

AFTER THE CAMP FIRE SONG BOOK

Compiled by Jeremy Fox

2nd Edition 2017

Note to 2nd Edition

The “After the Camp Fire Songbook” was compiled with various incompatible intentions. It was intended to provide the full words to some songs which leaders and Venture Scouts, as they then were, sang while relaxing by the fire at the end of the day. It included songs in German and French because we had, at that time, close contact with some groups of German and French scouts. Also, the book provided a core of standard songs, to be suitable for any camp fire programme.

This edition retains the same songs, (except one replaced for copyright reasons,) with a few corrections.

Of the songs included, some were regularly sung round the campfire in the troop to which the editor belonged throughout the 1960s. Those songs are listed in blue in the contents page. Campfires in that troop at that time always opened with “Campfire’s Burning” and closed with “My Father’s House.”

Some of the songs in this collection were in the repertoire of an informal service crew of Venture Scouts and younger leaders, (what would now be a Scout Network unit,) known, to itself at least, as the Mafeking Club.

The editor has heard the French and German songs sung around a camp fire by scouts of those countries. Why the Welsh songs were included is a mystery.

The remaining songs must have been pure wishful thinking on the part of the editor.

The previous edition had words only. This edition includes a melody line for most of the songs. Harmonies, guitar chords etc. may be added ad. lib. by those who have the will and skill to do so.

The “camp fire song” is deep in the soup of the folk process. For any of the songs in this book there will be many variants, and if “the one true version” can be found it is unlikely to be suitable for our purposes. Treat all the words and tunes here as samples amongst countless alternatives, and feel free to adapt words, notes and tempo to suit the occasion and the singers. Nothing here is sacred.

Acknowledgements

“Camp Fire Opening (Sussex) – Mary Chater.

Copyright of the Girl Guides Association.

“With the Scent of Woodsmoke” is copyright of the Scout Association.

Grateful thanks are due to the copyright holders for their kind permission to include those songs in this collection.

Except where written or edited by the compilers of this collection, all other songs herein are, as far as we are aware, out of copyright.

We regret any unintentional infringement.

Bibliography

The following books were either the source of songs in this collection, or contain “definitive versions” or alternative versions of the songs. Many of the songs appear in more than one book, in which case we have generally acknowledged the oldest source that we have found.

“The Camp Fire Song Book” pub. Girl Guides Association	CFS
“200 Celebrated Songs” pub. James Askew & sons, Preston	CS
“Chanter m’estuet” pub Faber Music Ltd	CmE
“Daily Express Community Song Book”	DEC
“English Folk Songs for Schools” pub. J. Curwen & sons	EFSS
“Folk Songs of Many Lands” pub. J. Curwen & sons	FSML
“The Shanty Book 1” pub. J. Curwen & sons	TSB
“Favourite French Folk Songs” pub Oak Publications	FFFS
“French Songs for Children” pub. Novello	FSC
“Gaudeamus” pub Cassell & Co	Gaud
“The Gilwell Camp Fire Book” pub. The Scout Association	GCF
“The Hackney Scout Song Book”	HSSB
“Junior Week-End Book” pub. Gollancz	JWE
“The Labour Party Song Sheet”	
“Liederbuch der Christlichen Pfadfinderschaft”	LCP
“The New National & Folk Song Book 1 & 2” pub. Thomas Nelson	NNFS
“The New National Song Book” pub Boosey & Hawkes	NNSB
“The Oxford Song Book, vol 2” pub Oxford University Press	OSB2
“The Puffin Song Book” pub Penguin Books	PSB
“The Scottish Students’ Song Book” pub. Bailey & Ferguson	SSSB
“Sixty Old-Time Variety Songs” pub News Chronicle	SOV

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Abdul the Bulbul Ameer

SSSB



The sons of the prophet are hardy and bold
 And quite unaccustomed to fear;
 But of all the most reckless of life or of limb
 Was Abdul, the Bulbul ameer.
 If they wanted a man to encourage the van,
 Or to shout "hullaloo" at the rear,
 Or to storm a redoubt, they would straightway send out
 For Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.

There are heroes a-plenty and well known to fame
 In the ranks that are led by the Tzar;
 But among the most reckless of name or of fame
 Was Ivan Petruski Skivah.
 He could imitate Irving, play euchre or pool,
 Or perform on the Spanish guitar.
 In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
 Was Ivan Petruski Skivah

One day the bold Russian had shoulder'd his gun
 And put on his most cynical sneer,
 When going down town he did happen to run
 Into Abdul the Bulbul Ameer.
 Said the Bulbul, "Young man, is your life then so dull
 That you're anxious to end your career?
 For, infidel, know that you've trod on the toe
 Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer!"

Said the Russian, "My friend, your remarks in the end
Will only prove futile, I fear.
For I mean to imply that you're going to die,
Mister Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."
The Bulbul drew out his trusty chibouque,
And, shouting out "Allah akbar!"
Being also intent upon slaughter, he went
For Ivan Petiski Skivah.

Then, just as the knife was to end his life,
In fact he had shouted "Huzzah!"
He found himself struck by that subtle Kalmuk
Bold Ivan Petruski Skivah.
There's a grave where the wave of the blue Danube flows,
And on it engraven so clear
Is "Stranger remember to pray for the soul
Of Abdul the Bulbul Ameer."

Where the Muscovite maiden her vigil does keep,
By the light of the true lovers' star,
The name she so tenderly murmurs in sleep
Is "Ivan Petruski Skivah."
The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But of all the most reckless of life or of limb
Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.

After the Ball – (C. K. Harris 1892) SOV

The image displays a musical score for the piece "After the Ball" by C. K. Harris, 1892. The score is written in a single system with 12 staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 3/4. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with various rests and phrasing slurs. The notation includes a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 3/4 time signature. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the twelfth staff.

A little maiden climbed an old man's knees,
 Begged for a story: "Do uncle, please!
 Why are you single, why live alone?
 Have you no babies, have you no home?"
 "I had a sweetheart, years, years ago,
 Where she is now, pet, you will soon know;
 List to the story, I'll tell it all:
 I believed her faithless after the ball."

*After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
 After the dancers' leaving, after the stars are gone,
 Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all—
 Many the hopes that have vanished after the ball.*

"Bright lights were flashing in the grand ballroom,
 Softly the music playing sweet tunes.
 There came my sweetheart, my love, my own,
 'I wish some water; leave me alone.'
 When I returned, dear, there stood a man
 Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
 Down fell the glass, pet, broken, that's all—
 Just as my heart was after the ball."

"Long years have passed, child, I have never wed,
 True to my lost love though she is dead.
 She tried to tell me, tried to explain—
 I would not listen, pleadings were vain.
 One day a letter came from that man;
 He was her brother, the letter ran.
 That's why I'm lonely, no home at all—
 I broke her heart, pet, after the ball."

(alternative chorus, thanks to Mary's grandfather)

After the ball was over, Sarah took out her glass eye,
 Put her false teeth in the basin, Corked up her bottle of dye,
 Put her wood leg in the corner, Hung up her wig on the wall,
 And all that was left went to bye-byes, After the ball.

Agincourt Song – (XVthC) NNFS



Our King went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and might of chivalry;
 The God for him wrought marv'lously,
 Wherefore England may call and cry
Deo gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria

He set a siege, the sooth for to say,
 To Harfleur town with royal array;
 That town he won and made a fray
 That France will rue till Domesday.

And then forsooth that knight comely,
 In Agincourt field he fought manly:
 Through grace of God most mighty,
 He hath both the field and the victory.

Their dukes and earls, lords barons,
 Were taken and slain and that full soon;
 And some were led into London,
 With joy and mirth and great renown.

The gracious God now save our King,
 His people and all his well-willing:
 Give him good life and good ending,
 That we with mirth may safely sing
Deo gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria!

Ah! Vous dirais-je, Maman

PSB

Ah! vous di-rai - je, ma - man, ce qui caus-e mon tour - ment, Pa - pa veut que
 je rai - son-ne comme un - e grand - e per - sonn-e. Moi, je dis que les bon - bons Val-ent
 mieux que la rais - on

Alleluia! I'm a bum (Tune: J.J.Husband; Words: anon)

JWE

A lady came out when I knocked on the door:
 You'll get nothing here, for I've seen you before.

Alleluia! I'm a bum. Alleluia! Bum again.

Alleluia! Give us a hand-out to revive us again.

"Oh, why don't you work like the other fellows do?"
 How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

"Oh, why don't you pay for your daily bread?"
 If that's all I did I would damn soon be dead.

Oh, I love my boss, he's a good friend of mine,
 And that's why I'm starving out on the bread line.

All through the Night

JWE



Deep the silence round us spreading.

All through the night

Dark the path that we are treading.

All through the night

Still the coming day discerning,

By the hope within us burning,

To the dawn our footsteps turning.

All through the night

Star of faith, the dark adorning,

All through the night

Leads us fearless t'wards the morning.

All through the night

Though our hopes be wrapped in sorrow,

From the hope of dawn we borrow

Promise of a glad tomorrow.

All through the night.

Auprès de ma blonde

FFFS



Au jardin de mon père les lilas sont fleuris,
 Au jardin de mon père les lilas sont fleuris,
 Tous les oiseaux du monde viennent y faire leur nid.
Auprès de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon,
Auprès de ma blonde, qu'il fait bon dormir.

Tous les oiseaux du monde viennent y faire leur nid,
 Tous les oiseaux du monde viennent y faire leur nid,
 La caille, la tourterelle, et la joli' perdrix.

La caille etc, Et ma joli' colombe qui chante jour et nuit.

Et ma joli' colombe etc, Qui chante pour les filles qui n'ont pas de mari.

Qui chante pour les filles etc, Pour moi, ne chante guère car j'en ai un joli.

Pour moi, etc, Dites-nous donc, la belle, où donc est votre mari?

Dites-nous donc, etc, Il est dans la Hollande, les Hollandais l'ont pris.

Il est dans la Hollande etc, Que donneriez-vous, la belle, pour avoir votre mari?

Que donneriez-vous, la belle etc, Je donnerais Versailles, Paris et St. Denis.

Je donnerais etc, Les tours de Notre Dame, et l' clocher de mon pays.

Les tours de Notre Dame etc, Et la claire fontaine de mon jardin joli.

