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(This started out as:)

Old Stormy, he was a bully old man,
WALK HIM ALONG, AND CARRY HIM ALONG;
Old Stormy, he was a bully old man,
CARRY HIM TO HIS BURYING GROUND.

CHORUS:

To me wa-ay, Stormy,
walk him along, and carry him along,
To me way Stormy,
Carry him to his burying ground.

Old Stormy's dead and gone to rest,
Of all the sailors, he was the best.

For fifty years he sailed the seas,
In winter storms and summer breeze.

And now Old Stormy's day is done,
We marked the place where he has gone.

He slipped his cable off the Horn,
Far from the place where he was born.

I wish I was Old Stormy's son,
I'd build a ship of a thousand ton.

I'd load her with New England rum,
And all my shellbacks they'd have some.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

Come, boat me o'er, come, ferry me o'er, come boat me o'er
to Charlie;
I'll give John Ross another bawbee, To ferry me o'er to
Charlie.

CHORUS:

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea, we'll o'er the
water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, and live or die
with Charlie.

It's well I love my Charlie's name, Though some there be
that abhor him;
But O, to see old Nick gone home, And Charlie's face before
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me!

(chorus)

I swear by the moon and stars so bright, And the sun that
glances so early;
If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd give them all for
charlie.

(chorus)

I once had sons, and now I have none; I bred them, toiling
sorely;
And I would bear them all over again, And lose them all for
charlie.

(chorus)

MINGULAY BOAT SONG

CHORUS:

Hill you ho, boys, let her go, boys, bring her head 'round,
now all together;
Hill you ho, boys, let her go, boys, sailing home, home, to
Mingulay.

what care we, though white the Minch is, what care we for wind
or weather,
Let her go, boys, every inch is sailing home, home, to
Mingulay.

(chorus)

wives are waiting on the bank or looking seaward from the
heather;
Pull her round, boys, and we'll anchor, ere the sun sets on
Mingulay.

(chorus)

HOME, BOYS, HOME

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Oh, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a-sailing on the main,
to gain the good will of his captain, well that is what's to
blame;

For I stepped ashore one evening, on a summer's spree,
And that was the beginning of the whole calamity.

CHORUS:

And it's home, boys, home; home I'd like to be,
Home for a while in me ain countaree,
With the oak, and the ash, and the bonnie rowan tree,
There all blooming free in the North Countaree!

well, I asked her for a hankerchief to tie around me head,
Likewise for a candle to light my way to bed;
well, she tended to my needs, like a young maid ought to do,
So I upped and asked her if she wouldn't nestle with me too.

(chorus)

well, she hopped into my bed now, taking no alarm,
Thinking a young sailor lad to her could do no harm;
And I hugged her and I kissed her, all the night through,
'Till she wished that the short night had beensevenyears' long.

(chorus)

Early the next morning, the sailor lad arose,
And into Mary's pocket poured a pocket full of gold;
Saying take this, my dear, for the mischief I have done,
For tonight I feel I've left you with a daughter or a son.

(chorus)

well, if it be a girl child, send her off to nurse,
with silver in her pocket, and gold up in her purse;
But if it be a boy child, give him the jacket blue,
He'll be climbing up the rigging like his daddyclimbedup you.

(chorus)

well, come all ye fair maidens, take this advice from me;
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee;
For I trusted one, and he beguiled me,
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on my knees!

(chorus)

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

It's a damn tough life, full of toil and strife, we whalermen
undergo,
And we won't give a damn when the gales are done how hard the
winds did blow,
For we're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds with a good ship
taught and free,
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum with the girls
from old Maui.

CHORUS:

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys, rolling down to old Maui,
We're homeward bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to old

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Maui.

Once more we sail with the northerly gales through the ice and
wind and rain, Them coconut fronds, them tropical shores, we soon
shall see again;
Six hellish months we've passed away on the cold Kamchatka sea,
But now we're bound from the Arctic grounds, rolling down to old
Maui.

(chorus)

Once more we sail with the Northerly gales, towards our island
home,
Our whaling done, our mainmast sprung, and we ain't got far to
roam;
Our stuns'l's bones is carried away, what care we for that sound,
A living gale is after us, thank God we're homeward bound.

(chorus)

How soft the breeze through the island trees, now the ice is far
astern,
Them native maids, them tropical glades, is awaiting our return;
Even now their big brown eyes look out, hoping some fine day to
see,
Our baggy sails, running 'fore the gales, rolling down to old
Maui.

(chorus)

NOVA SCOTIA

The sun was setting in the west, the birds were singing on every
tree;
All of nature seemed inclined to rest, but still there was no
rest for me.

CHORUS:
So farewell to Nova Scotia, your seabound coast, let your
mountains dark and dreary be;
For when I am far away on the briny ocean tossed, will you ever
heave a sigh or a wish for me?

I grieve to leave my native land, I grieve to leave my comrades
all;
And my aged parents who I hold so dear, and the bonny, bonny lass
that I do adore.

(chorus)

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The drums do beat, the wars do alarm, the captain calls, we must
obey;
So farewell, farewell, to Nova Scotia's charms, for it's early in
the morning I am far, far away.

(chorus)

I have three brothers, and they are at rest, their arms are
folded on their breast;
But a poor simple sailor just like me, must be tossed and driven
on the deep blue sea.

