



FSC

MOBILE SONG BOOK
2025



Ain't Gonna Study War No More

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

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

I'm gonna walk with the prince of peace
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
I'm gonna walk with the prince of peace
Down by the riverside
I ain't gonna study war no more

I'm gonna put on my long white robe
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
I'm gonna put on my long white robe
Down by the riverside
I ain't gonna study war no more

Anchored in Love

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

*The tempest is o'er
(The danger, the tempest forever is o'er)
I'm safe evermore
(I'm anchored in hope and have faith evermore)
What gladness, what rapture is mine*

*The danger is past
(The water's receding, the danger is past)
I'm anchored at last
(I'm feeling so happy I'm anchored at last)
I'm anchored in love divine*

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

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

Angel Band

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

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

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

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

Angels (All Night, All Day)

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

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

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

If I live for ever and a day
Angels watching over me, lord
Pray the lord will guide me away
Angels watching over me

Animal Fair

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

The Ballad of Lou Marsh

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

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

There were two gangs approaching
In Spanish Harlem town
The smell of blood was in the air
The challenge was laid down
He felt their blinding hatred
As he tried to save their lives
But they broke his peaceful body
With their fists and staves and knives

Shall Lou Marsh lie forgotten
In a cold and silent grave
Or will his memory linger on
In those he tried to save?
And those of us who knew him
Will now and then recall
And shed a tear on poverty
The tombstone of us all

Banks of the Ohio

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

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

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

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

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

The Bay of Biscay

My Willy sails on board the tender
And where he is I do not know
For seven long years I've been constantly waiting
Since he crossed the Bay of Biscay-a

One night as Mary lay a-sleeping
A knock came to her bedroom door
Crying arise, arise, my dearest Mary
For to catch one glance of your Willy-o

Young Mary rose, put on her clothing
And to her bedroom door did go
And there she found her Willy standing
His two pale cheeks as white as snow

Oh Willy dear, where are those blushes
Those blushes I knew long years ago?
Oh Mary dear, the cold clay has them
I am only the ghost of your Willy-o

Oh Mary dear, the dawn is coming
Don't you think it's time for me to go?
I am leaving you quite broken-hearted
For to cross the Bay of Biscay-a

If I had all the gold and silver
And all the money in Mexico
I would grant it all to the King of Heaven
If he'd bring me back my Willy-o

Beeswing

I was nineteen when I came to town, they called it the Summer of Love
They were burning babies, burning flags, the hawks against the doves
I took a job in the steamie, down on Cauldrum Street
And I fell in love with a laundry girl who was working next to me

Brown hair zig-zagged around her face and a look of half-surprise
Like a fox caught in the headlights, there was animal in her eyes
She said, "Young man, oh can't you see I'm not the factory kind
If you don't take me out of here I'll surely lose my mind"

*Oh, she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay
And you wouldn't want me any other way"*

We busked around the market towns and picked fruit down in Kent
And we could tinker lamps and pots and knives wherever we went
And I said that we might settle down, get a few acres dug
Fire burning in the hearth and babies on the rug
She said, "Oh love, you foolish thing, it surely sounds like hell
You might be lord of half the world, you'll not own me as well"

*Oh, she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
So fine a breath of wind might blow her away
She was a lost child, oh she was running wild
She said, "As long as there's no price on love, I'll stay
And you wouldn't want me any other way"*

We was camping down the Gower one time, the work was pretty good
She thought we shouldn't wait for the frost and I thought maybe we should
We was drinking more in those days and tempers reached a pitch
And like a fool I let her run with the rambling itch

Oh the last I heard she's sleeping rough back on the Derby beat
White Horse in her hip pocket and a wolfhound at her feet
And they say she even married once, a man named Romany Brown
But even a gypsy caravan was too much settling down
And they say her flower is faded now hard weather and hard booze
But maybe that's just the price you pay for the chains that you refuse

*Oh, she was a rare thing, fine as a bee's wing
And I miss her more than ever words could say
If I could just taste all of her wildness now
If I could hold her in my arms today
Well, I wouldn't want her any other way*



Big Rock Candy Mountains

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

*Oh the ... buzzin' of the bees in the cigarette trees
The soda-water fountains
Where the lemonade springs, and the bluebird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains*

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
You never wash your socks
And little streams of alcohol
Come trickling down the rocks
There's a lake of stew and whisky too
And you paddle around in a big canoe
Where they hung the jerk who invented work
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains

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

Big Yellow Taxi

They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot
With a pink hotel, a boutique
And a swinging hot spot

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

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

Hey farmer farmer
Put away that DDT now
Give me spots on my apples
But leave me the birds and the bees
Please!

