

SLOOP JOHN B

(Traditional)

We came on the Sloop John B,
My grandfather and me,
Around Nassau Town we did roam;
Drinking all night, got into a fight
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

*So hoist up the John B sail,
See how the mainsail sets,
Call for the captain ashore and let me go home;
I wanna go home,
Oh, let me go home,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.*

Well, the first mate he got drunk
Broke into the captain's trunk,
The constable had to come and take him away;
Oh, Sheriff John Stone,
Why don't you leave me alone,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

The poor cook he copped a fit,
Threw egg on my grit,
And then he took up and ate up all of my corn;
Oh, leave me alone,
Why don't they leave me alone?
This is the worst trip I've ever been on.

THE WILD ROVER

(Traditional)

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

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

I went into an alehouse I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money was spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me 'Nay,
Such custom as yours I can have any day'.

Then out from my pocket I took ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said, 'I have whiskies and wines of the best,
And the words that you've spoken were only in jest.'

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

SUSSEX BY THE SEA

(W. Ward-Higgs)

Now is the time for marching,
Now let your hearts be gay,
Hark to the merry bugles
Sounding along our way,
So let your voices ring, my boys,
And take the time from me,
And we'll sing this song as we march along
Of Sussex by the sea.

Chorus:

We're the men from Sussex
Sussex by the sea
We can plough and sow and reap and mow
And useful men are we
And if you go to Sussex
Whoever you may be
You can tell them all that we stand or fall
For Sussex by the sea.

Refrain:

Sussex! Sussex by the sea!
Good old Sussex by the sea!
You may tell them all that we stand or fall
For Sussex by the sea.

Up in the morning early
Start at the break of day
March till the evening shadows
Tell us it's time to stay
We're always moving on, my boys,
So take your time from me
And I'll sing you this song as we march along
Of Sussex by the sea.

Sometimes your feet are weary
Sometimes the way is long
Sometimes the day is dreary
Sometimes the world goes wrong,
But if you let your voices ring
Your cares will fly away
So we'll sing a song as we march along
Of Sussex by the sea.

Light is the love of a soldier
That's what the ladies say
Lightly he goes a-wooing,
Lightly he rides away;
In love and war we always are
As fair as fair can be,
And a soldier boy is the ladies' joy
In Sussex by the sea.

Far o'er the seas we wander
Wide through the world we roam
Far from the kind hearts yonder
Far from the dear old home;
But ne'er shall we forget, my boys,
And true we'll ever be
To the girls so kind that we left behind
In Sussex by the sea.

JERUSALEM

(William Blake)

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green,
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills,
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among those dark, Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire,
Bring me my spear - O, clouds, unfold,
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
On England's green and pleasant land.

HOME, BOYS, HOME

(Traditional)

Well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a-sailing on the main
To gain the goodwill of his captain's good name
He came ashore one evening from the sea
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me.

Chorus:

*And it's home, boys, home,
Home I'd like to be,
Home for a while in my own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-growing greener in my own country.*

Well, I asked her for a candle to light me way to bed,
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head,
She tended to me needs as young maids ought to do,
And so I says to her, 'Why don't you jump in with me too?'

She jumped into bed and, making no alarm,
She thinks to this young sailor lad to do to her no harm,
I hugged her, I kissed her, the whole night long,
Till she wished the short night had been seven years long.

So early next morning, this sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold;
Said, 'Take this, me dear, for the damage that I've done,
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.'

'If it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse,
But if it be a boy child, he'll wear the jacket blue,
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do.'

So all you fair maidens, a warning take by me
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee;
I trusted one and he beguiled me
And left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee.

THE BLACK VELVET BAND

(Traditional)

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

Chorus:

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

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

I took a stroll with this pretty fair maid
And a gentleman passing us by,
I knew she meant the undoing of him
By the look in her roguish black eye.
A gold watch she took from his pocket
And placed it right into my hand;
On the very next street was a policeman,
Bad luck from the black velvet band.