Et la claire fontaine etc, Et ma joli' colombe qui chante jour et nuit.

Bauernkrieg

(Heinrich Reder 1885)

LCP



Wir sind des Geyers schwarzer Haufen, heia hoho,
 und wollen mit Tyrannen raufen, heia hoho.
Spieß voran, drauf und dran, setzt auf's Klosterdach den roten Hahn!

Uns führt der Florian Geyer an, trotz Acht und Bann,
 den Bundschuh führt er in der Fahn', hat Helm und Harnisch an.
 Als Adam grub und Eva spann, kyrieleys,
 wo war denn da der Edelmann? kyrieleys.

Des Edelmannes Kindelein, heia hoho,
 das schicken wir in die Höll' hinein, heia hoho.
 Des Edelmannes Töchterlein, heia hoho,
 soll heute uns're Buhle sein, heia hoho.

Nun gilt es Schloß, Abtei und Stift, heia hoho,
 uns gilt nichts als die Heil'ge Schrift, heia hoho.
 Ein gleich' Gesetz das wollen wir han', heia hoho,
 vom Fürsten bis zum Bauersmann, heia hoho.

Wir woll'n nicht länger sein ein Knecht, heia hoho,
 Leibeigen, frönig, ohne Recht, heia hoho.
 Bei Weinsberg setzt es Brand und Stank, heia hoho,
 gar mancher über die Klinge sprang, heia hoho.

Sie schlugen uns mit Prügeln platt, heia hoho,
 und machten uns mit Hunger satt, heia hoho.
 Geschlagen ziehen wir nach Haus, heia hoho,
 uns're Enkel fechten's besser aus, heia hoho.

Blow the man down

HSSB



Come all ye young fellows that follow the sea,
With a yeo-ho! We'll blow the man down!
 And please pay attention and hearken to me
Give us some room to blow the man down

On board a Black Baller I first served my time
 And in that Black Baller I wasted my time

There were tinkers and tailors and sailors and all
 That shipped for good seamen aboard the Black Ball

Tis larboard and starboard, you jump to the call
 When kicking Jack Williams commands the black ball.

Bung him through the Window (tune: One Man went to Mow)

 Musical notation for the song 'Bung him through the Window'. It consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of quarter and eighth notes.

So she
 bunged him through the win-dow The win-dow, the win-dow, the first sto-rey win-dow, with a
 heave and a ho and out you go, she bung'd him through the win - dow

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
 To fetch her poor dog a bone.
 When she got there the cupboard was bare,
 So she bunged him through the window!
 The window, the window, She bunged him through the window
 When she got there the cupboard was bare,
 So she bunged him through the window!

Other nursery rhymes ad lib.

Camp Fire Opening (Sussex)

(Mary Chater)

CFS

The image shows a musical score for a campfire opening. It consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics: "Come, come light up the fire Come, come join in the ring Here find". The second staff continues the melody for the second line of lyrics: "dreams to ins - pire Sto - ries to tell Mu - sic to sing!". The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a campfire setting.

Come, come light up the fire Come, come join in the ring Here find
dreams to ins - pire Sto - ries to tell Mu - sic to sing!

Clementine

(Percy Montrose)

SSSB



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

*Oh my darling, Oh my darling, Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever, Dreadful sorry Clementine.*

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

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

Ruby lips above the water, Blowing bubbles, mighty fine;
Alas for me! I was no swimmer, So I lost my Clementine.

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

In a corner of the churchyard, Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their poses, Fertilized 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'll draw the line.

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

Compère Guilleri

FSC

Ca-ra-bi ti - ti ca-ra-bi to - to ca-ra-bo Com - per-e Gui-lle-ri, Tè laiss'-ras tu te laiss'-ras

tu te laiss' - ras tu mou - ou - ri

Il était un p'tit homme Qui s'appelait Guilleri, carabi
 Il s'en fut à la chasse À la chasse aux perdrix,
Carabi, titi, carabi, toto, carabo,
Compère Guilleri, te laisseras-tu, te laiss'ras-tu, te laiss'ras-tu mourir?

Il s'en fut à la chasse À la chasse aux perdrix, carabi
 Il monta sur un arbre Pour voir ses chiens courir,

Il monta sur un arbre Pour voir ses chiens courir, carabi
 La branche vint à rompre Et Guilleri tombit

La branche vint à rompre Et Guilleri tombit, carabi
 Il se cassa la jambe Et le bras se démit,

Il se cassa la jambe Et le bras se démit, carabi
 Les dam's de l'hôpital Sont arrivées au bruit,

Les dam's de l'hôpital Sont arrivées au bruit, carabi
 L'une apporte un emplâtre L'autre de la charpie,

L'une apporte un emplâtre L'autre de la charpie, carabi
 On lui banda la jambe Et le bras lui remit,

On lui banda la jambe Et le bras lui remit, carabi
 Pour remercier ces dames Guill'ri les embrassit,

Pour remercier ces dames Guill'ri les embrassit, carabi
 De cette belle histoire La morale la voici,

De cette belle histoire La morale la voici, carabi
 Elle prouve que par les femmes L'homme est toujours guéri.

Cosher Bailey's Engine



Cosher Bailey had an engine, it was always wantin' mendin',
 And, according to her power, she could do four miles an hours an hour.
Was you ever saw, was you ever saw, was you ever saw
Such a funny thing befo-er?

On the night run up from Gower she did forty miles an hour.
 As she whistled through the station, Man, she frightened half the nation.

Cosher Bailey's sister Anna, she plays on on the grand piana;
 And she also plays the fiddle, up the sides and down the middle.

Cosher Bailey's brother Terry used to drive the Gosport ferry;
 One night he got drunk and the ruddy thing in sunk.

Dewi Gryffydd ap Llewellyn, man, he didn't do so well in
 The Llangollen eistedfoddau, so with him we needn't boddhau.

But he had a brother Rupert who played fly half for Newport;
 When he played against Llanelli he got kicked right in the belli.

And he had a brother Willie, who played croquet for Caerphilly,
 And he also played at rugger, wasn't he a silly Billy?

Crambambuli

Tune: German C18th, Words: Prof Blackie from C F Wedekind (C Korom andel) 1745

Voice

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Voice' and is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written on a single staff. The second staff continues the melody. The third and fourth staves appear to be accompaniment, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes and quarter notes, also in treble clef with the same key signature.

Crambambui, that is the liquor
That fires the blood, makes bright the brains,
Tra-li-ra!
My panacea's in the beaker,
For ev'ry ill that earth contains
Tra-li-ra!
At morning Bright, at noon a night,
Crambambuli is my delight.
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli.

Pains in my head, pains in my middle,
The finest food I can't digest
Tra-li-ra!
My brain's confused by some infernal riddle
My throat is sore, coughs rack my chest.
Tra-li-ra!
The doctor is no good to me
The cure lies in Crambambuli
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli.

When to my pay my purse is debtor,
By bowls and billiards cleaned out quite,
Tra-lira!
When brings the post the black-sealed letter
Or my dear girl forgets to write,
Tra-lira!
I drink, from sheer melancholie,
A little glass Crambambuli.
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli!

Were I the Kaiser Maximilian,
A noble order in the land
Tra-lira!
I'd make, and paint in bright vermilion
This motto on a silver band,
Tra-li-ra!
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre du Crambambuli!"
Crambimbambambuli, Crambambuli!

Les Filles de Redon

Ya 'cor dix fill's dans l'bourg de R'don tap'nt du pieds quand l'a-mour les
 prends, Ya 'cordix fill's dans l'bourg de R'don tap'nt du pieds quand l'a-mour les prends; Tap'nt du
 pieds, saut'nt en rond, comm' des gre-nouill's dans un ruis - seau, tapent du pieds, saut'nt-en -
 rond, comm' des gre - nouill's dans un ruis - seau

'Y a 'cor neuf filles etc.

Les Filles de la Rochelle (J Tiersot) FSC



Sont les filles de La Rochelle Ont armé un bâtiment (bis)
 Pour aller faire la course Dedans les mers du Levant.
Ah! la feuille s'envole, s'envole
Ah! la feuille s'envole au vent.

La grande vergue est en ivoire Les poulies en diamant (bis)
 La grand-voile est en dentelle, La misaine en satin blanc.

Les cordages du navire Sont de fils d'or et d'argent (bis)
 Et la coque est en bois rouge Travaillé fort proprement.

L'équipage du navire C'est tout's filles de quinze ans (bis)
 Le cap'taine qui les commande C'est le roi des bons enfants.

Hier faisant sa promenade Dessus les gaillards d'avant (bis)
 Aperçut une brunette Qui pleurait dans les haubans.

Qu'avez-vous gentille brunette Qu'avez-vous à pleurer tant? (bis)
 Av'- vous perdu père ou mère Ou quelqu'un de vos parents?

J'ai cueilli la rose blanche Qui s'en fut la voile au vent (bis)
 Elle est partie vent arrière Reviendra en louvoyant.

Les Gars de Locminé

FFFS



Mon père et ma mère d'Locminé ils sont (bis)
 Ils m'ont fait promesse qu'ils me marieront (bis)

*Sont, sont, sont les gars de Locminé
 Qui ont de la maillette
 Sans dessus dessous oh!
 Sont, sont, sont les gars de Locminé
 Qui ont de la maillette
 Dessous leurs souliers*

Ils m'ont fait promesse qu'ils me marieront (bis)
 S'ils ne me marient s'en repentiront (bis)

S'ils ne me marient s'en repentiront (bis)
 Je vendrai mes terres sillon par sillon (bis)

Je vendrai mes terres sillon par sillon (bis)
 Et sur la dernière, bâtirai maison (bis)

Et sur la dernière, bâtirai maison (bis)
 Et si le roi passe, nous l'inviterons (bis)

Et si le roi passe, nous l'inviterons (bis)
 Et s'il veut des crêpes, nous lui en ferons (bis)

Et s'il veut des crêpes, nous lui en ferons (bis)
 Et s'il veut qu'on chante, nous lui chanterons (bis)

The Girl I've Left Behind Me C18th NNSB



I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill,
 And o'er the moor and valley,
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill, Since parting with my Sally.
 I seek no more the fine and gay,
 Since each does but remind me,
 How swiftly pass'd the hours away, With the Girl I've left behind me.