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

Black Velvet Band

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blackleg Miner

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blessed Motion

I believed in solid ground, until I saw the earth in motion
(All moves on in perfect, perfect motion)
In the winds of steady change and in the ever-rolling ocean
(All is change and ever-rolling ocean)

Blow the Man Down

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

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

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

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

Blowin' in the Wind

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

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

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

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

Bold Riley

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

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

The anchor's weighed and the rags we've all set
Them Liverpool judies we'll never forget

We'll come on Mary, don't look glum
Come White-stocking Day you'll be drinkin' rum

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay
Get bending, me lads, its a hell-of-a-way

Bread And Roses

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

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

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

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

Break 'Em On Down

Break 'em on down, break 'em on down
Break 'em on down these walls between us

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

Break these walls
Break these walls down

Bright Morning Star

Bright morning star arising
Bright morning star arising
Bright morning star arising
And day is breaking in my soul

Where are our dear mother?
Where are our dear mothers?
They're in the valley praying
And day is breaking in my soul

Where are our dear fathers?
Where are our dear fathers?
They've gone to heaven shouting
And day is breaking in my soul

Bright morning star arising
Bright morning star arising
Bright morning star arising
And day is breaking in my soul

Bring Me Little Water Sylvie

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

By the Waters of Babylon

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

Campfire's Burning

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

Captain Don't You Know Me?

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

Careless Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chicken on a Raft

The skipper's in the ward room drinking gin

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

I don't mind knocking but I ain't going in

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

The Jimmy's laughing like a drain

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Been looking in me comic cuts again

Hey ho, chicken on a raft

Oh, chicken on a raft on a Monday morning

Oh what a terrible sight to see

Dabtow's for'ard and the dustman's aft

Sitting here picking at a chicken on a raft

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

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

Well they gave me the middle and the forenoon too

And now I'm pulling in a whaler's crew

There's a seagull laughing overhead

Hope to be floating in a feather bed

Well an amazon girl lives in Dumfries

She only has her kids in twos and threes

Her sister lives in Maryhill

She says she won't but I think she will

We kissed goodbye on the midnight bus

But she didn't cry, she didn't fuss

Am I the one that she loves best?

Or am I just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

I had another girl in Donnerbie

And did she make a fool of me

Her heart was like a purser's shower

From hot to cold in a quarter of an hour

Children Go Where I Send Thee

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

Well I'm going to send thee one by one

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

Born in Bethlehem

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

Well I'm going to send thee two by two

Two for the Paul and Silas

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

Born in Bethlehem

Three for the Hebrew children

Four for the four that stood at the door

Five for the five that got out alive

Six for the six that never had a fix

Seven for the seven that never got to Heaven

Eight for the eight that stood at the gate

Nine for the nine that dressed so fine

Ten for the ten commandments

Cockles and Mussels

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

*Alive alive oh, alive alive oh,
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"*

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

She died of a fever and no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive alive oh!"

Come to the Colours Tommy Come

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

Dark as a Dungeon

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

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

There's many a man I have known in my day
Who has lived just to labour his whole life away
Like the fiend for his dope or the drunkard his wine
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine

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

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

Deep Blue Sea

Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea

Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea

Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea

It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

Dig his grave with a silver spade ...

It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

Sew his shroud with a silken thread ...

It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

Lower him down on a golden chain ...

It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

Deep blue sea, Willie, deep blue sea ...

It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea

The Digger's Song (World Turned Upside Down)

In 1649 to St. George's Hill,

A ragged band they called the Diggers

Came to show the people's will

They defied the landlords, they defied the laws

They were the dispossessed reclaiming what was theirs

We come in peace they said, to dig and sow

We come to work the land in common

And to make the waste lands grow

This earth divided, we will make whole

So it will be a common treasury for all

The sin of property, we do disdain

No man has any right to buy and sell

The earth for private gain

By theft and murder they took the land

Now everywhere the walls spring up at their command

They make the laws, to chain us well

The clergy dazzle us with heaven

Or they damn us into hell

We will not worship the god they serve

The god of greed who feeds the rich while poor folk starve

We work we eat together, we need no swords

We will not bow to the masters

Or pay rent to the lords

We are free men, though we are poor

You Diggers all, stand up for glory, stand up now

From the men of property, the orders came

They sent the hired men and troopers

To wipe out the Diggers' claim

Tear down their cottages, destroy their corn

They were dispersed, but still the vision lingers on

You poor take courage, you rich take care

This earth was made a common treasury

For everyone to share

All things in common, all people one

We come in peace; the orders came to cut them down

Dirty Old Town

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

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

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

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

Donna Donna

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

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

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

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

Drill Ye Tarriers Drill

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

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

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

When next pay day came around
Jim Gough a dollar short was found
When he asked "What for?" came this reply
You were docked for the time you were up in the sky

