

# LOOT

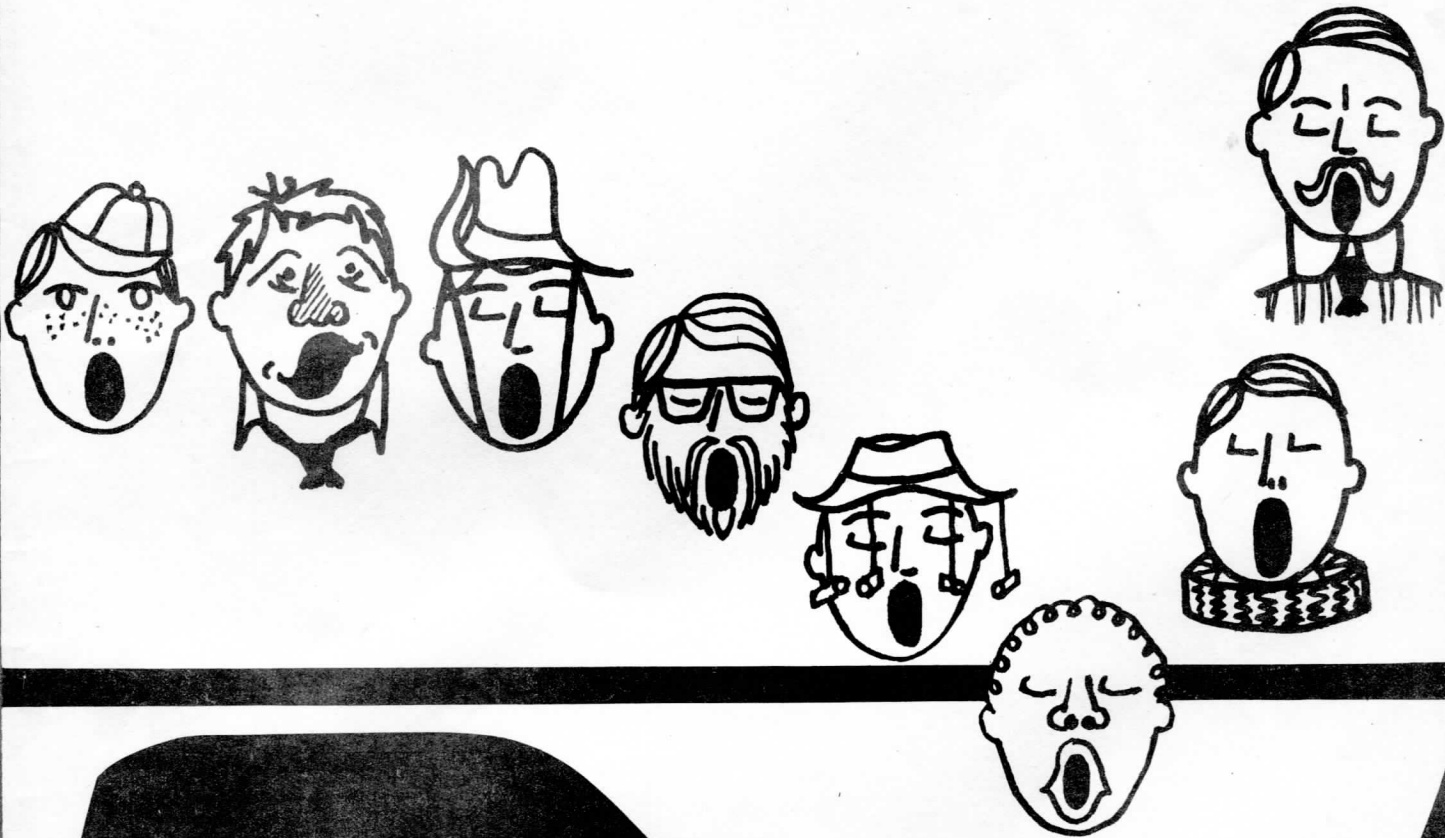


Marjorie Bly

2c

Mt Hawley Teachers  
college.

# LOOT



Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

KING HENRY VIII, 111, i, 3.

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The lute is stringed but won't be heard  
Until the singer stirs the chords  
Here is the loot to take away  
So every singer has his day.



## PREFACE

Late in 1970 a staff-student committee was formed to edit a songbook for Mount Lawley Teachers College. Had the size of the task been foreseen, there would have been no songbook. Over 1,300 man-hours were spent on the production of the book. Some 400 songs were considered by students, by staff and finally by the committee. It is hoped that the divers tastes of all have been sufficiently catered for, and that among the 230 songs will be many that will appeal to all.

Care was taken to ensure that songs for all College needs were included in the songbook - songs for camps, concerts, and ceremonies, for parties at home and at the K.A., and for class use.

Diane Birt  
Peter Mitchell  
Steven Salamon  
Barbara Willis  
Colin Kenworthy  
Alan True

SONGBOOK COMMITTEE 1970-71.

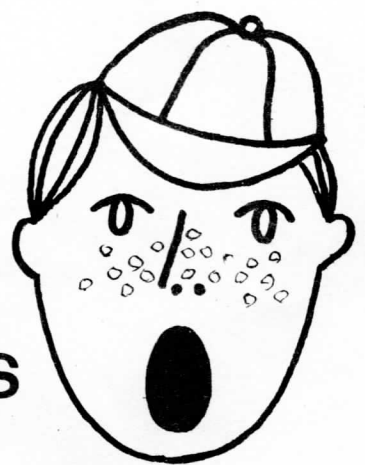
### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Committee wish to thank the Music Department, the English Department, the Registrar's Department, and the many students for advice and practical help. Special thanks are due to Mrs Hazel Young who typed the offset master sheets, to Malcolm Leckie and David Jones who designed the book, and to Glen Phillips who suggested the title.

'If I Had A Hammer' is printed by permission of Essex Music of Australia, who hold the rights for this song in Australia and New Zealand.

Songbook Committee

**STUDENT SONGS**



## GAUDEAMUS



Gaudeamus igitur,  
Iuvenes dum sumus;  
Post iucundum iuventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere?  
Vadite ad superos,  
Transite ad inferos  
Ubi iam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur;  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nomini parcetur.

Vivat Academia,  
Vivant professores;  
Vivant membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quaelibet,  
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,  
Faciles, formosae!  
Vivant et mulieres,  
Dulces at amabiles  
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica  
Et qui illam regit!  
Vivat nostra civitas,  
Maecenatum caritas  
Quae nos hic protegit!

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a song. It consists of five staves of music. The key signature is G major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style. Chords are indicated by letters A, E, and D above the notes. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a change in rhythm and includes a D chord. The fourth staff continues the melody with an A chord. The fifth staff ends with a double bar line.

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI - (GERMAN STUDENT SONG 15th C.)

Die Gedanken Sind Frei, my thoughts freely flower,  
 Die Gedanken Sind Frei, my thoughts give me power,  
 No scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them,  
 No man can deny, Die Gedanken Sind Frei (twice).

I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure,  
 My conscience decrees, this right I must treasure,  
 My thoughts will not cater to duke or dictator,  
 No man can deny, Die Gedanken Sind Frei (twice).

And should tyrants take me and throw me in prison,  
 My thoughts will burst free, like blossoms in season.  
 Foundations will crumble, and structures will tumble,  
 And free men will cry, 'Die Gedanken Sind Frei' (twice).

\* BITCH A DOG

Bitch, a dog, a female dog;  
 Itch, a place for you to scratch;  
 Hitch, I pull my trousers up;  
 Grab, another word for snatch,  
 Bath, a place for making gin,  
 Sex, another word for sin,  
 Prick, a needle going in,  
 And that brings us back to  
 Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch.....  
 (repeat ad inf.)

\* GORY, GORY

(Tune - John Brown's Body)

They scraped him off the rocks -  
Like a blob of raspberry jam  
(Repeat twice)  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory! Gory! what a helluva way to die!  
(Repeat twice)  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They packed him in a rucksack and sent him home to ma. Etc.  
He's got some broken vertebrae and fifty broken ribs Etc.  
They're looking for the guy who put clinkers in his boots. Etc.

\* DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM \*

Down by the old mill stream  
That's where I first met you,  
With your eyes so blue,  
Dressed in gingham too  
And it was there I knew  
That you loved me too  
You were sixteen  
My village queen  
Down by the old mill stream.

\* MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN \*

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
My Bonnie lies over the sea,  
My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me  
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back  
My Bonnie to me, to me,  
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back  
My Bonnie to me.

\* These songs should be sung with  
the appropriate actions.

## GENDARMES' DUET

We're public guardians bold and wary,  
And of ourselves we take good care;  
To risk our precious lives we're chary  
When danger looms we're never there.  
But when we meet a helpless woman  
Or little boys that do no harm.

We run them in, we run them in,  
We run them in, we run them in,  
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.  
We run them in, we run them in,  
We run them in, we run them in,  
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.

Sometimes our duty's extra-mural-  
And little butterflies we chase;  
We like to gambol in things rural:  
Commune with nature face to face.  
Unto our beats then back returning,  
Refreshed by nature's holy charms.

If gentlemen do make a riot,  
And punch each other's heads at night;  
We're quite disposed to keep it quiet,  
Provided that they make it right,  
But if they do not seem to see it,  
Or give to us our proper terms.

Sometimes as specials we're on duty  
To guard the water works and such,  
We've each a truncheon that's a beauty,  
But we don't use them very much.  
You scoundrel there what's that you're after  
Ach no, my friend, I vos no harm.

## LITTLE TOM TUCKER



Little Tom Tucker he sang for his supper, And he began to cry:  
More! More! Poor little innocent guy.

\* OH, I DO WANT TO BE A ROMAN CATHOLIC

Oh I do want to be a Roman Catholic,  
 Oh I do want to join the Church of Rome.  
 Oh I do want to be the lackey of the priests  
 And get as tight as blazes on the major feasts.  
 The worship of idols is exciting  
 And when examinations come along,  
 If your chances are but faint  
 You light a candle to your Saint;  
 Come along, Church of Rome.

Oh I do want to be a Roman Catholic,  
 Oh I do think the Rosary is fun,  
 They do everything they want, in the pale moonlight,  
 Confess it in the morning and it's quite alright.  
 And if Purgatory's fires may depress you,  
 Indulgencies are always up to sale,  
 You can get a book downtown  
 With the lot for half a crown,  
 Come along, Church of Rome.



OH, NO, JOHN!

"My father was a Spanish captain,  
Went to sea a month ago;  
First he kissed me, then he left me,  
Bid me always answer no."

