



Songs for the Stockholm English Music sessions



First 14 years at Bishops Arms, Bellmansgatan



First session May 11, 2003



Last session at BA November 5, 2017

Next chapter continues at Sjätte Tunnan in the Old Town...

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

Here's to the man who drinks weak ale and goes to bed right sober...

Here's to the man who drinks strong ale and goes to bed right mellow...

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother...

Here's to the girl who steals a kiss and comes back for another...

John Barleycorn

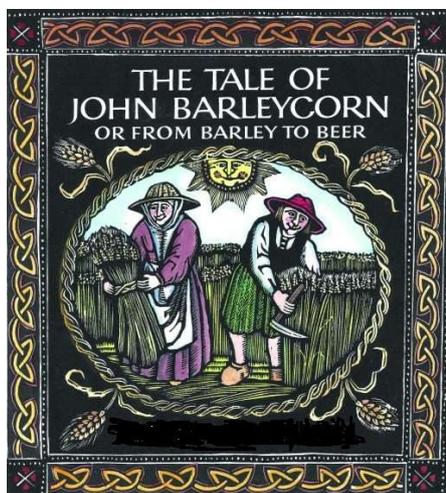
John Barleycorn is a hero bold, As any in the land
His fame has stood for ages good, And shall forever stand
The whole wide world respects him, No matter friend or foe
And where they'ed be that makes too free, He's sure to lay them low

Chorus:

*Hey John Barleycorn, oh, John Barleycorn
Old and young his praise is sung, John Barleycorn*

To see him in his pride of growth, His robes are rich and green
His head is speared with goodly beard, Fit nigh to serve the Queen
And when the harvest time comes round, And John is stricken down
He use his blood for England's good, And Englishmen's renown

The Lord in courtly castle, The Squire in stately home
The great of name, birth and fame, To John for succour comes
He bids the troubled heart rejoice, Gives warmth to nature's cold
Makes weak man strong and old man young, And all men brave and bold



The Padstow Drinking Song

Pass around the grog me boys
And never mind the score
Drink the good old liquor
And boldly ask for more

*Chorus: For 'tis he who will not merry, merry be
Shall never taste of joy
See, see the Cape's in view
And foreward my brave boys*

Here's a health unto his majesty
And long may he reign
King of all the seven seas
And pride of the Spanish Main

But one thing more I'll ask of you
Before I call for more
Give to me the girl I love
And the key to the cellar door

Never drunk shall he be called
Who falls down on the floor
He who can rise up again
And boldly call for more



Martin Said To His Man

*Chorus: Martin said to his man, "Fie, man, fie!"
Martin said to his man, "Who's the fool now?"
Martin said to his man, " You have a cup, I'll have a can
Thou art well drunken, man, who's the fool now?"*

I saw the mouse chase the cat, Fie, man, fie;
Saw the mouse chase the cat, who's the fool now?
Saw the mouse chase the cat, and the cheese eat the rat.
Thou art well drunken, man, who's the fool now?

I saw a maid milk a bull, Fie, man fie;
Saw a maid milk a bull, who's the fool now?
Saw a maid milk a bull, every stroke a bucket full.
Thou art well drunken, man, Who's the fool now?

I saw the cock lay an egg, Fie, man, fie;
Saw the cock lay an egg, who's the fool now?
Saw the cock lay an egg and the milkmaid churn the keg
With her granny's wooden leg, who's the fool now?



Jug of Punch (C)

As I was sitting with jug and spoon
On one fine morning in the month of June
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch

Chorus:

*Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-loo
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-lay
(Last two lines of verse)*

What more diversion can a man desire
Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire
With a kerry pippin to crack and crunch
Aye, and on the table a Jug of Punch

The learned doctors with all their art
Cannot cure the impression that's on the heart
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
When he's safe outside of a Jug of Punch

And when I'm dead and in my grave
No costly tombstone will I crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a Jug of Punch at my head and feet