(chorus)

HANGING JOHNNY

They call me hanging Johnny; AWAY-I-OH,
They say I hang for money. SO HANG, BOYS, HANG!

why did you hang your daddy;
And then your mother laddie?

They say I hung my mother;
And then I hung my brother.

I hung my sister Nancy;
Because I took a fancy.

A rope, a beam, a ladder;
I hung them all together.

They call me hanging Johnny;
But I never hung nobody.

I'd hang a brutal mother;
The same as any other.

I'd hang a noted liar;
I'd hang a bloated friar.

I'd hang all wrong and folly;
And hang to make things jolly.

Come hang and sway together;

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And hang for finer weather.

They call me hanging Johnny;
But I never hung nobody.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

In South Australia, I was born; HEAVE AWAY, HAUL AWAY.
In South Australia 'round Cape Horn. AND WE'RE BOUND FOR SOUTH
AUSTRALIA.

CHORUS:
Heave away, you ruler kings, heave away, haul away;
Haul away O hear me sing, and we're bound for South Australia.

As I went out one morning fair;
It was there I met Miss Nancy Blair.

(chorus)

She shook me up, she shook me down;
She shook me 'round and 'round the town.

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

And as we wallop 'round Cape Horn;
You'd wish to God you'd never been born.

(chorus)

Now my story here is told;
We're sailing Cape bound and awful bold.

(chorus)

PIQUE LA BALEINE

Pour retrouver ma douce amie, oh mes boues, hou la, hou la la la.
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CHORUS:

Pique la baleine, joli baleinier, pique la baleine, je veux naviguer.

Aux milles mers j'ai navigue, oh mes boues, hou la, hou la la la.

(chorus)

Des mers du Nord aux mers du Sud, oh mes boues, hou la, hou la la la.

(chorus)

Je l'ai r'trouvee quand j'mai noyee, oh mes boues, hou la, hou la la la.

(chorus)

Dans les grands fonds ell'm' esperait, oh mes boues, hou la, hou la la la.

(chorus)

En couple a ell' me suis couche, oh mes boues, hou la, hou la la la.

(chorus)

BLOOD-RED ROSES

Our boots and clothes are all in pawn;GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!

And it's mighty drafty 'round Cape Horn; GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!

CHORUS:

Oh, you pinks and posies; GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!
Oh, you pinks and posies; GO DOWN, YOU BLOOD RED ROSES, GO DOWN!

You've had your advance and to sea must go;
Chasing whales through the frost and the snow.

(chorus)

My old mother, she wrote to me;
"My dearest son, come home from the sea!"

(chorus)

But around Cape Horn we all must go;
'Round Cape Horn through the ice and the snow.

(chorus)

'Round Cape Horn we all must go;
For that is where the whale fish blow.

(chorus)

Just one more pull and that will do;
For we're the bullies to kick her through.

(chorus)

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER

Now the times were hard, and the wages were low, LEAVE HER,
JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

And now once more ashore we'll go, AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO
LEAVE HER.

CHORUS:
Leave her, Johnny, leave her, Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave
her! For the voyage is done, and the winds don't blow, And
it's time for us to leave her.

She would not wear, she would not stay,
She shipped great seas both night and day,

(chorus)

It was rotten meat and weevily bread,
Eat it or starve, the old man said,

(chorus)

Oh the winds were foul and the work was hard,
From Liverpool back to the Brooklyn yard,

(chorus)

The sails are all furled and the work is all done,
And homeward now we've made our run,

(chorus)

I thought I heard the old man say,
Tomorrow you will get your pay,

(chorus)

Now it's time for us to say goodbye,
The old pierhead is drawing nigh,

(chorus)

I'LL GO ENLIST FOR A SAILOR

Oh, 'list, oh 'list to my sorrowful lay,
And attention give to my song I pray,
When you've heard it all you'll say,
That I'm an unfortunate tailor.

Oh once I was as happy as a bird in a tree,
My Sarah was all in the world to me,
Now I'm cut out by a son of the sea,
And she's left me here to bewail her.

Why did my Sarah serve so?
No more will I stitch, no more will I sew,
My thimble and my needle to the winds I'll throw,
And I'll go enlist for a sailor.

Now my days were honey and my nights were the same,
'Till a man called Cobb from the ocean came,
With his long black beard and his masculine frame,
The captain on board of a whaler.

Well, he spent his money both frank and free,
With his tales of the land and his songs from the sea,
And he stole my Sarah's heart from me,
And blighted the hopes of a tailor.

Oh, once I was with her when in came Cobb,
"Avast" he cried, "You lubbery swab!
If you don't knock off, I'll scuttle your nob!"
And Sarah smiled at the sailor.

So now I'll cross the raging sea,
For Sarah's proved untrue to me,
My heart's locked up and she's the key,
What a very unfeeling jailor!

And so now, kind friends, I'll bid you adieu,
No more my woes shall trouble you,
I'll travel the country through and through,
And I'll go enlist for a sailor.

BARRETT'S PRIVATEERS

Oh, the year was 1778, HOW I WISH I WAS IN SHERBROOKE NOW!
A letter of marque come from the king,
To the scummiest vessel I'd ever seen,

CHORUS:
God damn them all!

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I was told we'd cruise the seas for American gold
We'd fire no guns-shed no tears
Now I'm a broken man on a Halifax pier
The last of Barrett's Privateers.

