

Ale, Glorious Ale (trad.)

1.
Now when I were a young man my father did say
Summer's a coming it's time to make hay
Now when hays been carted don't you ever fail
To drink gaffer's health in a pint of good ale.

Ch.

*Ale, ale, glorious ale
Served up in pewter it tells it's own tale
Some folks likes radishes some curly kale
But give I boiled parsnips and a gurt dish of taters
And a lump of fatty bacon and a pint of good ale.*

2.
Now take those teetotallers they drinks water neat.
It must rot their gutsies and give 'em damp feet.
Now I always say that a man can't grow stale
On boiled beef and bacon and a pint of good ale.

3.
Our MP's in Parliament our faith for to keep
I hope now we've put him there he won't sit and sleep.
He'll always get my vote if he never fail
To bring down the price of our good English Ale.

All For Me Grog (trad.)

*Ch. All for me grog me jolly, jolly grog
All for me beer and tobacco
For I spent all me tin on the lassies drinking gin
And across the western oceans I must wander.*

V1.
Now where are me boots me noggin' noggin' boots
All gone for beer and tobacco
The heels they are worn out and the soles are
knocked about
And the toes are looking out for better weather.

V2.
Now where is my shirt me noggin' noggin' shirt
All gone for beer and tobacco
The collar is worn out & the front is knocked about
And the tail is looking out for better weather.

V3.
Now where is me hat me noggin' noggin' hat
All gone for beer and tobacco
The brim is all turned down there's a hole up in the
crown
And me hair is looking out for better weather.

V4
I'm sick in me head for I haven't been to bed
Since first I came ashore with me plunder
I see centipedes and snakes and I'm full of pains
and aches
So I better make a push out over yonder

`Alf a Pint of Ale (Gus Elen)

For breakfast I likes a little bit of toast,
And `alf a pint of ale.
And for dinner I likes a little bit of meat,
And `alf a pint of ale.
Now for tea I likes a little bit o` fish,
And `alf a pint of ale.
But for supper I likes a crust of bread and cheese,
And a gallon and a half of ale.

All Around My Hat (trad.)

Chorus

*All around my hat, I will wear the green willow,
And all around my hat, for a twelve-month and a day.
And if anyone should ask me the reason why I'm wearin' it,
It's all for my true love who's far, far, away*

Fare thee well cold winter, and fare thee well cold frost.
For nothing I have gained, but my own true love have lost.
So sing and I'll be merry, when occasion I do see-
She's a false deluded lover, let her go, fare well she.

The other day I brought her a fine golden ring:
I asked her to marry, but oh what an awful thing.
I thought that she loved me, 'til she began to laugh
She showed me the door and threw out my hat.

Take a quarter pound of reason, and a half pound of sense
A small sprig of time, and a pinch of prudence,
Now mix then all together and you and you will plainly see:
She's a false deluded lover, let her go, fare well she.

Just for fun: sing 3 lines of chorus then new 4th line
"It's my bloody willow and my bloody hat!" or.....
All around my flat I will wear the green wellies..... (Carrot)

All For Maggy's Party (Scot.Lab.Conf 1981 + 4th ed
tune: Marie's Wedding)

Blue rosettes and blue rinsed hair,
Tory ladies everywhere,
Arm in arm and debonair,
All for Maggie's Party.

Chorus:
*Tory ladies, on we go,
Where we're going we don't know;
But we'll make a damn fine show,
All for Maggie's Party.*

Summer fetes were not in vain,
Selling knick-knacks in the rain,
Tupperware is quite the game,
All for Maggie's Party.

Help support our new MP,
Make him scones and Typhoo tea;
That's the place for you and me -
Here in Maggie's Party.

These old dears they still do roam
In your local nursing home
Rummaging with fine tooth comb
All for Maggy's Party.

All Things Dull and Ugly (lyrics by Eric Idle
tune: All Things Bright and Beautiful)

*All things dull and ugly,
All creatures short and squat,
All things rude and `orrible,,
The Lord God made the lot.*

Each little snake that poisons,
Each little wasp that stings,
He made their brutish venom,
He made their nasty wings.

All things sick and cancerous,
All gross things great and small,
All things foul and dangerous,
The Lord God made them all.

Each viscious little hornet,
Each beastly little squid--
Who made the spikey urchin?
Who made the sharks? He did!

All things scabbed and ulcerous,
All pox both great and small,
All things foul and gangrenous,
The Lord God made them all

Annie Laurie (trad.)

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true
Which ne'er forgot will be
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift
Her throat is like the swan
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on
And dark blue is her e'e
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

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

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life (Eric Idle)

*Always look on the bright side of life...whistle
Always look on the bright side of life...whistle*

Some things in life are bad
They can really make you mad
Other things just make you swear and curse.
When you're chewing on life's gristle
Don't grumble, give a whistle
And this'll help things turn out for the best...

*And...always look on the bright side of life...whistle
Always look on the light side of life... whistle*

If life seems jolly rotten
There's something you've forgotten
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.
When you're feeling in the dumps
Don't be silly chumps
Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing.

*And...always look on the bright side of life... whistle
Always look on the light side of life... whistle*

For life is quite absurd
And death's the final word
You must always face the curtain with a bow.
Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin
Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

*So always look on the bright side of death
Just before you draw your terminal breath*

Life's a piece of s***
When you look at it
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true.
You'll see it's all a show
Keep 'em laughing as you go
Just remember that the last laugh is on you.

*And always look on the bright side of life...
Always look on the right side of life...
(Come on guys, cheer up!)
Always look on the bright side of life...
Always look on the bright side of life...
(Worse things happen at sea, you know.)
Always look on the bright side of life...
(I mean - what have you got to lose?)
(You know, you come from nothing - you're going
back to nothing.
What have you lost? Nothing!)
Always look on the right side of life...*

Any Old Iron? (trad. as sung by Harry Champion)

Just about a week or two ago
my dear old Uncle Bill,
He went and kicked the bucket
and he left me in his will.
So I went around the road
to see my Auntie Jane.
She said, "your Uncle Bill
has left you a watch and chain."
So I put it on right across my derby kell.
The sun was shining on it
and it made me look a swell.
I went out, strolling round about.
A crowd of kiddies followed me
and they began to shout,

*"Any old iron? Any old iron?
Any, any, any old iron?
You look neat. Talk about a treat!
You look so dapper
from your napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, brand-new tile,
And your father's old green tie on.
But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old
watch and chain, old iron, old iron.*

This song was written following a memorable visit to an exhibition of granite nude sculptures overlooking Oslo, Norway. Gustav Vigeland the artist had expressed his understanding of the effects of aging on the body.

Are They Lonesome Tonight?

(lyrics ed. tune: Are You Lonesome Tonight)

Are they lonesome tonight?
The left and the right?
Are you sorry they drifted apart?
Do your mammaries stray
And get droopier each day
No more bosom friends
Close to the heart?

Does the space in your Playtex
Seem empty and bare?
Do you gaze at the contents
And picture them there?
If you made a weight gain
Would they come back again?
Tell me dear
Are they lonesome tonight?

A-Roving (trad)

In Amsterdam there lived a maid
Mark well what I do say!
In Amsterdam there lived a maid
And she was mistress of her trade,
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.

Chorus: *A-rovin', a-rovin', since rovin's been my ru-i-in
I'll go no more a-rovin' with you fair maid.*

I put me hand upon her toe. *Mark well...*
Sez she, "Young man, you're rather low"

I sat this maid upon my knee, *Mark well...*
Said she, "Young man you're rather free."

waist.../you're in great haste.
thigh.../ ...you're rather high
breast.../...the wind blows south south west.

Arrest These Merry Gentlemen (Chris Sugden lyrics,
tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen)

1. Arrest these merry gentlemen & take them all away.
Arrest these merry gentlemen it may be Christmas Day.
But they're singing and they're fighting
And they're causing an affray.

ch. *So take tidings to Constable Joy
Constable Joy
So take tidings to Constable Joy.*

2. It was a silent night before some rough unruly lout.
Began to pick an argument and loudly he did shout.
Now I think I see some
Christmas boxing breaking out.

3. It is a right old ding dong & they're merrily on high.
They're swinging from the rafters & they're throwing
Christmas pie.
Now I think the vicar has just
Got one in the eye.

4. Arrest these gerry mentlemen & take away their beer.
Arrest these gerry mentlemen they may be full of cheer
But without the landlord's daughter
Well they might be turning queer.

As Usual (Billy Connolly ad Clive Blunt)

I 'woke up with an aching head. *As usual*
I Don't remember going to bed. *As usual*
My stomach's feeling rather queer,
There's a thunderstorm in my left ear,
It must have been the bitter beer. *As usual.*

We sucked the booze up like a Hoover, *As usual*
The cheep wine and the paint remover. *As usual*
And somewhere deep inside my brain
I can hear a diesel train.
I swear I'll never drink again. *As usual.*

I 'woke up in a public park. *As usual*
I must have crawled there after dark. *As usual*
I'd better see how much I've got,
Oh Jesus Christ! I've spent the lot.
I must have been a drunken sot. *As usual*

I went out with The Morris Men. *As usual*
We danced outside the pub, and then. *As usual*
We went inside, we sang, we played,
Abused the host and his barmaid, the music lovers
and his local trade,
His wife, his dog, then I'm afraid,
We generally misbehaved,
We fought, we swore, we never paid.
AS USUAL!

Away Day (lyrics ad.Kipper family by ed/tune:Gaudete)

**Ch. Away day, away day, cheap day returnas
Non omnibus St. Pancreas, away day.**

Cleopatra virginiae, terra incognito
In loco parentis Caesar; multi Kama Sutra

Troilus et Cresida, cum homo erectus
Strangulated hernia, coitus interruptus.

Cosa Nostradamus est in video nasti
In dramatis personae, my little poni.

Romulus et Remus in flagrente delecte
Honi soi qui mal y pense, Harry Belefonte

Gina Lolabrigida, osteo arthrytus
In vino veritas, Peter Dominicus.

Bovine Botulosis et insanus mad cowum
Fruitum salad loopio locked up sanatorium.

Crumpetus ad nausea shaggus in excessus
Chipalato droopio Pamela Bordelus.

Figaro in opera, minus a soprano
Allegro castrati, Dame Placido Domingo.

Non compus mentis, continuo ad nauseum
Ad lib etcetera, quad erat demonstrandum.

Ball Of Yarn (trad)

One sunny morn in May as I was on my way
To visit my Grandfather's farm
I spies a pretty maid a resting in the shade
She was winding up her little ball of yarn

*Oh the Blackbird and the Thrush
They sing out from every bush
Keep your hand on your little ball of yarn*

A pretty girl was May as she lay there in the hay
The scene it was so quiet and so calm
I dropped down where she lay and unto her did say
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

No! no! kind sir says she, you're a stranger unto me
To other girls you may possess some charm
You'd better go away and come back another day
To wind up my little ball of yarn

I kissed that pretty maid just underneath the shade
Intending to do to her no harm
'Cos the Blackbird and the Thrush, they sing out from
every bush
To remind her of her little ball of yarn

Ten weary months has passed 'ere I saw that maid at last
And I met her with a baby on her arm
But she didn't know 'twas me 'till I told her it was me
Who had wound up her little ball of yarn

Away With Rum (trad)

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band
On the right side of temperance we do take our
stand

We don't use tobacco, because we do think
The people who use it are likely to drink

**Ch. Away, away with rum by gum,
with rum by gum, with rum by gum
Away, away with rum by gum,
the song of the temperance union**

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

Oh we don't eat trifle 'cos trifle has sherry
and one bit of trifle will make a man merry;
oh can you imagine the day comes to pass
they start serving trifle in a seven ounce glass

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

If you wash your hair, never rinse it with beer
Because if you do, you'll get foam in your ear
And if there's one thing a young man must dread
It's dating a girl with a head on her head

We never eat peaches, because peaches ferment
And peaches ferment at the least little dent
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man drunk on peaches he thought were
alright

We don't allow massage, stiff muscles to cure,
Those alcohol rubs turn a man to a boor,
Oh can you imagine the terrible fate,
Of a man being massaged 'til he can't stand up
straight!

We never chew toothpicks because we recall
That wood ferments into wood alcohol
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man chewing toothpicks until he gets tight

Oh! We never send clothes to be dry cleaned or
pressed,
'Cos ether and alcohol are used in the quest.
There's nothing so sorry or sad I suppose,
Than a man getting drunk from the smell of his
clothes

We never drink water, they put it in gin
One little sip and a man starts to grin
Oh can you imagine the horrible sight
Of a man drinking water and singing all night

The Ballad of Bethnal Green (Paddy Roberts)

I'll tell a tale of a jealous male and a maid of sweet sixteen
 She was blond and dumb and she lived with her Mum
 On the edge of Bethnal Green
 She worked all week for a rich old Greek
 Her old man was on the dole
 And her one delight on a Friday night
 Was to have a bit of rock and roll.

Chorus: To my rit-fal-lal,

to my titty-fal-lal

To my itty-bitty-fal-dal day. (x2)

Then one fine day in the Month of May she found
 her big romance
 He was smart and sleek, with a scar on his cheek
 And a pair of drainpipe pants
 And she thought 'with you, I could be so true,
 Through all the years to come'
 For she loved the gay abandoned way
 He chewed his chewing-gum.

It started well because he fell for all her girlish charms
 But he had some doubt when he caught her out
 In someone else's arms
 And he said, "Look here, you know my dear,
 This is going a bit too far
 And he went quite white and he sloshed her right
 In the middle of her cha-cha-cha.

So he went before a man of the law who said, "This will not do
 I've had about enough of this kind of stuff
 As I want from the likes of you."
 And she was peeved when he received
 A longish term in clink
 In a fit of pique she married the Greek
 And now she lives in mink.

Bampton Songs (trad.)**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.

Ballad of the Woggler's Moulie (Kenneth Williams,
tune: Clementine)

Joe he was a young cordwangler,
 Monging greebles he did go.
 For he loved a bogler's daughter,
 By the name of Chiswick Flo.

Vain she was and like a grusset,
 Though her ganderparts were fine.
 But she sneered at his cordwangle,
 As it hung upon the line.

So he stole a woggler's moulie,
 For to make a wedding ring.
 But the Bow Street runners caught him,
 And the judge said-"he will swing".

So they hung him by the postern,
 Nailed his moulie to the fence.
 For to warn all young cordwangers,
 That it was a grave offence.

There's a moral to this story,
 Though your cordwangle be poor,
 Keep your hands off others moulies,
 For it is against the law....Ohhhhhh!

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.

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.

Bandy Bertha (Fred Douglas)

A poet loves the springtime and the bumblebee the hive
 A worm just likes to turn around to see if he's alive
 But I've a girl that I like who will keep me all my life
 I've asked if she'd marry me and if she'd be my wife.

Ch.

*I met her WHO? Bandy Bertha WHEN?
 In the merry month of May
 I teased her WHEN? When I freezed her
 In the duckpond Christmas Day
 I hugged her WHY? Cos I loved her
 And I know she's mine alright
 And I kissed her WHERE? On her birthday
 In Ma's cowshed last night.*

When I first met 'er down the lane I knew I were in clover
 She looked just like a girt big stew her dumplings boiling over.
 I said why don't you cover them up you'll surely catch your death
 She said the way you're chasing I I can't even catch my breath.

Her neck is shapely as a swans' I won't say it's as white.
 Her teeth are like the twinkling stars, they all come out at night.
 Her face is not good looking but it also isn't plain.
 It's like a blotting pad that's been out all night in the rain.

When the tourist season comes along the police they stand her out...
 In the middle of the crossroads as a traffic roundabout
 And in the springtime she's busy out in the fields all day...
 With a three prong fork stuck up behind to scare the birds away.BA

The Bane of the County Down

(WJ Bethancourt, parody of Star of the County Down)

Near Banbridge town in the County Down
 One morning last July
 Down a boreen green came a keen Colleen
 And she smiled as she passed me by.
 She looked so sweet from her two left feet
 And her neat little pretty crossed eyes
 With a wart on her nose and a run in her hose
 She was scaring the passers-by!

*ch. From Bantry Bay down to Derry Quay
 From Galway to Dublin town.
 No maid I met could scare me yet
 Like the girl from the County Down!*

She'd one yellow eye and a look so sly
 And a nose like the rose in bloom
 And you winced at each note from her wattled throat
 As she murdered an Irish tune.
 At the pattern dance you were in a trance
 As she fell to the floor in a jig
 And out by the wall you couldn't tell
 This girl from the farmer's pig

Such a scarey sow she'd abort a cow
 And she curdled the milk in a jar.
 And it was sure death for to smell her breath
 For it melted the high road's tar.
 The flowers died and the babies cried
 And the green grass all turned brown
 The dogs all howled and the cats they yowled
 At the girl from the County Down.

Banks of the Ohio (trad.)

I asked my love to take a walk,
 To take a walk, just a little walk.
 Down besides where the waters flow,
 Down by the banks of the Ohio.

*Ch. And only say that you'll be mine
 In no other hearts entwine
 Down beside where the waters flow
 Down by the banks of the Ohio.*

I held a knife against his breast
 As into my arms he pressed.
 He cried "my love, don't murder me.
 I'm not prepared for eternity."

I wandered home tween twelve and one I cried,
 "My God what have I done?
 I've killed the only man I love.
 He would not take me for his bride."

Bantam Cock (Jake Thackery)

It was a grand upstanding bantam cock
 So brisk and stiff and spry
 With a springy step and a jaunty plume
 And a purposeful look in his eye
 In his little black blinking eye he had.

I took him to the coup and introduced him
 To my 17 wide-eyed hens
 He touples and he touples as a hero touples
 And he bowed from the waist to them all
 And then he upped & he took them all again he did.

And then upon a piece of me ducks and geese
 He rudely did intrude
 With glazed eyes and open mouths
 They bore it all with fortitude
 And a little bit of gratitude they did.

He jumped my giggling guinea fowl
 And forced his intentions upon
 My 20 hysterical turkeys
 And a visiting migrant swan
 But the bantam thundered on he did.

He ravished my fan-tail pigeons
 And my little white columbines
 And while I was locking up the budgerigar
 He rogered my parrot from behind
 She was sitting on me shoulder at the time, she was

Then all of a sudden with a gasp and a gulp
 He clapped his hands to his head
 Fell flat on his back with his toes in the air
 My bantam cock lay dead
 And the vultures circled overhead they did.

What a champion brute what a noble cock
 What a way to live and to die
 I was digging him a grave to save his bones
 From the hungry buzzards in the sky
 When the bantam opened a sly little eye

He gave me a grin and a terrible wink
 The way that rapists do
 He said "you see them big daft buggers
 Up there, they'll be down in a minute or two
 They'll be down in a minute or two".

Battle of New Orleans (trad.)

In 1814 we took a little trip,
 Along with Colonel Packing
 on the mighty Mississip.
 We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
 And we fought the blooming British
 Near the town of New Orleans.

*Ch. Well we fired our guns
 And the British kept a coming
 and there wasn't nigh as many
 As there was a while ago.
 We fired once more and they began a running
 All down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.*

The Bar It Smelt Malodorous

(tune: The Larks They Sang Melodious)
 As I went a-walking one evening last week
 I popped into my local, a pint for to seek
 But the pub had been taken over, by a brewery far
 away
 And they'd changed the old Evening Star
 - to The Dawning Of The Day
 (And they'd changed the old Evening Star)
 - to The Dawning Of The Day

I ploughed through the new carpet
 to the stainless steel bar
 I stood by the potted palm
 as I ordered a jar
 Now the barmaid she was topless,
 and so was the beer
 And the price it had gone up me boys,
 it was now twice as dear

The jukebox and the pinball
 were one side of the room
 And the one arm-ed bandit,
 it played a merry tune
 While the brass plated plastic fire
 was switched off at the main
 And the bar stool I was sitting on,
 it was simulated cane

The back room was a restaurant
 serving Indian and Bolognese
 While the curry and the Parmesan,
 set up a permanent haze
 With extractors in the kitchen
 tried to take the smoke away
 But the bar it smelled malodorous
 at The Dawning Of The Day

Over in the corner
 where the dartboard had been
 Was a bright pink, self-selection,
 three flavour condom machine
 And where once the hand pumps had stood,
 now only lager was strewn
 And if never I return again,
 it will be too bloody soon!
 (And if ever I return again.)
 it will be too bloody soon!

We looked down the river
 and we saw the British come
 There must have been a hundred of them
 Beating on the drum.
 They stepped so high
 And they made their bugles ring,
 While we stood beside our cotton bales
 And never sayed a thing.

Packing up said we could take 'em by surprise,
 if we didn't fire our muskets
 Till we looked 'em in the eyes.
 We stood quite still
 Till we saw their faces well
 And we opened up our muskets
 And we really gave 'em hell.

The Beggar`s Song (trad. ar. Alcock)

Oh, I'd rather be a beggar as a king,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
For a king can't swagger nor drink like a beggar,
Nor be half so merry as I.

*Let the back and the sides go bare me boys,
Let the foot and the hand go cold.
But give to the belly, boys, beer enough
Whether it be new or old.*

For I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid on the fire.
A little bread shall do me no stead;
Much bread I do not desire.

And Tyb me wife, well as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek.
Full oft drinks she till you may see
The tears run down her cheeks.

Then she does trowl me to the bowl
Even as a malt worm should.
And sayeth, sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do.
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.

Yes, I'd rather be a beggar as a king,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
For a king cannot swagger nor drink like a beggar,
Nor be half so merry as I.

Bell on the Green (parody of Fiddlers Green)

As I walked by the brewery one evening so rare
To view the still vats and to sniff the malt air,
I heard an old Morris man singing this song
"Oh bury me here boys, me galleys have gone."

*ch: Wrap me up in me bells and me baldricks.
No more in the pubs I'll be seen,
Just tell me old sidemates I'm takin' a slide, mates
And I'll see you someday at the Bell on the Green.*

Now, "The Bell on the Green" is a pub I've heard tell,
Where Morris men go if they don't go to hell.
Where the beer is all pretty and the girls are all free
And they'll take you to Heaven, and won't ask a fee.

Where the sun always shines when you dance
Shepherd's Hey
And you don't need a squire to show you the way.
And the foreman is there --- Oh! his smile is so
sweet
And the perfumes of Araby rise from his feet.

Where the drink WATNEYS BEER is a sign that is
banned,
And the Fool never buggers a dance that is planned,
And the bagman is there, buying drinks by the score
And everyone says "Good! We'll have twenty more"

Now me time has been good, boys. I've had a good
part.
And from your kind company I'll happily depart
These words slowly dripped from his lips and his
jaw
As he sank down contented in the booze on the
floor.

Benbow/Brave Benbow/Admiral Benbow

(Lesley Nelson-Burns)

Come all you seamen bold
and draw near, and draw near,
Come all you seamen bold and draw near.
It's of an admiral's fame,
O brave Benbow was his name,
How he fought all on the main,
you shall hear, you shall hear.

*Brave Benbow he set sail
For to fight, for to fight
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight.
Brave Benbow he set sail
with a fine and pleasant gale
But his captains they turn'd tail
in a fright, in a fright.*

Says Kirby unto Wade:
We will run, we will run
Says Kirby unto Wade, we will run.
For I value no disgrace,
nor the losing of my place,
But the enemy I won't face,
nor his guns, nor his guns.

The Ruby and Benbow
fought the French, fought the french
The Ruby and Benbow fought the French.
They fought them up and down,
till the blood came trickling down,
Till the blood came trickling down
where they lay, where they lay.

Brave Benbow lost his legs
by chain shot, by chain shot
Brave Benbow lost his legs by chain shot.
Brave Benbow lost his legs,
And all on his stumps he begs,
Fight on my English lads,
'Tis our lot, 'tis our lot.

The surgeon dress'd his wounds,
Cries Benbow, cries Benbow
The surgeon dress'd his wounds, cries Benbow.
Let a cradle now in haste,
on the quarterdeck be placed
That the enemy I may face
'Til I die, 'Til I die.

The Berkshire Song (trad. as sung by Bob Hart)

As I came home on a Monday a little afore me time
 There outside the garden gate a bicycle I spied.
 Whose bike be this? Whose bike be that?
 Whoever bain or be. Me wife said that's a milk
 machine that I have bought for thee.
 Well 'tis many a mile I travelled, a 100 mile or more
 But I never did see a milk machine with
 handlebars before.

As I come home on a Tuesday a little afore me time
 There across the cabbage patch were footprints
 what weren't mine.
 Whose feet done this? Whose feet done that?
 Whoever bain or be. Me wife said that's a farrowing
 sow what ran away from me.
 Well 'tis many a mile I travelled a 100 mile or more
 But I never did see no farrowing sow with sole and
 heels before.

As I came home on a Wednesday a little afore me time
 There in the stable stood a nag and I knew this mag
 twern't mine.
 Who's nag be this? Whose nag be that?
 Whoever bain or be. Me wife says it's a milking cow
 she had bought for me.
 Well 'tis many a mile I've travelled a 100 mile or more
 But I never did see a milking cow with a harness on before.

As I came home on Thursday a little afore my time
 There in the hallway were some and I knew those
 boots weren't mine.
 Whose boots be these? Whose boots be them?
 Whoever bain or be. Me wife said they were carpet
 slippers that she had bought for me.
 Well it's many a mile I travelled a 100 mile or more
 But I never did see some carpet slippers with
 hobnails on before.

As I came home on a Friday a little afore me time
 There in the hall a brand hat I knew that hat werent
 mine
 Whose hat be this? Whose hat be that?
 Whoever bain or be. Me wife says it's a chamber pot
 that she'd put out for me.
 Well its many a mile I've travelled a 100 mile or more
 But a chamber pot with a curly brim I've never see before.

As I came home on a Saturday a little afore me time
 There in the bed was a brand new face and I knew
 this face twern't mine.
 Whose face be this? Whose face be that? Whosever
 bain and be. Mee wife said "tis a new born babe that
 I had had from thee.
 Well many's the mile I travelled. a 1000 mile or more
 But I never did see no new born babe with whiskers
 on before.

As I came home on a Sunday a little afore me time
 I ran out to the garden shed for to get that gun of mine
 I rushed indoors straight up the stairs and I caught
 them in a grasp
 And I stuck the gun between the sheets and it went
 straight up his shirt
 Well many's the mile I travelled. a 100 mile or more
 But I never did see two buggers run as fast as that before.

Bird In a Guilded Cage

(Arthur J. Lamb and Harry Von Tilzer)

The ballroom was filled with fashion's throng,
 It shone with a thousand lights;
 And there was a woman who passed along,
 The fairest of all the sights.
 A girl to her lover then softly sighed,
 "There's riches at her command."
 "But she married for wealth, not for love," he cried!
 "Though she lives in a mansion grand."

cho: "She's only a bird in a gilded cage,
 A beautiful sight to see.
 You may think she's happy and free from care,
 She's not, though she seems to be.
 'Tis sad when you think of her wasted life
 For youth cannot mate with age;
 And her beauty was sold for an old man's gold,
 She's a bird in a gilded cage."

I stood in a churchyard just at eve,
 When sunset adorned the west;
 And looked at the people who'd come to grieve
 For loved ones now laid at rcst.
 A tall marble monument marked the grave
 Of one who'd been fashion's queen;
 And I thought, "She is happier here at rest,
 Than to have people say when seen: "

Blaydon Races (trad.)

I went to Blaydon Races, twas on the ninth of June,
 Eighteen hundred and sixty two
 on a summer's afternoon.
 I took the bus to Balmdraes and she was heavy laden.
 Away we went up Collingwood Street,
 That's on the way to Blaydon

*ch. And it's O my lads you should a' seen us gannin',
 Passin' the folks along the road,
 just as they were stannin'.
 There was lots o' lads and lasses there all wi' smilin' faces,
 Gannin' along the Scotswood Road
 to see the Blaydon Races.*

We flew past Armstrong's factory
 and up by the 'Robin Adair'.
 Just gannin' down by the railway bridge, the bus wheel it
 fell off there.
 The lasses lost thier crinolines
 and the veils that hide their faces.
 I got two black eyes and a broken nose,
 gannin' to the Blaydon Races.

When we got the wheel put on, away we went again.
 But them that had their noses broke
 they went back over home,
 Some went to the dispensary
 and some to Doctor Gibbs's
 And some to the Infirmary
 to mend thier broken ribs.

Now when they got to Paradise,
 there was bonny game begun.
 There was four and twenty on the bus,
 man, how they danced and sung.
 They called on me to sing a song,
 I sung them 'Paddy Fagan'.
 I danced a jig and I swung me twig,
 the day I went to Blaydon

Black Velvet Band (trad.)

1. Twas in the town of Tralee, apprentice to trade I was bound
 With plenty of bright amusement to see, the days of my youth go around
 Misfortune and trouble came over me, which caused me to stray from the land
 Far away from my friends and relations, to follow the Black Velvet Band

*Ch: Her eyes they shone like diamonds, you`d think she was queen of the land
 With her hair thrown over her shoulders, tied up with the Black velvet band.*

2. As I went walking down Broadway, not intending to stay very long,
 I met with a frolicsome damsel as she came a tripping along.
 A watch she pulled out of her pocket and slipped it right into my hand,
 On the very first day that I met her: bad luck to the Black Velvet Band. CHORUS

3. Before the judge and the jury the both of us had to appear,
 And a gentleman swore to the jewellery - the case against us was clear.
 For seven years transportation right unto Van Dieman's Land,
 Far away from my friends and relations to follow her Black Velvet Band. CHORUS

4. Oh,, all you brave young Irish lads, a warning take by me,
 Beware of the pretty young damsels that are roamin' in Tralee.
 They'll treat you to whiskey and porter until you're unable to stand,
 And before you have time for to leave them, you are unto Van Dieman's Land. CHORU

The Boarding House Song

(inc. The Vet verses 5-7-mostly Fred Wedlock)

1) The train was standing at the station when a young man full of care, running madly to get on it, tripped fell headlong down the stair. A dear old lady rushed up to him "Did you miss a step my son?" Looking up he said, "No lady, I hit every bloody one."

2) Girls can never change their nature, `tis a thing beyond their reach. If a girl is born a lemon she can never be a peach. But the law of compensation does this lesson to us teach: You can always squeeze a lemon, ever tried to squeeze a peach?

3) At the boarding house where I stayed everything was growing old....Silver hairs among the butter and the bread was green with mould. When the dog died we had sausages when the cat died catnip tea. When the landlord died I left there spare ribs were too much for me.

4) Tell me Mr Tram Conductor said the lady old and frail. Will the electric current kill me if I stand upon this rail. I assure you that it will nothe cheeky tram conductor said. Unless you raise the other leg and put it on that powerline overhead!

Vet

Once there lived a vet in Hendred he was England's finest vet. Crossed a parrot with a tiger won some very heavy bet. Tenderly he nursed the offspring for it was his pride and joy. Till one day it bit his hand off shouting, "Who's a pretty boy?"

So he went to get a transplant from a very famous Doc Said the surgeon I'm afraid I've only female hands in stock. Carry on the vet said bravely ah but now he suffers so. Every time he has a widdle his new hand will not let go.

So he went back to the surgeon saying, "This will never do. My new hand just keeps on gripping when I've been to the loo. "Throw away your life size dolly" quipped the eminent old chap. "You can have your oats twice daily....now a hand job is on tap!"

Blow the Man Down (trad)

As I was a-walkin' down Paradise Street
To me way, hay, blow the man down!
 A flash looking packet I chanced for to meet
Oh, gi' me some time to blow the man down!

*Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down
 To me way, hay, blow the man down!
 Blow him right back to Liverpool town
 Oh, gi' me some time to blow the man down!*

She was bowlin' along with the wind blowin' free
 She clewed up her courses an' waited for me

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow
 So I hold in all sailing, cryin', well enough now

Where she did hail from I really can't tell
 But I gave her my flipper, we're both bound for hell

Come all you young sailors, take warning by me
 Never take a young Liverpool gal on your knee

The Boar's Head (trad.)

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Ravellers in convivio

Chorus:

*Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us sevirè cantico

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is,
In Reginensi atrio

Quot. . . "so many as are in the feast"
Caput. . . "The boar's head I bring, giving praises to God"
Servire. . . "Let us serve with a song"
In Reginensi. . . "In the Queen's Hall"

Bodhran Song (Les Barker, tune: Hole in My Bucket)

I have a bodhran dear Liza dear Liza, I have a
bodhran dear Liza a bodhran
(frown) Oh that's nice dear Henry
What shall I do with it dear Liza etc
(pause) You play it dear Henry etc
But how shall I play it dear Liza
(growing more impatient) You hit it dear Henry etc
With what shall I hit it dear Liza etc
(irate) With a penknife dear Henry etc
There's a hole in my bodhran etc

Bold Riley (trad.)

Oh the rain it rains all day long,
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
And the northern wind, it blows so strong,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.
*Goodbye my sweetheart,
goodbye my dear-o
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Goodbye my darlin',
goodbye my dear-o,
Bold Riley-o has gone away.*

Well come on, Mary, don't look glum,
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,

Come White-stocking Day you'll be drinkin' rum
Bold Riley-o has gone away.

CHORUS

We're outward bound for the Bengal Bay,
Bold Riley-o, Bold Riley,
Get bending, me lads,
it's a hell-of-a-way,
Bold Riley-o has gone away

The Bold Grenadier / Grenadier & the Lady (trad.)

As I was a walking one morning in May
I spied a young couple a makin' of hay.
O one was a fair maid and her beauty shone clear
And the other was a soldier, a bold grenadier.

Good morning, good morning, good morning said he
O where are you going my pretty lady?
I'm a going a walking to the clear crystal spring.
To see cool waters glide and hear nightingales sing.

From out of his knapsack he took a fine fiddle
And he played her such a merry tune with lilt, rhyme and riddle
He played her such a merry tune that the trees they did ring
"Hark hark cried the lady, hear the nightingale sing."

O soldier, o soldier, will you marry me
O no said the soldier, that never can be
For I have a wife at home in my own country
And she is the sweetest thing you ever did see.

Now I'm off to India for seven long years
Drinking wine and strong whiskey instead of cold beers
And if ever I return again, it will be in the spring
To see cool waters glide and hear nightingales sing.

(other version to tune "Dorset is Beautiful")
As I was a-walking o One morning in May,
I met a young couple a – making their way.
One was a pretty maid and her beauty shone clear
And the other was a soldier and a bold Grenadier

*And they kissed so sweet and comforting
As they clung to each other
They went arm in arm along the road
Like a sister and brother.
They went arm in arm along the road
Till they came to a stream,
Then they sat down together, love
To hear the nightingale sing.*

With many fine compliments
He put his arm round her middle,
And out of his knapsack he drew forth a fiddle.
He played her such a merry tune that the valleys did ring.
Hark ye, hark ye, said the fair maid,
How the nightingales sing.

Oh now, said the soldier, 'Tis time to give o'er.
Oh no, said the pretty maid just play one thing more.
For I do like your fiddle and the touch of your string,
Hark ye, hark ye, said the fair maid,
How the nightingales sing.

Oh now, cried the fair maid,
Won't you marry me?
Oh no, cried the soldier, that can never be
For I have a wife at home in my own country
And she is the sweetest thing
That I ever did see.

Now I'm off to India
For seven long years,
Drinking wine and strong whisky instead of strong beers.
And if ever I return again it will be in the spring
And we'll both sit down together, love,
To hear the nightingales sing.

Bold Sir John (Ronnie Barker)

Bold Sir John was young and fair and Bold Sir John was gay
 He said I'll tread the morning dew to take the air and listen to... the twittering of the birds all day , the bumblebees at play
 The twit , the twit, the twit, the twitThe twittering of the birds all day.
 The bum, the bum, the bum, the bum
 The bumblebees at play.

Bold Sir John went on his way observing natives farce
 Dear Mother Earth oh tell me pray why elephants live so long they say
 Your flies live but a day, then they drop dead upon the grass.
 Your flies, your flies, your flies, your flies
 Your flies live but a day then they
 Drop dead, drop dead, drop dead, drop dead
 Drop dead upon the grass.

Now Bold Sir John he met a maid as on her back she lay
 Please show respect and come not near for I've seen many a maiden here get lost among the new mown hay,
 So doff your hat I pray!
 Get lost, get lost, get lost, get lost
 Get lost among the new mown hay
 So doff, so doff, so doff, so doff
 So doff your hat I pray!

When Bold Sir John returned home they gave him gin to try
 Nay fill me up with liquor not, nor give me grain or grape to sup
 Pour cowslips dew into my cup a Puritan am I...
 Pour cow, pour cow, pour cow, pour cow
 Pour cowslips dew into my cup
 A pur, a pur, a pur, a pur
 Up you, up you, up you, up you, a Puritan am I.

Boomerang! (Les Barker. ad. ed. tune: Jingle Bells)

*Boomerang, boomerang I throw this thing away
 This is what I try to do every single day. X2*

1) I've had this bent old stick
 Since I don't know wne
 Tried to throw the thing away
 But it just comes back again
 It really gets me down I know I should not let it
 But the thing that drives me crazy is
 HOW DID FIRST GET IT?

2) One day while out the front
 I chucked it ran indoors
 Then I heard this voice that hollered
 IS THIS BOOMERANG YOURS?
 I threw it for my dog we used to call him Jack
 But every time we threw it up
 It brought the dog straight back

Boozing (trad.)

Now is the lot of a poor single man?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!
 And what is he doing whenever he can?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!
 You may think I'm wrong and 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?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!

*ch: Boozing, boozing, just you and I
 Boozing, boozing, when we are dry.
 Some do it openly, some on the sly
 But we all are bloody well boozing.*

And what does the Salvation Army run down?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!
 And what are they banning in every town?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!
 The stand on street corners, they holler and shout,
 They shout about things they know naff all about.
 But what are they doing when its time for lights out?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!

And what are the joys of a poor married man?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!
 What is he doing whenever he can?
 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 on to a wall?
 Boozing, bloody well boozing!

3) Once I saw a shop with a boomerang on display
 Tried to tell the shopkeeper I'd brought it yesterday
 You can exchange this stick,
 You shouldn't get the sack
 He said this thing is different
 For they'll always be this come back.

4) At last it flipped my head
 I strapped some semtex to
 The middle of the boomerang
 Without thinking things through.
 Ok what happened next I really should have known,
 The blessed boomerang survived
 But not our lovely home.

5) So this Christmas time think ahead please do
 If you think a boomerang is just the thing for you.
 I always have this phrase and so does my dear wife

*'t's just like when you have a pet
 A BOOMERANGS FOR LIFE!*

Bournemouth (...as sung by The Yetties)

1. Now I was born and raised in the town of Bournemouth
 In between the county and the sea
 Where bath chairs rumble slowly down the High St
 And little old ladies come out for their tea
 There's an aspidistra atmosphere surrounds you
 And it makes a fella kinda warm inside
 But there's a lonely heart that's beating down in Bournemouth
 And some day I'm gonna take her for my bride.

Ch.

*So, take me back to Bournemouth where I belong,
 Take me back to Bournemouth I'm singing a country song*

Quit rambling 'round, I'm Bournemouth bound.

2. Now I wish to God that I had stayed in Bournemouth
 But I had to quench a fire in my soul
 And I met this gambling man, he came from Sherbourne and I took him to the hotel Metropole.
 Now from the start the cards were stashed against me
 And I didn't know the harm he did intend
 So I took my stick of Bournemouth rock and slugged him
 And that gambling man came to a sticky end.

3. Now I've done my time in jail and I'm heading homewards
 Back to the little ole Bournemouth promenade
 Gonna find myself a villa called Done Roamin
 Gonna hang my stick of rock up in the yard.
 Gonna grow a sweet magnolia on the patio
 And then I'll settle down with Cindy Lou
 And I'll join the Young Conservatives in Bournemouth
 And that's the only time that I'll feel blue.

Bread and Fishes (Alan Bell)

As I went a walkin' one mornin' in spring
 I met with some
 travellers in an old country lane
 One was an old man, the second a maid,
 And the third was a young boy who smiled as he said

Chorus:

*With the wind in the willows,
 And the birds in the sky,
 We've a bright sun to warm us,
 Where ever we lie.
 We have bread and fishes and a jug of red wine
 To share on our journey with all of mankind.*

Brian Beru (trad.)

1. I was up to my backside in mud Sir,
 At the peat contract down in the bog,
 When me shovel struck something hard Sir,
 Twas a stick or a stone or a log.
2. Twas a chest of the finest bog oak Sir,
 And I wondered just what it might hide,
 So I chanced my luck with the fairies,
 And took just a wee peep inside.
3. Now I know that you'll never believe me,
 Though I swear to you that it's true
 Twas an ancient old Irish French letter,
 A relic of Brian Beru.
4. Yes, an ancient old Irish French letter,
 Made of the finest elk hide,
 With a wee little golden tag at the end Sir,
 With his name and his stud fee inscribed.
5. So I cast my mind back through the ages,
 To the time of that hairy old Celt,
 With his wife lying there on the bed sir,
 And him striding round in his pelt.
6. And I thought I heard her whisper,
 As he stood in the fir's rosy glow glow
 "You've had your own way for too long sir,
 Tis the hairy side outside tonight."

2. I sat down beside them the flowers all around
 And we ate on a mantle spread out on the ground
 They told me of prophets and princes and kings
 And they spoke of the one god who knows everything

3. I asked them to tell me their name and their race
 So I might remember their kindness and grace.
 My name is Joseph, this is Mary my wife
 And this is our young son, our pride and delight
 We travel the whole world, by land and by sea
 To tell all the people how they might be free

4. Sadly, I left them, in an old country lane
 For I knew that I never would see them again
 One was an old man, the second a maid
 And the third was a young boy who smiled as he said

Bring Me Sunshine (Sylvia Dee)

Bring me Sunshine, in your smile,
 Bring me Laughter, all the while,
 In this world where we live, there should be more
 happiness,
 So much joy you can give, to each brand new bright
 tomorrow,

Make me happy, through the years,
 Never bring me, any tears,
 Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
 Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love.

Bring me Sunshine, in your eyes,
 Bring me rainbows, from the skies,
 Life's too short to be spent having anything but fun,
 We can be so content, if we gather little sunbeams,

Be light-hearted, all day long,
 Keep me singing, happy songs,
 Let your arms be as warm as the sun from up above
 Bring me fun, bring me sunshine, bring me love.

ed: Let's lower the tone, things are too nice here...
 Bring me shingles, bring me piles
 Bring me tapeworm, miles and miles....

Brisk Young Tailor (trad)

It's of a brisk young tailor a story I'll relate
 He lived at an Inn called the Ram and the Gate
 The Ram and the Gate was the place where he did
 dwell
 And wine and women's company he loves exceeding well.

*Oh well, oh well, oh well me boys oh well
 And wine and women's company he loves exceeding
 well*

Now this tailor he'd been drinking a glass or two of wine
 And not being used to drinking why it caused his
 face to shine
 It caused his face to shine just like the rising sun
 And he swore he'd have a bonny lass before the night
 was done

So he sat her on his knee and he called her his sweet
 honey
 And as they were talking she was fingering of his money
 She was fingering of his money when the tailor
 smiled and said
 If you lend me your petticoats I'll dance like a maid

The tailor pulled his breeches off and the petticoats put on
 The tailor danced a dance while the lass she sang a song
 The tailor danced a dance and played a pretty tune
 And she danced the tailors breeches right out of the
 room

Oh has ever a poor tailor been as done as I've been
 done
 My watch and my money and breeches are all gone
 Oh how can I go home like this they' garden flower
 And if ever I get my breeches back I'll never dance no more

Bring Us a Barrel (Keith Marsden)

1. No man that's a drinker drinks Ale from a pin
 Because there's too little stuff within.
 Four and a half is each measure in full,
 Too small for our sup; not enough for us all,
chorus:

*So bring us a barrel, and set it up right,
 Bring us a barrel to last out the night,
 Bring us a barrel, no matter how high,
 We'll drink it up lads, we'll drink it dry.*

2. That poor little firkin, nine gallons in all,
 Though the ale, it is good, the measure's too small
 For lads that are drinkers, like you and like I,
 That firkin small barrel will quickly run dry.