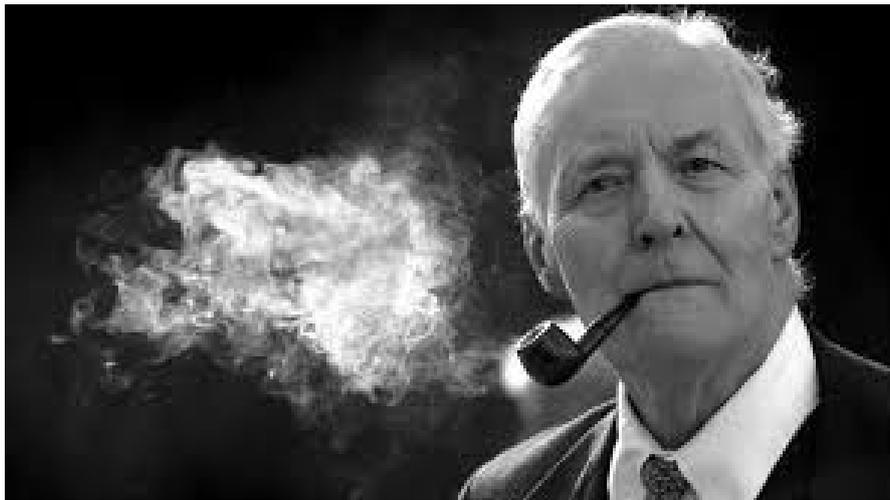
The Happy Man

How happy's that man that's free from all care
That loves to make merry, that loves to make merry
O'er a drop of good beer

*Chorus: With his pipe and his friends puffing hours away
Singing song after song 'till he hails the new day
He can laugh, dance and sing and smoke without fear,
Be as happy as a king 'till he hails a new year.*

How happy's the man that's free from all strife
He envies no other, he envies no other
But travels through life

Our seaman of old, they fear not their foes
They throw away discord, they throw away discord
And to mirth they're inclined



Tony Benn (1925 - 2014) – dedicated pipe smoker
and Labour MP with solid principles and integrity.

All For Me Grog

*Chorus: And it's all for me grog, me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
Well I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
Across the western ocean I must wander*

Where are me boots, me noggin, noggin boots
they're all gone for beer and tobacco
For the heels they are worn out and the toes are kicked about
And the soles are looking for better weather

I'm sick in the head and I haven't gone to bed
Since I first came ashore from me plunber
I see Centipedes and Snakes and I am full of pains and aches
So I better make a push out over yonder

Where is me shirt me noggin, noggin shirt
It's all gone for beer and tobacco
For the collar is all worn and the sleeves they are all torn
And the tail is looking for better weather

Byker Hill

If I had another penny
I would have another gill
I would make the piper play
The bonny lass of Byker Hill

*Byker Hill and Walker Shore
Collier lads for ever more (2x)*



The pitman and the keelman trim
They drink bumble made from gin
Then to dance they do begin
To the tune of Elsie Marley

When first I went down to the dirt
I had no coat and no pit shirt
Now I've gotten two or three
Walker Pit's done well by me

Geordie Charlton, he had a pig
He hit it with a shovel and it danced
a jig
All the way to Walker Shore
To the tune of Elsie Marley

Songs for the seasons



Country life (G)

*Chorus: I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon the layland
And hurrah! for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new-mown hay*

In the spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We'll go rambling in the new-mown hay

In the summer when the sun is hot
We sing, and dance and we drink a lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling in the new-mown hay

In the autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling in the new-mown hay

In the winter when the sky is grey
We'll edge and we'll ditch our time away
But of all the times if choose I may
Would be rambling in the new-mown hay

'Twas on One April Morning

'Twas on one April morning, just as the sun was rising,
'Twas on one April morning, I heard the small birds sing.
They were singing Lovely Nancy,
For love it is a fancy -
And sweet were the notes that I heard the small birds sing.

Young men are false and are full of all deceiving;
Young men are false, and they seldom do prove true.
For they're roving and they're ranging
And their minds are always changing
And they're thinking for to find out some other girl that's new.

O if I had but my own heart in keeping,
O if I had but my own heart back again:
Close in my bosom
I would lock it up forever
And it should wander never so far from me again.

So why would you spend all your long time in courting?
Why would you spend all your long time in vain?
For I don't intend to marry,
I would rather longer tarry.
O young man, don't you spend all your single life in vain.