Oh, Elcid Barrett cried the town, HOW I WISH I WAS . . .
For twenty brave men all fishermen who
would make for him the Antelope's crew
(chorus)

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

On the king's birthday we put to sea,
We were 91 days to Montego Bay
Pumping like madmen all the way
(chorus)

On the 96th day we sailed again,
When a bloody great Yankee hove in sight
with our cracked four pounders we made to fight
(chorus)

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

Then at length we stood two cables away,
Our cracked four pounders made an awful din
But with one fat ball the Yank stove us in
(chorus)

The Antelope shook and pitched on her side,
Barrett was smashed like a bowl of eggs
And the Maintruck carried off both me legs
(chorus)

So here I lay in my 23rd year,
It's been 6 years since we sailed away
And I just made Halifax yesterday
(chorus) DONKEY RIDING

Were you ever in Quebec,
Stowing timber on the deck,
See the king with the golden crown,
Riding on a donkey.

CHORUS:
Hey, ho, way we go, donkey riding, donkey riding,
Hey, ho, way we go, riding on a donkey.

Were you ever in Cardiff Bay,
where the natives shout "hurray,"
Here comes Johnny with three months pay,
Riding on a donkey.
(chorus)

As we sail 'round Cape Horn,
where the climate's always warm,
See the lion and the unicorn,

Riding on a donkey.

(chorus)

We'll see the girls with eyes of brown,
And drink the best there is in town,
We'll eat and sleep on beds of down,
Riding on a donkey.

(chorus)

We'll clew up sail and heave her to,
And never sail 'till the pay day's due,
We'll sail upon the oceans blue,
Riding on a donkey.

(chorus)

At Oxford Circus we'll take our stand,
Among the lords and ladies grand,
We'll sing and play with the band,
Riding on a donkey.

(chorus)

My gal I'll dress in ribbons bright,
At Garrie's show we'll spend the night,
My gal is always quite a sight,
Riding on a donkey.

(chorus)

We'll drink the best he's got in store,
When it's gone, we'll call for more,
'Till he shows us out the door,
Riding on a donkey.(chorus)

PLEASANT AND DELIGHTFUL

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's day,
And the fields of Old England were all covered in hay,
The blackbirds were singing on every tree,
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day.

CHORUS: (The chorus is comprised of the last line of the verse)

And the larks, they sang melodious,
And the larks, they sang melodious,
And the larks, they sang melodious,
At the dawning of the day.

Well a sailor and his true love were walking one day,
Said the sailor to his true love I am bound far away,
I'm bound for the East Indies where the loud cannons roar,
For I'm sad to leave you Nancy, you're the girl that I adore.

(chorus)

A ring from her finger she instantly drew,

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Saying take this dearest William and my heart it goes too,
And while they were embracing tears from her eyes fell,
And it's may I go along with you-Oh no my dear, farewell.

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

POVERTY KNOCK

CHORUS:

Poverty, poverty, knock! Me loom is a-sayin' all day,
Poverty, poverty, knock! Gaffer's too skinny to pay,
Poverty, poverty, knock! Keepin' one eye on the clock,
I know I can guttle, when I hear my shuttle go
Poverty, poverty, knock!

Up every morning at five,
I wonder that we keep alive,
Tired and yawnin', on the cold morning,
It's back to the dreary old drive.

Oh dear, we're going to be late,
Gaffer is stood at the gate,
We're out of pocket, our wages they're docket,
We'll have to buy grub on the slate.

And when our wages they bring,
We're often short of a string,
While we are a-fratching with Gaffer snatching,
We know to his brass he will cling.

We've got to wet our own yarn,
By dipping it into the tarn,
It's wet and soggy, and makes me feel groggy,
And there's mice in that dirty old barn.

Oh dear, my poor head it sings.
I should have woven three strings,
But threads are breaking and my back is aching,
Oh dear, I wish I had wings.

Sometimes a shuttle flies out,
And gives some poor woman a clout,
There she lies bleeding, but nobody's heeding,
Who's going to carry her out?

Turner should tackle me loom.
He'd rather sit on his bum.
He's far too busy, courting our Lizzie,
I cannot get him to come.

Lizzie is so easily led.
All think that he takes her to bed.
She always was skinny, now look at her pinny,

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It's about time they was wed.

THE ROLLING MILLS OF NEW JERSEY

CHORUS:

When I die, bury me low, where I can hear the petroleum flow,
A sweeter sound, you never will know, the rolling mills of
New Jersey.

In Hoboken, there will be, trash as far as the eye can see,
Enough for you, enough for me, the garbage cans of New
Jersey.

(chorus)

{The last line of the chorus will always be the last line of the
verse, e.g. "A sweeter sound you never will hear, the garbage
cans of New Jersey"}

Down in Trenton, there is a bar, where the bums come from near
and from far,
They come truck, they come by car, the lousy bums of New Jersey.
(chorus)

When first I started to roam, I travelled far away from Bayonne,
Then I sat down and wrote this poem, I wrote an ode to New
Jersey.
(chorus)

AN OLD MAN CAME COURTING ME

An old man he courted me, Hey ding dorum da,
An old man he courted me, me being young,
An old man he courted me all for to marry me,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

'Cos he's lost his fallorum fal diddle di-orum,
He's lost fallorum fal diddle di-ay,
He's lost his fallorum he's got no ding-dorum,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

It's when that we went to church, Hey ding dorum da,
It's when that we went to church, me being young,
It's when that we went to church he left me in the lurch,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

It's when we were coming home, Hey ding dorum dey,
It's when we were coming home, me being young,
It's when we were coming home he let me walk alone,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

