

Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow, Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow,
 And I lift up my glass in his honour, Take a drink with old Rosin the Bow.

(Digitrad; many, many versions)

ROUNDING THE HORN

The gallant frigate "Amphitrite", she lay in Plymouth Sound
 Blue Peter at the fore-mast head, for she was outward bound
 We were waiting there for orders to send us far from home
 Our orders came for Rio, and thence around Cape Horn

Next day we weighed our anchor boys, and waived goodbye all round,
 And some of us we knew would never see Plymouth Sound;
 But still our hearts were light and gay, and when all was taut and snug,
 We forged out the bumboat grog and each man filled his mug.

We drank success to Plymouth girls, to Kate and Poll and Sue,
 And Arguing o'er their various charms, struck up a fight or two,
 Jim Crab he landed Bonny Hodge a clout that made him snort,
 And to this day his nose has got a heavy list to port.

When we arrived at Rio, we prepared for heavy gales
 We set up all our rigging, boys, and bent on all new sails
 From ship to ship they cheered us as we did sail along
 And wished us pleasant weather in rounding of Cape Horn

When beating off Magellan Straits it blew exceeding hard
 While shortening sail, two gallant tars fell from the tops' l yard
 By angry seas the ropes we threw from their poor hands were torn
 We were forced to leave them to the sharks that prowl around Cape Horn

When we got round the Horn, my boys, we had some glorious days
 And very soon our killick dropped in Valparaiso Bay
 The pretty girls came down in flocks, I solemnly declare
 They're far before the Plymouth girls with their long and curly hair

They love a jolly sailor when he spends his money free
 They'll laugh and sing and merry, merry be, and have a jovial spree
 And when your money is all gone, they won't on you impose
 They are not like the Plymouth girls that'll pawn and sell your clothes

Farewell to Valparaiso, and farewell for a while
 Likewise to all the Spanish girls along the coast of Chile
 And if I ever live to be paid off, I'll sit and sing this song
 "God bless those pretty Spanish girls we left around Cape Horn".

killick = anchor

(Oxford Book of Sea Songs)

ROW ON, ROW ON

Clouds are upon the summer sky, there's thunder in the wind
 Pull on, pull on and homeward high
 Ne'er give one look behind

CHORUS:

Row on, row on, another day may shine with brighter light
 Ply, ply the oars and pull away, there's dawn beyond the night

Bear where thou goest the words of love, say all that words can say
 Change less affection strength to prove, but speed upon the way

CHORUS

Like yonder river would I glide to where my heart would be
 My bark should soon out sail the tide that hurries to the sea

CHORUS

But yet a star shines constant still through yonder cloudy sky
 And hope as bright my bosom fills, from faith that cannot die

CHORUS

Row on, row on, God speed the way, thou must not linger here
 Storms hang about the closing day, tomorrow may be clear

CHORUS

Clouds are upon the summer sky, there's thunder in the wind
 Pull on, pull on and homeward tie
 Ne'er give one look behind

CHORUS

RULE BRITANNIA!

When Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main
 Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main
 This was the charter, the charter of the land
 And guardian angels sang this strain

CHORUS:

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves
 Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves
 Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall
 Must in their turn, their turn to tyrants fall
 While thou shall flourish, shall flourish great and free
 The dread and envy of them all

CHORUS:

Still more majestic shall thou rise
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke
 More dreadful, dreadful, dreadful from each foreign stroke
 As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies
 Serves to root thy native oak

CHORUS:

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 All their attempts, attempts, attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame
 To work their woe and thy renown

CHORUS:

To thee belongs the rural reign
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine
 Thy cities, cities, cities shall with commerce shine
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main
 And every shore it circles, thine

CHORUS:

The muses, still with freedom found
 Shall to thy happy coast repair
 Shall to thy happy coast, thy happy coast repair
 Blest Isle! with matchless, with matchless beauty crowned
 And manly hearts to guard the fair

CHORUS:

(Words: Thomas Arne – Music: James Thomson)

SAM'S GONE AWAY

I wish I was a cabin-boy aboard a man-o-war
 Sam's gone away aboard a man-o-war
 I wish I was a cabin-boy aboard a man-o-war
 Sam's gone away aboard a man-o-war

CHORUS:

Pretty work, brave boys, pretty work, I say
 Sam's gone away aboard a man-o-war

I wish I was a gunner...

I wish I was the bosun...

I wish I was an officer...

I wish I was the captain...

(Trad'l, but Graham didn't know where from!!)

SARAH

I met upon a charming girl and Sarah is her name,
 Her parents wants a husband, with riches wealth and fame,
 I had the wealth but riches and fame, has never come my way,
 'Til the night I went to visit my love, and t'ru da keyhole say.

CHORUS:

Sarah, Sarah, won't you come out tonight,
 Sarah, Sarah da moon is shining bright,
 Put ya' hat and jacket on, tell ya' mother you won't be long,
 And I'll be waiting for you 'round the corner.

My Sarah is da girl like this, a girl you seldom see,
 She loves me only for myself, and not for my mo-ney,
 Every night at 8 o'clock, she puts her needle away,
 And standing just outside her door and t'ru da keyhole say.

CHORUS:

One night a little after 8, I crept up to her door,
 I whispered Sarah darling, as I often done before,
 "I'll give you Sarah" said a voice, as down I went to flop,
 And her mother sang, as she kicked me all around the shop.

CHORUS:

De old woman thought she'd killed me and I let her think so too,
 So I laid there on the floor, I scarce know what to do,
 At last she said "he's alive or dead, my girl I'll let him wed"
 And up I jumped, says thank-you mum and to my girl I said.

(rec. Buddy what's-'is-name and the Other Fellers)

A SCARBOROUGH SETTLER'S LAMENT

Away with Canada's muddy creeks and Canada's fields o' pine,
 This land o' wheat is a goodly land, but oh, it is not mine
 The heathy hill, the grassy dale, the daisy-spangled lea
 The purling burn and craggy linn, Auld Scotia's glens give me

No more I'll win by Eskdale's bank o'er Pentland's craggy cone
 The days can never come back again of Thirty years that's gone
 But fancy oft at midnight hour will steal across the sea
 Last night I had a pleasant dream - I saw the auld countrie

Each well known scene that met my view brought childhood's days to mind
 A blackbird sang on Tushie Linn the song he sang lang syne
 But like the dream time flies away, again the morning came
 And I awoke in Canada three thousand miles from home.

(Traditional; similar version in Penguin Book of Canadian Folk Songs)

SEDFIELD FAIR

Owd Dickie Thompson, 'e 'ad a grey mare,
 'E took 'er away to Sedgfield Fair,
 'E browt 'er back, oh, yis, 'e did,
 Because 'e 'adn't a farthin' bid.

CHORUS:

Singing titty falerie, fire up Mary,
 Up to the jigs at Sedgfield Fair.

Now he turned her away into Wragby Wood,
 He thowt his owd mare might deea some good;
 But she ran her awd heead right intiv a tree:
 'Gor, dang', said Dick, 't'owd mare'll dee.

CHORUS:

Now he browt some hay all in a scuttle;
 Her poor owd belly began to ruttle.
 He browt her some corn all in a sieve: '
 Gor, dang' says Dick, 't'owd mare'll live.

CHORUS:

Now he took her away into t' field to ploo,
 To see what good his owd mare could do;
 But at ivvery end she let a great fart:
 'Gor, dang,' says Dick, 'we'll ploo till dark.'

CHORUS:

Now all his sheep got intiv his fog,
 And he sent away home for t' black and white dog;
 And at ivvery end he gave a great shout,
 Was: 'Get away by 'em and fetch 'em out.'

CHORUS:

Then all his hens got intiv his corn,
 And he swore he would shoot 'em as sure as he's born;
 So he got his owd gun and he squinted and squared,
 But he missed t'owd hens and shot his grey mare.

CHORUS:

Notes: ploo = plough; intiv = into; t'owd = the old; ivvery = every;

(Rec: Watersons)

THE SERVING MAN

Well met well met my friend, all on the highway riding, Though freely together here we stand,
 I pray thou tell to me of what calling m'st thou be And art thou not a serving man?

Oh no my brother dear what makes thee to inquire, Of any such thing by my hand?
 Indeed I will not frame, but I will tell you plain, I am a downright 'usband man.

What 'n infinite-fine man you be, will you walk along with me, Though freely together here we stand?
 For in a very short space I may take you to a place, Where you may be a serving man

As to thine diligence I give thee many thanks, But nowt do I require from thine hand,
 But I pray now to me show, wherefore that I may know, The pleasures of a serving man.

Well isn't it a nice thing, to ride out with the King, With Lords, Dukes or any such men?

For to hear the horns a blowin' see the hounds all in a row, That's pleasures of a serving man.

But my pleasures more than that for to see my oxen fat And a good stock of hay by them stand,
 With my ploughin' and my sowin' , my reapin' and my mowin', That's pleasures of an 'usband man.

But then we do wear the finest of grandeur: My coat is trimmed with fur all around,
 Our shirts as white as milk and our stockings made of silk, That's clothin' for a servin' man.

But then we do eat the most delicate fine meat, Of duck, goose and capon and swan;
 Our pastry's made so fine, we drink sugar in our wine, That's diet for a servin' man.

As to thy ducks and capons give me my beans and bacon, And a good drop of ale now and then,
 For in a farmer's house you will find both braun and souse, That's living for an 'usband man.

Good sir I must confess though it causes me distress, To grant to you the upper most 'and,
 Although it is most painful it is altogether gainful, An I wish I'd been an 'usband man.

So now good people all, both be you great and small, Honour the King of our land,
 And let us whatsoever to do our best endeavour, For to maintain an 'usband man.

(Rec: The Young Tradition)

SHALLOW BROWN

Fare the well, me Juliana,
 Shallow, oh, shallow brown,
 Fare the well, me Juliana,
 Shallow, oh, shallow brown.

And it's shallow in the morning,
 Just as the day was dawning.

I've put me clothes in order,
 For our packet leaves tomorrow.

Yes our packet leaves tomorrow,
 And it fills me heart with sorrow.

For I love to gaze upon ye,
 And to spend me money on ye.

O you are me only treasure,
 And I loves ye still full measure.

In me cradle lies me baby,
 I don't want no other lady.

O, me wife and baby grieve me,
 It just breaks me heart to leave ye.

For I'm bound away to leave ye,
 But I never will deceive ye.

Fare the well, me Juliana,
 Fare the well, me Juliana,

(Digitrad, Rec: Boarding Party)

SHEEP SHEARING SONG

(Rosebud in June)

It's a rosebud in June and the violets in full bloom,
 And the sma-ll birds singing, love songs on ea-ch spray.

CHORUS:

We'll pipe and we'll sing love, We'll dance in a ring love,
 When each lad takes his lass, All on the green grass,
 And it's a-ll to plou-gh, Where the fat oxen graze low,
 And the lads and their lasses, to the sheep shearing go.

When we have all sheared, all our jolly, jolly sheep,
 Wh-at joy can be greater, than to talk of their increase.