(repeat first verse)



The Keeper (G)

The keeper did a-shooting go
And under his cloak he carried a bow
All for to shoot at a merry little doe
Among the leaves so green, O

*Chorus: Jackie boy! Master!
Sing ye well! Very well!
Hey down, Ho down, derry derry down
Among the leaves so green, O
To my hey down down, to my ho down down
Hey down, ho down, derry derry down
Among the leaves so green, O*

The first doe he shot at he missed
The second doe he trimmed he kissed
The third doe went where nobody wist
Among the leaves so green, O

The fourth doe she did cross the plain
The keeper fetched her back again
Where she is now she may remain
Among the leaves so green, O

The fifth doe she did cross the brook
The keeper fetched her back with his crook
Where she is now you must go and look
Among the leaves so green, O

The sixth doe she ran over the plain
But he with his hounds did turn her again
And it's there he did hunt in a merry, merry vein
Among the leaves so green, O



Hal-an-tow (trad)

Take no scorn to wear the horn
It was the crest when you was born
Your father's father wore it
And your father wore it too

Chorus:

*Hal-an-tow, jolly rumble-O
We were up long before the day-O
To welcome in the summer,
To welcome in the May-O
The summer is a-coming in
And winter's gone away-O*

What happened to the Spaniards
That made so great a boast-O?
Why they shall eat the feathered goose
And we shall eat the roast-O

Robin Hood and Little John
Have both gone to the fair-O
And we will to the merry green wood
To hunt the buck and hare-O

God bless Aunt Mary Moyses
And all her power and might-O
And send us peace to England
Send peace by day and night-O



Padstow May Song (trad)

Unite and unite, and let us all unite
For summer is a-comin' today.
And whither we are going we all will unite,
In the merry morning of May.

The young men of Padstow, they might if they would,
For summer is a-comin' today.
They might have built a ship and gilded it with gold
In the merry morning of May.

The young women of Padstow, they might if they would,
For summer is a-comin' today.
They might have built a garland with the white rose and the red
In the merry morning of May.

Rise up, Mrs Johnson, all in your gown of green
For summer is a-comin' today.
You are as fine a lady as waits upon the Queen
In the merry morning of May.

Oh where is King George? Oh where is he-O?
He's out in his longboat, all on the salt sea-O.
Up flies the kite, down falls the lark-O.
Aunt Ursula Birdhood, she has an old ewe,
And she died in her own park-O.

With the merry ring and with the joyful spring,
For summer is a-comin' today.
How happy are the little birds and the merrier we shall sing
In the merry morning of May.

Oh where are the young men that now do advance
For summer is a-comin' today.
Some they are in England and some they are in France
In the merry morning of May.

Summer songs

Pleasant and Delightful (D)

It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn
All the green fields and the meadows they were covered with corn
The blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green tree
And the larks they sang melodious at the dawning of the day

*Chorus: and the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious
And the larks they sang melodious
At the dawning of the day*

Said the sailor to his true love as they walked that day
Said the sailor to his true love: "I am bound far away
I'm bound for the Indies where the cannons loud roar
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore

Chorus: I must go and leave my Nancy etc.

Then the ring from her finger she instantly drew
Saying: "Take this, dearest William, and my heart shall go too"
And while he embraces her tears from her eyes fell
Saying: "May I go along with you?" "Oh, no, my love, farewell"

Chorus: Saying "May I go along with you?" etc

"Fare you well my lovely Nancy, I can no longer stay
for the top sails they are hoisted our anchors away
our ship lies awaiting for the next flowing tide
and if ever I return again, I will make you my bride.

Chorus: And if ever I return again etc.

Holmfirth Anthem (trad)

||:Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking
On one summer summer's evening clear:||
There I beheld a most beautiful damsel
||:Lamenting for her shepherd swain:||

||:The fairest evening that e'er I beheld thee
Evermore with the lad I adore:||
Wilt thou go fight the French and the Spaniards
||:Wilt thou leave me thus my dear? :||

||:No more to yon green banks will I take thee
With pleasure for to rest meself and view the lambs:||
But I will take you to yon green garden
||:Where the pretty pretty flowers grow:||



Autumn songs

Ode to Autumn or The Charmer

This is one of the many songs from the prolific pen of great Robbie Burns (1759 - 96) to pass into the folk tradition. Under the title of 'Westlin' Winds' it is sung widely throughout Ulster.