It's when at supper set, Hey ding dorum dey,
It's when at supper set, me being young,

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It's when at supper set devil a bite he could eat,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

Oh, it's when that we went to bed, Hey ding dorum dey,
Oh, it's when that we went to bed, me being young,
Oh, it's when that we went to bed he lay as if he was dead,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

I threw my leg over him, Hey ding dorum dey,
I threw my leg over him, me being young,
I threw my leg over him, I swore I would smother him,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

Oh, it's when he fell fast asleep, Hey ding dorum dey,
Oh, it's when he fell fast asleep, me being young,
Oh, it's when he fell fast asleep, out of bed I did creep,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

(special chorus just for the 8th verse:
And he's got me fallorum fal diddle di-orum,
He's got me fallorum fal diddle di-ay,
He's got me fallorum I found his ding dorum
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.)

Oh, there we did sport and play, Hey ding dorum da,
Oh, there we did sport and play, me being young,
Oh, there we did sport and play until the break of day,
Maids while you're young, never marry an old man.

I AM THE MAN THAT WATERS THE WORKERS' BEER

CHORUS:

I am the man, the very fat man, that waters the workers' beer,
I am the man, the very fat man, that waters the workers' beer,
And what do I care if it makes them ill,
If it makes them terribly queer,
I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane and I waters the workers'
beer

Now when I waters the workers' beer, I put in strichinine,
Some methylated spirits, and a can of kerosene,
But such a brew so terribly strong, would make them terribly ill,
So I reaches my hand for the watering can, and I waters the
workers' beer.
(chorus)

Now a drop of beer is good for a man when he's tired, thirsty, or
hot,
I myself sometimes have some from a very special pot,
But a strong and healthy working class is the thing that I most
fear,
So I reaches my hand for the watering can and I waters the
workers' beer.
(chorus)

Now ladies fair beyond compare, be ye maiden or wife,

Spare a thought for such a man who leads such a lonely life,
For the water rates are frightfully high, and the meth is
terribly dear,
There ain't the profit there used to be in watering the workers'
beer.
(chorus)

GOOD ALE, THOU ART MY DARLING

CHORUS:
Good ale, thou art my darling,
Thou art my joy, both night and morning.

It's of good ale to you I'll sing,
And to good ale I'll always cling,
I like my mug filled to the brim,
And I'll drink all that you can bring.
(chorus)

I loves you in the early morn,
Loves you in daylight dark or dawn,
when I'm tired worn or spent,
I'll turn the tap and ease the vent.
(chorus)

It's you that helps me through my work,
And from a task I'll never shirk,
while I can get a good home brew,
And better than one pint I likes two.
(chorus)

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

And if all my friends from Adam's race,
was to meet me here all in this place,
I could part from all without one fear,
Before I'd part with my good beer.
(chorus)

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

You've caused me debts and I've often swore,
That I never would drink strong ale anymore,
But you for all that I'll forgive,
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live.
(chorus)

THE NUTTING GIRL

Come all you jovial fellows and listen to my song,
It is a little ditty and it won't detain you long;
It's of a fair young damsel, oh she lived down in Kent,
Arose one summer's morning and she a-nutting went.

CHORUS:
With my fol lol to me rol tol la,
whack fol the dear old day;
And every nut that poor girl had,
She threw them all away.

It's of a brisk young farmer, a-ploughing of his land,
He called unto his horses to bid them gently stand;
As he sat down upon his plough all for a song to sing,
His voice was so melodius it made the valleys ring.

(chorus)

It's of that brisk young damsel, a-nutting in the wood,
His voice was so melodius it charmed her as she stood;
She had no longer power in those woods to stay,
And what few nuts she had, poor girl, she threw them all away!

(chorus)

She came up to young Johnny as he sat on his plough,
Said she, "Young man, I really feel-I cannot tell you how!"
So he took her to some shady broom and there he laid her down-
Said she, "Young man, I think I feel the world go round and
round!"

(chorus)

So come all you local women, this warning by me take,
Oh, if you should a-nutting go, don't stay out too late;
For if you should stay too late, for to hear that ploughboy sing,
You might have a young farmer to nurse up in the spring!

(chorus)

THE DERBY RAM

As I went out to Derby, 'twas on a market day;
I spied the biggest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hey.

CHORUS:
Hey, ringle dangle, hey ringle dey,
It was the biggest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hey.

The horns upon this ram, sir, they reached up to the moon,
A lad went up in April, and didn't come down 'till June.
(chorus)

The fleece upon this ram, sir, it stretched up to the sky;
The eagles made their nest there, you could hear the young ones
cry.
(chorus)

And all the boys of Derby came begging for his eyes,
To kick around the street, sir, 'cause they was football size.

(chorus)

And all the women of Derby came begging for his ears,
To make them leather aprons that would last them 50 years.
(chorus)

And all the men of Derby came begging for his tail,
To ring Saint George's passing bell from the top of Derby gaol.
(chorus)

It took all the boys of Derby to carry away his bones,
Took all the maids of Derby to roll away the stones.
(chorus)

Now, the butcher that killed this ram, sir, was up to his thighs
in blood,
The lad that held the basin was washed away in the blood.
(chorus)

The man that wrote this song, sir, he must be mighty rich,
The one that sings it now, sir, is a lying son of a bitch.
(chorus)

So now my song is over, I've got no more to say,
Just give us eggs and brandy and we'll be on our way.
(chorus)

SOLDIER AND A SAILOR

A soldier and a sailor were walking one day,
Said the soldier to the sailor let's kneel down and pray,
And if we have one prayer may we also have ten,
May we have a bloody litany said the sailor amen.