CHORUS:

For their flesh it is good, it's the best of a-ll food,
 And their wool it will clothe us and keep our backs from the cold.

CHORUS:

It's the ewes and their lambs, it's the hogs and their rams,
 And the fat withers too, they will ma-ke a fine shoe.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Steeleye Span, 'Below the Salt')

SHOVE AROUND THE JUG

I courted a girl in Albany and one in Montreal
And one in Philadelphi but the best in Lewiston Falls

CHORUS:

So shove around the jug me boys
Chorus around the room
We're the boys that fear no noise
Although we're far from home

When you get to Albany give the girls a call
But they're not at all to be compared with the ones from Lewiston Falls

CHORUS

A dollar in the tavern is very easy spent
But if I'd been in Ireland I would have to pay down rent

CHORUS

Amsterdam or Liverpool, Rome or Syracuse
But once you've been to Lewiston Falls it's the only place you'll choose

CHORUS

I came o'er from Ireland when I was just a lad
And working these canal boats is the only life I've had

CHORUS

A drunk is in the tavern, a fish is in the sea
The cork is in the bottle but the whiskey is in me

CHORUS

(Collected from John Mayberry of TfMM in Gilbertsville, NY. Lewiston Falls is on the Niagara River in upstate New York.)

A SHROPSHIRE LAD

The gas was on in the Institute
The flare was up in the gym
A man was running the mineral line
A lass was singing a hymn
When Captain Webb the Dawley man
Captain Webb from Dawley
Came swimming along the old canal
That carried the bricks to Lawley
Swimming along
Swimming along
Swimming along from Severn
And paying a call at Dawley Bank while swimming along to Heaven

The sun shone low on the railway line
And over the bricks and stacks
And in the upstairs windows
Of the Dawley houses' backs
When we saw the ghost of Captain Webb
Webb in water sheeting
Come dripping along in a bathing dress
To the Saturday evening meeting
Dripping along
Dripping along
To the Congregational Hall
Dripping and still he rose over the sill and faded away in a wall

There wasn't a man in Oakengates
That hadn't got hold of the tale
And over the valley in Ironbridge
And round by Coalbrookdale
How Captain Webb the Dawley man
Captain Webb from Dawley
Rose rigid and dead from the old canal
That carries the bricks to Lawley
Rigid and Dead
Rigid and Dead
To the Saturday congregation
Paying a call at Dawley Bank on his way to his destination

(From John Betjeman's Collected Poems, John Murray, London, with special thanks to Ginger Rogers)

SOFT TUESDAY

Soft Tuesday, soft Tuesday, poor Jack went to plough,
 His mother made pancakes, she didn't know how,
 She twist them, she tossed them, she made them so fat,
 She put too much pepper, and poisoned poor Jack

CHORUS

Thread-a-needle, thread-a-needle, e-l-oh
 (repeat)

Shrove Tuesday, shrove Tuesday, poor Jack went to plough,
 His mother made pancakes, she scarcely knew how,
 She tossed them, she turned them, she made them so black,
 With soot from the chimney, she poisoned poor Jack.

CHORUS

note: for Pancake Tuesday also

(Peter Kennedy, Folk Songs of Britain, v.9, and
 P.H. Ditchfield, Old English Customs.)

SOMERSET CRUMPET HORN

I met a fair young maiden, as pretty as can be
 I asked her very nicely, if she'd come home with me.
 She said "Kind sir I'd love to, but I must be back by dawn".
 So I took her home to show her, me Somerset Crumpet Horn.
 I made a cup of cocoa, and sat her in the chair
 She said " I'd like to see this thing that you say is so rare".
 So I took it out to show her, all cuddly and fat
 She said " I thought I'd seen a few, but never one like that!"

Horn: la la la da la la la da la da da da da

She said she'd like to hold it, to see how much it weighed
 I put it in her tiny hand and closed me eyes and prayed.
 I prayed she'd treat it gently, not bash it all about
 cause a crumpet horn is delicate, of that there is no doubt.
 She said she'd like to blow it, she said she'd like to try
 She put her lips about it, in a twinkling of an eye
 She took a mighty breath and, before I could record her
 She played a tune so beautiful she made me poor eyes water.

Horn: La la la da la la la da la da da da da

We played for hours and hours in perfect harmony
 We played in all positions, we played in every key
 We played until the sun came up in the first grey light of dawn
 She said "I cannot leave you and your Somerset crumpet horn".
 My love and I are married, we are of one accord
 and with our mutual interest, we find we're never bored.
 If discord ever threatens, we can weather every storm
 and have another session on the Somerset Crumpet Horn.

Oh the Somerset Crumpet Horn, me Somerset Crumpet Horn
 We'll have a special session on the Somerset Crumpet Horn. Oi!

(rec. The Wurzles)

SOMERSET WASSAIL

Wassail, and wassail, all over the town!
 The cup it is white and the ale it is brown;
 The cup it is made of a good ashen tree,
 And so is the malt of the best barley.

CHORUS:

For it's your wassail, and it's our wassail!
 And it's joy be to you, and a jolly wassail!

O master and missus are you all within?
 Pray open the door and let us come in;
 O master and missus a sitting by the fire,
 Pray think upon poor travellers, a travelling in the mire
 CHORUS:

O where is the maid, with the silver-headed pin,
 To open the door, and let us come in?
 O master and missus, it is our desire,
 A good loaf of bread and cheese, and a toast by the fire.
 CHORUS:

There was an old man, and he had an old cow,
 And how for to keep her he didn't know how,
 He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm,
 And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.
 No harm boys harm, no harm boys harm,
 And a drop or two of cider will do us no harm.

The girt dog of Langport he burnt his long tail,
 And this is the night we go singing wassail,
 O master and missus, now we must be gone,
 God bless all in this house till we do come again.
 CHORUS:

(Source: Oxford Book of Carols)

SOMETHIN' ELSE

Look at that
 Here she comes
 Here comes that girl again
 One of the cutest since I don't know when
 But she don't notice me when I pass
 She goes with all the guys from outta my class
 But that can't stop me from thinkin' to myself
 "She's sure fine lookin', man, she's something else"

Look at that
 'Cross the street
 There's a car built just for me
 To own a car would be a luxury
 But right now I can't afford the gas
 A brand new convertible is out of my class
 But that can't stop me from thinkin' to myself
 "That car's fine lookin', man, it's something else"

Hey, look at that
 Just wait and see
 Worked hard and saved my dough
 I buy that car and then I roll up with Joe
 Get me that girl and we go ridin' around
 We look real sharp with the wide top down
 I keep on dreamin' and thinkin' to myself
 "When it all comes true, man, well that's something else"

Hey, look at that
 Watch out this
 Never thought I'd do this before
 But here I am a-knockin' on her door
 My car's out front and it's all mine
 It's a '41 job not a '59
 I got that girl and I'm thinkin' to myself
 "She's sure fine lookin', man, well she's something else"

(Eddie Cochran)

SOMEWHERE

C C7 F7 Bb Gm7 C7 F7 Bb
 There's a place for us, somewhere a place for us
 C C7 Am Dm Bb Eb C
 Peace and quiet and open air wait for us somewhere
 C C7 F7 Bb Gm7 C7 F7 Bb
 There's a time for us, someday a time for us
 C C7 Am Dm
 Time together with time to spare
 Bb Eb Cm Ab
 Time to learn, time to care
 Db Bbm
 Someday, somewhere
 Fm Bb Gm7
 We'll find a new way of living
 Cm Bbm6 Ab G Em7
 We'll find a way of forgiving. Somewhere.
 C C7 F7 Bb Gm7 C7 F7 Bb
 There's a place of us, a time and place for us
 C C7 Am Dm
 Hold my hand and we're halfway there
 Bb Eb Cm Ab
 Hold my hand and I'll take you there
 Db Bbm F
 Somehow, someday, somewhere

A SONG OF PATRIOTIC PREJUDICE

The English, the English, the English are best
 I wouldn't give tuppence for all of the rest

The rottenist bits of these islands of ours
 We've left in the hands of three unfriendly powers
 Examine the Welshman, the Irish or Scot
 You'll find him a stinker as likely as not

The Scotsman is mean as we're all well aware
 And ugly and blotchy and covered with hair
 He eats salted porridge, he works all the day
 And he hasn't got bishops to show him the way
 The English, the English, the English are best
 I wouldn't give tuppence for all of the rest

The Irishman now our contempt is beneath
 He sleeps in his boots and he lies through his teeth
 He blows up policemen, or so I have heard
 And blames it on Cromwell and William the Third
 The English are noble, the English are nice
 And worth any other at double the price

The Welshman's dishonest, he cheats when he can
 He's little and dark, more like monkey than man
 He works underground with a lamp in his hat
 And he sings far too loud, far too often and flat

And crossing the Channel, one cannot say much
 For the French or the Spanish, the Danish or Dutch
 The Germans are German, the Russians are red
 And the Greeks and Italians eat garlic in bed
 The English are moral, the English are good
 And clever and modest and misunderstood

And all the world over, each nation's the same
 They've simply no notion of playing the game
 They argue with umpires, they cheer when they've one
 And they practice beforehand which ruins the fun
 The English, the English, the English are best
 So up with the English and down with the rest

It's not that they're wicked, or naturally bad
 It's knowing they're foreign that makes them so mad
 For the English are all that a nation should be
 And the best of the English are Donald (Michael)
 Donald (Michael) and me

(Flanders & Swann)

SOULING SONG

CHORUS:

A soul, a soul, a soul-cake
 Please good missus a soul-cake
 An apple, a pear, a plum or a cherry
 Or any good thing to make us all merry
 One for Peter, two for Paul
 Three for him that made us all

God bless the master of this house
 And the miss-te-riss also
 And all your little children
 That round your table grow
 Likewise your men and maidens
 Your cattle and your stores
 And all that dwells within your gates
 We wish you ten times more

CHORUS:

The lanes are very dirty
 And my shoes are very thin
 I've got a little purse
 I can put a penny in
 If you haven't got a penny
 A ha'penny will do
 If you haven't got a ha'penny
 Then God bless you

CHORUS:

(Rec: Watersons, Frost and Fire)

SOUND OF SINGING

We are well met my friends in this place tonight,
 Though most of us are strangers to each other,
 The many paths that lead us here, will mingle and unite,
 As we walk down this same road together.

CHORUS:

And so when the music starts, Open up your hearts,
 Let it soar like a lark in early morning,
 Sorrow, care or fear, tonight have no place here,
 They shall all soon disappear, in the sound of singing.

This crowded age we live in gives us little time or choice,
 Small simple dreams are often derided,
 But tonight we shall sing in a common human voice,
 Tonight we shall not be divided.

So for these few hours at least, let your spirits be released,
 May you find peace if peace is what you're seeking,
 The frantic ceaseless roar of the world outside our door,
 Shall this night fade before the sound of singing.

CHORUS:

And so when the music starts, Open up your hearts,
 Let it soar like a lark in early morning,
 Sorrow, care or fear, tonight have no place here,
 They shall all soon disappear, in the sound of singing.