Lyrics :

Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns bring Autumn's pleasant weather,
The moorcock springs on whirring wings above the bloomin' heather,
The waving grain wide o'er the plain, delights the weary farmer,
The moon shines bright as I stroll at night to muse upon my charmer.

The pheasant loves fruit-filled vales, the plover loves the mountain,
The moorcock haunts the lonely dales, the soaring heron the fountain,
Thru' every grove the cushat roves, the path of man to shun it,
The hazel bush overhangs the thrush, the spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find, the savage and the tender,
Some social join and leagues combine, some solitary wander.
Avant away the cruel sway, tyrannic man's dominion,
The huntsman's joy, the murdering cry, the fluttering gory pinion.

Now Peggy dear, the evening's clear, thick fly the skimming swallows,
The sky is blue, the fields in view, are faded green and yellow,
So let us stray our gladsome way, to view the charms of Nature,
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn and every happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, while the silent moon shines clearly,
I'll grasp your waist and fondly praise for I swear I love you dearly,
Not vernal showers unto budding flowers, not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear to me as thou can be, my own, my lovely charmer

Farmer's Toast (trad)

Come all jolly fellows that love to be mellow,
Attend unto me, and sit easy;
A pint when it's quiet, come lads let us try it,
For thinking can drive a man crazy.
By plowing and sowing and reaping and mowing,
King Nature affords me a plenty;
I've a cellar well-stored, and a plentiful board,
And my garden provides every dainty.

Chorus:



*I have lawns, I have bowers,
I have fields, I have flowers,
And the lark is my morning alarmer.
So you jolly boys, now, here's a health to the plough,
Long life and success to the Farmer.*

Let the wealthy and great roll in splendour and state,
I envy them not, I declare it.
For I eat my own hams, my own chickens and lambs,
And I shear my own sheep and I wear it.
Were it not for my seeding you'd get but poor feeding,
I'm sure you would all starve without me.
I'm always content when I've paid my rent,
And I'm happy when friends are about me.

Draw near to my table, my lads if you're able
Let me hear not one word of complaining.
For the jingling of glasses all music surpasses,
And I love to see bottles a-draining.
For here I am king, I can laugh, drink, or sing,
And let no man appear as a stranger.
But show me the ass who refuses a glass,
And I'll treat him to hay in the manger.

What's The Life Of A Man (trad)

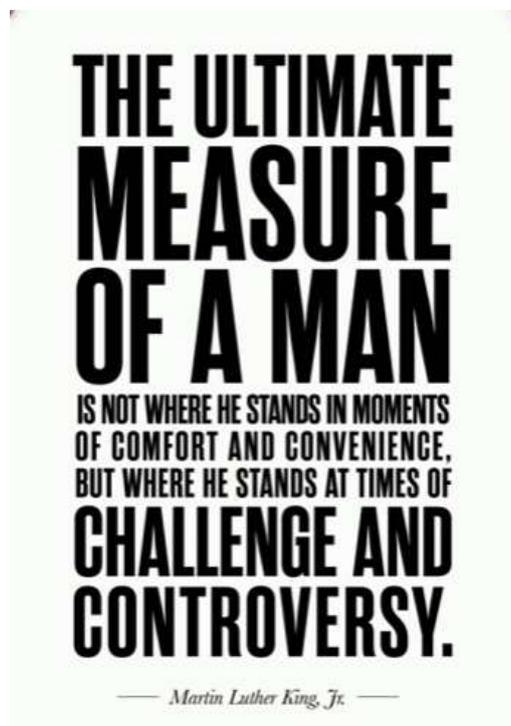
Chorus:

*What's the life of a man any more than a leaf
A man has his seasons so why should he grieve
All through this life we appear fine and gay
Like a leaf we must wither and soon fade away*

As I was a-walking one morning at ease
A-viewing the leaves as they fell from the trees
All in full motion appearing to be
The leaves that are withered they fall from the tree

If you had seen those leaves just a few days ago
How fine and how green they all did seem to grow
A frost came upon them and withered them all
A storm came upon them and down they did fall

If you look in that graveyard there you will find
Those that have withered and fallen to the ground
When age and afflictions upon us do call
Like a leaf we must wither and down we will fall



Only Remembered

Trad/John Tams

Fading away like the stars in the morning
Losing their light in the glorious sun
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling
Only remembered for what we have done
Only remembered
Only remembered
Only remembered for what we have done
Thus would we pass from this earth and its toiling
Only remembered for what we have done