The first thing we'll pray for we'll pray for some cash,
Glory Hallelujah to go on a bash,
And if we have one pound may we also have ten,
May we have the bank of England said the sailor amen.

The next thing we'll pray for we'll pray for some beer,
Glory Hallelujah to give us some cheer,
And if we have one pint may we also have ten,
May we have a bloody brewery said the sailor amen.

The next thing we'll pray for we'll pray for a wench,
Glory Hallelujah and may she be French,
And if we have one wench may we also have ten,
May we have a bloody harem said the sailor amen.

The next thing we'll pray for we'll pray for a wife,

Glory Hallelujah the bane of our life,
And if we have one wife may we also have ten,
May they all live in Tipperary said the sailor amen.

The next thing we'll pray for we'll pray for our queen,
Glory Hallelujah and long may she reign,
And if she has one son may she also have ten,
May she have a bloody regiment said the sailor amen.

The last thing we'll pray for we'll pray for ourselves,
Glory Hallelujah and long may we dwell,
And if we live one year may we also live ten,
May we live to be a thousand said the sailor amen.

THE SALVATION ARMY SONG

We're coming, we're coming our brave little band,
On the right side of temperance we now take our stand;
We don't use tobacco because we do think,
The use of tobacco will lead to drink.

CHORUS:

Away, away, with rum, by gum,
With rum, by gum, with rum, by gum,
Away, away, with rum, by gum,
It's the song of the Salvation Army.

We never eat fruit cake for fruit cake has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum,
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man eating fruit cake until he gets tight.

(chorus)

We never eat cookies they have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast,
Oh, can you imagine a man more disgraced,
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

(chorus)

We never eat peaches for peaches ferment,
And a peach will ferment at the least little dent,
Oh can you imagine a thought more obscene,
Than a man getting tight on peaches and cream.

(chorus)

We never drink water, they put it in gin,
And one little sip and a man starts to grin,
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier plight,
Than a man drinking water until he gets tight?

(chorus)

We never drink tea, they mix it with wine,

And one little drink turns a man to a swine,
Oh, can you imagine a sorrier sight,
Than a man drinking tea and singing all night?

ON ILKLEY MOOR B'AHT HAT

where has thou been since I saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor b'aht hat;
where has thou been since I saw thee,
On Ilkley Moor b'aht hat.

Thy's been a-courtin' Mary Jane,
Thy's going to ketch thy death of keld,
Then we shall have to bury thee,
Then worms shall come and et thee up,
Then ducks shall come and et the worms,
Then we shall et up the ducks,
we'll be together once again,

{special last verse:}
The moral of this story is,
On Ilkley Moor b'aht hat;
The moral of this story is,
Don't go without your hat.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

{To the tune of "Ilkley Moor B'aht Hat"}

while shepherd's watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread,
Had seized their troubled minds;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
For you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line;
A saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

The Heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed;
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph and forthwith,
Appeared a shining throng;
Of angels praising God who thus,
Addressed their joyful song.

All glory be to God on high,
And to the Earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O

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

THE WREN

Joy, health, love and peace.
Be all here in one place;
By your leave, we will sing,
Concerning our King.

Our king is well dressed,
In silks of the best;
In ribbons so rare,
No king can compare.

We have travelled many miles,
Over hedges and stiles;
In search of our king,
Unto you we bring.

We have powder and shot,
To conquer the lot;
We have cannon and ball,
To conquer them all.

Bold Christmas is past,
Twelfth night is the last;
And we bid you adieu,
Brave joy to the new.

CONGLETON BEAR

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

CHORUS:

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

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

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

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

Pills, potion, and brandy induced a deep trance,
And refreshed by the music he began for to dance,
He danced down the road causing many a gaze,

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word quickly spread that old bear was raised.
(chorus)

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

BOOZING

Now what are the joys of single young man?
why boozing, bloody well boozing,
And what is he doing whenever he can?
why boozing, bloody well boozing,
You may think I'm wrong, or you may think I'm right,
I'm not going to argue, I know you can fight,
But what do you think we are doing tonight?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.

CHORUS:
Boozing, boozing, just you and I,
Boozing, boozing, 'till we run dry;
Some do it openly, some on the sly,
But they all are bloody well boozing.

And what are the joys of a poor married man?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.
And what is he doing whenever he can?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.
He comes home at night and he gives his wife all,
He goes out a-shopping, makes many a call.
But what brings him home hanging onto the wall?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.
(chorus)

And what do the Moral Majority run down?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.
And what are they banning in every town?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.
They go on TV, they rave and they shout,
They shout about things they know nothing about,
But what are they doing when the lights are turned out?
why boozing, bloody well boozing.
(chorus)

THE BARLEY MOW

Here's good luck to the pint pot, good luck to the barley mow;
Jolly good luck to the pint pot, good luck to the barley mow;
Here's the pint pot, half-a-pint, gill pot, half-a-gill,
Quarter-gill, nipperkin and the brown bowl,
Here's good luck, good luck to the barley mow.