(Eric Bogle)

THE SOUND OF THE DRUM/NINETY FIVE

(Intro' music (=fiddle, pipe and tabor all through UON))

In the merry month of May, When bees from flower to flower did hum,
Soldiers through the town marched gay,
And the villagers danced to the sound of the drum.

The Cobbler he's got off his awl, With last and apron he has done,
Left wax and thread for powder and ball,
Gone with the rest to follow the drum.
(Music)

The Tailor he's got off his board, And swore he'd wallop his foes, good lord,
He changed his bodkin for a sword,
Gone with the rest to follow the drum.

Robin he got off his plough, His team and furrow just begun,
Of country life he'd had enoug',
He'll go with the rest to follow the drum.
(Music)

Three old dames and one was lame, And another deaf and the third nay
dumb,
They said it was a terrible shame,
That they couldn't go and follow the drum.

In the merry month of May, When bees from flower to flower did hum,
Soldiers through the town marched gay,
And the villagers danced to the sound of the drum.
(Music; change to '95')

Oh the girls go by and they wink one eye,
Will you marry me? No not I, I'm 95, I'm 95
And to stay single I'll contrive.

(Rec: Tony Barrand, "To Welcome In the Spring")

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia I was born
Heave away, haul away
South Australia around Cape Horn
Bound for South Australia.

CHORUS:

Haul away you rollin' king
Heave away, haul away
All the way you'll hear me sing
We're bound for South Australia.

There's only one thing that grieves my mind
Heave away, haul away
That's leaving Nancy Bloom behind
Bound for South Australia.
CHORUS:

I'll tell you the truth I'll tell no lie
Heave away, haul away
I'll love that girl 'til the day I die
Bound for South Australia.
CHORUS:

As I was a walloping around Cape Horn
Heave away, haul away
Wished to God I'd never been born
Bound for South Australia.
CHORUS:

And now I'm bound for a foreign land
Heave away, haul away
A bottle of whiskey in my hand
Bound for South Australia.
CHORUS:

I'll drink one glass to the foreign shore
Heave away, haul away
An another to Nancy who I adore
Bound for South Australia.
CHORUS:

(Sunset MM Songbook)

SPANISH LADIES

Farewell and adieu to you Spanish Ladies,
 Farewell and adieu you ladies of Spain,
 For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
 But we hope in a short time to see you again.

CHORUS:

We'll rant and we'll roar like true English sailors,
 We'll rant and we'll roar all on the salt seas,
 Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England,
 From Ushent to Scilly is 35 leagues.

We hove our sail to, with the wind from so'west boys,
 We hove our sails to, deep soundings to take,
 T'was 45 fathoms with a white sandy bottom,
 So we squared our main yard and up Channel did make.

CHORUS:

The first land we sighted was call-led the Dogman,
 Next Ramshead off Plymouth, off Portsmouth the Wight,
 We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dover,
 And then we bore up for the south Foreshore light.

CHORUS:

Then the signal was made for the great fleet to anchor,
 And all in the Downs that night for to lie,
 Let go you shank painter, let go you cat stopper,
 Haul up your clew garnets, let go tacks and sheets fly.

CHORUS:

Now let ev'ry man drink off his full bumper,
 And let ev'ry man drink off his full glass,
 We'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy,
 And here's to the health of each true hearted lass.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Yetties - All at Sea)

SPORTSMEN AROUSE

Sportsmen arouse the morning is clear, The larks they are singing all in the air,
 Repeat

Go tell your sweet lover the hounds are out
 Repeat

Saddle your horses, your saddles prepare, We'll away to some cover to seek for a hare,
 We searched the woods the groves all round, the trial being over the game it is found,
 Repeat

Then off she springs through brake she flies,
 Repeat

Follow, follow the musical horn, sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare
 Our huntsman blows his joyful sound, tally ho me boys all over the downs,
 Repeat

From the woods to the valleys she how she creeps
 Repeat

Follow, follow the musical horn, sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.
 All along the green turf she pants for breath, our huntsman he shouts out for death,
 Repeat

Relope, relope, retiring hare,
 Repeat

Follow, follow the musical horn, sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.
 This hare has led us a noble run, success to sportsmen everyone,
 Repeat

Such a chase she has led us, four hours or more,
 Repeat

Wine and beer we'll drink without fear, we'll drink a success to the innocent hare.

(Rec: Bampton MM)

SPRINGTIME
(AKA Sweet Thyme)

In the springtime of the year
I loved and lost my dear
For love grows wild when the weather it is mild
As you shall plainly hear

CHORUS:

Sweet thyme, springtime
The parsley and the thyme
The rosemary and the willow tree
Around my heart entwine

Then in comes sweet July
When the nightingales do fly
And lovers play all in the hay
And the pale moon fills the sky

CHORUS:

But when Autumn's gold and grey
Is gathered in again
And the turning year will bring my dear
And an end to all my pain

CHORUS:

But in Winter's cloak of grey
I will find my love today
Oh and I'll not wait 'til Summer's at the gate
I'll wave false love away

CHORUS:

(Rec: Beggars Velvet)

STANDING IN LINE

Puttees and polish, a cigarette and a smile
A sepia soldier no more than a child
You roared Tipperary down to the train
But in Flanders the guns sang a different refrain

CHORUS:

Standing in Line, waiting to sign
Standing in Line to go over
A half empty washing line serves to remind
You're fallen and always Standing in Line

Misinformation a well hidden lie
Roll up try your luck on the coconut shy
White feathers or glory while government hacks
Are busy news papering over the cracks

CHORUS:

Only the swallows and new post cards come home
To long summer days and the corn newly grown
As certain as empire you marched off to war
Where fear choked and rum soaked they taught you to plough

CHORUS:

You fought and you died in the mud and the rain
A mile into Hell and a mile back again
A pawn in their game, not fallen but pushed
With a Portland stone bonnet for even.

(Lester Simpson of C, B & S)

STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down,
 One Morning in 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 in her nut brown hair,
 Such a coaxing elf sure I shook myself,
 For to see I was really there

CHORUS:

From Bantry Bay to the Derry quay,
 And from Galway to Dublin Town,
 Nowt a maid I've seen like a 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 said says I to a passer-by
 "Who's the maid with the nut brown hair?"
 He smiled at me and he said says he,
 "That's the gem of the Ireland crown
 Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann,
 She's the Star of the County Down"
 CHORUS:

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 her nut brown rose,
 No pipe I'll smoke no horse I'll yoke,
 'til my plough is a rust coloured brown,
 'Til the smiling bride by own fire side,
 'tis the Star of the County Down.
 CHORUS:

(Rec: Van Morrison/Chieftains; 1st Book of Irish Ballads)

STAY (The Hollies' version)

Oh well your mama don't mind
 And your papa don't mind
 If we have another dance, oh yeah
 Just one more time

Oh won't you stay just a little bit longer
 Now please, please, please
 Now hello, well are you going to

Oh well your mama don't mind
 And your papa don't mind
 If we have another dance, oh yeah
 Just one more time

Oh won't you stay just a little bit longer
 Oh let me hear you say you will
 Say you will, come on

Won't you put your sweet lips to mine
 Won't you say you love me
 All of the time

Oh, oh, oh yeah just a little bit longer
 Now please, please, please
 Now hello, well are you going to

Oh won't you stay just a little bit longer
 Now please, please, please
 Now hello, well are you going to

Oh well your mama don't mind
 And your papa don't mind
 If we have another dance, oh yeah
 Just one more time
 Oh won't you stay, yeah

STAY (Jackson Browne's version)

(D) G Em C D G Em C D
 (... People,) stay just a little bit longer.
 G Em C D G Em C D
 We wanna play just a little bit longer.
 G Em C D
 The promoter don't mind.
 G Em C D
 And the union don't mind
 G Em C D
 if we take a little time and we leave it all behind
 Em
 sing one more song.

G Em C D G Em C D
 Oh, won't you stay just a little bit longer.
 G Em C D Em
 Please, please, please say, you will. Say you will.

B Em A D

G Em C D G Em C D
 Oh, won't you stay just a little bit longer.
 G Em C D G Em C D
 Oh, please, please stay just a little bit more. Hehehe,
 G Em C D
 now the promoter don't mind.
 G Em C D
 And the roadies don't mind,
 G Em C D
 if we take a little time and we leave it all behind
 Em
 sing one more song.

STIR IT UP

CHORUS:
 Stir it up. little darlin',
 Stir it up. Come on, baby.
 Stir it up. Little darlin'
 Stir it up.

It's been a long, long time, yeah!
 Since I got you on my mind. Oh-oh!
 Now you are here, I said, it's so clear
 There's so much we could do, baby, just me and you.
 CHORUS

I'll push the wood, then I blaze ya fire;
 Then I'll satisfy your heart's desire.
 Said, I stir it every, every minute:
 All you got to do, baby, is keep it in, eh!
 CHORUS

Quench me when I'm thirsty;
 Come on and cool me down, baby, when I'm hot.
 Your recipe is, - darlin' - is so tasty,
 When you show and stir your pot.
 CHORUS
 CHORUS

STORMY WINDS

Shepherds are the cleverest lads that ever trod England's ground,
 They will call all at some ale-house and value not one crown.
 They'll call for liquor merrily and pay before they go,
 They will work in the fields where stormy winds do blow.

Optional verse:

(A shepherd looked out all on a hill, which made his heart to ache,
 To see his sheep with their tongues out just ready for to bleat,
 He look-ed up with courage bold#and up the hill did go,
 For to drive them to fold, where stormy winds do blow).

As I walked over (Mount Star Plain?) the frost did cut my feet,
 My yews and lambs hung out their tongues and around me they did weep.
 Then I took up my courage bold and over the hill did go,
 And I drove them to fold where stormy winds do blow.

So now that I have folded them and returned safe back again,
 Into some jovial company I boldly entered in,
 A drink enough strong liquor boys it is my hearts' delight,
 While my sheep lay asleep o'er the cold and stormy night.

So come all you brisk young shepherds wherever you do march,
 On a cold and rimey morning did you ever feel a smart,
 Did you ever feel a smart me boys Through we'll go, frost or snow,
 As you drive them to fold where stormy winds do blow.

(Traditional - Rec: Waterson's "Green Fields")

SUCCESS TO THE WEAVERS

Come ladies and gents I've a song ready made,
 And to sing it I'm sure you will not be afraid,
 For I'll tell you but once I'm a weaver by trade,
 CHORUS:

So sing success to the weavers,
 The weavers for ever hussar!