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

Earth My Body

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

Fathom the Bowl

Come all you bold heroes lend an ear to my song
I will sing you the praise of good brandy and rum
If the clear crystal fountains o'er England shall roll

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

From France we do get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come
But stout and strong cider are England's control

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

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

Few Days

Well I pitched my tent on this campground

Few days, few days

And I give old Satan another round

And I am going home

I can't stay in these diggings

Few days, few days

Lord I can't stay in these diggings

And I am going home

Although I like the diggings here

I won't stay here another year

For years I've laboured in cold ground

And now, at last, I'm homeward bound

I'm going home to stay a while

Before I go I'll plant a smile

These banking thieves I will not trust

But with me take my little dust

My mother she has gone before

I'll meet her there at glory's door

So I pitched my tent on this campground

And I give old Satan another round

Fiddler's Green

As I roved by the docks one evening so rare

To view the still water and take the salt air

I heard an old fisherman singing a song

Oh take me away boys, me time it's not long

Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper

No more on the docks I'll be seen

Just tell me old shipmates

I'm taking a trip mates

And I'll see you someday in Fiddlers Green

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I've heard tell

Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell

Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play

And the cold coast of Greenland is far, far away

Now the sky's always clear and there's never a gale

And the fish jump on board with a swish of their tail

Where you lie at your leisure, there's no work to do

And the skipper's below making tea for the crew

Now when we're in dock and the long trip is through

There's pubs and there's parks and there's lasses there too

Where the girls are all pretty and the beer it flows free

And there's bottles of rum growing from every tree

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

Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea

And I'll play me old squeezebox as we sail along

With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song

Five Hundred Miles

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

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

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

Follow the Drinking Gourd

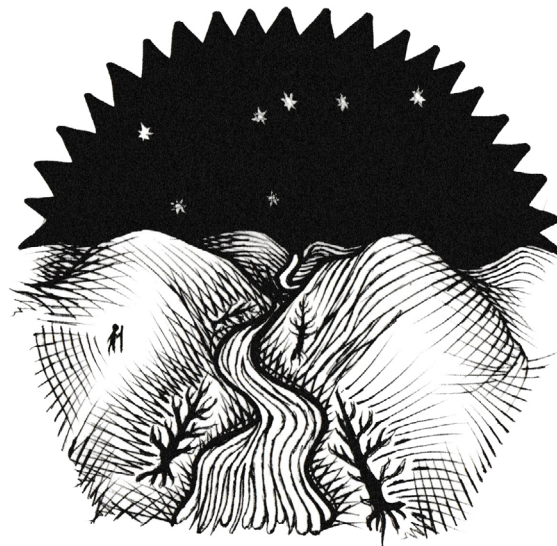
When the sun comes back and the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd
The old man is a-waiting for to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd, gourd, gourd, gourd

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

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

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

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



Freedom Train

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

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



Froggy Went A-Courtin'

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

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

Missie Mouse are you within? A-hum ...
Yes kind sir and please do come in

Missie Mouse will you marry me? A-hum ...
O no kind sir that never can be

Without my Uncle Rat's consent, a-hum ...
I would not marry the President

Uncle Rat laughed till he split his sides, a-hum ...
To think his niece would be a bride

Where will the wedding breakfast be? A-hum ...
Way down yonder in the hollow tree

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

So they all went swimming across the lake, a-hum ...
And got swallowed up by a big black snake

Ghost of John

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

Go Down You Blood Red Roses

Our boots and clothes is all in pawn
Go down, you blood red roses, go down
And it's flaming draughty 'round Cape Horn
Go down, you blood red roses, go down

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

It's 'round Cape Horn we must go
Our clothes all stiff with ice and snow

My dear old mother wrote to me
Saying "Dearest son, come home from the sea"

It's growl you may but go you must
If you growl too hard, your head they'll bust

Just one more heave and that'll do
And we're the ones to see her through

Green Grow the Rushes-O

I'll sing you one-o!
Green grow the rushes-o
What is your one-o?
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so

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

Three, three the rivals

Four for the Gospel makers

Five for the symbols at your door

Six for the six proud walkers

Seven for the seven stars in the sky

Eight for the April rainers

Nine for the nine bright shiners

Ten for the Ten Commandments

Eleven for the eleven that went to Heaven

Twelve for the Twelve Apostles

Grey Funnel Line

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

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me
But give me wings like Noah's dove
I'd fly up harbour to the girl I love
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

Oh Lord, if only dreams were real
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel
And with all my heart I'd turn her round
And tell the boys that we're homeward bound
Here's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line

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

Hard Times

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

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

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

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

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

Hares on the Mountain

If all the young men were hares on the mountain
If all the young men were hares on the mountain
How many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes
If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes
How many young girls would go beating the bushes?