The increments:

Quart pot

The half-gallon

The gallon

The half-barrel

The barrel

The landlord

The landlady

The daughter

The brewer

The drayer

The slavey

The company

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

Oh the holly and the ivy,
Now they are both full grown;
Of all the trees that are in the woods
The holly tree bears the crown.

CHORUS:

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

The holly tree bears a blossom,

As white as any milk;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
All wrapped up in silk.
(chorus)

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

And the holly tree bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do redeem us all.
(chorus)

The holly tree bears a prickly,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.
(chorus)

RISE UP, JOCK

As I went out one morning, for to take the pleasant air,
The birds were singing in the trees and the weather it was fair,
I sat for a while to rest my back at the foot of shady oak,
And by there came a band of men with their faces black as smoke.

CHORUS:
And it's rise up, Jock, and sing your song,
For the summer is short and the winter's long;
Let's all join hands and form a chain,
'Till the leaves of springtime bloom again.

Now the first to come in was a soldier, with his rifle in his
hand,
He'd just returned from fighting in many's the distant land;
And he'd left his regiment sleeping at the foot of a foreign
hill,
And he's returned to England for to kill or to be killed.
(chorus)

And the next to come in was a soldier, he'd just returned from
the sea,
He'd sailed away for seven long years 'till at last he was set
free;
That evening as the sun went down, he anchored by the shore,
And he's returned to England for to fight one battle more.
(chorus)

In the middle of the forest, where the blackbirds sweet did sing,
The soldier and the sailor took their place inside a ring;
And when the battle started, they went at it blow by blow,
And when the battle ended down their backs the blood did flow.
(chorus)

Now a chimney-sweep and a doctor, come a-walkin' arm-in-arm,
And when they saw the bodies there they showed no alarm;
For the doctor he'd been travelling through Italy, France, and
Spain,

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And he had in his bag a tiny flask for to ease the ache and pain.
(chorus)

He gave a drink to the soldier, who rose up from the ground,
And he began to sing his song as he passed the bottle round;
And the sailor the same up from the ground, as sure as he was
born,
And the soldier, the sailor, the doctor and the sweep, they
danced into the dawn.
(chorus)

THE LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun,
I danced for the moon and the stars and the sun,
I came down from Heaven and I danced on Earth,
At Bethlehem I had my birth.

CHORUS:
Dance, then, wherever you may be,
For I am the lord of the dance said he,
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be,
And I'll lead you all in the dance said he.

I danced for the scribe and the Pharisees,
But they would not dance, no they would not follow me,
I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,
They came with me and the dance went on.

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black,
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back,
They buried my body, they thought I'd gone,
But I am the dance and I still live on.

(chorus)

They cut me down but I leapt on high,
I am the light that will never, never die,
I'll live in you if you live in me,
I am the lord of the dance said he.

(chorus)

BEDLAM BOYS

For to see my Tom of Bedlam, 10,000 miles I'd travel,
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes, for to save her shoes from
gravel.

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CHORUS:

Still I sing bonnie boys, bonnie mad boys, Bedlam boys are
bonnie,
For they all go bare and they live on the air, and they want no
drink nor money.

I went down to Satan's kitchen, for to get me food one morning,
And there I got souls piping hot, all on the spit a-turning.
(chorus)

There I picked up a cauldron, where boiled 10,000 harlots,
Though full of flame I drank the same, to the health of all
such varlots.
(chorus)

My staff has murdered giants, and my bag a long knife carries,
For to cut mince pies from children's thighs, with which to
feed the fairies.
(chorus)

Spirits white as lightning, shall on my travels guide me,
The moon would quake and the stars would shake, whenever they
espied me.
(chorus)

No gypsy slut or doxy, shall win my Mad Tom from me,
I'll weep all night, the stars I'll fight, the fray will
well become me.
(chorus)

And it's when next I have murdered, the Man-In-The-Moon to
powder,
His staff I'll break, his dog I'll beat, they'll howl no demon
louder.
(chorus)

So drink to Tom of Bedlam, he'll fill the seas in barrels,
I'll drink it all, all brewed with gall, with Mad Maudlin I will
travel.
(chorus)

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOTS ALONG

CHORUS:
we'll roll the old chariots along,
we'll roll the old chariots along,
we'll roll the old chariots along,
And we'll all hang on behind.

Now our pay on time wouldn't do us any harm,
Now our pay on time wouldn't do us any harm,
Now our pay on time wouldn't do us any harm,
And we'll all hang on behind.
(chorus)

And a nice warm bed wouldn't do us harm,
And a night onshore wouldn't do us any harm,
And some good warm food wouldn't do us any harm,
And a nice young wench wouldn't do us any harm,
Better weather wouldn't do us any harm,
Smoother seas wouldn't do us any harm,
Nelson's head in a noose wouldn't do us any harm,

THREE DRUNKEN MAIDENS

There were three drunken maidens came from the Isle of Wight,
They drank from Monday morning, nor stopped 'til Saturday night,
When Saturday night did come, my boys, they wouldn't then go out,
And these three drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Then in comes bouncing Sally, her cheeks as red as a bloom,
Move up my jolly sisters, and give young Sally some room,
For I'll be your equal before the night is out,
And these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

There's woodcock and pheasant, there's partridge and hare,
There's all sorts of dainties, no scarcity was there,
There's forty quarts of beer, they fairly drunk them out,
And these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Then in comes the landlord, he's asking for his pay,
There's a forty-pound bill, my boys, these girls has got to pay,
That's ten pounds apiece, my boys, but still they wouldn't go
out,
And these four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Oh, where are your feather hats, your mantles rich and fine,
They've all been swallowed up, my lads, in tankards of good wine,
And where are your maidenheads, you maidens brisk and gay,
We left them in the alehouse, we drank them clean away.