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

O madam, since you are so cruel,  
And that you do scorn me so;  
If I may not be your husband,  
Madam, will you let me go?

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

Then I will stay with you forever,  
If you will not be unkind,  
Madam, I have vowed to love you,  
Would you have me change my mind?

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

O hark, I hear the church bells ringing,  
Will you come and be my wife,  
Or, dear madam, have you settled  
To live single all your life?

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

On yonder hill there stands a creature,  
Who she is I do not know;  
I'll go and ask her hand in marriage,  
She must answer yes or no.

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

O madam in your face is beauty,  
On your lips red roses grow;  
Will you take me for your husband?  
Madam answer yes or no.

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

O madam I will give you jewels,  
I will make you rich and free,  
I will give you silken dresses -  
Madam will you marry me?

O no John! no John! no John! - no!

\* SHE WENT IN a 'WADING

(Tune : John Brown's Body)

She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,  
She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,  
She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,  
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
But she hasn't got her - wet, yet!

She went in a-wading, and she got her ankles wet,  
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and she got her knees all wet,  
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and she got her thighs all wet,  
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and the tide came rolling in,  
So she got her - wet.

\* MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Around her neck she wears a yellow ribbon,  
She wears it in the springtime in the merry month of May.  
And if you ask her why the heck she wears it,  
She wears it for a student who is far, far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),  
She wears it for a student who is far, far away.

Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun,  
He keeps it in the springtime in the merry month of May.  
And if you ask him why the heck he keeps it,  
He keeps it for a student who is far, far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),  
He keeps it for a student who is far, far away.

Through the park she wheels a prambulator,  
She wheels it in the springtime in the merry month of May.  
And if you ask her why the heck she wheels it,  
She wheels it for a student who is far far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),  
She wheels it for a student who is far, far away.

\* MARY HAD A LITTLE WATCH

Mary had a little watch,  
She swallowed it one day,  
Now Mary's taking Epsom salts  
To pass the time away.

In spite of all that Mary did  
The time refused to pass,  
So if you want to know the time  
Just look up Mary's uncle.

BIBLE STORIES



Adam was the first Man so we all believe,  
One morning he was filleted and introduced to Eve;  
He had no one to show him, but he soon found out the way -  
And that's the only reason that we're standing here today.

Young soaks, old soaks, everybody come,  
To our little Sunday school and have a tot of rum,  
There's a place to check your chewing gum and razors at the door,  
And we'll tell you Bible stories that you've never heard before.

Solomon and David lived very wicked lives,  
They used to spend their afternoons with other people's wives,  
And then in the evenings when conscience gave them qualms,  
Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms.

Jonah was a mariner, so goes the ancient tale,  
Who booked a steerage passage on a transatlantic whale,  
When the atmospheric pressure grew too heavy on his chest,  
Jonah pressed the button and the whale did the rest.

Pharaoh had a daughter, with a most bewitching smile,  
She found the infant Moses in the rushes by the Nile.  
She took him home to dear papa, and he believed the tale -  
Which is just about as probable as Jonah and the whale.

Salome was a lady of abbreviated skirt,  
She invited John the Baptist to a harmless little flirt.  
But Johnny was a wowser and he wouldn't grant her wish,  
So she sent him up to Heaven with his head upon a dish.

Sampson was a fighter of the very highest class,  
He slew 40,000 Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.  
The roof fell in one day, when he leaned upon a pillar,  
And this, then, was the end of Sam and lady-friend Dehilah.

Esau was a man with a very hairy chest,  
His chest it was so hairy, he'd no need to wear a vest.  
His father left him property not very far from Norwich  
And the silly blighter swapped it for a basinful of porridge.

When Aaron was so jaded that he could't raise a laugh,  
He opened up a night club which he called the Golden Calf.  
Of course the cops got wind of it and pinched the blooming lot,  
And Chief Inspector Moses got promotion on the spot.

Moses was the leader of the Israelite flock,  
He used to get spa water by striking on a rock,  
**One day from out the multitude there came a might cheer,**  
Instead of getting water he got Swan Lager Beer.

Goliath was a big man so big and strong and tall  
David was a little man, the handy man of Saul,  
But David took his little sling and half a brick as well,  
And when he slung the brick at him Goliath went to hell.

### HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM

When springtime has come,  
O won't we have fun,  
We'll git out of jail,  
And we'll go on the bum.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,  
Hallelujah, bum again,  
Hallelujah, give us a handout,  
To revive us again.

O why don't you work,  
Like other men do?  
O how can I work,  
When the sky is so blue? (Chorus)

I went to a house,  
And I knocked on the door,  
The lady says, 'Bum, bum,  
You been here before.' (Chorus)

I called on another,  
And asked for some bread,  
The lady says, "Bum, bum,  
The baker is dead." (Chorus)

I'll ride the box cars,  
And hop the fast mails,  
When it's cold in the winter  
I'll sleep in the jails. (Chorus)

if I was to work,  
And save all I earn,  
I'd buy me a bar,  
And have money to burn. (Chorus)

Someday a freight train  
Will run over my head,  
And the sawbones will say,  
'Old One Finger's dead.' (Chorus)

#### \* TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
A French postcard, very filthy.

...second....Two virgin maids and a French postcard, very filthy.  
...third....Three Girl Guides, two virgin maids and a.....  
...fourth....Four Boy Scouts,....  
...fifth....Five choir boys,....  
...sixth....Six convict vicars.....  
...seventh...Seven sexy sisters.....  
...eighth...Eight useless eunuchs.....  
...ninth....Nine naughty nuns.....  
...tenth....Ten tired trollopes.....  
...eleventh..Eleven lecherous lesbians.....  
...twelfth...Twelve virgins verging.....

#### \* A-ROVING

In Amsterdam there lives a maid,  
Mark well what I do say,  
In Amsterdam there lives a maid,  
And she is mistress of her trade.

I'll go no more a-roving from you sweet maid.  
A-roving, a-roving,  
Since roving's been my ru-eye-in,  
I'll go no more a-roving from you sweet maid.

Her eyes are like two stars so bright,  
Mark well what I do say,  
Her eyes are like two stars so bright,  
Her face is fair, her step is light.

Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,  
Mark well what I do say,  
Her cheeks are like the rosebuds red,  
There's wealth of hair upon her head.

With love for her my heart did burn,  
Mark well what I do say,  
With love for her my heart did burn,  
And I thought she loved me in return.

But when my money was gone and spent,  
Mark well what I do say,  
But when my money was gone and spent,  
Then off on her ear away she went.

By this I have a lesson learnt,  
Mark well what I do say,  
By this I have a lesson learnt,  
And I'll keep the money that I have earnt.

\* SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

(Tune: "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean")

I've shares in the very best companies,  
In tranways, tabacco and tin.  
In brothels in Rio Janiero,  
My God, how the money rolls in...

With wealth in the big German steel works,  
No wonder I helped Hitler win,  
For when he suppressed the trade unions,  
My God, how the money rolls in...

My father sent fild guns to Franco,  
My brother raised loans for Berlin,  
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,  
To make sure that the money rolled in...

My cousin's a starting-price bookie,  
My mother sells synthetic gin,  
My sister sells sin to the sailors,  
My God, how the money rolls in...

My brother's a curate in Sydney,  
He's saving young girlies from sin,  
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar -  
My God, how the money rolls in...

We've started an old-fashioned gin shop,  
A regular palace of sin,  
The principal girl is my grandma,  
My God, how the money rolls in...

My aunt keeps a girls' Seminary,  
She's teaching young girls to begin.  
She doesn't say where they're to finish,  
My God, how the money rolls in...

My cousin's a medical student,  
With instruments long, sharp and thin,  
He only does one operation,  
My God, how the money rolls in...

My auntie's a boarding-house keeper,  
At night when the evening grows dim,  
She hangs a red light in the window,  
My God, how the money rolls in.

\* CLEMENTINE

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

Oh my darling, oh my darling,  
Oh my darling Clementine  
Thou art lost and gone forever,  
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was and like a fairy,  
Though her shoes were number nine,  
Herring boxes without topses,  
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,  
Every morning just at nine,  
Hit her foot against a splinter  
Fell into the foaming brine.

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

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

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

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

MAD PASSIONATE LOVE

Handwritten musical score for 'MAD PASSIONATE LOVE'. The score is written on five staves in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff is labeled 'V1.2'. The second staff is labeled 'V3'. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and accidentals. The score ends with a double bar line.



They was making mad, passionate love - mad passionate love,  
 There in the park they was happy as a lark, billing and cooing  
 They was making mad, passionate love - mad passionate love.  
 There all alone in a world of their own, doing their wooing.  
 He whispered "I love you, my heart's all a-twitter over you -  
 We'll feather a love nest if you love me too."  
 They was making mad, passionate love - mad passionate love  
 Then the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed  
 So the two little birdies flew away.  
 So the two little birdies flew away.

\* THE KING OF CARACTACUS



The King of Caractacus is just passing by,  
 The King of Caractacus is just passing by,  
 The King of Caractacus is just passing by,  
 The King of Caractacus is just passing by.

The harem of the King, etc.

The ladies of the harem, etc.

The faces of the ladies, etc.

The noses of the faces, etc.

The powder on the noses, etc.

The man who puts the powder, etc.

The boy who shouted whiskers to the man, etc.

The syncopated trousers of the boy, etc.

The variegated patches on the syncopated trousers, etc.

The elongated stitches of the variegated patches, etc.

The multicoloured cotton of the elongated stitches, etc.

# THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a G4 note. Above the staff, the notes Eb, Bb, and f min are indicated. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff is marked 'Verse 2.' and begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 4/4 time signature. Above the staff, the notes Ab, Eb, Bb, and Eb are indicated. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. Above the staff, the notes Eb, Bb, and Eb are indicated.

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?  
 The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground;  
 Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen.  
 For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
 And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"  
 She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;  
 They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,  
 Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;  
 You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,  
 But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,  
 And when the leaves in summertime their verdure dare not show,  
 Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;  
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

\* SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes,  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.  
She'll be coming round the mountain,  
She'll be coming round the mountain,  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.

O we'll all go out to meet her when she comes.

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes.

And we'll all have chicken and dumpling when she comes.

I WISH I WAS



(thung with a lithp)

Oh, I wish I was a little english sparrow,  
Oh, I wish I was a little english sparrow,  
I would sit upon the steeple,  
And I'd spit upon the people;  
Oh, I wish I was a little english sparrow.

Oh, I wish I was another english sparrow, (repeat)  
I would sit upon the spire,  
And I'd spit upon the choir;  
Oh I wish I was another english sparrow.