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night,
 The stars were bright above me,
 And gently lent their silv'ry light When first she vowed to love me.
 But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
 Kind Heav'n then pray guide me,
 And send me safely back again, To the Girl I've left behind me

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 Her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist, with carriage chaste, May leave the swan repining.
 Ye gods above! Oh hear my prayer,
 To my beauteous fair please bind me
 And send me safely back again, To the Girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
 The dove become a ranger,
 The dashing waves shall cease to roar, Ere I shall seek to change her.
 The vows we've registered above,
 Shall ever cheer and bind me,
 In constancy to her I love, The Girl I've left behind me.

Glory to Thee

(Tune: Tallis C16th; Words: Ken C17th)

(Evening)

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Glory to Thee'. It consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The second staff continues with quarter notes: F#4, E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Glo - ry to Thee my God this night for all the bles-sings
of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings be - neath the sha-dow of thy wings.

(Grace)

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him all ye in Heaven above;
Praise him for his eternal love.

Goliath of Gath

(Tune: W. Croft 1708)



Goliath of Gath, with his helmet of brass,
 Was seated one day, upon the green grass,
 When up slipped young David, the servant of Saul,
 Who said, "I shall smite thee, although I'm so small."

Young David he took six stones from the brook,
 And then with some string he fashioned a sling.
 So with this suspender a stone he let fly,
 And hit poor Goliath right smack in the eye.

Goliath he swore and sorely he spake
 "Blank, blank, blank, blank, blank. Blank blankety blank!"
 The air all around him was turning quite blue;
 He used all the old words and made up some new.

Goliath collapsed in a swoon on the sward;
 Young David unsheathed Goliath's great sword.
 He unlaced his helmet and sliced off his head,
 And all Israel shouted, "Goliath is dead!"

(Now, thing it a thecond time with a lithp.)

Green Grow the Rashes O!

(Burns C18th)

SSSB



*Green grow the rashes, O; Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent among the lasses, O.*

There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase, An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

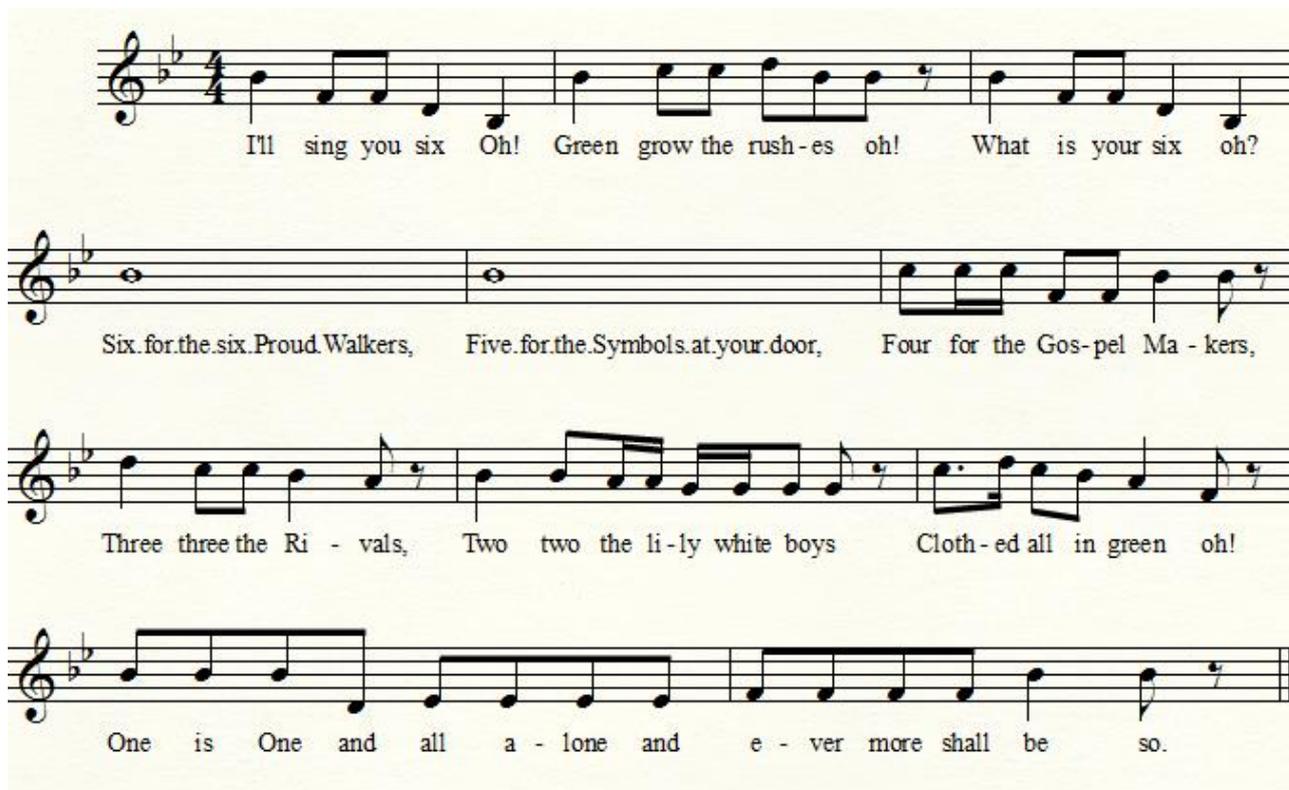
But gie me a cannie hour at e'en, My arms about my dearie, O;
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men, May a' gae tapsaltee, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this; Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green Grow the Rushes O!

HSSB



I'll sing you six Oh! Green grow the rush-es oh! What is your six oh?

Six for the six Proud Walkers, Five for the Symbols at your door, Four for the Gos-pel Ma - kers,

Three three the Ri - vals, Two two the li-ly white boys Cloth-ed all in green oh!

One is One and all a - lone and e - ver more shall be so.

Start at "I'll sing you one-o" and add a line each time until -

I'll sing you twelve-o
 Green grow the rushes-o
 What is your twelve-o?
 Twelve for the twelve apostles
 Eleven for the elev'n that went to heav'n and
 Ten for the ten commandments.
 Nine for the nine bright shiners,
 Eight for the April rainers,
 Seven for the seven stars in the sky and
 Six for the six proud walkers.
 Five for the symbols at your door and
 Four for the Gospel makers.
 Three, three, the rivals!
 Two, two the lily white boys, dressed up all in green-o.
 One is one and all alone, and ever more shall be so!

Greensleeves

C16th



Alas, my love, you do me wrong, To cast me off discourteously.
 For I have loved you well and 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.*

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

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

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.

The Harbour Lights (Hubert Watkyn C19th) CS



The har-bour lights are fla-shing free, A - mid the fal-ling gloam, And the



stur - dy sai - lor laughs with glee, so near at last to home. The wea - ry toils of



storm and strife will soon be past and o'er, And the sai - lor sings with joy-ous heart to



greet his na - tive shore , to greet his na - tive shore. Chee-ri-ly make her go boys,



Far a - cross the foam; The - har-bour lights are shi-ning bright to guide us safe-ly home! So,



chee-ri - ly make her go, boys, Far a - cross the foam; The harb - our lights are



shi - ning bright, to guide to guide us safe - ly home!

The harbour lights are flashing free, Amid the falling gloam,
 And the sturdy sailor laughs with glee, So near at last to home.
 The weary toils of storm and strife will soon be past and o'er,
 And the sailor sings with joyous heart to greet his native shore.
*"Cheerily make her go, boys, Far across the foam;
 The harbour lights are shining bright to guide us safely home!
 So, cheerily make her go boys, Far across the foam;
 The harbour lights are shining bright,
 To guide, to guide us safely home."*

The harbour lights are on the lee, and gleam across the tide;
 Like guiding lights in darkness drear, They glimmer far and wide;
 For storms may lash the angry wave, And tempests rage and foam,
 But the sailor steers for yonder lights, And sings amidst the gloam:

The harbour lights are nearer still, and through the twilight dim
 The sailor sees the dear ones nigh, Who wait to welcome him.
 The sails are furled, the voyage o'er Upon the stormy main,
 And blythe and gay the chorus rings From joyous hearts again.

He ain't gonna jump no more

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

There are countless variants of this sad tale. A coherent story is made up of the following verses.

The S.A.S. were jumping out at forty thousand feet;
 The packer tied a love knot in the sergeant's parachute;
 The sergeant was the last to jump, the first to hit the ground;
 They scraped him off the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam;
 They wrapped him up in four-by-two and sent him home to Mum;
 She put him on the mantelpiece for everyone to see;
 They buried him in a matchbox but he slipped out through the cracks.

"packer" – the young woman who packs parachutes. The parachutist's life depends on the skill of the packer.

"tarmac" – slang for runway.

"four-by-two" – a piece of cotton cloth, 4 inches by 2 inches (10cm by 5cm), small enough to pull through the barrel of a rifle to clean it.

A more gross alternative ending:

She put him in a jam-jar for everyone to see;
 She put him on the table when the vicar came to tea;
 He said he liked the flavour, but he didn't like the pips.

Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau

(J & E James C19th)

NNSB



Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
 Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
 Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra môd,
 Tros ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.
*Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
 Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
 O bydded i'r heniaith barhau.*

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
 Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
 Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
 Ei nentydd, afonydd, i mi.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
 Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,
 Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
 Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

Herr Bruder, nimm das Gläschen (German folk-song pre-1810)
SSSB



Herr Bruder, nimm das Gläschen und trink es fröhlich aus,
und wirbelts dir im Näschen, so führ' ich dich nach Haus.
Bedenk, es ist ja morgen schon alles wieder gut;-
der Wein vertreibt die Sorgen und schafft uns frohen Mut.
|: *Hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo, bei uns geht's immer so!* :|

Fest stehe ohne Ende der Freundschaft heil'ger Bund!
Drauf reicht euch die Hände, zum Brudergruß den Mund.
In trüb und heitern Tagen woll'n wir mit deutscher Treu'
als Brüder uns vertragen, als Freunde stehen bei.

In diesem frohen Kreise, da trinkt sich's doppelt schön,
man ist so recht im Gleise und lässt die Welt sich drehn.
Man füllt ein Glas aufs neue mit Hoffnungsphantasie,
stößt an und ruft mit Weihe: Hoch leb die Harmonie!