3. So roll out your hogshead and roll out the butt,
 There are the measures before us to put,
 The jug will pass round and good ale, it will flow,
 And we'll be content for an hour or so.

4. And when I am dying and on my death bed,
 By my bedside leave a fine full hogshead,
 And if down below I must go when I die,
 Then me and Old Nick, we can both drink it dry,

Bring Us a Teapot (ad by ed, tune: Bring Us a Barrel)

1. No man that's a drinker drinks tea that ain't hot
 Cos you don't get the flavour inside your teapot
 A steaming hot liquid you need for a brew
 For to bring full contentment for me and for you.

Chorus:

*So bring us a teapot and set it upright
 Bring us a teapot to last us the night
 Bring us a teapot no matter how hot
 We'll drink it up boys we'll drink the lot*

2. So come ye bold heroes and list` to my song
 I've sung in the praise of hot tea for so long
 There's nice little teashops over England do roll
 Bring me the milk ladle and the grand sugar bowl.

3. For we're still upstanding when we down our pot
 And we don't much fall over when we drink a lot.
 But tea's more diuretic than ale it is true
 And we spend half our time in the gentlemen`s loo.

4. A thing happened last week to sour my mood
 They gave me some iced tea which wasn't quite
 brewed
 And charged a huge fortune I could ill afford
 Which froze all my assets and had to be thawed.

5. When I'm on my deathbed there's one thing to do
 Lay by my side a hot, full flavoured brew
 And if down below I must go when I die
 Me and Old Nick we will both drink it dry!

Britannia Waives the Rules (Vic Gammon)

1. Now Charles the 2nd had eleven bastard children
 George the Third went mad
 And Edward the Seventh, they thought was Jack the Ripper
 But, Richard the Third weren't as bad
 As people thought he was
 Victoria, laid back and thought of England
 Charles the First lost his head
 Well the best thing about those Kings and Queens
 of England,
 Is that most of them are dead.... Now the chorus....

*Singing, Rule Britannia, Britannia waives the rules
 Kings, Queens, Jacks and Knives and Tyrants
 Cheats and Fools*

2. Now, William the Third was a Protestant and
 Dutchman
 James the First was a Scot
 & George the First spoke nothing else but German
 What a mixed up, interbred lot !
 & William the First, was a grasping Norman bastard
 I me, It's no lie
 Well, there hasn't been an English King of England
 Since, Harold got one in the eye.

3. Now, She was a well heeled blue blood Cinderella
 Him, Prince Charming with big ears
 But, He had a thing going with the ugly sister
 So, it ended all in tears
 So, arise now you ghosts of old Oliver Cromwell
 Brave Harrison and Tom Paine
 Would you rid our land of this monstrous carbuncle
 And bring sunshine after the reign....!!!

British Grenadier Ditties

There was a Scottish Lander at the Battle of Waterloo
 The wind blew up his petticoat and showed his half past two
 His half past two was dirty he showed it to the Queen
 She gave him three h'pence to go and wash it clean

Some die of drinking water & some of drinking beer,
 Some die of constipation and some of diarrhoea
 But of all the world's diseases there's none that can compare
 With the drip drip drip of a syphilitic xxxxx
 Of a British Grenadier

When he goes forth in battle his weapon in his hand
 The lasses fall like cattle there's none can make a stand.
 But when the campaign's over it's then he feels so queer,
 With the drip, drip, drip of the syphilitic xxxxx
 Of a British Grenadier

...and Max Miller's famous gem...

I like the girls who do, I like the girls who don't:
 I like the girls who say they will and then decide they won't.
 But the girls I like the most of all I know you'll think I'm right,
 Are girls that say they never will but look as though they might!

British Man O' War (trad.)

One day as I was walking, t'was down by Newlands Quay
 I over heard a sailor bold to his young lady say
 "O Susan lovely Susan, I soon must leave the shore
 And cross the briny ocean in a British Man O'War.

Young Susan fell a weeping and this to him did say,
 "How can you be so venturesome to throw your life away
 For as soon as I am twenty one I shall receive my store
 Pretty sailor do not venture on your British Man O'War.

"O Susan lovely Susan the truth to you I'll tell.
 The British flag insulted is, old England knows it well
 While I may wear my laurels now I'll fight like any tar
 And I'll join the wars of China in my British Man O'War."

Young Henry took his handkerchief and tore it clean in two
 He said, One half you shall keep for me and the same I'll do for you
 When the bullets they surround me and the cannons loudly roar
 I'll fight for fame and Susan on my British Man O'War."

"O Susan lovely Susan the time do quickly pass
 Let's go down to the Ferry House and take a parting glass
 My shipmates they are waiting there to row me from the shore
 O it is old England's glory on a British Man O'War."

A few more words were spoken then and her love let go her hand
 So merrily those sailor boys they rowed away from land
 Young Henry waived his handkerchief when far away from shore
 Pretty Susan blessed the sailors on the British Man O'War

Buttercup Joe (trad.)

1. Well I be a pure bred country chap
 Me father comes from Wareham.
 Me mother she's got some more like I
 And Ma knows 'ow to rear 'um.
 Some folks calls I Bacon Face and others Turnip ead `But I can
 prove I bain't no fool 'though I be country bred.

*Ch. For I can plough and milk a cow, I can reap and mow, I be
 fresh as a daisy that grows in a field
 And they calls I Buttercup Joe.*

2. Those Noddy swells they laugh and chat
 To see I eat fat bacon.
 They couldn't touch that country stuff
 But that's where they're mistaken.
 On wine and grog they do their airs & Lord it at their ease.
 But give I fat pork from the sty
 Or a lump of bread and cheese.

3. Oh they goes prime in zummer time
 When we goes out haymaking.
 The lassies they will all hang out
 And freedom will be taken.
 They likes to get us country chaps
 Of course in harmless play.
 They like to get us country chaps & roll us in t` hay.

4. Now you should see my pretty maid.
 They calls her Our Mary.
 Her works as busy as a bumble bee
 in Farmer Jones' dairy
 And don't she make those dumplings nice.
 By jove I mean to try 'em
 & ask 'er if she like to splice
 With a rustic chap like I am

Candlelight Fisherman (trad.)

O my dad was a fisherman bold
 And he lived till he grew old
 For he opens the pane and he pops out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

And often he say to me.
 You'd be wise before you go
 Do you open the pane and pop out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the north wind roughly blow
 Then I lay right snug below
 But I open the pane and pop out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the wind come out of the east.
 You'll be looking for sleet and snow.
 But I open the pane and pops out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

When the wind back into the west.
 That'll come a rough in at best,
 But I open the pane and pops out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

Byker Hill (trad.)

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

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

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

3. When first I went down to the dirt
 I had no cowl nor no pitshirt.
 Now I've gotten two or three
 Walker Pit's done well by me

4. 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

Biker Bill (parody Sid Kipper of Byker Hill)

1. If I had enough of Penny
 I would go and call on Gillian,
 Take her for a motor ride
 A bonnie lass on my pillion.

*Ch. Biker Bill and Walter Shaw Jollier lads you
 never saw (X2)*

2. When first I went down to the pits
 My bike was all in little bits
 Then along came Walter Shaw
 He's the one that tunes my Harley Dave

3. If I had another gill
 Then Penny wouldn't ride with me.
 She hates it when I drink and drive
 She loves a man who is TT.

4. Walter was worth his weight in gold
 That's more than two hundred pounds
 Did a skid without a lid
 Now he's only half a crown.

5. Walter Shaw he had a pig
 He hit it with a shovel and it danced a jig
 Now he has been put away
 By the man from the RSPCA

When the south wind softly blow,
 It's then I love to go
 And I open the pane and pop out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

And my poor wife say to me.
 We shall starve if you don't go
 So I open the pane and I pops out the flame.
Just to see how the wind do blow.

Ah, now all you fishermen bold,
 If you'd live till you grow old,
 Do you open the pane and pop out the flame
Just to see how the wind do blow.

Chandlers Wife (x=knock, tune: Lincolnshire Poacher)

As I went into the chandlers shop
 Some candles for to buy
 I looked around the chandlers shop
 but no one did I spy
 So I got disappointed and some angry words I said
 When I heard the sound of a xxx
 Right above me `ead } x2

Well I was slick and very quick
 And up the stairs I sped
 And I was most surprised to find
 The chandlers wife in bed
 & with her was another man of quite enormous size
 And he was giving her xxx
 Right before me eyes } x2

Now when the fun was o'er and done
 The lady raised her head
 And she was most surprised to find
 me standing by her bed
 If you will be discreet says she If you will be so kind
 You can come up for some xxx
 Whenever you've got the time } x2

So many's the day and many's the night
 When the chandler isn't home.
 To buy meself some candles
 To the chandlers shop I'd roam.
 But ne'er a one she'd give to me....
 She'd give to me instead
 Just a little bit more of the xxx
 To light me way to bed } x2

Now all you jovial gentlemen
 If you should be in town
 And if you would be good me boys
 Be sure to tie her down
 And if you would be bad me boys
 Just lay her on the floor
 And give her so much of the xxx
 She'll never want no more } x2

Can't You Dance the Polka? (trad.)

As I walked down the Broadway
 One evening in July
 I met a girl she asked my trade A sailor John says I.

*Ch. Then away you santee my dear Annie
 Oh you New York gals, can't you dance the polka.*

To Tiffanys I took her
 I did not mind expense
 I bought her two gold earrings
 They cost me twenty pence

Says she you Limey sailor
 Now see me home you may.
 But when we reached her cottage door
 She unto me did say

My flashmans he's a Yankee
 With his hair cut short behin
 He wears a tarry jumper
 And he sails the Black Ball Line.

The Card Song /Here's To You Tom Brown (trad.)

Ah the king will take the queen
 but the queen will take the knave
 Well since we're all together boys
 more liquor shall we have.

Here's to you Tom Brown
 Here's to you with all me heart
 At least we'll have another glass
 Before we have to part
 Here's to you Tom Brown

Well the queen will take the knave
 but the knave will take the ten
 Well since we're all together boys
 we'll deal them out again.

Well the knave will take the ten
 but the ten will take the nine
 Well since we're all together boys
 and having a jovial time.

Well the ten will take the nine
 but the nine will take the eight
 Well since we're all together boys
 let's make this a regular date.
 Well the nine will take the eight
 but the eight will take the seven
 Well here we are together boys
 and it sure feels like heaven.

Well the eight will take the seven
 but the seven will take the six
 Well here we are together boys
 and up to our old tricks.

Well the seven will take the six
 but the six will take the five
 We'll never stop our drinking boys
 as long as we're alive.

Well the six will take the five
 but the five will take the four
 As long as we are drinking boys
 we'll never pass the door.

Well the five will take the four
 but the four will take the trey
 We'll never stop our drinking boys
 until the break of day.

Well the four will take the trey
 but the trey will take the deuce
 We'll never stop our drinking boys
 while we are on the loose.

Well the three will take the deuce
 but the ace will take them all
 And since we're here together boys
 let's not go home at all.
 The ace will take them all
 the ace will take the king
 And now we're all together, boys
 we've just begun to sing.

Chastity Belt (Jeffrey Smith)

1. Oh come gentle maiden let me be your lover
 Condemn me no longer to mourn and to weep
 Struck down like a hart all wounded and bleeding
 Lower your drawbridge I'll *enter your keep*.

Ch. (part of last line of each verse in italics)
Enter Your keep, noddy noddys2
Lower your drawbridge I'll enter your keep;

2. Alas noble errant to do this I'm unable
 I'm married to Sir Oswald that cunning old Celt
 He's gone to the wars for six months or longer
 And taken the key to my *chastity belt*.

3. Fear not gentle maiden for I know a locksmith
 Together we'll go, on his door we will knock
 And there we'll avail of his specialised knowledge
 And see if he's able to *unpick your lock*.

4. Alas and alack to help you I'm unable
 My specialised knowledge is of no avail
 I'm quite unable to undo your combination
 The cunning old basket has *fitted a yale*.

5. Then back from the wars with sad tale of disaster
 A terrible story to you I'll confide
 While we were approaching the Straits of Gibraltar
 I carelessly dropped the key *over the side*.

7. Alas and alack then I'm locked up forever
 Then up spoke a page boy said
 "Leave it to me!
 If you will permit me to enter your chamber
 I'll open it up with my *duplicate key*.

Christopher and Alice /They're Changing Guard at Buckingham Palace

Inside the yard at Buckingham Palace,
 Christopher Robin went down on Alice.
 "Dear little Christopher knows his stuff,
 At 'Trying the Beard' and 'Noshing the Muff.'" Says Alice

Little boy sits at the foot of the stairs
 Clutched in his hands are some little white hairs
 "Oh dear fancy that Christopher Robin's castrated
 the cat," Said Alice.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed
 Fingers caressing his little fair head
 "Oh no it couldn't be worse Christopher Robin is
 xxxxxxxx his nurse," Said Alice.

Christopher sits on the lavatory pan
 Slowly caressing his little old man
 "Flip flop in the tank, Christopher Robin is having a
 xxxx", said Alice

Chicken On a Raft (trad. Cyril Tawney)

Skipper in the wardroom drinkin' gin,
Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 I don't mind knockin', but I ain't goin' in!
Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 The jimmy's laughin' like it'd rain,
Hey yo, chicken on a raft!
 He's lookin' at me comic cuts again!
Hey yo, chicken on a raft!

cho: *Chicken on a raft on a Monday morning,*
Oh, what a terrible sight to see,
Dabtoes forward and the dustmen aft,
Sittin' there a'pickin' at a chicken on a raft!
Hi, ho, chicken on a raft!
Hey, ho, chicken on a raft!
Hi, ho, chicken on a raft!
Hey, ho, chicken on a raft!

Gave me the middle and the forenoon too,
 Now I'm pullin' on a whalin' crew.
 Seagulls wheelin' overhead,
 I oughter be home in me featherbed!

I had a little girl in Donny-B,
 And did she make a fool of me.
 Her heart was like a pusser's shower,
 Run hot to cold in a quarter of an hour!

We kissed goodbye on a midnight bus,
 She didn't cry and she didn't fuss,
 Am I that one she loves the best,
 Or just a cuckoo in another man's nest?

An amazon girl lived in Dumfries,
 Only had her kids in two's and three's,
 She's got a sister in Maryhill,
 Says she won't but I think she will!

Chim Chimenee (Old Hat Band ad. by ed.)

Went down the local for a whisky last night,
 The barman says "Quasi, is Teachers alright?"
 "Teachers is fine and I know that it sells
 but when it's for Quasi it's got to be Bells."

Ch. Chim Chimenee, Chim Chimenee, Chim, Chim,
Cheroo,
I am the man who will clean out your flue.
Chim Chimenee, Chim Chimenee, Chim, Chim,
Cheree
I'll get the hump if you don't sing with me.

My wife went to Church the vicar to tell,
 This Sunday morning there won't be no bell
 She said to the vicar " Don't give Quasi the sack.
 He can't come today 'cos he's got a bad back".

A Chinese meal last night I thought I would face,
 When I found that the wok was not in it's place
 We're not having Chinese my wife did assert,
 The wok comes in useful for ironing your shirt.

Quasi died from a blow when the bell hit his head,
 He plunged to his death as he fell just like lead
 Onlookers asked, "Who was he can you tell?"
 someone said " No but his face rings a bell".

Cigarettes and Whiskey and Wild Wild Women

(Tim Spencer)

*ch: Cigarettes, whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane;
Cigarettes, whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.*

V1. Once I was happy and had a good wife
I had enough money to last me for life
Then I met with a gal and we went on a spree
She taught me smokin' and drinkin' whiskey

V2. Cigarettes are a blight on the whole human race
A man is a monkey with one in his face;
Take warning dear friend, take warning dear brother
A fire's on one end, a fools on the t'other.

V3. And now good people, I'm broken with age
The lines on my face make a well written page
I'm weavin' this story – how sadly but true
On women and whiskey and what they can do

V4. Write on the cross at the head of my grave
For women and whiskey here lies a poor slave.
Take warnin' poor stranger, take warnin' dear friend
In wide clear letters this tale of my end.

Clementine (trad.)

In a cavern in a canyon excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner 49'er and his daughter
Clementine.

*Ch. (Oh my darling) x3 Clementine though
art lost and gone forever, dreadful sorry
Clementine.*

Light she was and like a fairy and her shoes
were No.9 Herring boxes without topses,
sandals were for Clementine

Drove she ducklings to the water every morning
just at 9, hit her foot against a splinter fell into
the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water blowing bubbles
mighty fine, but alas I was no swimmer so I lost
my Clementine.

In a corner of the churchyard where the myrtle
boughs entwine, There grow roses in their
posies fertilised by Clementine.

In my dreams she still does haunt me robed in
garments soaked in brine, Though in life I used
to hug her, now she's dead I draw the line

How I missed her, how I missed her, how I
missed her but I kissed her little sister and
forgot my Clementine.

Cockadoodledo

1. Ladies and Gentlemen I'll tell to you this song,
when I went to market I will not keep you long
I met this fella selling birds he had such a rare old
stock
I handed him a half a crown he handed back this..

*Ch. Cockadoodledo it's nothing to do with you
Me cocks me own so leave it alone my
cockadoodledo.*

2. Well I put me cock under me coat and off I went
again, I gave me cock a poke and it began to croak
This lady passing by she gave me such a shock
She slapped one arm around me waist the other
round me...

3. Well I put me cock in a pen along with a rare old
hen, O what a hell of a do, o what a hell of a do
Well I came back up the garden path to separate the
flock
I tried me best to pull them apart but she kept on
pecking me....

4. Well me cock got into a fight it only went in one A
policeman who was passing by said "come with me
my son
You know it's an offence" they stood me in the dock
The Judge said "What's your name?" I said "are you
talking to me or my ."

5. Well he gave me seven years to Dartmoor I did
go, And then they found a great big rock, well I was
rather slow
So they put me in charge of the prison farm they put
me under lock
But I fooled them all when I sneaked out right under
the govner`s

6. Well it's time for me to go I can no longer stay,
but before I go there's something I must know
Well I cannot hang around I should be in by twelve
o'clock
But are there any young ladies here who'd like to
see me...

Cockles and Muscles (trad)

1. In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Crying cockles and mussels. Alive, alive oh.

*Ch. Alive, alive oh x2
Singing cockles And muscles, Alive alive O*

2. She was a fishmonger and that was no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
For she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Crying cockles and mussels. Alive, alive oh.

3. She died of a fever And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her wheelbarrow,
Crying cockles and mussels

Cockles and Muscles (based on Alan Sherman's lyrics)

She wheels her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Her barrow is narrow her hips are too wide
So wherever she wheels it
The neighbourhood feels it.
Her girdle keeps scraping
The homes on each side.

In Dublin's Fair City where the girls are so pretty
My Molly stands out 'cause she weighs 18 stone
I don't mind her fat butt she is not only that but
She's cross eyed and muscle bound Molly Malone.

Combine Harvester (Wurzels)

I drove my tractor through your haystack last night
(ooh aah ooh aah)
I threw me pitchfork at your dog to keep quiet
(ooh aah ooh aah)
Now something's telling me
That you'm avoiding me
Come on now darling you've got something I need

*Cuz I got a brand new combine harvester
An' I'll give you the key
Come on now let's get together
In perfect harmony
I got twenty acres
An' you got forty-three
Now I got a brand new combine harvester
An' I'll give you the key*

She made I laugh ha ha

I'll stick by you, I'll give you all that you need
We'll 'ave twins and triplets
I'm a man built for speed
And you know I'll love you darlin'
So give me your hand
But what I want the most
Is all they acres of land

For seven long years I've been alone in this place
Eat, sleep, in the kitchen, it's a proper disgrace
Now if I cleaned it up would you change your mind
I'll give up drinking scrumpy and that lager and lime

Weren't we a grand couple at that last wurzel dance
I wore brand new gaters and me cordouroy pants
In your new Sunday dress with your perfume
smelling grand
We had our photos took and us holding hands

Now I got a brand new combine harvester
An' I'll give you the key
Now that we're both past our fifties
I think that you and me
Should stop this galavanting and will you marry me
Coz I got a brand new combine harvester
An' I'll give you the key

Aahh you're a fine looking woman and I can't wait to
get me 'ands on your land

Cosher Bailey (trad)

Cosher Bailey had an engine
It was always wanting mending,
And according to the power,
She could do four miles an hour

*ch.:Did you ever see, did you ever see
Did you ever see such a funny thing before?*

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

Cosher bought her second-hand
And he painted her so grand
When the driver went to oil her
Man, she nearly burst her boiler.

Cosher Bailey's sister Lena
She was living up in Blaina
She could knit and darn our stockings
But her cooking it was shocking.

Cosher Bailey's brother Rupert
He played stand-off-half for Newport,
When they played against Llanelly
Someone kicked him in the belly.

Cosher Bailey had a daughter
Who did things she didn't oughter
She was quite beyond the pale
But over that we'll draw a veil.

Cosher Bailey went to Exford
For to pass matriculation
But he saw a pretty barmaid
And he never left the station.

Oh the sight it was heart-rending
Cosher drove his little engine
And he got stuck in the tunnel
And went up the bloomin' funnel.

Yes, Cosher Bailey he did die
And they put him in a coffin
But, alas, they heard a knocking
Cosher Bailey, only joking.

Well, the Devil wouldn't have him
But he gave him sticks and matches
For to set up on his own
On the top of Barford Hatches.

Well he had an Aunty Kitty
And she only had one titty
It was long and straight and pointed
And the nipple double jointed.

There was a man called Cotton
Had a spot upon his bottom
Applied some Vascederma
But the pimple stood out firmer.

I've got a cousin Daniel
And he's got a cocker spaniel
If you tickled 'im in the middle
He would lift his leg and piddle.

Costa del Wantage (ad. From Yetties Costa del Dorset)

1. Everyone's off to Espania, off to the sun and the sea,
I wonder why they all go there, all fiesta no siesta,
Can't understand what they're saying, all this ole and si si,
I like it where they talk homely, Costa del Wantage for me.

*Ch. (I tiddle, iddle I, liddle, iddle I, Quack, Quack, Quack) x3,
Costa del Wantage for me.*

2. I went to a typical café for some of their real English tea,
It came with a girt glass of lemon, tastes like gnats wee and got flies on,
They gave me a girt big paella, rice pud and bubble and squeak,
I brought a load home for me rhubarb and it grew seven feet in a week.

3. I met a dark eyed seniorita, who danced the flamenco with me,
She laughed when my castanets tangled and I mangled her fandangle,
I asked her to meet me by moonlight along by the old harbour wall,
She came with her mother, her sister and brother and Uncle Tom Cobby and all.

4. We went to a typical bullfight, but they'd lost their toreador,
And the matador he had been laid off and the picador had a bad cough,
They got me to fight the old Taurus, in me sheep smock they said I'd no style,
And when I let fly with me pitch fork the damn thing it missed by a mile.

Country Life / New Mown Hay (D`Arcy Broderick)

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

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

In 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 Winter when the sky's grey
We hedge and ditch are times away
But in Summer when the sun shines gay
We go ramblin' through the new mowed hay.

In Spring we sow at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
But of all the times choose I may
I'd be rambling through the new mowed hay.

Oh Nancy is my darling gay
And she blooms like the flowers every day
But I love her best in the month of Ma
When we're rambling through the new mown hay.

Cricket Match (Kipper Family)

As I was walking out one day, the season just beginning,
I met a maid all dressed in white, a-practicing her spinning.
Young Sir, she cried, are you the sort to only stand
and watch. I have both bat and ball says I, then let
us have a match.

I won the toss and put her in, I soon got in the groove,
And as the wicket was quite damp, the ball began to move.
I bowled to her balls fast and slow, we were both
cricket lovers And when I once began to tire, she
stroked me through the covers.

I pitched it right up in the crease and then around
her head. Forward and backward, both she played,
come one, was all she said,
And then come two, I ran her out, her innings was
all through, She said let's change positions now,
and I will bowl to you.

Her action really was so smooth, though it was quite
chest on, And when she got the ball to turn, I knew
I'd not last long.
So I began to have a thrash, my score did quickly
mount. She flicked my bails and cried, How's that,
but I was not quite out.

But now this girl increased her pace, I couldn't deal
with that. She thundered in, before I knew, my
middle stump was flat.
Well that had been a first class match and now we
knew the score The game was up, our passion
spent, all ending in a draw.

Now as you sportsmen will all know, opponents are
a mixture. Such a good match is bound to become a
regular favourite fixture And so we play, home and
away, and afterwards share a tub, And one day
soon, I feel quite sure, I'll get her in the club.

Cuckoo's Nest (traditional)

As I was a walking one morning in May
I met a pretty fair maid and unto her did say
I'll tell you me mind, it's for love I am inclined
An me inclination lies in your cuckoo's nest

*ch. Some like a girl who is pretty in the face
and some like a girl who is slender in the waist
But give me a girl who will wriggle and will twist
At the bottom of the belly lies the cuckoo's nest*

Me darling, says she, I am innocent and young
And I scarcely can believe your false deluding tongue
Yet I see it in your eyes and it fills me with surprise
That your inclination lies in me cuckoo's nest

Me darling, says me, if you can see it in me eyes
Then think of it as fondness and do not be surprised
For I love you me dear and I'll marry you I swear
If you'll let me clap my hand on your cuckoo's nest

Me darling, says she, I can do no such thing
For me mother often told me it was committing sin
Me maidenhead to lose and me sex to be abused
So have no more to do with me cuckoo's nest

Me darling, says me, it's not committing sin
But common sense should tell you it is a pleasing thing
For you were brought into this world to increase
and do your best
And to help a man to heaven in your cuckoo's nest

Me darling, says she, I cannot you deny
For you've surely won my heart by the rolling of your eye
Yet I see it in your eyes that your courage is surprised
So gently lift your hand into me cuckoo's nest

This couple they got married and soon they went to bed
And now this pretty fair maid has lost her
maidenhead
In a small country cottage they increase and do their best
And he often claps his hand on her cuckoo's nest

Dandy Vernon/Never Say No To a Jar (Michael Snow)

I'll tell you a tale of a sailor bold
His name was Dandy Vernon
He worked as a steward on the old Cunard,
And money he was earnin'
He knew his way round every port,
He wandered near and far,
And he took his stand as a drinking man and
Never said no to a jar boys Never said no to a jar

*Take your stand as a drinking man
Never say no to a jar (x2)
In Amsterdam or Yucatan, New York or Zanzibar
Take your stand as a drinkin man & never say no to a jar.*

Now Dandy likes the sailors life, it agrees with his ambition
For to see the world and meet the girls was Dandy's given mission
He's stolen hearts in every port, he's known in every bar
And he took his stand etc.

There comes a time in most mens lives when they get tired of roamin'
And the roaring fire is their desire, and the glass of ale a foamin'
But then you have you dandies who need the ooh lala
And take their stand etc

Daisy Bell or a Bicycle Made for Two

(Written and Composed by Harry Dacre)

There is a flower within my heart Daisy, Daisy
Planted one day by a glancing dart
Planted by Daisy Bell
Whether she loves me or loves me not
Sometimes it's hard to tell
Yet I am longing to share the lot
Of beautiful Daisy Bell

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

Henry, Henry here is your answer true
You must be crazy if you think I will marry you
If you can't afford a carriage
There won't be any marriage
I'll not get hitched to a tight old git
On a bicycle made for two.

Daisy, Daisy the coppers are after you,
If they catch you, you know what they will do.
They'll tie you up with wire
Inside a Black Maria
So ring your bell and pedal like hell
On a bicycle made for two!

Dancing At Whitsun (John Austin Martin-lyrics)
Yetties version)

It's fifty long springtimes since she was a bride
But still you may see her at each Whitsuntide
In a dress of white linen with ribbons of green,
As green as her memories of loving.

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now,
As gentle a measure as age will allow,
Through groves of white blossoms, by fields of
young corn,
Where once she was pledged to her true-love.

The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow free
No young men to turn them or pastures to seed
They are gone where the forest of oak trees before
Have gone, to be wasted in battle.

Down from the green farmlands and from their loved
ones
Marched husbands & brothers & fathers and sons.
There's a fine roll of honor where the Maypole once
stood,
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.

There's a straight row of houses in these latter days
All covering the downs where the sheep used to
graze.
There's a field of red poppies (a gift from the Queen)
But the ladies remember at Whitsun,
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun.

Now Dandy's getting thin on top and thick around the middle
But the girls still sigh at his twinkling eye, the charmin, yarnin' divil
And he's welcome stiiil in every port, specially after dark,
When he takes his stand etc.

Danny Boy (trad.)

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are callin
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come you back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me I
Simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

Davy Crockett / Ballad of Davy Crockett (music
George Bruns, lyrics Tom W Blackburn)*Ch**Davy, Davy Crockett King of the wild frontier.*

Born on a mountain top in Tennessee
Greenest state in the land of the free
Raised in the woods so he'd know every tree
Killed him a bear when he was only three.

Off through the woods he's a marching along
Making up yarns and singing a song
Itching for fighting and righting a wrong
He's ringy as a bear and twice as strong.

Dead Horse Shanty (trad.)

Oh, a poor old man came riding by,
An' we say so! An' we know so
A poor old man came riding by! *Oh, poor old horse!*

Says I, "'O! man, yer 'orse will die."
Says I, "'O! man, yer 'orse will die."

An' if he dies we'll tan his hide,
An' if he don't we'll ride him again.

For one long month I rode him hard
For one long month I rode him hard.

One month a hell-bent life we've led,
But ye've laid in a nice warm bed.

But now yer month is up, ol' Turk,
Git up, yer swine, an' look for work.

Git up, yer swine, an' look for graft,
While we lays on, an' yanks ye aft.

After hard, hard work an' sore abuse,
We'll salt ye down for sailor use.

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails,
We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails.

We'll yank him aft to the cabin door,
An' now goodbye, ye son-o'-a-whore.

We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm,
We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm.

An' we'll drop him down to the depths of the sea,
We'll drop him down to the bottom of the sea.

We'll sink him down with a long, long roll, Where the
sharks 'll have his body, and the devil have his soul!

Dead Dog Scrumpy (as sung by the Yetties)

1. Our story starts a few years back in a little cider mill
A poor old dog lay down to rest for he was feeling ill
He chose a most precarious place above the cider vat
And in his sleep he tumbled in and drowned just like a rat.

*Ch. Dead dog scrumpy, dead dog scrumpy from the apple tree
Dead dog scrumpy, dead dog scrumpy full of pedigree.*

2. Which caused his master for to grieve likewise his mistress too
Until their sorrows to relieve they sampled of the brew
Cor bless my socks cried Farmer Cox the like I ne'er did sup
Go summon all the neighbours in and bid them take a cup.

3. Now every man that drank that night got drunk as drunk could be
And wondered how the scrumpy had acquired such potency
The farmer kept his council as he took another drop
When all at once the poor old dog came floating to the top.

4. Now silence fell upon the room and every man did frown,
hey recognised old Bendigo though he were upside down
The parson changed his colour and collapsed upon the floor
And the Squire he lost his breeches in the fight to reach the door

5. "Fear not" then shouts up Farmer Cox "for in his life I vow,
He never bit nor man nor child and he'll bite no one now
And this shall be his epitaph – here lies poor faithful Ben
Who vanished in a cider vat and quickly rose again".

6. So if you're ever down our way and goes into a bar
Ask for dead dog scrumpy it's the best there is by far
Refuse all invitations and you'll sleep just like a log
You can always recognise it by the hair upon the dog.

Delaware (Irving Gordon)

Oh, what did Della wear boy, What did Della wear?
 What did Della wear boy, What did Della wear?
 She wore a bran' new jersey x3
 That's what she did wear.

One, two, three, four!

Oh, why did Calla 'phone ya, Why did Calla phone?
 Why did Calla 'phone ya, Was she all alone?
 She called to say how ar' yi? X3
 That's why she did call.

Uno, dos, tres, cuatro! (Spanish)

Oh, what did Mrs sip, boy, What did Mrs sip?
 What did Mrs sip, boy, Through her pretty lips?
 She sipped a mina-soda x3
 That's what she did sip. Un, deux, trois, quatre!

Oh, where as Ore gone, boy, Where has Ore gone?
 If you want, I'll ask 'er, I'll ask 'er where she's gone
 She went to pay her taxes, x3
 That's where she has gone. Eins, zwei, drei, vier!

Oh, how did Wiscon sin, boy, how did Wincon sin?
 How did Wincon sin boy, how did Wincon sin
 She stole a brand new brass key, x3
 That's how she did sin.

Too bad that Arkan saw, boy, too bad Arkan saw
 So did Tenner see boy, so did Tenner see.
 It made poor Flora die, boy, x
 She died in misery. (1st verse repeated)

Delilah (Reed/Mason)

I saw the light on the night that I passed by her
 window
 I saw the flickering shadows of love on the blind
 She was my woman
 But she deceived me & so I went out of my mind.

*My my my Delilah Why why why? Delilah
 I could see that girl was no good for me
 Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more.*

At break of day when that man went away I was
 waiting I crossed the street to her house & she
 opened the door
 She stood there laughing
 I felt the knife in my hand & she laughed no more.

*My my my Delilah Why why why? Delilah
 So before they come to break down the door
 Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more.
 (Take it away Fritz Instrum)*

She stood there laughing
 I felt the knife in my hand and she laughed no more.

*My my my Delilah Why why why? Delilah
 So before they come to break down the door
 Forgive me Delilah I just couldn't take any more x2*

Derby Ram (trad)

As I went out to Derby, upon a market day
 I spied the biggest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay

*Hey ringle dangle, hey ringle day
 It was the biggest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay*

The horns upon this ram, sir, they reached up to the moon
 A lad went up in April and didn't get down 'til June

The fleece upon this ram, sir, it reached up to the sky
 The eagles made their nests there, you could hear
 the young 'uns cry

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

And all the women of Derby come begging for his ears
 To make 'em leather aprons to last 'em forty years

And all the men of Derby come begging for his tail
 To ring St. George's passing bell from the top of
 Derby jail

It took all the boys of Derby to carry away his bones
 Took all the maids of Derby to roll away his stones

Now the butcher that killed this ram, sir, he was
 up to his thighs in blood
 The boy that held the basin was washed away in the flood

And 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.

The Derby Ram (Sailors)

As I was going to Derby, 'twas on a market day
 I met the finest ram, sirs, that ever was fed upon hay
*Ch. That's a lie, that's a lie
 That's a lie, a lie, a lie!*

This ram and I got drunk, sir, as drunk as drunk could be,
 & when we sobered up sir we were far away out on the sea

This wonderful old ram, sir, was playful as a kid;
 He swallowed the captain's spyglass along with the
 bo'sun's fid.

One morning on the poop, sir, before eight bells was rung,
 He grabbed the captain's sextant & took a shot at the sun.

One night 'twas wet and rough, sir, and the wind was
 blowing keen
 He borrowed my suit of oilskins & he took my trick at the
 wheel

The butcher who killed this ram, sir, was up to his knees in
 blood
 And the boy who told the tale, sir, was carried away with
 the flood

The crew of the Vencedora* are handsome, strong & brave,
 The smartest lot of sailors that ever sailed over the wave!

* or substitute

Dido, Bendigo (trad.)

As I was a-walking one morning last Autumn, I've overheard some noble foxhunting
Between some noblemen and the Duke of Wellington So early before the day was dawning.

*Ch. There was Dido, Bendigo, Gentry he was there-o;
Traveller he never looked behind him.*

*There was Countess, Rover, Bonnie Lass and Jover:
These were the hounds that could find him.*

Well the first fox being young and his trials just beginning, He's made straight away for his cover.
He's run up yon highest hill and gone down yon lowest gill, Thinking that he'd find his freedom there forever.

Well the next fox being old and his trials fast a-dawning, He's made straight away for the river.
Well the fox he has jumped in but an hound jumped after him: It was Traveller who straited him forever.

Well they've run across the plain but they've soon returned again— The fox nor the hounds never failing.
It's been just twelve months today since I heard the squire say:
"Hark forward then my brave hounds forever!"

Dirty Old Town (Ewan McColl)

1. I found my love by the gas works cry
Dreamed a dream by the old canal
Kissed my girl, by the factory wall
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
2. I heard a siren from the dock
Saw a train set the night on fire
Smelled the spring in the smoky wind
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
3. Clouds are drifting across the moon
Cats are prowling on their beat
Springs a girl in the street at night
Dirty old town, dirty old town.
4. I'm going to make a good sharp axe
Shining steel tempered in the fire
We'll chop you down like a old dead tree
Dirty old town, dirty old town.

Does Your Chewing Gum Lose its Flavour?

(Lonnie Donnegan)

Oh-me, oh-my, oh-you Whatever shall I do
Hallelujah, the question is peculiar
I'd give a lot of dough
If only I could know
The answer to my question
Is it yes or is it no?

*ch. Does your chewing gum lose its flavour
On the bedpost overnight
If your mother says don't chew it
Do you swallow it in spite?
Can you catch it on your tonsils
Can you heave it left and right
Does your chewing gum lose its flavour
On the bedpost overnight*

Here comes a blushing bride
The groom is by her side
Up to the altar Just as steady as Gibraltar
Why, the groom has got the ring
And it's such a pretty thing
But as he slips it on her finger
The choir begins to sing

Disabled Seaman (Kipper Family)

Oh sailor, sailor will you marry me with your smile so
sunny Jim Oh no nice girl I cannot marry you for I
have no teeth to put in.
So off she went to her Grandfather's glass
And fished out some teeth of the very highest class
And the sailor put them in.

Oh sailor, sailor will you marry me with your rambling
rolling gait Oh no nice girl I cannot marry you for I'm
one leg short of a set.
So off she went to her Grandfather's table
And brought him a leg that was very very stable
When the sailor screwed it in.

Oh sailor, sailor will you marry me with your pig tail
down your back Oh no nice girl I cannot marry you
for it's hair on my head that I lack.
So off she went to her Grandfather's chest
And plucked him some hair of the very very best
And the sailor stuck it on.

Oh sailor, sailor will you marry me with your
sparkling eye so jocular Oh no nice girl I cannot
marry you for you see I'm strictly monocular
She went to the marbles that her Grandfather lost
And brought him a bullseye of the very very best
And the sailor popped it in.

Oh sailor, sailor will you marry me with your girt big
marlin spike Oh yes nice girl I'll surely marry you for
you're just the sort of thing that I like.
So off they went to their Grandfather's cradle
And soon she found out that this seaman was quite
able And the sailor put it in.

Now the nation rise as one
To send their only son
Up to the White House
Yes, the nation's only White House
To voice their discontent
Unto the Pres-I-dent
They pawn the burning question
What has swept this continent.

Doggy Song (based on Dog's Meeting lyrics by Tom Patrick)
tune: Aurela)

The doggies held a meeting,
They came from near and far,
Some came by motorcycle,
Some came by motorcar.
Each doggy passed the entrance,
Each doggy signed the book,
Then each unshipped his asshole*,
And hung it on the hook.

One dog was not invited,
It sorely raised his ire,
He ran into the meeting hall,
And loudly bellowed, "Fire!"
It threw them in confusion,
And without a second look,
Each grabbed another's asshole,
From off another hook.

And that's the reason why, sir,
When walking down the street,
And that's the reason why, sir,
When doggies chance to meet,
And that's the reason why, sir,
On land or sea or foam,
He will sniff another's asshole,
To see if it's his own.

Don't Jump Off the Roof Dad (Homer & Jethro)

Daddy came home from work tired
His boss had been driving him mad.
The kids were all shouting, the dog bit him too
His dinner was nothing but boiled over stew.

I guess it was then he decided
Up to the rooftop he'd go
He was about to jump off when
The kids started howling below

*'Don't jump off the roof, Dad
You'll make a hole in the yard
Mother's just planted petunias
The weeding and seeding was hard*

*If you must end it all, Dad
Won't you please give us a break
Just take a walk down the park, Dad
And there you can jump in the lake.'*

Dough, Ray Me (tune from The Sound of Music)

Dough buys beer it buys me beer,
Ray, the guy who serves me beer,
Me, the guy, who drinks my beer,
Fa, a long way to the john,
So, I'll have another beer,
La, I'll have another beer,
Tea, no thanks I'll have a beer,
And that brings us back to,
Dough . . . (etc)

Do Virgins Taste Better? (Randy Farran)

Dragon has come to our village today.
We've asked him to leave, but he won't go away.
Now he's talked to our king and they worked out a deal.
No homes will he burn and no crops will he steal.

Now there is but one catch, we dislike it a bunch.
Twice a year he invites him a virgin to lunch.
Well, we've no other choice, so the deal we'll respect.
But we can't help but wonder and pause to reflect.

*Do virgins taste better than those who are not?
Are they salty, or sweeter, more juicy or what?
Do you savor them slowly?
Gulp them down on the spot?
Do virgins taste better than those who are not?*

Now we'd like to be shed you, and many have tried.
But no one can get through your thick scaly hide.
We hope that some day, some brave knight will come by.
'Cause we can't wait around 'til you're too fat to fly.

Now you have such good taste in your women for sure,
They always are pretty, they always are pure.
But your notion of dining, it makes us all flinch,
For your favorite entree is barbecued wench.

Now we've found a solution, it works out so neat,
If you insist on nothing but virgins to eat.
No more will our number ever grow small,
We'll simply make sure there's no virgins at all!

Do Ye Ken John Peel? (trad)

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

*Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds has me oftimes led
For Peel's view holloa would wake the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning*

Do ye ken that hound whose voice is death?
Do ye ken her sons of peerless faith
Do ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning?

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too
Ranter and Royal and Bellman so true
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view
From the view to the death in the morning

And I've followed John Peel both often and far
O'er the rasper fence and the gate and the bar
From Low Denton Holme to the Scratchmere Scar
When we vied for the brush in the morning

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul
Come fill, fill to him a brimming bowl
For we'll follow John Peel thro fair or thro foul
While we're waked by his horn in the morning.

Drink Up Thy Zider (Tommy Makum)

Drink up thy zider George, pass us round the mug
 Drink up thy zider George, the garden's ver'nigh dug
 Thy cheeks bin gettin' redder From Charter'ouse
 to Cheddar An' there's still more zider in the jug
 ch.

*Drink up thy zider, Drink up thy zider,
 For tonight we'll merry be
 We'll knock the milk churns over
 And roll 'em in the clover
 For the corn's 'alf-cut and so be we!*

Drink up thy zider George, thee bissen't goin' far
 Drink up thy zider George, thee's gettin' quite a star
 There's dung o'er all thy tat'ers An' 'alfway up thy
 gaiters An' there's still more zider in the jar!

Drink up thy zider George, get up off thick mat
 Drink up thy zider George, put on thy girt big 'at
 We'm off to Barrow Gurney For to see my brother
 Ernie An' there's still more zider in the vat!

Drink up thy zider George, 'tis time we 'ad a rest
 Drink up thy zider George, the finest ever pressed
 There's nothing like good cider To make your smile
 grow wider An' there's still more zider in the West!

Drive Sorrows Away (traditional)

You see we brave sailors so cheerful and gay Since
 we've learned a new act to drive sorrows away
*Sorrows away (3x) Since we've learned a new act to
 drive sorrows away*

Bright Phoebe awaits so high up in the sky With her
 red rosy cheeks and sparkling eye (as above)

If you ask for my credit you will find I have none
 With my bottle and friends you will find me at home

Although I'm not rich and although I'm not poor I'm
 as happy as those that's got thousands or more

You see our poor landlord's not cheerful and gay
 Since we've learnt a new act to drive custom away.

I wear high heeled shoes and a bright scarlet dress
 And I'll take them all off for a 100 or less.