Oh, I wish I was a little mosquito,  
I would buzzy and I'd bitey  
Under everybody's nightie;  
Oh I wish I was a little mosquito.

I wish I was some little sparrow  
That I had wings could fly so high,  
I'd fly away to my false true lover  
And when he's talking I'd be by.

But as I am no little sparrow  
And have no wings so I can't fly,  
I'll go away to some lonesome valley  
And weep and pass my troubles by.

### EIGHT AIRPLANES



Eight, eight airplanes, eight, eight airplanes  
Flying low, flying low,  
Five of them have no gas, five of them have no gas,  
Oh, how sad, just too bad.

### HE THAT WILL AN ALEHOUSE KEEP



He that will an alehouse keep must have three things in store:  
a chamber and a feather bed, a chimney and a hey nonny nonny,  
hey nonny nonny, hey nonny no, hey nonny no, hey nonny no.

Oh, I wish I was a little cake of soap,  
I would slippy and I'd slidey  
Over Brigitte Bardot's hidey;

Oh, I wish I was a little keg of beer,  
I would go down with a slurpy  
And I'd come up with a burpy;

Oh, I wish I was a little stripey skunk,  
I would sit up in the treeses  
And I'd perfume all the breezes;

\* SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on the first staff, with lyrics written below it. The accompaniment is written on the second, third, and fourth staves. Chord symbols E, B, and A are placed above the notes on the first staff. The music ends with a double bar line.

She was poor, but she was honest,  
Victim of the squire's game;  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she lost her honest name.

It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor wot gets the blame;  
It's the rich wot gets the pleasure,  
Ain't it all a bloody shame.

Then she ran away to London,  
For to hide her grief and shame.  
There she met another squire,  
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms she flutters  
Like a bird with broken wing;  
First he loved her, then he left her;  
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splended mansion,  
Entertaining with the best,  
While the girl that he has ruined  
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the house of Commons,  
Making laws to put down crime,  
While the victim of his passions  
Trails her way through mud and slime.

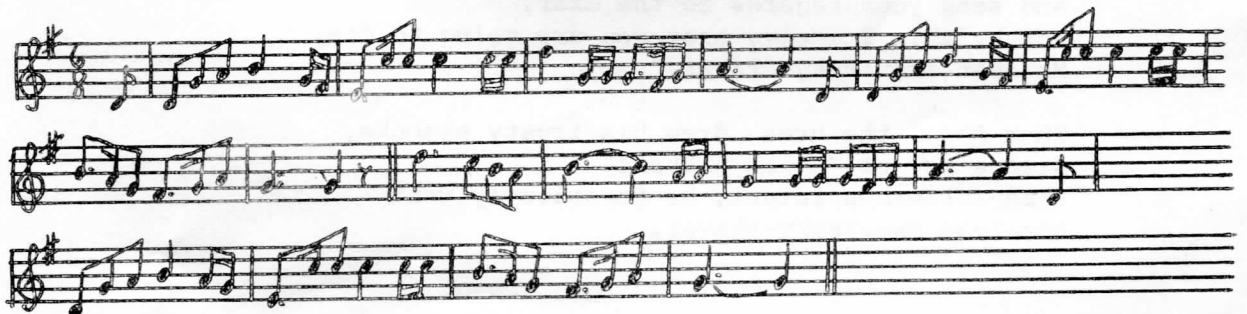
Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
She says "Farewell, blighted love".  
Then a scream, a splash - Good Heavens,  
Wot is she a-doing of?

Then they dragged her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they wrang,  
For they thought that she was drowned,  
But the corpse got up and sang.

#### \* HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where never is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy and gray,  
Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,  
And the breezes are balmy and bright,  
Oh, I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities' delight.

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where never is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy and gray.



ABDUL



The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,  
And quite unaccustomed to fear,  
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah,  
Was Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van  
Or shout "Attaboy" in the rear,  
Or to storm a redoubt, they always sent out,  
For Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame,  
In the troops that were led by the Czar,  
But of all the most daring of fame or of name  
Was Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun  
And donned his most truculent sneer;  
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe  
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

"Yount man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull  
That you wish to end your career,  
For vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

"Oh take your last look at sunshine and brook,  
And send your regards to the Czar,  
For by this I imply, that you are going to die,  
Mr Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

Then Abdul the great drew his trusty skabuke,  
With a cry of "Allah Akabar!"  
With murderous intent, he ferociously went  
For Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow light  
The din, it was heard from afar;  
And the multitude came, so great was the fame  
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life  
In fact, he was shouting "Huzzah!"  
He felt himself struck by the wily Kalmuk,  
Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The Sultan rode by in his red-breasted fly  
Expecting the victor to cheer,  
But he only got there to hear the last prayer  
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Czar Petravich II, in his spectacles blue,  
Rode up in his new crested car;  
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line  
With Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The tomb shadows rose where the blue Volga flows,  
Engraved there in characters clear,  
"O stranger when passing pray for the soul  
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps  
'Neath the light of the cold polar star,  
And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps  
Is "Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar"

\* THE FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,  
I worked at the weaver's trade;  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong  
Was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the winter time and in the summer, too,  
And the only thing that I ever did wrong  
Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside  
When I lay fast asleep,  
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep,  
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died.  
Ah me! What could I do?  
So I pulled her into bed and I covered up her head,  
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.



Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,  
We work at the weaver's trade;  
And every, every time that I look into his eyes  
He reminds me of the fair young maid,  
He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer, too,  
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,  
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

### SIR ROGER OF KILDARE

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

Oh, please, Mother darling may I go to the fair,  
May I go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare?  
For he's young and he is handsome,  
And he loves me for my sake;  
Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fete?

Oh, yes, my darling daughter, you may go to the fair,  
You may go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare.  
But although he's young and handsome,  
And he loves you for your sake,  
Just take the bread and butter when he offers you the cake.

Oh, poor little Mabel, she went to the fair,  
She went with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare,  
And he offered her some candy,  
And he offered her some cake,  
And it wasn't very long before her tum began to ache.

And all you young maidens just beware, just beware,  
Beware of Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare;  
For there is another version,  
But we've brushed it up with care,  
So sing the other version - if you dare, if you dare!

She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot,  
She wears her red pyjamas in the winter when it's not.  
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the fall  
She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory for the summer when it's hot.  
Glory, glory for the winter when it's not.  
Glory for the springtime and glory for the fall  
When she slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh! Sir Roger, do not touch me,  
Oh! Sir Roger, do not touch me,  
Oh! Sir Roger, do not touch me,  
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

She's a very naughty lady,  
She's a very naughty lady,  
She's a very naughty lady,  
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

\* ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one,  
And aren't we having fun?

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.  
Roll me over in the clover,  
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two,  
And he's taking off my shoe.

Now this is number three,  
And he's reaching for my knee.

And this is number four,  
And he's got me on the floor.

Now this is number five,  
And it's good to be alive.

Now this is number six,  
And I'm in an awful fix.

Now this is number seven,  
And we're in the seventh heaven.

Now this is number eight,  
And the doctor's at the gate.

Now this is number nine,  
And the twins are doing fine.

Now this is number ten,  
So let's do it all again.



\* AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MY LORD NO MORE

Oh you can't go to heaven on roller skates  
You'll roll right past those pearly gates.

I ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more.

Oh you can't get to heaven on a ping pong ball  
'cause a ping pong ball is far too small.

Or you can't get to heaven with a fat girl guide  
Cause the gate of heaven just ain't that wide.

Oh you can't get to heaven in no limousine  
Cause the Lord ain't got no gasoline.

Or you can't get to heaven on a pair of skis  
Cause you'd sail right through St Peter's knees.

Or you can't get to heaven in a whispering jet  
Cause the Lord ain't got no airport yet.

Oh you can't get to heaven in a bottle of gin  
Cause the Lord won't let no spirits in.

If you get to heaven before I do  
Just put out your hand and pull me through.

**DRINKING SONGS**



## SONG OF THE TEMPERANCE UNION

Handwritten musical score for the song 'Song of the Temperance Union'. The score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first two staves contain the main melody. The third staff is labeled 'CHORUS' and contains a different melody. The fourth staff continues the chorus melody. The fifth staff is labeled 'E (A E)' and contains a simple bass line. Chord symbols E, B, and B E are written above the notes on the first two staves.

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,  
On the right side of Temp'rance we do take our stand,  
We don't smoke tobacco, because we do think,  
That people who do are likely to drink.

Away, away with rum by gum,  
Rum by gum, rum by gum,  
Away, away with rum by gum,  
It's the song of the Temperance Union.

We never eat cookies, 'cos cookies have yeast,  
And one little bite turns a man to a beast,  
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace  
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

We never eat fruit cake because it has rum,  
And one little bite turns a man to a bum,  
Can you imagine a sorrier sight  
Than a man eating fruit cake until he gets tight?

We don't eat plum pudding because it has plonk,  
And one little bite puts a red on your conk,  
Can you imagine a very long list  
Of men who ate pudding until they got drunk?

We never eat steak, for steak's cooked in wine  
And one little bite turns a man to a swine,  
Can you imagine a much greater sin  
Than a girl eating steak until she gives in?

## \* TAVERN IN THE TOWN

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

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

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

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

## CHUNDERED IN THE OLD PACIFIC SEA

Handwritten musical score for "Chundered in the Old Pacific Sea". The score is written on four staves. The first two staves are the main melody, and the last two staves are the accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. Chords are indicated by letters C, F, G7, and C7 above the notes. A "Chorus" section is marked with a double bar line and a "C" above the first note of the third staff.

Oh, I was down by Manly pier,  
Drinking tchoobes of ice-cold beer,  
With a bucket full of prawns upon me knee;  
But when I swallowed the last prawn,  
I had a technicolour yawn,  
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Drink it up! Drink it up!  
Crack another dozen tchoobes and prawns with me;  
If you wanta throw ya voice,  
Mate, ya haven't any choice  
But to chunder in the old Pacific sea.

I was sitting in the surf,  
When a mate of mine called Murph  
Asked if he could have a tchoobe or two with me;  
The bastard barely swallowed it  
When he went for the big spit  
And he chundered in the old Pacific sea.

I've had liquid laughs in baths  
And I've hurled from moving cars;  
I've chuckled when and where it suited me;  
But if I could choose the spot  
To regurgitate the lot -  
Then I'd chunder in the old Pacific sea.

### RICKETY TICKETY TIN

About a maid I'll sing a song,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
About a maid I'll sing a song;  
She didn't 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.

One morning, in a fit of pique,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
One morning, in a fit of pique,  
She pushed her father into the creek,  
The water tasted bad for a week,  
And they had to make-do with gin,  
With gin,  
They had to make-do with gin.