Before the judge and the jury
Next morning I had to appear,
The judge he said to me, 'Young man,
Your case it is proven clear.
We'll give you seven years' penal servitude
To be spent far away from the land,
Far away from your friends and companions,
Betrayed by the black velvet band.'

So come all you jolly young fellows
And a warning take by me:
When you are out on the town, my boys,
Beware of the pretty colleens;
They'll feed you with strong drink, me lads,
Till you are unable to stand,
And the very next thing that you'll know is
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land.

THE LEAVING OF LIVERPOOL

Traditional

Fare thee well, the Prince's landing stage,
River Mersey, fare thee well,
For I'm bound for Cal-i-for-ni-ay,
It's a place that I know right well.

Chorus:

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

Yes, I'm bound for Cal-i-for-ni-ay,
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,
But you know that I'll write to you a letter, my love,
When I am homeward bound.

I have signed on a Yankee clipper ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And her captain's name it is Burgess,
And they say she's a floating shame.

It's me second time with Burgess in the *Crockett*,
And I reckon I know him well;
If a man's a sailor he will get along,
If not, then he's sure in hell.

Oh, the tug is waiting at the pier-head,
Waiting to take us downstream,
Her sail is loose and the anchor is stowed,
So fare thee well again.

Fare thee well to Lower Frederick Street,
Anson Terrace and Alparkie Lane,
For I know it's going to be a long, long time
Before I see you again.

SPANISH LADIES

Traditional

Farewell and adieu to you, fair Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain,
For we've received orders to sail for old England
And hope very shortly to see you again.

Chorus:

*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas
Till 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 ships to for to take soundings clear;
In fifty-five fathoms with a fine sandy bottom
We filled our main topsail, up Channel did steer.

The first land we made was a point called The Deadman,
Next Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight,
We sailed then by Beachy, by Fairlight and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

Now the signal was made for the Grand Fleet to anchor,
And all in the Downs that night for to lie,
Let go your shank painters, let go your cat stoppers,
Haul up your clew-garnets, let tacks and sheets fly.

Let every man here drink up his full bumper,
Let every man here drink up his full bowl,
And let us be jolly and drown melancholy,
Singing, Here's a good health to all true-hearted souls

BONFIRE BOYS

V. Goodyear

Chorus:

*Here come the Cliffe and here come the barrels,
Here come Lewes Bonfire Boys;
We will march in wind and weather,
Lift your feet and make some noise.*

We will ring the town with fire
Never shall our purpose fail;
All oppression we defy -
Our cause is just and must prevail.

Old Guy Fawkes, he played with powder,
But he burned his fingers sore;
He was hang-ed, drawn and quartered,
In our fires he burns once more.

And the Kaiser, he cries Havoc!
And lets slip the dogs of war;
Englishmen rise to the challenge,
And they make him pay the score.

Many a widow mourns her husband,
Many a mother mourns her son;
Lest we forget the price of victory
On this night their hymn is sung.

All you turncoats and time-servers
Who betray your people's trust
We will not be driven or commanded,
We will burn your pride to dust.

Lewes men have marched before us,
Lewes men will march again,
Lewes men, down all the ages
On this night of powder and flame.

Bottom of Form

TORCHMAKING

V. Goodyear

Chorus:

*Binding them neat, binding them close,
Binding them round with wire,
Binding them neat, binding them fast,
Fitting them for the fire.*

Battens and branches, split at the end,
Ready to grip the sacking,
Bind them up well, lay them in tens,
Then to the shed for stacking.

One with a knife, slitting the sacks,
Rolling them where he stands,
One at the block, swinging the axe,
Chopping them into bands.

All in the night, dip them in oil,
Work till the day is dawning,
Stand them to drain, cover them dry,
Cart them away in the morning.