If all the young men were fish in the water
If all the young men were fish in the water
How many young girls would undress and dive after?

If all the young men were rushes a-growing
If all the young men were rushes a-growing
How many young girls would take scythes and go mowing?

But the young men are given to frisking and fooling,
Oh, the young men are given to frisking and fooling,
So I'll leave them alone and attend to my schooling

Harriet Tubman

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

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

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

Haul Away Joe

When I was a little lad or so my mother told me
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe
That if I didn't kiss the girls my lips would grow all mouldy
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

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

King Louis was the king of France, before the revolution
And then he had his head cut off which spoiled his constitution

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hesitation Blues

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Home Boys Home

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Home to the Motherland

Home, I'm going home. I need a land to heal my soul
Take me home, take me home, over the green green hills and far away

Home to the motherland, home to the motherland
Home to the motherland, over the green green hills and far away

The House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy and God I know I'm one

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

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

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

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

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

I Am Weary (Let Me Rest)

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

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

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

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

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

I Don't Want Your Millions Mister

I don't want your millions, Mister
I don't want your diamond ring
All I want is the right to live, Mister
Give me back my job again

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

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

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

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

I Feel A Sin Coming On

I feel a sin comin' on
I feel a right that's about to go wrong
I got a shiver down to the bone
I feel a sin comin' on

*And you can see it, all over my face
Sweet temptation, all over the place
Give me tall, dark and handsome
Mix it up with something strong
I feel a sin (I feel a sin) comin' on*

I got a buzz in my brain
Drunk on a love goin' down like champagne
I got a feelin' it's gonna leave a lipstick stain
And I'll be the only one to blame

Please, Jesus, don't hold me back
I know it ain't mine, but I want it so bad
The smoke and the whiskey's got me feeling easy
And the lights are all fadin' to black

I'll Fly Away

Some bright morning when this life is over, I'll fly away
To that home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away

*I'll fly away, O Glory
I'll fly away (In the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by
I'll fly away*

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

Oh, how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away
No more cold iron shackles on my feet, I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away
To a land where joys will never end, I'll fly away

Jamaican Farewell

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

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

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

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out as on their heads they bear
Husky rice and salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year

Jean Harlow

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

Mama don't walk mama talking (x3)
New York

Zing-a-lang-a zing-a-lang-a doo-doo-doo-doo (x3)
New York

Jock Stewart

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

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

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

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

John Ball

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

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

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

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

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

John Dead (Grey Goose)

*John dead
Grey goose gone home
And the fox in the way of the morning*

Who dug his grave?
*Grey goose gone home
And the fox in the way of the morning*

Who made his shroud?

Who tolled the bell?

Who lowered him down?



Kilgarry Mountain

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kookaburra

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

The Larks They Sang Melodious

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

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

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

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

Leave Her Johnny

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

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
It's a long hard pull to the next pay day
And it's time for us to leave her

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

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

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

Well it's pump or drown, the old man said
Or else by Christ we'll all be dead
I thought I heard the old man say
Just one more pump and then belay

Leaving of Liverpool

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

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

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

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

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

A Lesson Too Late for the Learning

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

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

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

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

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

Liverpool Street Station

There's a girl that I - love who has given me the - shove
For she says I am too - low for her - - - station

She says poor men are - fools, over rich men she - drools
So it's rob a bank or - take up the - pools - - -

I can't sleep, life goes on and on, I've started taking Mogadon
But love's a sickness doctors can't - - treat - - -

Where does she go, where does she live?
Her place of work to me she didn't ever give
And now, I find I miss the love she takes, but won't deliver - - -

Lowlands

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

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

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

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

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

Maids When You're Young

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

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

When we went to church, hey ding dorum da
When we went to church, me being young
When we went to church, he left me in the lurch
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

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

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

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

The Manchester Rambler

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

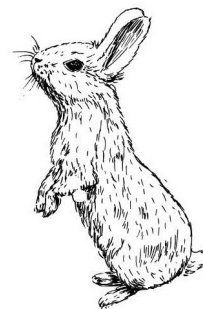
*I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on Monday
But I have my freedom on Sunday*

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

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

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

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



Mary Don't You Weep

If I could, I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Pharaoh's army got drowned
O Mary don't you weep

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

Mary wore three links of chain
And on each link was Jesus' name

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

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

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

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

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

May the Circle Be Unbroken

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

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

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

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

Mercedes-Benz

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

O Lord, won't you buy me a colour TV?
Dialing for Dollars is trying to find me
I'll wait for delivery each day until three
O Lord, won't you buy me a colour TV?