HAL AND TOW

CHORUS:
Hal and tow, Jolly rumbalow,
We were up, long before the day-o;
To welcome in the summer, to welcome in the May-o;
For summer is a-comin' in and winter's gone away-o.

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Robin Hood and little John have all gone to the fair-o,
And we'll go to the gay green wood to see what they do there-o,
And for to hunt, to hunt the buck and doe.

(chorus)

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn that was the crest ere thou
was born;
Thy father's father wore it, and thy father wore it, too.

(chorus)

where are all the Spaniards, who made so great a boast-o,
They shall eat the gray goose feathers, and we shall eat the
Roast-o,
In every land, the lands where ere we go.

(chorus)

And as for good Saint George, Saint George he was a knight-o,
Of all the knights in Christendom Saint George he was the
Right-o,
In every land, the lands where ere we go.

(chorus)

God bless Aunt Mary Moses, in all her power and might-o,
And send us peace in merry England, peace both day and night-o,
Send us peace in merry England, now and ever more-o.
(chorus)

JOHN KANAKA

I heard, I heard the old man say,
JOHN KANAKA NAKA TULAI E!
Today, today, is a holiday!
JOHN KANAKA NAKA TULAI E!

CHORUS:
Tulai e oh tulai e! John kanaka naka tulai e!

We'll work tomorrow but no work today;
We'll work tomorrow but no work today;

(chorus)

We're bound, we're bound for Frisco Bay!
We're bound away at the break of the day;

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(chorus)

We're bound away around Cape Horn,
We wish to Christ we'd never been born!

(chorus)

Oh haul, oh haul, oh haul away!
Oh haul away and make your pay!

(chorus)

'Cause tomorrow is judgement day!
I heard the angels so do say;

(chorus)

And the lord of fire will walk the Earth,
We'd better give him a mighty girth!

(chorus)

'TIS THE GIFT TO BE SIMPLE

'Tis the gift to be simple,
'Tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down
where we ought to be;
And when we find ourselves
In the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed;
To turn, to turn, will be our delight,
'Till by turning, turning,
We come out right.

BAMPTON MORRIS SONGS

Highland Mary:

Around sweet Highland Mary's grave, we'll plant the fairest of
lillies,
The primrose sweet, and violet blue, likewise the daffodillies;
But since this world's been grown so wide, In some lonesome place
we'll tarry,
welcome then gather me to sleep, with my Highland Mary.

Constant Billy

Oh, my Billy, my constant Billy,

when shall I see my Billy again?
When the fishes fly over the ocean,
Then shall you see your Billy again.

Bonny Green Garters

First for the stockings, and then for the shoes,
And then for the bonny green garters,
A pair for me, and a pair for you,
And a pair for them that comes after.

Maid of The Mill

There's fifty fair maidens, that sports on the green,
I gar'd on them, well as you see,
But the Maid of the Mill, the Maid of the Mill,
The Maid of the Mill for me.
She is straight and tall as a poplar tree,
Her cheeks are red as rose,
She is one of the fairest young girls I see,
when she's dressed in her Sunday clothes.
The Maid of the Mill, the Maid of the Mill,
The Maid of the Mill for me.

Willow Tree

Once they said my lips were red, now they're scarlet pale;
while I, like a silly girl, believed his flattering tale.
But he vowed he'd never deceive me, and so fondly I believed he,
while the stars and the moon so sweetly shone,
Over the willow tree.

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme,
Blooms around the bloomin' heather,
will you go, lassie, go?

(chorus)

And we'll all go together,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the bloomin' heather,
will you go, lassie, go?

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

(chorus)

If my true love, she won't go,

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I will surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the bloomin' heather,
Will you go, lassie, go?

THE JUG OF PUNCH

One pleasant evening in the month of June,
As I was sitting with my glass and spoon,
A small bird sat upon an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was a "Jug of Punch."

(chorus)

Tur-a-lur-a-lu, tur-a-lur-a-lu,
Tur-a-lur-a-lu, tur-a-lur-a-lu,
A small bird sat upon an ivy bunch,
And the song he sang was a "Jug of Punch."

{The last two lines of the chorus are the last two lines of the
previous verse.}

What more diversion can a man desire,
Than to sit himself down, by a small turf fire,
Upon his knee, a pretty wench,
And on his table, a jug of punch.

(chorus)

Let the doctors come with all their art,
They'll make no impression on my heart,
Even a cripple forgets his hunch,
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch.

(chorus)

And if I get drunk, well my money's my own,
And them that don't like me can leave me alone,
I'll tune my fiddle and rosin my bow,
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

(chorus)

I'M A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERY DAY

CHORUS:
Oh, my name is Jock Stewart, and I'm a canny gun man,
And a roving young fellow I've been;
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

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

(chorus)

So, come fill up your glasses with brandy and wine,
Whatever it costs I will pay;
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

(chorus)

Well, I took out my dog, and him I did shoot,
All down in the County Kildare;
So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me,
I'm a man you don't meet every day.

(chorus)

THE RYEBUCK SHEARER

I come from the South and my name is Field,
And when my shears are properly steeled,
A hundred and odd I have very often peeled,
And of course I'm a Ryebuck Shearer.