Here are goods every day we're exporting by bales,
 And in merchandise ours as a not never fails,
 For the ship leaving port owes the weaver for sails,
 CHORUS:

The Queen in her robes may so gracefully stand,
 And her nobles about her may look great and grand,
 Till they get all their cloth by the work of our hand,
 CHORUS:

(Now bros.) how your soldiers would often repent,
 When house-less to sleep on their knapsacks they're sent,
 But the weaver you see gives each soldier his tent,
 CHORUS:

You've exhausted your fame and by (Morgust?) you're beat,
 In the heat or the cold a small rest would be sweet,
 Then think of the weavers' fine blanket and sheet,
 CHORUS:

The ladies are pretty as all will confess,
 And he's stupid or blind I am sure who says less,
 But then to the weavers they're indebted for dress,
 CHORUS:

Then since we for mankind are sent here to weave,
 For our looms and our shuttles we'll not hardly grieve,
 My song is just ending so I'll take my leave,
 CHORUS:

(Rec: Oldham Tinkers)

SUMMERTIME BLUES (E)

I'm gonna raise a fuss, I'm gonna raise a holler
 About a workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar
 Every time I call my baby, and ask to get a date
 My boss says, "No dice son, you gotta work late"
 Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do
 But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

Well my mom and pop told me, "Son you gotta make some money"
 If you want to use the car to go ridin' next Sunday"
 Well I didn't go to work, told the boss I was sick
 "Well you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick"
 Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do
 But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation
 I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations
 Well I called my congressman and he said "Whoa!"
 "I'd like to help you son but you're too young to vote"
 Sometimes I wonder what I'm a gonna do
 But there ain't no cure for the summertime blues

(Eddie Cochran)

SUNNY AFTERNOON

The taxman's taken all my dough
 And left me in this stately home
 Lazing on a Sunday Afternoon
 And I can't sail my yacht
 He's taken everything I've got
 All I've got's this Sunny Afternoon

Save me, save me, save me from this squeeze
 I've got a big fat mama trying to break me
 And I love to live so pleasantly
 Live this life of luxury
 Lazing on a Sunny Afternoon

My girlfriend's run of with my car
 And gone back to her Ma and Pa
 Telling tales of drunkenness and cruelty
 And now I'm sitting here
 Sipping at my ice-cold beer
 All I've got's this Sunny Afternoon

Help me, help me, help me sail away
 Well give me two good reasons why I ought to stay
 'Cos I love to live so pleasantly
 Live this life of luxury
 Lazing on a Sunny Afternoon

(Ray Davies)

SUSSEX DRINKING SONG

(Words: Hilaire Belloc, early 20th century; set by Martyn Wyndham-Read to the fine Irish rebel tune "The West's Awake")

On **Sussex** Downs, where I was bred,
In rains where autumn lanes are red,
Where Aran tumbles in his bed
And dusty gales go by.

Where branches, bare on vert and glen
And merry hills are whitening then;
I drink strong ale with gentle-men,
Which no one can deny, deny,
Which no one can deny, deny.

In cold November off I go,
And turn my face against the snow;
And watch the wind where ere it blow,
Because my heart is high.

'Till I settle me down in Steyning to sing
Of the girls I've met in my wandering;
And all I mean to do in Spring
Which no one can deny, deny,
Which no one can deny, deny.

'Tho times be hard and fortunes tough,
The ways be foul and the weather rough;
We are of stout south country stock
Who cannot have strong ale enough

From Crowborough Top to Ditchling Down,
From Hustpierpont to Arundel town,
The girls are fine, the ale is brown;
Which no one can deny, deny,
Which no one can deny, deny.

On Wyndham-Read's "Rose from the Bush" and also by Ian Robb on the
Finest Kind CD, "Lost in a **Song**". I found the spelling of all the place names
in the Map-Quest map of **Sussex**.

SWEEP, CHIM-NIE SWEEP

Sweep, chim-nie sweep, is the common cry I keep,
If you can but rightly understand me.
(repeat)
With me brush, broom and my rake (x2)
See what clean-lie work I make, With my hoe, hoe, hoe and my hoe,
And it's sweep, chim-nie sweep, for me.

Girls came unto the door, I looked as black as any moor,
I'm as constant and true as the day.
(repeat)
Although my face is black (x2)
I can give as good a smack,
And there's no-one, no-one, no-one, there's no-one,
And there's no-one shall call me on high.

It's arise, girls arise, wake up and open your eyes,
Go fetch me some ale that I might swallow.
(repeat)
I can climb up to the top (x2)
Without a ladder or a rope,
And it's there you, there you, there you, and there you,
And it's there you will hear me: hallo

Now here I do stand, with my hoe in my hand,
Like a soldier that's on the sent-e-ry.
(repeat)
I will work for a better sort (x2)
And kindly thank them for it,
I will work, work, work, and I'll work,
And I'll work for none but gen-tor-y.

(Kennedy's Folk Songs of Britain, Rec: The Coppers)

SWEET THAMES FLOWS SOFTLY

I met my love at Woolwich Pier, beneath the big crane standing,
 And all the love I felt for her it passed all understanding.
 Took her sailing, on the river, flow sweet river flow,
 London town was mine to give her, sweet Thames flow softly.
 Made the Thames into a crown, flow sweet river flow,
 Made a brooch of silver town, sweet Thames flow softly.

From Shadwell dock to Nine Elms Reach, we cheek to cheek were dancing,
 Her necklace made from London Bridge, her beauty was enhancing.
 I kissed her once again at Wapping, flow sweet river flow,
 After that there was no stopping, sweet Thames flow softly.
 Gave her Richmond Park a twist, flow sweet river flow,
 Into a bracelet for her wrist, sweet Thames flow softly.

But now alas the tide has changed, my love she has gone from me,
 Winter's frost has touched my heart And put a blight upon me,
 Creeping fog is on the river, flow sweet river flow,
 Sun and moon and stars gone with her, sweet Thames flow softly,
 Swift the Thames runs to the sea, flow sweet river flow,
 Bearing ships and part of me, Sweet Thames flow softly.

(Ewen MacColl)

SWINTON MAY SONG

All in this pleasant evening, together comers we,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
 We'll tell you of a blossom and buds on every tree.
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your chain of gold,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
 We hope you're not offended, with your house we make so bold.
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold along your breast,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
 And if your body be asleep we hope your soul's at rest.
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your rich attire,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
 For every hair upon your head shines like the silver wire.
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

God bless this house and arbour, your riches and your store,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
 We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and ever more.
 Drawing near to the merry month of May.

So now we're going to leave you in peace and plenty here,
 For the summer springs so fresh, green and gay,
 We shall not sing you May again before another year,
 For to draw you these cold winters away.

(English Country Songbook)

TEDDY BEARS PICNIC

If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise,
 If you go down to the woods today, you'd better go in disguise,
 For every bear that ever there was, will gather there for certain because,
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.

CHORUS:

Picnic time for teddy bears,
 The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today,
 Watch them, catch them unawares,
 And see them picnic on their holiday,
 See them, gaily gad about,
 They love to play and shout,
 They never have any cares,
 At 6 o'clock their mummies and daddies will take them home to bed,
 Because they're tired little teddy bears.

Every teddy bear who's been good is sure of a treat today,
 There's lots of marvelous things to eat, and wonderful games to play,
 Beneath the trees where nobody sees, they'll hide and seek as long as they
 please
 'Cause that's the way the teddy bears have their picnic
 CHORUS

If you go down to the woods today, you'd better not go alone,
 Its lovely down in the woods today, but safer to stay at home,
 For every bear that ever there was will gather there for certain because,
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.

CHORUS

(Music: John Bratton (1907) – Words: Jimmy Kennedy (1947))

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are getting very lonely, days are growing long,
 And I am growing weary only, listening for your song,
 When old remembrances are thronging, through my memory,
 Thronging till it seems, the world is full of dreams,
 Just to bring you back to me.

CHORUS:

There's a long, long trail a winding, into the land of my dreams,
 Where the nightingales are singing and the white moon beams,
 There's a long, long night of waiting, until my dreams all come true,
 And that's the day that I'll be going, down that long, long trail with you.

Sometimes I think I hear you calling, calling sweet and low,
 And I seem to hear your footsteps falling, everywhere I go,
 And though the road between us stretches, many's the weary mile,
 Somehow I forget, that you're not with me yet, When I think I see your smile.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Barrand/Roberts, 'A Present from the Gentlemen')

THE THIRTY FOOT TRAILER (9.14m)

The old ways are changing, yah cannot deny,
The day of the traveller's over,
There's nowhere to go, and there's nowhere to bide,
So farewell to the life of a rover.

CHORUS:

Farewell to the tent and the old caravan,
To the Gypsy the tinker the travelling man,
And farewell to the thirty foot trailer.

Farewell to the cant and the travelling tongue,
Farewell to the Romany talking,
The buyin' and sellin', the old fortune tellin',
The knock on the door and the hawkin'.

CHORUS:

You've got to move fast to keep up with the times,
For these days a man cannot dunder,
There's a bylaw that's sayin' you must be on your way,
And another that says you can't wander.

CHORUS:

Farewell to the besoms of heather and broom,
Farewell to the creel and the basket,
For the folks of today, they would far sooner pay,
For a thing that's been made out of plastic.

CHORUS:

Farewell to the pony, the cob and the mare,
Why the reins and the harness are idle,
You don't need a strap when you're breaking up scrap,
So farewell to the bit and the bridle.

CHORUS:

Farewell to the fields where we've sweated and toiled,
At pullin' 'n shoring 'n liftin',
They'll soon have machines and there's travellin' quoins,
The men folk had better be shifting.

CHORUS:

(quoins - used in shoring up a wall)

(Ewen MacColl; rec: Watersons)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Am Am6 Am7
Once upon a time there was a tavern
A Dm Dm6
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Dm Am7 Am6
Remember how we laughed away the hours
B B9 E
And dreamed of all the great things we would do

CHORUS:

Am Dm
Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end
G G7 C
We'd sing and dance forever and a day
Dm Am
We'd live the life we choose, we'd fight and never lose
E7 Am
For we were young and sure to have our way
La la la etc.

Then the busy years went rushing by us
We lost our starry notions on the way
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern
We'd smile at one another and we'd say
CHORUS

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be
In the glass I saw a strange reflection
Was than lonely person really me?
CHORUS

Through the door there came familiar laughter
I saw you face and heard you call my name
Oh my friend we're older but no wiser
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same
CHORUS

(Lennon/McCartney?)

THOUSANDS OR MORE

The time passes over more cheerful and gay
 Since we've learnt our new art to drive sorrows away.
 Sorrows away.
 Sorrows away
 Sorrows away
 Since we've learnt our new art to drive sorrows away.

Bright Phoebe arises so high in the sky
 With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye.
 Sparkling eye.
 Sparkling eye.
 Sparkling eye.
 With her red rosy cheeks and her sparkling eye.

If you ask me for credit you'll find I have none
 With my bottle and friends you will find me at home
 Find me at home
 Find me at home
 Find me at home
 With my bottle and friends you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor
 I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more.
 Thousands or more.
 Thousands or more.
 Thousands or more.
 I'm as happy as those that's got thousands or more.

(Folksongs of Britain and Ireland. Rec: Coppers)

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN

Three jolly coachmen stopped in an English tavern,
 Three jolly coachmen stopped in an English tavern,
 And they decided, And they decided, And they decided,
 To have another flagon.
 (repeat this verse at end)

CHORUS:

Landlord fill the flowing bowl, until it doth run over.
 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 who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober,
 Here's to the man who drinks water pure and goes to bed quite sober,
 He falls as the leaves do fall, He falls as the leaves do fall,
 He falls as the leaves do fall,
 And dies before October.