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?
I'm countin' on you, Lord, please don't let me down
Prove that you love me and buy the next round
Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?

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

Midnight Special

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

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

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

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

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

Mingulay Boat Song

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

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

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

Mole in a Hole

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

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

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

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

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



Moondance

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

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

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

My Baby Cares for Only Me

My baby cares for (x3)
My baby cares for only me

Pretty baby I sigh for my
Pretty baby I'd die for mys
Cos my baby don't love nobody but me
I'm so happy

Baby just, baby just, baby just cares for (x3)
Baby cares for only me

Everybody loves my baby (x2)

My Grandfather's Clock

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

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

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

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

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

My Husband's Got No Courage In Him

As I went out one May morning
To view the fields and leaves a-springing
I saw two maidens standing by
And one of them her hands was wringing

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

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

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

All sorts of victuals I did provide
All sorts of meats that's fitting for him
With oyster pie and rhubarb too
But still he's got no courage in him

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

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

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

My Johnny Was a Shoemaker

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

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

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

Nine Hundred Miles

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

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

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

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

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

Oak of Old

*Oak, Oak, Oak of old
King of trees in your crown of gold
You are the door to worlds unseen
In winter bare and in summer green*

From gold to green and green once more
Your leaves will turn before they fall
When twice you've worn your golden crown
Each season's harvest comes tumbling down

And when you wear your Autumn crown
Blue-feathered Jay from your branches sounds
From cradles high your acorns fall
So young may grow or to nourish all

Five hundred years to grow and thrive
Five hundred more to remain alive
Shelter for all throughout your reign
And many thousand lives sustain

When dark clouds roll across the sky
When thunder roars and storm winds cry
All must beware you mighty Oak
For you may court the lightning stroke

Your roots grow deep your heart so strong
Power of the sun to you belongs
Generous to all as King you stand
In strength and peace you guard this land

Old Ab'ram Brown

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

The Old Dun Cow

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

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

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

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub
And gave it just a few hard knocks
He started taking off his pantaloons
Likewise his shoes and socks
"Hold on!" says Snoops, "If you wanna wash yer feet
There's a tub of four ale here
Don't dip your trotters in the port wine tub
When we've still got some old stale beer"

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

Old Joe Clark

I used to live on the mountain top, now I live in the town
Staying at a boarding house and courting Betsy Brown

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

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

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

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

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

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

Old Mother Lee

There was an old woman called Old Mother Lee
Old Mother Lee, Old Mother Lee
There was an old woman called Old Mother Lee

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

She held a baby in her arms
In her arms, In her arms
She held a baby in her arms

She had a penknife long and sharp ...

She stabbed the baby in the heart ...

The county police came riding by ...

The magistrate said she must die ...

They hanged her from the walnut tree ...

And that was the end of Old Mother Lee ...

One More Pull

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Parting Glass

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

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

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

Prickle-eye Bush

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

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

Hangman, stay your hand, O stay it for a while
For I think I see my mother coming over yonder stile ...

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

Hangman, stay your hand, O stay it for a while
For I think I see my sister coming over yonder stile ...

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

Princess Pat

Oh, the Princess Pat ... Lived in a tree ...
She sailed across ... The seven seas ...
She sailed across ... The channel too ...
And she took with her ... A Ricky Bamboo ...

*A Ricky Bamboo ... Now what is that? ...
It's something made ... By the Princess Pat ...
It's red and gold ... And purple too ...
That's why it's called ... A Ricky Bamboo ...*

Now Captain Jack ... Had a mighty fine crew ...
He sailed across ... The Channel too ...
But his ship sank ... And yours will too ...
If you don't take ... A Ricky Bamboo ...

Oh, the Princess Pat ... Saved Captain Jack ...
She dived right in ... And pulled him back ...
She saved his life ... And his crew too ...
All because she took ... A Ricky Bamboo ...

Process Man

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

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

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

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

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

Queenie

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

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

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

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

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

Rattling Bog

*Oh, aye, a rattling bog, a bog down in the valley-o
A rare bog, a rattling bog, a bog down in the valley-o*

And in that bog there was a tree, a rare tree, a rattling tree
And the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

And on that tree there was a limb, a rare limb, a rattling limb
And the limb on the tree
And the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o

And on that limb there was a branch ...

And on that branch there was a twig ...

And on that twig there was a leaf ...

And on that leaf there was a nest ...

And in that nest there was an egg ...