Only the truth that in life we have spoken
Only the seed that in life we have sown
These shall pass onwards when we are forgotten
Only remembered for what we have done
Only remembered
Only remembered
Only remembered for what we have done
These shall pass onwards when we are forgotten
Only remembered for what we have done

Who'll sing the anthem and who'll tell the story
Will the line hold will it scatter and run
Shall we at last be united in glory
Only remembered for what we have done
Only remembered
Only remembered
Only remembered for what we have done
Shall we at last be united in glory
Only remembered for what we have done



Winter songs

Dark December

Graeme Miles

Oh, should we curse the winter
For being ever so long?
When the trees are black and
groaning
And every leaf has gone
And from the silent blackthorn bush
There comes no smallbird song
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
And December most of all?

Oh, should we curse the winter
For being ever so cold?
When the sheep together huddle
To keep warm in their fold
When a man won't leave his fireside
Unless that man is bold
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
And December most of all?

Oh, should we curse the winter
For being ever so bleak?
When a man turns up his collar
To warm his frozen cheek
When he hurries through the
icebound streets
Through rain and sleet and squall
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should be curse the winter
And December most of all?

Oh, should we curse the winter
For being ever so dark?
When the sun is late in rising
And early to depart
When the biting northern blizzard
winds
Freeze our very hearts
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
Oh, should we curse the winter
And December most of all?

No, we should not curse the winter
With its raging winds and storms
Likewise the cold and darkness
No man on earth should scorn
For was winter not the season
But the Christchild he was born
No, we should not curse the winter
We should not curse the winter
We should not curse the winter
And December least of all

Here we come a wassailing

Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering so fair to be seen,
Love and joy come to you, and to your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

We are not daily beggars that beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children who you have seen before,
Love and joy come to you, and to your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you a happy New Year,
And God send you a happy New Year.

Old Apple Tree Wassail

Old apple tree we wassail thee, And hope that thou wilt bear
The Lord does know, Where we shall , To be merry another year.

*Chorus: To bloom well, And to bear well And so merry let us be
Let every man drink up his cup, And health to the old apple tree.*

Through wind and snow, around we'll go, But thinking of the spring
Of warming sun and cooling rain, And a new life they will bring

We'll sing our song, it won't take long, So bring to us your purse
We'll soon be gone, but back next year, For better or for worse

Our noble tree, a toast to thee, With cider and with beer
And drink a cup, to thee we'll sup, To be merry another year



Apple Tree Wassail

O lily-white lily, o lily-white pin,
Please to come down and let us come in!
Lily-white lily, o lily-white smock,
Please to come down and pull back the lock!

*Chorus: (It's) Our wassail jolly wassail!
Joy come to our jolly wassail!
How well they may bloom, how well they may bear
So we may have apples and cider next year.*

O master and mistress, o are you within?
Please to come down and pull back the pin

There was an old farmer and he had an old cow,
But how to milk her he didn't know how.
He put his old cow down in his old barn.
And a little more liquor won't do us no harm.
Harm me boys harm, harm me boys harm,
A little more liquor won't do us no harm.

O the ringles and the jingles and the tenor of the song goes
Merrily merrily merrily.
O the tenor of the song goes merrily.

*Spoken: Hatfulls, capfulls, three-bushel bagfulls,
Little heaps under the stairs.
Hip hip hooray!*



Silly songs

Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse (G)

Oh the world is so delighted
And the kids are so excited
For the stork has brought a
Son and daughter
To Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse

Oh the Mayor and Corporation
Have planned the Jubilation
For the stork has brought a
Son and daughter
To Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse

Pluto's giving a party
But before the fun begins
He presents the Golden Dollar
To the father of the twins

Oh the preacher's eyes are glistening
For he's thinking of the Christening
For the stork has brought a
Son and daughter
To Mr and Mrs Mickey Mouse



Want A Banana

Ralph Butler & Tolchard Evans

A sailor and his sweetheart were walking hand in hand,
The day that he was sailing for a foreign land.
Said he, "Oh tell me, darling, what shall I bring you back?"
She came a little closer and then she said, "Oh, Jack—