Hunk of Tin

I'm a lit - tle hunk of tin No - bo - dy knows the state I'm in.

I'm no chev - vie, I'm no Ford, got four wheels and a run - ning board Honk

honk rattle rattle rattle crash beep beep Honk honk rattle rattle rattle Crash beep beep Honk

honk

The Hunt is Up

(C16th)

OSB2

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nigh day;
 And Harry our king is gone hunting, To bring his deere to bay.
 The east is bright with morning light, And darkness it is fled;
 And the merrie horne wakes up the morne To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes Are glowing all around;
 The grasse is greene, and so are the treen, All laughing at the sound.
 The horses snort to join the sport, The dogges are running free
 The woddes rejoice at all the noise Of hey tantara tee ree!

The sunne is glad to see us clad All in our lustie greene,
 And smiles in th' sky as he riseth hye To see and to be seene.

Awake, all men, I say agen, be merrie as you maye,
 For Harry our king has gone hunting, to bring his deere to bay

I found an Old Stocking (collected by Tony Oakshott)



I found an old stocking, and filled it with lead;
I hit an old lady right over the head.

A copper approached me and asked me my name,
I gave him the answer with a bicycle chain.

The judge said, "Sit down, boy, and dry up your tears,
You're going to Borstal for forty-five years."

My mother was crying, my sister was too;
My old man was laughing, and so were the screws.

There were bars on the windows, and bars on the doors,
And, just to be awkward, there were bars on the floors.

I counted the moonbeams, I counted the stars,
I counted ten thousand borstal bars.

"Come home and behave now," my Old Man said;
So I found an old stocking, and filled it with lead.

Immortal, Invisible, God (words: W.C. Smith C19th; tune: old Welsh?)



Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
 In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
 Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
 Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
 Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
 Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
 Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small;
 in all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
 We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
 And wither and perish, but naught changeth Thee.

Great Father of glory; pure Father of light;
 Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
 All laud we would render: O help us to see
 'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

In das Dorf auf bunten Wagen (Russian folk tune)

LCP



In das Dorf auf bunten Wagen zieht Zigeunervolk hinein
Müde Esel Lasten tragen, dunkelbraune Kinder schrei'n

Bauern, in den Stall die Schweine, dem Zigeuner traue nie!
Nehmt die Wäsche von der Leine, rettet euer Federvieh

Kesselflicker, Scherenschleifer preisen ihre Künste laut.
Geigen spielen Korobuschka, schon tanzt Sven mit seiner Braut

Mädchen, die auf Heirat warten, drängeln sich um Mara's Stand.
Denn die alte legt die Karten, liest die Zukunft aus der Hand

Dudelsack quält ohne Pause, brauner Bär tanzt mit Gebrumm.
Froh zieht junges Volk nach Hause, dunkel liegt das Dorf und stumm

In the village ribboned wagons bring the troop of gypsy folk,
Weary mules stop in the square while nut-brown children scream and joke.

Farmers shut their pigs inside for they don't trust the gypsies' tricks!
Bring the washing from the line and lock up all their geese and chicks.

Kettle-tinkers, scissors-grinders, shout their wares to far and wide,
Violins play 'Korobushka', Sven is dancing with his bride.

Hopeful maidens, ripe for marriage, crowd about old Mara's stand;
She, the wise one, lays the cards out, reads the future from a hand.

Bagpipes howl in endless torment keeping time with the old brown bear;
Happy young folk saunter homewards, dark and silent lies the square.

*(NB: neither the German nor the English is a translation of the original Russian "Korobushka"
("The Pedlar's Pack"))*

In Dublin's Fair City



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

She was a fishmonger, But sure 'twas no wonder,
 For so were her father and mother before,
 And they wheeled their barrows,
 Through the streets broad and narrow, Crying ...

She died of a fever, And no one could save her,
 And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
 But her ghost wheels her barrow,
 Through streets broad and narrow, Crying ...

In the Vale of Llangollen

NNSB



In the vale of Llangollen the story runs still
 Of a hapless old harper who dwelt on the hill,
 Till his harp bite and sup could no longer provide
 That in cold cruel want and starvation he died.
 Yet his funeral feast was so plenteous a store,
 'Twould have kept him alive for a twelvemonth or more.

Yn Nyffryn Llangollen ac ochor y Glyn
 Roedd gynt hen delynwr a'r hanes yw hyn;
 Heb damaid i'w fwyta na llymaid o ddw'r
 Mewn newyn ac eisiau bu farw'r hen w'r.
 Ond i'w gladd edigaeth, gwirion edd oer yw,
 Daeth digon o fwydydd i'w gadw e'n fyw.

Ni welwyd mo'r delyn fyth fyth wedi hyn,
 Ond clywir hi'n fynych ar fynydd y Glyn;
 Ym mysg y bwanod ran amlaf y bydd
 Mewn brwyn ac mewn corydd yn cwynfan yn brudd
 "Os cnawd eto wisgwn yn myd dynol ryw,
 Rhoddwn damaid i'n gilydd tra byddom ni byw."

It's the same the whole world over

(words © JSMF; tune & chorus Trad)



*It's the same the whole world over, It's the poor wot gets the blame,
It's the rich wot gets the gravy, Ain't it all a bleedin' shame.*

See her playing on the hillside,
Six years old and full of joy.
How her parents, poor but loving,
Wish that she had been a boy.

"Go, my dear, we cannot feed you, With this lady, sweet and kind.
She'll protect you and preserve you From the evils you will find."

Standing in the bar at midnight
See the girl in light attire,
While the lamps aglow above her
Turn her tears to smouldering fire.

Stands the young man in the doorway, Out from England on a tour.
In the grey light of the dawning She lies weeping on the floor.

"Tasty bit of local talent –
Far too young? Don't be naïve!
When they're poor they grow up early,
This is just the way they live."

No, she'll not have long to suffer.
She'll be gone before she's ten;
But her ghost will live long after,
Passed in AIDS to a thousand men.

I With I Were a Little Fith (Tune: Auld lang syne)



I with I were a little fith, I with I were a fith:
I'd thwim and thwim in the deep blue sea. I with I were a fith.

I with I were a little thip, I with I were a thip:
I'd thail and thail on the deep blue thea. I with I were a thip.

I with I wath'n thuch a thwimp, I with I weren't a thwimp:
I'd thing a thong that had thum thenth. I with I weren't a thwimp.

Jörg von Frundsberg

LCP



Jörg von Frundsberg, führt uns an, radi radi radi vallala,
Der die Schlacht gewann, Lerman vor Pavia.

Kaiser Franz von Frankenland, radi radi radi vallala,
Fiel in des Frundsbergs Hand, Lerman vor Pavia.

Alle Blümlein standen rot, radi radi radi vallala,
Heiße, wie schneit der Tod, Lerman vor Pavia.

Als die Nacht am Himmel stund, radi radi radi vallala,
Trommel und Pfeif' ward kund, Lerman vor Pavia.

Und der euch dies Liedlein sang, radi radi radi vallala,
Ward ein Landsknecht genannt, Lerman vor Pavia.

Killarney

(Falconer & Balfe C19th)

CS



By Killarney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and winding bays;
 Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
 Bounteous nature loves all lands, Beauty wonders ev'rywhere;
 Footprints leaves on many strand, But her home is surely there!
 Angels fold their wings and rest, In that Eden of the west
 Beauty's home Killarney, Heaven's reflex Killarney.

No place else can charm the eye, With such bright and varied tints,
 Ev'ry rock that you pass by, Verdure broiders or besprints.
 Virgin there the green grass grows, Ev'ry morn Spring's natal day;
 Bright-hued berries daff the snows, Smiling winter's frown away.
 Angels often pausing there, Doubt if Eden were more fair,
 Beauty's home Killarney, Heaven's reflex Killarney.

Music there for Echo dwells, Makes each sound a Harmony,
 Many-voic'd the chorus swells Till it faints in ecstasy.
 With the charming tints below Seems the Heaven above to vie,
 All rich colours that we know Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
 Wings of Angels so might shine Glancing back soft light divine,
 Beauty's home Killarney, Heaven's reflex Killarney.

König Olaf Tyrasson

LCP

Wollt ihr hören nun mein Lied und wollt ihr glauben daran?
 Von König Olaf Tryggvasson hab ich zu singen an.

Das Gold schimmert im Saale, tanzen wir im Ring,
 fröhlich reiten Nordlands Mannen hin zu Hildurs Thing.

Und vom Hochsitz sprach der König zu der Kämpen Schar:
 "Laßt uns auf das Nordmeer fahren, wie der Traum uns war!"

Mutig schritten sie zum Strande, Helden all mit Fug.
 Als das Boot im Wasser rauschte, zittert ihm der Bug.

Und sie gaben ihm den Namen: Ormen, lange Schlange.
 Olaf Tryggvasson der König, steuerte Ormen lange.

Land of the Silver Birch

Canadian traditional?

The musical score is written on three staves in a single system. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Land of the sil - ver birch, home of the bea - ver, Where still the". The second staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes, and the lyrics: "might-y moose wan-ders at will. Blue lake and rock - y shore, I will re -". The third staff concludes the melody with quarter and eighth notes, and the lyrics: "turn once more. Boom di di i di, boom di di i di, Boom di di i di Boom." The piece ends with a double bar line.

Land of the sil - ver birch, home of the bea - ver, Where still the

might-y moose wan-ders at will. Blue lake and rock - y shore, I will re -

turn once more. Boom di di i di, boom di di i di, Boom di di i di Boom.