Her mother, too, she never could stand,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
Her mother, too, she never could stand,  
And so a cyanide soup she planned;  
Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,  
And her face in a hideous grin,  
A grin,  
Her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
She set her sister's hair on fire,  
And as the flames grew higher and higher,  
She danced around the funeral pyre,  
Playing a violin,  
O-lin,  
Playing a voilin.

She weighted her brother down with stones,  
Sing Rickety Tickety Tin,  
She weighted her brother down with stones,  
And sent him down to Davey Jones,  
And all they ever found was bones,  
And occasional pieces of skin,  
Of skin,  
And occasional pieces of skin.

\* SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,  
I had a little drink about an hour ago,  
But it's gone right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,  
On land on sea or foam,  
You will always hear me singing this song,  
Show me the way to go home.

NEW VERSION

Indicate the route to my abode,  
I'm fatigued and I want to retire,  
I had a little snort 60 seconds ago,  
But it's gone right to my cranium.

Wherever I may perambulate,  
On land or sky or agitated water,  
You will always hear me crooning this melody,  
Indicate the route to my abode.



✧ VIVE L'AMOUR

Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,  
Vila la compagnie!  
And drink to the health of our glorious class.  
Viva la compagnie!

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Viva la, vive la, vive l'amour!  
Vive la reine! Vive le roi!  
Viva la compagnie!

Let every married man drink to his wife,  
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.

Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,  
Here's a health to our friend, our kind, worthy host.

Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,  
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.

✧ TEN IN A BED

There were ten in a bed, and the middle one said  
"Roll over, roll over."  
So they all rolled over, and one rolled out,  
There were nine in the bed, and the middle one said...etc.

✧ DRINKING SONG

Ein Zwei Drei Beer,  
Left your stein and drink your beer,  
Ein Zwei Drei Beer,  
Lift your stein and drink your beer.

Drink, dring, drink, to eyes that are bright as stars when they're shining on me,  
Drink, drink, drink, to lips that are red and sweet as the fruit on the tree.

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,  
Lovingly, longingly, soon into mine,  
May those lips that are red and sweet  
Tonight with joy my own lips meet,  
Drink, drink, let the toast start,  
May young hearts never part,  
Drink, drink, drink,  
Let every true lover salute his sweetheart,  
Let's drink!

## ALCOHOLICS' ANTHEM

(Tune: "Men of Harlech")

What's the use of drinking tea,  
Indulging in sobriety  
And tee-total per-ver-sity?  
It's healthier to booze.  
What's the use of milk and water?  
These are drinks that never oughter  
Be allowed in any quarter  
Come on, lose your blues.  
Mix yourself a Shandy!  
Drown yourself in Brandy!  
Sherry Sweet,  
Or Whisky neat,  
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.  
There's no blinking sense in drinking  
Anything that doesn't make you stinking!  
There's no happiness like sinking  
Blotto to the Floor!

Put an end to all Frustration,  
Drinking may be your Salvation,  
End it all in dissipation  
Rotten to the core!  
Aberations metabolic.  
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,  
These are for the Alcoholic  
Lying on the Floor!

Vodka for the Arty,  
Gin to make you Hearty,  
Lemonade was only made  
For drinking if your mother's at the Party.  
Steer clear of home-made beer,  
And anything that isn't labelled clear  
There is nothing else to fear  
Bottoms up-My Boys!

\* GLORIOUS BEER

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in G major, 3/4 time. It consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. Chords G and D7 are indicated above the staff. The second staff continues the melody, with a 'G chorus' marking above it. The third staff shows the melody continuing, with G and D7 chords. The fourth staff includes tempo markings: 'Faster' above the first few measures, 'c' (crescendo) above the next few, and 'Slower' above the final few measures. The fifth staff is a shorter line, ending with a G chord. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Let me sing you a song of a gargle,  
 A lotion to me very dear:  
 I refer to that grand lubricator,  
 That wonderful tonic called beer, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

Beer, beer, glorious beer,  
 Fill yourself right up to here:  
 Don't be afraid of it, drink itil you're made of it,  
 Drink of our old lager beer, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,  
 Drink a great deal of it, make a whole meal of it,  
 Come, boys, a rousing good cheer, hurrah!  
 Up with the sale of it, down with the bale of it,  
 Glorious, glorious beer.

It's the daddy of lubricators,  
 A very fine thing for your neck;  
 Can be used as lotion or gargle  
 For people of every sect, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,

They say there's a goddess of wine, boys,  
 But is there a goddess of beer?  
 If there is let us drink to her name, boys,  
 And wish that we had her right here, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

## COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl, Until it doth run over,  
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl, Until it doth run over,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, For tonight we'll merry merry be,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be, Tomorrow we'll be sober.

The man who drinketh small beer, And goes to bed quite sober,  
Fades as the leaves do fade, That drop off in October,  
For tonight we'll merry, merry be. etc.

The man who drinketh strong beer, And goes to bed right mellow,  
Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jolly good follow.

But he who drinks just what he likes, And getteth half seas over,  
Will live until he die perhaps, And then lie down in clover.

The man who kisses a pretty girl, And goes and tells his mother,  
Ought to have his lips cut off, And never kiss another.

## HERE'S TO THE GOOD OLD WHISKY

Here's to good old whisky, mop it down, mop it down,  
Here's to good old whisky, mop it down, down, down,  
Here's to good old whisky, the stuff that makes you frisky,  
Here's to good old whisky, drink it down.

Rolling home, rolling home,  
By the light of the silvery moon,  
Happy is the day when a fellow gets his pay,  
And fills his skin with whisky, drink it down.

Here's to good old sherry, that makes you feel so merry.  
Here's to good old beer, that makes you feel so queer.  
Here's to good old porter, that slips down as it oughter.  
Here's to good old stout, that makes you care for nought.  
Here's to good old port, that makes you feel a sport.  
Here's to good old brandy that makes you feel just dandy.

## RYE WHISKEY

If the ocean was whiskey, and I was a duck,  
I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.

Rye whiskey, rye whiskey,  
Rye whiskey I cry,  
If you don't give me rye whiskey  
I surely will die,  
E...ah...h... (hiccup) (hiccup) ..Ah

But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't no duck,  
So let's round up the cattle and then we'll get drunk.

But if I get boozy, my money's my own,  
And them that don't like me can leave me alone.

I'll ramble, I'll trample this wide world alone,  
I'm just a rabble soldier and Dixie's my home.

O Mollie, O Mollie, I've told you before,  
Just make me a pallet and we'll lie on the floor.

Jack o'Diamonds, Jack o'Diamonds, I know you of old,  
You've robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.

O whiskey you villain, you've been my downfall,  
You've kicked me, you've cuffed me, but I love you for all.

O whiskey, O whiskey, you're no friend to me,  
You killed my old daddy, goldarn you, try me.

Beefsteak when I'm hungry, whiskey when I'm dry,  
Greenbacks when I'm hard-up, sweet heaven when I die.

For work I'm too lazy and beggin's too slow,  
Train robbin's too dangerous, to gamblin' I'll go.

I'll buy my own whiskey, I'll make my own stew,  
If I get drunk, Madam, it's nothing to you.

O Mollie, O Mollie, I've told you before,  
Your parents don't like me because I'm so poor.

I'll tune up my fiddle, and rosin my bow,  
And make myself welcome wherever I go.

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry,  
If the hard times don't kill me, I'll live till I die.

Way up in the mountains, I wander alone,  
I'm drunk as the Devil, so leave me alone.

Chorus

Ee Ah Hick Hick Ah

## \* WORST HANGOVER

(Tune: "I'm Looking Over a Four-leafed Clover")

I'm getting over a worse hangover  
Than I ever had before.  
The first was a whisky,  
The second was gin,  
The third was a beer with a cigarette in.  
There's no need explaining the one remaining  
Is over the kitchen floor.  
I'm getting over the worst hangover  
That I every had before.

## \* THE DRUNKEN SAILOR

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

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

Hoist him up in a running bowline (three times).  
Early in the morning.

Put him in a long boat and make him bale her (three times).  
Early in the morning.

Put him in a long boat till he gets sober (three times).  
Early in the morning.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are the main melody, and the last two staves are the chorus. The music is written in a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and repetitive, with a clear chorus section. The word "Chorus" is written above the third staff.

**PATRIOTIC SONGS**



## LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

(Words by Arthur C. Bonson; music by Sir Edward Elgar)

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,  
God make thee mightier yet!  
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,  
Once more thy crown is set.  
Thine equal laws, by freedom gained,  
Have ruled thee well and long;  
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,  
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,  
How shall we extoll thee, who are born of thee?  
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,  
As ocean large and wide;  
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,  
A stern and silent pride;  
Not that false joy that dreams content  
With what our sires have won;  
The blood a hero sire hath spent  
Still nerves a hero son.

## THE RED FLAG

The people's flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead,  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life's blood dyed its every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!  
Within its shade we'll live or die!  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved about our infant might,  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We must not change its colour now

It well recalls the triumphs past,  
It gives the hope of peace at last;  
The banner bright, the symbol plain  
Of human right and human gain.



With heads uncovered, swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

### \* BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.  
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an alter in the ev'ning dews and damps.  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,  
His truth is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal."  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming,  
And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;  
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In glory reflected now shines in the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner - O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

'Tis the star-spangled banner - O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that bard who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

### \* LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!  
Contre nous de la tyrannie  
L'étendard sanglant est levé!  
L'étendard sanglant est levé!  
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir ces féroces soldats?  
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras  
Egorger nos fils, et nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons,  
Marchons, marchons!  
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Amour sacré de la patrie,  
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;  
Liberté, liberté, chérie,  
Combats avec tes défenseurs!  
Combats avec tes défenseurs!  
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire  
Accoure à tes mâles accents:  
Que tes ennemis expirants  
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

### SOLIDARITY FOREVER

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong!

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?  
Is there anything left for us but to organise and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid.  
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have made;  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours alone;  
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward stone by stone,  
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn,  
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn  
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,  
 Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousandfold;  
 We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,  
 For the Union makes us strong.

\* AUSTRALIA

There is a land where summer skies  
 Are gleaming with a thousand dyes  
 Blending in witching harmonies,  
 And grassy knoll and forest height  
 Are flushing in a rosy light,  
 And all about is azure bright,  
 Australia, Australia, Australia!

There is a light where floating free  
 From mountain top to girdling sea  
 A proud flag waves exultingly  
 And Freedom's sons the banner bear,  
 No shackled slave can breath the air,  
 Fairest of Britain's daughters fair,  
 Australia, Australia, Australia!