All in the dark, three in a row
Ready to march we stand,
Waiting for fire to come down the line,
Torches in each right hand.

THE ENGINEER'S SONG

An engineer told me before he died
(Ar-oom titty bum titty bum titty bum)
An engineer told me before he died
His wife could never be satisfied
(Ar-oom titty bum titty bum titty bum
Ar-oom titty bum titty bum titty bum)

So he built him a prick of steel,
Harnessed to a bloody great wheel.

Two brass balls he filled with cream,
And the whole sodding issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam,
Down and down went the level of cream.

Til at last the maiden cried,
'Enough! Enough! I'm satisfied!'

Now here comes the tragic bit:
There was no way of stopping it.

She was split from arse to tit
And the whole sodding issue was covered in shit.

The moral of this story is
Never trust a fucking machine.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY

Hark now the drums beat up again
For all true soldier gentlemen
So let us list and march I say
And go over the hills and far away

Cho: Over the hills, and o'er the main
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey
And go over the hills and far away

There's twenty shillings on the drum
For him that with us freely comes
'Tis volunteers shall win the day
Over the hills and far away

Come gentlemen that have a mind
To serve a queen that's good and kind
Come list and enter in to pay
And go over the hills and far away

And we shall live more happy lives
Free of squalling brats and wives
Who nag and vex us every day
So its over the hills and far away

Prentice Tom may well refuse
To wipe his angry master's shoes
For now he's free to run and play
Over the hills and far away

No more from sound of drum retreat
When Marlborough and Galway beat
The French and Spaniards every day
Over the hills and far away.

LOWLANDS

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

I dreamed my love came in my sleep
Her cheeks were wet, her eyes did weep

She came and stood at my bedside
All dressed in white like some fair bride

She made no sound, no word she said
And then I knew my love was dead

I bound the weeper round my head
For now I knew my love was dead

And then on deck to hear the cry
O watch on deck O watch ahoy

HOME, LADS, HOME

'Twas overseas in India as the sun was setting low
With tramp of feet and jingle I heard the gun-teams go
And something seemed to set me a dreaming as I lay
Of my own Hampshire village at the quiet end of day

And it's home, lads home, all among the corn and clover
Home lads home, when the working day is over
There'll be rest for horse and man when the longest day is done
And we'll all go home together at the setting of the sun

Deep thatch with gardens blooming with lily and with rose
The Meon running past them, so quiet as it flows,
White fields of oats and barley and the elderflower like foam
And the sky all gold with sunset and the horses going home

Captain, Boxer, Traveller, I see them all so plain
With tassled headbands(?) nodding all along the leafy lane
Somewhere a bird is calling and the swallow flying low
And the lads all sitting sideways and singing as they go

Gone is many a lad now and many a horse gone too
All those lads and horses from those green fields I knew
For Dick fell at Givenchy and Prince beside the guns
On that red road to glory a mile or two from Mons.

Dead lads and shadowy horses, I see them all so plain
I see them and I know them and I call them each by name
While riding down from Swanmore with all the West a-glow
And the lads all sitting sideways and singing as they go

And it's home, lads, home, with the sunset on their faces
Home lads, home to those quiet happy places
Where there's rest for horse and man when the longest day is done
And we'll all go home together at the setting of the sun

sung by David Jones about World War I

The original words to "Home Lands Home" were written by either by a Hampshire Soldier during the First World War, or by Cicely Fox-Smith, who wrote a lot of songs about sailing ships from personal experience of them and was a remarkable character. Sarah [Morgan] found them in a magazine, edited them, and wrote a tune. The places mentioned are in

Hampshire, just north-west of Portsmouth — From the sleeve notes for the first Bread and Roses album (DRGN 881).

On the sleeve notes for Mick Ryan's musical drama "A Day's Work" the song is credited as being written by Fox-Smith with music by Sarah Morgan.