Land of the silver birch, Home of the beaver
 Where still the mighty moose Wanders at will
Blue lake and rocky shore I will return once more
boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada boom

Swift as a silver fish, Canoe of birch bark
 Thy mighty waterways Carry me forth
Blue lake and rocky shore I will return once more
boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada boom

My heart grows sick for thee Here in the low lands
 I will return to thee Hills of the north
Blue lake and rocky shore I will return once more
boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada boom

High on a rocky ledge I'll build my wigwam
 Close to the water's edge Silent and still
Blue lake and rocky shore I will return once more
boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada - boomdidi yada boom

Lebewohl

(Tune: C17th; Words: Silcher)

SSSB



Morgen muß ich fort von hier, und muß Abschied nehmen;
 o du allerschönste Zier, Scheiden das bringt Grämen.
 Da ich dich so treu geliebt, über alle Maßen
 soll ich dich verlassen

Wenn zwei gute Freunde sind Die einander kennen,
 Sonn' und Mond bewegen sich Ehe sie sich trennen.
 Noch viel grösser ist der Schmerz Wenn ein treu verliebtes Herz
 in die Fremde ziehet

Dort auf jener grünen Au steht mein jung frisch Leben,
 Soll ich denn mein Leben lang in der Fremde schweben?
 Hab' ich dir was Leids getan, Bitt' dich, woll's vergessen
 denn es geht zu Ende

Küset dir ein Lüftelein Wangen oder Hände,
 Denke, dass es Seufzer sei'n die ich zu dir sende;
 tausend schick' ich täglich aus, Die da wehen um dein Haus,
 weil ich dein gedenke

Let us with a gladsome mind

Words: Milton; Tune: Clarke



Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord for he is kind:



For His mer - cies aye en - dure ev - er faith - ful ev - er sure.



All things liv - ing He doth feed His full hand sup - plies our need:



For His mer - cies aye en - dure ev - er faith - ful ev - er sure.

The Lincolnshire Poacher

SSSB



When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,
 Full well I serv'd my master, for more than seven year,
 Till I took up to 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 was setting of a snare,
 'Twas then we spied a gamekeeper – for him we did not care,
 For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, 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 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.

Lord of all being (Words: O. W. Holmes C19th; Tune C. Burney)



Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Lord Randal

EFSS



O where have you been to, Randal my son?
 O where have you been, my sweet pretty one?
 I've been to my sweetheart; Mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

O what did she give you, Randal my son?
 O what did she give you, my pretty one?
 She gave me some eels; Mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

O what colour were they, Randal my son?
 O what colour were they, my pretty one?
 They were speckled and blotched; Mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

O where did she find them, Randal my son?
 O where did she find them, my pretty one?
 From hedges and ditches; Mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

O where are your bloodhounds, Randal my son?
 O where are your bloodhounds, my pretty one?
 They swelled and they died; Mother, make my bed soon,
 I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

O that was strong poison, Randal my son.
 O that was strong poison, my pretty one!
 Strong poison it was, Mother, make by bed soon,
 For I'm going to die and fain would lie down.

Die Lorelei

(Heine & Silcher C19th)

SSSB



Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
 Daß ich so traurig bin,
 Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,
 Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
 Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
 Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
 Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt,
 Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
 Dort oben wunderbar,
 Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
 Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar,
 Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,
 Und singt ein Lied dabei;
 Das hat eine wundersame,
 Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe,
 Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
 Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
 Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.
 Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
 Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn,
 Und das hat mit ihrem Singen,
 Die Lorelei getan.

Love me little, love me long (C16th)

NNFS



Love me little, love me long, Is the burden of my song.
 Love that is too hot and strong Burneth soon to waste:
 Still, I would not have thee cold, Nor too backward, nor too bold;
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much It will not prove as true as touch;
 Love me little, more than such, For I fear the end:
 I with little am content, And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent, To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live; I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive Whiles that life endures:
 Nay, and after death, in sooth, I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now, when in my May of youth: This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever, And it will through life persèver:
 Give me that, with true endeavor I will it restore.
 A suit of durance let it be For all weathers that for me,
 For the land or for the sea, Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat, Autumn's tempests, on it beat,
 It can never know defeat, Never can rebel:
 Such the love that I would gain, Such the love, I tell thee plain,
 Thou must give, or woo in vain: So to thee, farewell

Marianina

FSML



O'er the ocean flies a merry fay,
 Soft her wings are as a cloud of day,
 As she passes all the blue waves say:
 "Marianina, do not roam,
 Whither, whither is your home,
 Come and turn us into foam,
 Marianina, Marianina,
 Come, O come and turn us into foam!"

O'er the fields she passes to and fro,
 By the cornstalks standing row by row,
 Poppies whisper as they see her go,
 "Marianina, do not fly,
 Why so quick to pass us by,
 Come and wet us, for we're dry,
 Marianina, Marianina,
 Come, O come and wet us, for we're dry."

O'er the mountains when the day is done,
 When the clouds are gath'ring o'er the sun,
 While they, weeping, whisper one by one—
 "Marianina, come again,
 We have tried to dance in vain,
 Come and turn us into rain,
 Marianina, Marianina,
 Come, O come and turn us into rain."

La Marmotte (Goethe) LCP



Ich komme schon durch manche Land,
 avec que la marmotte,
 und immer was zu essen fand,
 avec que la marmotte,
 avec que si, avec que la,
 avec que la marmotte,
 avec que si, avec que la,
 avec que la marmotte.

Ich hab gesehn gar manchen Herrn,
 der hätt die Jungfern gar zu gern.

Hab auch gesehn die Jungfer schön,
 die täte nach mir Kleinem sehn:

Nun laßt mich nicht so gehn, ihr Herrn,
 die Burschen essen und trinken gern.

A mother was bathing her baby

A mother was ba-thing her ba-by one night, the youn-gest of
 ten and a de-li-cate mite. The mo-ther was poor and the ba-by was thin, 'Twas
 nought but a ske-ling-ton cov-er'd in skin. The mo-ther tum'd round for the soap off the
 rack, She was on-ly a mo-moment but when she tum'd back The ba-by had gone and in
 an-guish she cried, "Oh! Where is my ba-by?" The an-gel re-plied, "Oh! Your
 ba-by has gone down the plug hole, your ba-by has gone down the plug. Poor lit-tle
 thing was so skin-ny and thin that he should have been bathed in a jug in a jug. Your
 ba-by is per-fect-ly hap-py, He won't need a bath a-ny more, 'Cos he's muck-ing a-
 bout with the an-gels a-bove; Not lost but gone be-fore

My grandfather's clock (Henry Clay Work C19th)

My grand - fa - ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it

stood nine - ty years on the floor. It was tal - ler by half than the

old man him - self, though it weighed not a pen - ny weight more . It was

bought on the morn of the day that he was born, And was al - ways his trea - sure and

pride, But it stopp'd short, ne - ver to go a - gain, when the old

man died. Nine - ty years with - out slum - ber - ing, tick tock

tick tock, his life's se - conds num - ber - ing, tick tock tick tock| It stopp'd

short, ne - ver to go a - gain When the old man died.

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

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

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

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

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

My Old Man

(C. Collins & F.W. Leigh 1919)

The image displays a musical score for the song "My Old Man" in 2/4 time, written in a key with one flat (B-flat). The score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff features a more active eighth-note melody. The fourth staff shows a continuation of the eighth-note pattern. The fifth staff has a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The sixth staff continues with eighth notes. The seventh staff features a more complex rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The eighth staff continues with eighth notes. The ninth staff has a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The tenth and final staff concludes the piece with a long note followed by a quarter rest and a final quarter note.

We had to move away 'Cos the rent we couldn't pay.
 The moving van came round just after dark.
 There was me and my old man, Shoving things inside the van,
 Which we'd often done before, let me remark.
 We packed all that could be packed In the van, and that's a fact.
 And we got inside all that we could get inside.
 Then we packed all we could pack On the tailboard at the back,
 Till there wasn't any room for me to ride.
 My old man said: "Foller the van, And don't dilly-dally on the way".
 Off went the van with me home packed in it.
 I walked be'ind with my old cock linnet.
 But I dillied and dallied, Dallied and dillied;
 Lost me way and don't know where to roam.
 I stopped on the way to have the old half quartern,
 And I can't find my way home.

I gave a helping hand With the marble wash hand-stand,
 And straight, we wasn't getting on so bad.
 All at once, the car-man bloke Had an accident and broke,
 Well, the nicest bit of china that we had.
 You'll understand, of course, I was cross about the loss.
 Same as any other human woman would.
 But I soon got over that, What with "two out" and a chat,
 'Cos it's little things like that what does you good.
 My old man said: "Foller the van, And don't dilly-dally on the way".
 Off went the van with me home packed in it.
 I walked be'ind with my old cock linnet.
 But I dillied and dallied, Dallied and dillied;
 Lost me way and don't know where to roam.
 Now who's going to put up the old iron bedstead,
 If I can't find my way home?

Oh! I'm in such a mess. I don't know the new address -
 Don't even know the blessed neighbourhood.
 And I feel as if I might Have to stay out here all night.
 And that ain't a goin' to do me any good.
 I don't make no complaint But I'm coming over faint,
 What I want now's a good substantial feed,
 And I sort 'o kind 'o feel, If I don't soon have a meal,
 I shall have to rob the linnet of its seed!
 My old man said: "Foller the van, And don't dilly-dally on the way".
 Off went the van with me home packed in it.
 I walked be'ind with my old cock linnet.
 But I dillied and dallied, Dallied and dillied;
 Lost me way and don't know where to roam.
 You can't trust a special like an old time copper
 When you can't find your way home.

National Anthem of the Ancient Britons

(W. Hope Jones)

HSSB



What's the use of wearing braces, Vests and pants and boots and braces,
 Hats and spats you buy in places, Down in Brompton Road?
 What's the use of shirts of cotton, Studs that always get forgotten?
 These affairs are simply rotten, Better far is woad!

Woad's the stuff to show men! Woad to scare your foe men!
 Boil it to a brilliant blue and smear it on your back and abdomen.
 Ancient Britons never hit on anything as good as woad to fit on
 Neck or knees or where you sit on. Tailors, you be blowed!

Romans come across the channel, all dressed up in tin and flannel,
 Half a pint of woad per man'll Dress us more than these.
 Saxons you can waste your stitches Building beds for bugs in britches,
 We have woad to clothe us, which is not a nest for fleas,
 Romans, keep your armours; Saxons, your pyjamas!

Hairy coats were meant for goats, Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
 Tramp up Snowdon with our woad on, Never mind if we get rained or snowed on,
 Never want a button sewed on,
 Go it ancient B's.

Nobody loves me

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Nobody loves me'. It consists of two staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics: 'No bo-dy loves me, ev'-ry-bo-dy hates me, go-ing to the gar-den to eat worms.' The second staff contains the melody for the second line of lyrics: 'Long thin sli-my ones, short fat goo-ey ones Worms that sqiug-gle and squirm'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

Nobody loves me, everybody hates me,
 Think I'll go and eat worms.
 Long thin slimy ones, short fat gooey ones,
 Worms that squiggle and squirm.