\* WALTZING MATILDA

The musical score for 'Waltzing Matilda' is written on four staves in 4/4 time. The first two staves contain the main melody and accompaniment. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and begins with a 'c' time signature. The fourth staff continues the accompaniment. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, Am, F, C, Am, Dm, G<sup>7</sup>, Am, Em, F, C, F, G<sup>7</sup>, Am, F, C, Am, D, G, Am, Em, F, C, F, G, C.

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

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.  
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,  
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;  
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker bag,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,  
Down came the troopers, one, two, three;  
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong,  
You'll never catch me alive, said he,  
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,  
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

The musical score is written on six staves in a single system. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings. The score concludes with the word "FINE" on the fourth staff and "rit. d.c. al fine" on the sixth staff.

**FOLK SONGS**



\* HAVA NAGILA (Israel)

Hava nagila, hava nagila, hava nagila v'nism'cha. (Repeat)  
Hava n'ran'na, have n'ran'na, hava n'ran'na, v'nism'cha. (Repeat)  
Uru, uru achim, uru achim b'lev samayach,  
Uru achim b'lev samayach, uru achim b'lev samayach  
Uru achim b'lev samayach uru achim, uru achim  
B'lev samayach,  
Hava nagila, hava nagila, hava nagila v'nism'cha,  
Hava n'ran'na, have n'ran'na, hava n'ran'na v'nism'cha.

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans,  
They call it the Rising Sun,  
And it's been the ruin of many poor girls,  
And me, oh God, for one!

If I had listened to what my mother said,  
I'd have been at home today,  
But I was young and foolish, oh God!  
Let a rambler lead me astray.

Go tell my baby sister,  
"Don't do what I have done,  
Better shun that house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun."

I'm going back to New Orleans,  
My race is almost run,  
I'm going back to end my life  
Beneath that Rising Sun.

JOAN GLOVER



Go to Joan Glover, and tell her I love her,  
And at the mid of the morn I will come to her.

#### 4 HAMMER SONG

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The chords indicated above the first staff are D, A7, and D. The second staff has chords dmin, A7, and D. The third staff has chords G, A7, bmin, G, D, G, D, and A7. The fourth staff has chords D, G, D, A7, and D. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with some bass clef notes in the second and fourth staves.

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,  
I'd hammer in the evening all over this land,  
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning,  
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,  
I'd ring it in the evening all over this land;  
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning,  
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,  
I'd sing it in the evening all over this land,  
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning,  
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land.

Well I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell,  
And I've got a song to sing all over this land;  
It's the hammer of justice, it's the Bell of Freedom  
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land.



\* JOHN HENRY



When John Henry was a baby  
 He was sitting on his daddy's knee,  
 Well, he pointed his finger at a little piece of steel  
 Said it's gonna be the death of me,  
 Lord, Lord, it's gonna be the death of me.

Well, the captain says to John Henry,  
 I'm gonna bring me a steam drill round,  
 I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job,  
 Gonna whap that steel on down;  
 Lord, Lord, I'll whap that steel on down.

Then John Henry says to the captain;  
 A man ain't nothin' but a man,  
 But before I let your steam drill beat me down,  
 I'm gonna die with this hammer in my hand;  
 Lord, Lord, I'll die with this hammer in my hand.

Then John Henry says to his shaker,  
 Shaker, why don't you sing?  
 I'm throwin' twelve pounds from my hips on down,  
 Just listen to this cold-steel ring;  
 Lord, Lord, just listen to this cold steel ring.

Well, John Henry was hammering on the mountain  
 And his hammer was a-strikin' fire,  
 And drove so hard he broke his poor heart,  
 And he laid down his hammer and he died.  
 Lord, Lord, he laid down his hammer and he died.

Well, they took John Henry to the grave-yard,  
And they buried him in the sand;  
And every locomotive come roaring by  
Say there lies a steel-driving man;  
Lord, Lord, well there lies a steel-driving man.

Well, some said he came from Texas,  
And some said he came from Maine,  
But I don't give a damn where the poor boy was from,  
'Cos he was a steel-driving man  
Lord, Lord, 'cos he was a steel-driving man.

### \* THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen  
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy" -  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the chest and I know I must die.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First to the dram-house and then to the card-house,  
Got shot in the chest; I am dying today.

Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin;  
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall;  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as you carry me along;  
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along,  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

\* SLOOP JOHN B



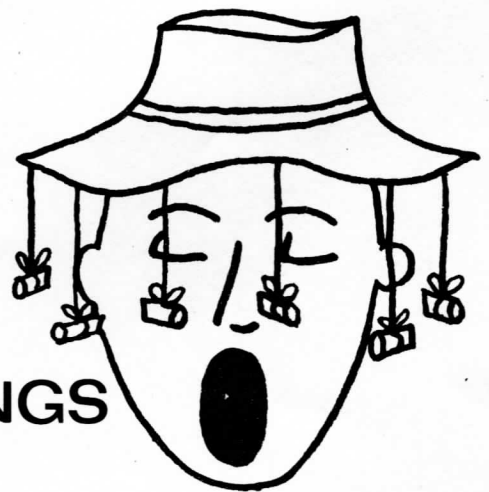
We came on the sloop John B.,  
 My grandfather and me;  
 Around Nassau town we did roam,  
 Drinking all night,  
 Got into a fight,  
 Well, I feel so broke up,  
 I want to go home.

Hoist up the John B. sails,  
 See how the main sail sets,  
 Call for the Captain ashore,  
 I want to go home;  
 Let me go home,  
 Let me go home,  
 Well, I feel so broke up,  
 I want to go home.

First Mate, he got drunk,  
 Broke up the people's trunk,  
 Constable had to come  
 And take him away.  
 Sheriff John Stone,  
 Why don't you leave me alone?  
 Well, I feel so broke up,  
 I want to go home.

Well, the poor cocky got the fits,  
 Throw away all of my grits,  
 Then he took and he ate up all of my corn.  
 Let me go home,  
 I want to go home;  
 This is the worst trip,  
 Since I've been born.

AUSTRALIAN FOLK SONGS



## MORETON BAY

One Sunday morning as I went walking,  
By Brisbane waters I chanced to stray,  
I heard a convict, his fate bewailing  
As on the sunny river-bank he lay.

"I am a native of Erin's island  
And banished now from my native shore,  
They tore me from my aged parents  
And from the maiden whom I do adore.

"I've been a prisoner at Port Maquarie,  
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains,  
At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie -  
At all those settlements I've worked in chains.  
But of all places of condemnation  
And penal stations in New South Wales,  
To Moreton Bay I have found no equal,  
Excessive tyranny each day prevails.

"For three long years I've been beastly treated  
And heavy irons on my legs I wore;  
My back, with flogging is lacerated  
And often painted with my crimson gore.  
And many a man from downright starvation  
lies mouldering now underneath the clay;  
And Captain Logan he had us mangled  
At the triangles of Moreton Bay.

"Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews  
We were oppressed under Logan's yoke,  
Till a native black lying there in ambush  
Did give our tyrant his mortal stroke.  
My fellow prisoners be exhilarated  
That all such monsters such a death may find!  
And when from bondage we are liberated  
Our former sufferings shall fade from mind.



## CHARLEY MOPPS

Oh a long time ago, 'way back in history,  
When all they had to drink was nothing but cups of tea,  
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mopps  
And he invented a wonderful drink and gave it the name of hops.

Oh, he oughta been an admiral, a sultan or a king,  
And to his praises we should always sing.  
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer,  
Lord bless Charlie Mopps, the man who invented beer.

On the day that Charlie died he went up to Heaven's gate  
And said to St Peter, "Now tell me how I rate."  
St Peter looked at him and said, "Now who are you?"  
He answered, "Charlie Mopps," and Peter said, "Pass through".

At the Knutsford Arms, the Golden Mile and Marble Bar as well,  
There's one thing you can be sure, it's Charlie's beer they sell.  
So look alive you lucky lads, at 10 o'clock she stops,  
For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mopps.

One, - two - three, four, five!  
Oh he oughta been, etc.

## BOLD TOMMY PAYNE

I'll tell you a story, it's strange, but it's true,  
Of the wild pigs where I come from and the damage they do.  
There once was an old boar went devouring the cane  
Of a very rash character called Bold Tommy Payne.

With a tooral i-ooral i-ooral i-ay,  
Bold Tommy rose up and he cursed and he swore,  
Then with rifle and pig dogs, a dozen or more,  
He strode towards the cane-brake with murder in mind,  
But the boar laid an ambush and charged from behind!

Bold Tommy rose up sixteen feet in the air,  
Came down on that porker and heard his pants tear.  
Oh you should've heard the language that came from Bold Tom  
When the cold wind made him realize that his trousers were gone.

Now up in Garradunga where the sweet pindar grows  
The blokes tell the story, so everyone knows  
How up in the mountains an old boar resides  
Who is wearing the remnants of Bold Tommy's strides.

CHARLEY MOPS

Musical score for "Charley Mops" in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of six staves. The first two staves are the main melody. The third staff is a guitar accompaniment with a "CHORUS" section. The fourth and fifth staves are additional melodic lines. The sixth staff is a bass line. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, A, D, G, D, A, D, G, D, A, D, A7, D, G, D, A, D, A7, D.

BOLD TOMMY PAINE

Musical score for "Bold Tommy Paine" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the main melody. The third staff is a guitar accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line with a "CHORUS" section. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, A, A7, D, A, D, A7, G, A, D, A7, D, CHORUS, A7, D.

WILD COLONIAL BOY

Musical score for 'Wild Colonial Boy' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves have a bass clef. The fourth staff has a treble clef. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: E, F#, B7, E, F#, B, E, F#, B7, E.

THE OVERLANDER

Musical score for 'The Overlander' in C major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The second and third staves have a bass clef. The fourth staff has a treble clef. Chord symbols are placed above the notes: C, F, C, G7, C, F, C, G7, C, C, G7, C, A min., C, F, C, G7, C.



## \* THE WILD COLONIAL BOY

'Tis of a wild colonial boy Jack Doolan was his name,  
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine;  
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,  
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age, when he left his father's home,  
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did roam,  
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stocks he did destroy,  
And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career,  
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he fear;  
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach, and robbed Judge McEvoy,  
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial boy.

He bade the Judge good morning and told him to beware,  
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the square,  
And never to rob a mother of her only son and joy,  
Or else he might turn outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding, the mountain side along,  
A-listening to the little birds, their pleasant laughing song,  
Three mounted troopers rode along; Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy;  
They thought that they would capture him, the wild colonial boy.