Drunken Sailor (traditional)

1. 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

Hurray and up she rises, x3 Early in the morning

2. Put him in the long boat till he's sober

3. Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him

4. Pull out the plug and wet him all over

5. Shave his belly with a rusty razor

6. Put him in bed with the captain's daughter

7. Have you ever seen the captain's daughter?

Early One Morning / Public Bar (Miles Wooton)

Early one morning just as the pubs were opening
 A traveller came walking down a cold & windy street
 He saw a door ajar, entered into a bar
 Landlord I would like a pint and something to eat

I fancy some crusty bread and roast beef of Old England,
 Fresh butter from the churn and a pickled onion too
 And if you think you could, draw some bitter from the wood
 I'd be quite content to sip a gentle pint or two

I'll sit down by your open fire and ponder on the infinite.
 The quiet of your hostelry shall seep into my heart
 And if a regular should come into the bar
 Maybe I'll engage him to a contest with a dart

Sit down said the landlord, I've got prepacked fishpaste
 sandwiches,
 And succulent savoury sausage which I purchase by the ton
 And if you fancy it, I could defrost a bit,
 Serve it up with ketchup in a supermarket bun

I'll draw you off a litre pot of the latest Euro fizzy brew
 Advertised on telly by a famous rugby scrum
 No dirty barrels here, we serve hygienic beer
 Safely paralysed inside an aluminium drum

Come sit down by my fireside, I'll switch the logs on presently,
 and come and try your luck upon my latest fruit machine
 Three cherries in row, will set your heart aglow,
 And how about some rock 'n' roll to really set the scene

So he sat down beside the polystyrene inglenook,
 The plastic beams were jumping to an electronic sound
 Started a bite to chew, had a sip of Eurobrew,
 Gave a ghastly gurgle, fell down dead upon the ground

Oh dear! Said the landlord as he turned the colour telly on.
 Another fatal accident, the fourth this week I fear
 If they can't hold their own, why don't they stay at home.
 You don't half get some bloody funny customers in here

'Enery the Eighth (Murray/Weston)

You don't know who you're looking at;
 now have a look me!
 I'm a bit of a nob, I am, belong to royaltee.
 I'll tell you how it came about;
 I married Widow Burch,
 And I was King of England
 When I toddled out of church.
 Outside the people started shouting, "Hip hooray!
 Said I
 "Get down upon your knees it's Coronation Day!"

I'm 'Enery the eighth, I am
 'Enery the eighth I am I am
 I got married to the widow next door
 She's been married seven times before
 And every one was an 'Enery.
 She wouldn't have a Willy or a Sam.
 I'm her eighth old man, I'm 'Enery 'Enery the eighth,
 I am

English Are Best

(ad. From Flanders & Swan by Sem Seabourne)

The rottenest bits of these islands of ours
We've left in the hands of three unfriendly powers
Examine the Irish the Welsh or the Scot
You'll find he's a stinker as often as not.

*Ch. The English the English the English are nice
They're worth all the others at double the price
The English the English the English are best
So up with the English and down with the rest!*

The Scotsman is mean as we're all well aware
He's boney and blotchy and covered with hair
He eats salted porridge to keep out the cold
And drinks gallons of whisky to make him feel bold.

The Irishman now our contempt is beneath
He sleeps in his boots and he lies through his teeth
He blows up policemen or so I have heard
And blames it on Cromwell and William the Third

The Welshman's dishonest, he cheats when he can
He's little and dark more like monkey than man
He works underground with a lamp on his hat
And sings far too loud, far too often and flat

And crossing the channel one cannot say much
For the French or the Spanish, the Danish or Dutch
The Germans are German, the Russians are red
And the Greeks and Italians eat garlic in bed

Cross the Atlantic West Indies the same
They've simply no notion of playing the game
They argue with umpires, they cheer when they've won
And they're fit and they practice which spoils all the fun

The Americans eat things concealed in a bun
And don't walk the streets without packing a gun
Their presidents are actors as often as not
And when they find a good one he's usually shot.

It's not that they're wicked or naturally bad
It's just that they're foreign that makes them so mad
The English are all that the world should rever
And the best place in England is in Oxfordshire

English Country Rubbish Dump (by ed.)

Let's tidy our rural idyll, turn over an old leaf-if we can find one!

How many piles of rubbish grow
In our English Country Rubbish Dump?
I'll tell you now of some of them I know
And those I miss you're sure give me-a-thump!
Newspapers, rusty cans
Post Office rubber bands
Discarded skins and
Worthless Euro notes.
It's an utter farce
You can't even see the grass
In our English Garden Rubbish Dump!

English Country Garden.

(ad. by ed from Hawkins, Daniel; Hawkins, Justin; original)

How many times have you had a bit of fun?
I've done it thrice and I think it is quite nice
In an English Country Garden
Once in the flower bed
Once in the potting shed Once in a bed of roses.
She thought it a farce cos the prickles hurt her arm
In an English Country Garden.

Met Mrs Brown she was walking round and round
In an English Country Garden.
She said, "You're drunk but sod it you're a hunk!"
In an English Country Garden.
Ripped off my pantaloons, whistling some merry
tunes Leapt forth and shouted,"Geronimo!"
I shouted too, twas the least that I could do In an
English Country Garden.

How many flashers have you seen In an English
Country Garden.
I'll tell you know of some of them I know And those
I miss you'll surely pardon.
First there is cousin Bert, in just his undershirt
Grandad who wears a frilly nighty
Then there is Jim, well the less that's said of him In
an English Country Garden.

How high do Icknield Way Men leap In an English
Country Garden.
I'll tell you now of some of them I know And those
I've missed you'll surely pardon.
First there is foreman Bob Getting off the ground's
a job Opposite's there's Graham reaching Cloud
Nine
The others as you've seen are rather in between In
an English Country Garden.

How many floosies have you seen In an English
Country Garden.
I'll tell you now of some of them I know And those
I've missed you'll surely pardon.
First there's the one-eyed dwarf She'd write your
epitaph
Then there's the one we all call The Bus But give
her 50 quid and she'll entertain a squid In an
English Country Garden.

How many more floosies have you seen In an
English Country Garden.
I'll tell you now of some of them I know And those
I've missed you'll surely pardon.
Next there's the one with crabs Bob and Rover
once kept tabs
Then there's the one who has epileptic fits I prefer
Rosie 'cos she's semi comatose In an English
Country Garden.

How many treasurers have you seen In an English
Country Garden.
I'll tell you now of some of them I know And those
I've missed you'll surely pardon
Once we could pay our way any time and any day
Winter summer spring or the fall
Now if you're on the list he'll prize it from your fist
In an English Country Garden.

Everything Glows

(Les Barker to tune `Anything Goes`)

In olden days, how well a fella feeled,
Now they're not well in Sellarfield, and it shows.
Everything Glows.

Nowadays your humble peasant is,
Likely to be fluorescent, from head to toes.
Everything Glows.

One hundred watts, they say,
You can spot today,
Every male today,
In Winscale today,
And the tramps today, are like lamps today,
With an incandescent nose.

Parsons, Priests and Monks and Deacons,
All look like Belisha Beacons, They say
"God Knows !"
Everything Glows.

Plutocrats don't have plutonium,
They leave those Vats of Odium to the proles.
Everything Glows.

Acid rain and radiation,
Our gifts to other nations, both friend and foes.
Everything Glows.

In the West today,
We fluoresce today,
And the rain today,
Rots your brain today,
And the Manx today, don't give thanks today,
For the waste that we dispose.

Cows that once just ruminated,
Are now illuminated from head to toes.
Everything Glows.

On the hills the sheep are numerous,
Shining in their illuminous sheepskin clothes.
Everything Glows.

On the hills and mountain passes,
Sheepdogs all wear dark glasses, perched on their
nose.
Everything Glows.

The sheep today,
They may sleep today,
But their sleep today,
Is not deep today,
For the night today,
Is too bright today,
And they've all got extra toes.

Why is there this sense of doom in us,
Must be because we're luminous, I suppose.
Everything Glows.

Farmer's Toast (traditional)

Come all jolly fellows who long to be mellow,
attend unto me and sit easy.
For a pint when it's quiet, my boys let us try it,
dull thinking will drive a man crazy.

*ch. I have lawns, I have bowers I have fruits, I have
flowers And the lark is my morning alarmer
So my jolly boys now here's Godspeed the plough
Long life and success to the farmer.*

Draw near to my table my boys when you're able,
let me hear not one word of complaining.
For a pint when it's quiet my boys, let us try it,
dull thinking will drive a man crazy.

For here I am king I can laugh drink and sing, and
let no man approach as a stranger.
And show me the ass who refuses a glass, and
I'll treat him to hay in a manger.

Let the wealthy and great live 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 fleece and I wear it

By ploughing and sowing by reaping and mowing
all nature provides me with plenty
With a cellar well stored and a bountiful board
and my garden affords every dainty.

Were it not for my seeding you'd have but poor
feeding I reckon you'd all starve without me.
But whatever the season, I have always good
reason to have my companions about me.

Fathom the Bowl (traditional)

Come all you bold heroes give ear to my song,
I'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum,
Here's a clear crystal fountain over England shall roll,
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

Chorus:

*I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl.
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.*

From France we get brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,
Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come,
Strong beer and good cider in England is sold,
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My wife she's a tyrant, she sits at her ease,
She scolds and she grumbles, she does as she please,
She may scold, she may grumble till she's black as the coal,
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

My father he lies in the depths of the sea,
Cold rocks for his pillow - what matter to he!
Here's a clear crystal fountain over England shall roll,
Give to me the punch ladle, I'll fathom the bowl.

Fiddlers Green (John Conolly)

As I rode by the dockside one evening so rare To
view the still waters and take the salt air
I heard an old fisherman singing a song
Oh take me away boys me time is not long.

Now Fiddlers Green is a place I heard tell
Where fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the weather is fair and the dolphins do play
And the cold coast of Greenland is far far away.

*Ch. Dress me up in me oil skins and jumper
No more on the docks I'll be seen
Just tell me old ship mates I'm taking a trip mates
And I'll see you some day in Fiddlers Green.*

The skies always clear and there's never a gale
And fish jump on board with a flick of their tail
You can lie at your leisure there's no work to do
And the skipper's below making tea for the crew.

When you're in dock and the long trip is through
There's pubs and there's clubs and there's lassies
there too
The girls are all pretty and the beer is all free
And there's bottles of rum growing on every tree.

I don't want a harp or a halo not me
Just give me a breeze and a good rolling sea
And I'll play me old squeeze box as we sail along
With the wind in the rigging to sing me this song.

Fishfinger Song / The Great Fishfinger Disaster (Miles Wootton)

Come all ye jolly sail-i-ers, who sail across the sea;
And listen to this story I'm about to tell to thee.
Concerning them bold Fish-iar lads who sail the seas so wet;
A-hunting for fish fingers, with a harpoon and a net.

'Twas in the year of '64, or was it '63-?
We set sail from Basingstoke, bound for Amer-i-key.
The storms they was a-ra-ji-ing, and the waves a dreadful sight;
It took us forty days, me boys, to reach the Isle of Wight.

Our Captain's name was Gladys, he wore a dress of red;
Which might have been the reason he was not marr-i-ed.
He was a gay old sea-bitch and it was his fav-our-ite joy,
To take a turn around the deck with the handsome cabin boy.

And then off Iceland's icy shores, a mighty shoal we spied;
Of Froz-i-en Fish Fin-gi-ers, a-waiting to be fried.
With our harpoons at the ready my boys, upon that shoal we
burst;
A-las, we was too late me lads, the Japanese had got there first.

Them Nippon lads came at we, they was a terrible crew;
A-brandishing tran-sis-ti-ers, and a-giving it the old Kung-Fu.
We sang them a sea shan-ti-ee, but they did not want to know;
And they slashed away our mizzen mast with one Karate blow.

We got back to old Eng-gi-land in a twelve month and a day;
It would have been much quicker, but we went the pretty way.
Take warning all ye sail-i-or lads what sails the sea in ships
Don't ever go fish fing-i-ering, just stick to Cod and Chips

Fields Of Athenry (Pete St John)

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young girl calling
Michael, they have taken you away,
For you stole Trevelyan's corn,
So the young might see the morn.
Now a prison ship lies waiting in the bay

*ch. Low lie the fields of Athenry
Where once we watched the small free birds fly
Our love was on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.*

By a lonely prison wall, I heard a young man calling
Nothing matters, Mary, when you're free
Against the famine and the crown,
I rebelled, they cut me down.
Now you must raise our child with dignity.

By a lonely harbor wall, she watched the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the sky
Sure she'll wait and hope and pray, for her love in Botany Bay
It's so lonely round the fields of Athenry.x2

parody.....By a lonely prison wall I heard a young girl calling
Michael they are singing it again
If I hear it one more time, I think I'll lose my mind
I'm so fed up with the Fields of Athenry

*cho: Oh no the Fields of Athenry
If I hear it one more time I think I'll die
It's such a boring song it goes on and on and on
I'm so fed up with the Fields of Athenry*

From within the prison wall I heard a young man calling
Mary why do you think I'm here
In here we all agree transportation'll set us free
Free from the Fields of Athenry

By a lonely harbour wall I saw the last star falling
As the prison ship sailed out against the tide
Hold on that girl did say I'm coming with you to Botany Bay
To escape from the Fields of Athenry

Five Constipated Men (Carli Gewertz)

*Ch.
There were five, five, constipated men In the Bible, in the Bible.
There five, five, constipated men In the five books of Moses*

The first, first, constipated man was Cain, he wasn't Abel The
first, first, constipated man was Cain, he was not Abel.

The second, second constipated man was Balaam,
he couldn't move his ass...

The third, third, constipated man was Moses,
he took two tablets....

The fourth, fourth, constipated man it was Solomon,
he sat for forty years....

The fifth, fifth constipated man it was Samson,
he brought the house down...

(actually, there were six:
The sixth, sixth constipated man
Was Titus. His name speaks for itself)

Five Foot Flirt (Cyril Tawney)

1. Don't tell I Jim Johnson twern't with you last night
I heard him as plain as can be
I was crossing the mound when I 'eard a strange sound
Under the sycamore tree
I thought p'rhaps a cow had been caught in the mud
And pulled his leg out with a moo
I'm satisfied now that that noise weren't the cow
It twer Jim kissing you.

*Ch. You're a five foot flirt in the robes of an angel
You better 'ad leave I alone
By the way you're acting it nearly unnerves I
The thing that preserves I is my joviality
Though I've got trouble as thick as the stubble
It's you that's the worst of them all
Keep out of me track and if you want to come back
You can turn, turn, turn.*

2. Remember what happened last Saturday
The air was so peaceful and still
When out of the blue came a hullabaloo
A growling and a cackling so shrill
It came to my head as I crawled from me bed
There's a fox at me chickens tis true
I crept out in me socks and bumped into the fox
It was Jim kissing you.

3. Now what's your excuse for last Sunday in church
It fair turned the poor vicar grey
As the organist were rendering "Lead Kindly Light"
Jim Johnson were pumping away
Then all of a sudden the organ stopped short
The vicar got into a stew
When he looked round behind
Tell me what did he find. He found Jim kissing you.

The Flower of Scotland

(was composed at 69 Nothumberland Street, Edinburgh by Roy Williamson of the Corries. The unofficial national anthem of Scotland)

1.
**O flower of Scotland
When will we see
Your like again
That fought and died for
Your wee bit hill and glen
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again**

2. The hills are bare now
And autumn leaves lie
thick and still
O'er land that is lost now
Which those so dearly
held
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

3. Those days are passed now
And in the past they must remain
But we can still rise now
And be the nation again
And stood against him
Proud Edward's army
And sent him homeward
Tae think again

Fling It Here, Fling It There (S. Lawrence/Yetties
Tune: Villikins and Dinah)

1. Way down on our farm we are right up to date
For mechanization's the by-word of late
For every job there's a gadget to match but our new
muckspreader's the best of the batch

*Ch. Fling it here, Fling it there If you're standing
by then you'll all get your share*

2. Now young Walter Hodgkins he brought back a
load of liquid manure from the farm up the road
He hummed to himself as he drove up the street
and his load also hummed in the afternoon heat.

3. Now this muckspreader had a mechanical fault
and a bump in the road turned it on with a jolt
An odorous spray of manure it let fly without fear or
favour on all who passed by.

4. The cats and the dogs stank to high kingdom
come and the kiddies browned off ran home
screaming to Mum
The trail of sheer havoc was terrible grim, one open
car was filled up to the brim.

The vicarage window was open all wide when this
generous helping descended inside
The vicar at table he said let us pray when this
dung from heaven came flying his way.

In her garden Miss Pringle was quite scandalised
Good gracious she said I've been fertilised
While the Methodist minister's tea-total wife was
plastered for the very first time in her life

And all of this time Walter trundled along, he was
quite unaware there was anything wrong
Till a vision of woe flagged him down – what a sight:
A policeman all covered in you've got it right.

Foggy Foggy Dew (trad.)

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

One night she came to my bedside when I was fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died
She said what shall I do?
So I hauled her into bed and covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

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

The Folker (Noel Murphy)

Oh, my name's "Lead Fingers Murphy" and my story's seldom told
And I massacre folk music with a yard of German plywood and a capo
I do requests--just the ones that have two chords in them and I disregard the rest Na na nya, na na na na.

In the Sir Patrick Spens I clean forgot the 42nd verse,
So I sang the 27th twice as loud and in reverse and no one noticed.
I laughed for hours the tears ran down me trouser leg I thought I'd wet me drawers Na na nya, na na na na.

Na na nya, Na na na na na na na Na na nya Na na na na na na na na na na nya

Well, I stand on stage the hero a martyr to me trade
And carry the reminders of all the gigs I've played in like the Irish Club
Where I fled in mortal fear—with the imprint of a Guinness bottle stamped across my ear Na na nya na na na na

Seeking twenty with expenses I went looking for a gig
But I got no offers--just a come on from a groupie up in Naldertown
I do declare--I was feeling rather randy and I had her then and there Na na nya na na na na

Na na nya, Na na na na na na na Na na nya Na na na na na na na na na na nya

Well, I've sung the folk tradition with my finger in my ear
Cause half the stuff I'm singin'—I just can't bear to hear—it's a load of cobblers
Bar after bar--to the rhythm of an out of tune Japanese guitar. Na Na Nya na na na na

Well, I met this great guitarist and I asked him for advice
But the message that he gave me--wasn't very nice or even civil
Stick it where--and if I did how could I tune it with it shoved way up there. Na na nya na na na na

Now I've got my thing together, man, I'm really freaking out
Reading "Melody Maker," mainlining on draught stout and having hang ups
And like the rest, I'm having trouble with my sex life since I fell and broke my wrist
And my other songs are twice as bad as this.

Folk Song (Myles Rudge & Ted Dicks, as sung by Bernard Cribbens)

Oh, 'twas on a Monday mornin'-O,
The rain it was a rainin',
My love, she turned to me and said,
"Oh, when will you and I be wed,
I've been and bought a double bed,
And mother is complainin'",
(spoken:- "I can't stand her mother")
And all the while the rain it was a rainin'.

'Twas on the Tuesday mornin'-O,
The snow it was a glistenin'
My love still hadn't gone away,
So I said "Mistress, tell me pray,
What was it you said yesterday,
I really wasn't listenin'",
(Spoken:- "I laughed, she hit me, it hurt"),
And all the while the snow etc.

'Twas on the Wednesday mornin'-O,
The hail it was a hailin',
My love, she made a quick retort,
She said "To cut the story short,
I've bought a bed, the double sort,
You hearin' must be failin'",
(Spoken:- "I heard that all right, though"),
And all the while the hail etc.

'Twas on the Thursday mornin'-O,
The day was not a hot one,
I said "I thought that's what you said,
You've been and bought a double bed,
You must be goin' off your head,
For I've already got one",
(Spoken:- "Got two now haven't I"),
And all the while the day etc.

(Spoken:- "On Friday, nobody spoke").

'Twas on the Saturday mornin'-O,
The thunder it was frightening,
I shouted loud, so I'd be heard,
"Oh let's get married on the third",
But she did answer not one word,
For she'd been struck by lightnin',
And after that the weather started brightening.

Football Crazy (traditional)

I have a favourite brother and his Christian name is Paul
 He's lately joined a football club for he's mad about football
 And he's two black eyes already and teeth lost from his gob
 Since our Paul became a member of that terrible football club.

*Ch. For he's football crazy, he's football mad.
 The football it has taken away the wee bit of sense he had
 And it would take a dozen servants to wash his clothes and scrub
 Since our Paul became a member of that terrible football club.*

In the middle of the field one afternoon the captain says "Hey Paul
 Would you kindly take this place kick since you're mad about football
 So he took forty paces backwards shot off from the mark.
 The ball went sailing over the bar and landed in New York.

His wife says she will leave him if Paul he doesn't keep
 Away from football kicking at night time in his sleep
 Well he calls out " Pass McGinty" and other things so droll
 Last night he kicked her out of the bed and shouted It's a goal!

Football Referee (adapted from Matt McGinn's original)

*ch. Why did I ever become a football referee? I could have been
 an engineer or a sailor on the sea.
 I could have lead an easy life a working nine to five Considering
 all the scrapes I've had I'm lucky to be alive.*

V1. The first time that I refed a match a boys game under nine
 The dads they went berserk and were a fighting on the line
 I ruled a ball was offside, they shouted, "What a farce!
 The referee's a tosser he can shove it up his"!

V2. The first big game I refereed I did feel very proud,
 I played it like a flutter and I smiled at all the crowd,
 I gave them two decisions and I heard a terrible boo,
 Then fifty-thousand voices roared 'It's coconuts to you'!

V3. When Rangers played the Celtic, before I reached the field,
 Each set of fans were threatening me I thought my fate was sealed.
 I refused to fix the match and when they picked up bricks I ran
 They hollered that me love life would soon go down the pan

V4. The game had gone on half-an-hour when two began to fight
 I tried to separate them and to tell them who was right.
 They bashed me & they battered me & they left me nearly lame,
 The crowd roared out, 'Let's bury him! & get on with the game.'

They brought me out to Italy as a very honoured guest,
 Between Milan and Roma, I did my level best.
 But the crowd they didna fancy me -I could tell by the way they
 squeeled.
 They hired a helicopter to take me oot o' the field.

The Fox (trad)

1. The fox went out for a chase one night
 prayed to the moon to give him light
 for he had many a mile to go that night
 before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o
 he had many a mile to go that night
 before he reached the town-o.

2. He ran right up to the farmers pen
 ducks and the geese were kept therein
 he said "A couple of you gonna grease my chin
 before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o
 A couple of you gonna grease my chin
 before I leave this town-o."

3. He grabbed the grey goose by the neck
 slung the little one over his back
 he didn't mind the quack quack quack
 and the legs all dangling down-o, down-o, down-o
 he didn't mind the quack quack quack
 and the legs all dangling down-o.

4. Old Mother Pitter Patter jumped out of bed
 out of the window she popped her head yelling
 "John, John the grey goose is gone!
 and the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o
 John, John the grey goose is gone!
 and the fox is on the town-o."

5. John he ran to the top of the hill
 blew his horn both loud and shrill
 the fox said "I'd better flee with my kill
 for he'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o"
 the fox said "I'd better flee with my kill
 for he'll soon be on my trail-o."

6. He ran right up to his cozy den
 there were his little ones eight nine ten
 they said "Daddy won't you please go back again
 for it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o
 Daddy wont you please go back again
 for it must be a mighty fine town-o."

7. The fox and his wife without any strife
 cut up the goose with a fork and knife
 they'd never had such a supper in their life
 and the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o,
 bones-o
 They never had such a supper in their life
 and the little ones chewed on the bones-o.

Galaxy Song (Eric Idle & John Du Prez)

Whenever life gets you down Mrs Brown
 And things seem hard or tough
 And people are stupid, obnoxious or daft
 And you feel that you've had quite enough

Galaxy Song (cont.)

Just remember that you're standing on a planet that's evolving
 And revolving at nine hundred miles an hour
 That's orbiting at ninety miles a second so it's reckoned
 A sun that is the source of all our power
 The sun and you and me and all the stars that we can see
 Are moving at a million miles a day
 In an outer spiral arm at forty thousand miles an hour
 Of the galaxy we call the Milky Way

Our galaxy itself contains a hundred billion stars
 It's one hundred thousand light years side to side
 It bulges in the middle, sixteen thousand light years thick
 But out by us it's just three thousand light years wide
 We're thirty thousand light years from galactic central point
 We go round every two hundred million years
 And our galaxy is only one of millions of billions
 In this amazing and expanding universe

The universe itself keeps on expanding and expanding
 In all of the directions it can whizz
 As fast as it can go, the speed of light you know
 Twelve million miles a minute and that's the fastest speed there is
 So remember when you're feeling very small and insecure
 How amazingly unlikely is your birth
 And pray that there's intelligent life somewhere out in space
 'Cos there's bugger all down here on earth

Garden of Love (Benny Hill)

*(Chorus) The sun and the rain fell from up above.
 And landed on the earth below in my garden of love*

Now there's a rose for the way my spirits rose when we met
 A forget-me-not to remind me to remember not to forget
 A pine tree for the way I pined over you
 And an ash for the day I ashed you to be true

Now there's a palm tree that we planted when we had our first date
 A turnip for the way you always used to turnip late
 Your mother and your cousin, Chris, they often used to come
 So, in their honour, I have raised a nice chris-an'-the-mum

Now there's a beetroot for the day you said that you'd beetroot to me
 A sweet pea for the sweet way you always smiled at me
 But you had friends who needed you
 There was Ferdie, there was Liza
 So, just for them, I put down a load of ferdy-liza

But Gus the gardener's left now and you went with him, too
 The fungus there reminds me of the fun Gus is having with you
 Now the rockery's a mockery, with weeds it's overgrown
 The fuchsia's gone, I couldn't face the fuchsia all alone
 And my tears fell like raindrops from the sky above
 and poisoned all the flowers in my garden of love

Galway Bay (tune Arthur Colahan)

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
 Better wait until my wife has passed away!
 I always remember the way she used to rag me.
 She had a mouth as big as Galway Bay.

Now she drinks her fourteen pints of Guinness daily
 And walks on down the street without a sway;
 If the River Shannon was full of Irish whisky
 She would swim and drink and drown in Galway Bay.

Oh you oughta see her standing in the boozier
 And when the barman says, "it's time you go."
 Well, she doesn't speak in English or in Gaelic.
 But in language that the clergy would not know.

On her back she has tattooed a map of Ireland.
 And when she takes her bath each Christmas Day,
 She rubs the Sunlight Soap around the islands.
 And watch the suds go down to Galway Bay.

The Gas-Man Cometh (Michael Flanders)

Twas on the Monday morning the gas-man came to call.
 The gas tap wouldn't turn, I wasn't getting gas at all
 He tore out all the skirting boards to try and find the main.
 And I had to call a carpenter to put them back again
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do

Twas on the Tuesday morning the carpenter came round.
 He hammered & he chiselled and he said, Look what I've found
 Your joists are full of dry rot but I'll put them all to rights.
 Then he nailed right through a cable and out went all the lights
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

The Gas-Man Cometh (cont.)

Twas on a Wednesday morning the electrician came.
 He called me Mr. Sanderson which isn't quite me name
 He couldn't reach the fuse box without standing on the bin.
 And he put his foot through a window so I called the glazier in
 Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

Twas on the Thursday morning the glazier came along.
 With his blowtorch and his putty and his merry glazier song
 He put another pane in, it took no time at all.
 But I had to get a painter in to come and paint the wall
 Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

Twas on a Friday morning the painter made a start.
 With undercoats and overcoats, he painted every part
 Every nook and every cranny but I found when he was gone.
 He'd painted over the gas tap and I couldn't turn it on
 Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

On Saturday and Sunday they do no work at all.
 So twas on the Monday morning that the gas-man came to call.

The German Clockwinder (ad. by ed.)

A German clockwinder to Dublin once came,
 Benjamin Fuchs was the old German's name,
 And as he was winding his way 'round the strand,
 He played on his flute and the music was grand.

*Singing Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a, Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a Too-ra-li-ay
 Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a, Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a Too-ra-li-ay
 He'll wind up your clock in the old fashioned way
 Singing Too-ra-lam-a-lam-a Too-ra-li-ay*

There was a young lady from Grosvenor Square,
 Who said that her clock was in need of repair.
 In walked the German, and to her delight,
 In less than five minutes, he had her clock right.

CHORUS

And as they were sitting right down on the floor,
 There came a very loud knock on the door.
 In walked her husband, and great was his shock,
 To see the old German wind up his wife's clock.

CHORUS

Then says her husband, "Look here, Mary Ann,
 Don't tell that old German to come here again.
 He wound up your clock and left mine on the shelf.
 If your old clock needs winding I'll do it myself."

CHORUS

Then says the German, "Sure I meant you no harm,
 But the spring wouldn't work in your old wife's alarm.
 I pulled out me oil can and I gave it a squirt;
 If you keep it well-oiled, well your wife's clock will work!"

CHORUS

Ghastly White / Widdecombe Fair (trad.)

*Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon,
 Harry Hawke
 Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all. Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all*

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare.
 All along down along out along lee
 For I wants to go to Widdecombe Fair

when will I see again my grey mare.
 All along down along out along lee
 By Friday soon or Saturday noon

Friday came and Saturday soon.
 All along down along out along lee
 Tom's grey mare her has not trotted home

So Tom he went up to the top of the hill.
 All along down along out along lee
 And there he sees his old mare a making her will

Tom's grey mare took sick and died.
 All along down along out along lee
 And Tom sat down on a stone and he cried

When the wind whistles cold on the moors of a night.
 All along down along out along lee
 Tom's grey mare doth appear ghastly white

And all the night long there'd be skirling and groans.
 All along down along out along lee
 Of Tom's grey mare and the rattling bones of

Short version: Tam Pearce Tam Pearce Lend me your grey mare.
 No! You never returned my lawnmower.

Girl I Left Behind Me

(lyrics Samuel Lover, tune Brighton Camp pub. 1791 in Ireland
 as The Spailpin Fanach)

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill and o'er the moor and valley
 Such grievous thoughts my heart do fill since parting with my Sally
 I seek no more the fine or gay for each doth but remind me
 How swift the hours did pass away with the girl I left behind me

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night the stars were bright above me
 And gently lent their silv'ry light when first she vowed to love me
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp kind Heaven thence pray guide me
 And send me safely back again to the girl I left behind me

Girl I Left Behind Me (tune Brighton Camp)

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills, and o'er the moor that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my mind is filled since I parted with our Peggy
Whene'er I return to view the place the tears do fall and blind me,
When I think on the charming grace of the girl I left behind me

But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp kind heaven, then, pray guide me,
And send me safely back again to the girl I've left behind me.

Oh, the black cat piddled in the white cat's eye
And the white cat said, "Cor Blimey
And the black cat said, "You silly sod,
You shouldn't stand behind me!"

There ain't no hairs on our cat's tail There ain't no hairs on Tiny
But I know where there's lots of hair, On the girl I left behind me

Girt Great 'erd of Cows (lyrics-Bonny Sartin's Juggernaut, tune Brighton Camp))

Now lorry drivers are a breed apart whose skill is highly rated
Especially if their vehicle is articulated
But the largest juggernaut that Parliament allows
Is not when you compare it with me gurt big 'erd of cows

*Ch. Tis 100 yards from nose to tail and goes at a steady amble
It blocks the road completely and I steers it with a bramble.*

Now bicyclists be awful pests, they tries to be persistent
They swerve their cycles in and out and think that we have missed 'em
But when they move along the side against the shapely rear
She swings it with precision and they end up on their ear.

Now motor cyclists are the worst of all the road mis-users
I took a while to find a trick to make them come out losers
But dear old Nell she stops them dead and makes them feel a silly 'un
Cos they can't move, go either way with a cow sat on the pillion.

And when all they that's late for work comes roaring round the bend
They slams their brakes on furiously and stands the car on end
They say the road is meant for cars and I should not be on it
So Betsy lifts her tail up high and decorates the bonnet.

Goldfish (tune: Oh God Our Hope in Ages Past)

I bought this fish a month ago
It cost me twenty pound
It just swims round and round
And round and round

*Ch. And round and round
And round and round
And round and round and round
And round and round and round
And round and round and round.*

It doesn't quack or bark or chirp
It doesn't make a sound....

Just then my goldfish tried to yawn
The silly bugger drowned
And drowned a
and drowned etc

Good Ale / Ale, You Are My Darling (trad.)

It's of good ale to you I'll sing
And to good ale I'll always cling
I like my cup filled to the brim
And I'll drink all you care to bring

*Oh good ale, you are my darling
You are my joy both night and morning*

It's you that helps me with my work.
And from tasks I'll never shirk
While I can get a good home brew
And better than one pint I like two

I love you in the early morn,
I love you daylight, dark or dawn
And when I'm weary, worn or spent
It's turn the tap and ease the vent

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

And if all my friends from Adam's race
Were to meet me here all in this place
I could part from all without one fear
Before I'd part from my good beer

And if my wife should me despise
How soon I'd give her two black eyes
But if she loved me like I love thee
What a happy couple we should be

You've caused me debts and I've often swore,
I never would drink strong ale no more
But you for all that I'll forgive
And I'll drink strong ale as long as I live.

Good Luck To The Barley Mow (trad.)

Here's Good luck to the Pint pot
Good luck to the Barley Mo'
Jolly good luck to the Pint Pot
Good luck to the Barley Mo'
Oh the Pint-Pot, Half a Pint,
Gill-pot, Half a Gill, Quarter Gill,
Nipperkin, Pipperkin, and the Brown Bowl
Here's good Luck, Good luck to the Barley Mo'

Here's Good luck to the Quart pot
Good luck to the Barley Mo'
Jolly good luck to the Quart Pot
Good luck to the Barley Mo'
Oh the Quart-pot, Pint-Pot, Half a Pint,
Gill-pot, Half a Gill, Quarter Gill,
Nipperkin, Pipperkin, and the Brown Bowl
Here's good Luck, Good luck to the Barley Mo'

Here's Good luck to the Half Gallon
Good luck to the Barley Mo'
Jolly good luck to the Half Gallon
Good luck to the Barley Mo'
Oh the Half-Gallon, Quart-pot, Pint-Pot, Half a
Pint,
Gill-pot, Half a Gill, Quarter Gill,
Nipperkin, Pipperkin, and the Brown Bowl
Here's good Luck, Good luck to the Barley Mo'

Good Luck To The Barley Mow (cont.)

Here's Good luck to the Gallon
 Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Jolly good luck to the Gallon
 Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Oh the Gallon, Half-Gallon,
 Quart-pot, Pint-Pot, Half a Pint,
 Gill-pot, Half a Gill, Quarter Gill,
 Nipperkin, Pipperkin, and the Brown Bowl

Here's good Luck, Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Here's Good luck to the Half Barrel
 Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Jolly good luck to the Half Barrel
 Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Oh the half-Barrel, Gallon, Half-Gallon,
 Quart-pot, Pint-Pot, Half a Pint,
 Gill-pot, Half a Gill, Quarter Gill,
 Nipperkin, Pipperkin, and the Brown Bowl

Here's good Luck, Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Here's Good luck to the Barrel
 Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Jolly good luck to the Barrel
 Good luck to the Barley Mo'
 Oh the Barrel, half-Barrel,
 Gallon, Half-Gallon, Quart-pot,
 Pint-Pot, Half a Pint,
 Gill-pot, Half a Gill, Quarter Gill,
 Nipperkin, Pipperkin, and the Brown Bowl
 Here's good Luck, Good luck to the Barley Mo

Green and Yeller (trad.)

Where have you been all the day, Henry my son?
 Where have you been all the day, my currant bun?
 In the woods, dear mother. In the woods, dear mother
 Mother be quick I got to be sick and lay me down to die.

What did you do in the woods all day, Henry my boy?
 What did you do in the woods all day, my saveloy?
 Ate, dear mother. Ate, dear mother. Mother be quick
 I got to be sick and lay me down to die.

What did you eat in the woods all day, Henry my son?
 What did you eat in the woods all day, my pretty one?
 Eels, dear mother. Eels, dear mother. Mother be quick
 I got to be sick and lay me down to die.

What color were those eels, Henry my boy?
 What color were those eels, my pride and joy
 Green and yellor. Green and yellor. Mother be quick
 I got to be sick and lay me down to die.

Those eels were snakes, Henry my son.
 Those eels were snakes, my pretty one.
 Urgh, dear mother. Urgh, dear mother. Mother be quick
 I got to be sick and lay me down to die.

What color flowers do you want on your grave etc.
 Green and yellor etc.

Granny's Old Armchair (John Read 1871, ad. Fred Crumit 1929)

Well me grandmother she at the age of eighty three
 Fell sick upon the bed and then her died.
 And after she was dead the will of course was read
 By the lawyer as we all sat by his side.
 To me brother we found she left a hundred pounds
 And likewise to me sisters I declare
 But when it came to me the lawyer said
 I see she's only left you her old armchair.

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

Well I hardly thought it fair but I said I didn't care
 And in the evening took the chair away
 How the neighbours chaffed and me brother he laughed
 But said twould come in useful someday.
 When you settle down in life and find yourself a wife
 You'll find it very handy I declare
 On a cold and stormy night, with the fire burning bright
 You can sit her in the old armchair.

What me brother said was true for in a year or two
 I settled down in married life
 First the girl I caught and then the ring I bought
 And so I took to the church to be me wife.
 Now me wife and me are as happy as can be
 And in the evening when me work is done I never like to roam,
 I prefer to stay at home sitting in me old armchair.

One night the chair fell down, when I picked it up
 I found the seat had fallen down upon the floor.
 And there to my surprise, right before me eyes
 Was a lot o notes a thousand pound or more.
 When me brother 'eard of this, the fellar I confess
 Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair.
 But I only looked at him and said unto him
 Jim don't you wish you had me old armchair.

Green grow the rushes. (trad.)

I'll sing you one, O Green grow the rushes, O
 What is your one, O? One is one and all alone.
 And evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you two, O Green grow the rushes, O
 What are your two, O? Two, two, lily-white boys,
 Clothed all in green, ho ho
 One is one and all alone. And evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you three, O Green grow the rushes, O
 What are your three, O? Three, three, the rivals,
 Two, two, lily-white boys, Clothed all in green, O
 One is one and all alone And evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you four, O Green grow the rushes, O
 What are your four, O? Four for the Gospel makers,
 Three, three, the rivals, Two, two, lily-white boys,
 Clothed all in green, ho ho
 One is one and all alone And evermore shall be so.

I'll sing you five-Five for the symbols at your door,
 I'll sing you six O – proud walkers
 Seven O – seven for the seven stars in the sky
 Eight O - April Rainers
 Nine O – Nine bright shiners
 Ten O – Ten Commandments
 Eleven O –Eleven who went to heaven
 Twelve O – Twelve Apostles.

Hal an Tow – HELSTON (traditional)

Take the scorn and wear the horn, it was the crest when you were born
Your father's father wore it, and your father wore it to

*Hal an tow, jolly rumbalo
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*

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

What happened to the Spaniards who made so great a boast o
It's they shall eat the feathered goose and we shall eat the roast o

God bless Aunt Mary Moses in all her power and might o
Send us peace to England, send peace by day and night o

Gypsy Rover (trad)

A gypsy rover came over the hill
Down through the valley so shady.
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.

*Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-doo-dah-day
Ah-dee-doo-ah-dee-day-dee
He whistled and he sang 'til the green woods rang
And he won the heart of a lady.*

She left her father's castle gate.
She left her own fine lover.
She left her servants and her state
To follow her gypsy rover.

She left behind her velvet gown
And shoes of Spanish leather
They whistled and they sang 'till the green woods
rang
As they rode off together

Last night, she slept on a goose feather bed
With silken sheets for cover
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground
Beside her gypsy lover

Her father saddled up his fastest stead
And roamed the valley all over.
Sought his daughter at great speed
And the whistlin' gypsy rover.

He came at last to a mansion fine
Down by the river Claydee.
And there was music and there was wine
For the gypsy and his lady.

"Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear
For a whistling gypsy rover?"

"He is no gypsy, my Father," she cried
"but Lord of these lands all over.
And I shall stay 'til my dying day
with my whistlin' gypsy rover."

Hanging Johnny (trad)

Well, they call me Hangin' Johnny
Away boys, away
Well, I never hanged nobody
And it's hang boys, hang

Well, first I hanged me mother
Away boys, away
Me sister and me brother
And it's hang boys, hang

A rope, a beam, a ladder....
I hung them altogether...

Well, next I hanged me granny
And then the Holy Family....

Well, I never hangs for money
It's just that hanging's so bloody funny

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

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

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;
And hang for finer weather.

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

Happy Birthday!

Happy birthday to you
 Though you make us all stew
 Get plastered you bastard
 Happy birthday to you

May you live hundred years
 May you drink million beers
 Get plastered you bastard
 Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you
 Though you make us all stew
 Get plastered you bastard
 Happy birthday to you

Why was he born so beautiful?
 Why was he born at all?
 He`s no b----- use to anyone
 He`s no b----- use at all.

Happy Man (trad.)

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

*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

Hard Times Of Old England (trad.)

Come all brother tradesmen that travel alone,
 O pray, come and tell me where the trade is all gone.
 Long time I have travelled and cannot find none,

*And it's Oh, the hard times of old England,
 In old England, very hard times.*

Provisions you buy at the shop, it is true,
 But if you've no money there's none there for you.
 So what's a poor man and his family to do,

If you go to a shop and you ask for a job,
 They will answer you there with a shake and a nod.
 That's enough to make a poor man to turn out and rob,

You will see the poor tradesmen a-walking the street,
 From morning to night for employment to seek.
 And scarcely they have any shoes on their feet,

Our soldiers and sailors have just come from war,
 Been fighting for their King and country sure,
 Come home to be starved: should have stayed where they were,

And now to conclude and to finish my song,
 Let us hope that these hard times they will not last long,

Here`s Health to the Company (trad. ar. Brobdingian Bards)

Kind friends and companions, come join me in rhyme
 Come lift up your voices in chorus with mine
 Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
 For we may and might never all meet here again

*Here's a health to the company and one to my lass
 Let us drink and be merry all out of one glass
 Let us drink and be merry, all grief to refrain
 For we may and might never all meet here again*

Here's a health to the dear lass that I love so well
 Her style and her beauty, sure none can excel
 There's a smile upon her countenance as she sits on my knee
 Sure there's no one in in this wide world as happy as we

Our ship lies at harbor, she's ready to dock
 I hope she's safe landed without any shock
 If ever we should meet again by land or by sea
 I will always remember your kindness to me

Hearts Of Oak (trad.)

Come cheer up me lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something more to this wonderful year,
 To honour we call you, as free men not slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

*Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
 We always are ready. Steady, boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.*

We ne'er see our foes b ut we wish them to stay;
 They never see us b ut they wish us away.
 If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, what can we do more?

We'll still make them fear, & we'll still make them flee,
 & drub 'em on shore, as we've drubbed them at sea;
 Then cheer up me lads, with one heart let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and King.

Hello Missus (ed. tune Hello Mudder)

Hello Missus hello fartars,
 At this Ring Meeting, I'm a martyr,
 Toxic toilets, fumes not waning,
 But they say they'll be fresh air when they've got
 drains in!

Drinking Morlands seems quite wreckless,
 And we're all now nearly legless.
 You remember Leonard Skinner
 He got alcohol poisoning last night after dinner.

We're all latching for a waitress
 Dropping cutlery she retrieves`s.
 She ignores us, keeping busy
 But one squire declined the sight `cos he`s a sissy!

Now I don't want this to scare ya
 In his hot quilt he`s quite bare-yeh.
 We have named him Ivor Hardy
 After last night`s dawn excursion to the kazi!

Hello Missus (cont.)

Take me home, no more a martyr,
I can't sleep from all the farters.
Don't leave me-that squire's begun to stare
I might get eaten by him bare!
Take me home I promise I will not make noise
When I return with all the boys.
Oh please take me away
I've been here one whole day!