And on that egg there was a lion ...

And on that lion there was a mane ...

And on that mane there was a ship ...

And on that ship there was a deck ...

And on that deck there was a cabin ...

And in that cabin there was a table ...

And on that table there was a map ...

And on that map there was a bog ...

Red River Valley

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

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

Do you think of the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely, how lonesome 'twill be
Do you think of the fond hearts you're grieving
And the pain you are causing to me

I've been thinking a long time, my darling
Of the sweet words you never would say
Now alas for my fond heart is breaking
For they say you are going away

They will bury me where you have wandered
On the hills where the daffodils grow
When you're gone from the Red River Valley
For I can't live without you, I know

Rickety Ticky Tin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rose Rose

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

Rosemary Lane

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sally Free and Easy

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

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

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

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



Sam Hall

Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep
Oh, me name it is Sam Hall, and I've robbed both great and small
And me neck will pay for all, when I die, when I die
And me neck will pay for all, when I die

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

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

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

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

Saving for Breakfast

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

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

Scarborough Fair

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

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

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

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

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
And gather it all in a bunch of heather

Shallow Brown

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

I am bound for to leave you
Oh, I am bound for to leave you

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

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

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

Shawneetown

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

*And it's hard on the beach oar, she moves too slow
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio*

Now the current's got her, and we'll take up the slack
We'll float her down to Shawneetown and we'll bushwack her back

Whisky's in the jar, boys, the wheat is in the sack
We'll trade 'em down to Shawneetown and we'll bring the rock salt back

I've got a wife in Louisville and one in New Orleans
And when I get to Shawneetown I'm gonna see my Indian queen

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

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

Shenandoah

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Away, you rolling river
Oh Shenandoah, I long to see you
But away we're bound to go, 'cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
I love the music of your waters

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

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

Oh Shenandoah, my native valley
Beside your streams I'd like to dally

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

I went away, forsook my lover
I went away, and took another

Shoals of Herring

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sinner Man

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

Run to the sun, sun won't you hide me? ...
No sinner man, sun'll be a freezing ...

Run to the moon, moon won't you hide me? ...
No sinner man, moon'll be a bleeding ...

Run to the rock, rock won't you hide me? ...
No sinner man, rock'll be a melting ...

Run to the sea, sea won't you hide me? ...
No sinner man, sea'll be a boiling ...

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me? ...
No sinner man, you should be a prayin' ...

Run to the Devil, Devil won't you hide me? ...
Yes sinner man, come on in and howdy ...

Sixteen Tons

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

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

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

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

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

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

Skye Boat Song

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

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

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

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

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

Sloop John B

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

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

The first mate, oh, he got drunk
He broke up the people's trunk
Constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff Johnstone please let me alone
I feel so break up, I want to go home

The cook he got the fits
Ate up all of my grits
Then he went and ate up all of my corn
O let me go home, please let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

South Australia

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

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

As I walked out one morning fair
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair

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

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

And as we wallop around Cape Horn
You'll wish to God you'd never been born

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

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

Stanley and Dora

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

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

Well Dora was swiftly promoted
To the circle she rose in a dream
When who should she see but young Stanley
Wiv the chick wot sold ice-cream
He'd chucked her up for a Walls' Ice Cup

But justice came soon to poor Dora
For Stan and his Walls' ice cream
They both was killed in the rush for the exit
When they played God Save the Queen
God save our Stan, the only one wot can

The Star of the County Down

Near Banbridge Town in the County Down
One morning last July
From a boreen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by
She looked so sweet from her two bare feet
To the sheen of her nut brown hair
Such a coaxing elf, sure I shook myself
For to see I was really there

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down*

As she onward sped, sure I scratched my head
And I looked with a feeling rare
And I says, says I, to a passer-by
Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?
He smiled at me and he says, says he
That's the gem of Ireland's crown
Young Rosie McCann from the banks of the Bann
She's the star of the County Down

At the harvest fair she'll be surely there
And I'll dress in my Sunday clothes
With my shoes shone bright and my hat cocked right
For a smile from my nut-brown rose
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke
Till my plough turns a rust-coloured brown
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside
Sits the star of the County Down

Stealin'

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

*'Cause I'm stealin, stealin, pretty mama don't you tell on me
'Cause I'm a-stealin back to my same old used to be*

Well the woman I love, she's my size and height
She's a married woman, so you know she treats me right
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

Well the woman I love, she's so far away
But the woman I hate, why I see her every day
You don't believe I love you, look what a fool I've been
You don't believe I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in

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

Streets of London

Have you seen the old man
In the closed down market
Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride
Arms held loosely by his side
Yesterday's papers telling yesterday's news