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one,  
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman.  
He drew a pistol from his belt and shook the little toy,  
I'll fight but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the ground,  
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound,  
And shattered through the jaw he lay still firing at Fitzroy,  
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial boy.

## \* THE OVERLANDER

There's a trade you all know well,  
It's bringing cattle over.  
On every track, to the Gulf and back,  
Men know the Queensland drover.

Pass the billy round, my boys!  
Don't let the pint-pot stand there!  
For tonight we drink the health  
Of every overlander.

I come from the Northern plains  
Where the girls and grass are scanty;  
Where the creeks run dry or ten foot high,  
And it's either drought or plenty.

There are men from every land,  
From Spain and France and Flanders;  
They're a well-mixed pack, both white and black,  
The Queensland overlanders.

When we've earned a spree in town  
We live like pigs in clover;  
And the whole year's cheque pours down the neck  
Of many a Queensland drover.

As I pass along the roads,  
The children raise my dander  
Crying, "Mother dear, take in the clothes,  
Here comes an overlander."

Now I'm bound for home once more,  
On a prad that's quite a goer;  
I can find a job with a crawling mob  
On the banks of the Maranoa.

### BANKS OF THE CONDAMINE

Oh, hark the dogs are barking, love, I can no longer stay,  
The men are all gone mustering and it is nearly day,  
And I must off by morning light before the sun doth shine,  
To meet the Sydney shearers on the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Willie, dearest Willie, I'll go along with you,  
I'll cut off all my auburn fringe and be a shearer too,  
I'll cook and count your tally, love, while ringer-o you shine,  
And I'll wash your greasy moleskins on the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy, with me you cannot go,  
The squatters have given orders, love, no woman should do so;  
Your delicate constitution is not equal unto mine  
To stand the constant tigering on the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Willie, dearest Willie, then stay back home with me,  
We'll take up a selection and a farmer's wife I'll be:  
I'll help you husk the corn, love, and cook your meals so fine  
You'll forget the ramstag mutton on the banks of the Condamine.

Oh, Nancy, dearest Nancy, please do not hold me back,  
Down there the boys are waiting and I must be on the track;  
So here's a good-bye kiss love. Back home here I'll incline  
When we've shore the last of the jumbucks on the banks of the Condamine.

\* CLICK GO THE SHEARS

Out on the board the old shearer stands,  
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands,  
Fixed is his gaze on the blue-bellied Joe;  
Glory, if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go!

Click go the shears, boys, click, click, click!  
Wide is his blow, and his hands move quick.  
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,  
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied Joe!

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair.  
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,  
Notes well each fleece as it comes before the screen,  
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The tar-boy is there waiting on demand,  
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,  
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back.  
Here is what he's waiting for, it's "Tar, here, Jack!"

Shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques;  
Roll up your swags boys we're off on the tracks.  
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree,  
And everyone that comes along, it's "Come and drink with me!"

Down by the bar, the old shearer stands,  
Grasping his glass in his thin, bony hands.  
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg;  
Glory, he'll get down on it, ere he stirs a peg!

There we leave him standing shouting for all hands;  
Whilst all around him every shooter stands;  
His eyes are on the keg, which by now is lowering fast,  
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to hell at last!

\* BOTANY BAY



Farewell to Old England forever,  
 Farewell to my rum culls as well,  
 Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,  
 Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Singing tooral, lioral liaditty,  
 Singing tooral, lioral, liay,  
 Singing tooral, lioral liaditty,  
 For we're bound for Botany Bay.

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

Tain't leaving Old England we cares about,  
 Tain't 'cos we mispells wot we knows,  
 But because all we light-fingered gentry  
 Hops round with a log on our toes.

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

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,  
 Take warding from what I've to say:  
 Mind all is your own as you toucheses,  
 Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

\* THE ROAD TO GUNDAGAI

Oh, we started down from Roto  
 When the sheds had all cut out,  
 We'd whips and whips of rhino  
 That we meant to push about;  
 So we humped our blueys serenely  
 And made for Sydney Town,  
 With a three-spot cheque between us  
 That wanted knocking down.

But we camped at Lazy Harry's,  
 On the road to Gundagai,  
 The road to Gundagai!  
 Five miles from Gundagai!  
 But we camped at Lazy Harry's,  
 On the road to Gundagai.

Oh, we chucked our bloomin' swags off  
 And we walked into the bar,  
 And we called for rum and raspberry  
 And a shillin' each cigar;  
 But the girl who served the poison,  
 She winked at Bill and I,  
 And we camped at Lazy Harry's,  
 Not five miles from Gundagai.

Oh I've seen a lot of girls, mates,  
 And drunk a lot of beer,  
 And I've met with some of both, mates,  
 That has left me mighty queer.  
 But for beer to knock you sideways,  
 And girls to make you sigh,  
 You must camp at Lazy Harry's,  
 On the road to Gundagai.

In a week the spree was over  
 And the cheque was all knocked down,  
 So we shouldered our matildas  
 And we turned our backs on town;  
 And the girls they stood a nobbler  
 As we sadly said good-bye,  
 And we tramped from Lazy Harry's,  
 On the road to Gundagai.

The musical score is written on three staves in a 2/4 time signature. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily composed of eighth and quarter notes. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: C, F, and C. The second staff continues the melody and includes a section labeled 'CHORUS' with a 'F' chord symbol. The third staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and includes chord symbols C, F, G, and C.

## THE DYING STOCKMAN

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'The Dying Stockman'. It consists of three staves of music in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. The first two staves contain the main melody. The third staff is labeled 'Chorus' and contains a few notes followed by the instruction 'Repeat tune as for verse'.

A fine stalwart stockman lay dying,  
His saddle supporting his head;  
While his mates all around him were drying,  
He rose on his elbow and said:

Wrap me up with my stockwhip and bluey  
And bury me deep down below,  
Where the dingoes and crows cannot find me,  
In the shade where the coolabahs grow.

Then cut you two stringybark saplings,  
Place one at my head and my toe,  
Carve on them crossed stockwhip and bridle,  
To show there's a stockman below.

And bring out the battered old billy,  
Put the pannikins all in a row;  
And drink to the health of the stockman  
Who soon will be lying below.

But hark! 'tis the howl of the dingo,  
Watchful and weird - I must go,  
For he tolls the death-knell of the stockman  
Who soon will be lying below.

**NEGRO SPIRITUALS**



ALL MY TRIALS



Hush little baby, don't you cry,  
You know your mamma was born to die.

All my trials, Lord,  
Soon be over.

River of Jordan is muddy and cold,  
Well it chills the body, but not the soul.

I've got a little book with pages three,  
And every page spell liberty.

Too late, my brothers!  
Too late, but never mind.

If living were a thing that money could buy,  
You know the rich would live and the poor would die.

There grows a tree in paradise,  
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life.

Too late, my brothers!  
Too late, but never mind.



\* SWING LOW

The musical notation is handwritten and consists of three staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a G chord. The second staff continues the melody with chords D7, G, C, and G. The third staff features chords D7, Fm, C, G, Fm, C6, D7, and G.

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home;  
 Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?  
 Comin' for to carry me home.  
 A band of angels comin' after me,  
 Comin' for to carry me home.  
 If you get there before I do,  
 Jes' tell my friends that I'm a-comin' too,  
 The brightest day that ever I saw,  
 When Jesus washed my sins away.  
 I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,  
 But still my soul feels heavenly boun'.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

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

We'll walk hand in hand.  
 We shall fight no more.  
 We will all as brother.  
 Black and white as one.  
 We shall overcome.

\* GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain,  
 Over the seas, and everywhere,  
 Go tell it on the mountain:-  
 "Let my people go!"

Who's that yonder dressed in red?  
 Let my people go.  
 Must be the children that Moses led.  
 Let my people go.  
 Who's that yonder dressed in red?  
 Must be the children that Moses led.  
 Go tell it on the mountain:-  
 "Let my people go!"

Who's that yonder dressed in white?  
 Must be the children of the Israelite.

Who's that yonder dressed in black?  
 Must be the hypocrites turning back.

## I GOT A ROBE

Handwritten musical notation for the song "I Got a Robe". The notation is arranged in three staves. The first staff shows the melody, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The second and third staves show the accompaniment, with chords E, A, E, A, E, A indicated above the notes.

I got a robe,  
You got a robe,  
All of God's children got a robe,  
When I get to Heaven, goin' to put on my robe,  
Going to shout all over God's Heaven,  
Heaven,  
Heaven,  
Ev'ry body talkin' 'bout Heaven ain't going there,  
Heaven,  
Heaven,  
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven.

I got a crown...  
...goin' to put on my crown...

I got a harp...  
...goin' to play on my harp...

I got shoes...  
...goin' to put on my shoes...

I got a song...  
...goin' to sing a new song...

\* THE SAINTS



We are travelling in the footsteps  
Of those who went before,  
And we'll all be re-united  
On that far and distant shore.

O when the saints go marching in,  
O when the saints go marching in,  
O lord, I want to be in that number  
When the saints go marchin in.

O when the sun begins to shine...

O when the trumpet sounds its call...

Some way this world of trouble  
Is the only one we need,  
But I'm waiting for that moment  
When the new world is revealed

O when the new world is revealed...

O when the saints go marching in...

LITTLE DAVID

CHORUS



PICK A BALE O' COTTON



CHORUS



## LITTLE DAVID

David was a shepherd boy,  
He killed Goliath and he shouted for joy.

Little David, play on your harp,  
Hallelu! Hallelu!  
Little David, play on your harp,  
Hallelu!

Tell you what little David done,  
Picked up a rock and out he run. (Chorus)

Goliath swung his iron sword,  
But David hit him with the power of the God. (Chorus)

Goliath was a mighty man,  
But God put strength in David's hand. (Chorus)

Watch the sun, how steady she run,  
Don't never let it catch you with your work undone. (Chorus)

### \* PICK A BALE O' COTTON

Jump down, turn around,  
Pick a bale o' cotton,  
Jump down, turn around,  
Pick a bale a day.

O-Lawdy, Pick a bale o' cotton,  
O-Lawdy, Pick a bale a day.

Ol' Massa gimme one dram to  
Pick a bale o' cotton,  
Ol' Massa gimme one dram to  
Pick a bale a day. (Chorus)

Me an' my pardner can  
Pick a bale o' cotton, etc. (Chorus)

I had a little woman could  
Pick a bale o' cotton, etc. (Chorus)

I b'lieve to my soul I'll  
Pick a bale o' cotton, etc. (Chorus)

Pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a,  
Pick-a bale o' cotton, etc. (Chorus)

\* GO DOWN, MOSES

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has chords Gm, Dm, Gm, D, Gm, and Dm. The second staff has chords Gm, D, Gm, Chorus, Cm, and Gm. The third staff has chords D and Gm.