CHORUS:
If I don't shear a tally, before I go,
My shears and my stone in the river I'll throw,
I'll never open Sawbees to take another blow,
And prove I'm a Ryebuck shearer.

There's a bloke on the board, I heard him say,
That I couldn't shear a hundred sheep a day,
But some fine day I'll show him the way,
And prove I'm a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

Oh, I'll make a splash, but I won't say when,
I'll hop of my arse and into the pen,
While the ringer's shearing five, I'll shear ten,
And prove I' a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

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There's a bloke on board, or so I've heard,
With a face just like a buffalo turd,
If you think that's bad, well, you should see his bird,
And of course he's a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

There's a bloke on the board and he's got yellow skin,
A very long nose and he shaves on the chin,
And a voice like a billy-goat pissing in a tin,
And of course he's a Ryebuck shearer.

(chorus)

AMELIA EARHART

A ship out on the ocea, just a speck against the sky,
Amelia Earhart's flying sad that day.
With her partner, Captain Newman on the second of July,
Her plane fell in the ocean far away.

CHORUS:
There's a beautiful, beautiful field,
far away in a land that is fair.
Happy landings to you Amelia Earhart,
Farewell, first lady of the air.

Well, a half an hour later an S.O.S. was heard
The signal weak, but still her voice was brave.
In the shark-infested waters, her plane went down that night,
In the blue pacific to a watery grave.

(chorus)

Well now you've heard my story of that awful tragedy
We pray that she may fly home safe again.
Oh, in years to come, though others, blaze a trail a trail across
the sea,
We'll ne'er forget Amelia and her plane.

(chorus)

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY

An old cowpoke went riding out one dark and windy day,
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
A-ploughing through the ragged skies and up the cloudy draw.

CHORUS:
Tye ay, yippie yi oh, (or whatever you want)
Ghost riders in the sky

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were made of steel.
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel.
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry.

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(chorus)

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred,
their shirts all soaked with
sweat.
They're riding hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught 'em yet
For they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky,
On horses snortin' fire; as they ride on hear their cry.

(chorus)

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name.
"If you want to save your soul from hell and riding on our range,
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride,
Trying to catch the devil's heard across these endless skies.

(chorus)

(chorus)

I CAN HEW

CHORUS:

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

Well Saint Monday's day, it's well I do admire,
When I sits at home by me own coal fire.
Then it's down to the pub for a glass or two
For to work on a Monday, that will never do.

Well I likes my whiskey and I likes my beer.
I'll drink fourteen pints and I'll not feel queer.
I can hold my liquor well as any man.
And I'll dance and sing as long as I can.

Well my boy he's 14, he's a strappin' lad
And he'll go to the pits soon, just like his dad.
And when Friday comes, he'll pick up his pay.
And we'll drink together, to round off the day.

And it's when I'm dead, oh I know full well,
I'll not go to heaven, I am bound for hell.
And my pick and shovel, old Nick will admire,
And he'll set me to hewin' coals for his own hell fire.

I AM HUGE (by Linda Breitag and Ted Hodapp)

CHORUS:

I am huge boys, I am fat and stout,
I am huge, boys, I have got the gout.

I am huge, boys, big as any man,
But to tie my shoes, I don't think I can.

well, with mondays off, I don't have a care,
When I sits at home by the Frigidaire.
Then it's down to MacDonald's for a Big Mac or two
For to skip a meal, that would never do.

well my boy's three-fourteen; he's a strappin' lad,
And he'll go through the floor soon just like his dad.
And when Friday comes, we'll hit the buffet,
And we'll gorge together to round off the day.

well I likes my Twinkies and my layered cake
And my gooey donuts on my coffee break.
I think exercise is a noble cause
So I bend and stretch for my Hogan Dazs.

And it's when I'm dead, oh I know full well,
They will roll me down to the gates of Hell.
And my fork and spoon Ol' Nick he will admire,
And he'll set me to making s'mores by his own hell fire.

Granny's Old Armchair
(from Roberts, Barrand)

My grandmother, she, at the age of ninety-three,
One day in May, she took up and died.
And after she were dead, the will of course was read
By the lawyer as we all sat by his side.
To me brother it were found, she left a hundred pound,
The same unto me sister, I declare.
But when it came to me, the lawyer said, "I see,
Granny's only left to you her old armchair."

CHORUS:
How they tittered, how they laughed,
How me brothers and me sisters chaffed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
Granny's only left to you her old armchair.

well, I hardly thought it fair, but I said I didn't care,
And in the evening came and took the chair away.
while the neighbors chaffed, me brother laughed,
He said, "it's sure to come in handy, John, some day.
When you've settled down in life, found a girl to be your wife,
It'll come in very handy I declare,
With your fire burning bright, you'll be sitting home at night,
Just a'sitting in your old armchair."

well, in a year or two, what me brother said came true
And I found it time to settle down in life.
To a lady I paid court and then the ring I bought,
And I led her to the church to be my wife.
My wife and me were happy as can be
And in the evening when the work were done,
I never abroad would roam, but preferred to stay at home
Just sitting in me old armchair.

One day the chair fell down, I picked it up and found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor.

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And there to my surprise, right before me eyes,
Lay lots of notes, a thousand pounds or more.
When me brother heard of this, the fellow I confess
Went nearly wild with rage and tore his hair.
I only said to him, "Ain't you sorry, Jim,
Granny didn't leave to you her old armchair?"