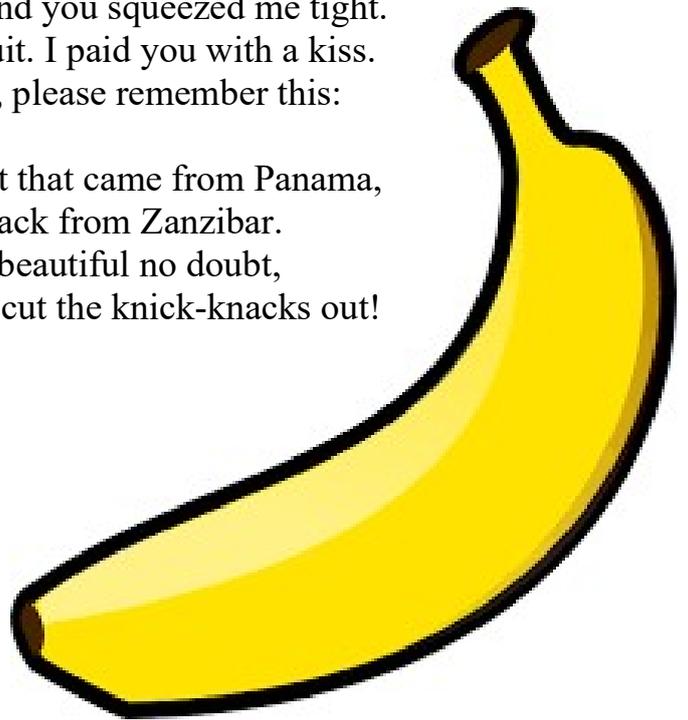
Chorus:

*I want a banana. I want a banana.
Bring me back a banana, sailor boy!
I want a banana. I want a banana.
That's the thing I really should enjoy.*

*You can tell the captain. You can tell the crew.
I don't want a monkey or a cockatoo.
I want a banana. I want a banana.
Bring me back a banana, sailor boy!*

You brought me back an orange. It gave me great delight.
You brought me back a lemon, and you squeezed me tight.
You brought me back a grapefruit. I paid you with a kiss.
Now, when you're in Jamaica, please remember this:

You brought me back a straw hat that came from Panama,
A pair of coral earrings, back from Zanzibar.
Fine Oriental trinkets are beautiful no doubt,
But when you're in Jamaica, oh, cut the knick-knacks out!



The Welly Boot Song

Trad/Billy Connelly

Wellies they are wonderful, oh wellies they are swell,
Cause they keep oot the water, an' they keep in the smell,
An' when yer sittin' in a room, you can always tell,
When some bugger takes off his wellies.



Chorus:

If it wasna' for your wellies where would you be?
You'd be in the hospital or infirmary,
Cause you would have a dose of the flu or even pleurisy,
If you didna' have your feet in your wellies!

But when yer oot there walking, in the country way about
An yer strolling over fields just like a fairmer's herd.
And somebody shouts "Keep aff the grass," and you think "How
absurd;"
And, squelch, you find why fairmers a' wear wellies.

Chorus

There's fishermen and firemen, there's farmers an a',
Men oot digging ditches an' working in the snaw;
This country it would grind tae a halt and no' a thing would graw
If it wasna' for the workers in their wellies.

Chorus

Noo Edward Heath and Wilson, they havna' made a hit,
They're ruinin' this country, mair than just a bit,
If they keep on the way they are goin', we'll all be in the sh...,
So you'd be'er get your feet in your wellies.

Chorus



Shanties & Sea Songs

What shall we do with the drunken sailor

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



*Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Hooray and up she rises
Early in the morning*

Put him in a long-boat till he's sober...

Pull out the plug and wet him all over...

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him...

Have him by the leg in a running bowlin'...

Give him the hair of the dog that bit him...

Put him in the bed with the captains daughter...

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor...

Mingulay Boat Song

*Chorus:
Heel yo ho, boys, let her go, boys;
Bring her head round, into the
weather,
Heel yo ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay*

What care we for, white the Minch
is?
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys; every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,
Or looking seaward, from the
heather;
Pull her round, boys, then you'll
anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Ships return now, heavy laden
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'
They'll return, though, when the sun
sets
They'll return to Mingulay.