Hello sweetheart, darling missus
You're so precious, you're delicious.
Let me come home if you miss me.
I will even let you're mother hug and kiss me!

Wait a minute, it's started pouring
Won't be dancing in the morning.
In a tavern with a beverage.
So my dearest missus disregard this message!

Hello Muddah (Alan Sherman)

Hello Muddah, hello Faddah
Here I ameth Camp Granada.
It is very entertaining
And they say we'll have some fun if it stops raining!

I went hiking with Joe Spring,
He developed Poison Ivy.
You remember Leonard Skinner.
He got Toe Main Poisoning last night after dinner.

All the councillors hate the waiters
And the camp has Alligators.
And the Head Coach wants no cissys
So he reads to us from something called Ulysses.

Now I don't want this to scare you,
But my bunk mate has Malaria.
You remember Jeffrey Hardy.
They're about to organise a searching party.

Ref: Take me home o Muddah Faddah
Take me home I hate Granada
Don't leave me I'll end up as a square
I might get eaten by a bear
Take me home I promise I will not make noise
Or mess the house with other boys
O please don't make me stay
I've been here one whole day!

Dearest Faddah, darling Muddah,
How's my precious little Brother.
Let me come home if you miss me.
I will even let Aunt Bertha hug and kiss me.

Wait a minute, it's stopped hailing,
Guys are swimming, guys are sailing
Playing baseball, G that's better.
Muddah Faddah kindly disregard this letter!

And now I have come to the crux of my tale.
At first he turned red, then he turned pale,
Then he offered a prayer, for prayers never fail,
So 'tis sai, for payers never fail..

Of the truth of this tale, there is no doubt at all.
The Lord heard his prayer and He answered his call:
Though he let go the hat, the hat didn't fall.
A blessed miracle! The hat didn't fall.

Hell's Angel (lyrics Wild Biker, tune Wild Rover)

I've been a Hell's Angel for many's the year
And I've spent all me money on black leather gear
Me bike is all rusty and I'm saddle sore
And I never will play the Hell's Angel no more!

I went into a bikeshop I used to frequent
And I told the mechanic me camshaft was bent
I asked for a new one, he answered "No Way!"
Yer bike is a Honda - we stock BSA!"

I took from me pocket me Hitler Youth knife
And his eyes opened wide as he fled for his life
Saying "I was just joking, take whatever you like!"
I said "Ta very much, mate, I'll have a new bike!"

This bike needed greasing before I could ride
So I took it and lay underneath it outside
But I'd only just started when in from of me eyes
I saw two great big jackboots with black shiny toes!

And now, as I lie here - both legs in a cast
That's the first fight I've had and I swear its me last!
And when I get out of the intensive care ward
Sure I never will play the hell's angel no more!

The Hermit (tune from Digital Tradition)

A hermit once lived in a beautiful dell,
And it is no legend, this story I tell,
So my father declared, who knew him quite well,
The hermit he knew him quite well.

He lived in a cave by the side of the lake,
Decoctions of herbs for his health he would take,
And only of fish could this good man partake
On Friday could this man partake.

And most of his time he spent in repose.
Once a year he would bathe both his body and clothes.
How the lake ever stood it, the Lord only knows,
And He won't tell, the Lord only knows

One day as he rose, dripping and wet,
His horrified vision three pretty girls met;
In matters of gallantry, he wasn't a vet,
So he blushed, he wasn't a vet.

He grabbed up his hat that lay on the beach,
And covered up all that its wide brim would reach,
Then he cried to the girls in a horrified screech,
"Go away," in a horrified screech.

But the girls only laughed at his pitiful plight,
And begged him to show them the wonderful sight,
But he clung to his hat with all of his might
To hide it, with all of his might.

But just at this moment a villainous gnat
Made the hermit forget just where he was at.
He struck at the insect, and let go of the hat --
"Oh, horrors!" let go of the hat.

He's Got No Faloodurum / Maids When You're Young (trad.)

An old man came courting me
Hey do a dority
An old man came courting me
Me being young
An old man came courting me
All for to marry me
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

*For he's got no faloodorum, fadidledo doorum
For he's got no faloodoorum, fadidleday
He's got no faloorum, he's lost his ding doorum
So maids when you're young, never wed an old man*

Now when we went to the church, hey do a dority
When we went to the church, me being young
When we went to the church, he left me in the lurch
Maids when you're young, never wed an old man

Now when we went to our bed, hey do a dority
Now when we went to our bed, me being young
When we went to our bed, he neither done nor said
Maids when you're young never wed an old man

Now when he went to sleep, hey do a dority
Now when we went to sleep, me being young
When we went to sleep, out of bed I did creep
Into the arms of a handsome young man

And I found his falodoorum, fa didle dodoorum
I found his falodoorum, fa didle all day
I found his falodoorum and he got my dingdoorum
so maids when you're young never wed an old man

Hi Ho Silver Lining (Scott English & Larry Weiss)

You're ev'rywhere and nowhere baby
That's where you're at
Rolling down a bumpy hillside
In your hippy hat.

Flying across the country
And getting fat
Saying ev'rything is groovy
When your tyres are flat.

And it's Hi, Ho silver lining
And away you go now baby
I see the sun ain't shining
But I won't make a fuss
Though it's obvious.

Flies are in your pea-soup baby
They're waving at me
Anything you want is yours now
Only nothin' is free,

Lies are going to get you some day
Just wait and see
So put up your beach umbrella
While you're watchin' T.V.
And it's Hi, Ho silver lining
And away you go now baby
I see the sun ain't shining
But I won't make a fuss
Though it's obvious

He's Got the Whole World in His Hand (trad.)

*He's got the whole world in His hand.
The whole wide world in His hand.
(He's got the whole world in His hand)X2*

(He's got you and me brother, in his hand)X3.
He's got the whole world in his hand.
(He's got you and me sister, in his hand) X3.
He's got the whole world in his hand.
(He's got the little bitty babies in his hand) X3.
He's got the whole world in his hand.
(He's got everybody here in his hand) X3.
He's got the whole world in his hand.

Hippopotamus Song

(Flanders and Swan)

A bold hippopotamus was standing one day,
On the banks of the cool Shalimar.
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay
By the light of the evening star.
Away on a hilltop, sat brushing her hair
His fair hippopotamine maid.
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus
And sang her this sweet serenade.

cho: Mud, mud, glorious mud,
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood.
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow
And there let us wallow in glorious mud.

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice
From that seat on the hilltop above.
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice
Came tiptoeing down to her love.
Like thunder the forest reechoed the sound
Of the song that they sang as they met.
His inamorata adjusted her garter
And lifted her voice in duet.

Then more hippopotami began to convene
On the banks of that river so wide.
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side.
They all dived at once with an ear-splitting "Splosh"
Then rose to the surface again.
A regular army of hippopotami
All singing this haunting refrain.

The Holly and The Ivy (trad.)

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown.
Of all the trees are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

*Ch. Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a blossom,
As white as the lily flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

The Holly and The Ivy (cont.)

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

*Ch. Oh, the rising of the sun & the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
sweet singing in the choir.*

The holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas Day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.

The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown.
Of all the trees are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

Home Boys, Home (trad.)

*And it's home, boys, home; home I'd like to be
Home for a while in me own count-a-rie
Where the oak and the ash and the bonnie rowan tree
Are all a-growing green in the North Count-a-rie*

I am a sailor as sailed the ocean blue
I gained the good will of the captain and the crew
I tied up in harbour one night for to lie
And that was the beginning of me one true love and I

I asked her for a candle for to light me up to bed
And likewise for a hankerchief to tie around my head
She waited on me like a fair maid should do
So I gave her the wink for to jump into bed too

She jumped into bed, for to keep herself so warm
Not thinking that a sailor lad would do her any harm
He kissed her and cuddled her and bid her draw near
Till she wished the short night had been seven year

Early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into her apron threw a handful of gold
Saying, Take this oh take this for what I have done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son

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

Come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me
And 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 knee

Holy Ground (trad.)

Adieu my fair young maiden,
A thousand times adieu
We must bid farewell to the Holy Ground
And the girls that we love true
We will sail the salt sea over
And return again for sure
To seek the girls who wait for us
In the Holy Ground once more.

*Ch. Fine girl you are. You're the girl that I adore
& still I live in hopes to see the Holy Ground once more
Fine girl you are.*

Oh the night was dark and stormy,
You scarce could see the moon
And our good ship was tossed about
And her rigging was all torn.
With her seams agape and leaky
With her timbers dozed and old
And still I live in hopes
To see the Holy Ground once more

Holmfirth Anthem / Pretty Flowers (trad.)

Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
It was on a summer, summer calm and clear
Abroad for pleasure as I was a-walking,
It was on a summer, summer calm and clear
There I beheld a most beautiful damsel,
lamenting for her shepherd swain
Lamenting for her shepherd swain

The fairest evening that ere I beheld thee,
ever more with the lad I adore
The fairest evening that ere I beheld thee,
ever more with the lad I adore
Wilt thou go fight the French and Spaniard,
wilt thou leave me thus my dear
Wilt thou leave me thus my dear

No more to yon green banks will I take me,
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs
No more to yon green banks will I take me,
With pleasure for to rest myself and view the lambs
But I will take me to yon green gardens,
Where them pretty flowers grow
Where them pretty pretty flowers grow

Home on the Range (trad.)

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

*Ch. Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free
And the breezes so balmy and light.
Oh I would not exchange my home on the range
For all of the cities so bright.

How often at night when the heavens are bright,
With the light of the glimmering stars,
How I stood there amazed and I asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

I'm My Own Grandpa (Guy Lombardo)

Now many many years ago when I was twenty-three
I was married to a widow who was pretty as can be
This widow had a grown-up daughter who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her and soon they too were wed

ch.

*Oh I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own granpa
It sounds funny I know,
But it really is so
Oh I'm my own grandpa*

This made my dad my son-in-law and changed my very life
My daughter was my mother 'cause she was my father's wife
To complicate the matter even though it brought me joy
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy

My little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad
For if he was my uncle, then that also made him br'ther
Of the widow's grown-up daughter who was also my stepmother

Father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run
And he became my grandchild, for he was my daughter's son
My wife is now my mother's mother and it makes me blue
Because altho' she is my wife, she's my grandmother too

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild
And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild
For now I have become the strangest case I ever saw
As husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa

I belong to Glasgow (Will Fyffe in 1927)

I've been wi' a couple o' cronies,
One or two pals o' my ain
We went in a hotel,
And we did very well,
And then we came out once again
Then we went into anither,
And that is the reason I'm fu'
We had six deoch-an-doruses, then sang a chorus,
Just listen, I'll sing it to you:

Chorus:

*I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow town
But what's the matter wi' Glasgow,
for it's goin' roun' and roun'
I'm only a common old working chap,
as anyone here can see,
But when I get a couple o' drinks on a Saturday,
Glasgow belongs to me!*

There's nothing in keeping your money,
And saving a shilling or two
If you've nothing to spend,
Then you've nothing to lend,
Why that's all the better for you
There no harm in taking a drappie,
It ends all your trouble and strife
It gives ye the feeling that when you get home,
You don't give a hang for the wife!

I Got It From Agnes (Tom Lehrer)

I love my friends and they love me
We're just as close as we can be
And just because we really care
Whatever we get, we share!

I got it from Agnes
She got it from Jim
We all agree it must have been him
Louise who gave it to him

Now she got it from Harry
Who got it from Marie
And ev'rybody knows that Marie
Got it from me

Giles got it from Daphne
She got it from Joan
Who picked it up in County Cork
A-kissin' the Blarney Stone

Pierre gave it to Shiela
Who must have brought it there
He got it from Francois and Jacques
Aha, lucky Pierre!

Max got it from Edith
Who gets it ev'ry spring
She got it from her Daddy
Who just gives her ev'rything

She then gave it to Daniel
Whose spaniel has it now
Our dentist even got it
And we're still wondering how

But I got it from Agnes
Or maybe it was Sue
Or Millie or Billie or Gillie or Willie
It doesn't matter who

It might have been at the pub
or at the club, or in the loo
And if you will be my friend, then I might ...
(Mind you, I said & quot; might & quot; ...)
Give it to you

I Got Married Last Friday (tune: Side By Side)

I got married last Friday
Had me wife there beside me
The guests had gone home
We were alone side by side.

We went straight into bed then
I nearly fell over dead when
Her teeth and her hair
She placed on a chair side by side.

Her little glass eye to follow
Her wooden leg so small
Along with other attachments
She placed on the chair by the wall.

I was so broken hearted
From most of me wife I was parted
So I slept on the chair
There was more of her there side by side.

I Painted Her

I painted her
Down the belly and up the back
Every nook and every crack
I painted her
Down in Drury Lane
I painted her old Tomato
Over and over again!

I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus

(Tommie Connor)

I saw mommy kissing Santa Claus
Underneath the mistletoe last night
She didn't see me creep
Down the stairs to have a peek
She thought that I was tucked up
In my Bedroom fast asleep

Then I saw mommy tickle Santa Claus
Underneath his beard so snowy white
What a laugh it would have been
If daddy had only seen
Mommy kissing Santa Claus last night.

Mommy kissing Santa Claus last night.

I Saw Mommy KO Santa Claus

(Phil Alexander parody)

I saw mommy KO Santa Claus
When he came in from the pub last night
Then she told him, Hey you stink
And she said he smelled of drink
And stank the room
With cheap perfume
From the barmaid down the Pink (& Lilly)
I saw mommy's knee in Santa's nuts
And you know it's really sad I did
And as Santa flew away
He passed by passed out on his sleigh
When I saw mommy hitting Santa Claus last night

Mommy hitting Santa Claus last night!

I'll Go Enlist For A Sailor/Unfortunate Tailor (trad)

List, oh list, to my sorrowful lay,
Attention give to my song I pray,
And when you've heard it all you'll say
That I'm "an unfortunate tailor."

I once was as happy as a bird on a tree,
My Sarah was all in the world to me,
But I'm cut out by a "son of the sea"
She has left me here to bewail her.

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

I'm Looking Over My Dead Dog Rover

(tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-leaved Clover)

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover,
That I over-ran with the mower.
One leg is missing the other is gone.
The third one is scattered all over the lawn.
No need explaining the one remaining
It's splattered on the kitchen door.
I'm looking over my dead dog rover,
That I over-ran with the mower.

I'm looking over my dead dog Rover
That I overlooked before
One leg is broken, the other is maimed,
The third I ran over with my CoCo Puff train.
No use explaining, the parts remaining,
They're mangled beyond repair.
I'm looking over my dead Dog Rover
That I overlooked, (Big finish)
That I overlooked,
That I overlooked before.

Immanuel Kant (Monty Python)

Immanuel Kant was a real pissant
Who was very rarely stable,
Heidegger, Heidegger was a boozy beggar
Who could think you under the table,
David Hume could out-consume
Schopenhauer and Hegel,
And Wittgenstein was a beery swine
Who was just as schloshed as Schlegel.

There's nothing Nietzsche couldn't teach ya
'Bout the turning of the wrist,
Socrates himself was permanently pissed...

John Stuart Mill, of his own free will,
With half a pint of shandy was particularly ill,
Plato, they say, could stick it away,
Half a crate of whiskey every day,
Aristotle, Aristotle was a beggar for the bottle,
Hobbes was fond of his dram,
And Rene Descartes was a drunken fart,
"I drink therefore I am."

Yes, Socrates himself is particularly missed;
A lovely little thinker but a bugger when he's pissed

In the Old Bazaar In Cairo

(Charlie Chester / K. Morris / Clinton Ford)

Sand bags, wind bags, camels with a hump,
Fat girls, thin girls, some a little plump,
Slave girls sold here, fifty bob a lump,
In the old bazaar in Cairo.

Brandy, shandy, beer without a froth,
Braces, laces, a candle for the moth.
Bet you'd look a smasher in an old loin cloth,
In the old bazaar in Cairo.

You can buy most anything,
Thin bulls, fat cows, a little bit of string,
You can purchase anything you wish,
A clock, a dish & something for your Auntie Nellie,

In the Old Bazaar in Cairo (cont.)

Harem, scarem, what d'ya think of that,
Bare knees, striptease, dancing on the mat,
Umpa! Umpa! That's enough of that,
In the old bazaar in Cairo.

Rice pud, very good, what's it all about,
Made it in a kettle and they couldn't get it out,
Everybody took a turn to suck it through the spout,
In the old bazaar in Cairo.

Come and buy, you can try everything in style,
Genuine, beduine carpet with a pile,
Funny little odds and ends floating down the Nile,
From the old bazaar in Cairo.

You can buy most anything,
Sheeps eyes, sand pies, a watch without a spring,
You can buy a pomegranate too,
A water-bag, a little bit of hokey pokey,

Yashmaks, pontefracts, what a strange affair,
Dark girls, fair girls, some with ginger hair,
This could get quite seedy but they censor it out there,
In the old bazaar in Cairo.

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree

(v1 Harry Williams / Egbert Van Alstyne, v2 1906 by Billy Murray a parody like the rest)

In the shade of the old apple tree
Where the love in your eyes I could see
When the voice that I heard, like the song of the bird
Seem'd to whisper sweet music to me
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
In the blossoms as you said to me
With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you
In the shade of the old apple tree

So I climbed up the old apple tree
For a pie was a real thing to me
She stood down below
With her apron spread "so"
To catch all the apples, you see
It looked like a picnic for me
But just then the limb broke; holy gee!
And I broke seven bones
And half-killed Maggie Jones
In the shade of the old apple tree

'Neath the crust of the old apple pie
There is something for you and for I
It may be a pin that the cook has left in
Or it may be a wee little fly
Oh, it may be an old rusty nail
Or a piece of the puppy dog's tail
But whate'er it may be, it's for you and for me
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie

They'd go out 'neath the old apple tree
Me folks cos there`s more room you see
Then maw would start in with a big rolling pin
And beat father 'til he couldn't see,
In the fight they upset the bee hive
And they found that them bees were alive
They didn't sting paw
Those bees they stung maw
In the shade of the old apple tree.

Irish Ballad/Rickety Ticky Tin (Tom Lehrer)

About a maid I'll sing this song sing rickety tickety tin
... who did not have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong.
She did everyone of them in.
Them in. She did every one of them in

One morning in a fit of pique sing rickety tickety tin
... she drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And we had to make do with gin
With gin. We had to make do with gin

Her mother she could never stand sing rickety tickety tin
... stand and so a cyanide soup she planned
The mother died with a spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin
A grin. Her face in a hideous grin

She set her sisters hair on fire sing rickety tickety tin
... and as the smoke and flame grew higher
Danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin
O-lin. Playing a violin

She tied her brother down with stones sing rickety tickety tin
... and sent him off to Davy Jones
All they ever found were the bones
And occassional pieces of skin
Of skin. Occassional pieces of skin

One day she had nothing to do sing rickety tickety tin
... she cut her baby brother in two
Served him up in an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in
-Bors in. Invited the neighbors in.

When at last the police came by sing rickety tickety tin
... these terrible deeds she did not deny
To do so she would have to lie
And lying she knew was a sin
A sin. Lying she knew was a sin

My tragic tale I won't prolong sing rickety tickety tin
My tragic tale I won't prolong... and if you did not enjoy this song

You've yourself to blame for letting me go on: You should never
have let me begin, begin. You should never have let me begin!

It's a Great Big Shame (Edgar Bateman)

I've lost my pal, 'e's the best in all the tahn,
 But don't you fink 'im dead, beco's 'e ain't.
 But since 'e's wed 'e 'as 'ad ter 'nuckle dahn.
 It's e-nuf-ter wax the temper of a saint!
 'e's a brewers dray-man, wiv a leg o' mutton fist,
 An' as strong as a bullick or an 'orse -
 Yet in 'er 'ands 'e's like a little kid -
 Oh! I wish as I could get 'im a divorce.

*It's a great big shame, an' if she belong'd ter me
 I'd let 'er know who's who.
 Naggin at a feller wot is six foot free,
 And her not four foot two!
 Oh! they 'adn't been married not a month nor more,
 When underneath her fumb goes Jim -
 Isn't it a pity as the likes ov 'er
 Should put upon the likes ov 'im?*

Now Jim was class - 'e could sing a decent song,
 And at scrappin' 'e 'ad won some great renown;
 It took two coppers for to make 'im move along,
 And annuver six to 'old the feller dahn.
 But today when I axes would 'e come an' 'ave some beer,
 To the door-step on tip toe 'e arrives;
 "I dare-n't," says 'e - "Don't shout, 'cos sh'll 'ear -
 I've got ter clean the winders an' the knives."

On a Sunday morn, wiv a dozen pals or more,
 'e'd play at pitch an' toss along the Lea;
 But now she bullies 'im a scrubbin' o' the floor -
 Such a change, - well I never did see.
 Wiv apron on 'im, I twigged 'im on 'is knees -
 A rubbin' up the old 'arf stone;
 Wot wiv emptyin' the ashes and a shellin' of the peas,
 I'm blowed if 'e can call 'is self 'is own!

It's the Syme the 'Ole World Over (Billy Bennet 1930)

*It's the syme the 'ole world over
 It's the poor wot gets the blyme;
 It's the rich wot gets the pleasures,
 Ain't it all a bleedin' shyme!*

She was just a farmer's daughter
 Pure, unsullied was 'er nyme
 When a squire came a-courting
 And the poor girl lorst 'er nyme!

So she made her way to London
 For to hide er grief and shyme
 There she met another squire,
 And she she lorst 'er nyme again.

See her on the bridge at midnight
 Victim of a blighted troth
 There's a cry a splash, good `eavens
 What is she a doing of?

Then they dragged her from the river
 Water from her clothes they rang
 And they thought that she was drownded
 But the corpse got up and sang

Jack, the Carter Lad (traditional)

My name is Jack, the carter lad
 A jolly cock am I.
 I always am contented
 Be the weather wet or dry.
 I crack me fingers at the snow
 And whistle at the rain,
 And I've braved the storm for many a day
 And can do so again.

*cho: So it's crack, crack, goes me whip
 I whistle and I sing.
 I sit upon me wagon
 I'm as happy as a king.
 My horse is always willing
 And for me, I'm never sad,
 There's none can lead a jollier life
 Nor Jack, the carter lad.*

My father was a carrier
 Many years e'er I was born;
 He used to rise at daybreak
 And go his round each morn.
 He would often take me with him
 Especially in the spring.
 When I loved to sit upon the cart
 And hear me father sing:

It's now the girls all smile on me
 As I go driving past,
 The horse is such a beauty
 As we jog along so fast.
 We've traveled many a weary miles
 But happy days we've had;
 And there's none can use a horse more kind
 Nor Jack, the carter lad.

Now friends, I bid you all: Adieu
 'Tis time I was away.
 I know my horse will weary
 If I much longer stay.
 To see your smiling faces here
 It makes me feel quite glad
 And I know you'll grant your kind applause
 To Jack, the carter lad.

Jenny Wren Bride (trad. tune: My Bonnie Lies Over...)

I've just come away from the wedding,
 Oh Lord I could laugh till I cried.
 I'll never forget the relations I met
 When I married my Jenny Wren bride.

*Married, married, I married my Jenny Wren bri-iide,
 Married, married, I married my Jenny Wren bride.*

Her father he works in the dockyard,
 Her brother he owns a Marine Store,
 And as for their habits, well talk about rabbits
 They've got half the dockyard ashore.

Jenny Wren Bride (cont.)

I asked her old man for a dowry,
He gave me a can of soft soap,
A bundle of waste and some polishing paste
And fifty-six fathoms of rope.

*Married, married, I married my Jenny Wren bri-iide,
Married, married, I married my Jenny Wren bride.*

The present we got from her brother
Was twenty-four yards of blue jean,
Her cousin, the crusher, he sent us note-paper,
Six packets of Service Latrine.

Her family hung flags in the churchyard
And they painted the hallway with flating,
When out stepped the bride they all piped the side,
And she tripped on the coconut matting.

Her wedding-dress, lashed up with spunyarn,
Was made from an old whaler's sail.
On top of her head a dishcloth was spread,
With a spudnet in front for a veil.

Her petticoat was made out of black hessian,
Her knickers were made of green baize,
While for her suspenders she'd a motor-boat's fenders
And two pusser's gaiters for stays.

Now most of the church congregation
Was made up of Wrens on the dole
While in the back pew sat the six-inch gun's crew
And half of the standing patrol.

The parson got up in the pulpit.
He said, "Who gives this woman away?"
Then a bloke from the Hood whispered: "Blimey, I could,
But let every dog have its day."

Well now, I'm just off on me honeymoon,
I don't know what happens tonight,
But I've spoke to a few who declare that they do,
And they swear she's a bit of all right.

(Tune: My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

Jolly Joe Marns(Sem Seabourne)

In the Vale of white Horse there's a man they all know
For his music in pubs and in barns,
He taught us the dances we have in our show
We're dancing for Jolly Joe Marns.

Left foot start
Foot up twice
DF
Cross over belly to belly
DF
Back to back and in to line
DF
Whole rounds

DF = Sidestep left, sidestep right,
caper and clap twice, advance (1 ds)
jump and signpost, two backsteps to place & jump.

Jock Stewart (trad.)

Now, my name is Jock Stewart
I'm a canny gaun man,
And a roving young fellow, I've been.

*So be easy and free
When you're drinkin wi' me.
I'm a man you don't meet every day.*

I have acres of land;
I have men at command;
(And)
I have always a shilling to spare.
(And many)

Now, I took out my gun,
With my dog I did shoot,
All down by the River Kildare
(banks of the Try)

I'm a piper by trade
And a roving young blade
And many a tune I do play

Let us catch well the hours
And the minutes that fly
And we'll share them together this day

So, come fill up your glasses
Of brandy and wine,
And whatever the cost, I will pay.

Jingle Bell Rock (Bobby Helms)

Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock
Jingle bells swing and jingle bells ring
Snowing and blowing up bushels of fun
Now the jingle hop has begun.

Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle bell rock
Jingle bells chime in jingle bell time
Dancing and prancing in Jingle Bell Square
In the frosty air.

What a bright time, it's the right time
To rock the night away
Jingle bell time is a swell time
To go gliding in a one-horse sleigh

Giddy-up jingle horse, pick up your feet
Jingle around the clock
Mix and a-mingle in the jingling feet
That's the jingle bell,
That's the jingle bell,
That's the jingle bell rock

Jones' Ale (traditional)

There were three jovial fellows came over the hill together.
Came over the hill together to make up a jovial crew.

*Ch. And they ordered their pints of beer and bottles of sherry
To help them over the hills so merry, to help them over the hills so merry,
When Jones's Ale was new, me boys. When Jones's Ale was new.*

And the first of them was a tinker and he wasn't no small ale drinker.
He was a jolly beer drinker among this jovial crew. And he called for a pint of the very best ale
To drink a whole gallon he never would fail. To drink a whole gallon he never would fail,
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys. When Jones' Ale was new.

And the next to come in was a soldier with his flintlock upon his shoulder,
For none could be more bolder. And his long broadsword he drew.
He swore every man should spend a pound. And they should treat all hands around.
Then he jolly well drank their healths all 'round
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys. When Jones' Ale was new.

And the next to come in was a dyer who sat himself down by the fire,
'Cause that was his desire to make up a jovial crew.
And the landlady told him straight to his face the chimney corner was his own place,
And there he could sit and dye his own face,
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys. When Jones' Ale was new.

And the next to come in was a mason. His hammer needed refacin'.
His hammer needed refacin' to make up a jovial crew.
So he threw his old hammer against the wall, And he hoped that the church and the chapel would fall,
For that'd make work for masons all
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys. When Jones' Ale was new.

And the last to come in was a hatter and there was no man ever fatter.
No man could ever be fatter and make up a jovial crew.
When the landlady's daughter, she came in, he kissed her twixt the nose and chin,
And the pints of beer they came rolling in
When Jones' Ale was new, me boys. When Jones' Ale was new.

Jug of Punch (trad.)

As I was sitting with jug and spoon,
one fine morn in the month of June
A birdie sat on an ivy bunch.
And the song he sang was a jug of punch

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay....

What more diversions can a man desire
Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire
With a Kerry Pippin to crack and crunch.
And on the table a jug of punch

The learned doctors with all their art
cannot cure the sadness of the heart
Even the cripple forgets his hunch
when he's safely outside 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

Lambeth Walk (Noel Gay & Douglas Furber)

Any time you're Lambeth Way.
Any evening any day
You'll find us all doing the Lambeth Walk
Every little Lambeth gal
With her little Lambeth pal
You'll find them all doing the Lambeth Walk

Everything's free and easy,
do as you darn well pleasy
Why don't you make your way there.
Go there, stay there

Once you get down Lambeth Way
Every evening, every day
You'll find yourself
Doing the Lambeth Walk

Lamorna (trad.)

So now I'll sing to you. It's about a maiden fair
I met the other evening at the corner of the square.
She had a dark and roving eye and another one quite sim'lar.
She was my date with a rolling gait and a face like Heinrich Himmler.

*'Twas down in Albert Square I never shall forget
Her eyes they shone like diamonds
And the evening it was WET WET WET
Her hair hung down in curls
She was a charming rover
And we rode all night through the pale moonlight
Way down to Lamorna.*

In the pitch black of the cab as we rode from town to town
At one time standing up and another sitting down
The carnal book was long, the heat just like a sauna
I slung my hook, the carriage shook a way down to Lamorna

As we go out the cab I asked her for her name
And when she told it me well mine it was the same
So I lifted up her veil her face was covered over
To my surprise it was my wife I took down to Lamorna.

She said I know you now I've known you all along
I knew you in the dark but I did it for a lark
And for that lark you'll pay for the taking of your donor
You'll pay the fare for riding there a way down to Lamorna

(alt.) In the pitch black of the cab I took off my plastic mack
She first removed my hands but then I put them back
The carnal book was full though she was a little bit manky
We slung our hook the carriage shook & I was pleased I had my hanky.

The Lark in the Morning (trad)

As I was a walking one morning in the spring,
I heard a sweet damsel so sweetly she did sing.
And as we were a walking, she unto me did say,
There's no life like the ploughboy's, all in the month of May.

*The lark in the morning
She rises from her nest
And she mounts in the bright air
With the dew all on her breast
And with the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and she'll sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.*

When the ploughboy has done all that he has to do,
Perhaps to the country wake a-walking he will go.
And there with his lassie he'll dance and he'll sing
And at night they'll return to their home back again.

And as they return from the wake of the town,
The meadows being mown and the grass all cut down,
If they should chance to tumble all on the new mown hay,
It's kiss me now or never, this pretty maid would say.

When twenty long weeks was over and past
Her mammy asked the reason why she'd thickened round the waist
It was the pretty ploughboy, the damsel she did say,
He caused me to tumble all on the new mown hay.

So good luck to the ploughboy, wherever he may be,
Who likes to have a lassie to sit upon his knee.
With a jug of good strong ale, he'll whistle and he'll sing
And the ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king.

Three Jolly Coachmen (trad.)

Three jolly coachmen
Sat in an English tavern
Three jolly coachmen
Sat in an English tavern
And they decided, x3
To have another flagon

Landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over
For tonight we'll merry merry be x3
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks small beer
And goes to bed quite sober
Here's to the man who drinks small beer
And goes to bed quite sober
He fades as the leaves do fade x3
And drops off in October.

Here's to the man who drinks strong beer
And goes to bed quite mellow.
Here's to the man who drinks strong beer
And goes to bed quite mellow.
He lives as he ought to live x3
And dies a jolly good fellow

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
And runs to tell her mother
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
And runs to tell her mother
She's a very foolish thing x3
She'll never get another.

I wish I had another brick to make my chimney higher x2
It might stop my little cat x3
From pissing in the fire.

Come into th garden maude and don't be so particular x2
If the grass is very wet x3
We'll do it perpendicular.

What's the beer that we likes best? Watneys draft red barrel x2
We'll go near or we'll go far Go by rail or go by car
Just as long as we have a jar
Of Watneys draft red barrel
Ughhhhhh!

The Laughing Policeman (Charles Penrose)

I know a fat old policeman, he's always on our street.
A fat and jolly red-faced man, he really is a treat.
He's too kind for a policeman, he's never known to frown.
And everybody says, "He is the happiest man in town!"

Ch. Oh ho ho ho ho ho ho. Ha ha ha ha ha X4

He laughs upon point duty, he laughs upon his beat.
He laughs at everybody when he's walking in the street.
He never can stop laughing he says he's never tried.
But once he did arrest a man and laughed until he cried!

So if you chance to meet him while walking 'round the town.
Shake him by his fat old hand and give him half a crown.
His eyes will beam and sparkle, he'll gurgle with delight.
And then you'll start him laughing with all his blessed might!

Laura the Leg (Mike Absolom, tune Streets of Laredo)

Come listen to a terrible story I'll tell you.
Twill fill you with 'orror as you lie in your bunk.
And when you have 'eard it you'll never believe me.
You'll think I'm a liar or else that I'm drunk.

I've courted in England and France and in Persia.
From Lapland to Russia I've hunted me game
But twas out in the cold frozen forests of Sweden.
I first met me match Laura Leg was her name.

By the smile in her eye and the glint in her laughter.
I started to chat to this pretty young gal
And when she sat down to a whisky and water
me 'opes started rising and that were not all.

She invited me back to her room for the evening.
But as she set off she slipped up on the ice
And her skirts they flew up & well guess what I saw
there...
She'd a leg made of wood what a cunning device.

Well we got to her door amid some trepidation.
And I watched her reach under her skirts for the key
And it took her a moment to find the correct one.
For she'd 17 hung from a ring on her knee.

Well later we romped on a bed of soft velvet.
Till her passion had died and me vigour run dry
And as she lay snoring I took out me jack knife.
And carved my initials the length of her thigh.

Well as the cold grey of the morning came creeping.
I took to me senses and slowly took stock
And when I looked well I saw to me 'orror:
I was riddled with splinters from kidney to knee.

So all of you brave bravest heroes take warning:
Don't rush madly in when you should play it cool
And if anythings false well then make her remove it
I'm still picking splinters from outa me knee!

Lavender's Blue (trad.)

*Ch. Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green
When you are King, dilly dilly, I shall be Queen
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?
'Twas my own heart, dilly dilly, that told me so.*

Call up your friends, dilly, set them to work.
Some to the plough, dilly dilly, some to the fork
Some to the hay, dilly dilly, some to cut corn.
While you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves warm.

Wedding's for life, dilly dilly, love is to share.
And love must grow dilly dilly, with joy and care
Pink for a girl, dilly dilly, blue for a boy.
Binding us close, dilly dilly, bringing us joy.

Close we will live, dilly dilly, and when we die.
Both in one grave, dilly dilly, close we will lie
If you die first, dilly dilly, maybe you will.
I will live on, dilly dilly, loving you still.

Leave her, Johnny (trad)

Oh the times was hard and the wages low
Leave her, Johnny, leave her
And the grub was bad and the gales did blow
And it's time for us to leave her

Leave her, Johnny, leave her
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her
For the voyage is done and the winds do blow
And it's time for us to leave her

I thought I heard the Old Man say
You can go ashore and take your pay

Oh her stern was foul and the voyage was long
The winds was bad and the gales was strong

And we'll leave her tight and we'll leave her trim
And heave the hungry packet in

Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her with a grin
For there's many a worser we've sailed in

And now it's time to say goodbye
For the old pierhead's a-drawing nigh

Leaving of Liverpool (trad.)

Fare thee well the Prince's Landing Stage,
River Mersey, fare thee well,
For I'm bound for Californiay
A place that I know well.

*Ch. 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 you.*

Yes I'm bound for Californiay
By way of the stormy Cape Horn,
But you know I'll write to you a letter
My love, when I'm 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 my second trip with Burgess in the Crockett,
And I reckon to know him well.
If a man is a sailor, then he'll be alright
But if not, why he's sure in hell.

Oh the tug is waiting at the Pier Head,
To take us down the stream,
Our sails are loose and the anchor is stowed
So fare thee well again.

Farewell to Lower Frederick Street,
Anson Terrace and Park Lane
For I know that it's going to be a long, long time
Before I see you again.

Let the Rest Of the World Go By

(J. Keirn Brennan words, Ernest R. Ball music 1919)

With someone like you, a pal so good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find
Some place that's known to god alone.
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace where joys never cease
Out there beneath the kindly sky.
We'll build a sweet little nest, somewhere in the west
And let the rest of the world go by.

Life of a Man (trad.)

As I was a walking one morning with ease
A viewing the leaves as they fell from the trees
All in full motion appearing to be
Those that had withered they fell from the tree.

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

If you had seen the leaves just a few days ago
How beautiful and bright they did all 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 the churchyard there you will see
Those that have passed like a leaf on a tree
When age and affliction upon us have called
Like a leaf we must wither and down we must fall.

Life of a Tent

(Ed. at a camp-site Ring Meeting 2004)

As we were a staggering from the pub on our knees
A viewing our tent in the strong Arctic breeze
All in full motion appearing to be
Cos it had withered, 'twas hooked on a tree.

*What's the life of a man any more than a tent
A tent has it's seasons it's better to rent
When all through this life we appear fine and gay
Like a tent we must wither and soon fade away.*

If you had seen our tent just a few years ago
How beautiful and fine well it was then you know
The elements set too with the fraying and all
The fool tripped upon it and down it did fall.

If you look in our churchyard there you will see
Those that have passed like our tent on the tree
When age and affliction upon us do fall
Like a tent we must wither and down we must fall.

Light Weight Dirge (kipper Family)

Our master of old have now passed away.
At peace and at rest, we may all see him lay.
We've one consolation now we are unmastered.
Until his last breath, he was a real bastard.
Every man had a good word for he,
But will not repeat it in company.

His life it was long, which made ours seem longer.
When we feed him hemlock, that just made him stronger.

When we cut off his beard, and set fire to his stubble,
He untied out cottages, and reduced them to rubble.

He was fond of animals, especially of horses.
So we pulled the plough while he went to racecourses.
He also loved children and tried without cease,
By night and by day, to make their numbers increase.

On his common land, we had grazing rights.
But you don't get fat eating grass every night.
He gave us each year a long holiday.
That came in the winter without any pay.

Now he is gone, his life is complete.
We will place a large stone at his head and his feet.
These stones are all prepared, indeed, truth to tell,
That was them falling on him that sent him to hell.

Lily the Pink (ad. traditional)

*Ch. We'll drink a drink a drink to Lily the pink the pink the pink
The saviour of the human race,
For she invented medicinal compound, most efficacious in every case.*

Mister Flears had sticky out ears, and it made him awful shy
and so they gave him medicinal compound.
Now he's learning how to fly.

Rubber Tony was known to be bony, he would never eat his meals
and so they gave him medicinal compound.
Now they move him round on wheels.

Old Ebenezer thought he was Julius Caesar & so they put him in a home
Where they gave him medicinal compound.
Now he's Emperor of Rome.

Aunty Millie went willy-nilly when her legs they did recede
And so they gave her medicinal compound.
Now they call her Millie Wee.

Lily the Pink (cont.)

*Ch. We'll drink a drink a drink to Lily the pink the pink the pink
The saviour of the human race,
For she invented medicinal compound, most efficacious in every case.*

Jennifer Eccles had terrible freckles
and all the boys called her names
And so they gave her medicinal compound.
Now she joins in all their games.

Now Master Bachus had very small knackers,
they wer just like a couple of peas
So they gave him medicinal compound.
Now they hang below his knees.

Auntie Kitty had very small titties,
they scarcely showed beneath her blouse
So they gave her medicinal compound.
Now they milk her with the cows

Now Mr Venus had a very small penis,
he could scarcely raise a stand
so they gave him medicinal compound
Now he comes in either hand

Lily the Pink she turned to drink
she filled up with paraffin inside
And in spite of medicinal compound.
Sadly pickled Lily died.

Up in heaven, her soul ascended,
oh the church bells they did ring.
She took with her medicinal compound.
Hark the Herald Angels sing.

Lincolnshire Poacher (trad.)

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

As me and my comrades were setting of a snare
'Twas then we seed the gamekeeper - for him we did not care
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys and jump o'er anywhere
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year

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

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

Bad luck to every magistrate that lives in Lincolnshire
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer
Oh! 'tis my delight on a shiny night in the season of the year

Little Boxes – Made For Cricketers (Tune: Little Boxes)

Little boxes, little boxes, little boxes made for cricketers,
& you stuff them down your trousers when you're playing in the game
There's a pink one and a blue one, and one made of aluminium,
But if you stop one from _____ it will hurt you just the same.

Living Doll (Lionel Bart)

Got myself a cryin', talkin', sleepin', walkin', livin' doll.
Gotta do my best to please her,
just cos she's a livin' doll.
Got a rovin' eye and that is why she satisfies my soul.
Got the one and only walkin', talkin', livin' doll.

Take a look at her hair, it's real.
And if you don't believe what I say, just feel.
I'm gonna lock her up in a trunk, so no big hunk,
Can steal her away from me.

*Got myself a cryin', talkin', sleepin', walkin', livin' doll.
Gotta do my best to please her,
just cos she's a livin' doll.
Got a rovin' eye and that is why she satisfies my soul.
Got the one and only walkin', talkin', livin' doll.*

Loch Lomond (Donald McDonnell)

By yon bonnie banks,
And by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love
Were ever want to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

CH.

*Oh! ye'll take the high road and
I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love
Will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.*

'Twas then that we parted
In yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue
The Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming

Loch Lomond Peace (ed. ad. tune: Loch Lomond)

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where we oft go to peaceful Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were quickly chased away,
By the midges on the banks o Loch Lomond.

*Oh you can take the high road or you can take the low road,
But the midges will be there before ye,
So me and my true love will never bathe again,
On the bonne bonnie banks o loch lomond.*

Twas there that we parted In yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side o Ben Loamin,
Where in our purple hues, we were chased by heilan coos!
An` the midges were attacking in gloamin

Today we`d forgot-ten what had happened in that glen
Cos we skinny dipped in bonny Loch Lomond
But a shark chased us to shore
Then that heilan coo took o`er
And the midges made us raw in the gloamin`

Lord Of The Dance (Sydney Carter lyrics)

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
 And I danced in the Moon and the stars and the Sun
 I came down from Heaven and I danced on the earth
 At Bethlehem I had my birth.

*ch. Dance, then, wherever you may be
 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 Pharisee
 But they wouldn't dance, & they wouldn't follow me.
 I danced for the fishermen, for James and John,
 They came with me and the Dance went on.

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

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, and they thought I'd gone,
 But I am the Dance, and I still go on.

They cut me down and I leapt up high,
 I am the light that'll never, never die
 I'll live in you if you'll live in me,
 I am the Lord of the Dance, said He

Bored of the Dance (Chris Sugden)

As I walked down to the village hall
 I met old Ted he was leanin' on the wall
 "Why are you standin' out here, Ted?"
 "Cause I am bored of the dance!" he said!

*Dance! Dance! Whatever do they see?
 In prancin' round all the time, said he
 I'll leave them all to do it without me
 For I am bored of the dance, said he!*

I come to the dance with my girl, he said
 I told her that I'd rather go to bed,
 Oh yes I'm sure you would, said she,
 But first you'll come and dance with me!

She said, You'll come and dance right now!
 But I weren't list'nin' when the caller told us how
 They "cast left," but "right" I went
 They danced on, but I ended in the "Gents!"

I drank with the Morris-men, James and John,
 They drank with me as the dance went on and on,
 We drank and we drank till it all went black.
 It's hard to dance when you're lyin' on your back!

Oh, how she danced on the night they were wed
 She danced, he drank, and then they went to bed
 I'm afraid there's no more story to be told
 She was too hot, and he was out cold!

Love is Teasing (trad.)

*Ch: Love is a teasing and love is pleasing.
 And love is a treasure when first it's new
 But as it grows older then love grows colder.
 And fades away like the morning dew*

I left my Father, I left my Mother
 I left my sisters & brothers too
 I left my friends and my kind relations
 I left them all for to go with you.