Go down, Moses,  
Way down in Egypt's land;  
Tell old Pharoah  
Let my people go.

When Isreal was in Egypt's land,  
Let my people go;  
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,  
Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,  
Let my people go;  
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,  
Let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil,  
Let my people go.  
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,  
Let my people go.

The Lord told Moses what to do,  
Let my people go.  
To lead the Children of Israel thro'  
Let my people go.

When they had reached the other shore,  
Let my people go.  
They sang a song of triumph o'er,  
Let my people go.

\* JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE

The image shows three staves of handwritten musical notation in G major, 4/4 time. The first staff contains the first line of music with a Dm chord above it. The second staff contains the second line of music, with A7 and Dm chords above it, and the word 'Verse' written above the staff. The third staff contains the third line of music, with A7 and Dm chords above it. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jerricho, Jerricho,  
 Joshua fit de battle of Jericho,  
 And de walls came tumbling down.

You may talk about yo' King ob Gideon,  
 You may talk about your man ob Saul,  
 Dere's none like good ol' Joshua  
 At de battle of Jericho.

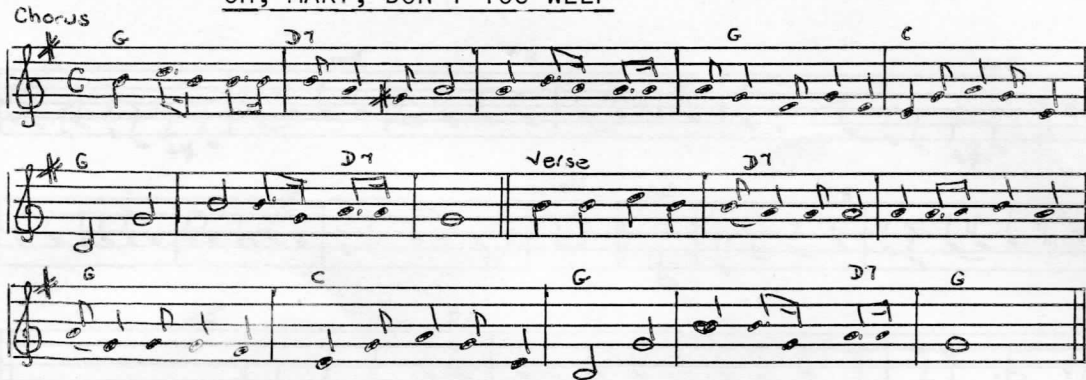
Up to de walls of Jericho  
 He marched with spear in han',  
 "Go blow dem ram horns," Joshua cried,  
 "Cause de battle am in my han'."

Den de lam' ram sheep horns begin to blow,  
 Trumpets begin to sound,  
 Joshua commanded de chillun to shout,  
 And de walls come tumblin' down.



## OH, MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP

Chorus



Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn;  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn;  
Pharaoh's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

If I could I surely would  
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.

Pharaoh's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

Moses stood by the Red Sea shore,  
He smote the water with a two by four.

God told Noah to build him an ark,  
Noah built the ark outa hic'ry bark.

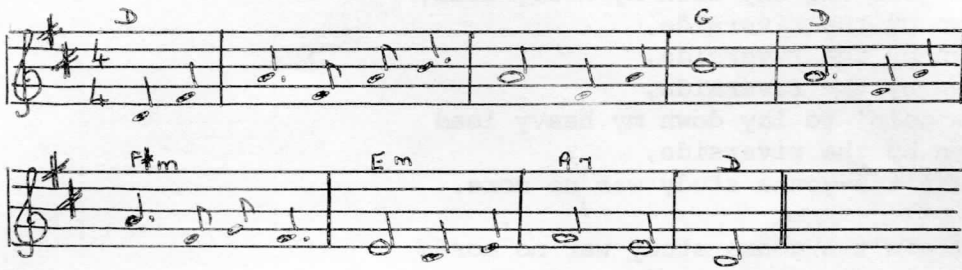
God gave Noah the rainbow sign  
No more fool - fire next time.

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

Wonder what Satan's a-grumblin' 'bout,  
Chained in Hell an' can't git out.

The way of evil-doing is a-wide and far,  
And many the sinners who perish there.

\* MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT A'SHORE



Michael, row the boat ashore,  
Hallelujah!  
Michael, row the boat ashore,  
Hallelujah!

Well the river is deep and the river is wide,  
Hallelujah!  
Greener pastures on the other side,  
Hallelujah!

Jordan's river is chilly and col'  
Hallelujah!  
Chills the body but not the soul,  
Hallelujah!

Sister help to trim the sail,  
Hallelujah!  
Sister help to trim the sail,  
Hallelujah!

Trouble's past for them that tried,  
Hallelujah!  
Milk and honey 'cross the other side,  
Hallelujah!

\* DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load,  
Down by the riverside,  
Down by the riverside,  
Down by the riverside,  
I'm goin' to lay down my heavy load  
Down by the riverside,  
I ain't a-gonna study war no more.

I ain't a-gonna study war no more,  
I ain't a-gonna study war no more,  
I ain't a-gonna study war no more,  
I ain't a-gonna study war no more.

I'm goin' to lay down my sword and shield, etc. (Chorus)

I'm goin' to put on my travelin' shoes, etc. (Chorus)

I'm goin' to put on my long white robe, etc. (Chorus)

I'm goin' to put on my starry crown, etc. (Chorus)

\* SHORT"NIN" BREAD

Put on de skillet! Put on de lid!  
Mammy's gonna make a little short'nin' bread!  
But dat ain't all she's goin' to do,  
Manny's gonna make a little coffee too.

Mammy's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',  
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin' bread. (Repeat)

Three little chillun, lyin' in bed,  
Two wuz sick an' the other 'mos' dead.  
Sent for de doctor, de doctor said,  
"Feed dose chillun on short'nin' bread!"

I slip to de kitchen, slip up de lid,  
Slip ma pockets full o' short'nin' bread!  
Stole de skillet, stole de lid,  
Stole de gal to make short'nin' bread.

Dey caught me wid de skillet,  
Dey caught me wid de lid  
Dey caught me wid de gal  
Makin short'nin' bread.

Paid six dollars for de skillet  
Paid six dollars for de lid,  
Spent six months in jail  
Eatin' short'nin' bread!

\* THE GOSPEL TRAIN



The gospel train is coming,  
I hear it just at hand,  
I hear the carwheels moving,  
And rumbling thro' the land.

Get on board, children,  
Get on board, children,  
Get on board, children  
For there's room for many a more.

I hear the bell and whistle,  
The coming round the curve;  
She's playing all her steam and pow'r  
And straining every nerve.

No signal from another train  
To follow on the line,  
O, sinner, you're for ever lost,  
If once you're left behind.

This is the Christian banner,  
The motto's new and old,  
Salvation and Repentance,  
Are burnished there in gold.

She's nearing now the station,  
O, sinner, don't be vain,  
But come, and get your ticket,  
And be ready for the train.

**HYMNS**





СИМУН

### NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD

Now thank we all our God,  
With hearts and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom His world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms,  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God,  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God  
The Father now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With Them in highest heaven,  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

### ETERNAL RULER

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round  
Of circling planets singing on their way;  
Guide of the nations from the night profound  
Into the glory of the perfect day;  
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be  
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,  
One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,  
One in the power that makes the children free  
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,  
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;  
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;  
We ask no victories that are not Thine;  
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;  
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

\* ONWARD! CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Onward! Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before,  
Christ, the royal Master,  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See His banners go!

Onward! Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.



Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, praise, and honour  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

### PRAISE, MY SOUL THE KING OF HEAVEN

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring.  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing?

Praise Him, Praise Him!  
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;

Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes;

Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Dwellers all in time and space:

Praise Him! Praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

## PRAISE TO THE LORD

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!  
O my soul, praise Him for He is thy health and salvation:  
Come, ye who hear,  
Brothers and sisters, draw near,  
Praise Him in glad adoration!

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth!  
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:  
Hast thou not seen?  
All that is needful hath been  
Granted in what He ordaineth.

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee!  
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:  
Ponder anew  
All the Almighty can do,  
He who with love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!  
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before Him!  
Let the amen  
Sound from His people again:  
Gladly for ay we adore Him!

## \* ROCK OF AGES

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

### PRAISE TO THE HOLIEST IN THE HEIGHT

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise,  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's presence and His very self  
And essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise,  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

## A SAFE STRONGHOLD

A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour;  
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is His name,  
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;  
He, and no other one,  
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore;  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit;  
For why, his doom is writ;  
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;  
'Tis written by His finger.  
And though they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small;  
These things shall vanish all:  
The city of God remaineth.

## JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight;  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green and pleasant land.

## NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given:  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

\* PSALM TWENTY-THREE

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## THE GOD OF ABRAHAM PRAISE

The God of Abraham praise  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love:  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confest;  
We bow and bless the sacred name  
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand:  
We all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame and power;  
And him our only portion make,  
Our Shield and Tower.

The God who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing,  
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry  
'Almighty King!  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be:  
Jehovah, Father, great I AM.  
We worship thee.'

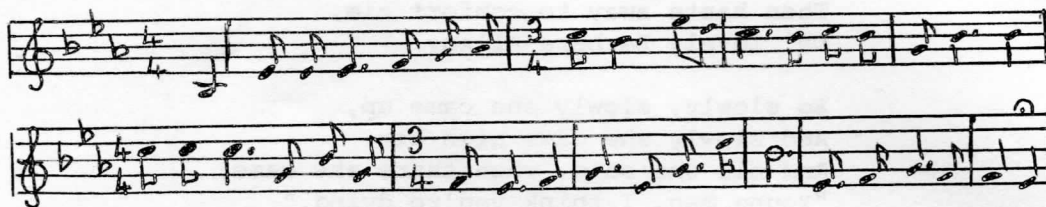
The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
'Hail! Father, Father, Lord of hosts,  
They ever cry:  
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!  
(I join the heavenly lays)  
All might and majesty are thine,  
And endless praise.

**TRADITIONAL SONGS**





\* SHENANDOAH



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

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

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

Seven long years I courted Sally,  
Seven more I longed to have her.

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

Farewell my dear, I'm bound to leave you,  
Oh Shenandoah; I'll not deceive you.

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

BARBARA ALLEN

In Scarlet town, where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin'.  
Made ev'ry youth cry "Well-a-day,"  
Her name was Barbra Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barbra Allen.