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother,
 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother,
 She's a foolish, foolish thing, She's a foolish, foolish thing,
 She's a foolish, foolish thing,
 For she'll not get another.

CHORUS:

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another,
 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss and stays to steal another,
 She's boon to all mankind, She's boon to all mankind
 She's boon to all mankind,
 For she'll soon be a mother.

CHORUS:

(Digitrad; Sunset MM Songbook)

THE THREE RAVENS

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
 Down a down, hey down, hey down
 They were as black as black might be,
 With a down. (Derry, Derry, Down)
 One of them said to his mate.
 Where shall we our breakfast take?
 With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

Down in yonder green field,
 Down a down, hey down, hey down
 Their lies a knight slain 'neath his shield,
 With a down. (Derry, Derry, Down)
 His hounds they lie down at his feet
 So well do they their master keep.
 With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

His hawks they fly so eagerly
 Down a down, hey down, hey down
 No other fowl dare come him nigh,
 With a down. (Derry, Derry, Down)
 Down there comes a fallow doe
 As great with young as she might go.
 With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She's lifted up his bloody head,
 Down a down, hey down, hey down
 And kissed his wounds that were so red,
 With a down. (Derry, Derry, Down)
 She's lifted him upon her back
 And carried him to earthen lake.
 With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She's buried him before the prime,
 Down a down, hey down, hey down
 She was dead herself ere e'en-song time,
 With a down. (Derry, Derry, Down)
 God grant every gentleman
 Such hawks, such hounds, and such a layman,
 With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

(Digitrad)

THREE SCORE AND TEN

Me thinks I see a host of craft
 Spreading their sails a-lee
 As down the Humber they do glide
 All bound for the Northern Sea
 Me thinks I see on each small craft
 A crew with hearts so brave
 Going out to earn their daily bread
 Upon the restless wave
 CHORUS:
 And it's three score and ten
 Boys and men were lost from Grimsby town
 From Yarmouth down to Scarboro'
 Many hundreds more were drowned
 Our herring craft, our trawlers
 Our fishing smacks, as well
 They long did fight that bitter night
 To battle with the swell

Me thinks I see them yet again
 As they leave this land behind
 Casting their nets into the sea
 The herring shoals to find
 Me thinks I see them yet again
 They're all on board all right
 With their nets rolled up and their decks cleared off
 And the side lights burning bright
 CHORUS:

Me thinks I've heard the captain say
 "Me lads we'll shorten sail"
 With the sky to all appearances
 Looks like an approaching gale
 Me thinks I see them yet again
 Midnight hour is past
 The little craft a-battling there
 Against the icy blast
 CHORUS:

October's night was such a sight
 Twas never seen before
 There were mast and yards and broken spars
 Came washing to our shore
 There were many a heart in sorrow
 Many a heart so brave
 There were many a hearty fisher lad
 Did find a watery grave
 CHORUS:

(W. Delf; Digitrad; 1889 Grimsby Gale broadside)

THYME

Thyme it is a precious thing,
 And thyme it, he will grow on,
 And thyme it will bring all things to an end,
 And so does me thyme grow on.

Once I had a strig of thyme,
 It prospered by night and by day,
 'til a false young man came a-courting to me,
 And he stole all me thyme away.

CHORUS:

Thyme it is a precious thing,
 And thyme it will grow on,
 And thyme it will bring all things to an end,
 And so does me thyme grow on.

The Gardener was standing by,
 I bid him to choose for me,
 He chose me the lily,
 I the violet and the pink,
 But I really did refuse them all three.

CHORUS:

It's very well drinking ale,
 And it's nice to have a drop-of-the-wine,
 But it's far better sitting by that young man's side,
 That gained this heart of mine.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Wilson Family)

TIME TO RING SOME CHANGES

This old house is a tumbling down
 The walls are gone but the roof is sound
 The deaf, he can never be found
 It's time to ring some changes
 They'll arrest you son if you just stand still
 They'll ask you to pose with your hand in the till
 They'll ask you to die when you've written your will
 CHORUS:

It's time to ring some changes
 It's time to ring some changes
 It's time to ring some changes
 It's time to ring some changes

You earn you're money for your daily bread
 But The bread's gone up and you need more money
 But the money's gone down better borrow instead
 It's time to ring some changes
 Now the politicians, they look so smug
 They say tell the truth and then they give you a shrug
 You might find the truth swept under the rug
 It's time to ring some changes
 CHORUS:

Now listen here to a self made man
 He says why can't you if I can
 Can't you push buttons, can't you make plans
 It's time to ring some changes
 I'm going to tear this mansion down
 Get my feet back on the ground
 Penny for penny and pound for pound
 It's time to ring some changes
 CHORUS:

(Richard Thompson; Digitrad)

A TRANSPORT OF DELIGHT

Some people like a motor bike, some say a tram for me,
 Or for bonny army lorry, they'd a lay them down and dee,
 Such means of locomotion seem rather dull to us,
 The driver and conductor of a London Omnibus;
 Hold very tight please, ting! ting! (x2)

When you are lost in London and you don't know where you are.
 You'll hear my voice a-calling, "Pass further down the car",
 And very soon you'll find yourself, inside the terminus,
 Of a London Transport, diesel engine, 97 hp omnibus.

Along the Queen's great highway, I drive my merry load,
 At 20 miles per hour, in the middle of the road,
 We like to drive in convoys, we're most gregarious,
 This big 6-wheeler, scarlet painted, London Transport, diesel engine, 97 hp
 omnibus.

Earth has not anything to show more fair, mind the stairs (x3)
 Earth has not anything to show more fair, any more fares (x2,5)

When cabbies try to pass me, before they over-take,
 I sticks me flippin' 'and out and jams on all me brakes,
 Them jackal taxi drivers, can only swear and cuss,
 Behind that monarch of the road, observer of the highway code,
 That big 6-wheeler, scarlet painted, London Transport, diesel engine, 97 hp
 omnibus.

I stops when I'm requested, although it spoils the ride,
 So we can shout, "Get out of it" we're full right up inside.

We don't ask much for wages, we only wants fare shares,
 So cut down all the stages and stick up all the fares,
 If tickets cost a pound a piece, why should you make a fuss,
 It's worth it just to ride inside, that 30' long by 10' wide,
 Inside that monarch of the road, observer of the highway code,
 That big 6-wheeler, scarlet painted, London Transport, diesel engine,
 97 hp - 97 hp omnibus.
 Hold very tight please, ting! ting!

(Flanders/Swann on 'At the Drop of a Hat')

TWO YOUNG BRETHREN

CHORUS:
 Come all jolly ploughmen and help me to sing
 I will sing in praise of you all
 If a man he doesn't labour how can he get bread?
 I will sing and make merry withal

It was of two young brethren, two young brethren born
 It was of two young brethren born
 One he was a shepherd and a tender of sheep
 The other a planter of corn
 CHORUS:

We will rile it, we will tile it through mud and through clay
 We will plough it up deeper and low
 Then after comes the seedsman his corn for to sow
 And the harrows to take in the rows
 CHORUS:

There is April, there is May, there is June and July
 What a pleasure it is to see the corn grow
 In August we will reap it, we will cut, sheaf and bind it
 And go down with our scythes for to mow
 CHORUS:

And after we have reaped it off every sheaf
 And have gathered up every ear
 With a drop of good beer, boys, and our hearts full of cheer
 We will wish them another good year
 CHORUS:

Our barns they are full, our fields they are clear
 Good health to our master and friends
 We will make no more to do but we'll plough and we'll sow
 And prepare for the very next year

(Trad.; Arr. Victory M.M., Sung by the Copper Family)

UNDER THE BOARDWALK (G)

G D
 Oh the sun beats down and melts the tar upon the roof
 G G7
 And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof
 C G
 Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
 D7 G
 On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

 From a park nearby happy sounds from a carousel
 You can almost taste the hotdogs and french fries they sell
 Under the boardwalk, down by the sea
 On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

Em
 Under the boardwalk, out of the sun
 D
 Under the boardwalk, we'll be having some fun
 Em
 Under the boardwalk, people walking above
 D
 Under the boardwalk, we'll be falling love
 Em
 Under the board-walk, board-walk

(The Drifters)

UNNECESSARY TOIL

You'd better find a shovel you can lean on, Or a spade with it's blade in the soil,
 For a penny to a pound if they catch you hanging round,
 They will dose you with unnecessary toil.

You'd better find a corner you can hide in, Find a gate with a creak you can oil,
 Find some wood and stick a screw in, just make sure that you are doing,
 Or they'll dose you with unnecessary toil.

CHORUS:

It'll make you strong, it'll make you fit.
 But to do you any good it'll surely taste like what's it matter.....
 Find some soil and move it
 If you don't know where to put it dig a hole
 Then they'll have you dig another you can fill it from the other
 Making sure you're not a number in the dole queue

They'll have you move a mountain with a tea spoon, Or maybe counting pebbles on a
 beach,
 But if they catch you wasting time doing nothing is a crime,
 You're a loungeur you're a scrounger you're a leech.

You'd better be a pack horse or a hewer, Not a gunner gonna do it or retreat,
 There's a bucket and a sewer get to work you idle poor,
 Well at least it gets the buggers off the streets.

CHORUS:

It doesn't really matter what you're doing, You're a figure to be massaged into shape,
 If you're future's looking hazy well it must be that you're lazy,
 Find a vaulting horse to climb on and escape.

You'd better find a sky hook or a long stand, Fill a kettle you can sit and watch it boil,
 Start a racket, earn a packet, find a work force and then sack it,
 And then treat 'em to unnecessary toil.

CHORUS:

You'd better find a shovel you can lean on, Or a spade with it's blade in the soil,
 For a penny to a pound if they catch you hanging round,
 They will dose you with unnecessary toil.

You'd better find a corner you can hide in, Find a gate with a creak you can oil,
 Find some wood and stick a screw in, just make sure that you are doing,
 Or they'll dose you with unnecessary,
 Fly a sub or push a ferry,
 There's a bone to go and bury,
 Dose you with unnecessary toil.

(Artisan on 'Breathing Space')

URBAN SPACEMAN

G A C D
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, I've got speed, I've got everything I
G
need.

G A C D G
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, I couldn't fly, I'm a supersonic guy
Em C D G C G
I don't need pleasure, I don't feel pain, if you were to knock me
A D
down, I'd just get up again

G A C D G
I'm the urban spaceman, baby, I'm making out, I'm all about

Refrain:

Em C D G
I wake up every morning with a smile upon my face
C G A D
My natural exuberance spills out all over the place

I'm the urban spaceman so I don't get high, I'm a sensitive new-age guy.
I'm the urban spaceman bab, I can prance, with my ethno-English dance.
I love to do the housework, all spick and span and neat,
I clean out all the toilets and replace all the seats.
I'm the urban spaceman so no pubs for me,
Just decaf tea.

Refrain

I'm the urban spaceman, I'm intelligent and clean, know what I mean
I'm the urban spaceman, as a lover second to none, it's a lot of fun
I never let my friends down, I've never made a boop
I'm a glossy magazine, an advert in the tube
I'm the urban spaceman, but here comes the twist
I don't exist.