*So how can you tell me you're lonely
And say for you the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand
And lead you through the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change your mind*

Have you seen the old girl
Who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags
She's no time for talking
She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags

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

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

Take This Hammer

Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain
Take this hammer, carry it to the Captain
You can tell him I'm gone, Lord, you can tell him I'm gone

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

If he asks you was I laughing ...
You can tell him I was crying Lord, you can tell him I was crying

I don't want no cold iron shackles ...
'Cause they hurts my feet Lord, 'cause they hurts my feet

I don't want no cornbread and molasses ...
'Cause they hurts my pride Lord, 'cause they hurts my pride

Swing this hammer, it looks like silver ...
But it feels like lead Lord, it feels like lead

Tall Trees

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

This Train is Bound for Glory

This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory, this train
This train is bound for glory
Carrying the righteous and the holy
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train
This train don't carry no gamblers
No hypocrites, no midnight rambles
This train is bound for glory, this train

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

This train done carried my mother, this train
This train done carried my mother, this train
This train done carried my mother
Father, sister and my brother
This train is bound for glory, this train

This train goes down the track, this train
This train goes down the track, this train
This train goes down the track
And once you're on board you don't come back
This train is bound for glory, this train

Tickle Me Pink

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

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

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

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

Monsters in the valley and shootings in the alley
And people fall flat at every turn
There is no straight and narrow, offload your wheelbarrow
And pick up your sticks and twigs to burn

Tower of Strength

I am a tower of strength within and without
I am a tower of strength within
I am a tower of strength within and without
I am a tower of strength within

I let all burdens fall from my shoulders
All anxieties slip from my mind
I let all burdens fall from my shoulders
All anxieties slip from my mind

I let every shackle be loose, I
Let every shackle be loose
I let every shackle be loose, I
Let every shackle be loose

Trees

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

Tshotsholosa

Tshotsholosa, kwesontaba, stimela siphuma South Africa
Tshotsholosa, kwesontaba, stimela siphuma South Africa
Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba, stimela siphuma South Africa
Wena uyabaleka, kwesontaba, stimela siphuma South Africa

Up Above My Head

Up above my head, I can feel it in the air
Up above my head, I can feel it in the air
And I really do believe
They're making music up there

Wade in the Water

Wade in the water, wade in the water
Wade in the water, wade in the water
Wade in the water, wade in the water
God's gonna trouble the water

Why don't you wade in the water
Wade in the water, children
Wade in the water
God's gonna trouble the water

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long, long way from home

I wanna die easy when I die
I wanna die easy when I die
I wanna die easy when I die, shout salvation when I rise
I wanna die easy when I die

Wagon Wheel

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

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

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

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

The Water

All that I have is a river
The river is always my home
Lord, take me away
For I just cannot stay
Or I'll sink in my skin and my bones

*The water sustains me without even trying
The water can't drown me, I'm done
With my dying*

Please help me build a small boat
One that'll ride on the flow
Where the river runs deep
And the larger fish creep
I'm glad of what keeps me afloat

Now deeper the water I sail
And faster the current I'm in
That each night brings the stars
And the song in my heart
Is a tune for the journeyman's tale

Now the land that I knew is a dream
And the line on the distance grows faint
So wide is my river, the horizon a sliver
The artist has run out of paint
Where the blue of the sea meets the sky
And the big yellow sun leads me home
I'm everywhere now, the way is a vow
To the wind of each breath by and by

The Water Is Wide

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

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

I put my hand into one soft bush
Thinking the sweetest flower to find
I pricked my finger right to the bone
And left the sweetest flower alone

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trust-y tree
But first he bended and then he broke
And so did my false love to me

A ship there is and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep as deep can be
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I can sink or swim

Oh love is handsome and love is fine
And love's a jewel while it is new
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew

Way Over Yonder in the Minor Key

I lived in a place called Okfuskee
And I had a little girl in a holler tree
I said, little girl, it's plain to see
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
She said it's hard for me to see
How one little boy got so ugly
Yes, my little girly, that might be
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain't nobody that can sing like me*

We walked down by the buckeye creek
To see the frog eat the goggle eye bee
To hear that west wind whistle to the east
There ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
Oh my little girly will you let me see
Way over yonder where the wind blows free
Nobody can see in our holler tree
And there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain't nobody that can sing like me*

Her mama cut a switch from a cherry tree
And laid it on to she and me
It stung much worse than a hive of bees
But there ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me
Now I have walked a long long ways
And I still look back to my tanglewood days
I've led lots of girls since then to stray
Saying, ain't nobody that can sing like me
Ain't nobody that can sing like me

*Way over yonder in the minor key
Way over yonder in the minor key
There ain't nobody that can sing like me
There ain't nobody that can sing like me*

What Will We Do

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

What will I do if we marry a tinker
Only sell a tin can and walk on with my man

What will we do if we marry a soldier
Only handle his gun and we'll fight for the fun

What will we do if we have a young daughter
Only take her in hand and walk on with my man

When I'm Gone

I've got my ticket for the long way 'round
Two bottle whiskey for the way
And I sure would like some sweet company
And I'm leaving tomorrow, what'd you say?