Oh turn around love, your wheel of fortune
 Oh turn around love and smile on me
 For surely there must be a place of torment
 for that young girl who deceiv-ed me

Oh lads beware of your false true lovers
 and never mind what the young girls say
 They're like the stars on a summer's morning
 you think they're near but they're far away.

Lumberjack Song (Terry Jones, Michael Palin, & Fred Tomlinson)

I always wanted to be a lumberjack, leaping from tree to tree
 as they float down the mighty rivers of British Columbia...
 the larch...The redwood....the mighty sequoia with my best girl by my side
 We'd sing sing sing

BARBER:

I'm a lumberjack, and I'm okay.
 I sleep all night and I work all day.

MOUNTIES:

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.
 He sleeps all night and he works all day.

BARBER:

I cut down trees. I eat my lunch.
 I go to the lavatory.

On Wednesdays I go shoppin'
 And have buttered scones for tea.

MOUNTIES:

He cuts down trees. He eats his lunch.
 He goes to the lavatory.

On Wednesdays he goes shoppin'
 And has buttered scones for tea.
 He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

BARBER:

I cut down trees. I skip and jump.
 I like to press wild flowers.

I put on women's clothing
 And hang around in bars.

MOUNTIES:

He cuts down trees. He skips and jumps.
 He likes to press wild flowers.

He puts on women's clothing
 And hangs around in bars?!

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

BARBER:

I cut down trees. I wear high heels,
 Suspendies, and a bra.

I wish I'd been a girlie,
 Just like my dear Papa.

MOUNTIES:

He cuts down trees. He wears high heels,
 Suspendies, and a bra?!

(talking) What's this? Wants to be a girlie?! Oh, My!

And I thought you were so rugged! Poofter!

[singing]

He's a lumberjack, and he's okay.

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

He's a lumberjack, and he's okaaaaay.

He sleeps all night and he works all day.

MacDonald's Kitchens (ad. Sem Seabourne)

Tune: Streets of London)

Have you seen the young girl
Who serves MacDonald's burgers,
Puts them into packets, into tiny little piles?
In her eyes you'll see no pride
'Cos she knows what they put inside
And when she sees you eating
That's the only time she smiles

*So how can you tell me that you're hungry
And say a snack you'd like to find.
Let me take you by the hand
I'll lead you through MacDonald's kitchens
I'll show you something to make you change your mind.*

Have you seen the shoppers
As they sit around the tables
Parcels all around them
And their bags upon their knees?
They've no time for talkin'
As they stuff their knife 'n fork in
To yesterday's burgers made with yesterday's cheese

Have you seen the waitress
In the all night cafeteria
Gather up the pieces from the tables and the floors?
In an effort to disguise them
She takes them back and fries them
But you'll soon recognise them
When they come around once more

Have you seen the old man
Outside the covered market
Rummage through the dustbins
Of MacDonalds cast off stocks?
He hasn't eaten this week
So he's feeling pretty desparate
As he throws away the burger
And decides to eat the box

Man Who Invented Beer / Beer, Beer Beer

A long time ago, way back in history,
When all there was to drink was nothin but cups of tea.
Along came a man by the name of Charlie Mops,
And he invented a wonderful drink and he made it out of hops.

*He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king,
and to his praises we shall always sing.
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer beer beer
tiddly beer beer beer.*

The Curtis bar, the James' Pub, the Hole in the Wall as well
One thing you can be sure of, its Charlie's beer they sell
So all ye lads a lasses at eleven O'clock ye stop
For five short seconds, remember Charlie Mops 1 2 3 4 5

A barrel of malt, a bushel of hops, you stir it around with a stick,
The kind of lubrication to make your engine tick.
40 pints of wallop a day will keep away the quacks.
Its only eight pence hapenny and one and six in tax, 1 2 3 4 5

He must have been an admiral a sultan or a king,
And to his praises we shall always sing.
Look what he has done for us he's filled us up with cheer!
Lord bless Charlie Mops, the man who invented beer beer beer
tiddly beer beer beer.

The Lord bless Charlie Mops

MacNamara's Band (trad)

My name is Macnamara,
I'm the leader of a band,
And though we're small in number,
We're the best in all the land.
Of course I'm the conductor
And I've often had to play
With all the fine musicians
That you read about today.

*The drums they bang, the cymbals clang,
The horns they blaze away,
Macarthy puffs the ould bassoon,
Doyle (And I) the pipes does play.
Hennessey tuteily tootles the flute,
The music is something grand,
And a credit to ould Ireland's boys
Is Macnamara's Band.*

Whenever an election's on
We play on either side,
And the way we play the fine ould airs
Fills every heart with pride.
If dear Tom Moore was living now
He'd make them understand
That none can do him justice
Like ould Macnamara's Band.

We play for fairs or weddings
And for every County Ball,
And at any great man's funeral
We play "The Dead March in Saul."
When General Grant to Ireland came
He shook me by the hand,
And said he never heard the like
Of ould Macnamara's Band.

Just now we are practicing
For a very grand affair,
It's an annual celebration,
All the gentry will be there.
The girls and boys will all turn out
With flags and colours grand,
And in front of the procession
Will be Macnamara's Band.

Man Who Waters the Workers Beer (Paddy Ryan)

*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*
Verses:

Now when I waters the workers' beer,
I puts in strychnine
Some methylated spirits,
And a can of kerosine
Ah, but such a brew so terribly strong,
It would make them terribly queer
So I reaches my hand for the watering-can
And I waters the workers' beer

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man
When he's tired, thirsty and 'ot
And I sometimes have a drop myself,
From a very special pot
For 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

Now ladies fair, beyond compare,
Be you maiden or wife
Spare a thought for such a man
Who leads such a lonely life
For the water rates are terribly high,
And the meths is terribly dear
And there isn't the profit there used to be
In watering the workers' beer

Marie's Wedding / Step We Gaily (trad)

*Step we gaily on we go
Heel for heel and toe for toe
Arm in arm and on we go
All for Marie's wedding*

Over hill ways up and down
Myrtle green and bracken brown
Past the sheeling though the town
All for sake of Marie

Plenty herring, plenty meal
Plenty peat to fill her creal
Plenty bonny bairns as well
That's the toast for Marie

Cheeks are bright as rowans are
Brighter far than any star
Fairest of them all by far
Is my darling Marie

The Man with Three Balls/ Librarian Song

One fine Monday morn as I sat at my desk
In the old public library, down by the Square
In comes an old woman all heavily laden
With all sorts of groceries costly and rare

And what can I do for to help and assist you
Says I unto her with a nod and a smile
It's a book that I'm wanting says she for I hear
You've the finest selection in many a mile

Let me see then says I as to what you'll be needing
To suit a fine lady and such as yourself
And what could compare with a romantic novel
So quickly I reaches one down from the shelf

Now here's a fine tale of a handsome brain surgeon
Whose spirits are low and his mind's in a rage
'Till his troubles are eased by a fair pretty damsel
And wedding bells chime on the very last page

O that's not what I'm wanting at all said the lady
And truth for to tell you the books not for me
But it was my husband who sent me to see
If you have in this place any pornography

If it pornography that you're wanting says I
You're in the right place as you'll very soon see
For under the counter I have a fine stock
Of the dirtiest books in the whole country

Lady Chaterley's lover, Last Exit to Brooklyn
the old Perfume Garden and Carnal Desire
With every volume bound in as
In case your hot breath sets the pages on fire

We've got Swedish au pair girls all dressed up in rubber
Handsome transvestites both gallant and gay
There's every perversion known unto man.
And it's all on the rates – there's no money to pay

O I fear there must be some mistake said the lady.
For that's not the stuff that I wanting indeed
For my husband's a pawn broker not a sex fiend.
And I fear it not this that he's wanting to read

Well he heard about pornography from a friend.
And I fear that some comical error he's made
For hearing the word and not knowing the meaning.
He though it was something to do with his trade

The old pawnbroker's wife she seemed highly amused.
When rage I began for to stamp and to swear
And I took down a copy of Portnoy's complaint.
And told her to stuff it the devil knows where

Out of adversity comes opportunity.
So the old prophets and sages do say
& the pawn broker's tale well it caused great amusement.
When told to me colleagues the very next day

And being well known as a writer of songs
that are written on broadsheets and lavatory walls
I went back to my house and I wrote down this song.
And I called it the Tale of the Man with Three Balls

The Marrow Song

Now down the road there lives a man I'd like you all to know,
 He grew a big marrow for the local flower show
 And when the story got around they came from far and wide,
 And when then saw what he had grown, everybody cried.....

*Ooooh! What a beauty, I've never seen one as big as that before,
 Oh Oh! What a beauty, it must be two foot long or even more.
 And it's such a lovely color, so big, and round, and fat,
 I've never seen a marrow grow quite as big as that,
 Oh Oh! What a beauty, I've never seen one as big as that before.*

He was leaning on the garden gate the other day,
 And beckoned to a lady who lives just across the way,
 He took her down the garden path and showed it to her with pride,
 And when she saw the size of it, the little lady sighed..

*Ooooh! What a beauty, I've never seen one as big as that before,
 Oh Oh! What a beauty, it must be two foot long or even more.
 And it's such a lovely color, so big, and round, and fat,
 I've never seen a marrow grow quite as big as that,
 Oh Oh! What a beauty, I've never seen one as big as that before.*

And then the flower show was held and everybody went,
 To see this huge marrow, lying there inside the tent.
 Soon the judges came along to give the prizes out,
 And they only took one look at it and they began to shout,

*OOOOOH! What a beauty, I've never seen one as big as that before,
 Oh Oh! What a beauty, it must be two foot long or even more.
 And it's such a lovely color, so big, and round, and fat,
 I've never seen a marrow grow quite as big as that,
 Oh Oh! What a beauty, I've never seen one as big as that before!*

Mary Ellen Carter (Stan Rogers)

She went down last October in a pouring driving rain.
 The skipper, he'd been drinking and the Mate, he felt no pain.
 Too close to Three Mile Rock, & she was dealt her mortal blow,
 And the Mary Ellen Carter settled low.
 There were just us five aboard her when she finally was awash.
 We'd worked like hell to save her, all heedless of the cost.
 & the groan she gave as she went down, it caused us to proclaim
 That the Mary Ellen Carter would rise again.

Well, the owners wrote her off; not a nickel would they spend.
 She gave twenty years of service, boys, then met her sorry end.
 But insurance paid the loss to them, they let her rest below.
 Then they laughed at us and said we had to go.
 But we talked of her all winter, some days around the clock,
 For she's worth a quarter million, afloat and at the dock.
 And with every jar that hit the bar, we swore we would remain
 And make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

Rise again, rise again, that her name not be lost
 To the knowledge of men.
 Those who loved her best and were with her till the end
 Will make the Mary Ellen Carter rise again.

All spring, now, we've been with her on a barge lent by a friend.
 Three dives a day in hard hat suit and twice I've had the bends.
 Thank God it's only sixty feet and the currents here are slow
 Or I'd never have the strength to go below.
 But we've patched her rents, stopped her vents, dogged hatch
 and porthole down.
 Put cables to her, 'fore and aft and girded her around.
 Tomorrow, noon, we hit the air and then take up the strain.
 And watch the Mary Ellen Carter Rise Again.

For we couldn't leave her there, you see, to crumble into scale.
 She'd saved our lives so many times, living through the gale
 And the laughing, drunken rats who left her to a sorry grave
 They won't be laughing in another day. . .
 And you, to whom adversity has dealt the final blow
 With smiling bastards lying to you everywhere you go
 Turn to, and put out all your strength of arm and heart and brain
 And like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Rise again, rise again - though your heart it be broken
 And life about to end
 No matter what you've lost, be it a home, a love, a friend.
 Like the Mary Ellen Carter, rise again.

Masochism Tango (Tom Lehrer)

I ache for the touch of your lips, dear,
 But much more for the touch of your whips, dear.
 You can raise welts like nobody else,
 As we dance to the masochism tango.

Say our love be a flame, not an ember,
 Say it's me that you want to dismember.
 Blacken my eye, set fire to my tie,
 As we dance to the masochism tango.

At your command, before you here I stand,
 My heart is in my hand. ecch!
 It's here that I must be.
 My heart entreats, just hear those savage beats,
 And go put on your cleats and come and trample me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany,
 That's why I'm in such exquisite agony.
 My soul is on fire, It's aflame with desire,
 Which is why I perspire when we tango.

You caught my nose
 In your left castanet, love,
 I can feel the pain yet, love,
 Ev'ry time I hear drums.
 And I envy the rose
 That you held in your teeth, love,
 With the thorns underneath, love,
 Sticking into your gums.

Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.
 The last time I needed twenty stitches
 To sew up the gash that you made with your lash,
 As we danced to the masochism tango.

Bash in my brain and make me scream with pain,
 Then kick me once again,
 And say we'll never part.
 I know too well I'm underneath your spell,
 So, darling, if you smell something burning, it's my heart.
 Excuse me!

Take your cigarette from it's holder,
 And burn your initials in my shoulder.
 Fracture my spine and swear that you're mine,
 As we dance to the masochism tango.

Maybe It's Because I'm a Londoner (Hubert Gregg)

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
 When walking up and down
 Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner
 That I love London Town

The Mermaid (trad)

Twas Friday morn when we set sail
 And we were not far from the land
 When the captain, he spied a lovely mermaid
 With a comb and a glass in her hand

*O the ocean's waves may roll
 (let em roll)*

*And the stormy winds may blow
 (let em blow)*

*While we poor sailors go skipping to the top
 And the landlubbers lie down below
 (below, below)*

And the landlubbers lie down below

And up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
 And a well-spoken man was he
 I have me a wife in Salem by the sea
 And tonight she a widow will be

And up spoke the cookie of our gallant ship
 And a red hot cookie was he
 Saying I care much more for my pots and my pans
 Than I do for the bottom of the sea

Then three times around went our gallant ship
 And three times around went she
 Three times around went our gallant ship
 And she sank to the bottom of the sea

Then up spoke the cabinboy, of our gallant ship
 And a nasty little lad was he.

I'm not quite sure I can spell "mermaid"
 But I'm going to the bottom of the sea.

The Mermaid-Rule Britannia

(from James Thomson poem)

O, it's of a brisk young ploughboy
Was ploughing on Salisbury Plain.
He loved a rich knight's daughter dear
And she loved him again.
But this knight was so distressed
That they should sweethearts be
That he had that young man pressed
And he sent him off to sea.

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves
Britons never, never, never shall be
Married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.*

'Twas in the broad Atlantic
Midst the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Amongst the sharks and whales.
He sank right down to the bottom
So quickly down went he,
He was out of sight like a streak of light
To the bottom of the deep blue sea.

We sent for a boat to look for him
Expecting to find his corpse.
When he came to the top with an Eton crop
And a hoarse, sepulchral voice.
My comrades and my messmates all
Do not weep for me,
For I'm married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

So the anchor was weighing and the sails unfurled
And the ship was a-running free,
When we went up to our cap-it-ain
And this we told to he.
So the skipper he came to the old ship's side
And loud bellows he,
Be as happy as you can with your wife, my man
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Michael, Row the Boat Ashore (trad.)

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah,
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.

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

The river is deep and the river is wide, Hallelujah,
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah.

Jordan's river is chilly and cold, Hallelujah,
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah.

Micky's Son and Daughter (Bonzo Dog Do Da Band)

Oh the world is so delighted
And the kids are so excited
'Cos the stork has brought
A son and daughter
For Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Mouse

The Mayor and Corporation
Have declared such jubilation
'Cos the stork has brought
A son and daughter
For Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Mouse

Pluto's giving a party
And before the fun begins
He'll present a golden dollar
To the father of the twins

The preacher's eyes are glistening
And he's thinking of a christening
Cos the stork has brought
A son and daughter
For Mr. and Mrs. Mickey Mouse

A million million people
Are happy bright and gay
Bells are ringing in the steeple
It's a public holiday Hooray Hooray it's a public holiday!

Molly Malone (trad.)

In Dublin's fair city where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Crying cockles and mussels. Alive, alive oh.

Alive, alive oh x2 Singing cockles And muscles, Alive alive O

She was a fishmonger and that was no wonder
For so were her mother and father before
For she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Crying cockles and mussels. Alive, alive oh.

She died of a fever And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her wheelbarrow,
crying cockles and mussels

(non-trad. Alan Sherman)

She wheels her wheelbarrow through streets broad & narrow
Her barrow is narrow her hips are too wide
So wherever she wheels it the neighbourhood feels it.
Her girdle keeps scraping
The homes on each side.

In Dublin's Fair City where the girls are so pretty
My Molly stands out 'cause she weighs 18 stone
I don't mind her fat butt she is not only that but
She's cross eyed and muscle bound Molly Malone

Morning Glory (Guy Fletcher, Doug Flett.

At the end of the day, I like a little drink to raise up me voice and sing
 And an hour or two with a fine, brown brew and I'm ready for anything
 At the Cross Keys Inn there were sisters four, the landlord's daughters fair
 And every night when they'd turn out the light I would tiptoe up the
 stair ...singin'

chorus:

One for the morning glory,
 Two for the early dew
 Three for the man who will stand his round
 And four for the love of you, me girl, Four for the love of you

I got the call from a foreign shore to go and fight the foe
 And I thought no more of the sisters four, but still I was sad to go
 I sailed away on a ship, the Morning Glory was her name
 And we'd all fall down when the rum went 'round, then get up and start again

I bore once more for my native shore, farewell to the raging seas
 And the Cross Keys Inn, it was beckonin', and me heart was filled with glee
 For there on the shore were the sisters four with a bundle upon each knee
 There were three little girls and a bouncing boy, and they all looked
 just like me...

Mountains of Mourne (trad.)

Oh Mary this London's a wonderful sight
 With people here workin' by day and by night
 They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat
 But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street
 At least when I asked them that's what I was told
 So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold
 But for all that I found there I might as well be
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed
 As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed
 Well if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball
 They don't wear no top to their dresses at all
 Oh I've seen them meself and you could not in truth
 Say that if they were bound for a ball or a bath
 Don't be startin' them fashions, now Mary McCree
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here, oh never you mind
 With beautiful shapes nature never designed
 And lovely complexions all roses and cream
 But let me remark with regard to the same
 That if that those roses you venture to sip
 The colors might all come away on your lip
 So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
 In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

Muckspreading Time (as sung by The Yetties)

There be some like the smell of the violets in spring,
 Or the sweet new-mown hay when the lark's on the wing,
 But the sweetest to I, be the smells that do climb,
 Up in to the breeze ev'ry muckspreading time.

Chorus:

*Muck spreading time, Muck-spreading time,
 Ev'ry thing's fragrant at muck-spreading time.*

For twer muck spreadin time when I first met with Sue,
 And showed her the barn and a hay rick or two,
 She were hotter than harvest and quicker than lime,
 Cos passions in season at muck spreadin time.

Our courtin went on like a hay rick afire,
 Till we came to the day that her parents desired,
 The wedding was lovely, I felt in me prime,
 And suzy looked full of beans last muck spreadin time.

He choir was all there and our chosen hymns sung,
 The ringers turned out and the bells they went dung,
 Even the vicar forgot for to mine,
 When i wedded sweet Sue last much spreadin time.

Now suzy's as busy as busy can be,
 With two little muck spreaders, one for each knee,
 & if we works through the season and things turn out fine,
 We'll make it a foursome by muck spreadin time.

Mulligan's Tyres (Joe Mairns)

Far have I travelled, much wear has there been
 Bald shiny patches that shouldn't be seen
 Splits in the sidewalls like on cars that you hires
 O why did I fit retread Mulligan's tyres

*Mulligan's tyres O folly to be caught with these
 My desire is always to be without Mulligan's tyres*

I went to a garage I used to frequent
 I asked them for credit, my money all spent
 They said if you want tyres, then come on this way
 But it was Mulligan's tyres they had on display

*Mulligan's tyres O folly to be caught with these
 My desire is always to be without Mulligan's tyres*

So here I am stranded unable to go
 Police all around me their eyes all aglow
 I'll ask for forgiveness as oft times before
 And I'll never fit Mulligan's tyres no more

*Mulligan's tyres O folly to be caught with these
 My desire is always to be without Mulligan's tyre*

My Bernie Lies Under the Ocean (Sid Kipper)

My Bernie lies over and over
 My Bernie he lies through his tooth
 He says all the time that he'll leave me
 How I wish that that was the truth.

*Take back, take back, oh take back my Bernie from
 me from me
 Take back, take back, oh take back my Bernie from
 me*

He swore that he'd love me forever
 He swore that white was black
 He swore on his black haired old mother
 How I wish that she'd take him back.

My Bernie he lies in the morning
 He stays out to a quarter past two
 He says drinking isn't a problem
 I say "No lad it isn't for you"

One night as I lay on my pillow
 He said that he'd buy me a bed
 He said that he'd give up his gambling
 He bet me a guinea he would.

My Bernie he lies on the sofa
 He gives me a wink and a nod
 I'll have to be dead as a dodo
 Before I lie under the sod.

My Bernie lies under the ocean
 My Bernie lies under the sea
 I just couldn't stand him no longer
 I drowned him first thing after te

My Favourite Things (parody)

King Prawns and fish cakes and baked beans and
 curries
 Bitter and whisky to cure all your worries
 Turkish ke- bab with red onion rings
 These are a few of my favourite things

Racing from Fontwell or Cartmell or Soutwell
 We might get lucky by backing a double

Nags o'er fences or hurdles or flat
 Our bookie will still have the shirt off our backs

Football and rugby and snooker and cricket
 They're all on TV so you don't need a ticket
 The TV's in pub it's a wonderful thing
 These are some more of my favourite things

This out- side smoking – gotta be jokin what's it all about?
 This atmosphere's pleasing but we're bleeding freezing
 Each time we go for a snout

Chim chimenee Chim chimenee chim chim cheree
 He's already pissed and he's only had three
 Chim chimenee Chim chimenee chim chim cheroot
 I need to throw up so I'm off to the loo

Girls with nice boobs and an a___ you could die on
 You've had a pint so you feel like a try on
 She tells you sod off so you call her a ming-er
 You go pride intact while she gives you the fing-er

Whisky and Vodka, Bacardi and Brandy
 White wine or red wine or anything handy
 Dark rum or gin or a Singapore sling
 These are my favourite favourite things

When the bell rings
 And the bars shut
 And we've missed last shout
 We go round mine sweeping our favourite things
 And then we all get chucked out

Muvvers Lament (trad.)

A muvver was barfing 'er biby one night,
 ver youngest of 10 and a delicate mite,
 ver muvver was poor and her biby was fin.
 Twas o but an skellyton covered in skin.
 Ver muvver turned rawned for the soap from the rack.
 She was only a moment but when she turned back...
 her biby had gorn and in anguish she cried...
 oh where 'as my biby gorn... ver angels replied....

*Ch. Oh your biby 'as gorn dawn the plughole.
 Your biby has gorn down the plug.
 The poor little thing was too skinny and fin
 Ee should have been washed in a jug. IN A JUG
 Your biby is perfectly 'appy
 He won't need a barf anymore.
 He's a mucking about with the angels above
 Not lost but gone before.*

My Grand fathers Ferret (tune: Grandfather's Clock, Derek Jolly ad. ed.)

My Grandfather's ferret,
Was a beast of little merit
And it lived out the back in a cage
If you peered through the bars
You'd see eyes like little stars
A-glittering with malevolence and rage.
With a smell it gave off
Made you splutter gasp and cough
And some habits exceedingly gross.
And it bit... off... anything it could chew
If you came... too... close.

*Ch. Through the years every feeding time
Gnash, gnaw Flesh raw!
He'd get us each bleeding time
Nasty carnivore!
Should ve writ BEWARE!
DON CAST IRON UNDERWEAR
OR HE LL HAVE YOUR BITS IN A THRICE!*

When that ferret needed feeding
Someone always came in bleeding
Or looking as pale as a sheet
When you opened up the door,
It was all out bloody war
That ferret was fast on his feet
He could go for your throat
Through two mufflers and a coat
Or maybe a finger or three.
Then sit, back and give his lips a smack
Assured of another victory!

One day my auntie May
Thought she'd give the pet some hay
And she poked it oh-so-carefully through the wire
But that ferret thought that meat
Would be much more of a treat,
And with alacrity you couldn't but admire
Clamped his teeth upon her digit
She went absolutely rigid
Old Auntie May she thought she'd lose her mind
Then Oh Lor', she opened up the door
To grab the little bugger from behind.

When that ferret saw
That she d opened up the door
He was out and he was at her in a flash
And a-shrieking with success
He went a-streaking up her dress
And Auntie wished she hadn't been so rash
With his nasty little teeth,
He bit her underneath
Up the middle, round the side and up the back.
And my aunt May never smiled again
And neither did my uncle Jack!

To conclude my friend,
I am coming to the end
Of this story - with this the final verse.
Take care, do not linger,
Or the ferret'll have your finger.
Or indeed perhaps, it might be something worse.
And the moral of this song,
and it won't take very long,
And I'll tell you right now, if you wish.
If a pet you desire
Far better you aspire
To attach your affections to a fish!(not a pirhana!)

My Granny's A Cripple From Nashville (Billy Connoly)

Yes my granny is a cripple in Nashville, friends
This story I tell you true
One day she went out on her wheelchair
Never knowing it had a loose screw
Well a wheel came off of that wheelchair, friends
And on three wheels it trundled away
And it trundled right over the edge of a cliff
In an old seaside town far away
(Country and Western noises)

Now the boy who was pushing the wheelchair
Was a little blind orphan call Joe
And he said, "Oh where is my grannie?"
And where did that damn wheelchair go
Well he ran off to search for that wheelchair friends
But his sightless eyes led him astray
And he ran right over the edge of the cliff
In that old seaside town far away

(Country and Western noises)
Well somebody sent for a doctor
And an ambulance too, it was called
And the people who lived in the neighbourhood
Stood around and they cried, how they bawled
Well the doctor & the ambulance came rushing, friends
They were rushing from two different ways
And they crashed with a BIFF and shot over the cliff
In that old seaside town far away

(Country and Western noises)
Well they sent for brave Father Maloney
To pray for the poor souls repose
& he said, "Well now that we're gathered here, good people"
"Well we might as well pray I suppose"
But too many people had gathered
And the edge of the cliff gave way
And they dropped with a yell and they all shot straight to hell
In that old seaside town so terribly far away

My Old Man's a Dustman

(Lonnie Donegan, Peter Buchanan & Beverly Thom)

*My old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's hat
He wears Gor Blimey trousers and he lives in a council flat
He looks a proper Nana in his great big hob-nailed boots
He has such a job to tie them up & he calls them Daisy Roots.*

Now 'ere's a little story, to tell it is a must
About an unsung hero who clears away the dust
Some folk may earn a fortune, some folk may earn a mint
My old man don't earn much, in fact he's flipping skint.

Some folk get tips at Christmas and some of them forget
So when he picks their bins up he spills some on the step
Now one old man got nasty and to the council wrote
Next time my old man went round there he punched him up the throat.

My Old Man's a Dustman (cont.)

*My old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's hat
He wears Gor Blimey trousers and he lives in a council flat
He looks a proper Nana in his great big hob-nailed boots
He has such a job to tie them up & he calls them Daisy Roots.*

One day while out collecting he missed a Lady's bin
He hadn't gorn a few yards when she chased after 'im
What game do you think you're playing?
She cried right from the heart
You've missed me, am I too late? No jump up on the cart.

Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of gold
He got married recently tho he's 86 years old
We said 'ere hang on Dad you're getting past your prime
He said "well when you get my age it helps to pass the time".

He found a tiger's head one day nailed to a piece of wood
The tiger looked quite miserable, well I suppose he should
Well then from out the window a voice began to wail
Oy! Where's the Tiger's head? Four feet from his tail.

Next time you see a dustman looking all pale and sad
Don't kick him in the dustbin it might be my old Dad.

My Rookie Days Are Over (tune: Aurela)

The fortunes of the one eyed trouser snake!

**My rooky days are over
My pilot light is out
What used to be my pleasure
Is just my water spout.
Once of its own volition
In trouser it would spring
Well now I have a real job
To find the blasted thing.**

**It used to be an issue
The way it would behave
For every single morning
It stood and watched me shave.
But as old age approaches
It sure gives me the blues
To see it hang there withered
And watch me tie my shoes.**

and the sequel by the ed!

**But since I've used Viagra
My problem's in remand
It's upright in the clearing
Like Custer's final stand.
Reminding me of days with
A maid who won't say no
I'd drop my lower garments
TtAnd shout, "Geronomino"**

My Old Man's A Santa (lyrics by ed. Tune: My Old Man's a Dustman)
When you are young you believe in him. Then you don't. When you are old you are Santa!

Now here's a little story to tell it's my intent
About an unsung hero who braves the grotto tent.
Some fight in mortal combat, diffuse bombs to earn their quids.,
My old man risks life and limb by giving gifts to kids.

*Oh, my old man's a Santa, he wears a Santa hat,
He tells his joke at Christmas time which always leaves us flat.
He looks a proper nana in his too tight Santa kit,
He has such a job to squeeze it on and can hardly bend or sit.*

" My reindeer's got no nose." "How does he smell?" "Terrible!"

One day while in his grotto with a brat of only three
Didn't like the bunch of sweets and kicked out furiously.
Now my old man got shirty and in the sack he dives,
Next present Santa handed him it was a bunch of fives.

" I say, I say, I say...my dustbin's full of reindeer."
" Well, put the lid on."

He's trained to keep his temper, that's what he had to do
When a darling had his beard off which it wanted not some glue.
But Santa smiled serenely and anger showed no trace,
Then he snatched the beard & glue and stuck it to his face.

" I say, I say, I say.... How's Santa's elf?"
" I didn't know his elf was ill. "

Now you will be surprised to learn this story has a twist,
Cos my old man told all the kids he didn't now exist.
**NO SUCH THING AS SANTA? The kids scream THAT AIN'T TRUE!
You'll never wriggle out of this cos we believe in you!**

The department store is heaving, his grotto chocker block.
Revolting kids are rioting and all running amok.
They're searching for their Santa and screaming, "IT'S A SWIZZ!"
While my old man's in bed not knowing where the F*** he is.

Next time you see a Santa looking all pale and wan,
Just take him to the grotto it might be my old man.

My Way Driving Test

(tune: Claude François and Jacques Revaux, lyrics Yetties)

And so the end is here and so I face the final curtain
I took my driving test, the result of which, I know for certain
I drove the best I could, I stayed on, or near the highway
But more, much more than this, I did it my way.

Mistakes, I made a few, but then again too few to mention
Though the chappie at my side said I was beyond redemption
He'd planned each chartered course each careful move along the
byway
But that was not for me, I did it my way.

Yes, there were times when his screams
Almost broke into my dreams
But through it all when there was doubt
I closed my eyes and shut it out
I faced it all and hit a wall But did it my way.

I know, looking back, there were times I couldn't stop her
And of course, it's not polite to wave two fingers at a copper
But, yes, I signalled him, and may I say not in a shy way
Because, the silly sod, he stood in my way.

For what is a man, what has he got?
If not his wheels, then he has not?
To shove your foot right to the floor
And to hear the engine roar
The record shows I failed you know But did it my way.

No No They Can't Take That Away From Me (ed.'s parody)

The way you slurp your tea, the way you shout off key
The way you decked my wife, no they can't take that away from me.

Your black teeth when your grin, the way that you break wind
The memory of all this no no they can't take that away from me

We will never never meet again on those bumpy bedroom flings
Still I'll always always keep the broken springs!

The way you pick your nose, the skidmarks on your clothes
Your impetigo's rife, no No they can't take that away from me

The way you scratch your rump, the way you swing each lump
The mammary of all this, no no they can't take that away from me.

We will never never meet again on those bumpy bedroom flings
Still I'll always always keep the broken springs!

The way you swear and slang the way your odours hang
The memory of all this
No no I just can't stop from taking the piss
No they can't take that away. Can't take that away.
No no they can't take that away from me.

No John No (ad. Lesley Nelson-Downs)

On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know
I will court her for her beauty,
She must answer yes or no
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

My father was a Spanish Captain,
Went to sea a month ago
First he kissed me, then he left me,
Bid me always answer no
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Oh madam in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow
Will you take me for your lover,
Madam answer yes or no
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Oh madam I will give you jewels,
I will make you rich and free
I will give you silken dresses,
Madam will you marry me?
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Madam shall I tie your garter,
Tie it a little above your knee
If my hand should slip a little farther,
Would you think it amiss of me
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

My love and I went to bed together,
There we lay till cocks did crow;
Unclose your arms my dearest jewel,
Unclose your arms and let me go
Oh no John, No John, No John, No!

Dorset is Beautiful (lyrics Bob Gale, music Cantwell family)

*Dorset is beautiful wherever you go
And the rain in the summer time
Makes the wurzel tree grow
And it's pleasant to sit
in the Thunder and the hail
With your girlfriend on a turnip clump
and hear the sweet nightingale.*

As I was a walking one evening in June
I spied two old farmers make hay in the moon
Said one to the other with a twinkle in his eye
There be more birds in the long grass than there be in the sky.

Now Sarah's my girlfriend and I love her so
Her's as big as an 'aystack and forty years old
Farmer says she's gi-normous and loud do he scoff
'cos you 'as to leave a chalk mark to show where you left off.

Farmer looks at young Gwendoline and then looks at Ned
What an 'andsome young couple they ought to be wed
But then he says sadly "Tis impossible of course
'Cos Gwendoline's me daughter and Ned is me horse".

When Sarah went milking with Nellie the cow
She pulled and she tugged but she didn't quite know how
So after a short while Nellie turned with a frown...
Saying "you hang on tight love I'll jump up and down".

The Nose of Alan Dale (Les Barker, ad V3 by ed.
Tune: The Rose of Allendale)

**Our Alan has the largest nose
Mankind will ever view.
There's space inside each you
Could fir the QE2.
Between his ears bold mountainers
Have sought in vain to scale
His nose I knows no nose compares
With the Nose of Alan Dale.**

*The Nose of Alan Dale
The Nose of Alan Dale
His nose I knows no nose compares
With the Nose of Alan Dale.*

No Manilows could grow that nose
He picks it with a tree
And if it all gets out of hand
He hires a JCB.
Beyond belief his handkerchief
They use it as a sail
It's massive form it stands enorm
'Ous Nose of Alan Dale.

*The nose of Alan Dale
The nose of Alan Dale
It's masssive form it stands enor
'Ous Nose of Alan Dale.*

They've searched for El Dorado there
And Shergar wide and far
Someone saw Lord Lucan in
A chauffer driven car.
They've lost the Ark of Covenant
Mislaid the Holy Grail
Perhaps both these will turn up in
The Nose of Alan Dale!

Now That You're Fifty

1. Now don't think that fifty's the end of the line
That you've run out of track, that you've run out of time
As long as you've got both your honour and zeal
Then you're only as old as the woman you feel.

2. If you're over fifty I'll bet you a quid
That your bodily functions don't work like they did
And to see yourself age is a little distressing
Though your skin fits o.k it looks like it needs pressing.

3. Now round about fifty you might be concerned
At the largish amount of your candle you've burned
But the size of your candle don't matter a bit
It's more about how long it burns once it's lit.

4. It's lovely to start growing hair once again
From your armholes and earholes and holes I won't name
But no-one's explained it and I've never read
Why it grows down your nostrils and not on your head.

5. When you were twenty-one all your girlfriends
Used to say you could go like a Mercedes Benz
Now they all say that your engine is slowing
And they start you by hand and jump on once you're going.

6. You've got lotions and potions in jars and in tins
For those wrinkles and creases all over your skin
They fill all your cupboards from front to the back
You've got more oil reserves than the whole of Iraq.

7. Now you must have had implants, the odd tuck or two
To keep that voluptuous shape that you do
But with too many facelifts, it's just as you feared
You end up with a curly triangular beard.

8. So don't think that fifty's the end of the line
That you've run out of track, that you've run out of time
I've said it before and I'll say it again
It's not the men in your life, it's the life in your men.

Now That You're Sixty

You should think that sixty's the end of the line
That you've run out of track that you've run out of time
For now that you've lost both your honour and zeal
You're only as old as the hag that you feel.

If you're over sixty I bet you a Euro
That your bodily functions are practically zero
To see yourself age is extremely distressing
You tuck your skin in with your shirt when your dressing

Now that you're ancient you must be concerned
Of the enormous amount of your candle you've burned
Your wick has burnt out and your wax not that much
It's flat and it's gooey and soft to the touch

You cringe at the forest of hair you can't tame
From the ear and the eyebrows and holes I won't name
It's dense in the nostrils from every pore
Blowing your nose takes an hour or more

When you were twenty one all your girlfriends
Said that you went like a Mercedes Benz
Now that you're sixty with your engine dead
The missus jump starts you in the marital bed

You've got lotions and potions in barrels and tins
For the creases and wrinkles that are now your skin
They fill all your wardrobes from front to the back
Your need a full bucket to fill one small crack

Your implants were rife and the transplants worked well
And your curly triangular beard once looked swell
But with passage of time it's just not your fault
It's patchy and white and beginning to moult

So it's quite true that sixty's the end of the line
That you've run out of track that you've run out of time
I've said before and I'll say it again
There's no life in your man cos it's gone down the drain.

Ode to Nottingham

Twas in the forest of Sherwood
in the year twelve hundred and ten,
There lived a dealer called Robin Head,
and his band of very merry men.
They lived on nuts and berr-i-es,
and the occasional spotted deer,
Doing their macrobiotic thing,
and dispensing of oodles of gear.

The sound of merry laughter,
echo'd through the forest green,
There was old Friar Tuck,
(with whom nothing rhymes,)
And Marion the acid queen.
Says Little John, "'ere, lets have some meat."
says Robin, "Oh, what's the point?"
"I'm tired of doing this venison thing!
Lets go and roll a Joint."

Just then there came upon the scene,
a band of the sheriffs men,
Saying "Hello, hello, hello, hello,
and what's all this here then ?"
"You'll have to come along with us,
to the palace of the king.
And Robin said, "don't be so uptight!
I was only doing my thing."

Now Robin bid a sad farewell,
and to Marion he gave a kiss
And went with certain substances,
for further analysis.
And the news it spread both far and wide,
And the people all came to see,
For the man who always gave good deals,
Was of great popularity.

Then robin was brought before the throne
of Nottinghams terrible king,
who said "for years I've been after you,
and now you'll bloody well swing."
"But just before I sentence you,
for the evils wot you've done
Tell me, what is this weed
you grow in the woods,
"I think I will try some!"

So the minutes passed in silence
and the air grew somewhat thick.
Till the sheriff cried "Wow, the colours man!"
and was promptly horribly sick,
And now my story has to end
as happily as it began.
For while robin deals for the countryside,
and the sheriff does Nottingham

O Shenandoah (trad)

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

'Tis seven long years since last I saw you
Away, you rollin' river
'Tis seven long years since last I saw you
Away I'm bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

O Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away, you rollin' river
O Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away I'm bound to go
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Dear What Can The Matter Be? (trad. collected verses ed.)

Oh dear what can the matter be?
Seven old ladies got locked in the lavatory,
There were there from Monday To Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

Singing oh dear what can the matter be?
Nobody knew they were there.

They'd all been invited to tea with the vicar,
They went in together they thought it was quicker,
But the lavatory door was a bit of a stickler
And nobody knew that they were there.

The first to go in was the nice Mrs Humphrey
She sat on the pan and she got very comfy
But then she found out she could not get her bum
free
And nobody knew she was there.

Next to go in was that old Mrs Fry
She took in the bottle to drink on the sly
She jumped on the seat and fell in with a cry
And nobody knew she was there.

The third old lady was Emily Clancy;
She went there 'cause something had tickled her
fancy,
But when she got there it was ants in her pantsy
And nobody knew she was there

The next was the Mayor of Chichester's daughter
She went in to pass some superfluous water
She pulled on the chain & the rising tide caught her
And nobody knew she was there.

The fifth old dear was that nice Mrs Smart
This is so sad it may well break your heart
She paid her penny but could not even break wind
And nobody knew she was there.

The next to go in was Elizabeth Bender;
She went there to repair a broken suspender.
Caught up in the site of the feminine gender
And nobody knew she was there.

The last to go in, it was old Mrs. Draper
She sat herself down, then found there was no
paper
She had to clean up with a plasterer's scraper
And nobody knew she was there.

The janitor came in the early morning.
He opened the door without any warning,
The seven old ladies their seats were adorning,
And nobody knew they were there.

Oh Sir Jasper

Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me,
 Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me,
 Oh Sir Jasper do not touch me,
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh Sir Jasper do not touch __ x3
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh Sir Jasper do not __, x3
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh Sir Jasper do ____, x3
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh Sir Jasper _____, x3
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh Sir _____, x3
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Oh _____, x3
 As she lay between the lily-white sheets with nothing on at all

Old Dun Cow Caught Fire / When the Old Dun Cow Caught Fire
(trad.)

Some pals and I in a public house
 Were playing dominoes last night
 When all of a sudden in the potman rushed
 With his face all chalky white.
 What's up says Brown, Have you seen a ghost
 Have you seen your Aunt Maria?
 Oh me Aunt Maria be blowed, says he
 The bloomin' pub's on fire!

*And there was Brown, upside down
 Mopping up the whisky on the floor.
 Booze! booze!, the firemen cried
 As they came knocking at the door.
 Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up
 Somebody! shouted Mackintyre.
 And we all got blue blind paralytic drunk
 When the Old Dun Cow caught fire.*

On fire, says Brown, What a bit of luck.
 Come along with me, cries he.
 Down in the cellar, if the fire ain't there
 We'll have a rare old spree.
 So we all trooped down with good ol' Brown
 And the beer could not be missed.
 And we hadn't been ten minutes there
 Before we all got - v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y drunk.

Old Johnson rushed to the port wine tub
 And gave it just a few hard knocks.
 He started taking off his pantaloons
 Likewise his boots and socks.
 Hold on, says Snooks, if you want to wash your feet
 There's a tub of four-ale here.
 Don't put your trotters in the port wine tub
 When we've plenty of old stale beer.

Just then there was such an awful crash
 And half the bloomin' roof gave way.
 We were all drowned in the firemen's hose
 Bbut still we were all gay.
 So we got some sacks and some old tin tacks
 And we nailed ourselves inside,
 And we kept on drinking good old Scotch
 Till we were bleary-eyed.

Old Folks at Home (Stephen Foster)

Way down upon the Swanee ribber far far away.
 Deres wha ma heart is turning ebber
 Deres wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation sadly I roam
 Still longing for de old plantation.
 And for de old folks at home.

*All de world am sad and dreary.
 Ebrywhere I roam oh darkies how
 My heart grows weary far from de old folks at home.*

All round de little farm I wandered when I was young
 Den many happy days I squandered, many's de songs I sang
 When I was playing wid my brudder happy was I.
 Oh take me to man kind old mudder, dere let me live and die.

One little hut among the bushes one dat I love.
 Still sadly to ma memry rushes no matter where I rove
 When will I see de bees a humming all round de comb.
 When will I see de banjo's strumming down in ma good ole home

The Old Rover (Johnnerrs, tune: Wild Rover))

I had an old Rover for several years,
 With a dodgy transmission, and creaky old gears,
 And rot in the chassis and rust through the floor,
 Oh I never will drive that old Rover no more!

*(And it's) No nay never,
 No nay never no more,
 Will I drive that old Rover,
 No never no more.*

I went down to a workshop I used to frequent,
 And the man said to me your subframe it is bent,
 I asked him to mend it, he answered me nay,
 You'd have to pay me to take it away.

And so by the kerbside it just sat and ailed,
 'Til the tax it expired and the MOT failed.
 And then the old Rover it got towed away,
 By a man in a van from the DVLA.

They sent me a letter and said it's been crushed.
 Creating great clouds of pollution and dust,
 It worried me not, they can do what they like,
 I think in future I'll stick to a bike.