WHISKEY IN THE JAR

As I was going over the far famed Kerry mountains
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
Saying stand and deliver for I am the bold receiver

Chorus:

Ma sherim sha madoo shuma da
What fol me daddy o
What fol me daddy o
There's whiskey in the jar

I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny
She sighed and she swore that she never would deceive me
The Devil take that woman for she never can be easy

Chorus:

I went up to me chamber all for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels and for sure it was no wonder
But Jenny drew me charges and she filled them up with water
Then called for Captain Farrell to be ready for the slaughter

Chorus:

And early in the morning just before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footman and likewise Captain Farrell
I first produced my pistol for she'd stolen away me rapier
I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was taken

Chorus:

And if anyone can aid me 'tis me brother in the army
If I can find his station in Cork or in Kilarney
And if he'll leave with me we'll go roving in Kilkenny
I'm sure he'll treat me better than me darling sporting Jenny

Chorus:

There's some takes delight in the carriages and rolling,
Some takes delight in the hurley or the bowlin'.
But I takes delight in the juice of the barley,
Courting pretty maids in the morning oh so early.

HARVEYS IS THE BEER FOR ME

(To the tune Yankee Doodle)

If a man is ill it makes him well
And puts him in condition
A man that does drink Harveys ale
Is in need of no physician

Chorus:

Harveys is the beer for me
A pint of its so handy
Its as fine as any wine
And strong as any brandy

'Twill ease your pain and warm your brain
Drive out melancholy
A man that does drink Harveys ale
He will be fat and jolly

The foreigners may praise their wines
Tis only to deceive us
Would they come here and try this beer
I'm sure they'd never leave us

The meagre French there thirst to quench
Much good it'll do them
Give them a year on Harveys beer
Their country would not know them

All you who have not tried it yet
I'll have you set about it
A man with pence and common sense
Should never be without it

Chorus, twice.

The Wayward Boy

I was walking down the street, tapping at my feet
When a voice I heard above me
T'was a sweet colleen, from a windowdeline
She said I need someone to love me

I looked at her, she looked at me
The look she gave was thrilling
I said if you're the one who wants a bit of fun
Well the wayward boy is willing

Chorus:

To me skiddly idle doo, to me skiddly idle day
To me skiddly idle doodle die dah
To me skiddly idle doo, to me skiddly idle day
To me skiddly idle doodle die dah

She said I've heard of you, you wayward boy
You're name is far exalted
But I cant come down, I cant come down
My bedroom door is bolted

My father is a minister
My maidenhood does cherish
And if I come down, if I come down
My maidenhead will perish

Chorus:

Well the window was small so I shimmied up the wall
And I climbed in there beside her
She started to shout, tried to pushed out
And grabbed some clothes to hide her

She jumped into bed pulled the covers over her head
She said I would not find her
But she knew bloody well that she lied like hell
When I jumped ion there beside her

I pulled her breast close to my chest
I played her like a Thaio
And when I rang her bell she said I know bloody well
Why they call you the Wayward Boyo

Chorus:

Well the bed broke down, we landed on the ground
Her father came a gunnin'
So I jumped through the glass, landed on me head
And the wayward boy running

I ran so fast so far and wide
Heard shot gun sounds behind me
Spent a month in bed, picking out the lead
With a mirror held behind me

Chorus:

One morning in July I awoke with a sigh
With Melanie all around me (she's a big girl)
So I thought I'd go take a little walk
Find the girl I'd left behind me

She was still locked I to ward off sin
She did not look much older
She had 5 little boys, 6 little girls
And a baby on each shoulder

Chorus:

SUNSHINE MOUNTAIN

We're going up the sunshine mountain
Where the four winds blow
We're going up the sunshine mountain
Faces all aglow
Turn your back on all your troubles
Reach up to the sky
We're going up the sunshine mountain
You and I.....You and I.....You and I.

*(This is performed with appropriate gestures and continues
until the piece of furniture on which everyone is standing collapses.)*