Long thin slimy ones go down easily,
 Short fat fuzzy ones stick –
 Short fat fuzzy ones stick in your teeth,
 And you have to go thl-thl-thl.

Bite their heads off, suck their blood out,
 Throw their skins away;
 That is how I live and thrive
 On worms three times a day.

Non nobis Domine

(C16th)

DEC

Non no-bis Do - mi - ne, non no - bis; sed no-mi-ni tu - o da glo - ri-am,

sed no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am

The image shows a musical score for 'Non nobis Domine' in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff contains the first line of the melody with lyrics: 'Non no-bis Do - mi - ne, non no - bis; sed no-mi-ni tu - o da glo - ri-am,'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'sed no - mi - ni tu - o da glo - ri - am'.

The Old Chariot

(Windlass Shanty)

OSB

The image shows a musical score for 'The Old Chariot' in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff starts with a whole rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody with a series of eighth and quarter notes.

Roll the old chariot along, Roll the old chariot along,
And roll the old chariot along, And we'll all hang on behind.

A plate of hot scouse wouldn't do us any harm,
A plate of hot scouse wouldn't do us any harm,
And we'll roll, roll, roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind!

A tot of Nelson's blood ...
Kentucky fried chicken ...
A bowl of boiled bogeys ... etc.

Old Folks at Home

(Stephen Foster C19th)

SSSB



Way down up on the Swanee River, far, far away,
 There's where my heart is turning ever, there's where the old folks stay.

All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
 Still longing for the old plantation and for the old folks at home.

All the world is sad and dreary, ev'rywhere I roam.

Oh, darling, how my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home.

All round the little farm I wandered, when I was young.
 Then many happy days I squandered, many the songs I sung.
 When I was playing with my brother, happy was I.
 Oh, take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die!

One little hut among the bushes, one that I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where I rove.
 When will I see the bees a-humming, all round the comb?
 When will I hear the banjo thrumming, down in my good old home?

Le Père Lancelot (French Halyard Shanty)



As-tu connu le Père Lanc'lot?
Goodbye, farewell, goodbye farewell!
 Qui fait la pêche aux cachalots
Hourra! Oh Mexico!

Il a trois filles le Père Lanc'lot,
 Il a trois filles qui font la peau

L'une à Lorient, l'autre à Bordeaux,
 La troisième est à Colombo

Il donne la goutte à ses mat'lots
 À coups de barre et de guindeau

Il mange la viande, nous laiss' les os,
 Il boit du vin et toi de l'eau.

A la manœuvre le bosco
 Te dresse à coups de cabillot.

Et son second qu'est le plus beau
 Si tu grumes te font à l'eau.

Polly-wolly-doodle

SSSB



I went down south for to see my Sal
Sing polly-wolly-doodle all the day
 My Sall she am a spunky gal
Sing polly-wolly-doodle all the day
Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee well my fairy fay
For I'm goin' to Lou'siana For to see my Suzy-anna
Sing polly-wolly-doodle all the day

Sal she is a maiden fair
 With curly eyes and laughing hair

Grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track
 A pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack

Behind the barn down on my knees
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze

He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin' cough
 He sneezed his head and his tail right off

Portsmouth (Tune C17th)

Oh, we're the scouts from Ports - mouth, Mer-ry Scouts are we. In
fair or stor - my wea - ther Hap - py we shall be. We'll roam o'er moor and
mea - dow, Moun - tain, lake or sea, To show that Scouts from Ports - mouth
ev - er shall be free.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Portsmouth'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff starts with a rest for two measures, then begins the melody. The second staff continues the melody and includes the lyrics 'fair or stor - my wea - ther Hap - py we shall be. We'll roam o'er moor and'. The third staff continues with 'mea - dow, Moun - tain, lake or sea, To show that Scouts from Ports - mouth'. The fourth staff concludes with 'ev - er shall be free.' and ends with a double bar line.

Regebogenlied

LCP



Von überall sind wir gekommen, im Lagergrund steht Zelt an Zelt,
 Und habt ihr unsern Ruf vernommen, so tragt ihn raus in alle Welt.
 Über uns ein Regenbogen, zeigt uns den Weg in seinem Licht,
 Die Wolken sind schon fortgezogen, verwehren uns die Sonne nicht.

Aus Süden, Osten, West und Norden, sind wir vereint zum großen Spiel,
 Denn weit ist unser Kreis geworden und nur in ihm liegt unser Ziel.
 Über uns ein Regenbogen, zeigt uns den Weg in seinem Licht,
 Die Wolken sind schon fortgezogen, verwehren uns die Sonne nicht.

Und Abends in der Lagerrunde erzählen wir von dir und mir,
 Scheint auch kein Licht zu dieser Stunde, am nächsten Morgen wissen wir.
 Sind wir einmal fortgezogen, dorthin wo es uns gefällt,
 Bringt auch unser Regenbogen neue Farben in die Welt.

Rhyfelgyrch Capten Morgan

NNSB



Rhwym wrth dy wregys, gleddyf gwyn dy dad;
 Atynt fy machgen! tros dy wlad!
 Mwg y pentrefydd gyfyd gyda'r gwynt,
 Draw dy gymrodyr ânt yn gynt.
 Sych dy ddagrau, i dy gyfrwy naid,
 Gwrando'r saethau'n suo fel seirph dibaid;
 Wrth dy fwa, hyn wna'th fraich yn gref,
 Cofia am dy dad, fel bu farw ef!

Fast to thy girdle fix thy father's brand!
 Forth then his slayers to withstand!
 Hamlets are smoking in their evil path.
 Rise, Cymru's champions, in your wrath!
 No more weeping! to the saddle spring!
 O hark the rushing arrows like serpents sing!
 Now remember, as you bend your bow,
 Your sire within his chamber cold and low.

Full on the Saxon give your horses head!
 Raise, raise the Dragon to his dread!
 Now he has broken, now he flies in fear!
 Now let your trumpet terrify his ear!
 Shouts of triumph wake and echo on
 For victory, our victory o'er Moel y Don:
 God go with thee! covering thy head!
 For sacred is the stroke for a father dead.

Marchog i'w canol! dangos dy arfbais,
 Cyfod gochfaner Dychryn Sais!
 Chwyth yr hen udgorn a ferwina'i glust,
 Byw o'i enciliad bydd yn dyst.
 Sw'n gorfoledd clyw yr ennyd hon,
 Bloeddio "Buddugoliaeth" tros Foel y Don;
 Bendith arnat, dos yn enw'r nef!
 Cofia am dy dad, fel bu farw ef!

Richard of Taunton Dean

OSB



One Sunday morn as I've heard say,
 Young Herchard he mounted his Dobbin grey,
 And over the hills he road amain,
 A-courting the Parson's daughter, Jane.
Wi' me dumbledum dollykin dumbledum day.

Young Herchard had on his Sunday clo'es,
 His buckskin britches and silken hose;
 A brand new hat upon his head,
 As were bedecked with ribbon so red.

Young Herchard he rode without any fear,
 Till he came to the wome of his own sweet dear,
 He ups to the door, says "Hallo, hallo!
 Be the folks at home, say eez or no?"

The servants they quickly let Dick in,
 So that his courtin' might begin.
 And when he comes into the hall
 He loudly for Miss Jane doth ball.

Miss Jane comes down without delay
 To see what Dickie had got for to say.
 He says, "I suppose ye do know, Miss Jean,
 As I be Herchard of Taunton Dean.

"I'm an honest lad, though I be poor,
 And I never were in love afore,
 But Feyther, 'e sent I out for to woo,
 And I don't fancy no-one but you."

“If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide?”
“I’ll give `e all I can, I’m sure,
And what can young lad do for `e more?”

For I can reap and I can sow,
And I can plough and I can hoe,
And I go to market with Father’s hay,
And I earns me ninepence every day.”

“Nine pence a day will never do,
For I shall want silk and satins too;
`Twill ne’er be enough for you and I.”
“Ah come,” says Herchard, “Us can but try.

“For I’ve a pig poked up in a sty,
As’ll come to us when Granny do die,
And if you consent for to marry me now,
Why, Feyther will give us his fine fat sow.”

Dick’s compliments were so polite,
He’d won Miss Jane afore it were night,
And when her’d got no more for to say,
Why, he gi’ed her a kiss and her comes away.

Rio Grande



Oh, say were you ever in Rio Grande? **Way down Rio!**
 It's there that the river runs down golden sand.
And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away Rio, away; way down Rio!
Oh fare ye well my pretty young gel,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

So pack up your donkey and get under way,
 The girls we are leaving can take our half pay.

As the tug takes us past the Semaphore Tower
 The Port Captain throws us a forget-me-not flower.

The landlubbers cheer as we pass "Still and West"
 In a year we'll be back for a pint of the best.

I've kissed good-bye to Kitty my dear,
 And she waves her white hand as we pass Clarence Pier.

Our ship goes sailing out over Spit Sand
 So we point her nose for the Rio Grande.

So play Nancy Dawson and beat up the drum,
 And we'll drink the King's health in the finest of rum.

And its, good-bye to Sally, and good-bye to Sue,
 And good-bye to you who are listening too.

Roter Wein

LCP



Roter Wein im Becher, der beste Rebensaft.
 Wir sind ein Haufen Zecher und geh'n auf Wanderschaft.
 |: **Radi, radi, radi ralala. Radi, radi, radi ralala.** :|

Morgens bricht die Runde zu neuen Fahrt auf.
 Es klingt in aller Munde ein frohes Liedchen auf.

Steine, Staub und Dornen, 's ist schwerlich Tippelei.
 Wir müssen uns anspornen, die Qual ist bald vorbei.

Treffen wir uns wieder, der Zufall nennt den Ort.
 So schallen uns're Lieder in weite Fernen fort.

She sat on a lilac

The image shows a musical score for the song 'She sat on a lilac'. It consists of three staves of music in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff contains the lyrics: 'She sat on a li-lac and played her gui-tar, played her gui-tar'. The second staff contains: 'played her gui-tar, She sat on a li-lac and played her gui-tar, Played'. The third staff contains: 'her gui-ta-a-a-ar.' with a double bar line at the end.