Well I missed that old Rover for many a week,
 'Til at the used car lot I just took a peek,
 And then I succumbed to temptation I fear,
 I'm the owner of a "brand new" N reg. Cavalier.

The Old Sow (Sung by Albert Richardson)

There was an old farmer he had an old sow.
 Snort ow raspberry ow whistle ide-illy-dow
 Suzanna's a funniful man
 Snort an raspberry an whistle ide-illy-dan
 Sing lassie go-rings re-low
 Suzanna's a funniful man
 Snort an raspberry an whistle ide-illy-dan
 Suzanna's a funniful man.

Now, this old sow she some little pigs.
 Snort igs raspberry igs whistle ide-illy-digs, etc.

Now, these little pigs they muddled them up.
 Snort up raspberry up whistle ide-illy-dup, etc.

Now, these little pigs they had to have straw.
 Snort aw raspberry aw whistle ide-illy-daw, etc.

Now, these little pigs they had some curly tails
 Snort ails raspberry ail whistle ide-illy-dails, etc.

Now, these little pigs they had to be stuffed
 Snort uff raspberry uff whistle ide-illy-duff, etc.

Now, these little pigs they made a bit of bacon
 Snort aton raspberry aton whistle ide-illy-daton, etc.

Now, these little pigs they made a bit of ham.
 Snort am raspberry am whistle ide-illy-ham, etc

On Ilkley Moor Baht'at (trad.)

Wheear as tha bin since I saw thee?
 On Ilkley Moor Baht'at
 Wheear as tha bin since I saw thee x2

On Ilkley Moor Baht'at x3

Tha's bin a-courtin Mary-Jane

Tha'oo go and get tha death of cold.

Then we shall have to bury thee.

Then worms'll come and eat thee up.

Then ducks'll come and eat worms.

Then we shall come and eat up ducks.

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee.

On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine
(Harry Carroll / Ballard Macdonald)

On a mountain in Virginia
 Stands a lonesome pine
 Just below is the cabin home
 Of a little girl of mine
 Her name is June, and very, very soon
 She'll belong to me
 For I know she's waiting there for me
 'Neath that lone pine tree

*In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
 On the trail of the lonesome pine
 In the pale moon shine our hearts entwine
 Where she carved her name and I carved mine
 Oh, June, like the mountains I'm blue
 Like the pine I am lonesome for you
 In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia
 On the trail of the lonesome pine*

On Top Of Spaghetti (tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of spagetti (on top of spagetti)
 All covered with cheese (all covered with cheese)
 I lost my poor meatball (I lost my poor meatball)
 When somebody sneezed (when somebody sneezed)

It rolled off the table (it rolled off the table)
 And onto the floor (and onto the floor)
 And then my poor meatball (and then my poor meatball)
 Rolled out of the door (rolled out of the door)

It rolled in the garden (it rolled in the garden)
 And under a bush (and under a bush)
 And then my poor meatball (and then my poor meatball)
 Was nothing but mush (was nothing but mush)

Alright now
 I'll tell you the words
 And you sing it back to me

On top of spagetti (on top of spagetti)
 All covered with cheese (all covered with cheese)
 I lost my poor meatball (I lost my poor meatball)
 When somebody sneezed (when somebody sneezed)

It rolled off the table (it rolled off the table)
 And onto the floor (and onto the floor)
 And then my poor meatball (and then my poor meatball)
 Rolled out of the door (rolled out of the door)

It rolled in the garden (it rolled in the garden)
 And under a bush (and under a bush)
 And then my poor meatball (and then my poor meatball)
 Was nothing but mush (was nothing but mush)

Oh, the mush was as tasty (oh, the mush was as tasty)
 As tasty could be (as tasty could be)
 And early next summer (and early next summer)
 It grew into a tree (it grew into a tree)

The tree was all covered (the tree was all covered)
 With beautiful moss (with beautiful moss)
 It grew lovely meatballs (it grew lovely meatballs)
 And tomato sauce (and tomato sauce)

So if you eat spaghetti (so if you eat spaghetti)
 All covered with cheese (all covered with cheese)
 Hold on to your meatball (hold on to your meatball)
 And don't ever sneeze (and don't ever sneeze)
 And don't ever sneeze

Oo-aargh (Wurzels, tune: Ode To Joy)

When the sun shines on the cowshed
 And the horse is eating hay
 All the cows are in the meadow
 So the milk is on its way

Oo-aa x 16

It's so cosy in the kitchen
 With the smell of rabbit stew,
 When the wind blows 'cross the farmyard
 You can smell the cowpats too

Dear old Mabel when we're able
 We take time down Lover's Lane
 And we sink a pint of scrumpy
 As we play old Nature's game.

There's a couple from the stud
 And she is simple, he's a berk
 Use the same insemination
 When they frig and when they work

Our Sarah (trad.)

Now I likes our Sarah she works on our farm
 As long as she loves I'll do her no harm
 She tols I she'd marry I I velt twice as big
 Fer I'd rather have Sarah than farmers prize pig

*She's proud & she's beautiful she's fat and she's fair
 As the buttercups and daisies that grow everywhere
 I donner onner all dayx2 I donner on
 I donner on I donner onner all day*

Now one day when she went out milkin the cow
 The stool overbalanced and she fell somehow
 Did e urt yerself very much I started to yell
 She said tis my arm but that ain't where I fell.

When I courted Sarah I took 'er to tea
 Feelin' quite frisky I fondled her knee,
 You can't do that yer she says, gives I a clout
 Squashed both me crumpets and me top set fell out.

When us two gets married tis sure to be vun
 For the parson they say he makes two into one
 But I thinks it will puzzle him betwiks you and me
 There's enough fat on Sarah to make two or three.

Out In The Green Fields (lyrics Hopwood & Crew 1872 ad.Yetties)

A country boy am I, a rustic bred and born,
 The larks do sing and so do I rise at the early morn,
 I never waste my time a way I'm always to be seen,
 Soon as the larks begin to crow out in the fields so green.

Chorus:

*Oh out the green fields so happy and so gay,
 Out in the green fields a raking up the hay,
 Out in the green fields I'll pass my time away
 And like a lark I'll whistle in the morning.*

When sun be hot and hard the day I get the same tis true,
 Tis then i stop and take a drop of stunning home made brew,
 With a tidy smack of lunch be I at ploughtail all serene,
 Give I the open country out in the fields so green.

My Dol she is the fairest lass for twenty miles around,
 My Dol she is the fairest lass her equal can't be found,
 When harvest time comes round me lads each lass looks like a ueen,
 My Dol and I oh don't we dance out in the fields so green.

Some people say the joys of town are just the proper sort,
 Give I the chase, the hurdle race and other country sport,
 Wasting their time at night strong men are rarely ever seen,
 Give I the open country out in the fields so green.

Outlandish Knight (trad.)

An outlandish knight came from the northlands;
 And he came wooing to me;
 He said he would take me to foreign lands
 And he would marry me.

Go fetch me some of your father's gold,
 And some of your mother's fee,
 And two of the best nags from out of the stable,
 Where there stand thirty and three.

She mounted upon her milkwhite steed,
 And he on his dapple grey;
 They rode till they came unto the seaside,
 Three hours before it was day.

Light off, light on, thy milkwhite steed;
 Deliver it up unto me;
 For six pretty maidens I have drown'd here,
 And thou the seventh shall be.

Doff off, doff off thy silken things,
 Deliver them up unto me;
 I think that they look too rich and too gay
 To rot all in the salt sea.

If I must doff off my silken things,
 Pray turn thy back unto me;
 For it is not fitting that such a ruffian
 A naked woman should see.

And cut thou away the brimbles so sharp,
 The brimbles from off the brim
 That they may not tangle my curly locks,
 Nor scratch my lilywhite skin.

He turned around his back to her
 And bent down over the brim.
 She caught him around the middle so small
 And bundled him into the stream.

He dropped high, he dropped low,
 Until he came to the side;
 Catch hold of my hand, my fair pretty maid,
 And thee I will make my bride.

Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
 Lie there instead of me,
 For six pretty maidens hast thou a-drowned here
 The seventh hath drown-ed thee.

She mounted on her milkwhite steed,
 And led the dapple-grey;
 She rode till she came to her father's house,
 Three hours before it was day.

Over the Hills and Far Away (by George Farquhar 1706)

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the Hills and far away.

ch. *Over the Hills and O'er the Main,
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,
The queen commands and we'll obey
Over the Hills and far away.*

We all shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold and bawl both night and day -
Over the Hills and far away.

Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten,
But we return all gentlemen
All gentlemen as well as they,
Over the hills and far away.

PADSTOW MAY SONG (trad.)

Unite and unite, and let us all unite
For summer is a-coming 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...*
They might have built a ship and gilded it with gold – *In the...*

The young women of Padstow, they might if they would – *For...*
They might have built a garland with the white rose and the red – *In...*

Arise up Mrs Johnston, all in your gown of green – *For...*
You are as fine a lady as waits upon the queen – *In the...*

O, where is King George? O where is he-o?
He's out in his long boat, all on the salt sea-o.
Up flies the kite; down falls the lark-o
And Ursula Burden, she had an old yow
And she died in her own park-o.

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

With the merry spring, adieu the merry ring – *For...*
How happy is the little bird that merrily doth sing – *In the...*

O where are the young men that now do advance? – *For...*
Some they are in England and some they are in France – *In the...*

Now fare you well and we bid you all good cheer – *For...*
We call no more unto your house before another year – *In the...*

The Parting Glass (new lyrics & tune by The Yetties)

To all the good times `ere I've had,
singing in good company
To all the good tunes `ere I've heard,
surrounding me with harmony
To those occasions great and small,
and to those I can't recall
I raise to you a parting glass,
goodnight and joy be with you all.

To all the troubles `ere I had,
when I was lost without a song
To all the teachers `ere I had,
who put me right when I was wrong
To my mistakes both great and small,
and to those I can't recall
I raise to you my parting glass,
goodnight and joy be with you all.

To all the comrades `ere I had,
were sorry for my going away
To all the sweethearts `ere I had,
who bid me stay another day
To all those friends both great and small,
and to those I can't recall
I raise to you my parting glass,
goodnight and joy be with you all.

Peggy Gordon

(Collected in Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton
sung by Tony Saletan and by Robin & Barry
Dranesfield)

*O Peggy Gordon, You are my darling
Come sit you down upon my knee
And tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee*

I am so deep in love that I can't deny it
My heart lies smothered in my breast
But it's not for you to let the whole world know it
A troubled mind can find no rest

I leaned myself on a cask of brandy
It was my fancy, I do declare
For when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
Wishing Peggy Gordon was there

I wished I was in a lonesome valley
Where womankind cannot be found
And the pretty little birds do change their voices
And every moment a different sound

I wish I was away in Ingo
Far away across the briny sea
Sailing over deepest waters
Where love nor care never troubled me

Pepy's Diary (Benny Hill)

A shy young maid has took a room down at the Village Inn.
Her bedside light is oh so bright and the curtains oh so thin.
At nine o'clock, she enters her room, at half past nine, she sleeps.
Lord Clarendon walks quickly on. but naughty Samuel Pepys.

*Oh we know it's right.
It's in black and white.
And it's all written down in his diary!*

I went to rent a ladie's house she handed me the key.
She said, "It's to be let as it stands with all that you can see."
"And are you to be left with the house?", said I in a saucy tone.
She said, "I'm not to be let with the house, I'm to be left alone!"

Squire Pitt locked his wife in her chastity belt then climbed upon his horse.
He left the key with the footman, lest he was killed in the wars.
He'd not gone far when the footman shouted breathlessly.
He said, "Squire Pitt, this key doesn't fit!" Squire Pitt said, "You're tellin' me!"

Halfway up a wall outside a castle in Traymere
There is a sign that reads "The Duke Of Denby Was Born Here".
I've traveled far and I've traveled wide but I never can recall
Ever hearing of a Duke being born halfway up a wall!

Last Thursday morn, my wife gave birth to a lovely baby boy.
As the doctor took me to see them my heart was filled with joy!
When he said, "He's got your husband's nose", my wife looked quite suprised.
She said, "That may be but you must agree he's got his father's eyes!"

Pleasant and Delightful (trad. See "Bar It Smelt Malodorous")

It was pleasant and delightful one midsummer's morn
When the fields and the meadows we all covered with corn
And the blackbirds and thrushes sang on every green spray
And the larks, they sang melodious at the dawning of the day
And the larks, they sang melodious
And the larks, they sang melodious
And the larks, they sang melodious at the dawning of the day.

A sailor and his true love were a'walking one day
Said the sailor to his true love, I am bound far away
I am bound for the East Indies, where the loud cannons roar
I must go & leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore. (Repeat)

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew
Saying take this, my dearest William and my heart will go too
And whilst he stood embracing her, tears from her eyes fell
Saying may I go along with you, oh no alas, farewell.(Repeat)

Phantom Flasher

(Gary & Vera Aspey, tune: The Keeper)

With his needle here and smell of gin....
he walks the streets of Uffington
The police would like a word with him.
He is the Phantom Flasher.

*Who is he? Don't know Is he here? Probably
Think I see him sitting next to you.
The famous Phantom Flasher*

With his old grey coat and tattered hat
he'll stop you for a friendly chat
You'll be surprised when he shows you that
he is the Phantom Flasher.

If you're walking along all fancy free
he could be lurking 'round a tree
He'll go to any lengths you see.
The famous Phantom Flasher.

If he is ever down your way he'll say,
"It looks nice out today."
Just say, "That's fine but put it away,
You nasty Phantom Flasher."

If you see him when you're wandering home
and you find he's caught you all alone
Just say, "No thanks I'll smoke my own.
You nasty Phantom Flasher..

Poacher's Christmas (Kipper Family, tune "Twelve Days.of C)

On the first day of Christmas my dog and I brought back
A partridge in an old sack.

On the second day of Christmas my dog and I brought back
Two moorhens and a partridge in an old sack

On the third day.....Three lame ducks...

On the fourth day.....Four bald coots...

On the fifth day.....Five poached eggs....

On the sixth day.....Six beautiful turkeys.....

On the seventh day.....Seven pleasant pheasants...

On the eighth day....Eight stone crows....

On the ninth day....Nine breeding rabbits (all with dirty
habits).....

On the tenth day.....Ten hares receding.....

On the eleventh day.....Eleven Salmon smoking....

On the twelfth day....Twelve stags a rutting....

On the thirteenth day.....My dog and I got caught with.....

Policeman's Lot (Gilbert & Sullivan)

When a felon's not engaged in his employment
 Or maturing his felonious plans
 His capacity for innocent enjoyment
 Is just as great as any honest man's
 Our feelings we with difficulty smother
 When constabulary duties to be done
 Ah take one consideration with another
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

*When constabulary duties to be done to be done
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one, happy one*

When an enterprising burglar's not a burgling
 When the cut throat isn't occupied in crime
 He loves to hear the little brook a gurgling
 And listen to the merry village chime
 When the coster's finished jumping on his mother
 He loves to lie a basking in the sun
 Ah take one consideration with another
 A policeman's lot is not a happy one.

Poor Old Joe (Stephen C. Foster)

Gone are the days when my heart was young & gay.
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away.
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know.
 I hear their gentle angels calling
 Poor Old Joe.

*I'm coming, I'm coming though my head is bending low.
 I hear their gentle angels calling
 Poor Old Joe.*

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 Why do I sigh when my friends come not again?
 Grieving for forms now departed long ago
 I hear...

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
 The children so dear I held upon my knee?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
 I hear....

Pop a Dom Dom-(Keith Donnelly, tune: Drummer Boy)

Two chipatties please and a pop a dom dom
 Prawn Biriani please and a pop a dom dom
 A crocodileless Madras please and a pop a dom dom
 Two pints of lager please and a pop a dom dom

Two chipatties please and a pop a dom dom
 A mushroom Patia please and a pop a dom dom
 Vegetikka Massala please and a pop a dom dom
 A big jug of water please and a pop a dom dom

Two chipatties please and a pop a dom dom
 A Lamb Passanda please and a pop a dom dom
 A Lobster Vindaloo please and a pop a dom dom
 Six pints of anything please and a pop a dom dom.

A Poor Old Man Was Crossing the Road (as sung by Peter Jones of Kennet)

A poor old man was crossing the road,
 Was crossing the road, was crossing the road
 A poor old man was crossing the road,
 When along came a one wheel wheel barrow.

O please don't let your one wheel wheelbarrow, your one wheel
 wheelbarrow,
 Your one wheel wheelbarrow
 Oh please don't let your one wheel barrow
 Run over the poor old man.

A poor old man was crossing the road,
 Was crossing the road, was crossing the road
 A poor old man was crossing the road,
 When along came a fish and chip potato wagon,
 One wheel wheel barrow.

O please don't let your fish and chip potato wagon, one wheel wheel barrow
 Your fish and chip potato wagon,
 one wheel wheel barrow
 Your fish and chip potato wagon,
 one wheel wheel barrow
 O please don't let your fish and chip potato wagon one wheel wheelbarrow
 Run over the poor old man.

(add) trolley bus with no wipers

corporation water cart what sucks water out of holes

wead range wover with a wusty wead woof wack

ransoms road roller with a revolving regulator

busty blonde bimbo with blue bra.

Postman's Knock (trad.)

What a wonderful man the postman is as he hastens from door to door!
 What medley of news his hands contain
 For either rich and poor!
 In many's the face the joy he can trace,
 As many a grief he can see,
 Then you open the door to his loud rat-tat
 And his quick delivery.

*Every morning as true as the clock somebody hears the postman's
 knock.(twice)*

Number 1 he presents with news of a birth with tidings of death, number 4,
 And at 13 a bill of terrible length
 He drops through a hole in the door;
 Now a check or an order in 15 he leaves
 In 16 his presence to prove,
 While 17 doth an acknowledgement get,
 And 18 a letter of love.

Pretty Little Polly Perkins

(Written & Performed by Harry Clifton - 1865)

I am a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid
Who lived on board and wages, the house to keep clean
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

She'd an ankle like an antelope and a step like a deer
A voice like a blackbird, so mellow and clear
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long
I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry "Milk below"
At the sound of my milk cans her face she did show
With a smile upon her countenance and a laugh in her eye
If I'd thought that she loved me I'd have laid down to die

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

When I asked her to marry me, she said "Oh what stuff"
And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough
Of my nonsense... At the same time, I'd been very kind
But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

"The man that has me must have silver and gold
A chariot to ride in and be handsome and bold
His hair must be curly as any watch-spring,
And his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing"

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

The words that she uttered went straight through my heart
I sobbed and I sighed, and I straight did depart
With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean
I bid farewell to Polly and to Paddington Green

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl
But it was not a Wi-count, and it was not a Nearl
It was not a Baronite, but a shade or two wuss
It was a bow-legged conductor of a tuppenny bus

She was as beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green

Rare Bog (trad.)

Rare bog the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o
Rare bog the rattlin' bog, the bog down in the valley-o

And in that bog there was a tree,

A rare tree, a rattlin' tree
With the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that tree there was a limb,

A rare limb, a rattlin' limb
With the limb on the tree and the tree in the bog
And the bog down in the valley-o.

Now on that limb there was a branch,

A rare branch, a rattlin' branch
With the branch on the limb and the limb on the tree etc

twig.....

nest
egg
bird
feather
flea.

Right Said Fred (music Ted Dicks and lyrics Myles Rudge)

Right said Fred both of us together
One each end and steady as we go
Tried to shift it couldn't even lift it
We was getting nowhere And so we had a cup of tea

And right said Fred give a shout to Charli
Up comes Charlie from the floor below
After straining, heaving and complaining
We was getting nowhere And so we had a cup of tea

And Charlie had a think and he thought we ought
To take off all the handles
And the things what held the candles
But it did no good well I never thought it would

All right said Fred have to take the feet off
To get them feet off wouldn't take a mo'
Took its feet off, even with the seat off
Should have got us somewhere but NO!
So Fred said let's have another cup of tea
And we said right – O!

Right Said Fred (cont.)

Right said Fred have to take the door off
Need more space to shift the so-and-so
Had bad twinges taking off the hinges
And it got us nowhere And so we had a cup of tea

And right said Fred have to take the wall down
That there wall is gonna have to go
Took the wall down, even with it all down
We was getting nowhere, & so we had a cup of tea

And Charlie had a think and he said
Look Fred I've got a sort of feeling
If we remove the ceiling, with a rope or two
We could drop the blighter through
All right said Fred climbing up a ladder
With his crowbar gave a mighty blow
Was he in trouble
Half a ton of rubble
Landed on the top of his dome
So Charlie and me had another cup of tea
And then we went home

You know I said to Charlie
"We just have to leave it standing on the landing
that's all.
Trouble with Fred is he's too hasty.
You never get nowhere if you're too hasty

Roast Beef Of Old England (trad)

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food
It ennobl'd our veins and enriched our blood
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were
good
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

But since we have learned from all vapouring
France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance.
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

Our fathers, of old, were robust, stout and strong
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long.
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name
A sneaking poor race, half begotten and tame
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne
E'er coffee and tea and such slip-slops were known
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main
They seldom, or never, return'd back again
As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain.
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

Oh! Then we had stomachs to eat, and to fight
And when wrongs were a-cooking to do ourselves
right
But now we're a... I could, but goodnight.
Oh! The roast beef of Old England,
and Old English roast beef.

Rolling Drunk (Chris Sugden, tune: Rolling Home)

As I come out this evening my missus she proclaim;
"Remember how you said last week you'd never drink again?"
If she thought that I'd remember,
another thought she should have thunk;
It's Friday night, and I think I might get rolling drunk.

*Rolling drunk, we will get rolling drunk,
We will get rolling, rolling, we will get rolling drunk.*

Now some of us sip cider, while some prefer the porter;
Some they have their whisky neat, and some with soda water.
Add all them somes together, and the answer you can't flunk -
You'll have too much, and carry one home rolling drunk.

Bartholomew have never smoked a fag in all his life;
He only eats raw onions, and he's never had a wife;
Nor anybody else's - he lives just like a monk.
Religiously each Friday he gets rolling drunk.

Now just the other Friday the doctor he declared;
A history of boozing means your brain could be impaired.
And so we set to proving that history is bunk -
Oh he imbibed what we prescribed, now he's rolling drunk.

And when the Inn have closed I will weave my way back home,
Full of the joys of Spring and singing loudly out of tune.
And if you should see me standing behind some old tree trunk,
I'm simply letting steam off, 'cos I'm rolling drunk.

Rolling Home (John Tams lyrics)

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*

The gentry in their fine array,
Do prosper night and morn
While we unto the fields must go
To plough and sow their corn
The rich may steal the power
But the glory's ours alone
When we go rolling home (etc)

The frost is on the hedgerow
The icy winds do blow
While we poor weary labourers
Strive through the driving snow
Our dreams fly up to glory
Up where the lark has flown
When we go rolling home (etc)

The summer of resentment
The winter of despair
The journey to contentment
Is set with trap and snare
Stand to and stand together
Your labour's yours alone
When we go rolling home (etc)

So pass the bottle round
And let the toast go free
Here's a health to every labourer
Wherever they may be
Fair wages now and ever
Let's reap what we have sown
When we go rolling home (etc)

And....Round goes the Waggon and Horses
Don't ever shut your eyes
Cos you'll start to feel quite queasy
As the room swings side to side
You'll be reminded what your supper was
As you spew up on your bunk
When we are rolling drunk when we are rolling drunk
*Rolling drunk, when we are rolling drunk
When we are rolling, rolling
When we are rolling drunk.*

The Rose of Allendale (trad, see "Nose of Alan Dale")

The morn was fair, the skies were clear
 No breath came o'er the sea
 When Mary left her highland home
 And wandered forth with me
 Though flowers decked the mountainside
 And fragrance filled the vale
 By far the sweetest flower there
 Was the Rose of Allendale

*Was the Rose of Allendale
 Was the Rose of Allendale
 By far the sweetest flower there
 Was the Rose of Allendale*

Where'er I wandered, east or west
 Tho' fate began to sour
 A solace still was she to me
 In sorrow's lonely hour
 When tempests lashed our lonely barque
 And rent her shiv'ring sails
 One maiden form withstood the storm
 'Twas the Rose of Allendale

And when my fever'd lips were parched
 On Afric's burning sands
 She whispered hopes of happiness
 And tales of distant lands
 My life has been a wilderness
 Unblest by fortune's gale
 Had fate not linked my lot to hers
 The Rose of Allendale

Route 66 (Chris Sugden)

Driving along in my motor car
 My girl said we mustn't go too far.
 All the way these thoughts in my mind.
 All the way or I'm wasting my time.
 Driving along with my little chick on the B1436

My girl is less a chick than a heifer.
 She fills the back seat of my Zephyr.
 She just set me a bit poser.
 Am I a bull or just a dozer.
 She's pressed my horn just for fun on the B1151

From Brommit to Californee i ay
 That's 30 miles but it takes all day
 Stopping at the wayside Inn
 She only do 3 miles per gin.
 1 over the 8 and feeling fine on the B1159

Cruising along on a Norfolk Broad,
 My navigation was somewhat flawed.
 As a boat this car is rotten
 That's not how I thought of touching the bottom
 Hoping I can reach the shore on the B3354

Shuffling home oh what a farce
 That's the last time I mix women and cars
 My motors sunk and so are me hopes
 Me girls gone off with another bloke
 Walking home half alive on the B1145

Don't these bus stops make you sick?
 This used to be Route 66

(Young) Sailor Cut Down in His Prime

(Louis Killen, from Yetties track)

As I was a walking down by the Royal Albion
 Cold was the morning and dark was the day
 When who should I see but one of me shipmates
 Wrapped up in flannel yet colder than clay

*Then beat the drum lowly
 And play the fife merrily
 Sound the dead march as you carry him on
 Take him to the graveyard
 Fire four volleys o'er him
 For he's a young sailor cut down in his prime*

He asked for a candle to light him to bed with,
 Likewise a flannel to wrap round his head,
 For his poor head was aching,
 His poor heart was breaking,
 And he was a sailor cut down in his prime.

His poor good old mother, his poor good old father,
 Oft-times had told him about his past life
 When along with those flash girls
 His money he squandered,
 And along with those flash girls
 He took his own life.

On the top of the street you will see two girls standing,
 One to the other they whispered and said:
 Here comes the young man whose money we squandered,
 Here comes the young sailor cut down in his prime.

On the top of his tombstone you'll see these words written,
 All you young men take a warning by me
 And never go courting with the girls of the city,
 Flash girls of the city were the ruin of me.

Sailing (Gavin Sutherland 1972)

I am sailing, I am sailing,
 Home again cross the sea.
 I am sailing, stormy waters,
 To be near you, to be free.

I am flying, I am flying,
 Like a bird cross the sky.
 I am flying, passing high clouds,
 To be with you, to be free.

Can you hear me, can you hear me
 Thro the dark night, far away,
 I am dying, forever trying,
 To be with you, who can say.

Can you hear me, can you hear me,
 Thro the dark night far away.
 I am dying, forever trying,
 To be with you, who can say.

Sailing On the Briny Sea (Miles Wootton)

There's barnacles on my binnacles,
 my compass is up the creek
 There's a bowline in my granny knot
 I think I've sprung a leek
 I never could stand water
 I get see sick in the Rain
 Take me back to dry land, take me back again

*I'm sailing, sailing, sailing on the briny sea
 Bailing, bailing, the water's half way up my knee*

Theres a speck on the horizon. Is it land at sight
 It might be Australia
 Or perhaps the Isle of Wight
 I'm listing slowly starboard
 'cause I've drunk all the port
 I don't think I'm a sailor
 I don't think I'm the sort

The barometer is falling, a hurricane is due
 I think I've got the scurvy
 The ships cats got the flue
 There's a killer whale on the starboard bow
 Crusing hungrily
 Take me back to dry land
 The sea's too wet for me

I ought to man the lifeboat but I haven't any crew
 I've radio-ed for assistance
 But just get radio 2
 HArk a voice is calling
 Across the starboard bow
 "Come in number 30
 Your time's up now!"

Scarborough Fair (trad.)

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Remember me to one who lives there
 She once was a true love of mine

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Without no seams nor needlework
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to find me an acre of land
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Between the salt water and the sea strands
 Then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 And gather it all in a bunch of heather
 Then she'll be a true love of mine

Are you going to Scarborough Fair
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
 Remember me to one who lives there
 She once was a true love of mine

The Scottish Soldier

(lyrics by Andy Stewart, tune "Green Hills of Tyrol which is a bagpipe melody")

There was a soldier, a Scottish soldier
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
 There was none bolder, with good broad shoulder
 He's fought in many a fray, and fought and won.
 He'd seen the glory and told the story
 Of battles glorious and deeds nefarious
 But now he's sighing, his heart is crying
 To leave these green hills of Tyrol.

*Because these green hills are not highland hills
 Or the island hills, the're not my land's hills
 And fair as these green foreign hills may be
 They are not the hills of home.*

And now this soldier, this Scottish soldier
 Who wandered far away and soldiered far away
 Sees leaves are falling and death is calling
 And he will fade away, in that far land.
 He called his piper, his trusty piper
 And bade him sound a lay... a pibroch sad to play
 Upon a hillside, a Scottish hillside
 Not on these green hills of Tyrol.

And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier
 Will wander far no more and soldier far no more
 And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
 You'll see a piper play his soldier home.
 He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
 The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
 Far from those green hills of Tyrol.

And so this soldier, this Scottish soldier
 Will wander far no more and soldier far no more
 And on a hillside, a Scottish hillside
 You'll see a piper play his soldier home.
 He'd seen the glory, he'd told his story
 Of battles glorious and deeds victorious
 The bugles cease now, he is at peace now
 Far from those green hills of Tyrol.

Joke: A Scottish soldier in full highland dress marches into chemist. The Scot opens his sporran and pulls out a neatly folded cotton bandana, opens it to reveal a smaller silk square which he unfolds to reveal a condom. The condom has a number of patches on it. He holds it up. "How much to repair it?" the Scot asks the pharmacist. "Six pence," says the pharmacist. "How much for a new one?" "Ten pence." The Scot folds the condom into the silk square and the cotton bandana, places it in his sporran and marches down the aisle and out the door of the pharmacy. A moment or two later a great shout goes up, followed by an even greater shout. The Scot walks into the pharmacy again and back to the pharmacist.

"The regiment has taken a vote," the Scot says. "We'll have a new one."

The Seven-Day License of Joseph McHugh (Noel Murphy)

Come all ye young fellows who travel the land,
In search of the craic with guitar in your hand.
Go down to Liscannor, in the sweet County Clare,
Sure you'll find a pub in it, that's ever so rare
Go into McHugh's at the center of town,
You'll get a warm welcome from all those around
The one-legged canary will sing how'd ye do,
In the seven-day license of Joseph McHugh.
Fill 'em up round the house again, Joseph McHugh.

You'll meet men from Moher, Lisdoon, and Renine
A Judge from Lahinch, and the odd beauty queen.
Sure a tinker from Kerry drops in for a glass,
A box of rat poison and oats for his ass.
Joe strolls up the bar like a captain on deck,
He don't tip his cap, and he don't give a wreck,
If you're Irish, or Spanish, or Russian, or Jew,
You'll get a warm welcome from Joseph McHugh.
Fill 'em up round the house again, Joseph McHugh.

The shop is well stocked for all comers to see
With the brushes and buckets and vats of whisky
There's old liquorice alsorts displayed in glass jars
An rusty old space suit just imported from Mars
There's onions stacked up and some fine hairy rope
A picture of Joe shaking hands with the pope
He's our parish priest that's the truth I tell you
He cares about publican Joseph McHugh.

Well he sells streaky bacon all covered in salt,
To stop the blue-bottles from making a haul.
He has cups for coursing, some say that's not fair,
But Liscannor is famous for chasing the hare.
He's a bachelor gay, at the market I hear,
He may make a move at the end of the year,
But if his greyhound has pups, you can say
tooraloo,
For he'll never get married will Joseph McHugh.
Fill 'em up round the house again, Joseph McHugh.

So there now, you have it, this song I declare,
About a wee pub in the sweet county Clare.
Where time has stopped still, and the auld ways
remain,
And they laugh at computers and internet games.
So if you're in trouble, find yourself in a jam,
Want a wife, or a greyhound, or a half-pound of
ham,
You can do a lot worse, that's the truth I'll tell you,
Than to visit Liscannor and Joseph McHugh.
Fill 'em up round the house again, Joseph McHugh.
Fill 'em up round the house again, Joseph McHugh.

Sexual Life of a Camel

(tune: Eton Boat Song, Rugby song lyrics)

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks,
At the height of the mating season
He tries to xxxxxx the sphinx,
But the sphinx's posterior sphincter
Is all clogged by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Sexual Life of a Camel (cont)

*Ch1: We're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
Yes! We're all queers together.
And nobody bloody well cares.*

*Ch2 or try singing with verse...
Rub titty titty rub titty titty
(last line rub titty titty tit)*

In the process of civilization,
From anthropoid ape down to man,
It is generally held that the navy,
Has bxxxxxxx whatever it can.
Yet recent extensive researches,
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall,
Have conclusively proven that the hedgehog,
Cannot be xxxxxxxx at all.

The sexual life of the ostrich
is stranger than that of man.
At the height of the mating season
she buries her head in the sand.
When along comes the male of the species
and sees that ass high in the air,
He wonder's if it's male or female,
and says "What the xxxx do I care!?"

It was Christmas Eve in the harem
The eunuchs all standing there,
A hundred dusky maidens,
Combing their pubic hair.
When along came Father Christmas,
Striding down the marble halls,
When he asked what they wanted for Christmas,
The eunuchs all answered, "Balls!"

Oh, the old men were having a birthday,
Standing at the bar,
Thinking about the old times,
Thinking back so far.
When along came a dusky maiden,
By Christ, she was so fair,
When she asked what they'd like for their birthday,
The old men all shouted, "Hair!"

The sexual life of a bullfrog is understood by some,
At the height of the mating season
He crawls up the bum of his chum.
But this vile, stinking orifice
Is filled with foul gases and slime,
Which accounts for his full throated croak and
Why he makes the sound "ugh" all the time.

We therefore believe our conclusion,
Is incontrovertibly shown
That comparative safety on shipboard,
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone,
Why haven't they done it a Spithead,
As they have at Harvard and Yale,
And also at Oxford and Cambridge,
By shaving the spines off the tail?

And...I placed as sixpence on the lavatory floor. When
Clarence bent to retrieve it I was standing behind the door.

I rode the puff puff yesterday, There was barely room to stand.
A little chap offered me his seat, So I felt for it with my hand.

This morn' I went to my tailor. He said, "What can I do for you Jack?"
I said, "A pair of velvet trousers with the zipper up the back.!"

Shanty Page 1A Drop Of Nelson`s Blood (trad)

A drop of Nelson's blood wouldn't do us any harm
(3x)
And we'll all hang on behind.

So we'll roll the old chariot along
An' we'll roll the golden chariot along.
So we'll roll the golden chariot along
An' we'll all hang on behind!

A plate of Irish stew wouldn't do us any harm...

A nice fat cook wouldn't do us any harm...

A roll in the clover wouldn't do us any harm...

A long spell in gaol wouldn't do us any harm...

A round on the house wouldn't do us any harm...

A glass of hot whiskey wouldn't do us any harm...

If the devil's in the road, we'll roll it over him.

Roll Alabama Roll (trad.)

When the Alabama's keel was laid,
Roll, Alabama, roll
It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,
Oh roll, Alabama, roll

It was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird
It was laid in the town of Birkenhead

Down the Mersey she sailed then
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men

Down the Mersey way she then sailed forth
To destroy the commerce of the North

To Cherbourg port she sailed one day
To collect her share of prize money

But the Alabama met her doom
When the Kearsage appeared in view

A shot from her starboard gun that day
Shot the Alabama's stern away.

Off the three-mile limit in 'sixty-five
The Alabama went to her grave

Haul on the Bowline (trad)

Haul on the bowline Kitty is me darlin'
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline so early in the mornin'
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline before the day is dawnin'
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline the fore t' gallant bowline
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline the wind she is a-howlin'
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline the mate he is a-growlin'
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline we'll either break or bend it
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline we're men enough to mend it
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline we'll haul away together
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline we'll hang for better weather
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline the bonnie, bonnie bowline
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul on the bowline, the bowline, the bowline
Haul on the bowline, the bowline, haul

Haul Away Joe (trad. Jolly Roger's version)

When I was a little boy so my mother told me,
to me Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

That if I did not kiss the girls, my lips would all grow mouldy, to me
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away, the good ship now is rolling,
to me Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

First I met a Yankee girl and she was fat and lazy, to me
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Then I met an Irish girl, she damn near drove me crazy, to me
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

King Louis was the king of France before the revolution,
to me Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

And then he got his head cut off, it spoiled his constitution,
to me Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Way haul away, we're bound for better weather, to me
Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Shanty Page 2**Haul 'Er Away** (trad)

Little Daisy Dawson
Haul 'Er Away!
 She's got flannel drawers on
Haul 'Er Away!
 So says our ol' bosun
Haul 'Er Away!
 With a hauley high-O!
Haul 'Er Away!

Little Sally Racket
 She's pawned my best jacket
 And she's lost the ticket.

Little Betty Baker
 Ran off with a Quaker
 Guess her mum could shake 'er.

Little Susie Skinner
 Says she's a beginner
 But prefers it to 'er dinner.

Little Flo Fanana
 Slipped on a banana
 Now she can't play the pianner.

Little Rosie Riddle
 Broke her brand new fiddle
 Got a hole right in the middle.

Little Polly Walker
 Ran off with a hawker
 Oh, he was a corker.

Little Kitty Carson
 Ran off with a parson
 Now she has a little barson.

Little Winnie Duckett
 Washes in a bucket
 She's a whore but she don't look it.

Up me fightin' cocks, now
 Up and split them blocks, now.
 Up and stretch 'er luff boys & that'll be enough boys

Stormy Weather (trad.)

She flies away and she sails like heck
 But there aint no bargeman on the deck

*Stormy weather boys, stormy weather boys
 When the wind blows our barge will go*

There's a crash and a bump and she's ashore
 The Mate shay "Christ, we're on the Nore"

Then up jumped a mermaid covered in mud
 Took her down to the fo'c'sle and had a good time

On the top of the tide the barge did fleet
 When the maid sees a ghost on the topsail sheet

So awar we go and the ghost did steer
 And the cook drunk the drops of the old man's beer

Sante Anno (trad)

Santy Anna gained the day *Away Santy Anno*
 Santy Anna gained the day *All on the plains of Mexico*

Mexico, oh Mexico, *Away Santy Anno*
 Mexico is a place I know, *All on the plains of Mexico*

Them yaller girls I do adore.....
 With their shinin' eyes and their cold black hair...

Why do them yaller girls love me so
 Because I won't tell them all I know

Them Liverpool girls don't use no comb
 They combs their hair with a kipper backbone

When I was a young man in me prim
 I knocked them scouse girls two at a time

Times is hard and the wages lo
 It's time for us to roll and go

South Australia (trad)

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

*Ch. Heave away you rollikins, heave away, haul away,
 Heave 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.

I shook her up I shook her down, heave away, haul away,
 I shook her round and round the town,
 We're bound for South Australia.

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind, heave away, haul away,
 To leave Miss Nancy Blair behind,
 We're bound for South Australia.

And now we're sailing round Cape Horn, heave away, haul away,
 You'll wish to God you'd never been born,
 We're bound for South Australia.

And now I'm safely on dry land, heave away, haul away,
 With a bottle of whisky in me hand,
 We're bound for South Australia.

Well there ain't no soul around Orford Ness
 When the wind blows round the south so'west

We reached our port all safe and sound
 And tied her up on Yarmouth Sound

So after all our fears and alarms
 We all ended up in the Druids Arms

Shanty Page 3**The Rigs of London Town** (trad.)

From London town I went astray
It was down Cheapside I lost my way
The finest girl I ever did meet
She treated me with kisses sweet

*I was up to the rigs down to the jigs
Up to the rigs of London town
Up to the rigs down to the jigs
Up to the rigs of London town*

She took me to some house of fame
At the sign of the Ship in Water Lane
A roaring supper she did call
Thinking I would pay for it all

When supper was over and the table clear
She called me her jolly and her roving dear
She called for wine both white and red
And a chambermaid to make our bed

Now between the hours of one and two
She asked me if to bed I'd go
And therewith I did give consent
And up to the bedroom door we went

Now when this fair maid got fast asleep
It was out of the bedroom door I creep
I stole her watch her silken gown
Her golden ring and twenty pound

So come all you lads wherever you be
And you meet with a girl who's jolly and free
You use her well for I done the same
But remember the Ship in Water Lane

The Derelict / Yo Ho Ho & a Bottle of Rum (Young Ewing Allison, Jolly Roger's version)

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest.
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!
The mate was fixed by the boson's pike,
The boson brained with a marlin spike,
And cookie's throat was marked belike.
It had been gripped by fingers ten,
And there they lay all good dead men.
Like break of day at a boozin' ken
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list...Yo
Dead and be-damned and the rest gone whist... Yo
The skipper lay with his knob in gore,
With a scullion's axe his cheek had shore.
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they in the soggy skies,
Dripped all day long in up staring eyes.
At murk sunset, and at foul sunrise.
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of them stiff and stark. ..Yo
Ten of the crew had the murder mark. ...Yo
'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawing hole in a battered head.
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay, "I damn me eyes",
All lookouts clapped on paradise,
All souls bound just contrary-wise.
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!

Roll Me Hearties (The Jolly Rogers)

Our ship sailed out from Portsmouth town
Roll me hearties, heave – ho!
She was a gallant ship both fore and aft
Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!
Roll me hearties, heave – ho

And bring her about with a heave and a ho now
Roll me hearties, heave – ho!
A pirate crew with a captain bold
Now roll me hearties, heave – ho!
Roll me hearties, heave – ho!

Seeking ships for silver and gold
There's a gale a-brewin', so bring her about now

With Captain Thomson at her wheel
We took all ships with shot and steel

And point her bow into the gale now
We turned for port with gold in store

As we neared the rocks the mainsail tor
The gale is here, God save us now, boys

"We're lost me boys", the pilot said
"We're goin' down, we'll all be dead!"

With a terrible crash she broke in two
Their bones on the bottom, as white as snow

In the embrace of Davy Jones
That pirate crew all roasts in Hell now

Roll me hearties, heave ---- HO!

The Derelict (cont)

Fifteen men of the good and true...Yo
Every man-jack could have sailed with Old Pew! ..Yo
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate, in the middle hold.
And cabins riot of loot untold!
And they lay there, that had took the plumb,
With sightless glares, and their lips struck dumb.
While we shared all, by the rule of thumb.
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen by the stern light screen. .Yo,
Chartings, no doubt, where a woman had been. Yo,
A flimsy shift of a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk-slot through the bosom spot.
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she a wench, some shuttering maid,
That dared the knife, and took the blade.
By God, she was stuff for a plucky jade!
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest.. Yo
Drink and the Devil had done for the rest. Yo,
We wrapped them all in the mainsail tight.
With twice-ten turns of a hawsers bight.
Then we heaved them over and out of sight!
With a "Yo, Heave Ho!" and a "Fair you well!"
And a sullen plunge in a sullen swell.
Ten fathoms deep, on the road to Hell...
Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!