When I'm gone, when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my hair
You're gonna miss me everywhere, oh
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone

I've got my ticket for the long way 'round
The one with the prettiest of views
It's got mountains, it's got rivers
It's got sights that'll give you shivers
But it sure would be prettier with you

When I'm gone, when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone
You're gonna miss me by my walk
You're gonna miss me by my talk, oh
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone

When You Were Born You Cried

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

Whiskey on a Sunday

I sits at the corner of Beggars Bush
Astride of an old packing case
And the dolls at the end of the plank were dancing
As he crooned with a smile on his face

*Da da da da, come day go day
Wish in me heart it was Sunday
La la la drinking buttermilk all the week
But it's whisky on a Sunday*

His tired old hands have a wooden beam
And the puppets they dance up and down
A far better show than you ever will see
In the fanciest theatre in town

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

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

Whistling Gypsy Rover

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

*Ah de doo, ah de doo dah day
Ah de doo, ah de day-o
He whistled and he sang till the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady*

She left her father's castle great
Left her own fond lover
Left her servants and her state
To follow the gypsy rover

Her father saddled his fastest steed
And searched his valleys all over
Seeking his daughter at great speed
And the whistling gypsy rover

At last he came to the castle gate
Along the river shady
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady

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

White Cockade

It's true my love's enlisted and he wears the white cockade
He is a handsome young man, likewise a roving blade
He is a handsome young man, most right to serve the King
Oh my very (oh my very), oh my very (oh my very)
Heart is breaking all for the loss of him

As I walked out this morning, as I rambled over yon moss
I had no thought of 'listing, 'till a soldier did me cross
He kindly did invite me to take a flowing bowl
He advanced ...
Me the money, two guineas and a crown

My love is tall and handsome and comely for to see
But by a sad misfortune a soldier now is he
May the man that first enlisted him not prosper night or day
How I wish that ...
He might perish all in the foaming spray

O may he never prosper and may he never thrive
In all he puts his hand upon as long as he's alive
May the very ground he treads upon the grass refuse to grow
Since he has been the ...
Only cause of my sorrow, grief and woe

Then he's taken out his handkerchief to wipe the flowing eye
Wipe up, wipe up them flowing tears likewise those mournful sighs
And be you of good courage love till I return again
You and I, love ...
Will be married when I return again

Wild Mountain Thyme

Well the summertime has come
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go, lassie, go?

*And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, lassie, go?*

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear crystal fountain
And on it I will plant
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go, lassie, go?

And if my true love she won't come
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a shelter
On yon high mountain green
And my love shall be fairest
That the summer sun has seen
Will ye go, lassie, go?

Wild Rover

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

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

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

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

I'll have none of your whisky nor fine Spanish wines
For your words show you plainly as no friend of mine
There's others most willing will open the door
To a man coming home from a far distant shore

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son
And if they will do so, as oft times before
Then I never will play the wild rover no more

Work Song

Breaking rocks out here on the chain gang
Breaking rocks and serving my time
Breaking rocks out here on the chain gang
'Cause I been convicted of crime

*Hold it steady right there while I hit it
Well I reckon that ought to get it
I've been working, working
But I still got so terribly far to go*

I committed crime Lord of needing
Crime of being hungry and poor
I left the grocery store man breathing
When he caught me robbing his store

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

Gonna see my sweet honey baby
Gonna break this chain off the rock
Gonna lay down somewhere shady
Lord it sure is hot in the sun

Worried Man

It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
Oh Lord, It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
I'm worried now but I won't be worried long

I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep
Oh Lord, I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep
I swam across the river and laid me down to sleep
And when I woke, there were shackles on my feet

Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain
Oh Lord, there's shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain
Shackles on my feet and twenty one links of chain
And every one was initialled with my name

I asked the judge, "Oh, what's gonna be my fine?"
Oh Lord, I asked the judge, "Oh, what's gonna be my fine?"
I asked the judge, "Oh, what's gonna be my fine?"
Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain Line

The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
Oh Lord, the train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
The train I ride is twenty-one coaches long
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long

Yellow Roses

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

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

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

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