(Neil Innes, Bonzo Dog Do Da Band, 1968, with an addition middle verse by
Steve Cleary, VMM, 2003)

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Our great attack had failed,
We'd nothing left to give,
The wounded hanging on the wire had little time to live;
The German shells came screaming down to shred them as they lay,
Abandoned in the Valley of the Shadow.

The battle ground that night,
Would look as bright as day,
As fairy flares turned blackness into bitter lifeless gray;
The twisted shapes that once were men in senseless patterns lay,
The tenants of the Valley of the Shadow.

The torn and shattered fields,
The bits of wire and steel,
No blade of grass or leaf or tree to make the place seem real;
An ancient traveller passing by just couldn't help but say,
This surely is the Valley of the Shadow.

Let pictures of that scene,
Be hung on every wall,
In rooms where governments decide if men should stand or fall;
They'd never go to war again if leaders had their say,
While looking at the Valley of the Shadow.

(Rec: Tony Barrand/John Roberts on 'A Present From The Gentlemen')

VANCOUVER MORRIS MEN 20TH ANNIVERSARY SONG
(to the tune of Blackleg Miner"

It's in the evening in a trance
When the black face morris creep to dance
With their ragged coats and faded pants
There goes the black faced morris

Well they grab their sticks and down they go
To drink the beer that waits in rows
There's not a woman in Tiddley Cove
Will look at the black faced morris

Well the Legion is a terrible place
It's full of morris in black face
There's no one there can match the pace
Of the drinking, black face morris

And the Arts Club Lounge, well don't go near
It's full of morris music gear
And some of their songs are downright queer
The dirty black face morris

So grab their sticks, their hats as well
And don't forget their bloody bells
Heave them out with a fair thee well
Ye dirty black faced morris

So flee the morris while you may
Don't hand around, just run away
Or soon you'll start to dance and play
Like the dirty black faced morris!

(Words by Allison Campbell, TCM)

THE VANCOUVER MORRIS CAMP SONG

It was the long weekend and what we was seekin', Was to drink and play music and sing.
We went up to Vedder and in perfect weather, We pitched up our tents in a ring.
The Baldwins rolled up with a carload, We tried not to gape or to gawk,
As they put up a canvas construction, Could sleep half the state of New York.

CHORUS:

I'm a camper, I'm a camper
The hard Morris way.

I've killed all me brain cells
On beer brewed by Gray.

I may not be sober on Sunday
But I'll sing you some new songs come Monday.

The circle that night was a pagan's delight, As our music raised up the full moon.
Owls started to hoot as our Norman played flute, That was sweet as the call of the loon.
We entertained hundreds of campers, Who danced while we fiddled and strummed.
And those who could sing sang their lungs out, And even some teenagers hummed.

CHORUS:

And that Friday night in the fast fading light, We congregated round the fire.
We sang many a tune some of Rose Buds In June, As our voices rose higher and higher.
Then Martin sang songs from Newfoundland, Of ships that got lost in the deep.
But his friend was so wrecked that he foundered, And nobody got any sleep.

CHORUS:

Now Sunday dawned clear there was still lots of beer, And a few hundred pancakes to eat.
Then we started haulin' up Richard's tarpaulin, And erected a shady retreat.
Beneath it a workshop got going, With talented folk it was graced.

We liked all the songs we heard even, Though one was in very bad taste.

CHORUS:

The next day we rose and we put on our clothes, Then we heard all about the police.
Who came in the night and to our great delight, Decided the rowdies to seize.
It isn't that we're against drinking, We like to imbibe with the best.

A small glass of beer aids the thinking, Unless it's that Gledhill Hi Test!

CHORUS:

Then Graham and Norm they took off with a swarm, Of teenagers, children and "mice".
To the water slide park where they all had a lark, And I think those two dads rate a prize.
And Jamie and Jody were hurting, Without a good skate boarding ramp.

While Julie and Lisa got flirting, With all the young fellows in camp.

CHORUS:

Then Clearys and Armstrongs and Williams and Miriam, For a pub with a dart board looked hard.

They scoured the region, Went into a Legion but could not produce the right card.
They found a quiet tavern in Cultus, And tossed a few arrows for fun.

The men thought they'd clobber the women, But it was the women who won.

CHORUS:

That night Stretch came round to patrol the camp ground,

To be silent was his sad request, So we sang very quiet

By the flickering firelight, Till we each stole away to our rest.

So ended our glorious weekend, And if you missed out on the cheer

Come with us next time we go camping, But make sure you bring lots of beer!

CHORUS:

(To the tune of Manchester Rambler; by Judith Heather)

VULGAR BOAT SONG

We are from Gdansk, we build the best tanks,
Gdansk tanks are the very best tanks,
The very best tanks are Gdansk tanks.

We are all Muscovites, we build the best satellites,
Muscovite satellites are the very best satellites,
The very best satellites are Muscovite satellites.

We are from Omsk, we build the best bombs (bombsk),
Omsk bombs are the very best bombs,
The very best bombs are Omsk bombs.

We are from the Urals, we have the best urinals,
Urals urinals are the very best urinals,
The very best urinals are Urals urinals.

We are from Urkutsk, we have the best haircuts ('aircootsk),
Urkutsk haircuts are the very best haircuts,
The very best haircuts are Urkutsk haircuts.

We are all Tashkensis, we wear the best frilly panties,
Tashkenti frilly panties are the very best frilly panties,
The very best frilly panties are Tashkenti frilly panties.

We are from Vladivostok, we wear the best woolly bed socks,
Vladivostok woolly bed socks are the very best woolly bed socks,
The very best woolly bed socks are Vladivostok woolly bed socks.

We are from Leningrad, we are the best men in bed,
Leningrad men in bed are the very best men in bed,
The very best men in bed, are Leningrad men in bed.
AND WE ARE ALL FROM LENINGRAD!!!

(As sung by Carlisle Morris and Sword; 1994 VMM Tour)

WARWICK HUNT

Out of Warwick town as the days comes round
Tally ho! Tally ho! Warwick Hunt!
At the break of day all the people say
Tally ho! Tally ho! Warwick Hunt!
Over hill and dale through the wind and hail
Chasing Watt the fox, the cunning
With a loud Tally ho! And away we go
Tally ho! Tally ho! Warwick Hunt!

On his great grey steed running at great speed
With the morning sun to blind him
Through the early mist with his huntsman's list
And his hounds whelp hissed behind him
And he won't look back from that hunting pack
He can see two hats behind him
Like a boatswain's cox steering for the fox
With the wind from afar to guide him

In the stately hall he knows folks all
Common people call him "Master"
Baiting bull or hound, Warwick fox around
Moor or heath he'll cover faster
And he'll shout to his mate "Ee jack, you're late!"
Quickly coming o'er the Border
With a flick of his wrist, his whip he'll twist
As he beats his meet in order

Back to Warwick town as the sun goes down
Tally ho! Tally ho! Warwick Hunt!
Through the mud and mire like an arson fire
Tally ho! Tally ho! Warwick Hunt!
One more day is done he has had his fun
With his cheeks all red and rosy
On the horn he calls has foxed them all
Tally ho! Tally ho! Warwick Hunt!

(Eric Armstrong & Vin Garbutt)

WATCH AND CHAIN

CHORUS:

Me father gave I watch and chain the day that I left home
 Me mother she cried bitter tears and begged me not to roam
 As I laid aside me working clothes, put on me tunic fine
 And I went to serve His Majesty in the ranks of the 2nd line

For me father and me mother, it was so hard to part
 But the leaving of me Jenny, it nearly broke me heart
 For she knew I loved her dearly, and I knew that she love me
 And she said when I returned again she'd share a name with me

CHORUS:

We sailed away next morning, with noon to shed a tear
 And we laughed and joked quite heartily, twas only to hide our fear
 For they wouldn't say where we were going or what we had to do
 But the man from Kitchener told us, we'd be back in a week or two

CHORUS:

We stood fire in French-named places, & we fought across the send
 But twas in the fields of Flanders, I thought I'd met me end
 But the one that watches up above, or was it love that shielded me
 I arrived home safe in England to take my bride-to-be

CHORUS:

(Rec: Beggars Velvet)

THE WATERCRESS GIRL

One day I took a ramble down by the rolling stream
 Where the water lilies gamboled, it was a pleasant scene
 And there I met a maiden, a maiden from the dell
 She was gathering watercresses, was Martha the watercress girl

CHORUS:

And her hair hung down in tresses, down by the stream that's close to the
 mill

She was gathering watercresses, was Martha the watercress girl

I asked if she was lonely, she answered with a smile
 Kind sir I am not lonely, for here I daily toil
 I have to rise up early, my tresses for to sell
 My Christian name is Martha, and they call me the watercress girl

CHORUS

The day is not far distant, when Martha will be mine
 And on our wedding morning, the bells will loudly chime
 I'll have to rise up early, and dress up like an earl
 To go and marry Martha, my sweet little watercress girl

CHORUS

WATERCRESS-O

At five o'clock on a Sunday neet,
There's a man comes walkin' down our street,
You may hear him out in front of the row,.

Crying, "Tuppence a basket, watercress-O!"

CHORUS:

Watercress-o, watercress-o

Crying, "tuppence a basket, watercress-o!"

"Oh, come on, mam, it's time for tea -
Go and get tuppence and give it to me
That I may go out in front of the row
And fetch a little basket of watercress-o"

CHORUS:

Oh, kid, you don't know what you're asking of me -
If I'd got tuppence, I'd be sure to give it thee,
So thou could go out in front of the row,
And fetch a little basket of watercress-o.

CHORUS:

Our dad's on strike, kid, can't you see?
He scarce brings home enough to feed us wi',
And though it pains me to tell you 'no',
You'll have to do without your watercress-o.

CHORUS:

We're all in the union down our street,
So maybe he won't come back another week,
For till the strike is over, he might as well know,
He'll not sell much of his watercress-o."

CHORUS:

Repeat verse 1.

(Roger Watson; Digitrad)

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

We wish you a merry Christmas, we wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy new year.

REFRAIN

Glad tidings we bring to you and your kin,
We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Now bring us some figgy pudding, now bring us some figgy pudding,
Now bring us some figgy pudding, and bring some out here.

REFRAIN

O we won't go until we get some, we won't go until we get some,
We won't go until we get some, so bring some out here,

REFRAIN

We all like figgy pudding, yes, we like figgy pudding,
We all like figgy pudding, so bring some out here,

REFRAIN

(note: the VMM's Christmas Mummers Play Finishing Song c/o NS)

WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW

As I came thro' Sandgate,
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As I came thro' Sandgate,
I heard a lassie sing:
"O, weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
O weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in."

"O wha's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonnie?
He's foremost 'mang the mony
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne;
He'll set or row sae tightly
Or, in the dance sae sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle slightly,
'Tis true, were he nae mine.

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet
A dimple in his chin.
And weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in."

Note: a keel is a boat; leish is lithe. The song was first published around 1770, and has been called the national anthem of the Tyne River.