And death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin';  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
Oh! lovely Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said, when there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."

When he was dead and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow.

"Farewell!" she said, "ye maidens all  
And shun the fault I fell in:  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

\* GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-HO

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

I'll sing you two-ho, etc.  
Two, two the lily-white boys, clothed all in green-ho.  
One is one, etc.

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 went up to heaven,

Twelve for the twelve Apostles.

\* DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

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

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

\* GREENSLEEVES

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

Greensleeves was all my joy,  
Greensleeves was my delight;  
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,  
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

If you intend thus to disdain,  
It does the more enrapture me,  
And even so, I still remain  
A lover in captivity.

Alas, my love, that you should own,  
A heart of wanton vanity,  
So must I meditate alone  
Upon your insincerity.

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,  
To God I pray to prosper thee,  
For I am still thy lover true,  
Come once again and love me.

## VICAR OF BRAY

Handwritten musical score for "Vicar of Bray" in G major and 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in eighth and quarter notes. Chords are indicated above the staff: E, B7, E, A, B7, E, B7. The second staff continues the melody with chords E, B7, E. The third staff includes a double bar line and the word "Chorus" above the staff, with chords A, B7, E, B7, E. The fourth staff concludes the piece with chords A, B7, E.

In good King Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A furious High Churchman I was,  
And so I gained preferment;  
Unto my flock I daily preached  
Kings are by God appointed,  
And damn'd are those who dare resist,  
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.

And this is law I will maintain  
Unto my daying day, Sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign  
I will be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtained the Crown  
And Pop'ry came in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down  
And read the Declaration;  
The Church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution;  
And had become a Jesuit,  
But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declar'd,  
To ease a nation's grievance,  
With this new wind about I steer'd,  
And swore to him allegiance;  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,  
The Church of England's glory,  
Another face of things was seen,  
And I became a Tory;  
Occasional Conformists base,  
I damn'd their moderation,  
And thought the Church in danger was  
By such prevarication.

\* A FROG WENT A-COURTIN'

Frog went a-courtin' an' he did ride,  
Um-hum,  
Frog went a-courtin' an' he did ride  
Sword and pistol by his side,  
Um-hum, um-hum.

He rode till he came to the mouse's den, (twice)  
Says, 'Miss Mouse, are you within?' etc.

He took Miss Mousie on his knee, (twice)  
An' says, 'Miss Mouse, will you marry me?' etc.

'Without my uncle Rat's consent, (twice)  
I wouldn't marry the Pres-i-dent.' etc.

Uncle Rat came ridin' home, (twice)  
Says, 'Who's been here since I been gone?'

Uncle Rat laughed till he shook his sides, (twice)  
To think his niece would be a bride. etc.

'What will the wedding supper be?' (twice)  
'Two blue beans and a black-eyed pea.' etc.

The first that came was a little black bug, (twice)  
And he fell into the whiskey jug. etc.

The next that came was a gartersnake, (twice)  
And coiled himself round the wedding cake. etc.

The last to come was an old Tom Cat (twice)  
Who ate Miss Mouse and Uncle Rat. etc.

Mister Frog jumped into a lake (twice)  
And there was swallowed by a big black snake. etc.

The big black snake, he swum to land (twice)  
And there was killed by a coloured man. etc.

The coloured man he went to France (twice)  
To teach the ladies how to dance. etc.

The old hymn book lies on the shelf (twice)  
If you want any more you can sing it yourself. etc.

### THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,  
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,  
Till I took up poaching as you shall quickly hear;  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,  
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper for him we did not care,  
For we can wrestle and fight, my bous and jump o'er anywhere;  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,  
And, taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.  
We took the hare alive my boys and through the woods did steer;  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

I threw him on my shoulder and then we trudged right home,  
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,  
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,  
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,  
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer;  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

\* ON THE FIRST DAY OF XMAS

On the first day of Christmas my true love sent to me,  
A partridge in a pear tree.

On the second day of Christmas my true love sent to me,  
Two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree.

Third - 3 French hens, two turtle doves, etc.

Fourth - 4 Calling birds, 3 French hens, etc.

Fifth - 5 Golden rings.

Sixth - 6 Geese are laying.

Seventh - 7 Swans a swimming.

Eighth - 8 Maids a milking.

Ninth - 9 Ladies dancing.

Tenth - 10 Lords a leaping.

Eleventh - 11 Pipers piping.

Twelfth - 12 Drummers drumming.

\* ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, Je te plumerai.  
Je te plumerai la tete,  
Je te plumerai la tete,  
Et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

Alouette, gentille Alouette,  
Alouette, je te plumerai.  
Je te plumerai le bec,  
Je te plumerai le bec,  
Et la tete, et la tete, Oh!

(le nez, les yeux, les ailes,  
le dos, les jambes, les pieds).

\* EARLY ONE MORNING

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

Oh don't deceive me  
Oh never leave me  
How could you use a poor maiden so.

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

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary  
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true, etc.

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

MEN OF HARLECH

Fierce the beacon light us flaming,  
With its tongues of fire proclaiming,  
"Chieftains, sundered to your shaming,  
Strongly now unite!"  
At the call all Arfon rallies,  
War cries rend her hills and valleys,  
Troop on troop, with head-long sallies,  
Hurtle to the fight.  
Chiefs lie dead and wounded,  
Yet, where first 'twas grounded,  
Freedom's flag still holds the crag  
Her trumpet still is sounded,  
O there we'll keep her banner flying,  
While the pale lips of the dying,  
Echo to our shout defying,  
"Harlech for the right!"

Shall the Saxon army shake you,  
Smite, pursue and overtake you?  
Men of Harlech, God shall make you  
Victors, blow for blow!  
As the rivers of Eryri  
Sweep the vale with flooded fury,  
Gwalia from her mountain eyrie  
Thunders on the foe!  
Now, avenging Briton,  
Smite as he has smitten!  
Let your rage on history's page  
In Saxon blood be written!  
His lance is long, but yours is longer,  
Strong his sword, but yours is stronger!  
One stroke more! and then your wronger  
At your feet lies low!



\* THE ASH GROVE

The Ash grove how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking,  
The wind thro' it playing has language for me;  
When over its branches the sun-light is breaking,  
A host of kind faces it gazing on me.  
The friends of my childhood again are before me,  
Fond memories waken as freely I roam,  
With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle o'er me,  
The Ash grove, the Ash grove that shelter'd my home.

My laughter is over, my step loses lightness,  
Old countryside measures steal soft on mine ear;  
I only remember the past and its brightness,  
The dear ones I mourn for again gather here.  
From out of the shadows their loving looks greet me,  
And wistfully searching the leafy green dome,  
I find other faces fond bending to greet me;  
The Ash grove, the Ash grove alone is my home!

\* ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

While the moon her watch is keeping  
All through the night.  
While the weary world is sleeping  
All through the night.  
O'er my bosom gently stealing  
Visions of delight revealing  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling  
All through the night.

Love, to thee her watch is keeping  
All through the night.  
All for thee my heart is yearning,  
All through the night.  
Though sad fate our lives may sever,  
Parting will not last forever;  
There's a hope that leaves me never,  
All through the night.

## THE DARBY RAM

As I was going to Darby,  
Upon a market day,  
I saw the biggest ram, sir  
That ever was fed on hay.

Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble,  
He rambled up and down  
And all around the town  
Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble,  
He rambled till the butcher cut him down.

The ram was fat behind, sir  
The ram was fat before.  
He measured ten yards round, sir  
I think it was no more.

And he who killed the ram, sir  
Was drowned in the blood  
And he who held the dish, sir  
Was carried away by the flood.

The mutton that the ram made  
Gave the whole Army meat,  
And what was left, I'm told, sir  
Was served out to the fleet.

The man who owned this ram, sir  
Was considered mighty rich,  
And the man who's singin' this song, sir  
Is a lying son of a bitch.

## \* DANNY BOY

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling  
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,  
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,  
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide,  
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,  
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,  
It's here I'll be in sunshine or in shadow.  
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come and all the flow'rs are dying,  
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,  
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,  
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;  
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me!  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

\* CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.  
'Twas on a Monday morning, Right early in the year,  
When Charlie came to our town, The young Chevalier.  
Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marchin' up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out  
To meet the Chevalier.  
Oh! Charlie etc.

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

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear,  
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Oh! there were mony beating hearts,  
And mony a hope and fear;  
And mony were the pray'rs put up  
For the young Chevalier.

\* ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew,  
An' it's there that Annie Laurie  
Gi'ed me her promise true;  
Gi'ed me her promise true,  
Which ne'er forgot will be;  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
That e'er the sun shone on,  
An' dark blue is her ee,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
Is the fa' o' er fairy feet;  
An' like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low an' sweet,  
Her voice is low an' sweet,  
An' she a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me doon an' dee.

\* JOHN PEEL

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

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

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

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,  
Let's dring to his health,  
Let's finish the bowl.  
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' fould,  
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?  
He liv'd at Trout-beck once on a day;  
Now he has gone far, far, far, away;  
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

\* 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,  
Thunder claps rend the air,  
Baffled our foes stand on the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

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

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

## BONNIE DOON

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?  
How can ye sing, ye little birds,  
And I so weary, full of care?  
You'll break my heart, ye little birds,  
That wanton through the flow'ring thorn;  
Ye mind me of departed joys,  
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and wood-bine twine;  
When ilka bird sang of his love,  
And fondly so did I o' mine.  
With lightsome heart I pulled a rose,  
Full sweet upon its thorny tree;  
But my false lover stole the rose,  
And left the thorn behind to me.

## THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

A far croonin' is a-pullin' me away  
As take I wi' my cromack to the road.  
The far Coolins are a-puttin' love on me  
As step I with the sunlight for my load.

Sure by Tummel and Lock Rannock and Lockaber I will go,  
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;  
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step,  
You've never smelled the tangle of the Isles.  
The far Coolins are a-puttin' love on me  
As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles.

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

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

\* ILKLA MOOR

Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.  
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?  
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at, on Ilkla Moor baht 'at,  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at.

Tha's bin a-coortin' Mary Jane.  
Tha'll go and get thy deearth o' coold.  
Then we s'all ha' to bury thee.  
Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.  
Then t'ducks'll come an' ate oop t'worms.  
Then we shall go an' ate oop t'ducks.  
Then we shall all 'ave eten thee.  
That's wheear we get our oahn back.  
Theer is a moral to this tayle  
Doan't go a coortin' Mary Jane.

\* AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min'?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o'auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne;  
We'll tak' a cup o'kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie waught  
For auld land syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine,  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne!

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