Shanty Page 4Pay Me (trad. Jolly Roger's version)

*Ch.1 You pay me, you owe me!
Pay me my money now!
You have to pay me or go to jail!
Pay me my money now!*

*Ch2 You owe me, you owe me!
Pay me my money now!
You have to pay me, mister stevedore!
Pay me my money now!*

*If I'd known the boss was blind,
Pay me my money now!
I wouldn't have gone to work 'till half past nine!
Pay me my money now!*

Ch1, 2

*Thought I heard, the old man say,
Pay me my money now!
Go to shore, spend all your pay!
Pay me my money now!*

Ch1, 2

*Thought I heard, the men below,
Pay me my money now!
If you don't pay me, the ship won't go!
Pay me my money now!*

*Ch1, 2 Abso-floggin'-lute-ly!*Little Boy Billee (trad)

*There were three men of Bristol City,
There were three men of Bristol City,
They stole a ship and went to sea,
They stole a ship and went to sea.*

*There was Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy,
And also Little Boy Billee*

*They stole a tin of captain's biscuits,
And one large bottle of whiskey.*

*But when they reached the broad Atlantic,
They had nothing left but one split pea.*

*Said Gorging Jack to Guzzling Jimmy,
"We've naught to eat — let's eat Billee."*

*"O Little Boy Billee, we're going to kill and eat yur.
"So undo the top button of your little chemie1."*

*"O may I say my catechism,
"That my dear mother taught to me?"*

*But when he reached the Eleventh Commandment,
He cried "Yo Ho for land I see!"*

*"I see Jerusalem and Madagascar,
"And North and South Amerikee"*

*"I see the British fleet at anchor,
"And our Lord Nelson, K.C.B2."*

Rio Grand (trad)

*Oh, say, wuz ye ever down Rio Grande?
(altogether) 'Way for Rio!
It's there that the river flows down golden sands!
Chorus*

*An' we're bound for the Rio Grande,
Then away, bullies, away! Away for Rio!
Sing fare-ye-well, me Liverpool gels,
An' we're bound for the Rio Grande!*

*So heave up the anchor, let's get it aweigh,
It's got a good grip, so heave, bullies, 'way-ay!*

*Oh, where are yiz bound to, my bully boys all?
An' where are yiz bound for to make yer landfall?*

*We're bound to the south'ard, me bully boys all,
Bound out to the Brazils, me bully boys all.*

*An' what'll ye do there, me bully boys all?
What job will ye do there, me bully boys all?*

*We'll dig for red gold, oh, me bully boys all,
We'll dig for a fortune, me bully boys all.*

*Or die o' the fever, me bully boys all,
Or die o' the fever, me bully boys all.*

*Heave with a will boys, oh, heave long an' strong,
Sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good son*

Coast of High Barbaree (trad)

*Look ahead, look a stern,
Look the weather in the lee,
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
I see a wreck to the windward
And a lofty ship to lee,
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary*

*O are you a pirate
Or a man-o-war? cried we.
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
O no! I'm not a pirate
But a man-o-war, cried he.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary*

*We'll back up our topsails
And heave our vessel to;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
For we have got some letters
To be carried home by you.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary*

*For broadside, for broadside
They fought all on the main;
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
Until at last the frigate
Shot the pirate's mast away.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary*

*For quarters! For quarters!
The saucy pirates cried,
Blow high! Blow low! And so sailed we.
The quarters that we showed them
Was to sink them in the tide.
A sailing down all on
The coasts of High Barbary*

Shepherd's Song (trad.)

1. We shepherds are the best of men that ere trod English ground
 When we come to an ale house we value not a crown
 We spends our money freely-we pays before we go
 There`s no ale on the wold where the stormy winds do blow
 We spends our money freely-we pays before we go
 There`s no ale on the wold where the stormy winds do blow

2. A man that is a shepherd does need a valiant heart
 He must not be feint-hearted but boldly play his part
 He must not be feint-hearted be it rain or frost or snow
 With no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow
 He must not be feint-hearted be it rain or frost or snow
 With no ale on the wolds where the stormy winds do blow

1. When I kept sheep on Blockly hill it made my heart to beat
 To see the ewes hang out their tongues and hear the lambs to bleat
 Then I plucked up me courage and o`er the hills did go
 And penned them in, in the fold, where the stormy winds did blow
 Then I plucked up me courage and o`er the hills did go
 And penned them in, in the fold, where the stormy winds did blow

4. As soon as I had folded them I turned my back in haste
 Unto a jovial company good liquor for to taste
 For drink and jovial company they are my heart`s delight
 Whilst my sheep lie asleep in the fore-part of the night.
 For drink and jovial company they are my heart`s delight
 Whilst my sheep lie asleep in the fore-part of the night.

She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain (trad.)

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes x2
 She'll be coming round the mountain
 Coming round the mountain
 Coming round the mountain when she comes.

Singing I will if you will so will I x2
Singing I will if you will, I will if you will, I will if you will so will I.
(Or Aye aye, yippiyippi aye...)

Oh she has a lovely naval uniform ...
 Oh she has a lovely navel uniform ...
 Oh she has a lovely navel
 Has a lovely navel
 Has a lovely navel uniform

She's got a lovely bottom set of teeth

She's got a lovely tittilating smile

She's got a lovely bust of George the Fifth....

She`s got a lovely pair of big blue eyes

Oh she has a lovely country house in Spain.

(same tune)

On Ye Cannae Shove Yer Grannie aff a Bus

Oh ye cannae shove yer grannie aff a bus, x 2
 Ye cannae shove yer grannie
 For she's yer mammie's mammie,
 Ye cannae shove yer grannie aff the bus.

Ye can shove yer ither Granny aff a bus. x2
 Ye can shove yer ither Granny
 'Cos she's yer Faither's Mammy
 Ye can shove yer ither Granny aff a bus.

Ye can shove yer Uncle Wullie aff a bus. X2
 Uncle Wullie's like yer Faither
 A harum-scarum blether,
 Ye can shove yer Uncle Wullie aff a bus.

Ye can shove yer Auntie Maggie aff a bus. x2
 Auntie Meg's yer Faither's sister,
 She's naethin' but a twister,
 Ye can shove yer Auntie Maggie aff a bus.

But ye canna shove yer Granny aff a bus. x2
 O ye canna shove yer Granny,
 'Cos she's yer Mammy's Mammy,
 O ye canna shove yer Granny aff a bus.

And...

oh ye cannae get me grannie off the drugs,
 oh ye cannea get me grannie off the drugs,
 i cought her sniffing glue
 now she's selling the big issue,
 Oh ye cannae get me grannie off the drugs. etc

Short Stuff 1-Ditties & the like

Twinkle twinkle PMS you put me under duress
All answers I give are WRONG, all I do takes MUCH
TOO LONG
PMS give my wife back before I have a heart attack.

(tune If You`re Happy)
Do what the voices tell you
Clap your hands (clap clap)
Those hallucinations give you extra hands
(clap clap clap)
If your brain is on vacation,
If you`re taking medication
If you`re Tony Blair or Jesus clap your hands.

(sung by an American, tune: This Little Piggy)
This not especially little capitalist piggy went to market
This poor little, socially repressed female piggy stayed at home
This confused little English piggy had a tiny bit of roast beef
While the coshere, vegetarian Mediterranean piggy had none
And this unsociable, gorging, incontinent FRENCH piggy went
Wee wee wee wee all the way home.

I had a cat named Whiskey He was a pretty kitty
He did ablutions everywhere,
which made the house... quite sh...not pretty
Then he got run over
By heck that must have tickled
I could not bear to have him stuffed,
And so I had him pickled
Musha ring dumma do damma da
Whack fall ma daddy oh, whack fall ma daddy oh...
There's Whiskey in the jar!

What are they doing to keep us afloat
Before we drown in debt?
What they doing as bosses mess up
Yet massive bonuses get?
What are they doing to rescue our fate
And financial ruin we`re set?
The answer my friend is pissing in the wind
The answer is pissing in the wind.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds,
She walked like the queen of the land,
And her knickers they hung round her ankles,
She'd snapped her elastic band.

There is a green hill far away,
without a city wall,
where the dear lord was crucified,
he died to save us all....
..... 1, 2, 3,
FOR he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good...
I'll get me coat then

Poor little kitty she`d only one titty
But it was twice the size,
It was gigantic it drove the men frantic
As it leapt from side to side.
No bra in existence would the resistance
To keep it`s contents still.
And so you see it was quite free
To bounce around at will.

White Horse Slopes (tune: Red Flag)

On White Horse slopes so firm and steep
A lovely maid lay down to sleep
And as she lay in sweet repose
A gust of wind blew up her clothes
A morris man came dancing by
Turned to look with eagle eye
But as he gazed to his despair
He saw Dave Spray's flag flying there.

How about that old one: "I'll sing of Gordon Brown,
And all the good he's done." (silence)

"Where have you been all the day Henry my son?"
Out

" Should Old acquaintance be forgot?"
Yes.

" Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce lend I your grey mare."
No, you didnt bring back my lawnmower.

(Wild Mountain Thyme)
Oh, I walked my Collie dog,
Over hills and dales and bowers,
But she would'na squat nor piddle
Tho' we walked for hours and hours.
Will ye go, Lassie, go...

(Misty)
Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree,
Like a whistle that's lost it's pea.
Like a one-legged man at an ass-kicking contest,
that's me.

(Lets Dance)
Hey, baby, won't you take a chance,
I left my rubbers in my other pants,
But, let's dance, etc.

(If I were a Carpenter)
If I were the Holy Ghost
And you were a lady,
You could marry your carpenter,
But it would be my baby?

(O Boy)
All my life, I've been akissing
Your left tit cos your right one's missing....

I've got crabs,
You've got scabies,
The cat's got fleas and the dog's got rabies, Oh boy.

Beastiality's Best (tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down)

Ch. Beastiality's best boys, beastiality's best x2
Have a frig with a pig.....
Get in deep with a sheep....
Shoot your load in a toad....
Up the rear of a deer...
Intercourse with a horse...
Shoot your sperm in a worm....
Lick the twat of a cat....
Up the hole of a mole....

Short Stuff 2

The Cuckoo is a Funny Bird (tune: The Cuckoo)

The cuckoo is a funny bird,
Who sits in the grass,
With his wings neatly folded,
And his beak up his ass.
In this strange position,
He can only say, "Twit!"
'Cause it's hard to say, "Cuckoo,"
With a beak full of ****.

This rhyme fits many tunes: (thanks Joe Mairns)

Whilst strollin` down a leafy lane
besides the mossy banks
I trod upon a man`s behind
A lady`s voice cried, "Thanks."

(tune: Three Blind Mice)

Three rodents with serious visual impairments
Three rodents with serious visual impairments
Three rodents with serious visual impairments
Observe how they perambulate
Observe how they perambulate
They all pursued the agriculturists significant other
Who amputated their caudal appengages with a
carving utensil
Have you previously witnessed an occurrence in
your existence?
As three rodents with serious visual impairments.

We Three Kings

...of Orient are, tried to light a Russian cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
Na na na na na na.

We two kings of Orient are,
tried to light a Russian cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
Na na na na na na.

I one king of Orient are, tried to light a Russian cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
God rest ye merry gentlemen
Silent Night

Daisy, Daisy, here is your answer true
I`m half crazy, just to make love to you
You make me hot and sexy
So let me call a taxi
My kinda fun just can`t be done
on a bicycle built for two

(tune: John Brown`s Body)

John Brown`s todger was a bloody awful sight
Mucked about with gonorrhoea & ***** up
with _____
The agonies of syphilis kept him awake at night
But he still went rogering along!

The Other Christmas Song (Joe Hickerson)

Christians roasting on a open fire
Lions nibbling at their toes
Pagan carols being sung by a choir
While Romans raffle off their clothes.
Everybody know when Nero plays his violin
All of Rome will be aglow
One dead Jew, and an Arab or two
Hare Krishna to you.

Hark the Herald Angels Sing
Beechams Pills are just the thing
One at night and two in the morning
They all work without any warning
If you want to go to heaven
You must take a dose of seven
If you want to go to Hell
Take the bloody box as well!

Limerick:

A pirate, history relates
Was scuffling with some of his mates
When he slipped on a cutlass
Which rendered him nutlass
And practically useless on dates.

That was a terrible song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one do.

Another Limerick:

There once was a man of Bonaire
Making love to his wife on the stair
When the banister broke
He doubled his stroke
And finished her off in midair.

Beer Prayer:

Our bitter
Which art in barrels
Hallowed be thy drink
Thy will be be drunk
At home as in the tavern
Give us this day our foamy head
And forgive us our spillages
As we forgive those that spill against us
And lead us not into incarceration
For thine is the glory
The draught and the bottled
Forever and ever
Barman

Sick Note / Murphy and the Bricks (Pat Cooksey based on a 1920's music hall recitation)

1. Dear Sir I write this letter to tell you of me plight for at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
My body is all black and blue my face a deathly pale I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today.
2. While working on the 14th floor some bricks I had to clear. To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased he'd been an awkward sod. He said I had to lift them down the ladder with my hod.
3. Now clearing all these bricks by hand it was so very slow so I hoisted up the barrel and secured the rope below
But in my haste to do the job I was too blind to see..... The barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.
 4. And so when I untied the rope the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead
I shot off like a rocket till to my dismay I found
Half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.
 5. The barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head
I held on tightly numb with shock from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.
 6. When these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more
Still clinging tightly to the rope my body wracked with pain
And half way down I met the bloody barrel once again.
 7. The force of this collision half way up the office block
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty case of shock
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground
And landed on the broken bricks and scattered all around.
 8. I lay there moaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst
Till the barrel hit the pulley beam and then the bottom burst
A shower of bricks came down on me I hadn't got a hope
As I lay there moaning on the ground I let go the bloody rope
 9. The barrel now being heavier it started down once more
And landed right across me as I lay there on the floor
It broke three ribs and my left arm and I can only say
I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.

Show Me The Way To Go Home

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
and it's gone right to my head.
No matter where I roam, on land or sea, or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song: Show me the
way to go home

Indicate the Route To My abode

I'm fatigued+ desire to retire I imbibed a small libation 60
minutes ago and it's proceeded to my cranium. No
matter where I perambulate
On land or sea or effervescent vapour. You'll perpetually
perceive me intoning this libretto: Indicate the route to
my abode.

Way Me the Show To Go Home,

I'm bed and I want to go to tired
I had a little hour about a drink ago
and it's head right to my gone
I've roamed no matter where,
over foam or sea or land
You will always find me song ing this sing:
Way me the show to go home

Side by Side (Harry Woods)

Oh, we ain't got a barrel of money,
Maybe we're ragged and funny,
But we'll travel along, singin' a song,
Side by side.

Don't know what's comin' tomorrow;
Maybe it's trouble and sorrow,
But we'll travel our road sharin' our load
Side by side.

Through all kinds of weather,
What if the sky should fall?
As long as we're together,
It really doesn't matter at all.

When they've all had their troubles and parted,
We'll be the same as we started,
Just trav'lin' along, singin' a song,
Side by side.

Sing Us Another One (see two on p.84)

There once was a fellow in Perth
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died when he quitted this earth.

I, Caesar, when I learned of the fame
Of Cleopatra, I straightway laid claim.
Ahead of my legions,
I invaded her regions,
I saw, I conquered, I came.

There was a daft gardener in Leeds
Who swallowed a packet of seeds.
In a month the poor ass
Was all covered in grass
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds

A certain young man of the Tyne
Put his head on the south-eastern line;
But he died of ennui (boredom)
For the 5.23
Didn't come 'til a quarter past nine! .

There was a brave girl from Connecticut
Who flagged the express with her peticut
Which her elders defined
As presence of mind
But deplorable absence of etiquette.

There was an old scholar at Kings
Whose mind dwelt on heavenly things
His only desire Was a boy in the choir
With an arse like a jelly on springs

There was a young pupil named Kevin,
Who went to a school in south Devon.
He wasn't too bright
So they called him "Midnight,"
And his brother was "Half-Past-Eleven."

A young lady reporter from Youghal
Wore a newspaper dress at a ball
But the dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sporting section and all.

A pretty young lass from Moyass
Had a truly magificent ass
Not roundy and pink
As you possibly think
It was brown, had long ears and ate grass

There was an old bugger called God,
who got a young virgin in pod.
This disgraceful behaviour
begot Christ our Saviour,
who was nailed to a cross, poor old sod

On the breast of a barmaid in Sale
Is tattoo'd the price of brown ale
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Is the same information, in braille!

From the crypt of the Church of St. Giles,
Came a cry that resounded for miles;
Said the Vicar "Good Gracious!
Has Father Ignatius forgotten the Bishop has piles?"

There was a young curate of Kew
Who kept a tom-cat in a pew
He tried to teach it to speak
Alphabetical Greek but it never got further than mew.

King Richard, in one of his rages,
Forsook his good lady for ages,
He rested in bed,
With a good book instead, or, preferably, one of his pages.

There was a young lady named Gloria
Who was had by Sir Gerald DuMaurier
And another ten men
And Sir Gerald again & the band from the Waldorf Astoria.

Boadicea often would goad
some soldier she met on the road,
Then paint with isatis their sex apparatus & embrace, crying,
"One for the woad!"

Said Nelson at his most la-di-da-di
"I'm sorry if I'm rather tardy,
But I'm in a dilemma, Should I bugger Emma,
Or screw the delectable Hardy?"

Said Wellington, "What's the location
Of this battle I've won for the nation?"
They replied, "Waterloo."
He said, "That'll do,
What a wonderful name for a station!"

There was a young fellar from Kent
Whose todger was horribly bent
To save himself trouble he put it in double
And instead of coming he went.

There once was a lass from Devizes
Whose breasts were of different sizes
One was so small you could not see at all
And the other so big it won prizes.

There was a young man from Baia
Who liked sticking flutes up his rear
After eating escargot he could fart Handel's `Largo`
His encore was `Ave Maria`.

I Got Married Last Friday (tune: Side By Side)

I got married last Friday
Had me wife there beside me
The guests had gone home
We were alone side by side.

We went straight into bed then
I nearly fell over dead when
Her teeth and her hair
She placed on a chair side by side.

Her little glass eye to follow
Her wooden leg so small
Along with other attachments
She placed on the chair by the wall.

I was so broken hearted
From most of me wife I was parted
So I slept on the chair
There was more of her there side by side.

Sixteen Tons (Tennessee Ernie Ford)

Some people say a man is made out of mud
A poor man's made out of muscle and blood
Muscle and blood, skin and bones
Mind that's weak and a back that's strong

*You load sixteen tons, what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
Saint Peter don't you call me cos I can't go
I owe my soul to the company store.*

I was born one morning when the sun didn't shine
I picked up my shovel and I walked to the mine
I load sixteen tons of number nine coal
And the straw boss said "God bless my soul".

Skye Boat Song (Sir Harold Boulton)

*Speed Bonny Boat like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry.
Carry the lad that is born to be King
Over the sea to Skye.*

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air,
Baffled our foes stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare.

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

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

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

Sloop John B (Relient K lyrics)

We come on the sloop John B,
My grandfather and me,
Round 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's sails,
See how the main-sail sets,
Send for the captain ashore, let me go home
I wanna go home,
Let me go home,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.*

The first mate, he got drunk,
Broke up the people's trunk,
Constable had to come and take him away.
Sheriff John Stone,
Please let me alone,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.

Poor cook he got the fits,
Throw 'way all the grits,
Then he took up and ate all o' my corn.
Let me go home,
I wanna go home,
I feel so broke up, I wanna go home.
(look up Les Barker's Sloop John A)

The Sloth (Flanders & Swann)

A Bradypus, or Sloth, am I,
I live a life of ease
Contented not to do or die,
But idle as I please
I have three toes on either foot, Or half a doz. on both
With leaves and fruits, and shoots to eat,
How sweet to be a Sloth

The world is such a cheerful place
When viewed from upside-down;
It makes a rise of every fall,
A smile of every frown;
I watch the fleeting flutter by
Of butterfly or moth
And think of all the things I'd try
If I were not a Sloth.

I could climb the very highest Himalayas,
Be among the greatest ever tennis players,
Win at chess or marry a Princess or
Study hard and be an eminent professor.
I could be a millionaire, play the clarinet,
Travel everywhere,
Learn to cook, catch a crook,
Win a war then write a book about it.
I could paint a Mona Lisa,
I could be another Caesar.
Compose an oratorio that was sublime.
The door's not shut on my genius but
I just don't have the time!

For days and days among the trees
I sleep and dream and doze
Just gently swaying in the breeze
Suspended by my toes
While eager beavers overhead
Rush through the undergrowth
I watch the clouds beneath my feet;
How sweet to be a Sloth.

Song of the F.U. (Syd Kipper)

Come all you bold young farmers, this message ne'er forget:
Though you are strong, united we will be stronger yet.
If we stand firm together we soon will have our way:
Longer hours for lower wages, with shorter holidays.

*Join the Farmers' Union, join the favoured few;
Let our cry go yonder: "We are the great F.U."*

The workers are ungrateful for all that we provide –
If we give them bread they ask for jam on it besides;
If we give them water, why then they call for ale,
And if we give them four good walls they want a roof as well.

God made us low and highly, God made us poor and rich;
The farmer in his farmhouse, the poor man in his ditch.
For we are all his children, the greatest and the least;
The working man is equal to any other beast.

The labourer needs labour, for idle hands will stray;
The master needs his mistresses, lest he be all work, no play.
The peasants are revolting, but this word to them we send:
Drop your combinations and reveal your wicked ends!

SONGS OF THE 1950'SA Little Bitty Tear

*A little bitty tear let me down
 Spoiled my act as a clown
 I had it made up not to make a frown
 But a little bitty tear let me down*

When you said you were leaving tomorrow
 That today was our last day
 I said there'd be no tomorrow
 That I'd laugh when you walked away.

Bye bye Love

*Bye bye, love, Bye bye, happiness
 Hello, loneliness, I think I'm-a gonna cry
 Bye bye, love, Bye bye, sweet caress
 Hello, emptiness, I feel like I could die
 Bye bye, my love, goodbye*

There goes my baby with-a someone new
 She sure looks happy, I sure am blue
 She was my baby, Til he stepped by
 Goodbye to romance, That might have been

I'm-a through with romance, I'm a-through with love
 I'm through with, A counting the stars above
 And here's the reason, That I'm so free
 My loving baby, Is through with me

Let's Twist Again

*Let's Twist Again like we did last summer
 Let's Twist Again like we did last year
 Do you remember when things were really
 humming?
 Yeah let's twist again, twisting time is here.*

Round and round and up and down we go again
 Oh baby make me know you love me and then....

Teenager In Love

Each time we have a quarrel it almost breaks my heart
 Cause I am so afraid that we will have to part.
*Each night I ask the stars up above
 Why must I be a teenager in love?*

One day I feel so happy Next day I feel so sad
 I guess I'll learn to take the good with the bad
*Each time I ask the stars up above
 Why must I be a teenager in love?*

I cried a tear for nobody but you
 I'll be the lonely one if you should say we're through.

If you wanna make me cry That won't be hard to do
 And if you say good bye I'll still go on loving you.
*Each time I ask the stars up above
 Why must I be a teenager in love?*

Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini

She was afraid to come out of the locker
 She was as nervous as she could be
 She was afraid to come out of the locker
 She was afraid that somebody would see

Two, three, four, Tell the people what she wore

It was an itsy bitsy teenie weenie
 Yellow polka dot bikini
 That she wore for the first time today
 An itsy bitsy teenie weenie
 Yellow polka dot bikini
 So in the locker she wanted to stay

Seven Little Girls Sitting In the Back Seat

Dee doodee doom doom.....

Seven little girls, Sitting in the backseat
 Hugging and a kissing with Fred
 I said, why don't one of you Come and sit beside me
 And this is what the seven girls said

*All together now, one, two, three
 Keep your mind on your driving
 Keep your hands on the wheel
 Keep your snoopy eyes on the road ahead
 We're having fun, sitting in the backseat
 Kissing and a hugging with FredDee doodee*

All I Have To Do Is Dream

*Dream dream, dream dream dream
 Dream dream, dream dream dream.*

When I want you in my arms
 And I want you and all your charms
 Whenever I want you all I have to do is

When I feel blue in the night
 And I need you to hold me tight
 Whenever I want you all I have do is

I can make you mime taste your lips of wine
 Anytime night or day. Only trouble is Gee Whiz
 I'm dreaming my life away.

Rock Around the Clock

One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock, rock,
 Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock, rock,
 Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, rock,
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight.

Put your glad rags on and join me, hon,
 We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one,
 We're gonna rock around the clock tonight,
 We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'til broad daylight.
 We're gonna rock, gonna rock, around the clock tonight.

When the clock strikes two, three and four,
 If the band slows down we'll yell for more,

Spaniard That Blighted My Life (Bill Merson 1911)

List to me while I tell you of the Spaniard that blighted my life.
 List to me while I tell you of the man who stole my future wife
 Twas at the bull fight that we met him, we were watching his daring display
 But when I nipped out for some nuts and a programme the dirty dog stole her away.
 Oh yes! Oh yes! But I've sworn that I'll take my revenge.

If I catch Alfonso Spagonni the Torreador with one mighty swipe
 I will dislocate his bally jaw.
 I'll fight the bull fighter I will
 And when I catch the bounder, the blighter I'll kill.
 He shall die, he shall die, he shall die tiddly I ti ti ti ti ti ti ti ti .

He shall die, he shall die.
 For I'll raise a bunion on his Spanish onion if I catch him bending tonight.

Yes when I catch Alfonso Spagonni he'll wish that he'd never been born.
 And for this special reason my stiletto I've fetched out of pawn.
 It cost me five shillings to fetch, this expense it has caused me much pain.
 But the pawnbroker promised when I've killed Spagonni he'll take it in pawn once again!

Song of the Western Men (trad.)

A good sword and a trusty hand!
 A merry heart and true!
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish lads can do.
 And have they fixed the where and when?
 And shall Trelawny die?
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
 Will know the reason why!

*A good sword and a trusty hand!
 A merry heart and true!
 King James's men shall understand
 What Cornish men can do!*

Out spake their captain brave and bold.
 A merry wight was he
 If London Tow'r were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free!
 We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
 The Severn is not stay —
 With one and all, and hand to hand.
 And who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London Wall,
 A pleasant site to view,
 Come forth! Come forth, ye cowards all,
 Here's men as good as you.
 Trelawney he's in keep and hold,
 Trelawny he may die.
 But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
 Will know the reason why!

Spanish Lady (trad.)

As I came down through Dublin City
 At the hour of twelve at night,
 Who should I see but a Spanish lady
 Washing her feet by candle light.
 First she washed them, then she dried them
 O'er a fire of amber coal,
 In all my life I ne'er did see
 A maid so sweet about the sole.

Whack for the toora loora laddy,
 Whack for the toora loora lay.
 Whack for the toora loora laddy,
 Whack for the toora loora lay.

As I came back through Dublin city
 At the hour of half past eight,
 Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
 Brushing her hair in broad daylight.
 First she tossed it, then she brushed it,
 On her lap was a silver comb,
 In all my life I ne'er did see
 A maid so fair since I did roam.

As I went back through Dublin city
 As the sun began to set,
 Who should I spy but the Spanish lady
 Catching a moth in a golden net.
 When she saw me then she fled me,
 Lifting her petticoat o'er her knee,
 In all my life I ne'er did see
 A maid so shy as the Spanish lady.

I've wandered north and I've wandered south,
 Through Stonybattery and Patrick's Close,
 Up and around the Gloucester diamond
 And back by Napper Tandy's house.
 Old age has her hand laid on me,
 Cold as a fire of ashy coals,
 But in all my life I ne'er did see,
 A maid so sweet as the Spanish lady.

Staines Morris / Maypole (trad.)

Come, ye young men, come along,
With your music, dance, and song,
Bring your lasses in your hands,
For tis that which love commands.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the rose receives its birth,
And pretty primrose decks the earth.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

Here each batchelor may choose
One that will not faith abuse;
Nor repay with coy disdain
Love that should be loved again.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

And when you well reckoned have
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again, and more,
It will never make them poor.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

When you thus have spent the time
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the Maypole come away,
For it is now a holiday.

Sportsmen Arouse (trad)

Sportsmen arouse; the morning is clear.
The larks are singing all in the air.
Sportsmen arouse....
Go tell your sweet lover the hounds are out.
Go tell.....
Saddle your horses, your saddles prepare.
We'll away to some cover to seek for a hare.

We searched the woods, the groves all round.
The trial being over the game it is found.
We searched...
Then off she springs through break she flies.
Then off...
Follow, follow the musical horn.
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

Our huntsman blows his joyful sound.
Tally ho, my boys, all over the down.
Our Huntsman...
From the woods and valleys see how she creeps.
From the...
Follow, follow the musical horn.
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

All along the green turf she pants for breath.
Our huntsmen, he shouts out for death.
All along...
Relope, relope retiring hare.
Relope...
Follow, follow the musical horn.
Sing follow, hark, forward the innocent hare.

This hare has led us a noble run.
Success to sportsmen every one.
This hare...
Such a chase she has led us four hours or more.
Such a Chase...
Wine and beer we'll drink without fear.
We'll drink to success of the innocent hare.

Star of the County Down (trad.)

Near to Banbridge town in the County Down
On a morning in July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by,
Oh! she looked so neat, from her two white feet
To the sheen of her nut-brown hair,
Such a coaxin' elf, I'd to shake myself,
To make sure I was really there.

*Oh! from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay
And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I've seen like the brown colleen
That I met in the County Down.*

As she onward sped I scratch'd my head
And I gazed with a feelin' quare,
There I said, says I, to a passer by
'Who's the maid with the nut-brown hair?'
Oh! he smiled at me, and with pride says he,
'That's the gem of Ireland's crown,
Young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
She's the star of the County Down.'

At the Harvest Fair she'll be surely there,
So I'll dress in my Sunday clothes,
And I'll try sheep's eyes and deludtherin lies,
On the heart of the nut-brown Rose,
No pipe I'll smoke, no horse I'll yoke,
Tho' my plough with rust turn brown.
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,
Sits the star of the County Down.

(And W.J. Bethancourt from *The Bane of the County Down*
See full parody p.6)

Near Banbridge town in the County Down
One morning last July
Down a boreen green came a keen Colleen
And she smiled as she passed me by.
The flowers died and the babies cried
And the green grass all turned brown
The dogs all howled and the cats all yowled
At this thing from the County Down

*From Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay.
And from Galway to Dublin Town
No maid I've met could scare me yet
As The Bane of the County Down*

Sunshine Mountain

(Everyone seated except singer who climbs on chair)
I'm climbing up a Sunshine Mountain
Where the little breezes blow (squeal)
I'm climbing up a Sunshine Mountain
Face is all aglow
I'm turning my back on sorrow (turning around)
reaching for the sky
I'm climbing up a Sunshine Mountain (pointing)
You and I, You and I (they climb on chair too)

Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill

(tune: James Hook, lyrics Leonard McNally in honour of one Miss Janson his future e missus-1790)

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn
Whose charms all other maids' surpass
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet
Has won my right good will
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

*Sweet lass of Richmond Hill
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.*

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air
And wanton thro' the grove
O whisper to my charming fair
"I die for her I love."
Tis lass so neat, with smiles so sweet
Has won my right good will
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Sweet Nightingale (trad.)

My sweetheart come along, don't you here the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow
Don't you hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale

*As she sings in the valley below
As she sings in the valley below*

Pretty Betsy don't fail for I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your cot as we go.
We shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale

Pray leave me alone - I've hands of my own
And along with you, sir, I'll not go
To hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale

Come sit yourself down, with me on the ground
On this bank where the primroses grow.
We shall hear the fond tale of the sweet nightingale

The couple agreed to be married with speed
And straight to the church they did go.
No more is she afraid for to sit in the shade

*Or to lie in the valley below
Or to lie in the valley below.*

Swing Low Sweet Chariot (trad.)

Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home
x2

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home

If you get there before I do
Coming for to carry me home
Tell all my brothers I'm a coming there too
Coming for to carry me home

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down
Coming...
But still my soul is heavenly bound
Coming...

Sweet Thyme (Mundy/Connolly)

In the Springtime of the year
I loved and lost my dear
For love grows wild
When the weather it is mild
As you shall quickly hear.

Sweet Thyme, sweet Thyme
The Parsley and the Thyme
The Rosemary and the Willow tree
Around my heart entwine.

Now comes in sweet July
When the Nightingales do fly
And sweet hearts play all in the hay
When the pale moon fills the sky.

Now the harvest's golden grain
Is gathered in again
And the turning year will bring my dear
An end to all my pain.

In Winter's cloak of grey
I'll find a bride today
And I'll not wait while Summer's at the gate
Farewell false love away.

Supercunniflaggingussexyphallicrotius (Keith Donnelly
Tune: Supercallifragellistic...etc)

*Supercunniflaggingussexyphallicrotius
even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
if you do it wrong you might get up some Peoples' noses.
Supercunniflaggingussexyphallicrotius
um diddle diddle
Diddle um diddle ah*

My mate was afraid of sex when he reached puberty
The girls all used to come around and they all laughed you see
Then he took up D.I.Y and I'm not talking Texas
He discovered a new position that cured all his complexes.

He went to a party with transvestites, straights and gays
They were all confused of the positions and the ways
Then one of them cried out, " Help I don't know what to do
Who does what to whom with what and who does it to who?"

Don't try this on whores or sheep or other casual dates
For you'll surely answer and then sore will be your fate
Use it with a careful eye 'cos it will change your life
I tried it with my old girl and now me girl's my wife.

Take a Whiff On Me

(parody, tune: Have a Drink On Me)

Want to get a woman let me tell you a word
Grease your hard down as slick as lard
Hey hey baby, take a whiff on me.
I got a woman six feet tall,
Sleeping in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.
Hey hey baby, won't you take a whiff on me.

Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff on me
Everybody take a whiff on me.
Hey hey baby, won't you take a whiff on me. } x2

Walking down the road, the road is mighty muddy,
Slipping and a sliding and I can't get steady
Hey hey baby, won't you take a whiff on me.
Walking down the road with my hat in my hand
Looking for a woman who needs a worried man
Hey hey baby, won't you take a whiff on me.

Two old maids fishing in a creak
They ain't caught a man since a-way last week.
Hey hey baby, won't you take a whiff on me.
And I know my woman ain't treating me right
She don't get home till the day gets light.
Hey hey baby, won't you take a whiff on me.

Original lyrics to parody on p.90

Have a Drink On Me (Peter Buchanan / Lonnie Donegan)

In eighteen-eighty down a dusty road
 Along came a miner with a big fat load
 Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me
 He was caked in dirt from his head to his foot
 His hair so black, that it looked like soot
 Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me

Have a drink, have a drink, have a drink on me
 Ev'rybody have a drink on me
 Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me

Well, he reined in his mule and hitched him to the rail
 And he said "Ol' fella it's the end of the trail"
 Hey, hey, everybody drink on me
 Well, he ambled on down to the old saloon
 He said "I know it's early and it ain't quite noon"
 But, hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me

Well, I just got a letter from down in Tennessee
 It said my Uncle died and left an oil well to me
 Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me
 I've been diggin' all my life and I nearly got to hell
 But my Uncle dug potatoes & he struck an oil well
 Hey, hey, ev'rybody drink on me

The First I Knew You'd Left Me

(Lyrics: by ed/ tune: Watercress Girl)

The first I knew you'd left me
 You teeth twern't in the glass.
 The bed was not a sagging
 With the weight of your great rear.
 There's nothing to remind me
 `Cept your picture hanging there
 Like the fragrance of your sweatglands
 The stench hangs in the air.

You left me for a butcher
 With a Frenchman's fine moustache'er.
 You exposed that prime rump to him
 And couldn't have been much rasher.
 But I've heard he told you porkies
 Didn't wish to steak a claim.
 The love he gave you was poultry
 And all a bit of a game.

(ed. Work in progress with this one-any of you
 who think up additional verses please send to me!)

Take Your Time (Pete Munday)

You first wound me clock up on our wedding day,
 You promised 'twould always be striking,
 Though the spring's getting weaker and feeble the tick,
 It's still very much to me liking.

Chorus:

*Take your time me lovely old lad,
 There ain't no reason to hurry,
 For as long as you're able to wind up me clock,
 Then I have no need for to worry.*

The Teddy Bears' Rave Up (tune: Teddy Bears Picnic)

If you go down to the woods today
 You're sure of a big surprise
 If you go down to the woods today
 You'll never believe your eyes.
 For every bear that ever there was
 Is gathered there for certain because
 Today's the day the teddy bears have their rave up.

There's angel bears who come on their bikes
 All dressed in their leather gear
 There's gallons of scrumpy all green and lumpy
 And horrible Watney's beer
 Yogi downed a pint of it quick
 And was very promptly horribly sick
 And filled up both of Paddington's new blue wellies.

Rave up time for teddy bears
 The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today
 Grooving to those heavy sounds
 That only Status Quo really know how to play.
 Cresta bear is freaking out
 "It's frothy, man", he's blowing his little brain
 Rupert bear is having a trip
 Winnie the Pooh is doing the strip
 They reckon that he's on the game.

Now every bear that ever there was
 Is sure of a treat today
 'Cause Mummy and Daddy and baby bear
 Have found a new game to play
 Beneath the trees where nobody sees
 There's Goldilocks bent down on her knees
 You bet your life she's getting more than porridge.

If you go down to the woods today
 You'd better not go alone
 It's lovely down in the woods today
 But safer to stay at home
 'Cause it's a really kinky scene
 A big butch bear is playing the queen
 And they don't call him Sugar Puffs for nothing.

Rave up time for teddy bears
 The little teddy bears are having a lovely time today
 Groping in the undergrowth
 Oh, what would Enid Blyton have to say
 See them as they prance around
 Collapsing on the ground; they haven't any cares
 At twelve o'clock the coppers are coming
 To take them all away
 'Cause they've been naughty little teddy bears.

I mind the times when we were young,
 You worked at the hedging and dyking,
 You'd go out at dawn and work through the dusk,
 And come home for me clock to be striking.

As time went by, our children grew up,
 Were soon taking wedding vows binding,
 And I told all me daughters the one thing I'd learned,
 Make sure your clocks often need winding.

And now that we're nearing the end of our time,
 And you are so tired and grey love,
 Oh, it still pleases me when you wind up me clock,
 And it will to the end of me days, love.

There is a Tavern in the Town (trad.)

There is a tavern in the town, in the town
& there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never, never thinks of me.

*Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
Must part, must part.*

Adieu, adieu kind friends, yes, adieu
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

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

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

They're Moving Father's Grave To Build a Sewer (trad.)

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer
They're moving it regardless of expense.
They're moving his remains to lay down nine-inch drains
To irrigate some rich bloke's residence.
Now what's the use of having a religion?
If when you're dead you cannot get some peace
'Cause some society chap wants a pipeline to his tank
And moves you from your place of rest and peace...

Now father in his life was not a quitter
And I'm sure that he'll not be a quitter now.
And in his winding sheet, he will haunt that privy seat
And only let them go when he'll allow.
Now won't there be some bleedin' consternation,
And won't those city toffs begin to rave!
But it's no more than they deserve,
'cause they had the bleedin' nerve
To muck about a British workman's grave.

This Land is Your Land (Scottish version of Woody Guthrie's 1950's song)

*This land is your land, this land is my land
From the English Border to the North Sea water
From the Western Islands to the Northern Highlands
This land was made for you and me*

One summer's morning as the day was dawning
I viewed the islands on the misty skyline
The rainbow fountains of the Cuillin Mountains
This land was made for you and me

Cold winter crept on as Scotland slept on
No factory roaring, no oil-rig boring
Just weeded by-ways and deserted highways
Relics of the life that used to be

Then I awakened to a spring day breaking
To the sons and daughters of Alba's waters
And the flag they're flying is the rampant lion
This land was made for you and me

There is a Tavern in the Town (parody)

There is a tavern in the town
In the town
Where pretty ladies sit around
Sit around
And sell their wares to everyone but me
'Cause what they're selling ain't for free
Ain't for free.

So I went and got me twenty
Said I'm gonna get me plenty
Of whatever they are selling in the back
The back.

Now with the doctor I've a date
I've a date
It hurts me when I urinate
Urinate
I guess I've been a rather senseless chap
Cos what I got there was the (clap hands).
The clap!

I should have used protection
Now I've gotten this infection
And I don't know what I'll tell the wife
The wife!

The doctor he'll give me a shot
Give me a shot.
Then she won't find out what I've got
What I've got.
Next time I won't be so ridicul-ass
And put my money on a horse not a lass!
Put my money on a horse not a lass
And put my money on a horse
NOT A LASS!

The Threshing Machine (tune: Villikis & Dinah)

Way down in Dorset or so I hear tell
There once lived a maiden her name it were Nell
Her were fair wide and handsome and sweet 17
And 'er liked to ride on me threshing machine.

*I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er I ay,
I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er, I 'ad 'er I ay,
I 'ad 'er by night and I 'ad 'er by day,
And I ups and I shows 'er the West Country way.
(or Fling it 'ere, Fling it there etc)*

One summer's morning in the merry month of May
When most of the farmers are out making hay
I said come to the barn dear where we won't be seen
An' I'll show yee the works of me threshing machine.

One summer's evening in the merry month of June
When most of the farmers are looking at the moon
I cocks up me ear and I 'ears a girl scream
I says Ah there goes Nell on me threshing machine.

I opened the barn door and there stood my dream
He worked the oil can and I worked up steam
Twer wondrous to see both the thrust and the drive
And when she came out twer more dead than alive.

The flywheel and the piston were going round
When out the steam whistle came a terrible sound
I puts down me hand for to cut off the steam
But the chaff had been blown from me th... m

Nine months later this baby were born
The pride of her mother she were to be sure
And under her apron could plainly be seen
A brand new two cylinder thrashing machine.

Gals if your urge is to ride it yourself
There's a warning one side it could damage your health
Don't linger for hours with a smile on your face
If you stay there too long you're a terminal case.

Thrashing Machine (Brewster Higley & Daniel Kelly)

I was a small lad, when my kindly old Dad,
Said he wanted to have a few words;
Then he told me the facts, about conjugal acts,
And he spoke of the bees and the birds.
I rushed round to Sue, a young girl that I knew,
For I thought I had better make sure,
Though I meant her no harm, she just shrieked with alarm,
Then her Dad came, and taught me some more!

*I couldn't explain,
When my mother said "Where have you been?"
I just said to her, "well,
I'd have thought you could tell,
I fell into a thrashing machine!"*

Though I'm happily wed, there's a lot to be said,
For a team that plays home and away;
And a lady I found, who would let me pop round,
When her husband was out for the day.
He caught me on night, and I trembled with fright,
As he bade me prepare for my fate;
By the time he was through, I was all black and blue,
And they carried me home on a gate!

To Be a Farmer's Boy (trad.)

The sun had set beyond the hill when across the dreary moor,
Weary and lame, a poor boy came unto a farmer's door.
Can you tell me if any there be that will give me employ?

*To plough and sow
To reap and mow
And to be a farmer's boy
To be a farmers boy*

My father's dead, my mother's left with five children large and small.
And what is worse, my mother says, I'm the eldest of them all.
Though little I be, I would work hard if you would me employ
To plough and sow, ...

And if that you no boy do want, one favour I would ask. .
Shelter me 'til break of day from this cold night's wintry blast.
At break of day I will haste away, elsewhere to seek employ
To plough and sow, ...

The farmer's wife cried, Try the lad; let him no longer seek.
Yes father, do!, the daughter cried, as tears ran down her cheek.
For those who would work, 'tis hard for to want and to wander for
employ,
To plough and sow, ...

The farmer's boy grew up a man. The good old couple died,
Leaving the lad the farm they had and their daughter for his bride.
The lad that was, a man now is, and he oft-times thinks with joy
And he blesses the day that he came that way to be a farmer's boy.

Three Wheels on my Wagon (Burt Bacharach / Bob Hilliard)

Three wheels on my wagon,
And I'm still rolling along
The Cherokees are chasing me
Arrows fly, right on by
But I'm singing a happy song

I'm singing a higgity, haggity, hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
A mile up the road there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

SPOKEN:
"George, they're catching up to us!"
"Get back in the wagon woman!"