She sat on a lilac and played her guitar.

He sat down beside her and smoked his cigar.

He said that he lov'd her, but, Oh, how he lied.

They were to be married but somehow she died.

He went to the fu-ne-ral just for the ride.

He sat on her tombstone and laughed 'til he cried.

He caught a pneumonia, and that's how he died.

She went up to Heaven and flip-flap she FLEW.

He went down to Hades and frizzled and fried.

The moral of this story is, "Don't tell a lie."

Show me the way to go home

("Irving King" 1925)

When I'm hap-py When I'm hap-py, sing-ing all the while, I don't need no -
 bod - y then to show me how to smile. When I've been out on the spree,
 tod-dling down the street, with this lit - tle me - lo - dy, ev' - ry one I greet:
 Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed. I
 had a lit - tle drink a - bout an ho - ur a - go and it's gone right to my head. No
 mat - ter where I roam, o'er land, o'er sea, o'er foam, you will al - ways hear me
 sin - ing this song: Show me the way to go home

(or the Blundell's version, as they call it in the West Country)

Eheu! Indicate the way to mine abode.
 I'm fatigued and I desire to retire.
 I partook a little alcohol sixty minutes since
 And it's ascended to my c-ranium.
 Wheresoever I may perambulate,
 O'er land, or sea or effervescent phosphorescence,
 Thou shalt ever hear me chanting my canticle,
 Indicate the way to mine abode.

Sing a Song of Europe JWE
(Or "what it was like before the European Union")



Sing a song of Europe, highly civilised;
Four and twenty nations completely hypnotised.
When the battle opened the guns began to sing,
Wasn't that a silly thing to do for any king.

The kings were in the background issuing commands;
The queens were in the parlour by etiquette's demands;
The bankers in the counting house, busy multiplying;
The common people at the Front, doing all the dying.

Socks



Ding Ding Dong a-Dong, ... etc.
 My mate don't wear no socks, a-ding dong,
 I was there when he took 'em off, a-ding dong,
 He threw them up a tree, a-ding dong,
 Now all the dogs refuse to pee ...

He threw them in the lake,
 Now all the fish have got belly-ache.

He threw them way up high,
 And all the birds fell out of the sky,

He threw them in the tent,
 And now the tent's got an awful scent.

He threw them on the ground,
 But they got back up and walked around.

He stuffed them down a hole,
 Killed two bunnies and a poor little mole.

We've sent them into space,
 To save the human race.

Where he put them I didn't see,
 But don't ask him for a cup of tea!

Spanish Ladies

OSB2



Farewell and adieu to you fine Spanish ladies
 Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain
 For it's we've received orders for to sail for old England
 But we hope very soon we shall see you again
We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues

We hove our ship to with the wind at sou'west, boys
 We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear
 Then we fill'd our main tops'l and bore right away, boys
 And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

Now the first land we made it is called the Deadman
 Next Ram Head off Plymouth, off Portland the Wight
 We sailed by Beachy, by Fairlee and Dungeness
 Till we came abreast of the South Foreland Light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor
 All in the Downs that night for to lie
 Then it's stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank-painters,
 Haul all your clew garnets, let tacks and sheets fly.

Now let every man toss off a full bumper
 And let every man drink off a full bowl
 And we'll drink and be jolly and drown melancholy
 With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.



Stenka Rasin

*(C17th Russian folk song, Stepan (Stenka) Rasin died 1671.
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From beyond the rocky island, skimming o'er the boiling wave,
Stenka Rasin's mighty Cossacks steer their gilded skiff so brave.

In the stern sits Stenka Rasin, with his Princess by his side,
Newly joined in joyful marriage, drunk in honour of his bride.

She sits steeped in sad reflection, neither quick she seems, nor dead,
While the Cossack's drunken speeches roll unheeded o'er her head.

From behind them rises murmuring, "For a girl he's left our clan;
After scarce a night of marriage, he has ceased to be a man."

But this mockery and murmuring reach the haughty Cossack's ears,
He takes hold his Persian princess, heeding neither prayers nor tears.

Flows the hot blood to his temples, and with hot tears fill his eyes,
His black brows are bound in anger; Leaping to his feet, he cries,

"Volga, Volga, thou life giver, no gift has thou had from me,
Volga, mighty Russian river, this fair princess give I thee.

And, in order that there may be no strife 'mid my people free,
Volga, Volga, Mother River, take this beauty now from me!"

Fearful Cossacks freeze in wonder; ne'er a hand is raised to save;
He takes hold his Persian princess, throws her in the foaming wave.

"Why are you cast down, my comrades? Sing my friends, and jest, my fool.
Let us eat drink and make merry to the mem'ry of her soul.

From beyond the rocky island to the running river wave,
Glides the gilded Cossack galley of Stenka Rasin, the Brave.

Sweet Nightingale

EFS



My sweetheart, come along. Don't you hear the fond song
 The sweet notes of the nightingale flow?
 Don't you hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightingale,
 As she sings in the valley below.

Pretty Betty, don't fail, For I'll carry your pail
 Safe home to your cot as we go;
 You shall hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightingale,
 As she sings in the valley below.

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my own,
 Along with you, Sir, I'll not go.
 To hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightingale,
 As she sings in the valley below.

Pray sit yourself down With me on the ground,
 On this bank where the primroses grow,
 You shall hear the fond tale Of the sweet nightingale,
 As she sings in the valley below.

The couple agreed, And were married with speed,
 And soon to the church they did go;
 No more is she afraid For to walk in the shade,
 Nor to sit in the valley below.

Swing low, sweet chariot

DEC



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

I looked over Jordan, an' 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, Comin' for to carry me home,
Jess tell my friends that I'm a-comin' too, Comin' for to carry me home.

The Tavern in the Town (Cornish? Trad)

HSSB



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 this 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 the 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 who once was true to me
 Takes this 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 little turtle dove,
 To signify I died of love.

There is still a Green Hill

(Tune: G. Stebbins; Words copyright © JSMF)



There is a green hill far away,
Which we will never tread,
Where scanty rice or millet makes
The people's daily bread.

Through labour long the parents try
Their families to feed,
Yet rarely does the rice they win
Suffice to meet their need.

Here comes the trader from the town,
With promise fair and true;
"I'll train your child in useful skills,
And send his wage to you.

He'll live with me in comfort sure,
And he shall eat his fill.
Here's thirty pence in token of
My good and honest will."

In cellar damp with rod and thongs
He's broken to his trade,
And shirts and shoes and radio sets
By his young hand are made.

In our own high street near at hand,
The goods they have to sell
Come from the sweatshop where he works
Enduring living hell.

We don't admit, we never tell
What pains he has to bear,
But we must know it is for us
He lives and suffers there.

The Three Ravens

Melismata 1611



There were three ravens sat on a tree,
down a down, hey down, hey down
 They were as black as they might be. *with a down,*
 The one of them said to his mate,
 Where shall we our breakfast take?
With a down, derrie, derrie, derrie, down, down.

Down in yonder green field,
 There lies a Knight slain under his shield,
 His hounds they lie down at his feet,
 So well they can their Master keep.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
 There's no fowl dare him come nigh
 Down there comes a fallow Doe,
 As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head,
 And kiss'd his wounds that were so red,
 She got him up upon her back,
 And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
 She was dead herself ere even-song time.
 God send to every gentleman,
 Such hawks, such hounds, and such leman

The Tribe of the Old Dun Cow



We are the Red Men, tall and quaint,
 In our feathers and war paint:
***Pow-wow, pow-wow, We're the men of the Old Dun Cow.
 All of us are Red Men, Feathers-in-our-head men,
 Down-among-the-dead men, Pow-wow, pow-wow.***

We can fight with sticks and stones,
 Bows and arrows, slings and bones,

We come home from distant shores,
 Greeted by our long-nosed squaws.

*("Essentially a song which should be sung straight, but the actions are absolutely necessary."
 Gilwell Camp Fire Book)*

Upidee (student version of H.W. Longfellow's poem "Excelsior")



The shades of night were falling fast, **Upidee, Upiday!**
 As through an Alpine village passed **Upidee-i-day!**
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
Upidee-i-dee-i-day, Upidee, Upiday
Upidee-i-dee-i-day, Upidee-i-day!
r-r-r-r r-r-r-r r-r-r-r Ya Ya Ya Ya

His brow was sad; his eye beneath, Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue,

In happy homes he saw the light Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone, And from his lips escaped a groan,

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said; "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!" And loud that clarion voice replied,

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered, with a sigh,

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! Beware the awful avalanche!"
 This was the peasant's last Good-night, A voice replied, far up the height,

At break of day, as heavenward The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air,

A traveller, by the faithful hound, Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice That banner with the strange device,

There in the twilight cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell like a falling star,

Villikins and his Dinah (C19th parody of folk song)



It is of a rich merchant I'm going to tell,
 Who had for a daughter a very fine young gel.
 Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
 With a werry large fortin in silver and gold.

Too-ra-lee, too-ra-lay

With a werry large fortin in silver and gold.

As Dinah vas a valikin' in the garding one day,
 Her father comes up to her, and thus to her does say,
 "Go, dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
 For I've found you a hus-i-band, both galliant and gay."

"Oh, father, dear father," poor Dinah she said,
 "I don't feel inclin-ed to be marr-i-ed;
 And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er
 If you'll let me live single a year or two more."

"Go, go! Boldest daughter," the parient he cried,
 "If you don't feel inclin-ed to be this young man's bride
 I'll give all your large fortin to the nearest of kin
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin!"

Now, as Willikins vaz a-valiking in the garding all round,
 He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,
 With a cup of cold pison all down by her side,
 And a billet-dow that said as how 'twas by pison she died.

Then he kiss'd her cold corpuses a thousand times o'er,
 And called her his dear Dinah, though she was no more;
 Then he swallowed the pison, and sung a short stave –
 And Willikins and his Dinah were laid in one grave.

Now, all you young maidens, don't thus fall in love, nor
 Do that not by no means disliked by your guv'nor;
 And, all you young gennulmen, mind who you claps eyes on,
 Think of Villikins and his Dinah – not forgetting the pison.

Volez vous que je vous chant

(C12th)

CmE



Volez vous que je vous chant Un son d'amors avenant?
 Vilain ne-l fist mie,
 Ainz le fist un chevalier Souz l'ombre d'un olivier
 Entre les braz s'amie.