A Sailor Ain't a Sailor

Tom Lewis

Well, me father always told me, when I was just a lad,
A sailor's life was very hard, the food was always bad.
But now I've joined the Navy, I'm aboard a Man o' War
And now I find a sailor ain't a sailor any more.

*Chorus: Don't haul on the rope. Don't climb up the mast.
If you see a sailing ship it might be your last.
Get your civvies ready for another run ashore.
A sailor ain't a sailor, ain't a sailor any more.*

We've nearly got a mess. He says we have it soft.
It wasn't like this in his day when he was up aloft.
We like our bunks and sleeping bags, but what's a hammock for?
Swinging on the deckhead or lying on the floor?

They gave us engines that first went up and down.
Then with more technology the engines went around.
We know of steam and diesel but what's a mainyard for?
A stoker ain't a stoker with a shovel any more.

They gave us an Aldis lamp so we could do it right.
They gave us a radio to signal day and night.
We know our codes and ciphers, but what's a semaphore?
The bunting tosser doesn't toss the bunting any more.

Two cans of beer a day and that's your bleeding lot.
Now we get an extra one because they've stopped the tot.
So we'll put on our civvy clothes and find a pub ashore.
A sailor's still a sailor, just like he was before.



Rosabella

One Monday morning in the month of May
One Monday morning in the month of May
I thought I heard the old man say,
" The Rosabella will sail today"

Chorus:

*I'm going on board the Rosabella
I'm going on board the Rosabella
I'm going on board right down to board,
The saucy Rosabella*

She's a deep water ship with a deep water crew,
She's a deep water ship with a deep water crew,
You can stick to the coast but were damned if we do
On board the Rosabella

All around Cape Horn in the month of May.
All around Cape Horn in the month of May.
It's around Cape Horn its a bloody long way
On board the Rosabella

Them Liverpool girls they make me grieve,
Them Liverpool girls they make me grieve,
For they spend me money and I must leave
On board the Rosabella



New York Girls

As I walked down the Broadway
One evening in July
I met a maid who asked me trade
And a sailor John says I

Chorus:

*And away, you Santee
My Dear Annie
Oh, you New York girls
can't you dance the polka?*

To Tiffany's I took her
I did not mind expense
I bought her two gold earrings
And they cost me fifteen cents

Says she, 'You Limejuice sailor
Now see me home you may'
But when we reached her cottage
door
She this to me did say

My flash man he's a Yankee
With his hair cut short behind
He wears a pair of long sea-boots
And he sails in the Blackball Line

He's homeward bound this evening
And with me he will stay
So get a move on, sailor-boy
Get cracking on your way

So I kissed her hard and proper
Afore her flash man came
And fare ye well, me Bowery gal
I know your little game

I wrapped me glad rags round me
And to the docks did steer
I'll never court another maid
I'll stick to rum and beer

I joined a Yankee blood-boat
And sailed away next morn
Don't ever fool around with gals
You're safer off Cape Horn



Roll the Old Chariot

Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
Oh, a drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm,
An' we'll all hang on behind!

So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!
An' we'll roll the golden chariot along!
So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!
An' we'll all hang on behind!

Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,
Oh, a plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm,
An' we'll all hang on behind!

So we'll ro-o-oll the old chariot along!

Oh, a nice watch below wouldn't do us any harm.

Oh, a night with the gals wouldn't do us any harm.

South Australia

In South Australia I was born, *heave away, haul away*
In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, *we're bound for South Australia*

Haul away your rolling king, heave away, haul away
Haul away, you'll hear me sing, we're bound for South Australia

As I walked out one morning fair, *heave away, haul away*
'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair, *we're bound for South Australia*

There's just one thing that's on my mind, *heave away, haul away*
That's leaving Nancy Blair behind, *we're bound for South Australia*

And as we wallop round Cape Horn, *heave away, haul away*
You'll wish to God you've never been born, *we're bound for South Australia*

In South Australia I was born, *heave away, haul away*
In South Australia, 'round Cape Horn, *we're bound for South Australia*

Sloop John B

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

Chorus:

*So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore
Let me go home, let me go home
I wanna go home, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up
I wanna go home*

The first mate he got drunk
And broke in the Cap'n's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff John Stone
Why don't you leave me alone, yeah yeah
Well I feel so broke up I wanna go home

Chorus

Well the poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home
Why don't they let me go home
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus

Music Hall songs



I'm Henery the Eighth, I am!
Henery the Eighth, I am! I am!
I got married to the widow next door,
She's been married seven times before.
Everyone was a Henery,
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam
I'm her eighth old man named Henery,
Henery the Eighth, I am! I am!
Henery the Eight, I am!