Two wheels on my wagon,
And I'm still rolling along
Them Cherokees are after me
Flaming spears, burn my ears
But I'm singing a happy song

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Half a mile up the road there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

SPOKEN:
"Duh, Paw? Are you sure this is the right road?"
"Will you hush up? You and your maps!"

One wheel on my wagon,
And I'm still rolling along
Them Cherokees after me
I'm all in flames, at the reins
But I'm singing a happy song

I'm singing a higgity, haggity hoggety, high
Pioneers, they never say die
Right around that turn there's a hidden cave
And we can watch those Cherokees
Go galloping by

SPOKEN:
George? Should I get the bag of beads & trinkets?
"Woman, I know what I'm doing!"

No wheels on my wagon,
So I'm not rolling along
The Cherokees captured me
They look mad, things look bad
But I'm singing a happy song

SPOKEN:
"C'mon all you Cherokees sing along with me!"

To Be a Pharmacist (Kipper Family, parody of To Be a Farmer's Boy))

The sun had set behind the hill across the dreary moor,
When sickly and lame a boy there came up to a doctor's door.
Can you tell me where e'er there be one who can me assist
To cure my ills, prescribe me pills, and be a pharmacist,
And be a pharmacist ?

My fathers dead, my mother too, and I'm not too well myself,
So I'd be glad if you could spare some medicine from your shelf.
If I can stop inside your shop out of the fog and mist,
I'll work all day to earn my pay and be a pharmacist,
And be a pharmacist.

The doctors wife said, Cure the lad, he seems so pale and sick.
Yes father do, cried his daughter dear, These pills should do the trick.
Don't make him go out in the snow, I really must insist,
But let him stay and earn his pay and be a pharmacist
And be a pharmacist.

The man that was a boy is now assistant in the shop,
But at pharmacist's assistant he was not prepared to stop.
And often he'd look at the poisons book, & find there in the list,
That there's many a potion to aid his notion to be a pharmacist,
To be a pharmacist.

So that was not surprising when the poor old couple died,
Which left the boy the business and the daughter for a bride.
A knowing gleam in his eye was seen as bride & bridegroom kissed,
Blast me, he say, now that's the way to be a pharmacist,
To be a pharmacist.

Today's Monday (Scaffold)

Today's Monday, today's Monday, Monday is washing day.
Is everybody happy? You bet your life we are!

Today's Tuesday, today's Tuesday, Tuesday is soup,
Monday is washing day
Is everybody happy? You bet your life we are!

Today's Wednesday, today's Wednesday, Wednesday is roaster beef,
Tuesday is soup, Monday is washing day
Is everybody happy? You bet your life we are!

Today's Thursday, today's Thursday, Thursday is shephard's pie,
Wednesday is roaster beef , Tuesday is soup
Monday is washing day
Is everybody happy? You bet your life we are!

Today's Friday, today's Friday, Friday is fish,
Thursday is shephard's pie, Wednesday is roaster beef(etc.)
Is everybody happy? You bet your life we are!

Today's Saturday, today's Saturday, Saturday's payday, Friday is
fish(etc.)

(very gently)Today's Sunday, today's Sunday, Sunday is church...
(fast)Saturday is payday(etc.)
(slow)Is everybody happy? You bet your life we are!

The Toilet Door Said Gentlemen (Bob Rivers,
Sung to the Tune of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

The toilet door said gentlemen
So I just walked inside
I took two steps and realized I'd been taken for a ride
I heard high voices
And I saw the place was occupied
By two nuns, three old ladies and a nurse
What could be worse
Than two nuns, three old ladies and a nurse

The toilet door said gentlemen
It must have been a gag
As soon as I walked in there I ran into some old hag
She sprayed me with a can of mace and hit me with her bag
I could tell this just wouldn't be my day,
What can I say
It just wasn't turning out to be my day

The toilet door said gentlemen
And I would like to find
The crummy little creep who had the nerve to switch the sign
Cause I've got two black eyes and one high heel up my behind
Now I can't sit with comfort and joy
Boy oh boy
No I'll never sit with comfort and joy

Towersey Fair (trad.)

In Oxfordshire all I strayed
one fine morning to take the air
Twas there I spied a pretty maiden
and she was going to Towersey Fair.

*Ch.Hustling bustling, hurrying scurrying
Laughing and joking and nobody worrying
Early early in the morning
On the way to Towersey Fair.*

Says I, Fair maid, where do you wander,
O'er the fields and meadows gay?
Says she, Kind sir, it's over yonder,
To Towersey Fair I'm making me way.

Her eyes they shone like diamonds bright
and long and golden was her hair
Her feet were nimble her step was light
as we went on to Towersey Fair

All on that merry May morning
We stopped a while to sport and play
Now this pretty maid's gotten a ring
And it's time to name the wedding day.

Repeat verse one.

The Trunch Wassail Song

(Kipper Family)

Here we come a wassailing all among the leaves
That isn't very easy when they're still all on the trees
Wassail, wassail, we'll tell you wassail
It comes in bottles brown and pale
Comes in bottles so bring some here
And we'll have a happy new year

Let us now be thankful that the old year has departed
But there's no time for feast before another one has started

Now the year has past away cast away your sins
There's lots of lovely new ones as the new year it begins

Pouring cider on the apple tree seems rather wrong
We'll drink it first and then we'll water the trees before too long

Bring food from off your table and from out of your barrel
For if you don't we'll stop and sing another Christmas carol

Tragic Moments

(Lyrics by ed, tune: Magic Moments)

To be sung as a duet, by partners of a devoted couple -ie devoted to each other's ruin- each with a secret bag full of knives, poisons, knuckledusters, hammers, dynamite etc to be rummaged through during whistling interludes

Tragic moments, Memories we've been sharing
Tragic moments, I find you quite wearing.

I'll never forget the moment we met,
the night we had frostbite
The way that we hugged cos we were both stuck
and frozen the whole night.

Tragic moments, Memories we've been sharing
Tragic moments, When four eyes are glaring.

Time can't erase the memory of,
these tragic moments filled with love.

(whistling)

The telephone call that tied up the line
for hours meant ruin,
The lottery call that couldn't be made
so we lost our fortune.

Tragic moments, Memories we've been sharing
Tragic moments, At that throat I'm tearing.

Time can't erase the memory of,
these tragic moments filled with love.

(whistling)

The way that I cheered when your jet plane veered
on making a touchdown,
The night that you crashed on rounding that bend
cos I took the signs down.

Remember the day you were in a bad way
cos you had a seizure,
The way that I switched your life-support off,
I thought I would tease yer

The Halloween Hop when everyone came
in funny disguises,
You went as a hag, no make up at all
and won all the prizes.

Tragic moments, filled with love.

Tread On The Tail Of My Coat (Sean O'Casey & Dennis O'Casey)

Oh 'twas there I learned readin' and writin',
At Bill Bracket's where I went to school,
And 'twas there I learned howlin' and fightin'
From my schoolmaster Mr. O'Toole.
Him and me, we had many-a scrimmage,
And the devil a copy I wrote.
There was ne'er a garson in the village
Dared tread on the tail of me
Mush, Mush, Mush tural-i-addy
Singin' Mush, Mush, Mush tural-i-ay.
There was ne'er a garson in the village
Dared tread on the tail of me coat.

Oh 'twas there I learned all of my courtin' --
Many lessons I took up in the art --
Till Cupid, the blackguard, in sportin',
An arrow drove straight through me heart.
Molly Connor she lived right forinst me,
And tender lines to her I wrote.
If you dare say one hard word against her,
I'll tread on the tail of your
Mush, Mush, Mush tural-i-addy
Singin' Mush, Mush, Mush tural-i-ay.
If you dare say one hard word against her,
I'll tread on the tail of your coat.

But a blackguard called Mickey Maloney
Came and stole her affections away.
He had money and I hadn't any,
So I sent him a challenge next day.
That evenin' we met by the woodbine.
The Shannon we crossed in a boat,
And I lathered him with me shillelagh
For he trod on the tail of me
Mush, Mush, Mush tural-i-addy
Singin' Mush, Mush, Mush tural-i-ay.
And I lathered him with me shillelagh
For he trod on the tail of me coat.

Twanky Dillo (trad.)

Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith the best of all fellows

He works at his anvil

While the boy blows the bellows

Which makes his bright hammer

To rise and to fall

There's the old coal, and the young coal

And the old coal of all

Twanky dillo, twanky dillo

Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo

And the roaring pair of bagpipes

Made from the green willow

If a gentleman comes with his horse to be shoed

He will make no denial

To one pint or two

Which makes his bright hammer

To rise and to fall

There's the old coal, and the young coal

And the old coal of all

Twanky dillo, twanky dillo

Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo

And the roaring pair of bagpipes

Made from the green willow

Here's a health to the pretty girl the one I love best

She kindles her fire

All in her own breast

Which makes his bright hammer

To rise and to fall

There's the old coal, and the young coal

And the old coal of all

Twanky dillo, twanky dillo

Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillos

And the roaring pair of bagpipes

Made from the green willow

Here's a health to our king and likewise our queen

And to all the royal family

Where'ere they are seen

Which makes his bright hammer

To rise and to fall

There's the old coal, and the young coal

And the old coal of all

Twanky dillo, twanky dillo

Twanky dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo

And the roaring pair of bagpipes

Made from the green willow

Green willow, Green willow

Green willow, willow, willow, willow

And the roaring pair of bagpipes made from the green willow

Twelve Days of Christmas (trad.)

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

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

On the third day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fourth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the fifth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Five golden rings,
Four calling birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And a partridge in a pear tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,

On the seventh day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming, ..

On the eighth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking.....

On the ninth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Nine ladies dancing,

On the tenth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Ten lords a-leaping...

On the eleventh day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Eleven pipers piping, ...

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
my true love sent to me
Twelve drummers drumming,

Twice Daily (Adge Cutler)

*To the ram-do-dee, the ram-do-dah
The ram-do-di-do-randy
To the ri-do-dee, ri-do-dah
Ri-do-di twice daily
Ya-da-da-da-da-da-da-da*

When I was a lad, I was very glad
To go out in the daytime
With my fork and my bottle and a cork
Right out in the haytime
Tossing hay one fine day
I met young Lucy Bailey
I said, My dear, are you often here
She said, Yes Sir, twice daily

We had such fun in the summer sun
Lucy was so thrilling
So sweet and pure but I wasn't sure
If that girl was willing
Until one day on the hay
We were working gaily
When she up's and slips, her garter ripped
And I went there twice daily

Lucy's dad, he was very bad
Chased me round the hay barn
Said my son, now you've had your fun
The time has come to pay now
My girl you'll wed, the old man said
As he waved his shotgun gaily
If you don't, he says, I'll pop the lead
And you won't go there twice daily

So the very next day in the month of May
We held the ceremony
We paid off the vicar with a gallon of liquor
Rode to church on a pony
And to Lucy's joy, we had a boy
What a little darling
He's round and fat as a Cheshire cat
He's perky as a starling

Now we're old, our story's told
Of forty years together
Now we often stray where we tossed that hay
In that old-time summer weather
Kids we got ten or more
We goes on quite gaily
Though I'm old and grey, when I get my way
I still goes there twice daily

Two Little Boys in Blue (Billy Connolly, tune: Two Little Boys)

Now two little boys had two little toys
A truncheon and a helmet blue
And when we were wee it was plain to see
What we would grow up to
We would bash other weans, smash in their brains
And and snitch on everybody too
We didn't reform, now we're in uniform
We're two little boys in blue

*Do you think I could leave you lying
When I could lie my socks off too
If somebody squawks in the witness box
I'll cover up for you
Tell a pack of lies, pull wool o'er their eyes
The way the sergeant taught us to
Before you count to three we'll be off scott free
We're two little boys in blue*

The duty sergeant said tuck the prisoners into bed
But before you take their cocoa through
Keep them in their cells and hit them where it tells
But don't leave them black and blue
You can kick them in the balls, bounce their head off the walls
Knee them in the kidneys too
Beat them on the thighs but don't give them black eyes
Or you'll be prisoners too

We take our numbers off of our kit
So our names and our force we hide
We're no mugs we can act like thugs
But we can't be identified.
And who are the foe if you wish to know
Our training and skill assuming?
We're careful to choose who we abuse
We target those vaguely human.

So if you see them on the beat
As they swagger down your street
Here's a piece of advice for you
Don't trust your luck turn around and
RUN LIKE THE CLAPPERS!
From us two little boys in blue.

The Uffington Portable Loo

(J.S. Harwood, tune: Home On the Range)

Down here in the Vale, we tell many a tale,
Of doings in days long ago,
And to help us remember, should memory fail,
We have all sorts of hist'ry on show.
We've got the White Horse, Wayland's Smithy, of course.
The Ridgeway and Blowing Stone too;
But the glory and boast, that we treasure the most,
Is the Uffington Portable Loo!

Chorus:
*Though it's rusty and old,
It was shiny I'm told,
In the days when the White Horse was new;
And the envy and pride of the whole countryside,
Is the Uffington Portable Loo!*

When Julius Caesar invaded the land,
The British for refuge did fly,
And at the Uffington Castle they made their land stand,
While the terrible Romans drew nigh,
But the woad-covered men, who lived round here just then,
Had a plan that made Caesar look blue,
When the ramparts were stormed, they fell back and reformed,
In the Uffington Portable Loo!

King Alfred at Ashdown defeated the Danes,
Their army was lost to a man;
He won a great battle by using his brains,
With a daring and dangerous plan,
For just as the Saxons were starting to yield,
And the Vikings had vic'try in view,
They were swept from the field, by a force he'd concealed,
In the Uffington Portable Loo!

The Uffington Portable Loo (cont.)

Chorus:

*Though it's rusty and old,
It was shiny I'm told,
In the days when the White Horse was new;
And the envy and pride of the whole countryside,
Is the Uffington Portable Loo!*

When Royalist and Roundhead rode over the Vale,
And battles were fought ev'ry day;
From Worcester's great fight, young King Charles took his flight,
And it's said that he travelled this way,
By Roundheads hard-pressed, when he wanted a rest,
And there wasn't an oak-tree in view,
He just swallowed his pride, and consented to hide,
In the Uffington Portable Loo!

Through the Vale of White Horse, they promoted the course,
Of the famous G.W.R.,
And the Queen and Prince Albert rode down with Brunel,
While the people all shouted "Huzzah!"
Prince Albert remarked to the great engineer,
As they gazed at the beautiful view,
Is that Swindon Town Hall? He replied, Not at all,
It's the Uffington Portable Loo!

At the Great White Horse Show, you can still have a go,
In our ancient and valuable loo,
And next to the 'Gents' is a series of tents,
Where the ladies are catered for, too.
The ladies gave wails, when they found all the pails,
Being taken away by a man;
"Well, I need 'em" says he, "'cos it's milking time see?
I'll return 'em as soon as I can!"

Van Gogh

Oh my name it is Van Gogh,
Lend an ear, lend an ear.
Oh my name it is Van Gogh,
Lend an ear.
My name it is Van Gogh
And all I did was cough
and my ear it just fell off
Lend an ear, lend an ear.

Oh my right ear's pale and wan
On the floor, on the floor
My right ear's pale and wan on the floor.
My right ear's pale and wan
It was 'ere but now it gone
And its just been trodden on
And its sore, and its sore.

But there's no need to shout or
for gloom or for gloom
But there's no need to shout or for gloom.
But there's no need to shout
I'll take my ear 'ole out
And I'll pass my ear about
Round the room, round the room.

Drinking Watneys leads to tears
I shall teach, I shall teach
Drinking Watneys leads to tears
I shall teach.
Drinking Watneys leads to tears
And the falling off of ears
And the parts that other beers
Cannot reach, cannot reach.

The Vicar and the Frog (Stan Crowther)

There once was a very holy vicar
Walking along the street one day
When he heard a little voice coming from behind
"Please speak to me" it seemed to say
And when he looked around all he could see
Was a little green frog sitting on the ground
"Excuse frog did you speak to me,
Was it you who spoke when I heard that sound"

"Oh yes" said the frog " but help me vicar
For I'm not really a frog you see,
I'm a choirboy really but a wicked fairy
Cast an evil spell on me
And the only way I can break free
From this evil spell the little frog said
Is for someone to come and put me in a place
Where a holy man has laid his head.

Well the vicar took him home and put him on a pillow
And there they stayed till the break of day
And the very next morn a blessed miracle,
A blessed miracle I'm bound to say
For there was the choirboy in bed with the vicar
And I hope to you it all makes sense
For there my Lords and members of the jury
Rest the case for the defence.

Walking Round in Womens' Underwear

(Bob Rivers-tune: Walking in a Winter Wonderland)

Lacey things my wife's missing
Didn't ask her permission
I'm wearing her clothes, her silk pantyhose
Walking round in womens' underwear.

In the store there's a teddy
Little straps hold me steady
It holds me so tight like handcuffs at night
Walking round in womens' underwear.

1st Refrain.

In the office there's my friend called Melvin
He pretends that I am Mrs Brown
He says are you ready, I say no man
Just wait until our wives are out of town.

Later on if you wanna
We can dress like Madonna
Put on some eyeshade and join the parade
Walking round in womens' underwear.

2nd Refrain.

In the meadow we can build a snowman
Give him frilly knickers and a shawl
The first cross-dressing snowman eunuch ever
Cos we all know he's got snow balls at all.

We can't strut we go mincing
Passers by they are wincing
Pants the wrong size bring tears to our eyes
Walking round in womens' underwear.

Lacey things my wife's missing
Didn't ask her permission
I'm wearing her clothes her silk pantyhose
Walking round in womens' underwear
Walking round in womens' underwear.

Waltzing Matilda (Banjo Patterson)

Once a jolly swagman camped by a Billabong
 Under the shade of a Coolabah tree
 & he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
 Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
 & he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Down come a jumbuck to drink at the water hole
 Up jumped a swagman and grabbed him in glee
 And he sang as he stowed him away in his tucker bag
 "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me".

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
 Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
 & he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Up rode the Squatter a riding his thoroughbred
 Up rode the Trooper - one, two, three
 "Where's that jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?",
 "You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me".

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
 Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
 And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy
 boiled
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

But the swagman he up and jumped in the water hole
 Drowning himself by the Coolabah tree,
 And his ghost may be heard as it sings in the Billabong,
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
 Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
 & he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled
 "Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?"

Wartime Medley

Boiled Beef and Carrots, boiled beef and carrots,
 That's the stuff for yer Derby Kell
 Keeps you fit and keeps you well.
 Don't live like vegetarians on food they give to parrots.
 From noon to night blow out your kite
 On boiled beef and carrots.

Wartime Medley (cont.)

*Kiss me good-night, Sergeant-Major,
 Tuck me in my little wooden bed.
 We all love you, Sergeant-Major,
 When we hear your bawling, "Show a leg."
 Don't forget to wake me in the morning,
 And bring me round a nice hot cup of tea
 Kiss me good-night, Sergeant-Major,
 Sergeant-Major, be a mother to me.*

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
 The long and the short and the tall
 Bless all the sergeants and W.O. Ones
 Bless all the corp'ral's and their blinking sons
 For we're saying good-bye to them all
 As back to their billets they crawl
 You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean
 So cheer up my lads Bless 'em all

Pack up all my cares and woe, here I go, singing low,
 Bye-bye Blackbird.
 Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, so is she,
 Bye-bye Blackbird.
 No one here can love and understand me.
 Oh -- what hard-luck stories they all hand me.
 Make my bed and light the light
 I'll arrive late tonight,
 Blackbird, Bye-bye.

We're going to Hang out the washing
 On the Siegfried Line
 Have you any dirty washing Mother dear
 We're going to hang out the washing
 On the Siegfried Line
 For the washing day is here

Whether the weather May be wet or fine,
 We will rub along Without a care,
 We're gonna Hang out the washing
 On the Siegfried Line
 If the Siegfried Line's Still there

There'll be bluebirds over,
 The white cliffs of Dover,
 Tomorrow, just you wait and see.

There'll be love and laughter,
 And peace ever after,
 Tomorrow when the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep,
 The valley will bloom again.
 And Jimmy will go to sleep,
 In his own little room again.

There'll be bluebirds over,
 The white cliffs of Dover,
 Tomorrow, just you wait and see.

There'll always be an England,
 While there's a country lane.
 Wherever there's a cottage small
 Beside a field of grain
 There'll always be an England
 While there's a busy street.
 Wherever there's a turning wheel
 A million marching feet

Wartime Medley (cont.)

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 drive the dark clouds far away.
 So will you please say "Hello" To the folks that I know,
 Tell them I won't be long.
 They'll be happy to know
 that as you saw me go I was singing this song.
 We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when,
 but I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

We're the D-Day Dodgers,
 way out in Italy Always on the vino, Always on the spree;
 Eighth Army scroungers and their tanks
 We live in Rome, among the Yanks.
 We are the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy

We landed in Salerno, a holiday with pay,
 The Jerries brought the bands out to greet us on the way.
 Showed us the sights and gave us tea,
 We all sang songs, the beer was free
 To welcome D-Day Dodgers to sunny Italy.

Naples and Casino were taken in our stride,
 We didn't go to fight there, we went just for the ride.
 Anzio and Sangro were just names,
 We only went to look for dames
 The artful D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy.

Dear Lady Astor, you think you're mighty hot,
 Standing on the platform, talking tommyrot.
 You're England's sweetheart and her pride
 We think your mouth's too bleeding wide.
 We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

Look around the mountains, in the mud and rain,
 You'll find the scattered crosses, some that have no name.
 Heartbreak and toil and suffering gone,
 The boys beneath them slumber on
 They are the D-Day Dodgers who stay in Italy.

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 in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

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 Picadilly. Farewell Leicester Square
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary but my heart's right there.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
 How shall we extol thee?, who are born of thee
 Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
 God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet. X2

Run rabbit - run rabbit - Run! Run! Run!
 Run rabbit - run rabbit - Run! Run! Run!
 So run rabbit - run rabbit - Run! Run! Run!

Run rabbit - run rabbit - Run! Run! Run!
 Don't give the farmer his fun! Fun! Fun!
 He'll get by without his rabbit pie
 So run rabbit - run rabbit - Run! Run! Run!

Underneath the lantern, by the barrack gate,
 Darling I remember the way you used to wait.
 'Twas there that you whispered tenderly,
 That you loved me, You'd always be,
 My Lili of the lamplight, My own Lili Marlene.

Who do you think you are kidding Mr. Hitler?
 If you think we're on the run,
 We are the boys who will stop your little game.
 We are the boys who will make you think again.
 'Cus who do you think you are kidding Mr. Hitler?
 If you think old England's done?

Mr. Brown goes off to town
 On the 8:21.
 But he comes home each evening
 And he's ready with his gun.

So watch out Mr. Hitler
 You have met your match in us.
 If you think you can push us
 We're afraid you've missed the bus.

so who do you think you are kidding Mr. Hitler?
 If you think old England's done,

Hold your hand out, naughty boy.
 Hold your hand out, naughty boy.
 Last night, in the pale moonlight,
 I saw you, I saw you;
 With a nice girl in the park,
 You were strolling full of joy,
 you told me you'd never kissed a girl before!
 Hold your hand out, naughty boy

Was It You? (Jasper Carrott)

Was it you who did the pushing
 Put the stain upon the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
 And amid the fireside flickers
 Got into my daughter's knickers
 If it was then kindly leave this town.

Yes twas i who did the pushing
 Put the stain upon the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down?
 But eversince i had your daughter
 I've had trouble passing water
 So i guess we're even all the same.

(ed.)

Was it you who did the pissing
 Wrote his name without permission
 On my snowy forecourt late last eve?
 If it was before the nights out
 I'm inclined to punch your lights out
 When you wake it's better that you leave.

Yes twas i who did the pissing
 Wrote his name without permission
 On your snowy forecourt late last eve.
 But before you start a fighting
 't was your daughter's own handwriting
 See the yellow stains upon her sleeve!

Watercress Girl (Harry Clifton)

One day I took a ramble down by a running stream
Where the water lillies gambol - it was a lovely scene
And there I saw a maiden, a maiden from the dell:
She was gath'ring watercresses 'twas Martha the watercress girl.

*Then her hair it hung in tresses,
Down by the stream that's close to the mill;
She was gath'ring watercresses, was Martha the watercress girl.*

I asked if she was lonely, she answered with a smile:
'Kind sir, I am not lonely, for here I daily toil.
I have to rise up early my cresses for to sell:
My Christian name is Martha - they call me the watercress girl'

The day is not far distant when Martha will be mine,
And on our wedding morning it will be nice and fine.
I'll have to rise up early and dress up like an earl,
To go and marry Martha, the sweet little watercress girl.

We Three Kings (alt. by ed)

We Three Kings of Orient are
Tried to light a Russian Cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
(fingers to ears, make vocal explosion)
Here I come yonder star. Oh

*Molotov cocktails, mince spies laced
Poisons that can never be traced.
Stop accepting gifts for free.
It might be from the KGB.*

We two Kings of Orient are
Tried to light a Russian Cigar
It was loaded, it exploded
(fingers to ears, make vocal explosion)
Here I come yonder star. Oh

Me one King of Orient is
Felt a trickle it must have been (excitement)
Cigar was loaded, it exploded
(fingers to ears, make vocal explosion)
Here I come yonder star.

Silent Night, holy night. All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin, mother and child
Holy Infant so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace.
Sleep in heavenly peace. (fingers.....)

We Will Rob You (kipper, tune: Rocking Carol)

All you gheezers sweetly sleep, do not stir
We will nick your coat of fur
We will rob you, rob you, rob you x 2
You hang stockings in your beds
We wear them upon our heads.

Christmas is a time to give, and to take
So poor losers don't you wake
We will rob you.....
Charity begins at home that's right
We have chosen yours tonight.

You may toss and turn all night, for we know
Rich folk can't to heaven go
We will robyou.....
Now you can sleep sweet cos you're
Not that wealthy anymore.

This time last year we was caught, we was nicked
I got 9 months he got six
We will rob you.....
That's the reason why we fear
We can come but once a year.

We'll Keep a Welcome In the Hillside

(Lyn Joshua and James Harper)

Far away a voice is calling,
Bells of memory chime
Come home again, come home again,
They call through the oceans of time.

*We'll keep a welcome in the hillside.
We'll keep a welcome in the Glen.
This land you knew will still be singing
When you come home sweet home again.*

There'll be a friendly voice to guide you
On your return we'll always pray.
We'll kiss away each hour of longing
When you come home again to someday.

We'll keep a welcome in the hillside.
We'll keep a welcome in the Vale
This land you knew will still be singing
When you come home again to Wales.

This land of song will keep a welcome
And with a love that never fails,
We'll kiss away each hour of hiraeth
When you come home again to Wales.

The Wedding Song / Come Write Me Down (trad.)

Come write me down, ye powers above
The man that first created love,
For I've a diamond in my eye
Wherein all my joys and comforts lie,
Wherein all my joys and comforts lie.

I will give you gold, I will give you pearl
If you can fancy me, dear girl,
Rich costly robes that you shall wear
If you can fancy me, my dear,
If you can fancy me, my dear.

It's not your gold shall me entice
To leave off pleasures to be a wife
For I don't mean or intend at all
To be at any young man's call,
To be at any young man's call.

Then go your way you scornful dame
Since you've proved false I'll prove the same
For I don't care but I shall find
Some other fair maid to my mind,
Some other fair maid to my mind.

Oh, stay young man don't be in haste
You seem afraid your time will waste
Let reason rule your roving mind
And unto you I will prove kind,
And unto you I will prove kind.

So to Church they went that very next day
And were married by asking, as I've heard say,
So now that girl she is his wife
She will prove his comforts day and night,
She will prove his comforts day and night.

So now his trouble and sorrow is past
His joy and comfort has come at last
That girl to him always said, Nay,
She will prove his comforts night and day,
She will prove his comforts night and day.

The Welly Boot Song (lyrics-McEwen, tune The Work of the Weavers)

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 his feet oot wellies.

*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 pluracy,
If you didna have your feet in your wellies!*

But when yer oot walking, in the country with a bird
Yer strolling over meadows just like a fairmer's herd.
Someone shouts, "Don't Step In It!", you think that that's absurd
And, squelch, you see why fairmers all wear wellies.

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

Now corrupt MP's to rule they just ain't fit
They're ruining 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 ge(t) your feet in your wellies.

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling (trad)

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, 'tis like the morn in Spring.
In the lilt of Irish laughter
You can hear the angels sing.
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay.
And when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, they steal your heart away

When This Morris Dance Is Over

When this Morris dance is over
Oh How happy I will be
When I get my "civvy" clothes on
No more Morrising for me
No more broken little fingers
No more bollickings from the squire
I'll hang up my snow white snotters
Take my bells off and retire

I will stand upon the sidelines
Criticize the lack of fire
Scoffing at the sides backstepping
Saying" In my day we jumped Higher"
I will argue with the foreman
And I know it will be Bliss
Tell the Squire to Foxtrot Oscar
And in General take the P**s

When they dance in freezing car parks
I'll be inside warm and dry
In the pub with all the ladies
Chatting barmaids on the sly
No more questions" which ones Morris?"
No more "please do "Shepherds hay"
I will sit inside a boozing
Watching hankies wave away.
When this morris dance is over,
No more morrising for me,
When I get these bl@@@dy bells off,
Oh, how happy I shall be"

When Father Papered the Parlour

(lyrics Robert Patrick Weston Melody: Fred J. Barnes 1910)

Our parlour wanted papering,
And Pa says it was waste
To call a paperhanger in,
And so he made some paste.
He bought some rolls of paper,
Got a ladder and a brush
And with my mummy's nightgown on,
At it he made a rush.

*When Father papered the parlour
You couldn't see him for paste
Dabbing it here! dabbing it there!
Paste and paper everywhere
Mother was stuck to the ceiling
The children stuck to the floor
I never knew a blooming family
So 'stuck up' before.*

The pattern was 'blue roses'
with its leaves red, white, and brown;
He'd stuck it wrong way up and now,
we all walk upside down.
And when he trimm'd the edging
off the paper with the shears,
The cat got underneath it,
and dad cut off both its ears.

Soon dad fell down the stairs
and dropp'd his paperhanger's can
On little Henrietta sitting there
with her young man,
The paste stuck them together,
as we thought t'would be for life,
We had to fetch the parson in
to make them man and wife.

We're never going to move away
from that house any more
For Father's gone and stuck the chairs
and table to the floor,
We can't find our piano,
though it's broad and rather tall,
We think that it's behind the paper
Pa stuck on the wall.

When This Lousy War Is Over (ad. Joseph Scrivens)

When this lousy war is over
No more soldiering for me
When I get my civvy clothes on
Oh how happy I will be
No more Church parades on Sunday
No more putting in for leave
How I'll miss the sergeant major
How his poor old heart will grieve

When this lousy war is over
No more soldiering for me
When I get my civvy clothes on
Oh how happy I will be
No more standing to attention
No more asking for a weekend pass
You can tell the sergeant major
Where to stuff his bleeding pass

When this lousy war is over
No more soldiering for me
When I get my civvy clothes on
Oh how happy I will be
No more putting in for furlough
Only one more church parade
No more piddling in a slit trench
No more Ticklers' marmalade

Where Be It Blackbird To / Blackbird

(Wurzels)

*Where be it blackbird to?
i know where he be,
he be up yon wurzel tree,
and i be after he!
now i sees he, and he sees i,
bugger'd if i don't get 'en
wit a girt big stick i'll knock 'im down
blackbird, i'll 'ave thee!
la la la la la la
la la la la la la*

'ow's 'e fadder?
(audience answer) alright!

All me life i'm on the farm,
workin' for me keep
tendin' pigs and chickens,
and they cows and sheep
and then while i'm workin',
there's one who always mocks me
he sittin up 'dere in the trees,
blackbird i'll 'ave thee!

Underneath the open sky
in spring we loves to dine.
we likes to 'ear the flappin'
of the missus' washin' line
we listens to a tuneful song,
a blackbird or a tit,
but on me vest and underpants
he scored a direct hit!

If i goes out poachin',
a creepin' through the fields,
with me old retriever,
a followin' at me heels.
if i aim me shotgun at a pheasant in the hay
that bloody blackbird starts his row
and frightens him away!

No longer can i sleep at night,
get peace of any kind,
that bird'll be the death of me,
he's prayin' on me mind!
if i chase him long enough,
i'll get 'en by and by,
and celebrate me vict'ry
wit a girt big blackbird pie

Where Will We Be In A Hundred Years From Now?

Have you ever thought as the hearse goes by
That one of these days you're going to die?
oo-oo-oo-oo
where will we be in a hundred years from now?

They put you in a wooden box & bury you six feet beneath the rocks

The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out
They crawl in thin and they crawl out stout
oo....

Your eyes fall in and your teeth fall out
Your brain comes trickling down your snout
oo....

Have you ever thought as the hearse goes by
That one of these days you're going to die?
oo-oo-oo-oo
where will we be in a hundred years from now?

Whisky in the Jar (trad.)

I As I was going over Kilgarry Mountain
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was counting.
First I drew my pistol, and then I drew my sabre, saying
"Stand and deliver, for I am your bold deceiver.

*Wi' my ring-um do-rum day, Whack for the daddy-o,
Whack for my daddy-o, There's whiskey in the jar.*

He counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I loaded up and took it home and gave it to my Jenny.
She swore that she loved me, that she never would deceive me,
But the devil's in the women and they always lie so ecsy.

I woke next morning early, 'tween the hours of six and seven,
& the guards were standing round the bed in numbers odd & even.
I flew to my pistols but alas I was mistaken,
For Jenny'd wet the powder and a prisoner I was taken.

They threw me into Sligo jail with neither judge nor writing,
For robbing Captain Farrell as he crossed Kilgctry Mountain,
But they didn't take my fists and so I knocked the jailer down
And bid a distant farewell to the judge in Sligo Town.

Whip Jamboree (trad.)

And now my lads be of good cheer
For the Irish land will soon draw near
In a few days more we'll sight Cape Clear

*O Jenny get your oat cake done
Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree
O you pig tailed sailor
Hanging down behind
Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree
O Jenny get your oat cake done.*

And now Cape Clear it is in sight
We'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night
And we'll shape our course for the old Rock Light.

And now my lads we're round the rock
All hammocks lashed and chests all locked
We'll haul her into Waterloo Dock.

White Christmas (Irving Berlin)

I'm dreaming of a white christmas,
just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
to hear sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a white christmas,
just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
to hear sleigh bells in the snow

I'm dreaming of a white christmas,
with every christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright,
and may all your christmases be white

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May your days be merry and bright,
and may all your christmases be white

And may all your christmases be white
(All your christmases be white)
And may all your christmases be white
(All your christmases be white)
And may all your christmases be
(All your christmases be white)
(All your christmases be white)

Who's The Fool Now? (trad.)

Martin said to his man, *fie, man, fie*
Martin said to his man, *who's the fool now?*
Martin said to his man
Fill thou the cup and I the can
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I saw the man in the moon, *fie, man, fie*
I saw the man in the moon, *who's the fool now?*
I saw the man in the moon
Clouting of St Peter's shoon
Thou hast well drunken man,
Who's the fool now?

I saw a hare chase a hound
Twenty miles above the ground

I saw a goose ring a hog
And a snail bite a dog

I saw a mouse catch a cat
And a cheese eat a rat

I saw a flea eat a tree
Twenty miles out to sea

I saw a maid milk a bull
Every stroke a bucket full
I saw the bag buy a round
Saw the squire turn it down

Who'll Be a Soldier? (trad.)

A bold fusilier came marching back through Rochester
Off from the wars in the north country,
And he sang as he marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?"

Who'll be a soldier? Who'll be a soldier?
Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?
And he sang as he marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?"

The Queen, she has ordered new troops onto the continent
To strike a last blow at the enemy.
And if you would be a soldier
All in a scarlet uniform
Take the King's shilling for Marlboro and me.

Take the King's shilling. Take the King's shilling.
Take the King's shilling for Marlboro and me.
And if you would be a soldier
All in a scarlet uniform
Take the King's shilling for Marlboro and me.

"Not I," said the butcher, "Nor I," said the baker.
Most of the rest with them did agree.
To be paid with the powder and
The rattle of the cannonball
Wages for soldiers for Marlboro and me.

Wages for soldiers, wages for soldiers,
Wages for soldiers for Marlboro and me.
To be paid with the powder and
The rattle of the cannonball
Wages for soldiers for Marlboro and me.

"Now I," said the young man, "have oft endured the parish queue.
There is no wages or employment for me.
Salvation or danger,
That'll be my destiny.
To be a soldier for Marlboro and me."

To be a soldier, to be a soldier,
To be a soldier for Marlboro and me.
Salvation or danger,
That'll be my destiny.
To be a soldier for Marlboro and me.

Now twenty new recruits came marching back through Rochester
Off to the wars in the north country.
And they sang as they marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?"

Who'll be a soldier, who'll be a soldier,
Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me?
And they sang as they marched
Through the crowded streets of Rochester,
"Who'll be a soldier for Marlboro and me."

Wild Colonial Boy (trad.)

There was a wild colonial boy, Jack Donald was his name;
 He had poor but honest parents, brought up in Calais, Maine;
 He was his father's only hope and his mother's only joy;
 The pride of all the family was that wild colonial boy.

At the early age of sixteen he began his wild career,
 With a heart that knew no danger and a stranger to all fear;
 He robbed the mail at Beachforth and he robbed judge Maxwell's boy,
 With a trembling hand gave o'er his gold to that wild colonial boy.

As Jack rode out with his comrades as they climbed the Mountain
 high,
 "Together we will fight, my boys, and together we will die."
 They robbed those wealthy squires and their flocks they did destroy,
 And a terror to all nations was that wild colonial boy.

As Jack rode out one morning, as he gaily rode along,
 A-listening to the mocking bird with a gay and gallant song,
 Three mounted troopers came riding up, Swerly, Davis and Fitzroy;
 They all rode out to capture that wild colonial boy.

"Surrender now, Jack Donald, you outlaw, plundering son,
 Surrender in the Queen's name, don't you see we're three to one"
 Jack, pulling out a revolver, a tiny little toy,
 "I'll fight, but I won't surrender," cried that wild colonial boy.

He whirled [the] Swerly trooper, he brought him to the ground,
 Then turned and fired at Davis, gave him his mortal wound;
 His face was covered with bloody foam while fighting with Fitzroy;;
 There he was killed and captured, that wild colonial boy.

Wild Rover (trad. option: Banana Boat Song version)

I've been a wild rover for many's the year
 (Daylight cum & I wanna go home)
 And I've spent all me 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.

*With a no nay never, no nay never no more,
 Will I play the wild rover no never no more*

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

I put my hands in my pockets & pulled out sovereigns bright
 And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight
 She said I have whiskeys and wines of the best
 And the words that I told you 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 when they've caressed me as oft times before
 And I never will play the Wild Rover no more.

Wild Mountain Thyme (trad.)

Oh the Summer time is coming
 And the trees are sweetly blooming
 And the wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather
 Will ye go lassie go.....
*And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 From around the blooming heather
 Will ye go lassie go*

Will build my love a bower
 Near yon pure crystal fountain
 And on it I will pile
 All the flowers of the mountain

If my true love she were gone
 I will surely find no other
 Where wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather

Wild Mounting Time (Kipper Family, tune: song above)

Oh the Springtime it is coming
 And the girls are all a dither
 Tis the Wild Mounting Time
 And I am wond'ring whether.

*Do you go lassie go
 And we'll both go together
 At the Wild Mounting Time
 Or will I get Blooming Heather
 Do you go lassie go, lassie go.*

My love is like a swan
 With the lightness of a feather
 But her friend is like a goose
 And they call her Blooming Heather.

I will build my love a mower
 And cut down that Blooming Heather
 Then at the Wild Mounting Time
 My love will be mine forever.

If my true love she won't go
 Then I surely will not bother
 For at the Wild Mounting Time
 I could even fancy Heather.

Whoopy I Ay (tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky)

My name is Whoop and I am tough as every man will know
 I fight with bright red trousers on so bloodstains do not show
 But if the odds are stacked against me with a lot of men in town
 I change my bright red trousers into khaki brown.

*Whoopy I ay, whoopy I oo
 Ghostwriters in the sky.*

Felix was a mighty cat he was useful with a gun
 When outlaws dared to mix with him he usually made 'em run
 But then one fight they made him limp, his foot was awful sore
 He shouted out I'll get you boys you've been and shot my paw.

I've rided lots of horses since I was just a kid
 The first one was a Shetland he cost me twenty quid
 He couldn't neigh or make a noise, my wife was very coarse
 The Shetland I had been on boys was a little horse.

I bought myself brown paper hat, brown paper waistcoat too
 Brown paper pants, brown paper socks
 And a pair of brown paper shoes.
 Cos work is very hard to get and the money you get is thin
 I put my paper clothing on and go a rustling.

William Brown/ Keep That Wheel a Turning (Arthur Hagg)

*Keep that wheel a-turnin', keep that wheel a-turnin'
Keep that wheel a-turnin', & do a little more each day.*

A nice young man was William Brown,
He works for wage in London town.
Worked from dawn to late at night,
Turnin' a wheel from left to right.

Well, the boss one day to William came
And he said, " Look here, young...what's your name?
We're not content with what you do
So work a little harder or out you go.

So William turned, and he made her run
Three times in the place of one.
He turned so hard he soon was made
Lord High Turner of his trade.

Well the nation heard of the wondrous tale
The news appeared in the Sketch and the Mail
Railways ran excursion stops
All to look at William Brown. (or William's shop.)

William turned with the same sweet smile.
The goods he made grew such a pile,
They filled the room and the room next door
And overflowed to the basement floor.

But sad the sequel is to tell,
He turned out more than the boss could sell.
The market slumped and the price went down,
And in seven days they sacked young Brown

Yogi (tune: Camptown Races)

I know a bear that you don't know Yogi, Yogi
I know a bear that you don't know Yogi, Yogi Bear.
Yogi Yogi Bear Yogi Yogi Bear
I know a bear that you don't know Yogi, Yogi Bear.

Yogi's got a little friend Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo,
Yogi's got a little friend Boo-Boo, Boo-Boo Bear....

Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala,
Boo-Boo likes it upside down, Koala, Koala Bear.

Yogi's willy's long and green, cucum, cucum,
Yogi's willy's long and green, cucum, cucumber.

Yogi likes it in the snow, Polar, Polar,
Yogi likes it in the snow, Polar, Polar Bear.

Yogi likes it from behind, Brown Bear, Brown Bear,
Yogi likes it from behind, Brown Bear, Brown Bear.

Woad [To the tune of Men of Harlech]

What's the use of wearing braces
Hats and spats and shoes with laces
Vests and coats you buy in places
Down on Brompton Road

What's the use of shirts of cotton
Studs that always get forgotten
Such affairs are simply rotten
Better far is Woad

Woad's the stuff to show men
Woad to scare your foemen
Boil it to a brilliant blue
And rub it on your legs and your abdomen

Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as good as Woad to fit on
Neck and knees and where you sit on
Tailors, you be blown

Romans came across the channel
All dressed up in tin and flannel
Half a pint of Woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these

Saxons, ye may save your stitches
Building beds for bugs in britches
We have Woad to clothe us, which is
Not a nest for fleas

Romans, save your armor
Saxons, your pajamas
Hairy coats were made for goats
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs, and llamas

So march on Snowdon with your Woad on
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on
Never need a button sewed on
Woad for us today

Yellow Submarine (Lennon/McCarthy)

In the town where I was born lived a man who sailed to sea,
And he told us of his life, n the land of submarines,
So we sailed up to the sun, till we found a sea of green,
And we lived beneath the waves, in our yellow submarine,

We all live in a yellow submarine,
a Yellow submarine, yellow submarine x2

And our friends are all aboard, Many more of them live next
door.

And the band begins to play.(Trumpets play)
As we live a life of ease. Everyone of us has all we need (has all
we need)

Sky of blue (sky of blue) and sea of green (sea of green)
In our yellow (in our
yellow) submarine (submarine. Blaha)