Chemisete avoit de lin Et blanc peliçon hermin
 Et bliäut de soie,
 Chauces ot de jaglolai Et sollers de flors de mai,
 Estroitement chauçade.

Ceinturete avoit de fueille Qui verdist quant li tens mueille ;
 D'or ert boutonade.
 L'aumosniere estoit d'amor; Li pendant furent de flor,
 Par amors fu donade.

Si chevauchoit une mule; D'argent ert la ferreüre,
 La sele ert dorade :
 Seur la crope par derrier Avoit planté trois rosiers
 Por fere li honbrage.

Si s'en vet aval la pree: Chevaliers l'ont encontree,
 Biau l'ont saluade:
 « Bele, dont estes vous nee ? » « De France sui, la löee,
 Du plus haut parage.

« Li rosignous est mon pere Qui chante seur la ramee
 El plus haut boscage ;
 La seraine, ele est ma mere Qui chante en la mer salee
 El plus haut rivage. »

« Bele, bon fussiez vous nee, Bien estes enparentee
 Et de haut parage ;
 Pleüst a Dieu nostre pere Que vous me fussiez donee
 A fame espousade. »

Waltzing Matilda

(C19th C. Paterson et al.)

HSSB



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

***Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
 Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me?***

And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled:
 "***Who'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.
 Up came the troopers, one, two, and three.
 "Where's the jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?
 You'll come a-waltzing Matilda, with me."

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

Wee Wee Tot

The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the song, with lyrics underneath: "When I was a wee wee tot, they took me from my wee wee cot and put me on my". The second staff continues the melody for the second line of the song, with lyrics underneath: "wee wee pot to see if I would go or not." The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes.

When I was a wee wee tot, they took me out my wee wee cot.
And put me on my wee wee pot to see if I could wee or not.

When they saw that I could not, They took me off my wee wee pot,
And put me in my wee wee cot. Then I gave it all I'd got.

When you're young and in your prime, you tend to wee wee all the time.
When you're old and going grey, you only wee wee once a day.

Wein, Weib, Gesang

(Words: C. Muechler; tune: C. F. Zelter)

SSSB



Der Wein erfreut des Menschen Herz, Drum gab uns Gott den Wein!

Auf, laßt bei Rebensaft und Scherz Uns unsres Daseins freun!

Wer sich erfreut, tu seine Pflicht , Drum stoßet an und singet dann

Was Martin Luther spricht, was Martin Luther spricht:

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,

Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang!

Und Narren sind wir nicht,

Nein, Narren sind wir nicht

Die Lieb erhebt des Menschen Herz Zu mancher guten Tat.

Schafft Linderung für jeden Schmerz, Streut licht auf dunkeln Pfad.

Weh dem, dem Lieb' und Wein gebricht! Drum küßt und trinkt, Klingt an und singt,

Ein Lied voll reiner Harmonie, In treuer Freunde Kreis,

Ist Labung nach des Tages Müh', Und nach der Arbeit Schweiß.

Drum ruhet nach erfüllter Pflicht Und klinget an und singet dann,

We're climbing up the Sunshine Mountain

We're clim - bing up the Sun - shine Mount-ain, Where the bree - zes
 blow, We're climb - ing up the Sun - shine Moun-tain, Fa - ces all a - glow We're
 tur - ning our backs on sor - row, Rea - ching for the sky, We're clim - bing up the Sun - shine
 Mount - ain, You and I.

We're Yawning in the Morning

Yaw - ning in the morn - ing when A - ke - la gives a roar We've on - ly had
 five hours' - sleep and we could do with more. We should have gone to bed when the
 sun was set - ting red, Then we wouldn't be yaw - ning in the morn - ing.

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

JWE



What shall we do with the drunken sailor? (3 times)

Early in the morning.

Hooray and up she rises

(3 times)

Early in the morning

Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober

Pull out the plug and wet him all over

Put him in the scuppers with the hose pipe on him

Heave him by the leg in a running bowline

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under.

When your ears hang low

 Musical notation for the song 'When your ears hang low'. It consists of three staves of music in 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The first staff contains the main melody, and the second and third staves contain a lower, more rhythmic accompaniment. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

When your ears hang low can you swing them to and fro? Can you
 tie them in a knot? Can you tie them in a bow? Can you throw them on your shoul-der like a
 re - gi - men - tal sol - dier? When your ears hang low.

Where hast tha' been since Ah saw thee? (Ikley Moor baht 'at)



Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee, ah saw thee?

On Ikla Mooar baht 'at

Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee, ah saw thee?

Wheear 'ast tha bin sin' ah saw thee?

On Ikla Mooar baht 'at

On Ikla Mooar baht 'at

On Ikla Mooar baht 'at

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane

Tha's bahn' to catch thy deeth o' cowl

Then us'll ha' to bury thee

Then t'worms'll come an' eyt thee oop

Then t'ducks'll come an' eyt up t'worms

Then us'll go an' eyt up t'ducks

Then us'll all ha' etten thee

Whose pigs are these?

Whose pigs are these? Whose pigs are these? They are John Potts', he can
tell 'em by the spots, And they live in the vic' - rage gar - den.

The musical score is written on two staves in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Whurr be yon blackbird tu?

Where be yon black-bird tu? Oi know where 'e be; E be in yon tid-der
patch an' Oi be art - er 'e. Now 'e sees Oi, Oi sees 'e And 'e knows Oi be
af - ter 'e, With a blud-dy gurt stick Oi'll knock un down, Black bird Oi'll 'ave 'e!

The musical score is written on three staves in treble clef, with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut (Burns 1789) Gaud



O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Allen cam' to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night, Ye wadna find in Christendie.

***We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.***

Here are we met, three merry boys, Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a nicht we've merry been, And mony mae we hope to be!.

It is the moon, I ken her horn, That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wile us hame, But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa', He is the King amang us three.

Will ye go, Lassie, go

(Robert Tannahill)

NNFS



Will ye go, lassie, go Tae the braes o' Balquhiddar
 Whar the blueberries grow 'Mang the bonnie bloomin' heather
 Whar the deer and the rae Lichtly bounding thegither
 Sport the lang summer day On the braes o' Balquhiddar

I will twine thee a bow'r By the clear silver fountain
 And I'll cover it o'er Wi' the flowers o' the mountain
 I will range through the wilds And the deep glens sae dreary
 And return wi' their spoils Tae the bow'r o' my dearie

When the rude wintry win' Idly raves roun' oor dwellin'
 And the roar o' the linn On the nicht breeze is swellin'
 So merrily we'll sing As the storm rattles o'er us
 Till the dear shielin' ring Wi' the licht liltin' chorus

Noo the summer is in prime Wi' the flowers richly bloomin'
 Wi' the wild mountain thyme A' the moorlan's perfumin'
 Tae oor dear native scenes Let us journey thegither
 Whar glad innocence reigns 'Mang the braes o' Balquhiddar

With the scent of woodsmoke

GCF



With the scent of woodsmoke drifting on the air,
 And the glow of firelight we always love to share,
 Visions of camp-fires all return,
 And as the logs flame up and burn,
 We dream of bygone camp-fires and long for those to come.

Tongues of yellow fire flickering up on high,
 Reaching twisting fingers up to a starlit sky,
 Voices recall songs old and new,
 Songs once dear to our fathers too,
 Who dreamed of bygone camp-fires and longed for those to come.

Gently dying embers cast a rosy glow,
 Voices slowly sinking to tones so soft and low,
 Slowly upon the still night air,
 Fall faithful voices hushed in prayer,
 That dream of bygone camp-fires and long for those to come.

The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies

(as collected by Cecil Sharp)

EFSS



Three gypsies stood at the castle gate. They sang so high, they sang so low.
The lady sate in her chamber late. Her heart it melted away as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill. That fast her tears began to flow
And she lay down her silken gown, her golden rings and all her show.

She pluck-ed off her high-heeled shoes, a-made of Spanish leather-O
She would in the street in her bare, bare feet, all out in the wind and weather-O.

Saddle to me my milk white steed and go and fetch my pony-O
That I may ride and seek my bride who's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!

O he rode high and he rode low, he rode through woods and copses-O
Until he came to a wide open field and there he espied his a-lady-O.

"What makes you leave your house and land, your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord, to follow the wraggle taggle gypsies-O?"

"What care I for my house and land? What care I for my treasures-O?
What care I for my new wedded lord? I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!"

"Last night you slept on a goose-feathered bed, the sheet turned down so bravely-O.
Tonight you shall sleep in a cold open field along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!"

"What care I for the goose-feathered bed with the sheet turned down so bravely-O?
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-O!"

YELLS

Leader: From the North, from the South,
From the East and from the West,
I declare this campfire open!

All: North, South, East and West
Hampshire Cub Scouts are the best!
Tall or short, fat or thin,
All are friends here, WELCOME IN!

1 Ham `n' eggs!
2 Ham `n' eggs!
1 Ham `n' eggs!
2 Ham `n' eggs!
1 We like ours done nice and brown!
2 We like ours done upside down!
1 Flip `em!
2 Flop `em
1 Flip `em!
2 Flop `em
All Ham `n' eggs!

1 Billy Bennett bought a boat
2 Eh?
1 Billy Bennett bought a boat
2 Eh?
1 Billy Bennett bought a boat
2 Billy Bennett cut `is froat?
1 Nah! `E cut `is bloomin' `ead orf!

1 F U N E X?
2 S V F X
1 F U N E M?
2 S V F M
1 N L F M N X

Danish Bravo

Bay Air Ah says BRA
Vay Oh says VO
Says BRA, says VO,
Says BRAVO

O Come and go with me To my Fa-ther's

Al-le-lu - ia

house, To my Fa-ther's house, To my Fa-ther's house. O

Al-le-lu - ia

Al-le-lu - ia

Come and go with me To my Fa-ther's house, Where there's peace, peace,

peace.

Oh, Come and go with me, Alleluia
 To my Father's House, To my Father's house, To my Father's house
 Oh, Come and go with me, Alleluia
 To my Father's house,
 Where there's peace, peace, peace.

There's sweet communion there, Alleluia
 In my Father's House,

There'll be no parting there, Alleluia
 In my Father's House,