(R: Ian Campbell Folk Group; Digitrad)

WE'LL ALL GO A HUNTING TODAY

What a fine hunting day, it's as balmy as May, When the hounds to our village did come,
Every friend will be there and all trouble and care, Will be left far behind them at home,
See servants on steeds on their way,
And sportsmen in scarlet display,
Let us join the glad throng that goes marching along, And we'll all go a hunting today.

CHORUS:

So we'll all go a hunting today,
All nature looks smiling and gay,
Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a hunting today.
Farmer Hodge to his dame says "I'm 60 and lame, Times are hard, yet my rent I must pay,
But I don't care a jot if I raise it or not, For I must go a hunting today,
There's a fox in the spinny they say,
We'll find him and have him away,
I'll be first in the rush and I'll ride for his brush, For I must go a hunting today.

CHORUS:

As the judge sits in court, he gets wind of the sport, And he ca-lls the court to adjourn,
As no witness has come and there's none left at home, They have gone with the hounds and the horn,

Says he, "Heavy fines you must pay,
If you will not your summons obey,
But it's very fine sport so we'll wind up the court, And we'll all go a hunting today.

CHORUS:

And the village bells chime, there's a wedding at nine, When the parson unites the fond pair,
When he heard the sweet sound of the horn and the hound, And he knew it was time to be there,

Says he, "For your welfare I pray,
I regret I no longer can stay,
You've been safely made one, we must quickly be gone, For we must go a hunting today.

CHORUS:

None were left in the lurch, for all friends were at church, With Bea-dle and clerk, aye and all,
All determined to go and to shout 'tally ho'! And the ringers all joined in the rear,

With bride and bridegroom in array,

They one to the other did say,

"Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along, And we'll all go a hunting today".

CHORUS:

There's a doctor in boots, to a breakfast that suits, Of ho-me brewed ale and good beef,
To his patients in pain says, "I've come once again, To consult you in hopes of relief,"

To the poor his advice he gave way,

And the rich he prescribed them to pay,

But to each one he said, "You will quickly be dead," If you don't go a hunting today.

CHORUS:

"And there's only one cure for a malady, sure, Which reaches the heart to adjure,
It's the sound of the horn on a fine hunting morn, And where is the heart wishing more,

For it turneth the grave into gay,

Makes pain into pleasure give way,

Makes the old become young and the weak become strong, If they'll all go a hunting today"

CHORUS:

(English Country Songs Book, very similar to Waterson's version)

WE'RE OFF IN A MOTOR CAR

I were standing on the corner, eating apple pie,
 A policeman asked for a skinny bit and I poked him in the eye,
 He went and to'd me mother, me mother wouldn't come,
 I went and got a lolly pop and stuck it up his bum.

CHORUS:

Oh! We're off, we're off, we're off in a motor car,
 Sixty bobbies are after us and we don't know where we are.
 Oh! We're off, we're off, we're off in a motor car,
 Sixty bobbies are after us and we don't know where we are.

Night were dark and stormy, rain fell down in lumps,
 Tram were on its journey from Hollingwood to Mumps.
 A dog ran in the tram lines, driver rang 'is bell,
 Dog didn't 'ear the signal so he's on 'is way to Halifax.

CHORUS:

Me father was an 'ero, 'is bravery made me blush,
 They were giving free beer up at Robuck and me Dad got killed in crush.

CHORUS:

Beavers, bulldogs, sitting on a wall,
 Selling 'orse muck penny a ball.

(Rec: Oldham Tinkers, 'Oldham's Burning Sands')

WHEN THIS MORRIS DANCE IS OVER

When this morris dance is over, oh how happy I will be
 When I get my civvy clothes on, no more morrying for me
 No more broken little fingers, no more bollockings from the squire
 I'll hang up my snow white snotters, take my bells off and retire

I will stand upon the sidelines, criticize the lack of fire
 Scoffing at the sides backstepping, saying "In my day we jumped higher"
 I will argue with the foreman, and I know it will be bliss
 Tell the squire to foxtrot oscar, and in general take the piss

When they dance in freezing carparks, I'll be inside warm and dry
 In the pub with all the ladies, chatting barmaids on the sly
 No more questions "Which one's Morris?", no more "Please do Shepherd's Hey"
 I will sit inside a-boozing, watching hankies wave away

I went there as a musician, dancing was my big mistake
 I didn't know that they would need me, or that my right arm would break
 No more Adderbury or Bampton, no more Headington you see
 I'll go home and hang my bells up, it's to the physio for me

P'raps I'll be a folky singer, no more knocking over beer
 And I'll take my singer's finger, and I'll stick it in my ear
 No more waving of the hankies, no more capering on the grass
 You can tell the bleeding squire, he can stick it up his arse

When I put away my hankies, I'll look normal like the rest
 Never mind my bells and braces, and what Yankees call a "vest"
 No more dancing in the garden, with our band an 'obby 'oss
 And if you will beg my pardon, I think your gain is our loss!

No more sticks in funny places, n o more bladders banged on bum
 All I wanted was a tankard, filled with ale and real by gum

And when my morris days are over, I'll have my own seat at the bar
 I'll entertain the landlord's daughter, with tales of how I used to star
 Like when I have a wee drop taken, and dropped me snotters in the trough
 I fished them out and went back dancing, I guessed the wind would dry them off

And when the lads are making capers ,with such gay tales I'll entertain
 The wives and girlfriends of the dancers, while their men do sweat and strain
 Yes the girls will surely gather round me, once me bells are last unbuckled
 And when I stop morris dancing, there's bound to be some room for cuckolds.

WHILE SHEPHERD'S WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

While shepherd's watched their flocks by night
 All seated on the ground
 The angel of the Lord came down
 And glory shone around

Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind)
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind

To you in David's town this day
 Is born of David's line
 A saviour who is Christ the Lord
 And this shall be the sign

The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
 And in a manger laid

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song

All glory be to God on high
 And to the earth be peace
 Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin and never cease

(Christopher Tye 1500-73)

THE WHITE COCKADE

'Tis true my love's enlisted and he wears a white cockade.
 He is a handsome young lad likewise a roving blade.
 He is a handsome young lad just right to serve a king.
 O my very o my very o my very o my very
 heart is breaking all for the loss of him.

As I roved out one morning as I wandered over yon moors
 I had no thoughts of 'listing till a soldier did me cross.
 He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl.
 He advanced he advanced he advanced he advanced
 me the money two guineas and a crown.

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

And may he never prosper and may he never thrive
 on that he puts his hands to as long as he's alive!
 May the very ground he treads upon the grass refuse to bloom
 Since he's been since he's been since he's been since he's been
 my only cause of my sorrow grief and gloom!

She's then pulled out her handkerchief to wipe her flowing tears.
 Wipe up wipe up them mournful tears likewise them mournful sighs!
 And be you of good courage till I return again!
 You and I love you and I love you and I love you and I love
 will be married when I return again.

(Waterson's version)

THE WILD MOUNTING TIME

Oh the springtime that is coming,
And the girls are in a dither.
'Tis the Wild Mounting Time
And I am wondering whether
CHORUS:

Do you go, Lassie, go
And will we go together
At the Wild Mounting Time
Or will I get Bloomin' Heather
Do you go, Lassie, go?

My love is like a swan
With the lightness of its feather
But her friend is like a goose
And they call her Bloomin' Heather
CHORUS

I will build my love a mower
And cut down that Bloomin' Heather
Then at the Wild Mounting Time
My love will be mine forever
CHORUS

If my truelove she won't go
Then I surely will not bother
For at the Wild Mounting Time
I could even fancy Heather!
CHORUS

(Sid Kipper)

WILD THING

Wild thing - you make my heart sing
You make everything groovy – wild thing

Wild thing, I think I love you
But I wanna know for sure
Come on, hold me tight, I love you

Wild thing – you make my heart sing
You make everything groovy – wild thing

Wild thing, I think you move me
But I want to know for sure
So come on, hold me tight, you move me

Wild thing
Come on, come on, wild thing
Shake it, shake it, wild thing.

(Chip Taylor, recorded by the Troggs)

WILD ROSE OF THE MOUNTAIN

If I had my life to live, I'd surely live it over
 Only walk in brand new shoes, just lay down in clover
 Only work on Christmas day, all the rest go sportin'
 Spend my days down by the creek, and every night go courtin'.

CHORUS:

Honey from the honeycomb,
 Water from the fountain
 Sugar from the sugar cane
 And the wild rose of the mountain.

When I think of home sweet home, it makes my eyes go misty
 Papa singin' gospel songs, mama sippin' whiskey
 Whiskey from the white oak barrel. sure do make good liquor
 Makes the daytime twice as bright, makes the night go quicker.

CHORUS

If I had a new made quilt, I'd fill it up with feathers
 Take my Rosie by the hand, lie down there together
 Oh, the days when I was young, thoughts that keep returnin'
 Drive away this winter's cold, just like a log fire burnin'.

CHORUS

(Si Kahn)

THE WILD ROVER

I've been a wild rover for many a year,
 And I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
 But 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,
 I told the land lady my money was spent,
 I asked her for credit she answered me nay,
 She said, "Custom like yours I can get any day."

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

(Digitrad; Rec: Clancy Bros.)

WILLOW TREE

Once they said my lips were red but now the scarlet's pale
And I myself a poor silly girl to notice the flattering tale
But he swore he'd never deceive me
And I so fondly believed thee
While the stars and the moon so brightly shone
Over the willow tree.

WITH HENRY HUNT WE'LL GO

CHORUS:
With Henry Hunt we'll go me boys
With Henry Hunt we'll go
We'll mount the cap of liberty
In spite of Nathan Joe

On the 16th day of August eighteen hundred and nineteen
A meeting held in Peter's Street was glorious to be seen
Joe Nadine and his big bull dogs as you might plainly see
And on the other side stood the bloody cavalry
CHORUS

(Rec: The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM
(AKA Ann Boleyn)

In the Tower of London large as life
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they declare
For Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife
Until he had the Axman bob her hair
O yes he done her wrong long years ago
And she comes back each night to tell him so

CHORUS:

With her head (head!) tucked (tucked!) underneath her arm
She walks the bloody Tower
With her head (head!) tucked (tucked!) underneath her arm
At the midnight hour

She's going to find King Henry, she's giving him what for
Gadzooks she's going to tell him off for having spilled her gore
And just in case the Axman wants to give her an encore
She's got her head tucked underneath her arm
CHORUS

Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes
She sometimes catches cold, poor thing, it's cold there when it blows
And it's awfully awkward for the Queen when she has to blow her nose
With her head tucked underneath her arm
CHORUS

As intro:

Now sometimes old King Henry throws a spread
For all his pals and gals, the ghostly crew
The Axman carves the joints and cuts the bread
When in walks Ann Boleyn to spoil the "do"
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop
And Henry cries " Don't drop it in the soup!"
CHORUS

The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in
And when they've had a few they shout "Is Arsenal going to win?"
They think it's Alec James instead of poor old Ann Boleyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm.
CHORUS

One day she found King Henry, he was in the castle bar
"Are you Jane Seymour, Ann Boleyn or Catherine Parr
For how the sweet san fairy Anne, should I know who you are?
With your head tucked underneath your arm!"