...

Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I love London so.
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I think of her wherever I go.
I get a funny feeling inside of me
Just walking up and down.
Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
That I love London town.

...

Come, come, come and make eyes at me
Down at the Old Bull and Bush
Come, come, drink some port wine with me
Down at the Old Bull and Bush
Hear the little German band,
Just let me hold your hand, dear, do,
Do come and have a drink or two
Down at the Old Bull and Bush

...

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again, some sunny day.
Keep smiling through, just like you always do
Till the blue skies chase the dark clouds, far away.
Oh won't you please say "Hello" to the folks that I know
Tell them, I won't be long.
They'll be happy to know that when you saw me go
I was singing this song.
We'll meet again,.....

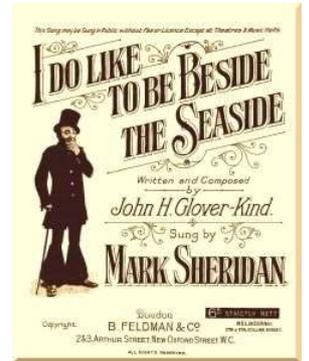


Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet, on the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two!



...
My old man said, "Follow the van,
And don't dilly dally on the way!"
Off went the van with the home packed in it.
I walked behind 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-quarter,
And I can't find my way home

...
Oh! I do like to be beside the sea-side
I do like to be beside the sea
I do like to stroll upon the Prom, Prom, Prom,
Where the brass-bands play Tiddely-om-pom-pom!
So just let me be beside the sea-side
I'll be beside myself with glee
And there's lots of girls besides,
I should like to be beside,
Beside the seaside!
Beside the sea!



“For Your dedication and delight...”

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly!
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there! "



...
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys; that's the style.
What's the use of worrying? It never was worthwhile; So Pack up your
troubles.....

...
I see the moon, the moon sees me
shining through the leaves of the old oak tree
Oh, let the light that shines on me
shine on the one I love.

Over the mountain, over the sea,
back where my heart is longing to be
Oh, let the light that shines on me
shine on the one I love.

I hear the lark, the lark hears me
singing from the leaves of the old oak tree
Oh, let the lark that sings to me
sing to the one I love,

Over the mountains, over the sea
back where my heart is longing to be
Oh, let the lark that sings to me
sing to the one I love.

Farewell songs

The Parting Glass

Of all the money that ere I had, I spent it in good company.
And of all the harm that ere I've done, alas was done to none but me.
And all I've done for want of wit, to memory now I cannot recall.
So fill me to the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Of all the comrades that ere I had, they're sorry for my going away,
And of all the sweethearts that ere I had, they wish me one more day to stay,
But since it falls unto my lot that I should rise while you should not,
I will gently rise and I'll softly call, "Goodnight and joy be with you all!"

Oh, if I had money enough to spend and leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town that sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosey cheeks and ruby lips, she alone has my heart in thrall.
So fill me to the parting glass. Goodnight and joy be with you all.

Good Night

as sung by the Yale Yachting Club

Good night, ladies!
Good night, ladies!
Good night, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

*Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.*

Farewell, ladies; (2x)
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now.
Merrily, etc.

Sweet dreams, ladies; (2x)
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now.
Merrily, etc.

Farewell Shanty

It's time to go now
Haul away your anchor
Haul away your anchor
'tis our sailing time

Get some sail upon her
Haul away your halyards
Haul away your halyards
'tis our sailing time

Get her on her course now
Haul away your foresheets
Haul away your foresheets
'tis our sailing time

Waves are surging under
Haul away down channel
Haul away down channel
On the evening tide

When my days are over
Haul away for heaven
Haul away for heaven
God be by my side

(When We go) Rolling Home (F)

John Tams

Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride
There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side
There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

*Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling
When we go rolling home*

Pass the bottle round and let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be
Fair wages are now or never, let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

*Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling
When we go rolling home*

*Rolling home, when we go rolling home
When we go rolling, rolling
When we go rolling home*