(R.P. Weston and Bert Lee)

WHOLE LOTTA SHAKIN' GOIN' ON

Come over baby whole lot of shakin' goin' on
Yes I said come over baby, baby you can't go wrong
We ain't fakin' it, whole lot of shakin' goin' on

Well I said come over baby, we got chicken in the boarder
Come over baby, baby got move a little harder
We ain't fakin' it. whole lot of shakin' goin' on

Chorus

Well I said shake, baby shake
I said shake, baby shake
I said shake it baby shake it
I said shake, baby shake
Come on over, whole lot of shakin' goin' on

Well I said come over baby we got chicken in the barn
Come over baby better get to move along
We ain't fake it. whole lot of shakin' goin' on
Chorus

(Jerry Lee Lewis)

WOAD

(to the tune of Men of Harlech)

What's the use of wearing braces, vests and pants and boots with laces
 Spats or hats 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 them, woad to scare your foemen
 Boil it to a brilliant blue, and rub it on your back and your abdomen
 Ancient Britons never hit on anything as good as Woad to sit on
 Neck or knees or where you sit on, cover up with Woad

Romans came across the channel all wrapped up in tin and flannel
 Half a pint of Woad per man'll dress us more than these
 Saxons you can keep your stitches, building beds for bugs in britches
 We have Woad to clothe us which is, not a nest for fleas.
 Romans keep your armour, Saxons your pajamas
 Hairy coats were made for goats, gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas
 Tramp up Snowden with your Woad on, never mind if you get rained or
 snowed on
 Never want a button sewed on, go it Ancient B's!

WOOLLOOMOOLOO LAIR

On the day that I was born it was a cold and frosty morn
 In the famous suburb known as Woolloomooloo
 It was down in Reilly Street my folks first heard me bleat
 'Cause at the time I'd nothing left to do
 Now me mother died of fright when she saw me in the light
 And me father thought he'd send me to the zoo
 But I owe a lot to him 'cause he taught me how to swim
 When he heaved me off the pier at Woolloomooloo
 CHORUS:
 Oh me name it is McCarty and I'm a rorty party
 I'm rough and tough as an old man kangaroo
 Some people say I'm crazy I don't work because I'm lazy
 And I tag along in the boozin' throng, the push from Woolloomooloo
 (And I hang around in the boozers in the bush at Woolloomooloo??)

And when I was just a lad I went straight'way to the bad
 A larrikin so hard you'd strike me blue
 But the government was kind and they didn't seem to mind
 In Darlinghurst I spent a night or two
 Now the judge gave me a stare and he said, "Your a lair"
 They heaved me into Darlinghurst Gaol - you understand
 They gave me clothes, they cut me hair, I didn't seem to care
 And every night you'd find me in the van
 CHORUS:

And I spent some years in gaol 'til I began to quail
 I resolved to live upon a different lay
 And enlisted in the ranks of the Salvation Army cranks
 You can bet I made the bloody business pay
 Hallelujah! I'm a lout, I know me way about
 I kids the mugs that I'm converted too
 All the lasses there I mash and I'm never short of cash
 'Cause I beats the drum all over Woolloomooloo
 CHORUS:

(Rec. by The Bushwackers)

WORKING CHAP

I'm a working chap as you may see and you'll find an honest lad in me,
 I am neither haughty, mean or proud and I never takes to things too rude,
 I never go beyond my means nor seek assistance from me friends,
 But day and night through thick and thin - I am working life out to keep life in.

CHORUS:

No matter friends what e'r befall,
 The poor folks they must work away,
 Through frost and snow, and rain and wind,
 They are working life out to keep life in.

The poor needlewoman that we saw, in reality and on the wall,
 A picture sorrowful to see, I'm sure with me you'll all agree,
 Her pay scarce able to feed a mouse, far less to keep herself and house,
 And she is naked, hungry, pale and thin - working life out to keep life in.

CHORUS:

Don't call a man a drunken sot because he wears a ragged coat,
 Remember friends it's better yet, to run in rags than run in debt,
 He may look seedy, very true, but still his creditors are few,
 And he toddles on devoid of sin - working life out to keep life in.

CHORUS:

Now maybe friends I've stayed too long but I hope that I've said nothing
 wrong,
 I only, merely want to show the way poor folks have to go,
 Consider a man with a house full of bairns, to feed them it takes all he earns,
 But with a willing heart and a coat so thin - he's working life out to keep life
 in.

CHORUS:

(Chris Foster)

WORKING MAN

CHORUS:

It's a working man I am,
 And I've been down under ground,
 And I swear to God if I ever see the sun,
 Or for any length of time,
 I can hold it in my mind,
 I never again will go down underground.

At the age of sixteen years, Oh the quarrels with his peers,
 Wh-o-o vowed they'd never see another one,
 In the dark recess of the mines,
 Where you age before your time,
 And the coa—I dust lies heavy on your lungs.

CHORUS:

At the age of sixty-four Oh he'll greet you at the door,
 And he'll gen-t-l-y lead you by the arm,
 Through the dark recess of the mines,
 Oh he'll take you back in time,
 And he'll tell you of the hardships that were had
 CHORUS: CHORUS:

God I never again will go down under grou -- nd.

(Rita MacNeil on 'Reason to Believe')

WOT CHER!

Last week down our alley came a toff
 Nice old geezer with a nasty cough
 Sees my missus, takes 'is topper off
 In a very gentlemanly way
 "Ma'am", says he, "I 'ave some awful news to tell
 Your rich Uncle Tom from Camberwell
 Popped off recent, which it ain't a sell
 Leaving you 'is little Donkey Shay"

CHORUS:

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried
 "Who're yer goin' to meet Bill?
 Have yer bought the street Bill?
 Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died
 Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road!

Says some nasty things about the Smoke
 One cove thinks 'is leg is really broke
 That's 'is envy, cos we're carriage folk
 Like the toffs as rides in Rotten Row!
 Straight! it woke the alley up a bit
 Thought our lodger would 'ave 'ad a fit
 When my missus who's a really wit
 Says, "I 'ates a bus because it's low!"

CHORUS:

When we starts the blessed donkey stops
 He won't move so out I quickly 'ops
 Pals start whackin' 'im when down he drops
 Someone says he wasn't made to go
 Lor it might 'ave been a four in 'and
 My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand
 First she blows, and then she waves 'er 'and
 Calling out we're goin' for a blow!

CHORUS:

Ev'ry evenin' at the break of five
 Me and missus takes a little drive
 You'd say, "Wonderful they're still alive"
 If you saw that little donkey go
 I soon showed 'im that 'e'd have to do
 Just whatever he was wanted to
 Still I shan't forget that rowdy crew
 'Ollerin' "Whoa! steady! Neddy Woa!"

CHORUS:

(Rec: Flowers & Frolics)

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

Ye gentlemen of England, we'll have you to draw near,
 And mark these lines which we have said and you shall quickly hear,
 And quickly you shall hear, with your 'alf pence and strong beer,
 CHORUS
 And we'll come no more a-acting until another year.

The winter it is coming on, dark, dirty, wet and cold,
 And to try your good nature this night we do make bold,
 This night we do make bold with your 'alf pence and strong beer,
 CHORUS

God bless the master of this house, and the mis-ter-ess also,
 And all the little children that around your table go.
 That round your table go, with your 'alf pence and strong beer,
 CHORUS

Likewise your men and maidens, your cattle and your store,
 And all that lies within your gates, we wish you ten time more,
 We wish you ten time more, with your 'alf pence and strong beer,
 CHORUS

Go down to your cellars and see what you can find,
 If your barrels be not empty, we hope you will prove kind,
 We hope you will prove kind, with your 'alf pence and strong beer,
 CHORUS

So now we make an ending of what we had begun,
 For a going a'acting, we think there is no sin.
 We think there is no sin, with your 'alf pence and strong beer,
 CHORUS

(Soul-Caking Song from Alderly, Cheshire)

YE MARINERS ALL
(aka A Jug of This)

Ye mariners all, as you pass by,
Call in and drink if you are dry,
Come spend my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh mariners all, if you've half a crown,
You're welcome all, for to sit down,
Come spend my lads, your money brisk,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh tipplers all as you pass by,
Come in and drink if you are dry,
Come in and drink, think not amiss,
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh now I'm old and scarce can crawl,
A long grey beard and a head so bald,
Crown my desire, fulfill my bliss,
A pretty girl and a jug of this.

Oh when I'm in, my grave and dead,
And all my sorrows, are past and fled,
Transform me then, into a fish,
And let me swim in a jug of this.

(Traditional; Songs for and about Drinking by EFDS)

YOU TYRANTS OF ENGLAND

You gentlemen and tradesmen that ride about at will,
Look down on these poor people it's enough to make you crill;
Look down on these poor people, as you ride up and down,
I think there is a God above that'll bring your pride right down

CHORUS:

You tyrants of England, your race may soon be run;
You may be brought unto account for what you've surely done

You pull down our wages so shamefully to tell,
You go into the markets and say you cannot sell,
And when that we do ask you when these bad times may mend
You quickly give an answer, "When the Wars are at an end."

CHORUS

When we look on our poor children it grieves our hearts full sore,
Their clothing it is worn to rags while we can get no more;
With little in their bellies they to their work must go,
While yours do dress as monkey as monkeys in a show

CHORUS

You go to church on Sundays, I'm sure its nowt but pride:
There can be no religion when humanity's thrown aside;
If there be a place in heaven as there is in the Exchange,
Our poor souls must not come near there, like lost sheep they must range

CHORUS

With the choicest of strong dainties your table's always spread,
With good ale and strong brandy you make your faces red,
You call it as at visitors, it is your whole delight,
And you lay your heads together to make our faces white

CHORUS

You say that Bonapar-tee, he's bin the spoil of all
And that we have got reason to pray for his downfall;
Well Bonaparte is dead and gone and it is plainly shown,
That we have bigger tyrants in Bonies of our own

CHORUS

And now me lads for to conclude it's time to make an end,
Let's see if we can form a plan that these bad times may mend,
So give us our old prices, as we have had before,
And we can live in happiness and rub off the old score

(The Critics Group, "Waterloo: Peterloo")

YOUNG BANKER

As I walked out one morning fair.
To view green fields and take fresh air.
I saw a young banker standing there.
And his true love was a lady fair.

CHORUS:

Young banker he had such a handsome face.
All around his hat he wore a band of lace.
Besides such a handsome head of hair.
Well my young banker I will go there.

He said me pretty fair maid will you go on deck,
With a chain of gold around your neck.
What ever you do I will prove true.
But the answer that she gave,
I'll have none of you.

CHORUS:

Young banker turned around for to go away.
But she called after him to bid him stay.
Oh stay, oh stay and I will prove true.
But the answer that he gave, I'll have none of you.

CHORUS:

Now she thought she heard a foreign man say
Come pack up your clothes and come away.
It pierced her through the very heart.
To think that young banker and her should part.

CHORUS:

So come all you pretty fair maids with a sense of loss.
Since a day in love you haven't been crossed.
For you may lament and you may say.
That ever rue the day that you said nay.

CHORUS:

(Rec: Watersons on 'Green Fields')